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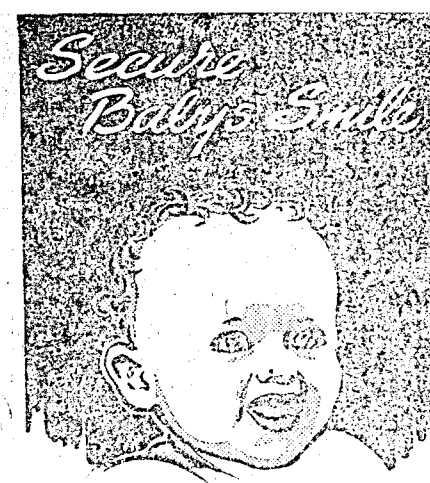
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SWATANTRA

VOL. III. No. 47

(SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1949)

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cover Page—Sri N. Gopalaswamy Ayyangar, Transport Minister, who is in the City.	
The Quest (Poem)—By Manjeri S. Iswaran	4
Editorial Comments	5
Sotto Voce—By Vignaneswara	8
Sidelights—By Saka	10
Linguistic Commission's Report—By K. S. Subrahmanyam	11
Music Festival At The Academy—By T. V. R.	13
A Suggestion To The Premier—By "Larva"	15
The Patriot (Short Story)—By Michael Owen	17
The Spirit Of Oblivion—By Pothen Joseph	20
Indians Learning Soil Conservation In U.S.	21
"Absolute Power Corrupts": A Chief Justice's Indictment—By S. Rajagopalan	22
The Inter-University Match—By V. P. Raman	24
Spotlight On The World	25
Provinces And States In The New Constitution—By Prof. M. Venkatarangaiya M.A.	28
Azad Qalam—By K. A. Abbas	32
The Truant—By S. M.	36
India's Foreign Policy—By V. Rungachari	38
New Delhi Diary—By V. V. Prasad	39
Cartoon	41
Indian Film Industry—By "Nams"	42
The Popular Chamber: A Vignette—By A. Travancorean	44
School Librarianship—By K. Narayanan	45
Around The Exhibition—By A Visitor	46
Books And Authors	47
Letters To The Editor	48

THE QUEST

by MANJERI S. ISVARAN

I have sought but I have not found
in the flux of silence and of sound;
my mind I know not where it is
caught in joys and jeopardies;

the sun dawns nascent in the east,
does the day and dies in the west;
the night throws out the moon and stars
despite mankind's alarms and wars
adding unto its sins and scars;

I have starved and sat down to feast,
I have known the worst and the best,
ennui, restlessness, and rest;

I feel scattered everywhere,
in sea, in sky, in rambling air,
as though all world is in my care;

I face all trials: the final test
that ends and crowns life's eager quest
it happens not; my eagle eye
is steadfast on integrity.

Still I seek though I do not find
the tranquil core beneath the rind.

SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 47

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

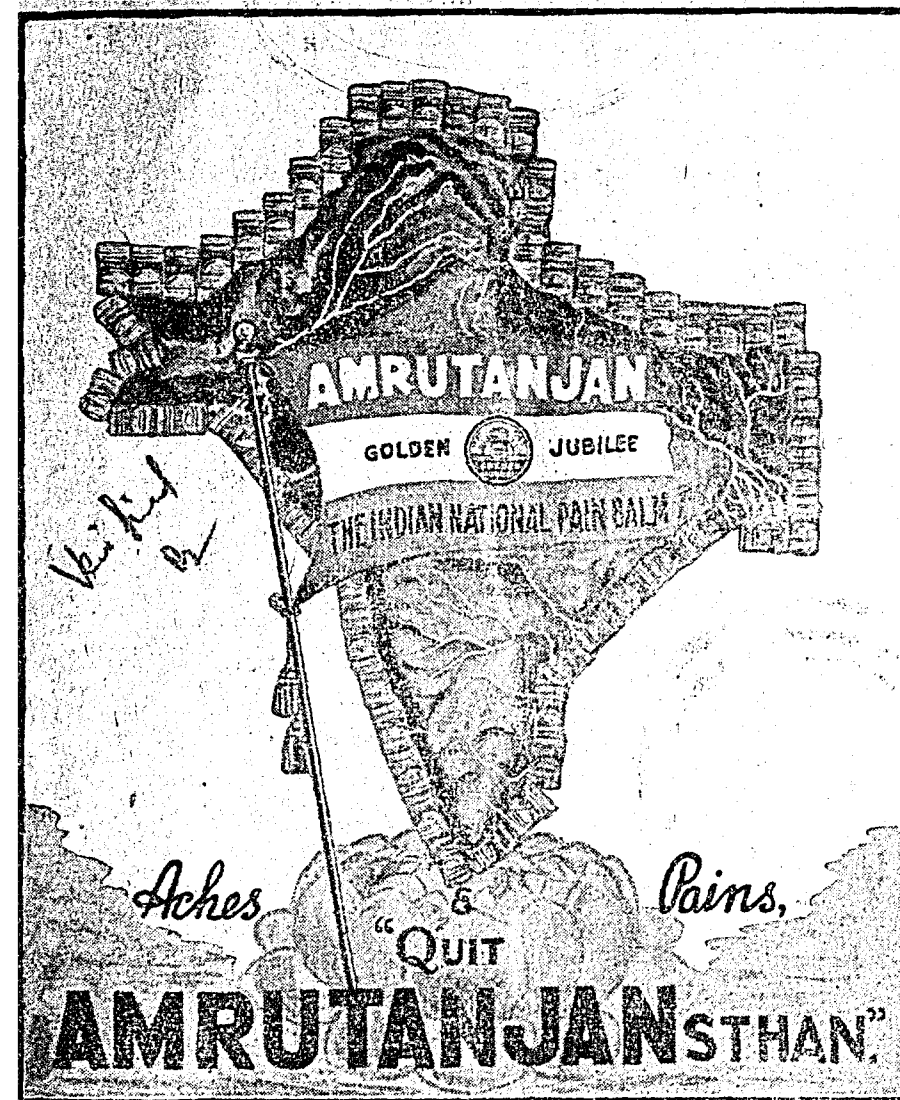
THE UNFINISHED REVOLUTION

IT is now widely recognised that, after nearly two years of our new-won freedom, there is in the country a general feeling of disappointment and discontent at the barrenness of positive achievement by our leaders, whether in the provincial or Central sphere. The appeal for patience and forbearance had been made by so many and so often, it had been answered with a readiness so prompt that some at least of our top-ranking leaders have come to exploit the stunt with a monotonous facility that is rubbing the common man the wrong way. The prestige of our leaders has undoubtedly been great; for they have been successful in keeping the people quiet and good-humoured in the face of great privations and provocations. On the home front, there has been a gratifying degree of tranquillity and stability in the last twelve months which is beyond praise. The death of the Mahatma was borne by the nation with a dignity and in a spirit of resignation which have undoubtedly enhanced our prestige abroad. But it would be folly on the part of any one—least of all, of our leaders—to suppose that the docility and forbearance of the masses at large could be counted upon indefinitely, or that our Ministers could go on as they have till now done without making a more determined and honest attempt to give the country the lead that it has been hungering for.

We are conscious that in criticising the Governments for their sins

of commission and omission, we are apt to give the impression of being irresponsible or destructive in our general outlook. Nothing can be further from the truth. During all the troubled times that we have gone through, we gave unstinted support to our leaders, specially when they were confronted with unforeseen ordeals, in hopes that with the return of normalcy, they would address themselves to the primary duty of rendering the lot of the poor and down-trodden people a little more supportable than it has been. But the main trouble with our Central Cabinet as with our provincial Ministries has been that they all seem anxious to stabilise themselves in positions of power rather than to give top priority to the problems of national rehabilitation or economic recovery. We hold it as self-evident that attempts now made amount to the strangling of one of the most promising revolutions recorded in history by groups and interests which would like to exploit the status quo in their own sectional or narrow interests. Our leaders are foredoomed to failure in this endeavour because it is unnatural, impracticable and repugnant to the trends of popular progress and the laws of historical dynamics.

As we survey the Indian scene, whether in the provincial or all-India sphere, we find two sets of influences or tendencies at work. There is a new kind of exploitation by ex-Satyagrahis and Congressmen who have fallen victims to the lure



The Hub of Asia
and eventually of
The One World

truce like another scrap of paper. For Dutch action in Indonesia is a shameful example of cowardice and calculated perfidy. But it is infinitely worse to note that Britain and America are apparently determined to play the part of honest brokers in a dishonest transaction. The ultimate objective of Dutch policy in Indonesia being to restore lost prestige and a lost dominion, it is the more amazing to us how the Western powers could be a party to a proceeding which is bound to prove as futile as it is demonstrably nefarious. The executions of the Japanese leaders coupled with this blatant weighing of the scales heavily against struggling Eastern nationalities must inevitably confirm the popular impression that the West is determined to treat the East as permanent hewers of wood and drawers of water. Top-ranking politicians in almost every country have deplored the drift towards the crystallisation of rival

world blocs as most injurious to the cause of world peace and yet here is a deliberate attempt by the Western predatory states to force a division of the world into an occidental and oriental bloc respectively. The challenge thus thrown will be taken up with alacrity. For the opposition to the West on racial and chauvinistic grounds can most easily be stirred up and maintained. It would be the beginning of the end of all chances of a rational understanding between East and West.

As for the people of Indonesia, we have no doubt that they will come out of this ordeal with renewed strength, since the cause for which they fight is just, and since their failure will be a major reverse for the peoples of the East in general. Let the Neros of the UNO go on fiddling; it is up to the nations of the East to forge the sanctions which would result in the ejection of the dastardly aggressor from the East altogether.

Sotto Voce

Sound The Trumpets

“LET not the sun go down upon your wrath”, said Paul the Apostle. It is disconcerting to find the editor of the Vatican newspaper protesting in the name of Christian charity because the Japanese “war-criminals” have been executed after more than three years from the end of the war. One falls to wondering whether it would have been in consonance with Christian charity if they had been polished off within as many weeks. All honour to the Pontiff of Rome that he should have interceded though in vain to save General Tojo. That the Pope acted at the instance of Japanese Catholics

does not dim the lustre of the office of mercy. But why, oh, why will the viceregent of God on earth coo like the sucking dove when they should roar like the lion?

The sanguinary farce of ‘war-crime’ trial and legalised murder has been going on for years now. The earliest batch to be sent to the gallows were pronounced guilty many months after the last shot had been fired. If the heads of the great religious organisations felt that Nuremberg threatened mankind with a spiritual disaster, a new access of wicked pride, they should have



spoken out then and in no uncertain terms. That the destroyers of Hiroshima should have been so anxious to cast the first stone can only be explained in terms of the guilt-complex. But the churches live by sufferance and one of them, anxious to maintain its reputation for modernity at all costs, has even consecrated the atom bomb.

Those who had obtained a mandate from the British public to “hang the Kaiser” lived to “Heil Hitler” with the loudest Nazi of them all. And Mr. Winston Churchill who excoriated the authors of the Munich surrender now pleads desperately for the resuscitation of Germany as the only safeguard against the Bolshevik menace. So much for the pretended absoluteness of Europe’s public ethics. And yet General MacArthur, with the evangelical zeal so characteristic of that brave new world which has dawned blood-red on the horizon, seems to think that it is as easy—and desirable—to subdue the Japanese to the American way of life as to say bo to a goose. But Tojo standing on the other side of the grave has the last laugh.

We may leave it to the theologians to decide whether the indifference he showed in the face of death was Christian fortitude or merely the fatalism of the Oriental which has so exasperated all good Whigs from Macaulay onwards. But Tojo as the symbol of that ‘perfidy’ which caught Uncle Sam unawares at Pearl Harbour is a responsibility that the scribes and pharisees of the West will not be so easily permitted to deny at the bar of history. It was under the tutelage of Europe that Japan learnt to pay her back in her own coin. And so astounding was her success that the *guru* has not disdained to learn from the *sisya*, as witness the Dutch blitz in Indonesia. The prolific progeny of evil obscures the earth.

The Machiavellis of every age have put their own gloss on the injunction, “Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar’s and

unto God the things that are God’s.” And Caesar has invariably won at the expense of God because his will was enforced by his good right arm; whereas the Church (I use the term in a generic sense and not only with reference to Christianity) has relied on its statesmen rather than its saints to fend off the usurper. No wonder that it fights a losing battle and is forced to temporise and to resort to feints and stratagems. It bows the knee to Baal in the shape of the super-State. It is dangerous to talk of the soul in the market-place. And so it talks of “civil liberties” instead.

But civil liberties have a thin time of it where war is endemic. The nation-states seem, however, to breathe more freely when a war is actually on. As war is one of those things that the custodians of religion have agreed to regard as the sole concern of Caesar and the armament firms, the rape of Ethiopia had its ecclesiastical defenders not merely in Italy. And the pacifist’s most venomous enemies are to be found among the clerics. Even the few who in their heart of hearts feel that the gospel of blood and iron is all wrong find the weight of an evil tradition of deference to secular authority too strong.

The Habeas Corpus may be suspended in an emergency but not the moral law. To deny absolute values because they irk your convenience or sense of self-importance is to assume that fire will not burn if you will it shall not. When you find a responsible Minister contending that in the interests of the many the rights of the few may be justly overridden you cannot help wondering if the millions of men of goodwill who have acclaimed secular democracy know what they have let themselves in for. As the many of today may be the few of tomorrow, here is the Devil’s own broth bubbling and boiling over. To warn against the calamity that threatens to overwhelm the race, we need the trumpets, not the flutes.

VIGHNESWARA

of power and self opened up by the new dispensation. These may be described as forming the Congress Right wing, and they have found no compunction in joining forces with the reactionary rump of the old era, the carpet-baggers of British bureaucracy and Indian capitalism who, through their supple sycophancy, are found as influential to-day as they were under the departed British power. On the political plane, the advocates and evangelists of the Indian Cabinet to-day are seen to be the politic tools of the nation's enemies in the old era. It is a ghastly irony of fate that Mr. Churchill's friends in India continue to be Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's friends as well. One of the most fervid of Nehru's admirers to-day is a man who in the peak of the non-co-operation movement played the humiliating historical role of a disrupter of the national front, for he denounced our beloved but then detracted Mahatma as the Old Man of the Sea who had got on to the back of the Indian Sindbad, and who would not let go his victim.

But our interest is not in personalities however eminent or seemingly indispensable. We must deplore the inadequacies of national leadership when reforms which are necessary and urgent are postponed or evaded through native infirmity of temper rather than through external obstacles of an insurmountable character. Even more disquieting is the thoroughness with which, both in the Centre and in the Provinces, opposition to the party in power is being systematically liquidated. The Communists are banned, the R. S. S. are sought to be lathi-charged into collapse, and there is no alternative to the present Government except a tyranny or a chaos according to chance. Can such tactics be tolerated as in the interests of the country?

There is an unconscious element of humour in the present situation.

For, while the opposition is led by a minority of devoted Gandhi-ites, the disinterested lovers of liberty and freedom, official Congress has been captured by all the life-long enemies of Congress during the last thirty years. It is patent that reaction wearing the badge of Congress but engaged in violating its pledges is installed in the seats of the mighty, and is engaged in crucifying Gandhi and bringing his whole life-work into irreparable contempt.

On the international plane, we have not yet registered a single gain. Kashmir continues to be an unsatisfactory and insoluble tangle. There is a conspiracy of silence regarding our future plans about what we intend to do or undo in Kashmir. This is not good for us. If we are to stand by the results of a plebiscite, does our Prime Minister seriously expect a majority of Muslim voters to vote themselves into permanent union with India? If, as we believe, he thinks otherwise, why not cut our losses in Kashmir and get out of that mess? If on the other hand, the oft-repeated condition precedent is really meant to be operative, viz., that the raiders must quit the territory, why not enforce it with our army; why not abridge duration and cost by intensifying operations, and then if need be, give a spectacular demonstration of our disinterestedness by walking out of conquered territory. In short we confess to be bewildered by the Prime Minister's attitude in this matter, whether we study his public pronouncements or speculate on his studied silences!

In view of this drab and disquieting background, we have no hesitation in thinking that the coming year is likely to prove crucial to us in many ways. We must set right our national economy, or at least take the first unmistakable steps in that direction. In three years after the cessation of World War II, England has been enabled to overcome the worst effects of her disastrous

victory. Right leadership and a right spirit of austerity have brought about a miracle in the most materialist of people as commonly and erroneously described. But with our much advertised spirituality (largely imaginary) we are conniving at profiteering, black-marketing, exploitation, luxury and senseless ostentation all of which are worsening us. But England is not only on the high road to recovery; she has recovered, and is once again mistress of her old markets. Her armies are multiplied, modernised and sent out to garrison the remaining parts of her colonial empire.

But what is our position to-day? Strikes are being threatened at one end. Capital is said to be shy at the other. Our dependence on food imports from abroad is getting more and more catastrophically complete. Our lack of initiative, our dwindling domestic resources, our disorganised economic situation, the evils of mounting inflation all go on unchecked, while our Ministers make pious utterances do duty for action. With the terrifying warning of China to chasten us, should we not hasten at once to repair the rents in our domestic front so that peace in industry and social and economic justice may reinforce each other and a renewed social order compatible with a free government and an ancient people be ushered into existence.

We would therefore appeal to the Prime Minister to ponder the implications of our present position, and to make his choice between progress and reaction. The attempt to short-circuit a great and essentially peaceful revolution should be given up at once. The Prime Minister should give a convincing proof of being free from the leading strings of big business, whether in theory or in practice. It is in his and our interest to complete the revolution under conditions in which the initiative continues to remain with him

and is controlled by his large views, liberal outlook and unwavering faith in human nature, so that the exploitation of one set of people by another might cease as definitely and finally as the exploitation of one nation by another which came to an end with the departure of the British power. If radical and far-reaching reforms have to be put through, if in the economic field the capitalist has to be controlled in the national interest, let our leadership have the courage to formulate its demands, and the people will gladly strengthen their hands with their loyalty and devotion and support. Our people will gladly suffer more privations if indicated as inevitable in the national interest; but they cannot be expected to acquiesce in arrangements which blatantly help the few as against the many. If our leadership fails to achieve tangible progress in these directions, the arrested revolution will gather force to make up for lost time, and sweep away all of us—the innocent with the guilty, the well-meaning with the wicked—into one common disaster.

We are by no means prophets of woe, nor does it give us pleasure to contemplate a lurid fate as in store for us. But circumstanced as we are, and things being what they are, it is impossible for us to go back. Unless our leadership rises to the occasion and throws its weight in favour of a forward move, the result is likely to be the relentless onset of a universal chaos from which we may not recover for at least a generation. As that would be the last thing any patriotic Indian would like, we hope that 1949 will see the inauguration of that brighter era for which alone we longed and laboured, to obtain Swaraj.

Honest Brokers

IT is bad enough that the ethnic and spiritual cousins of the Germans should have torn up a

SIDELIGHTS :

If I wanted to punish an enemy it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody.—H. MORE.

AT Sri Parthasarathy's garden party to the Transport Minister I asked a friend who is an authority on labour questions what he thought of the prospect of a railway strike. He said quite promptly and without any hesitation that the chance of the strike coming off was 60 per cent. When I asked if there was any issue over which it was impossible for the parties to come to an agreement, he said No. The trouble was not one of content but of manner and approach. Someone in authority had rubbed the railway people on the wrong side, provoking them with tactlessness into a bitter mood. The seriousness of the resulting situation, he feared, was being under-rated by Sri N. Gopalswami Aiyangar.

Later when the talk turned on the strike, it turned out that Sri N. Gopalswami Aiyangar had not under-rated the situation at all. He hoped for the best and was non-committal. Because he does not show signs of disquiet on occasions of trouble, people are apt to mistake his equanimity for imperfect comprehension of danger brewing. Actually he is sensitive to every vibration of disturbance in the air, but he does not respond to it with a disturbed manner.

In a grave crisis, the concern of many Ministers is for the safeguarding of their own reputations. Action then revolves round personal interest instead of public welfare. After a career in service distinguished by ample fulfilment of reasonable and natural ambitions, Sri N. Gopalswami Aiyangar holds his place in the Central Cabinet, not as a prize that has come to him in the stride of competitive effort. He is a Minister on invitation called from rest to work in the national interest. He is therefore unaffected by the tur-

moils of power politics. He is under no need to defend his position or prove his worth, and the perturbations of self-interest play no part in the discharge of his duties as Minister. Owing his position neither to party intrigues nor to influence with mobs through the magic of demagogic arts, nor to the glamour of a Satyagrahic past under Congress auspices, he alone symbolises, among the wielders of power at the Centre today, a unique sort of non-party eminence based on knowledge of administration, wisdom of experience and integrity of record.

As an exemplar of the prestige of high standards for maintaining the dignity of Ministers, Sri N. Gopalswami Aiyangar plays now a role of high national value. The political importance of Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel is not shared by all Congress Ministers. They must make up for it with standards of government commanding the respect of all. Otherwise, they would be utilised by scheming people to serve as instruments for the spread of disgraceful cults.

As an example of one such attempt I give below the exact text of an unsigned letter I have received, purporting to come from the "Society of Brahmin Haters", with quarters at the "P.W.D., Chepauk, Madras".

"We would refer you to the side-lights column of your swatantra of 19-12-48. What can you do by publishing it. The government is ours and we have the premier & five other ministers to gether with host of M.L.A.'s to back us. We will fight the Brahmins. You may appeal to high command of the congress of even to Nehru & Patel what can they do. Can they shake the ministry—No—Our foot. If the officer mentioned in your paper joins duty he will have to face the music. Brahmins they must perish."

The Premier and the five other Ministers are not to blame if an unknown individual who sees good reasons to hide his own name, claims them as "backers" on behalf of the "Society of Brahmin Haters". But they are responsible for their own actions. Have their actions been such as not to justify their support being assumed for an anti-Brahmin hatred cult? Apparently not, judging from the free rein being permitted to reverberating slogans breathing communal hatred over considerable areas in the Tamil districts. It

is poor fare for the province to be bred on hopes of anyone perishing. Perishing is the destiny of every living being, and none who rejoices in the perishing of others can hope to escape from it in his own turn. Under the guise of a threat, the threateners have merely laid down a universal law, ineffective for coercion, barren as public policy. But involvement in it suffices to damn the Ministers concerned in a State that guarantees equality to all.—SAKA.

LINGUISTIC COMMISSION'S REPORT

by K. S. SUBRAHMANYAM

THE report of the Dhar Commission only reflects the wishes of our leaders at the Centre. Power has brought about mysterious changes over our Congress bosses. They do not hesitate to go back upon their old promises. Nobody except perhaps the Commission can pretend that there is absolute unity in India in the sense that all Indians speak one language, observe the same social customs and habits and follow only one religion. The history of the Andhras is a grand repudiation of the Commission's charge that "the emotional response which the sub-national sentiment will receive from a linguistic province will always be greater than the one received by the national sentiment."

The demand for a separate Andhra Province and for linguistic provinces is 30 years old. It "has gone deep down into the masses" and there is no point in ignoring it.

It is objected that linguistic provinces would breed intolerance against the minority speaking a different language in the same province and that it would emphasise parochial patriotism. When it is a fact that the Hindus in Madras Province have not developed any intolerance against the Muslims, a "minority speaking a different language in the same province", there is no justification in supposing that intolerance would be bred in a linguistic province against the minority.

A third objection is that all the new linguistic provinces will be deficit. This is obviously a premise framed by the Commission to suit their conclusion. Men with greater knowledge and experience of Indian finance and of

Madras in particular have affirmed that Andhra and Tamilnad will be surplus provinces. The Madras Government have stated that neither Tamilnad nor Andhra Province will be deficit. Hence this objection does not hold water.

It is again objected that there will be mighty trouble in deciding the boundaries of the various provinces to be created and the award that will have to be given may leave behind some bitterness. But this bitterness will not be greater and more unhappy than the bitterness which now prevails among the various linguistic groups in the Madras Congress Legislature Party. Linguistic antipathies have been so abominably developed in this province that they have poisoned the judgment of our legislators and prevented them from electing the best man as the leader of the Madras Congress Legislature Party. To brush aside an entire issue on the ground that there will be difficulty in deciding the boundaries does not speak well of the capacity, courage and competence of our Government.

And then the integration of States can no more stand as a bar to the creation of linguistic provinces since with the surrender of Hyderabad it has almost been completed. And in view of the ugly, unsound and corrupt manner in which Madras Province is now being administered by Ministers who are pre-occupied with the preservation of their own positions rather than administering the province properly, it is imperatively necessary that the creation of linguistic provinces should be included among the "more urgent problems" such as the rehabilitation of the refugees.

MUSIC FESTIVAL AT THE ACADEMY

by T. V. R.

MADRAS, 26th Dec. 1948: There is an old pal of mine who has been a somebody in the Madras Music Academy. We were at the University together and we know each other rather well. He knows I am not a money-bag. He was not surprised, therefore, to get a note from me asking him if he could get me a ticket of admission to this season's music festival.

Knowing my passion for what I regard as good music, having heard me sing in good old days, remembering also that my ebullitions are occasionally published in *Swatantra*, he hit upon a device. He sent me a ticket and put me into the Press gallery, though it is some years since I gave up my membership of the Fourth Estate. It was suggested to me that as a sort of *quid pro quo*, I must convey my impressions through this journal.

I was there on the opening day; and, my word, what a lot of *prose* there was on the inauguration of a music festival! It was a day of speeches galore. I can understand His Excellency, having been asked to preside, making a speech. But that one man should pop up and inflict a speech for proposing the President, a second delivering another oration for seconding the proposal, and so on and so forth—this certainly made for too much of verbiage from the men on the dais, and for listlessness among the people in the hall. I quietly slipped away, came home, got into my easy chair and had my radio tuned for listening to the mellifluous music, coming out of Dwaram's violin.

The next day I skipped the 3 o'clock business and was there promptly at 5 p.m. for hearing the famous Semmangudi.

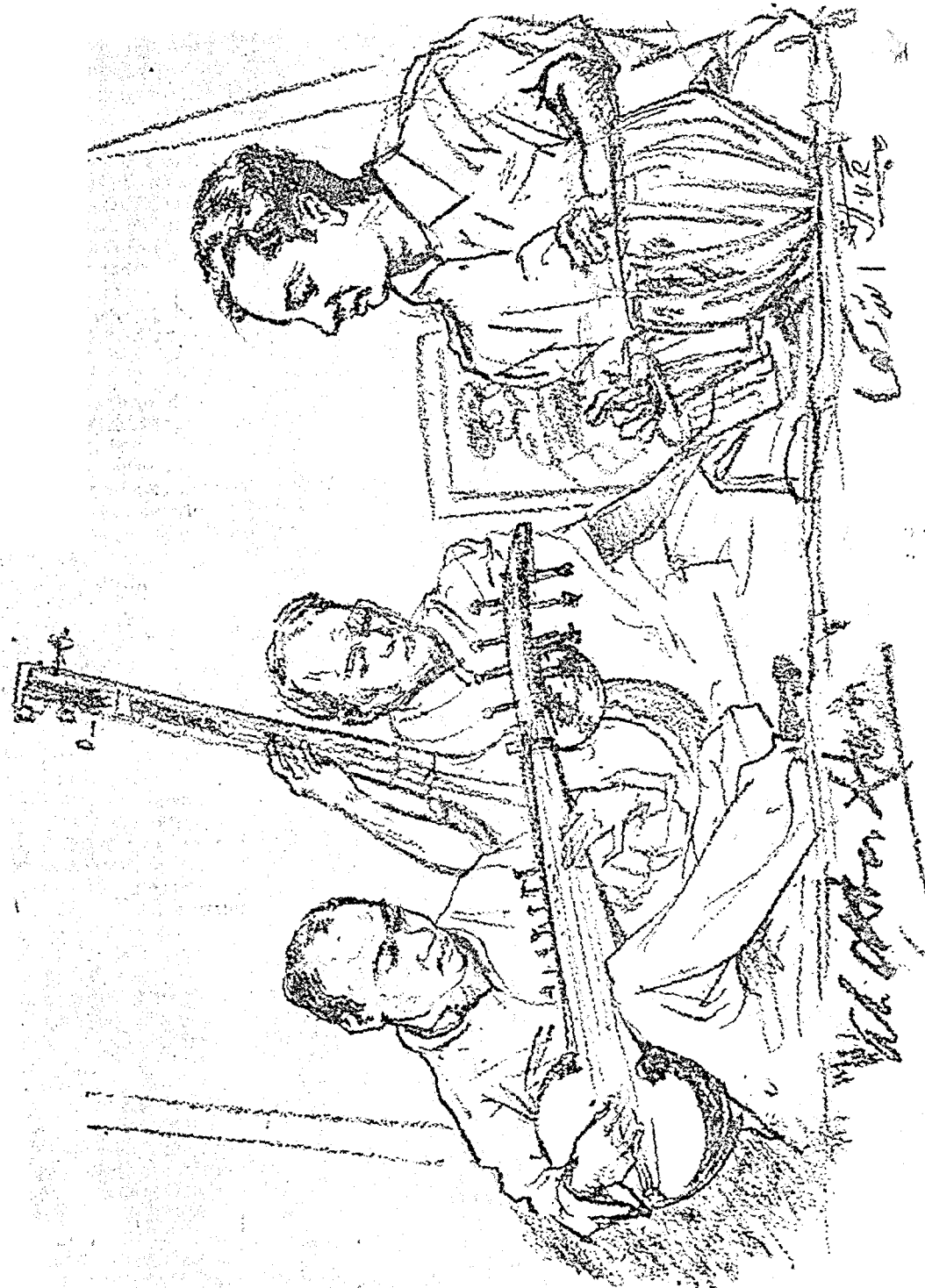
For this excellent reason: Semmangudi's style (*bani*) is one which I have always liked immensely. It

is the pure Chola Desa style which I regard as the most artistic dialect of Carnatic music. There is no doubt that music has its dialects. The Palghat, the Mysore, the Tinnevely and the Tanjore styles are all quite different from one another, and the trained ear can easily discriminate between these. Chembai and Rama Bhagavathar, Bidarani and Chowdiah, Vedanta Bhagavathar and Muthiah Bhagavathar, typify the Palghat, Mysore and Tinnevely varieties respectively. I must frankly confess that there is something in the pure Umayalpuram style, and even more so in the method of the famous Nadaswara Vidwans of Tanjore district which has captivated me; it is an essentially more beautiful style than the other three.

Well, Semmangudi represents the style, and that is why I thought, hard pressed though I am for time, I may go to the Academy and hear him.

Alas, what a disappointment there was! Semmangudi is not the old musician who used to regale thousands of people in the Gokhale Hall with his delightful *Manasa Sanjare* in *Sama* raga, his matchless *Arabi*, and his moving *Natharama-kriya*. Those days have gone, and with them has gone his voice too. Yesterday it was a sad spectacle, dear old Semmangudi putting his finger into the ear, opening his mouth as fully as a patient would do before a doctor, and emitting sounds which were occasionally pleasant, often bearable and sometimes absolutely insufferable. I could not bear the sight of my one-time hero failing like this and I came away after an hour, with the following determination.

It is only the rich who have plenty of money to spend and little work to do that can afford all the time necessary to hear *all* this music. I, for one, decided that I would attend



Year-Ending Music In Madras.

the performances of either the geniuses in music or of those who, though not capable of rising to dizzy heights of originality, have perfected their technique and have made it a finished thing of beauty. I know that Flute Mahalingam and Nathaswaram Rajarathnam belong to the first category. And Ariyakudi belongs to the second. But Sem-mangudi and several others belong to neither. Men like Mali and Rajarathnam can afford to be freakish and erratic, because now and then they exhibit gems of purest ray serene. But all men cannot aspire to reach this eminence, for the obvious reason that geniuses are born and not made. Ariyakudi is far from being a genius. His music is stereotyped. Yes, it is a standardised, streamlined, perfect thing of beauty. It is stereotyped only in the sense in which good coffee of Y.M.I.A. and Coimbatore Krishna Iyer of olden days was stereotyped.

So, today I went to the first of the three performances which I had made up my mind to attend. Mali and Papa made an unrivalled pair. How many times did Mali reveal his pure

genius! How many feats of originality! And yet there was not one second when there was the slightest divergence from Sruti or from melody. I wonder if there is another musician in South India today who can render kirtanams and ragas with such charming leisureliness (visranthi) as Mali. Evereni and Kaddanavariki among kirtanams, Kalyani, Harikamboji, Pyag and Sama among ragas were rendered in such an exquisite manner as to make a mammoth audience delirious with joy.

Seldom have I seen the great Palghat Mani so subdued, if not positively disconcerted, as he was this evening. Mali's style is so slow, so unique, so full of surprises, and ineffably sweet as they are to the audience, they are extremely troublesome even to the most eminent of the mridangam players of today.

I shall hear Ariyakudi and Pajarathnam and recount my experience next time when I am permitted to think aloud. In the meantime, a friend whispers that I must hear Bismilla Khan also.



THE SOCIALIST PARTY TRAINING CAMP

The Socialist Party will be conducting a Training Camp for cadres from the 5th January 1949, lasting a month. Prof. M. Venkatrangiah will supervise the functioning of the camp in general. Other lecturers in the camp will include Dr. K. B. Menon, K. G. Sivaswamy, S. C. Anthony Pillai, D. F. Kapadia, Burra Subramanyam, and Abhivardane. They will be dealing respectively with the co-operative movement, agricultural economics, history and problems of the trade union movement, elements of economics, law and civil liberties, Indian history, theory of Socialism, etc. Political workers desirous of availing themselves of this training should apply directly or through Party Units to THE WARDEN, South India Socialist Training Camp, No. 5, Nungambakkam High Road, Cathedral P.O., Madras-6.



The open mind never acts; when we have done our utmost to arrive at a reasonable conclusion, we still, when we can reason and investigate no more, must close our minds for the moment with a snap, and act dogmatically on our conclusions. The man who waits to make an entirely reasonable will dies intestate.—Bernard Shaw.



A SUGGESTION TO THE PREMIER

by "LARVA"

TO the man in the street, the Premier looks like one skimmed up by accident and kept afloat by the sheer potency of the contrariety of forces wazzing around him.

In his recent Convocation address we discern gleams that, underneath a dour unkempt peasant exterior and detesting publicity, there throbs a vague yearning for a society ennobled by character and service.

In his opinion the Universities have failed to evolve or remould society as visualised by him. The men that gather at their portals are scions of the aristocracies of wealth, birth or intellect and are not tested as to character. This test is stated to have been applied at the ancient Sanghams of Madura. How this was done is not ascertainable.

Character is a continual process of building up. A University imparts not only knowledge of life and its forces but formulates, by precepts and in the practice of the corporate life lived, a scheme of ethics. Society and the individual get mutually enriched in the attempt by the latter to adjust himself to his environment in accordance with that scheme of ethics. The individual builds up his character in the process. Proof of character as a pre-requisite to education is not a working proposition.

A mere adjuration, to render back to society what it gave, does not evoke response. Some that accumulated wealth have not been chary. Rendering back to society, according to ancient conceptions, took the shape of piling endowments on temples without in any manner revitalising society. Europe and America are replete with instances of great seats of learning endowed and maintained wholly by munificent donors. Our country, not excluding our Provinces, can point to such benefactions in

the cause of education in recent years. Has the sum-total of it all been beneficent in the highest sense? Have they evolved or produced the type the Premier envisages, the type that renders service to society in grateful return for the benefits received?

A mere call to each of the educated that it is his barest duty to educate at least nine others will be beating the wings in the void.

Equally futile would be devices to defer conferment of degrees on University graduates till they furnish proof of service for a specified period of years among the villagers. The Universities may not co-operate. The boys may be indifferent or even hostile. The parents may fight it altogether.

What then is the remedy? The Premier is the executive head of the State. His duty will not end with detection or enumeration of deficiencies. He is in the privileged position to so mould public policy and carry through such measures as would benefit society and the State.

What about making a beginning with prospective public servants, who by reason of their employment by Government will have to abide by its regulations?

Service among villagers for the specified period of one or two years may be prescribed for them as probation. These young men are the products of the Universities or professional or technical institutions and hand-picked either by the Public Services Commission or by bodies or persons competent to make the selection.

The Premier in his Convocation address referred to the serious time-lag that intervenes between a man's intellectual development and his moral and spiritual development. The proposed period of probation

in the villages, wedged into what intervenes between selection for appointment and actual employment, would just cover this time-lag.

Each candidate may be allotted a group of villages, apprenticed to a cultivating tenant or a master craftsman resident in the region and allowed subsistence by Government at the peasant or the craftsman's level. It must be compulsory for him to work at the craft or the calling for a specified minimum number of hours in the day or the week. That would teach him, if anything can, the dignity of labour in a manner that nothing else will.

During his sojourn it should be his duty to learn to live the life, eat the food, don the dress, learn the speech and think the thoughts of those amongst whom he is placed.

Since the public servants embrace the whole gamut of administration the would-be civil servants (executive and judicial), doctors, health officers, engineers, teachers, in fact every one of that vast class whose future vocation will lie in dealing with men and taking decisions, would have been thrown into life's crucible (the immense arsenal of democracy in the words of the Premier) and made to find his level.

High caste or low, Christian or Moslem, it should be his job to pick his way through all classes, know their needs, understand their problems, bring to bear on all the particular skills he is equipped with, enrich his personality and widen his outlook in the process. He would have undergone a complete sea-change into a richer personality.

He can be deemed to have completed his probation only after approval by a panel of representative residents of the region. Only then he should be put on his job on the usual service conditions.

The nascent State, in its birth-throes, eager to weld, into a well-knit, well-ordered community, the discordant elements with little sense of civic or public duty and with no high public standards has an urgency to train its public servants on lines indicated above or analogous to them.

The results would be startling and produce incalculable effects on villages situated remote from the administration. The process of integrating the villages with the Government would have started. The administration would be manned by men whose outlook has been thoroughly re-orientated and the administration itself continually enriched by a never ceasing flow of servants whose identity with the humblest of the land would be a reality and not a mere slogan. Standards of rectitude and public morality will swing upward. Such a measure would be a more powerful and effective solvent of traditions, beliefs, inequalities and inequities incidental to an ancient but stagnant civilisation than harangues that stir up only passions and hatreds, than measures of the legislature that abolish distinctions only on paper.

Will the Premier implement his words by deeds?

When he does it and the community settles down to it, voluntary dedication to the cause of village uplift, which he has so much at heart, will automatically follow.

The mind of the universe is communistic. Accordingly, it has created the worse to serve the better, and united the better in one common bond. See how it has subordinated and co-ordinated all things, given each and all their deserts, and brought the best into concord with one another!—*Marcus Aurelius*.

An opportunist is a chap who knows a good thing the minute the other fellow sees it.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

Marriage has been described as giving half one's food to get the other half cooked.

Short Story

The Patriot

by Michael Owen

WHEN the mother saw the girl with the gleaming golden hair enter the doorway with her son she knew that the invisible barrier which the years had erected between father and son had been finally cemented. Her son, their son, now, she thought, was irrevocably lost to them. She looked at her tall young son with a bewildered air, and then from him to the young wife he had brought home to India from England.

The girl was beautiful. Even the mother saw that and, in a dim way she understood her son's enchantment. It was there in his eyes. And if the future was uncertain—she had her doubts about these mixed marriages—she had to admit to herself that, for the present, there was nothing to be done, for the love in her son's eyes was reflected in the girl's. But if the bewilderment in her own heart was acute, that in her husband's was even more so.

Prem had not informed them of the marriage. Completing his term at Sandhurst, he had been posted to an Indian regiment, and the girl had come with him, the marriage ceremony having been performed at the last minute in a civil registry office. His mother's antagonism was nothing personal. It was involved in her very life itself—antagonism to a stranger from a strange land, whom she did not understand, a land on account of whose imperialism her husband, under the leadership of the Mahatma, had suffered several terms of imprisonment. In her ageing husband's heart she knew there was chill despair and that a barrier of ice had been built around his heart against his only child.

She had been a simple girl when she had been married to Rattan Lal Sharma, the promising young barrister. Possessing little modern education, steeped in the traditions and ancient lore of her country,

religious, dutiful, the epitome of Hindu wife-hood, she had never really understood her brilliant husband. Many of his conversations, in those early years, when he had become an ardent follower of Mahatma Gandhi had been beyond her simple mind. She only knew that all that he suffered in the years that followed, his repeated imprisonments at British bureaucratic hands, was in a great cause, the cause of India herself, and that there was nothing which could influence him to deviate from it. India needed her husband. It was her duty to efface herself.

But in the early years she had the comfort of her little son, Prem. To some extent it alleviated the agony of her husband's frequent absences, in British jails or on countrywide tours for the Cause. And she brought-up the boy in all the true spirit of Hinduism, instilling into his immature mind the sacredness and righteousness of the great Cause for which she had given her husband.

When Prem, her son, was twelve, Rattan Lal decided to educate him in England. British policy had retarded the growth of education in India, so he would take the best that their own educational system could offer. Prem would grow up equipped with every advantage to continue the great fight. Prem, then, was to go to a great English public school and thence to a university.

When the train took Prem, escorted by Rattan Lal, from her to Bombay, she turned with desolation in her heart to her devotions. It was the will of God. She did not understand. She accepted and obeyed.

If, as the long, lonely years passed, she bore her burden stoically, her heart remained troubled and sore. From Prem's letters, she noticed the

gradual changes in the boy's heart, in his ideology. Rattan Lall, busy with the affairs of the Cause, seemed less troubled. Prem was just passing through a phase.

After an absence of more than five years Prem came home for a brief holiday. His mother saw in him almost a stranger, a tall, handsome and elegant stranger, more at home in a foreign tongue than in his own. Yet he was still her son. But Rattan Lall was now profoundly disturbed. Then, when he learnt that his son wished to enter Sandhurst, to qualify for the British Indian army, instead of going on to Oxford, he was filled with consternation and realised the mistake that he had made in sending the boy away amongst strangers—the hated oppressors of his motherland at that!—while his young mind had still been impressionable and formative. He tried to talk the boy into changing his mind, but Prem had no patience with Rattan Lall or his Khadi-clad cronies.

Eventually Prem had his way. His father realised that in Prem's apostasy India had lost a great fighter. Then he comforted himself by reflecting that when at last Freedom came, India would need trained soldiers. Prem might not, after all, be lost. The ways of Providence were inscrutable. To each his own path-way of service.

And now, Prem had come home with an English wife. Now, of a truth, was Prem lost. And the mother tried to comfort old Rattan Lall. There was good in Prem. He would still do great things for the motherland. He was their son. But old Rattan Lall would not be comforted. He had shut Prem out of his heart.

And the boy, or man now, himself felt the closing of the door of his father's affection against him. He knew that his father hated his beautiful English wife, that his mother was puzzled and saddened, that he had added to the burden of their years. He was away now for long periods, on regimental duty. When he came home, he came alone.

When the second world war broke out, Prem was a captain at a frontier outpost. All was not well between him and his English wife. Her beauty, the laughter in her eyes, still enthralled him, but he had begun to realise that it takes more than passion to build a successful married life. In several ways they were poles apart. In England it had been one thing. Here in India it had been forced upon her that Prem was after all Indian—that his father was one of those hated Congressmen, rebels and fools, sworn to the disintegration of India from the great empire. So she too began to doubt the wisdom of her marriage. She leaned more and more towards her own people and their companionship. She felt that they despised her for having married an Indian, especially the son of 'a rebel'.

When the war was two years old, Prem came back from the Middle East on leave. His wife whom he had adored and for whom he had sacrificed his father's love, was in the Women's Auxiliary Corps. She had met a man of her own race with whom she had fallen in love. She told Prem, irrevocably, decisively, that she could never again live with him.

Prem just couldn't understand it. Suddenly he realised that he was still an Indian at heart. His religion recognised no divorce. In his pain and horror he perceived for the first time the uncertain morality, the uncertain loyalty of the West. Silent, hiding his deep pain and disillusion under a grim exterior, he found com-

fort only with his old mother. He was still her son. Even though he might be the greatest renegade in the world, even though he might have broken his father's heart, in her old arms always would there be welcome, in her mother's eyes understanding.

Upon the expiry of his leave Prem was posted 'somewhere' in India. Shortly afterwards his father was imprisoned along with other Indian leaders. Then the infuriated populace of India, dragged unwillingly behind the Anglo-American war-juggernaut, flared into maddened revolt. Prem, in command of a detachment of troops in one of the centres of revolt, was compelled to order his men to fire. As he saw his own countrymen fall under the hail of fire, something happened to him. He knew then that he could no longer serve the tyrants. His life belonged to India. He vowed that no drop of Indian blood should ever be shed again through his instrumentality or orders.

Two months after that episode Major Prem Sharma was taken prisoner at Kohima. Without the slightest hesitation, feeling it indeed to be his duty, his measure of atonement, he joined the Indian National Army and brought to his new duties with the army of liberation every ounce of military genius he possessed. While the British-controlled press vilified him, the news percolated through to Ahmednagar jail where old Rattan Lall

Sharma was incarcerated. With tears in his eyes he told his friends in jail that Prem, his beloved son, had redeemed himself. Prem was a Colonel in the army of liberation with Netaji in Burma.

Amongst the prisoners of the I.N.A. taken with the Anglo-American reconquest of Burma was Colonel Prem Sharma. He faced his captors proudly. "I die now for my country," he told them, "not for a foreign cause. I am ready".

But with peace came the British realisation that India could no longer be held in alien thrall. The day had come when Britain must go peacefully or in a blood-bath. Indian opinion demanded the release of I.N.A. prisoners. Eventually, along with other famous I.N.A. officers, Colonel Prem Sharma was released. His father, Rattan Lall, was the first to embrace him.

"I am proud of you, son, as India is. You have proved yourself a great patriot".

"What I have done, father, is not a tenth of what you have done. I am proud that I am your son".

When they were able to escape from the cheering crowds they went home quietly together. As the tall young warrior took his mother in his arms, she knew that her sacrifices, her long years of loneliness, her silent tears, had not been in vain. Her son was a hero. A worthy son of a worthy father!—Copyright.



Dr. Pattabhi says that "the hydrogenation of Vanaspati must stop." Congress Ministries should take heed of this special directive from the Rashtrapati, though it has not found a place in the Constitution. The hydrogenation of Vanaspati must stop—whatever might happen to the oxidation of our talents, the freezing of our foreign assets, the liquidation of our currency or the solidification of our differences.—Shankar's Weekly.



If the Ministers are not clear in their own minds as to the social philosophy they are expected to represent, it will be only fair to themselves and to the people to lay down the reins of office. It is no use flirting with rural reconstruction in spare moments and joining in unholy wedlock with exploiters who will not hesitate to ruin the country-side in order to gain a little profit for their miserable selves.—J. C. Kumarappa.

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THE SPIRIT OF OBLIVION

by POTHAN JOSEPH

WHEN Cromwell was at the height of power as Protector of the Realm, he had forebodings about the future. There was his son Richard Cromwell, heir to his fame, and unfortunately for his office, but something of a laggard and a poltroon. The whisper "Killing or Murder" circulated, and in Highland enclaves toasts were drunk "To the Restoration". When Cromwell died and Charles II ascended the throne, there was an orgy of retaliation, even the grave of Cromwell being desecrated to slake the ghastly thirst for futile revenge, while terrorising Puritan partisans into submission. For a few years, the parvenu aristocrats of the new Royalist regime figured as flag-wavers and persecutors. Milton, Secretary of State, had to go underground until he could emerge on the road as a blind poet, thanks to the security furnished by the "Act of Oblivion" which rung down the curtain on the scene of vendetta. The purport of that enactment was to let by-gones be by-gones and to introduce not a mere truce but a permanent reconciliation in the law of Britain. I do not think the comparison will look far-fetched if we contemplate a likeness in the psychological course of India's history in the last Thirty Years' War of Congress against British Rule, and its sequel.

In the romance of the Stuarts, those who suffered most in the Restoration had been the subservient favourites of the Cromwellian interlude. Goodwill suffered havoc. Sardar Patel has more than once expressed the opinion that after the elimination of the foreigner, there should be no carrying forward of past feuds among Indians themselves. Such a course would be wasteful when solidarity is indispensable. Not all Congressmen have been taking up that attitude because at flag-hoisting ceremonies leaders who chance to gain by the "spoils of office" have been heard defiantly asking where the present grumblers were when the freedom-struggle was being waged. They feel easy about it as a retrospective purge, but Sardar Patel believes

in the conservation of energy. A question was put to him in the Assembly whether it was wise to trust publicity on behalf of India to the old agents of British Imperialism in Washington who during the War had played the Puck tune disparaging India, but the Sardar answered with dry humour that probably they would be much more energetic and more loyal to the new regime after the change. This has been the attitude illustrated by the Act of Oblivion and those acquainted with the inner history of New Delhi politics will bear witness to Sardar Patel's chivalrous outlook when it comes to the utilization of talent once marked down as pro-British, and therefore irretrievably unpatriotic.

There could have been no crucifixion without a Judas, and no Christianity without a crucifixion. A Gospel passage says: "It thus needs be that offences come, but woe to the man by whom the offence comes". When fate seems so pre-determined, the element of turpitude that is supposed to invest such drama with all the three Unities of the Greek conception, calls for gentle treatment, not the arrogant claim of the Furies to exact retribution. The expression "Hound of Heaven" means the pursuit of conscience, of divine love. Those who went to jail cannot after the attainment of liberty constitute a privileged class, once the spirit of Oblivion shuts out the shades of Nemesis. The future beckons us all, every Indian, without the tinge of a vindictive past, and there is profound significance in the scene of the Constituent Assembly being led by Dr. Ambedkar, an obstructionist of the past, and proceedings conducted under the chairmanship of a minority-spokesman, H. C. Mookerji, an Indian Christian, in place of Babu Rajendra Prasad.

It was the collective force of emancipation felt throughout the country that led to what has happened, as one of the inevitabilities of history. Sardar Patel's attitude

has been equivalent to an Act of Oblivion. In one of the common-sense speeches of the Sardar at Madhya Bharat, he said: "We should not assume that foreigners have gone due to our strength. It was the grace of God owing to the austerities of Great Souls that secured us freedom". Mark the plu-

ral number used in the contemplation of imponderable forces which recognises the services of many men and women of unequal faith whose bones lie white on the road that culminated in the summit of Freedom, where there is no room for the settling of past scores.

—N.P.S. (Copyright).

INDIANS LEARNING SOIL CONSERVATION IN U.S.

WASHINGTON: India, Iran and Egypt are among the 65 countries seeking information from the Soil Conservation Service of the U.S. Agriculture Department on ways and means to save natural resources.

Representatives from these countries have spent from a few weeks to several years receiving training from the Service according to William X. Hull, its Foreign Liaison Officer.

Hull, who returned from the annual meeting of the Soil Conservation Society, at Cincinnati, Ohio, said two "trainees" of the Service took an active part in the meeting. They are C.P. Bhimaya, assistant to the Forest Conservation Officer, Madras; and A. B. S. Verma, assistant professor at Nagpur Agricultural College.

The Soil Conservation Society is composed of members from industry and numerous educational institutions. It is semi-technical.

Hull said that trainees are expected to work and learn. "We do not believe they can return to their own countries and teach their people unless they know from experience how the work is done. Trainees will drive tractors, dig post holes, go out and make plans for applying conservation techniques on farms, and finally, convince the farmer that he should apply these techniques to his farm."

He said two groups from India who completed their training made a "very fine report" to the Government of India, and in turn were called before the Indian Parliament. They were requested to describe plans, set up a budget and outline conser-

vation work which would be desirable in India.

Negotiations are now in progress to send an American soil expert from the Conservation Service to the Damodar Valley Project near Calcutta, Hull said. He described this project as one similar to the Tennessee Valley Authority watershed.

Near Madras, Hull said, a private corporation is now engaged in a project to prevent overflow of tidal waters. Americans have been consulted on the project. A good many provincial Governments of India have sent technicians to the Conservation Service and others are expected soon.

Conservation problems in India are many and diverse, but many of their problems are similar to those in the United States, Hull said. For example, there is the problem of erosion of soil particularly on land which has been farmed for centuries. Some of this land is completely gone, Hull pointed out.

In Bombay province, the chief problem is in attempting to put arid land into cultivation by use of level terraces to hold rainfall. Four years ago, Bombay sent three men to the Conservation Service for training.

"These men have done a magnificent job," Hull said. "I am informed that more than 70,000 acres are now under terrace as a result of their study here."

In contour ploughing and conservation techniques, Bombay is probably somewhat further ahead than some of the other provinces, Hull said, although India is forging steadily ahead.

"ABSOLUTE POWER CORRUPTS":

A CHIEF JUSTICE'S INDICTMENT

by S. RAJAGOPALAN

SRI Clifford Agarwala's scathing comment on the inaction of the Congress Governments in regard to the scheme for the separation of the judiciary from the executive, which in the Congress ideology of old, had occupied a place next only to the elimination of foreign domination, will, one hopes, serve to focus public attention on the need for urgent action. An independent judiciary is the *sine qua non* of a democratic State as contrasted with a fascist or a Communist State, and separation of the judiciary from the executive is its most important incident; both proceed on the principle of the supremacy of the law over the executive and the legislature. Nevertheless, Congress Governments in our country have displayed an unusual reluctance to bring it about, though of course in Madras, commendable promptitude had been shown in this behalf by the Prakasam Ministry; and even in its all too brief existence, much spade work had been effected. An "expert" committee had gone into every aspect of the question and produced a report which is a "locus classicus" on the subject. And had not the exigencies of local politics cut short its fruitful career, followed up within a short while by the abrupt resignation of Dr. P. Subbarayan, this reform would have been a 'fait accompli' here.

What, after all, is this 'separation' business, upon which the Chief Justice of Patna laid so much stress? It means nothing more than a translation in actual practice of certain fundamental legal and constitutional principles, namely, the supremacy of the law over the executive and the ideal that justice should not merely be done, but should manifestly appear to be done. It is not a novel phenomenon but exists in its entirety in civil litigation. In civil cases, the State

cannot interfere in any manner with the adjudication of civil courts of even the lowest description or jurisdiction nor exercise administrative control over them without reference to the High Court. The civil judiciary operates as a single, self-contained unit freed from any kind of executive pressure, and this is as it should be. This state of affairs also obtains in respect of grave criminal cases tried by the District, Additional and Assistant Sessions Judges, over whom the High Court has judicial as well as *de facto* administrative control. Even in regard to the magistrates of all grades, the High Court is still the ultimate judicial or residual authority; but the executive through the District Magistrate possesses full administrative control over all of them, that is to say, is the sole authority for their appointment, transfer, promotion and removal. Not unnaturally this has given rise to striking anomalies. For instance, a District Magistrate is subject to the appellate purview of the Sessions Judge but in other respects, he is of a rank equal if not superior to him.

When the British took charge of the administration of this country, their main business at the outset was to set up, district-wise, an efficient agency for the collection of revenue, which in those days, comprised all the heads of taxation with the exception of customs tariff; and of these, land revenue was about the major item. Every district had a Sessions Judge, a Police Superintendent and a "Collector". Just to render tax collection a little less difficult and to obviate the stationing of the military for that purpose, the Collector became a District Magistrate, and in that capacity had to function as the head of the police as well, being held responsible for maintaining law and order in the region. This is the more apparent when

one considers that, in the City of Madras, where the collection of land revenue is next to nothing, the Collector has no control over the police or the magistracy. Hence it was that when in the pre-reform days, a proposal to effect separation of the executive from the judiciary, came to be sponsored in Madras, Mr. J. F. Hall (as he then was) frankly observed that if the reform were to be adopted, land revenue collection would be exceedingly difficult. A somewhat curious argument, when one considers how income tax and the sales tax, which in recent years are slowly displacing land tax as the major head of revenue, are all collected without the agency being invested with magisterial powers. Much the same apprehension, though on a different ground, had also coloured the views of Rajaji as Premier of Madras, when he said that the reform would make the police less amenable to the control of the Government; but having regard to the immediate context in which the views were expressed, it might be reasonably assumed that he was unwilling to go ahead with the proposal. Not that he liked it less but because he loved the cause of Prohibition more, and consequently could not be persuaded to take any step which would endanger its enforcement. In reply to a deputation of lawyers, our present Premier pointed to the Communist troubles as holding up the reform, although of course it has been made clear that in an era of depleted finances, it would effect a net saving of 5 lakhs of rupees annually. Nor is the popular view any the less apathetic. A good many people still regard it as a ruse to provide jobs to needy lawyers. And at the CONSAMBLEY recently, a Madras member trotted out the fantastic objection that as certain bad appointments of judges had been or would be made, the reform would bring in evil. This contention, pressed to its logical conclusion, would mean that if you got a bad set of Ministers, you have got to scrap the constitution itself! Never was so essential a measure viewed with so much suspicion on so meagre a hypothesis.

Separation of the judiciary from the executive rests, however, upon certain unassailable principles of constitutional history and practice. It has obtained in England, and the country has been infinitely the better for it and has secured the world's top place for the excellence of its judiciary. The apprehension that as soon as the magistrates are placed under the administrative control of the High Court, chaos would result, is thoroughly ill-grounded. Judges and magistrates are as much sons of the soil as anyone else, and affected as much by illicit traffic in liquor and violent uprooting of the social system; and they certainly would not let offences in that regard go away unpunished or punished inadequately. The remedy however lies in other directions. Our penal laws and their procedure should be made fool-proof and allow of no loopholes for the really guilty to escape conviction or condign punishment. This must be effected hand in hand with a thorough reorganisation of the detective and investigating agency with if possible the establishment of a Director of Public Prosecutions. That way lies the security of the State. It may however be argued that if the judiciary were to be an authority unto itself, it would come into eternal conflict with the executive, just as it had happened in America at the time of President Roosevelt's New Deal administration. But in our country one may definitely rule out such a possibility. Clash will be likely when for instance the State goes ahead with stiff measures towards a planned and Socialist administration and the judiciary trained in the old conservative ideology of individualism and sanctity of contract, may venture to stem the rigour of the progress. In modern days, certain anti-social tendencies such as offences against rationing regulations and hoarding and black-marketing activities may have to be fought out and punished; and the courts may not be expected to go the whole hog with the executive but to elect to go by the strict letter of the law. Even this apprehension seems groundless and two recent instances have given the lie direct to any such assumption. Quite recently, the Bombay High Court have declined to visit two anti-social offences with any

but the most stringent penalties. In one case, reversing an acquittal, the High Court sentenced the President of the Poona Municipal Corporation to a term of imprisonment and substantial fine for feeding an excessive number of people at a dinner party. In another case, a cloth dealer sold Tootal drill at Rs. 5-14-0 per yard instead of at the control price of Rs. 3-7-4, and gave no cash memo. He was sentenced to rigorous imprisonment for one year and to pay a fine of two lakhs of rupees. Upholding both the conviction and the sentence, the observations of Chief Justice

Chagla show a firm determination to root out all anti-social proclivities in the interests of the "poor and the needy".

An immediate effect of this reform may well be that the present personnel of the magistracy may be replaced by a skilled and legally qualified set of people; but there seems to be nothing wrong in this. The principle that only medical degree holders should staff hospitals and trained graduates should be teachers, ought to apply with even greater justification to the disposal of criminal cases.

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY MATCH

by V. P. RAMAN

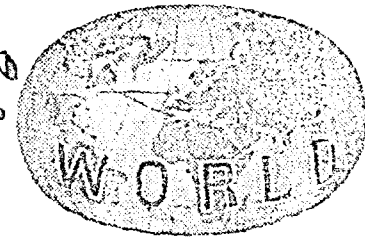
FOURTEEN Bombay University players along with their young manager left Madras by the Boat Mail for Ceylon last Friday night. They left Madras with a first innings victory over our University.

A marker told me secretly that the Bombay Manager had bought their tickets for Ceylon even on the first day of the match. They were perhaps, rightly, confident of their victory. A grand total of 213 is no hard matter for any decent batting side to pass and gain a lead. When Ramchand hit Anantharama Rao who was bowling with the second new ball, for a crashing four to leg, I guessed that the match was Bombay's. Somehow in spite of his century, Umrigar's game never really impressed. Apart from a hook-shot which is the forte of every Bombay batsman, his innings was rather strokeless. On the other hand, stocky Ramchand, who was never subdued by any Madras bowler, created a fine impression on every spectator. Ganesan who kept a good length throughout was nevertheless punished severely by Ramchand. In the All India University trial match, this very Ramchand hit Ganesan for three successive boundaries. Perhaps that flavour lasted. Umpire Mahmud looking very much like a bespectacled Mushiaq Ali, is reported to have asked Kannairam at the lunch table to select quite a

few new balls as he may need them. It looked like a very true prophecy till the Bombay tail collapsed.

One was at a loss to know what exactly Madras' policy in the second innings was. Anantharama Rao played as if the match was on its opening day. Instead of going out for runs and giving the visitors a 50-50 chance of winning or losing the match outright, the Madras batsmen played as they ought to have played on the first day. It was a pity. Umrigar, surprisingly enough, adopted a negative leg-theory tactics. It was on the whole very silly of both sides. George Abraham entering at a crucial time when an innings defeat stared Madras in the face, played a beautiful game for his 44. At his best George is the stylist of his side. I don't think there is any stroke which this young player cannot do. He bowled marvellously in the second innings, and the ball which bowled Umrigar for a duck was a beauty. At the other end, Balu Alagunan, looking amazingly like the late Japanese commander, Gen. Tojo, played a neat game for an 88 runs. I think he is the only Madras batsman who hits the short ball to the leg boundary really hard, giving the field no chance whatsoever, though of late he has developed the habit of ballooning quite unnecessarily.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



MARSHALL Chiang Kai Shek went into retreat during the last War and returned to Nanking in triumph when the Allies got back his country for him. From all signs and accounts, he evidently hopes to achieve such a peregrination a second time. The Chinese Nationalist Army is on its last legs. Chinese soldiers might have willingly taken their machinery and tanks to bits and transported them with their own bare hands to safer destinations when the Japanese attacked, but they have evinced not the slightest desire to do so again under threat of Communist aggression. They are tired to death of it all and they just don't care. In fact, only last week we read in the papers that when a battalion of Government troops quit the Kalgan mining area, they carelessly left behind them some odds and ends of "valuable equipment" and just about a million tons of coal! "The plight of these young Chinese soldiers in defeat is worse than anything I have seen in Europe," says Mr. Sefton Delmer writing in the *Daily Express*. Nobody wants them. The Communist leaders give them a meal, a "Communist propaganda pep-talk" and a few pence of pocket money and ask them to potter about the railway lines and highways, being generally a nuisance and causing disturbance. The Government army leaders have no use for them either. "The best thing to do with this rabble is to push them out of my area quickly", says General Fu Tso-Yi, North China Commander. And so the tired heroes move on, footsore and faint, stealing, fighting, stabbing, because they are tired, because they have nothing else to do, and most of all, because they are hungry.

Some other soldiers are even worse off. Caught in Nationalist pockets in Communist-held areas, pressed on all sides by besieging Red bands, they depend for their everyday supply of food on irregular air-lifts by Government troops standing miles away. There are such pockets dotted all over Central and North China. There are two in the Kiangsu-Anthwei-Honan border region, others at Peiping, Tientsin and Hsuehchow. The rest of the Nationalist army is deployed all over the place, constantly being withdrawn from one area to protect another and then going on to a third. Troops were withdrawn from Hsuehchow just before that stronghold fell and brought back to defend Pengpu. They were withdrawn from Kuchung and thrown round Kiangyu. General Fu Tso-Yi, Commander-in-Chief in North China has abandoned the Great Wall Pass of Kupeikow and also Paoting and Chengteh and concentrated all his forces round the Tientsin-Tangshan-Peking triangle. And through all these Government manoeuvres the Red bands, like some inexorable fate, have marched down south on the capital, often by-passing the towns in a systematic advance across the countryside. Only the Yangtze now stands between them and their goal. The Nanking-Pengpu railway has been blown up, and supplies to Government troops in the capital, cut off. The Government might now be said to be wedged in between the Southern Province which is not too fond of Chiang's regime and the Communist advance. In Kwantung just now the Control Yuan is busy trying to get rid of Mr. T. V. Soong, Madame Chiang Kai Shek's brother, and Governor of the Province, for having "squandered public funds".

Madame Chiang Kai Shek's last minute flight to Washington to ask President Truman for more help for China has ended in a neat debacle. The failure of her mission has to a certain extent deglamourized her. Typical of American reaction to her visit was a cartoon which appeared in the *Washington Post* showing a determined Eastern siren pinning a terror-stricken Uncle Sam against a safe while she says between her teeth "I would like to get you on a slow boat to China". That the United States is not willing to pour any more dollars down the Nationalist drain is evident enough from the chilliness of the reception she received in the United States. Mr. Marshall entered the hospital for an operation the day she landed; Mr. Hoffman left urgently for New York to make a speech and then enplaned for Europe; Mr. Truman delayed, as long as he decently could, her visit to the White House and then invited her to tea with Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Truman being present. American help not only does not seem to be forthcoming but it is rumoured that United States pressure is being exerted on the Chinese Government to negotiate with the Communists, presumably in a faint hope that Mao Tse-Tung, Communist leader, would not prove a very hard nut to crack or might even be turned into a "dissident" Communist under American democratic influence.

Everybody is aware of the dangers inherent in the situation. The loss of China to the Communists would mean the loss of one-fifth of the world's manpower and potential resources of great value. Economically, America would suffer most. Though Communist attitude towards Britain has been more conciliatory than towards Americans—in fact, it is said the Communist leaders have sent Christmas greeting cards to the heads of many British firms in Tientsin—the British Government does not in the least like the rich Chinese refugees who are infiltrating into Siam; nor does she like the idea of the possible fillip the Communist advance in China would transmit to the Communist movement in

Malaya, where she has valuable tin, rubber and petroleum interests.

The only good that might be said to have come of the turn of events in China was the sudden eagerness of the Dutch Government last month to resume negotiations with the Republicans.

But it has since been proved to have raised false hopes. In Indonesia, history has acquired an unhappy knack of repeating itself. Exactly a year ago, the Dutch said the Indonesian Republicans had broken Linggadhati agreement and started what they were pleased to call a manoeuvre for the "subduing of obstructionist elements." This year it is the Renville truce that the Republic is supposed to have broken. It is purely a case of giving the dog a bad name and kicking it. Mr. T. K. Critchley, Australian member of the Good Offices Committee, who had got wind of Dutch preparations even early in October to launch the "police action", is believed to have been in favour of warning the Security Council, but Mr. Cochran, with American optimism, took a less suspicious view of the whole thing and was hopeful of some understanding being reached through his Committee's good offices. The result is that now some people have begun to say that the Good Offices Committee has been used by the Dutch as a "facade" for their preparations for "the destruction of the Republic".

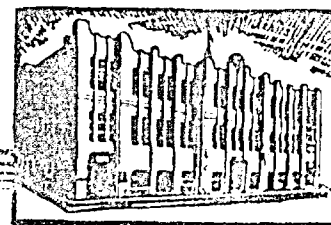
The series of talks held between the Republicans on the one hand and in point of order, Mr. Stikker, a "peace mission" and Mr. Sassen, on the other, have proved to have been a lot of mere eye-wash. Nothing tangible has been achieved by way of agreement since the Renville truce. The Netherlands Government is quite willing to hand over to the Indonesian authorities all powers of self-government, reserving for itself only the "attributes of sovereignty" like the army, trade, foreign relations, and currency. The Republic has made many compromises, given up many of the demands they had made previously, but the army has remained a bone of contention.

By mid-December, the Dutch Government had decided to stop further negotiations and to go ahead with their plan for interim government, keeping open the whole proposal as before for the entry of the recalcitrant Republican authorities. A Royal decree to this effect was issued on December 18; exactly two days later they discovered that between Dec. 8 and 15, Republican terrorists had committed as many as 330 murders in Dutch territory. The present "police action" is directed, according to the Dutch Government's statement on the subject, against these gangs of marauders and killers. Strangely enough they have found it necessary to make use of the services of an army 130,000 strong to seize Surakarta and Jogjakarta, cut radio communications, impose press censorship, bomb Madiun and Bukittingi, set on fire the oil wells at Tjepu, occupy Maoek, control all main roads and key centres in Java and capture President Soekarno and Hatta and other leaders—they have found it necessary to do all this to seize a handful of bandits with a homicidal streak.

The Good Offices Committee, after investigating, charged the Dutch Government with breach of the Renville Truce and reported to the Security Council which immediately passed a resolution condemning the Dutch action and asking both sides "to cease hostilities forthwith" and the Dutch to release the Indonesian leaders. This latter the Netherlands Government had no other recourse but to obey, the pressure of world opinion being so heavy against them. But hostilities have not ceased. The Dutch feel, as their delegate in the Security Council put it, that "the Security Council is not competent to deal with their question".

World reaction to the Dutch action has been instantaneous and condemnatory. India, Pakistan and Ceylon have cut off Dutch air communications. The most forthright denunciation comes from the *Tribune* which has stated flatly that the Dutch had acted "almost exactly as Mr. Churchill would have acted with regard to India or Burma had he been in power".

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PROVINCES AND STATES IN THE NEW CONSTITUTION

by Prof. M. VENKATARAMAIA, M.A.

THOUGH the Units which go to make up the Indian Federation are given in the new Constitution a common name—the States—they are as a matter of fact divided into three categories and placed in three different parts in the First Schedule attached to the Constitution. The present Governors' Provinces of Madras, Bombay, Orissa, etc. are placed in the first part. The Chief Commissioners' Provinces of Delhi, Coorg and Ajmer-Marwara are placed in the second part while Indian States like Mysore, Travancore, Cochin, Baroda are placed in the third part. There are not many controversies regarding the three States included in part two. Except Delhi which as the capital of India will always occupy a special position it is quite possible that the other two will be merged in the neighbouring States or Provinces in the near future and there will then be only two categories of States—States in Part I and Part III. It is about these that acute controversies have arisen and it is necessary to understand what they are.

One controversy relates to the inequality in their status. Compared to the Provinces the Indian States occupy a privileged position in the Federation. The question therefore is being asked—and it has been asked in the recent discussions on the subject in the Constituent Assembly—whether there is need for maintaining any distinction between one set of units and another set of units in the same federation and whether such a distinction will not produce consequences of a most undesirable character adversely affecting the working of the new Constitution. The other controversy relates to the nature of the Units in general, whether the present Provinces and the present Indian States require reorganisation. The demand for linguistic provinces and for either the merger of smaller

States into bigger ones or into Provinces or their grouping into Unions have a reference to this controversy.

The status of the Provinces is very much different from that of the States. In the first place States are not bound to accept the whole list of ninety-one subjects included in the Union List. They need accept only those included under Defence, External Affairs and Communications. The Provinces however have no alternative but to accept all the ninety-one. This means that while the Governments of Indian States exercise power over subjects in the Union List not coming under Defence, External Affairs and Communications, the Provinces do not enjoy any such power and therefore the scope of their jurisdiction is very much narrower than that of the States. In the second place the States are not bound to accept the thirty-seven subjects included in the Concurrent List, subjects like criminal law, criminal procedure, civil procedure, factories, etc. This means that while the Federal Government can make laws on these subjects and bind through them the people in the Provinces it cannot do the same in respect of the people in the States. Each State is free to have its own criminal law, criminal procedure, etc. In the third place, while all residuary authority in respect of Provinces is with the Central Federal Government it is not so in regard to States. These retain authority over all residuary matters—that is over matters not surrendered by them to the Union. And among the powers retained by them is the power to maintain their own armies. In the fourth place States are free to have their own Constituent Assemblies and can therefore shape their future Constitutions in any way they like. It is quite possible that certain States

will have one type of Constitution and other States another type of Constitution and it is also equally possible that the Constitutions of States differ from those of the Provinces. Provinces do not possess the same privilege. The Constitution according to which their government is to be carried on is determined by the Constituent Assembly of India and the present draft Constitution has therefore provided not only for the government of the Indian Union but also for that of the Provinces. Finally under the terms of the Instrument of Accession which now regulates the relations between the Government of India and the Governments of the Indian States the Constitution which is being framed today by the Constituent Assembly does not become automatically binding on Indian States while it becomes so binding on Provinces. It is open to any State that had already acceded to refuse to ratify the new Constitution. The Provinces, however, do not enjoy any such right. Not only is their membership in the Indian Union compulsory but it is not open to them to reject or approve the new Constitution. From all this it is clear that the Indian States enjoy a position of privilege denied to the Provinces and the Indian Federation is just like the Federation contemplated by the Government of India Act of 1935, a Federation of disparate units—a characteristic which was severely and strongly condemned by the Indian National Congress of those days. It was this disparity that was then regarded as the most objectionable feature of the Act of 1935 and was at the bottom of the nationalist opposition to the Federation then proposed.

The retention therefore of this distinction between Provinces and States in the new Constitution framed under the leadership of the Indian National Congress has no excuse. It was however defended by Dr. Ambedkar on the ground that the Constituent Assembly was bound by the Agreement entered into by the two negotiating committees in 1947 on the basis of which the States

entered the Assembly and it was unfair to go now behind the terms of that Agreement. But conditions today are entirely different from what they were in 1947. Most States have become entirely transformed. Autocracy is giving place to popular governments. The Unions of States that have been formed through the statesman-like efforts of Sardar Patel have agreed in at least some cases to fall in line with the Provinces and surrender to the Federal Government powers of control over almost all the items included in the Union List except those referring to finance and taxation. Some more effort is needed on the part of the States Ministry to induce all the Unions to surrender similar powers and to surrender powers completely in matters of taxation also. Besides this there has been a move initiated by some of the representatives of the States themselves in the Constituent Assembly to have model Constitution drafted for all the States instead of each State having its own Constituent Assembly and its own Constitution. All this indicates that the States themselves realise the anomaly resulting from the superior position hitherto claimed for them by their rulers. Even Dr. Ambedkar recognised the anomaly and in his speech on the motion for the consideration of the draft Constitution made an appeal to the States to fall in line with the Provinces and to become full units of the Union on the same terms as the Provinces.

Otherwise this inequality in status between the Provinces and the States is sure to adversely affect the smooth working of the Constitution and also weaken gravely the central Government. Just as today there is a resentment that while the representatives of States in the Constituent Assembly are given a voice in shaping the Constitutions of Provinces the representatives of Provinces have no hand whatever in determining the Constitution of States there will in future be a similar resentment that the States' representatives will have power to legislate for the Provinces on many matters included in the Union and

Concurrent Lists without similar powers being enjoyed by the Provincial representatives in regard to the same matters as affecting the States. The States will have a hand in deciding what tax burdens the people in the Provinces have to bear without the latter having a similar power over the taxes levied and collected in the States. All this will adversely affect the working of the Constitution. Besides this, as has been pointed out by Dr. Ambedkar, the disparity between the Centre's powers over the States and over the Provinces may even prove dangerous to the efficiency of the Union. As he observed: "Power is no power if it cannot be exercised in all cases and in all places. In a situation such as may be created by war, such limitations on the exercise of vital powers in some areas may bring the whole life of the State to complete jeopardy". Such a danger is all the greater in view of the States being permitted to maintain armies of their own. In Dr. Ambedkar's opinion this is a most retrograde and harmful provision which may lead to the break-up of the unity of India and the overthrow of the Central Government.

The new Constitution therefore is to be regarded as seriously defective in as much as it contains all these articles which discriminate between the Provinces and States.

One other feature of the Constitution which is the outcome of this discrimination may be noted here. The new Constitution gives power to the Union Parliament to form a new State by separation of territory from a State or by uniting two or more States or parts of States, to increase or diminish the area of any State and to alter its boundaries or its name. But while in the case of Provinces this power can be exercised after merely consulting the Provincial Legislature, in the case of the Indian States it cannot be exercised without their express consent. Provinces therefore can be made and unmade by the Centre but it cannot interfere with the integrity of any Indian State.

The other subject of controversy is in respect of the need for reorganising the existing States and Provinces. When the British transferred power into Indian hands in August 1947 there were 600 Indian States and nine Governors' Provinces. It was recognised as a hopeless task to admit each of these 600 States as a full blown member of the Indian Federation. Most of them were too small to be entitled to such a status. Moreover their small size and small resources prevented them from giving to their citizens any of the benefits of modern administration. It was therefore thought that no State should be recognised as a constituent unit in the Federation unless it had a certain minimum population and minimum revenue. Very few States satisfied this condition. In respect of others it was suggested that they should either be merged in the neighbouring Provinces or be united with other States and become part of a bigger Union. In either case it lost its separate existence and individuality. These suggestions were put into effect with the result that in place of the 600 States of August 1947 there are now six State Unions and about ten individual States like Mysore, Travancore and Cochin. This reorganisation of Indian States—which meant a reduction in their number so far as membership in the Federation is concerned—has been universally welcomed.

There has been a similar demand for the reorganisation of the Governments' Provinces on a linguistic basis. The demand was made in the name of democracy as well as of genuine federalism. Democracy, it was argued, cannot effectively function in multilingual Provinces like Madras, Bombay and Central Provinces and Berar. Federation also implies that the units which are its constituent parts are not mere administrative divisions as in a unitary State but regions to which the inhabitants become attached by ties of sentiment based on something like sub-nationalism. The multi-lingual Provinces of today do not evoke such sentiment. They are artificial creations of the British brought about

to satisfy temporary administrative exigencies. They have no roots either in history or in the natural affections of the people. On these grounds it was argued that Provinces should be redistributed on a linguistic basis and that the federation should be made up of only such Provinces. If this is done the number of Provinces in the Federation will increase from nine to twelve and together with the reorganised Indian States the Federation will then consist of twenty-five units—not an unwieldy number. In the United States there are 49 States today while Switzerland is made up of 22 cantons.

But the reorganisation of Provinces on a linguistic basis has not found favour with leaders like Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel. And the Dhar Commission appointed by the President of the Constituent Assembly condemned the formation of such Provinces. It does not look likely that in the face of some of the topmost leaders of the country the Assembly will decide on the redistribution of Provinces on a linguistic basis and revise the first part of the first schedule. But it may be asserted that the artificial multi-lingual Provinces of today are inconsistent with real democracy and real federalism.

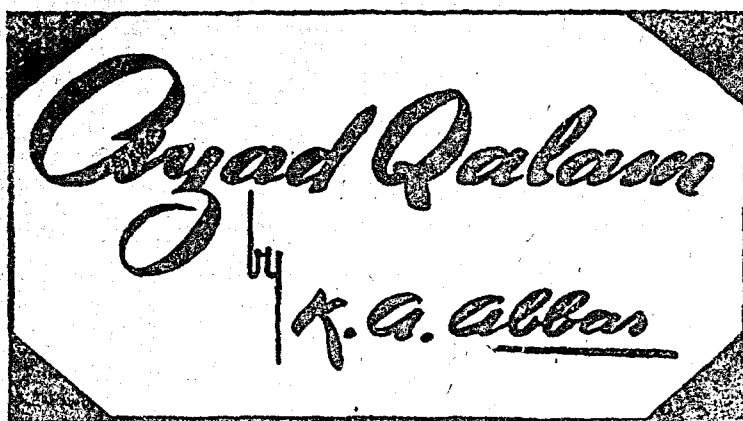
There is, however, a provision of the new Constitution which permits the formation of new Provinces. This can be done by the Union Parliament subject to two conditions. One is that any bill proposing such a formation should be introduced only with the consent of the President of the Union. The other is that before giving his consent he should find out the views of the legislatures of the existing Provinces likely to be affected by the formation of the new Province. These are conditions which are elastic. The consent of the concerned legislatures is not necessary before action is taken by the President. Mere consultation is enough. If therefore at any time in the future the Andhras make out a strong case for a separate Province the President may give his consent to the introduction of a bill for the purpose even though the Tamil majority in the Madras Legislature is opposed to such a course. Moreover a bill for the purpose may be introduced by a private member of the Union Parliament. So when conditions become more settled and when the more critical problems with which the country is faced today are solved there is hope that with the help of these provisions in the new Constitution linguistic Provinces will be formed.

From the shores of the Mediterranean to the Pacific every people is imitating just those elements of our own civilization with which we are ourselves disillusioned. Our own political nationalism has increased mutual hatreds; our own hectic industrialism has increased the tensions in our domestic affairs; our "go-getting" and our "robber economy" have squandered in a century natural resources which might have been husbanded for generations. Yet these are the features of our "democracy" which are most attractive to millions, from Syria to Nanking.—Historian E. L. Woodward.



It is really pathetic that India with a Socialist Prime Minister like Pandit Nehru, a former President of the Civil Liberties Union, is fast becoming a Police State. Today Congressmen are more interested in themselves than in the future of the country or the great party to which they belong.—M. Anantha Bhakta.





CHUNG HUA MIN KUO (People's State Of The Blooming Land Of The Mid), as China is officially called in Chinese, is on the verge of the second revolution within forty years. It may also be said that the unfinished revolution is being finished after 37 years and that Mao Tse-Tung and Chu Teh are only completing the task begun by Sun Yat-Sen.

What is happening in China today may vitally affect the cause of world affairs. It may, indeed, radically shift the balance of power; it *might* have precipitated the long-awaited final Capitalist-Communist conflict in the form of an atomic war between U.S.A. and U.S.S.R., it *may* actually assuage aggressive Americanism by inducing a realistic appreciation of the situation in China and thus avert yet another world war that many so far have regarded as inevitable.

REVOLUTION AND COUNTER-REVOLUTION

The largest country in the world, so far as area is concerned, is the Soviet Union—8,144,000 square miles with a population of 180,000,000. The United States of America has an area of 3,026,789 square miles and a population of 130,000,000. Undivided India had an area of 1,808,680 square miles with a population of nearly 400 millions. China, with an area of only 1,533,000 square miles—one fifth of the Soviet Union and one half of U.S.A.—has a total population of more than 400 millions.

Which makes it the world's most populous country—the greatest single unit in the human family, a tremendous reservoir of potential man-power.

China stepped out of the mediaeval age as late as 1911 when the Manchu imperial dynasty was overthrown by a people's revolution, led by foreign-educated and modern-minded intellectuals. A republic was proclaimed but, contrary to popular belief, Doctor Sun Yat Sen was not the first President of the "Chung Hua Min Kuo". Born in 1866, son of a Christian farmer, educated at American and British schools at Honolulu and Hongkong, a practising doctor at Canton, he founded a Chinese republican organisation in 1895, had to flee abroad and in 1905, still in exile, organised the Kuo Min Tang, the revolutionary Chinese nationalist party. He no doubt inspired, and played a great part in, the revolution of 1911, but the first President of the Republic was a reactionary militarist Marshal Yuan Shi-Kai. Actually, after an abortive "second revolution" in 1912 in which he was proclaimed President of the Republic at Nanking, once again he had to go into exile. In 1915, like Napoleon before him, President Yuan Shi-Kai proclaimed himself Emperor but died soon after. In 1917 Sun Yat-Sen returned to China and, with the help of his South Chinese revolutionaries, he set up a South Chinese Republican Government at Nanking, and, after years of bitter

internal struggle, he was again proclaimed President in 1921. He reorganised the Kuo Min Tang with the help of the Soviet Russian adviser, Borodin. The Soviets gave all-out support to Sun Yat Sen's China which they regarded as the bulwark against international imperialism in the East. (It was about this time that the Indian revolutionary—then a leading Communist—M. N. Roy also played a prominent part in Chinese affairs, though later allegations of sabotage and betrayal were made against him by his former Communist colleagues). Sun Yat Sen whose ideas of social and economic reform were not only progressive but radical had very friendly relations with the Communists and worked for a Sino-Soviet alliance against the capitalist-imperialist powers of the West.

The famous "three principles of Sun Yat Sen" (by which even reactionaries in China still swear, in much the same manner as some black-marketeers and profiteers in India pay lip homage to Gandhiji) were: NATIONALISM, DEMOCRACY AND PEOPLE'S LIVELIHOOD. It seemed, however, that they died with him in 1925, for since then the second and third principles—Democracy and Socialism (which, of course, was what Sun-Yat Sen meant by "People's Livelihood") have been respected more in breach than in observance.

The revolution was followed by a counter-revolution.

ENIGMATIC CHIANG

Since 1925, for good or for evil, politics in China have revolved round the person of Chiang Kai-Shek and his policies were largely responsible for the circumstances which made the present "second revolution" inevitable in China. For various reasons, Chiang has remained a rather enigmatic and inscrutable character in world politics but it was not always so.

Born in 1888, he was a spirited school boy. One of the teachers, while lecturing about America, pointed out that the Presidents of

the United States considered themselves as servants of the public and led simple lives without pomp. All the other students were astonished but Chiang got up and said: "The President of the United States is a man. There is nothing strange in his living in as simple a fashion as an ordinary citizen." Never brilliant, he was serious-minded and moody, and radical enough to cut off his queue (Pig-tail which all Chinese compulsorily wore at that time) while still a student—an action which was tantamount to heresy and even treason! At the Military Academy which he joined in 1906, he earned the displeasure of the Japanese instructors by his refusal to be bullied by them.

It was in Japan, where he went for advanced military studies, that Chiang joined a group of young revolutionaries and came into contact with Sun Yat Sen. After their very first meeting, Sun Yat Sen is reputed to have said: "That man will be the hero of our Revolution: we need just such a man in our revolutionary movement". The two were brought nearer through working together for the revolution, and specially when they became brothers-in-law through marriage, their wives being sisters.

Chiang took an active part in the Chinese revolutions of 1911, 1912 and 1917; was on the military staff of Sun Yat Sen (1917-1922), went to Moscow Military Academy in 1923, became Chief of the Chinese Military Academy at Whampoo in 1924, organised a model troop out of the cadets there, and defeated insurgent South Chinese Generals in 1925. On the death of Sun Yat Sen he succeeded him as the leader of the Kuo Min Tang, co-operated with Communists, became Generalissimo and Marshal and seized Shanghai in 1926. "And then", in the words of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, "came the split in the Kuo Min Tang, between the Left wing and the Right wing, which put an end to the nationalist triumph and brought disaster. The revolution had ended; counter-revolution began".

THE TERRORE

Historian Nehru gives the reasons for the transformation of Chiang: "The growing power of the tenants' and workers' unions was not liked by the Right wing leaders. Many of the generals were themselves landlords. They had therefore decided to crush these unions, even at the cost of breaking up the party into two and weakening the nationalist cause. Shanghai was an important centre of the big Chinese bourgeoisie, and the Right wing generals (led by Chiang) counted upon it to help them, with money and otherwise, in their fight against the more advanced elements in their party, and especially against the Communists. In such a fight they could also rely on the support of the foreign bankers and industrialists in Shanghai."

And then? "Having rebelled against his own Government at Hankow, Chiang now made war on Communists, Left-wingers and trade-union workers. The very workers who (by their general strike) had made it possible to take Shanghai and had welcomed him joyously there were now hunted out and crushed. Large numbers of people were shot down or beheaded, thousands were arrested and imprisoned. The freedom that the nationalists were supposed to have brought to Shanghai was soon converted into a bloody terror...."

"In Peking, as in Shanghai, a 'clean-up' of Communists and advanced workers was carried out. The Imperialist powers of course welcomed this development, because it broke up and weakened the ranks of the Chinese nationalists. Chiang Kai-Shek sought to co-operate with the representatives of the (imperialist) Powers in Shanghai... And so, within a month or two the picture had changed completely in China. From being a united and triumphant party representing the Chinese nation and, flushed with success, facing the foreign Powers, the Kuo Min Tang had broken up into warring groups, and the peasants and workers, who had

been its life and strength were now being persecuted and hunted down. The foreign interests in Shanghai breathed happily again and graciously helped one group against another, especially in the pleasant and profitable pastime of baiting and harassing the workers... The war against Communists specially and against all Left wingers and workers' leaders continued...." (*Glimpses Of World History*).

That war has continued, with a few years of respite and truce during anti-Japanese war, for 22 years—and at last Chiang Kai-Shek has virtually lost it. Now he faces the nemesis for "the terror" he had once unleashed on the workers of Shanghai.

As he faces the inevitable and imminent collapse of his regime, Chiang Kai-Shek need not look for the cause of his downfall in the dialectics of Marx or the tenets of Communism. Let him look for it in the characteristics of his own regime—the exploitation by landlords and profiteers, the misery of the people, the complete absence of civil liberty, the persecution of progressive intellectuals, the corruption, jobbery, bribery and the Secret police terror.

The downfall of Chiang (which even the bitterest anti-Communists of Britain and America are not regretting) should be a warning to the Chiangs and near-Chiangs in other lands—the nationalists who, like him, dream of consolidating power by betraying the interests of the common people.

TIGERS AND TYRANTS

Marshal Chiang is believed to be a great student of Chinese classics and philosophy. It is possible that in a moment of crisis he may be ruminating over some of those pithy Chinese proverbs which contain the essence of worldly wisdom.

Finding himself abandoned by his erstwhile friends in America, he must be recalling with melancholy smile that "Every one gives a shove to the tumbling wall", while the worsening news from the front must be reminding him that "In mis-

fortune, gold is dull; in happiness, iron is bright" and that "It is better to be a dog in peace than a man (even a Marshal) in war". However, he cannot escape from a destiny which is of his own making, for "He who rides a tiger cannot dismount".

Which, again, might remind him of this story of his favourite philosopher—Confucius:

When Confucius was travelling through a wild district he one day heard a woman wailing and sent one of his disciples to inquire the cause of her grief. She paused in her weeping to explain that her father-in-law, her husband and her son had in turn been killed by a tiger which haunted that place. "Then why do you stay here?", asked the messenger in surprise. "Because there is no bad government here", replied the woman simply. "Alas!" said Confucius, on hearing the explanation, "a tyrant's bad government is more destructive than tigers."

BOOK OF THE WEEK

It is just a little pamphlet but "R.S.S. IDEOLOGY, TECHNIQUE AND PROPAGANDA" by Shree Govind Sahai, Parliamentary Secretary to the U.P. Premier, (published by him from 6, Havelock Road, Lucknow, price: As. 5) is a sensational document which should be read by every one who wants to know the facts about the organisation which, of late, has been so much in the news. Shree Govind Sahai's painstaking research not only sheds revealing light on R.S.S. objectives and technique and emphasizes their close resemblance to the Nazi ideology and methods, but also debunks many legends about the R.S.S.—about its mysterious and invincible character—which have been deliberately invented to over-awe the public. Throughout Shree Sahai quotes chapter and verse from R.S.S. documents and even reproduces some R.S.S. posters and cartoons—including some which ridicule and vilify Mahatma Gandhi. An original sidelight on the R.S.S.

is provided by comparing its aims and organisation's methods with not only those of the Nazis but also of the Muslim League—a process which discloses startling affinities. Shree Govind Sahai leaves no doubt about the reactionary and dangerous character of the R.S.S.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

London: Commonwealth Governments are discussing whether to hold a conference on Far Eastern problems early in the New Year to frame policy on the national independence movements of South-East Asia, usually reliable sources reported.—Reuter.

"Gandhinagar: Sardar Patel then referred to the demand of the (Hindustan Mazdoor) Sangh for more Government support and said that the Sangh should not rely on such support because the Communists were bound to exploit such a situation in foreign countries by dubbing the Sangh as a Government-sponsored organisation."—A.P.I.

"Calcutta: "In my opinion, for as long as we can foresee, there will be not merely a large but increasing field for private enterprise in India", said Dr. John Matthai, India's Finance Minister.

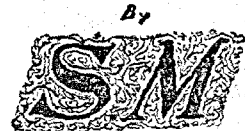
"Bombay: In the strike ballot conducted in five centres on G.I.P. Railway on behalf of the Railway Mazdoor Panchayat, 2,077 workers out of 2,132 voted for the strike and 33 against it. In Wardha, only three out of 341 voted against the strike, it was learnt here. In Ballarsha, Chanda, Hinganghat and Pulgaon, there were 327 for and 27 against and in Matunga there were 1,416 for and three against."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA:

Calcutta: The Calcutta Police recently advertised for sub-inspectors whose parents must be "respectable". As many as 9,000 applied for 65 posts.

Calcutta: A procession of refugees, men and women, was dispersed by police by a lathi charge...—A.P.I.

The Truant



IT happened long, long ago when Chundu was only six, perhaps even younger. It was Chundu's first contact with Life and Tragedy. He was a thin, pale wisp of a child with long, soft hair like a girl's. He ran about the house with a strip of cloth round his waist, always spinning a top. He never seemed to get tired of his top; perhaps he found a fascination in its restless exposition of the laws of motion and gravity.

There was a whisper of excitement in the air. Chundu asked his parents and brothers but they were busy hurrying on errands and ignored his numerous eager questions. He did not seem to mind this however, for he had a new red top to play with. It was a gift from his father,—a lovely red top with green rings that tapered to a keen, shining nail. It smelt of fresh cut wood, varnish and the dust which would curl up in a cloud as it sped on the roadside.

In a trice he had wound the cord round the top and poised his hands dramatically. The next instant, the top whizzed on the hard cement floor humming Chundu's song of ecstasy! with infinite care he slackened the whipl cord and flinging it adroitly round the spinning blur of red and green, hoisted it with a flourish. Presto! the top was poised on his taut palm spinning on its toe with the careless grace of a ballerina. This was Chundu's great moment. He lifted a wary eye from his palm to see if he was noticed. The big hall was practically empty. His lips pouted in annoyance. Here was something wonderful going, entirely unnoticed, callously ignored. "Wait!" he exclaimed, "I'll show them! Father must see this—he must!" With the top still spinning on his palm, though with diminishing speed,

he edged on to the verandah and called to his father.

"Father, look, look what I'm doing! I've got the top on my hand, it's been there ages! Mother, Sama, Ramu, everybody hurry up and see my top. Come soon! It's stopping, Oh, its stopped!"—his shrill voice rose to a crescendo of agony and died down in a wail. The top staggered in sympathy and fell to the ground, an inert mass of painted wood. As Chundu stooped to pick it up, he saw only a wavering blotch of green and red through his tears. For not a soul had bothered to look at him. When he straightened up, he saw the whole household gathered round their bullock-cart babbling excitedly. He dashed away the tears petulantly and snatching up the top rushed to the cart. His father was seated inside clad in a stuffy black coat and a voluminous white turban. Along with him were Sama and Ramu, his elder brothers. Sama and Ramu looked very important and took leave of them all with exaggerated indifference. With the first jingling of bullock bells, Chundu realised that his father was going away to the City. He had known two days back that his father was planning a visit to the city but what surprised him was that Sama and Ramu should accompany him. He had never been informed of that!

With a leisurely jolt, the cart swung forward and hardly realising it, Chundu shot after it screaming between sobs "Father stop! Please let me also come—Sama's going with you. Won't you take me also? Chinnan, Stop the cart, please!"

Chundu was hardly aware of his own voice as he rushed behind the cart shaking a fist at Sama and clinging to the iron footstep of the cart, with the other. He saw his

father laughing down at him and saying: "Let go, Chundu, and go home—I'll take you with me next time. Go back to your mother, my boy! We'll go together, next trip. Hands off, I say!"

The cart seemed to slacken speed for Chundu could hear the bells jingle slower and with a sob of relief he prepared to hoist himself up by the foot-rest when two strong hands clasped him from behind and lifted him up lightly. Perched in Velan's arms, he thought that Velan had come to help him into the cart. There was only a yard between them and the cart and Chundu prepared himself to be gathered into his father's embrace. But something went wrong. He heard his father give a curt order to Chinnan, the driver, and the bells jangled again into a livelier tune as the bullocks broke into a brisk trot. His father then asked Chinnan to carry the child home carefully. Thro' a cloud of dust he saw Ramu and Sama grinning derisively at him and too late, he found himself yelling and kicking—all to no purpose—in Velan's patient strong arms—the bells jingled fainter and fainter, mocking him with their perseverance.

When he was carried home weeping, the other children were ready to greet him with a royal welcome. There were cousins and sisters—all of them older than Chundu—now ranged up in a row, gloating over the prospect of teasing him. They too were disappointed at being left behind, but they seemed to forget it in ridiculing his misery. But he was lost in a sorrow that seemed to spread over his little world like a huge, relentless shadow. The long verandah stretched immense as space, without the familiar figure of his father, seated in his favourite corner. The top which he had flung down in his hurry lay unmoving, unmoved. The sight of the top provoked a fresh burst of misery in him, for was it not a mere bribe from his father? Had he not begged his father ever so many times to be allowed to accompany him? And he had taken Sama and Ramu leaving him at home!

The tears surged up in a flood and he felt the burden of his anguish

pressing down upon his little heart. The children stood in a circle around him and chanted a funny song about a dormouse that wished to see the city. Chundu broke away from their taunts and blind with misery, he stumbled into the backyard. Right in the middle of the yard stood a huge haystack and beyond that in the corner of the small garden was the manager. The stack towered over Chundu like an elephant. Shaking with sobs Chundu sidled towards a hollow on the further side and crept into it to nurse his grief, alone. The straw hushed his sobs and as he lay there pulling the hay he reminded himself of his father's treachery and repeated like a mantra "Sama and Ramu have gone away with father. He's taken them, but he's left me at home" Soothed by this lullaby he curled up and was soon fast asleep. And as dusk fell in the tiny garden the haystack held a secret in its hollow protectively.

Chundu's mother Meenambal hurried in from her visit to the temple calling for him anxiously—for some inexplicable reason, she felt uneasy and repeatedly called for her youngest. The other children rushed round her, surging in an impatient clamour for food, and in the press she missed the slight pale figure. Perhaps he was busy with his top somewhere! But when the children sat down to dinner, she missed him again and her repeated calls went unanswered. A vague sense of uneasiness crept over her and her heart stopped with a gasp as she tripped over Chundu's top in the dark. Her groping toes caught the limp rope, but—where was Chundu? Panic mounted in her as she rushed from room to room calling his name and meeting nothing but stony silence.

Soon the whole house was in an uproar. Torches and firebrands were lit and search parties were fitted out. Chundu's mother sat on the steps fondling the top and weeping bitterly for her dear boy—her baby—fearing the worst and praying to the household gods.

In the queer half-light, shadows flickered and leaped upon the walls, the brands flared and smoked and there was a constant flow of murmur

like the steady patter of rain. It was dark and the little garden looked an unfamiliar place where every bush looked sinister and the harmless manger appeared to house strange monsters that sighed and stamped. Chundu awakened with a start and saw the silent haystack loom above him like an ogre.

With a soft cry of fear, he scrambled out of the hollow, and darted into the house whimpering for his mother. Meenambal could hardly believe her eyes when she saw Chundu nestling by her side

mumbling incoherently—her desperate anxiety burst into a shower of reproof as she hugged him and scolded him for giving her a nasty fright. All he could do was to whine, 'I'm hungry.'

That night he lay by her side and nodding sleepily listened to Dhruva's story all over again for the umpteenth time. His thoughts went whirling like eiderdown and as he dropped off to sound sleep, he determined that after his father returned from the city, he'd climb on to his lap and never get down again.

INDIA'S FOREIGN POLICY

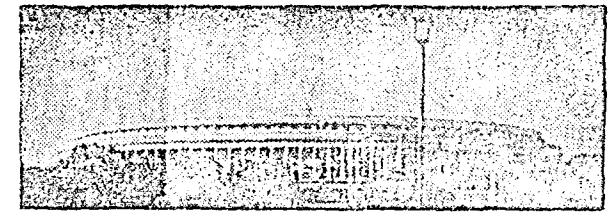
by V. RANGACHARI

IT is a truism to say that the achievement of political emancipation by a process of evolution will bring about an atmosphere of acute demoralisation and utter defeatism. That this is true in the case of our country is apparent from the manner in which some of our leaders have of late begun to entertain a consuming passion for association with the British Commonwealth constituted as it is by countries with whom we have nothing in common in any respect and whose ideologies and objectives we have never failed to condemn during the course of our freedom struggle. For instance, we cannot have congenial company with South Africa whose unashamed policy of racial discrimination is being valiantly fought at the U.N.O. by the redoubtable Vijayalakshmi while Pakistan's idea of a theocratic State is hardly compatible with our idea of secularism. The integrity of our territory has already been violated by an undeclared war directed against us by Pakistan and if the past is any guide, we will be in a state of perpetual conflict with one of our sister dominions and will always be a passive spectator to the interference of a third power in our quarrel with a sister dominion. Besides these factors, there are other international obligations that may devolve on us by reason of our choosing to remain in the Commonwealth. The Western Union of which the United Kingdom is a member, has, it is well known, been constituted as a bulwark against the "expansionist policy of Soviet Russia" and there is already loose talk of linking the Commonwealth

to that Union. As a third world war is no longer considered not inevitable by keen observers of the international situation, will it not be obligatory on our part—if a war breaks out between Soviet Russia and Anglo-American powers—to participate in it as members of the Commonwealth? After having chosen to remain in the Commonwealth, can we abstain from contributing our mite to the successful prosecution of a war against Soviet Russia, when the other members of the Commonwealth actively participate in it? Will it be fair and legitimate on our part to align ourselves on the side of the Anglo-American powers in a war against Soviet Russia with whom we are at present maintaining most cordial relations and from whom we had derived our main inspiration for our fight for political emancipation? Will membership of the Commonwealth which will result in harnessing our country and its resources to the juggernaut of another dreadful atomic warfare, be strictly in accordance with the firm determination of Pandit Nehru, expressed through his various addresses, to avoid another war under any circumstances?

These are the questions that must be given serious consideration by the progressive elements in the country. They must deem it their patriotic duty to agitate for the adoption, in international matters, of a policy which, while enabling our country to avoid being caught in the whirlpool of power politics, will also strengthen the hands of progressive forces throughout the world.

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

TRUTH always hurts. It is therefore not surprising that the resolution asking Congressmen to set an example to others by their standards of conduct, which was passed by the Subjects Committee at the Jaipur Congress session with an amendment drawing particular attention to the conduct of Ministers, was re-opened for discussion the very next day. When a meeting of the Subjects Committee was announced for the next day, the Congress President did not even reveal why the meeting was being called.

It would have been greatly appreciated if Panditji had admitted that the conduct of Ministers was far from exemplary. This was the Gandhian tactic, and when once you admit something yourself, you take out the edge from others' criticism. But the misconduct of Ministers, both Provincial and Central, was so well-known that Nehru seems to have thought that it would be disastrous to admit that Ministers were not angels. Sardar Patel declared that Ministers' conduct was sought to be censured because legislators' conduct was mentioned as capable of improvement in that resolution, and that this was a case of retaliation. At best he might be interpreted as saying that the pot was calling the kettle black because it was the kettle who said at first that the pot was black. The question is not who declared whom black first and who second but whether they are black or not.

From Congress Ministers, much was expected by the general public. But the moment two of the Provincial Ministries went about doing some good work, they were hurriedly

got rid of—the Prakasam Ministry in Madras and the Ghosh Ministry in Bengal. Inertia on the part of Ministers was regarded as the hallmark of their capacity to manage the affairs of State and those who had the capacity to make money by abusing their positions of responsibility were regarded as people possessing worldly wisdom. Jawaharlal would have done well if he had utilised the Subjects Committee's original amendment as an occasion to announce the setting up of a tribunal to enquire into the allegations made against the conduct of Ministers and other officials of the State.

I am afraid the Congress High Command's attitude in insisting on the revision of the resolution passed overnight by the Subjects Committee smacks of the good old story about the doctor who tried to cure the patient by meddling with the thermometer. The result of such an action would be that you will acquire a false thermometer. The patient may even die; but the thermometer will indicate that his temperature is normal.

Those who spoke to the delegates and the visitors at the Jaipur session of the Congress would have returned to their homes with heavy hearts because there is such a large distance between the rulers and the ruled. There is hardly a delegate who is pleased with the performance of the leadership. He has voted for the official resolutions by sheer force of habit. But in the Subjects Committee, the A.I.C.C. gave its definite verdict in favour of pulling up the Ministers for not maintaining the standard of conduct expected of them. But when they were threa-

tened with the prospect of having to do without the leadership of Nehru and Patel, they yielded and surrendered. Obviously they had no alternate leadership to propose or to accept. This is the strength of the present leadership and the weakness of the Congress organisation. It passeth all understanding why the Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister should have taken the resolution as a vote of censure. It was proposed by a member of the A.I.C.C. that the resolution might stand as it was, together with the reference to the conduct of Ministers, and that the Subjects Committee might at the same time pass a vote of confidence in the leadership of Nehru and Patel. This suggestion was passed over hurriedly.

There was any amount of discussion about whether a closed question could be opened without proper notice, and within less than twenty-four hours before it was closed. Pandit Nehru suggested that the implications of the resolution were not fully understood by the Subjects Committee, and he therefore would like to explain the implications of the resolution. In short, the Subjects Committee had to reconsider the resolution because the Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister were not present when the A.I.C.C. discussed this question. If the leaders had something to say, surely they should have taken care to be present at the meeting!

The most sober of Special Correspondents in New Delhi, S. A. Sastri, has vividly reported the special session of the Subjects Committee, in the *Indian News Chronicle* thus:

Several members asked with a great deal of heat whether there was any precedent for such a procedure (for reconsideration).

No reply to this query was immediately forthcoming and after some confused exchanges, the President put the motion to the House for reconsideration. The result of the voting was 116 for and 75 against. Many members were not satisfied. They declared

that the procedure adopted was most unusual and objectionable.

That brought Pandit Nehru once again to the microphone. He declared that if the House wanted to censure or condemn the Cabinet it had the right to do so. But what it had done yesterday was to censure the Cabinet as a side issue. If the intention was to censure the Cabinet then let it be expressed in a definite and positive motion and it should be passed after due consideration.

That was his main point, but he spoke with vehemence that expressed itself in jerky, broken and provocative sentences. He asked the House to consider the matter calmly, but he was perhaps the angriest man in the House. Members of the Cabinet, he said, had been frank and terse and that a lot of nonsense had been talked about them.

A large number of members jumped up at this and with excited ejaculation demanded the withdrawal of the word 'nonsense'.

Pandit Nehru by now had comparatively sobered down, but he declined to withdraw the word....

It was ultimately Pandit Nehru who suggested that the censure (since, according to him, it was a censure) should be confined only to Congressmen, and that reference to both legislators and Ministers should be removed. There was poetic justice in this because there are throughout the country a large number of Ministers who were not members of the Congress and had flourished under British patronage. How could Congress take objection to their behaving as they pleased, especially when some of them did not enter the Cabinet as Congressmen? And why should there be greater license for those who were not Congressmen? Congressmen should be equally free to abuse their high positions.

Such is the logic that has led to the passing of that amendment at first, its interpretation afterwards, and its rejection ultimately.



INDIAN FILM INDUSTRY

by 'NAMBS'

THESE are days when anything and everything is considered fit to be regimented and regulated, including courtesy in buses. The film industry in Madras Province has for some time past been getting 'special' attention from Government. Their most recent pronouncements relate to the duration and quality of films and the compulsory showing of 'approved films'.

'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy', goes the saying. We all need relief from work and worry. Reading, playing cards, chatting around the table are some of the pastimes. The drama, dance and music are others. But all these have their special requirements. It is not everyone that can be a club member. There are clubs for officers, non-officials, cosmopolitans. Clubs have turned to be places where select groups assemble around a table. Music and dance performances are comparatively costly for the ordinary man in the street—in whose name all our reforms today are put forward. The cinema is today the most popular method of entertainment for the worker, the student, the office clerk, the bosses and the elite even. It is the one entertainment where there is plenty of variety. A mere four and a half annas is enough to get at least four hours of pleasant entertainment by music and dance and story with artists whom we like. The cinema is the most popular form of entertainment all over the world today. The scramble now is for less work, more pay and more leisure.

The Indian film industry is not a very old one. It has grown up by the untiring efforts of many a pioneer. There were days when people were afraid of the 'biroscope' and theatre proprietors had to coax people to come in and enjoy the shows free. America with its Hollywood is the most advanced country in this respect and their films are shown all over the world. The Hollywood film industry has had such an influence over the English

film market that the British film producers had to take Government aid to prevent dumping and cut-throat competition.

Many among us like English films. This is understandable. But what is not understandable is their blunt contempt for pictures produced in India. In the south many have a fancy for Hindi films as against Telugu or Tamil films. While it is a fact that the Hindi films have advanced better on account of their earlier start there is no need to generally condemn other language films. Many of them have come up to good standard and by a continuous process of trial and error only can perfection be achieved in art. A dancer gives good performances only after training and experience. So also the cinema producer and artist have to train themselves and improve and develop by persistent trial. It is unfair to condemn any one class of pictures as such. It is in the public interest to promote the industry not by regulating and restricting its free growth, but by giving it all help.

The film industry is one of the most hazardous of industries. It requires a very large investment of money involving much risk. Men suitable for the acting, for photography, sound recording and material for settings are all required. After all the investment one cannot be sure of the money being paid back immediately. It will take quite a long time to produce the picture. There are very few film producers who work on a permanent scale. Those who do it on the permanent scale have to take a great risk and they deserve to be encouraged and helped. As a Minister said the other day it may be true that the 'cinema industry is one which involves much money'. But it is not true that 'most of them get good profits'.

Very few of our technicians have gone abroad. They have developed their techniques of trick photography, sound specialisation, settings, by mere observation, re-

search and persevering pursuit full of trial and error. They have developed their talent because they have been allowed to freely experiment. The technician anywhere is a specialised man; more so in the film industry. He deserves to be encouraged because he plays a very important part in this essential work of entertaining the people.

The film industry deserves encouragement from various points of view. Of course there are some bad films, and therefore control and regulation are required. But such control should not be used to drive out talent, or block free development of talent. The producers have got a duty both of educating the people and entertaining them. If they go about the philanthropic duty of education alone they would soon have to wind up. The Government must come forward with concrete help by way of finance. At the same time it must be remembered that it is a specialised industry to the details of which the Government cannot profitably apply itself. In the case of the State transport they are finding it necessary to increase the staff, but without any method of increasing profits. Specialised jobs should not be meddled with, if national taxpayer's money is to be properly utilised.

There are three problems that the film industry has to face today.

The length of films has been asked to be reduced to 15,000 and the time of the show to three hours, including the exhibition of an 'approved film' of 2000 feet. This means virtually cutting the length to 13,000 feet. During the war there was a restriction of this type, but we did not get very good new productions in that period. If people are to be entertained there must be enough for 'the ears and the eyes' and the audience does not just go in-to the theatre as to a classroom. Such entertainment is possible only by giving laxity in respect of length. It is by no means correct that Hindi films are generally short or good. The South Indian way of looking at pictures is quite different.

Regarding quality of film, the 'educated' man looks at the pictures in a very different way from the man in the street. The former reads books

and novels and expects films to conform to them in content. The man in the street does not want such things. He wants relaxation and freedom from worry. Censoring of pictures cannot be done by those who just see pictures as a matter of administrative duty. Free judgement from the point of view of the audience to be entertained is necessary. In the matter of 'the approved films' which are now required to be shown at the beginning of every show, an 'approved' film means a film approved by the Government as an educational or documentary film. During the war, the war propaganda films were compulsorily shown in the theatres. In many cases people used to come in late and avoid such films. Documentaries and educational films have to be produced so as to create curiosity and interest. For this administrative discipline and regimented work are drawbacks and that is why we are yet to get any good documentaries produced under the auspices of the Government of India's Documentary Film Unit. And at the same time the production of such films is as costly as the production of other types. But they won't pay so much, as there won't be much repeat audience. We do not read a book again and again. Likewise we won't see an educational film again and again, though we may see one full of dances and music and such entertainment again and again. Naturally the private producer cannot risk so much in such films, for the simple reason that it may not even pay its way. The solution lies in Government subsidising private producers, of course giving them the freedom of combining men, material and talent and technique. In Western countries this is what is done.

The Government of India have appointed a committee to enquire into the film industry. It is generally admitted that it is not fully representative of all who can speak for and on behalf of the industry, as well as of the audience. If Government are interested in using technical and other talent they should naturally widen the membership, since it is unfair to expect that high placed officials will be conversant with problems of this most important entertainment industry.

AROUND THE EXHIBITION

by A VISITOR

THIS year's exhibitions in the Congress grounds at Teynampet may be described as almost wholly sponsored by the Madras Ministry, and is indeed the first of its kind so to be patronised. This is as it should be, since the entertainment and educational value of these exhibitions and shows has always been recognised and provided for. Most of the stalls were getting into final shape as we went round to see and make our notes of what we saw.

It would have been vastly helpful if a sketch plan of the grounds showing the location of all the items, the booths and the lions of the exhibition had been printed and broadcast for the benefit of the visitors. The stranger to the city ignorant of the lay out of the grounds was often at a loss. Signposts were indeed found at a few points; but they were in English, and they did not draw attention to the worth-while things. For instance, one of the items advertised was three different types of model homes. It was annoying to find them scattered in different parts of the grounds, so that the visitor had no chance of forming a mental picture of the three at once or of assessing their relative points at a glance.

The Government's contribution to the success of the exhibition was predominant, as the chief shows were organised by the officials of the Electricity, Industries, Agriculture and Education departments. The first of these deserves to be ranked first in the thought and care that have obviously been spent on the show. A model sketch of the entire hydro-electric potential of our province was provided and the various uses to which electricity can be put demonstrated in a telling fashion. From the Department of Industries, I learnt that a certain amount of gold is being extracted annually from the district of Chittoor, although this amount has been registering a downward trend. The

underground water resources of one taluk in one district alone were diagrammatically represented. A similar map for the whole country might stagger imagination by revealing astronomical reserve resources. Kollegal silk to minister to the vanity of Adam and Eve at competitive prices was another revelation to me. Silk at about Rs. 5 per yard is apparently unknown because locally produced; while foreign silk is being sold and bought at three or four times that price. Our Agriculture Department seemed neglected, in the exhibition no less than in the country itself! One reason was apparently the paucity of enthusiastic exponents and guides. Indeed, all the departments were public-shy; individual officials were no doubt eager and informative here and there. But the visitor had to call for information. The entire system of reorganised education is displayed in a series of charts, handbooks, exhibits, etc., which cumulatively encourage us to hope that the rate of progress will be rapid.

A novel feature of this year's exhibition is the inception of a Gallup poll. The topics chosen for canvassing public opinion were neither urgent nor the posing of the questions from the significant or relevant angle. As no attempt was made to get the names and addresses of those who polled, there was every chance of the same man coming in again and again to stultify the experiment!

The purely entertainment aspect of the exhibition was well provided for. There was a non-stop display of documentaries, an open theatre attracted the greatest number of sight-seers, while music blared from every tree-top! Mysore, Travancore and Cochin had their own stalls wherein were displayed the specialties pertaining to Kerala and Karnataka. For the rest, bits of China Bazaar, Mount Road and other business localities also got in to fill in the picture.



BOOKS & AUTHORS



Inflation And The Economic Crisis In India Today. By Prof. T. V. Ramanujam. Current Thought Series. Published by S. Viswanatham. Price Re. 1.

Inflation is a highly technical and obscure subject and it requires a good deal of ability to explain it intelligibly to the general public. Prof. T. V. Ramanujam has however succeeded in this pamphlet in giving not only a scholarly but also a clear and lucid exposition of the whole problem. He has defined inflation as a state of affairs in which too much money chases after too few goods and shown by an illustrative table how this is responsible for the steady rise in prices from the index number of 100 in 1933 to 360 today. He has also explained how it brought and is still bringing untold misery to the poor and to the middle classes, a misery for which the New Rich—producers and dealers, war contractors and commission agents—have to bear a great deal of responsibility. He has also pointed out the contrast in this respect between India and several other countries. A considerable part of the pamphlet is devoted to an analysis of the various remedies proposed by Government and several non-official leaders to put an end to inflation keeping a fair balance between the need for diminishing the quantity of money in circulation and increasing the production of goods. His comments on the re-imposition of controls are highly suggestive. The pamphlet is a valuable contribution to a better understanding of one of the most burning and vital topics of the day.—M. V. R.

The Astrological Magazine—1949 Annual Number. Editor: B. V. Raman. D.Sc., etc. Price Rs. 3.

This is a well-produced and readable collection of articles, essays and forecasts of things from an astrological

standpoint. It is calculated to appeal to the layman without forfeiting the respect of the expert. A group of earnest and well-read students and scholars are here brought together to deal with predictive astrology, ancient Indian astronomical discoveries, Hindu philosophy, and Sanskrit culture. The place of honour is given to an astrological survey of world-trends for the coming year; and the conclusions expressed with becoming modesty and scientific impersonality are such as seem likely to be confirmed according to the anticipations of intelligent students of our politics and economics. A few prominent world figures are naturally selected for special consideration to enforce the conclusions of text-book theories in the light of actual results. There is a remarkable essay which seeks to deduce the velocity of light from some riks of our Vedas. The calculations and conclusions have a fascination and plausibility which only experts can debunk—if there is anything to debunk in them. But it is undoubtedly flattering to be told that our Vedic seers knew that light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. Dr. Kunhan Raja and Dr. R. Nagaraja Sarma are among the contributors to the philosophic side of the magazine, and they deal with fate, foreknowledge and free will without getting themselves lost in mazes profound. The usual monthly features are also to be found.

Altogether, there is a good deal to enthuse the beginner as well as engage the interest of the student of astrology in all its aspects in this volume. The correspondence section is both varied, lively and useful. Without venturing an opinion as to the degree of validity to be attached to the subject of predictive astrology, we have no hesitation in saying that the Astrological Magazine as conducted by Mr. Raman is free from any trace of charlatanry or an assumption of profundity which gulls the unwary public.



A negro preacher was holding forth to his dark-skinned congregation on the horrors of Hell. He asked: "You have all seen molten iron come hissing out of the furnace?" His hearers nodded assent. He continued: "In Hell it's served as ice-cream."

—DIE WELTWOCHTE, Zurich.

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SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1949

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cover Page—Sri Ramana Maharshi	
Frontispiece (Drawing by H. V. Ram Gopal)	4
Editorial Comments	5
Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara	9
Sidelights—By Saka	11
The Golden Master: Sri Ramana—By Harindranath Chattopadhyaya	13
Azad Qalam—By K. A. Abbas	17
At The Academy Last Week—By T. V. R.	21
The Executive In The New Constitution—By Prof. M. Venkatarangaiya, M.A.	24
New Editor For "Punch": E. V. Knox Retires	27
Spotlight On The World	28
King Of A Great Game—By C. H. V. Pathy	31
Linguistic Commission Report—By D. V. Rama Rao	32
"The Mother" (Short Story)—By Santa Devi	33
The Scout Movement—By J. Vijayatunga	38
Without Prejudice—By Leo	41
In Search Of The Ideal Newspaper—By Edward Hodgkin.	43
Books And Authors	45
Letters To The Editor	46

SWATANTRA

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Letters TO THE EDITOR

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

Prohibition of Juvenile Smoking

The proposed Bill by the Madras Government to prohibit juvenile smoking in the Province will be welcomed by the public with live interest. But the manner and method which the Government propose to adopt to eradicate the evil are neither acceptable nor practicable.

The Government proposes to punish any person who sells or gives tobacco to a juvenile. Secondly, whenever a juvenile is found smoking tobacco in any form in any public place, the place of offence and the time are to be recorded and a notice is to be sent to the parent or guardian of the juvenile, who has to appear before a magistrate and pay a fine amounting to not more than Rs. 50 every time. This process of punishing the parent or guardian for the offence committed by his children is preposterous. It places the parent at the mercy of his children. If their wants are not met they may threaten to smoke tobacco in a public place which would mean a tax on the parent. On the other hand it will be effective if the juvenile is punished. It is said that a burnt child shuns fire. The Government instead of seeking to impose a vicarious liability on the parent may straightway punish the juvenile. The Government will be doing great good to the people if they place the bill on the statute book with the necessary changes as to the ways and means to be adopted to achieve the desired objective.

J. V. RAMAMURTHI.

Irreconcilable Food Statistics

Giving statistics of trading activities for the current half year, of the Agricultural Department, the Government of Madras stated that 1,500 tons of groundnut cake, 1,100 tons of chemical manures and 1,700 tons of other manures were sold, and also 11,000 acres were planted with improved seeds and 1,800 acres brought under mechanical cultivation. The Development Department which is concerned with these statistics reported increased food production by virtue of these sales, but it had carefully avoided evaluating the resultant output. A couple of days before the publication of these statistics, the Hon'ble Minister for Food of the Government of Madras, complained of the

failure of monsoon this year and consequent loss of production, broadcasting from the Madras Station of the AIR. He gave elaborate statistics of production and urged the Central Government for continuous and speedy help.

Just as the Customs statistics of machinery imports cannot reflect any immediate increase in the industrial output, similarly the sales account of the Agricultural Department cannot be a testimony to increased food production. Like the imported machinery, the various manures sold out might have been floating in the black-market, and the improved seeds might have gone as consumer stuff in view of the difference in the price levels of the black-market rice and Government's seed paddy.

In SWATANTRA of 27th November, the author of this note had published a letter entitled "The Target Wheel". The same has been brought about in the following brilliant exposition extracted from the recent address of the Congress President:

"As things stand, we are regressing and not progressing. A target is fixed by a local Government say Madras. 6½ lakhs is apportioned to the Agricultural and 1 lakh to the Public Works Departments so far as irrigated cultivation is concerned. The former is concerned with improved agronomic methods in use. Its concern is really mathematical, in terms of so many tons of grain, so many of compost and so many of chemical manures—so many bags of improved seed—all being equivalent to so many tons of rice and millet as apportioned to it. The P.W.D. is concerned with the 'cusecs' of water, but it throws the blame on silt which is choking the canals. In the dry districts the people are intently looking at the skies for the rain-god to smile and shower his waters on them. In the meantime the Board of Revenue issues the news of 'a withering crop report.' What is wanted for ordered and prompt progress in regard to food or other amenities is co-ordination of departments and a human view of administration...."

As the Congress President had rightly stressed, there will not be any salvation unless there is concerted and co-ordinated effort by all the different organs of the Governmental machinery.

P. V. C. RAO.

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or puerile reason. But no one apprehends danger to or at Washington.

There is no reason why we should also go the same way to achieve the same results. But it is needful for us to be aware of the centrifugal forces which have to be kept in reasonable check if we are to succeed in our attempts to evolve a progressive, enlightened, tolerant but strong and adequate Centre to hold all of us together.

On the political plane, we have the problem of provincial autonomy in relation to the venue of residuary powers. That these should vest in the Centre is so obvious as to need no special explanation. And yet, a group of members in the Constituent Assembly pleaded for the Provinces obviously under the sway of the theories propounded by Mr. Jinnah when Federalism was first mooted fifteen years ago. It was the fear of the Centre that prompted Mr. Jinnah then; it is the same fear that moves the present opponents. The only test which we would commend to such people is to find out if in Pakistan, residuary powers are going to be vested in the Provinces. The fact is that if they are so vested, the result would be a congeries of States which may or may not live at peace with themselves or with one another, but not a union or federation.

On the economic plane, the anti-federal impulse manifests itself in a complaint of neglect or of being exploited by more fortunate or more favoured units. The concentration of industries in certain areas has proceeded strictly in accordance with economic laws, and was in no sense due to the weighting of the scales in favour of one unit or against another unit. The present Government is engaged in distributing industrial activity more uniformly in the units, and to the extent these proposals are implemented, the anti-federalists may be expected to lose ground.

On the cultural and linguistic planes, the problem seems more than ordinarily intractable, because of extremist and alarmist views at either end. The whole course of our national struggle has drawn a good deal of inspiration from visions of redrawn linguistic and autonomous areas, and it is now too late in the day to short-circuit them by the clumsy device of an adverse *ad hoc* opinion. There was every reason for a foreign imperium to dread the resurgence of regional languages as likely to dig their own graves; but with a National Government, it is altogether tragic that official sanction should have been found for the view that sub-national feeling is inimical to true nationalism. If there is any truth in this, then there is no future for our country, but only an indefinite period of stagnation. For if to trust millions is out of the question, to regiment millions is still more out of the question.

What is needed in every one of these spheres is for a spirit of accommodation to manifest itself, for a good deal of give and take between the Centre and the Provinces. The country's integrity must be safeguarded through the creation of a defence force impartially recruited from all parts, and imbued with the character of free men inspired by an unclouded vision of the country as a whole. A lingua franca which knits the defence personnel must be encouraged to spread gradually, imperceptibly and naturally by a well-planned system of rotating our army from point to point throughout the country. With these two conditions taking firm shape and root in our consciousness, we can afford to relax the central grip on the Provinces with the passage of time and the prestige accruing to us from stability. In short our aim should be to conserve the gains of our freedom without blocking the easy flow of it through natural and

immemorial channels in the minds and hearts of men.

Academic Autonomy

A PERUSAL of the proceedings of many conferences of educationists in Madras and elsewhere discloses a disquieting state of affairs on the academic front. A variety of subjects of educational and national concern came up for discussion; but while a majority of them were either deferred or remitted to special committees, (a variation in technique which marks a distinction without making any difference), there was a suspicious unanimity in the way in which one demand was put forward. It was that the Universities must be free to do what they like, how they like and when they like and nobody should ask any questions of them, and that the duty of the State is like that of Iago to Cassio, to 'put more money in their purse!'

Presumably, they have been enjoying this freedom or autonomy all these years. Let us examine their record up to date on this basis, and determine to what extent they have used their autonomy, wisely and well. In a recent issue, we referred to the scandalous situation of the Andhra University authorities obtaining block grants for enhancing the salaries of the staff, and then blocking the grant from reaching those for whom they were got! Is this sample of academic autonomy in consonance with justice or fairplay or the canons of financial rectitude as laid down by the Government itself?

Let us choose another illustration. We understand that at more than one recent meeting of the Senate of the Madras University, attempts were made to pass a resolution stating that merit alone should be the criterion for admissions to specialist courses, and that no one should be denied admission to any institution solely on the ground of

his birth or caste or religion. And yet, this resolution was every time ignominiously defeated, the majorities against being crushing. Is this the sort of autonomy that our University Nestors plead for?

Let us choose yet another. During the last twenty years, South India produced at least two brilliant scientists—a Raman and a Krishnan. None of the South Indian Universities could find a place for either of them in their academic or executive or research bodies. The honour of producing them has of course gone to outsiders. Is the academic autonomy for which our Vice-Chancellors plead to mean that our Universities should not be contaminated by the touch of such talented men?

Still another: The Ministry of Home Affairs presented a memorandum to the Inter University Commission suggesting that something should be done to bring up competitors from backward areas so that they compete with more advanced students from other areas on level terms. This very modest and eminently reasonable request was turned down with a brusqueness which seems to us to be unacademic to a degree. Perhaps, a plea for communal reservation carried to provincial lengths might have found more favour with these Rip Van Winkles of our Universities.

A spokesman of English Universities pointed out how they in England had decided to recommend the recruitment of 75 per cent of college material through merit alone and at State expense. Our Education Minister would get worse with his communal jaundice on hearing of an act of such unaccountable prodigality.

It is for these varied exhibitions of provincialism that we pleaded for the removal of higher education from the provincial sphere. The foreign members of the Commission are no doubt impressed by the



Pandit Dilip Chandra Veda of Lucknow (centre) gave an exposition of Hindusthani music recently at Madras, under the auspices of the Music Academy.

SWATANTRA

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

CENTRE vs UNITS

FROM many trends which are coming up to the surface, it is fairly clear that one single and major battle is being fought out on many fronts. It is the battle of the Centre against the Provinces, of the whole against the component parts. We are not so simple as to suppose that this conflict could be resolved easily or soon. It is the inevitable inconvenience of revolutionary or liberating movements to generate a volume of idealism which insists on an *a priori* extension of first principles all along the line. For, while there is very general agreement on the major desideratum of a free India, namely a strong Centre, it is sought to be weakened or circumvented by separatist claims in seemingly innocuous directions the cumulative effect of which would be the attrition of that very Centre which we all concede in theory. The problems of integrating the Provinces with States and both with a Central framework require for their successful solution, good-will, patience and the active promotion of a psychology which will not automatically assume that what is good for the Centre is bad for the Provinces, or vice versa. It may be remembered that the federal set-up of the U.S.A. was not achieved merely by the legal or constitutional formulation of the principles underlying it. The U.S.A. had to go through the scorching experiences of two wars to burn into the national consciousness the indispensability

of a Central Government for ensuring the freedom of all the parts in the greatest degree. The war with Mexico was an attempt to forge a sense of national unity through an external adventure. It was not wholly successful, because a war undertaken in a spirit of adventure insensibly degenerates into one of aggression. In our own times, fascist regimes have used war as an instrument for consolidating the national front. And because of its artificial stimulus, such experiments have always ended in grief. That was made manifest even in America through the persistence of a separatist mentality down to the middle of the nineteenth century. The Civil War was fought on the sole issue of Union versus disruption. Abraham Lincoln made it clear by putting first things first. Tariffs, the emancipation of the negro, the monopoly of vested interests were side-issues which drew their nurture from the obsession of people with their local, circumscribed loyalties. The Union was thus forged in the hearts of the people, and once victory for the cause of the Union was assured, the pace of development of the States was marked by the greatest amount of variation in tempo, buoyancy and results. Today, after nearly a century of untrammelled Union and unfettered autonomy, there are lone voices raised in the Southern States threatening secession from the Union for some typically sentimental

strides made in their own country through provincialisation of education. If some of them believe that a similar recipe will have similar beneficial consequences in this country, then we beg them to study the above (not by any means isolated) cases, and consider if they are healthy manifestations.

One other argument is usually advanced in favour of provincialisation of higher education. It is that if an all-India dictator should emerge, he will make a mess of education if it were a central subject. In such an eventuality, we hold that distance will still save isolated points from falling victims. But the more decisive consideration is that if an all-India dictator should emerge, it would be a delusion to suppose that education could be salvaged when the whole of the State in all its pomp and power was lost.

The contradictions between professions and practice in our Universities are legion. We have mentioned just a few of them to show that our education is still controlled by the spiritual kinsmen of the Bourbons who learnt nothing and forgot nothing. We think it in the highest national interests to interpret or act on their advice, as we are bidden to do of dreams, by their contraries.

Good News!

WE must congratulate the Government of India on having signalled the new year with certain tangible measures calculated to fight the inflation in the country. First of these is the Cease-Fire order in Kashmir. Although we are not quite happy over the attendant circumstances, nor quite sure if the Governor-General had any constitutional necessity to intervene in the manner he has, we think it altogether right and cour-

ageous to have taken the initiative as we have. We anticipate the immediate benefits of it in reducing prevailing inflation by some points, as we are sure Government will desist from being a reckless buyer with the removal of a situation of military urgency. Some wholly unnecessary killing will also stop. But in these days, a purely humanitarian reason does not find either warm advocates or sympathetic supporters.

The second step taken by the Government is the ordering of advance assessments of income-tax and collection of them also in advance. This will not be welcomed by the 'trade or big business', but it is no more than a war measure unaccountably dropped at the end of the hostilities.

The third is the enhancement of the duty on finer counts of yarn produced by our mills, by as much as 25%. This has been a demand of one section of the mills themselves who found their margins of profit less than those of another section which by manufacturing finer counts made a better margin. This is certainly an anti-inflationary measure of the kind demanded by the trade itself.

Trade in bullion and precious stones, the turn-over of reputed luxury trades must come in for early attention. For in addition to their being luxury items, there is a widespread belief that they provide a convenient cover for black-market money. We should like in this connection to draw attention to the inability or unwillingness of all Governments to check up Government officials' holdings in gold or jewels or precious stones. If dealers are tackled, we could get the information through an infallible short-cut. This would dry up one fertile spring through which black-market money flows.

Sotto Voce

Linguistic Monism



I was vastly tickled to read the solemn announcement of the Hyderabad Osmania University that in view of the changed circumstances it had decided to make Hindustani instead of Urdu the medium of instruction. The most that can be said for this decision is that it is not more illogical than the one which originally imposed Urdu on the ninety per cent of the population of the State to whom it was not the mother-tongue. Telugu, Kannada and Maharashtra will hereafter have a small showing in the colleges. But essentially the anomalous educational situation will remain unchanged. For Hindustani is as far removed from the life of the people as Urdu which it will displace.

That educationalists should wish to be on the right side in politics is not perhaps more surprising than that industrialists should wish to do the same thing. But it is nevertheless unfortunate. The academic world of Europe and America has been greatly scandalised by the Marxist genetics sponsored by the biologists of Soviet Russia; and India has dutifully echoed these animadversions. But if it is ridiculous for the Communist hierarchy to lay down the law for scientists in their own domain, how can it be more respectable for men who have devoted all their lives to the theory and practice of education to confess to a death-bed conversion to doctrines they had all along condemned as heretical?

The demand for linguistic provinces, which the Congress sponsored

ever since it was started, is suddenly discovered to be a portent of disruption. But the imposition of the language of a minority—Hindi is that, though it is spoken by ten crores of people—on the whole country is not only recommended as the most natural thing in the world; it is regarded as indispensable for national unity. The fate that befell Latin at the close of the middle ages and that is already overtaking English in India is completely overlooked by the advocates of linguistic monism. For all the influence and prestige it had here for over a couple of centuries, English is spoken by hardly more than one per cent of the population. And with the passing of the present generation it may also become a museum curiosity.

We make fun of the Esperantists; but most of us accept without question their basic assumption that all mankind may be made to speak—and therefore think—alike. In proof of this the phenomenal spread of English over the globe is usually pointed to. But the English of England is as different from the English of the United States as the thick dialect of Somerset is different from the rich brogue of Dublin. It is a fact that the Armenian emigrant of yesterday has achieved fluency in the lingo of the New York slums. But it is conveniently forgotten that this fluency is gained at the price of cultural impoverishment.

The Einsteins and the Thomas Manns are the exception that proves the rule. Languages seem to obey

the same law as some primitive forms of life—they may not grow beyond a certain size without splitting into two or more nuclei each with an independent life of its own. This is what is happening to English today and what may happen to Russian tomorrow. There is more international misunderstanding now that English is superficially understood over four continents than there ever was in the days when statesmen took a pride in speaking no language but their own.

To pick up the rudiments of a foreign language is not beyond the capacity of most people. But to penetrate into the national mind of which that language is the natural integument is another matter altogether. It requires on the one hand innate culture of a high order and on the other a deep study extending over many years of the social realities and the modes of thought which find characteristic expression in the language studied. The descendants of the emigrants

from Eastern Europe become Americans by ceasing to be Europeans. It is only a Salvador de Madariaga or an Andre Maurois that can truly interpret one people to another by achieving dual citizenship in the kingdom of culture.

India will have to have a national language. And in every Province there must be a sufficient number of trained minds who can use that medium with the easy mastery that comes of long practice. It will be a literary rather than a spoken dialect as Sanskrit was in ancient India and King's English is in contemporary England. In other words, while it may grow in time by more or less conscious accretions, it will remain an artificial construct, an artefact, distinguished by a restraining discipline rather than by a lawless exuberance. If Hindi is to achieve this high destiny it must be content to be the language of the elect.

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SIDELIGHTS : :

A close alliance between newspapers and the Government is antagonistic to the essential responsibilities by which newspapers should be guided. Newspapers should always be on their guard against attempts by Governments to influence them.—FRANCIS WILLIAMS.

“ANY practised journalist can write a column which contains no single mis-statement of fact and which is yet a damned lie from the first word to the last”, says Kingsley Martin in that excellent book of his, replete with refreshing comment, *The Press The Public Wants*. To bring home the point that “a paper is not produced under conditions which allow effective control from outside,” he remarks, “I defy any court to distinguish between deliberate lies, malicious misrepresentations and false impressions due to omission of important news, often merely because copy has to be cut to fit the space”. Apparently, the Southern India Journalists Federation holds a different view. Its general body of members unanimously passed on Sunday last a resolution worded as below:

“The Southern India Journalists Federation views with concern the grave threat to individual liberty offered by movements intent upon stimulating antagonism between classes and communities and condemns the part played by a section of the Press in giving a fillip to such movements and thriving upon the worst passions of the community. The Federation calls upon the Government to take energetic measures to deal promptly and drastically with such journals by resort to due judicial process”.

The Federation may call upon the Government. But the Government will not respond to the call. The Government themselves are tarred with the same blemish which they are required to remove in the poisonous section of the Press. The

origin of the poison lay in the passions on which the whole structure of the Government of the Province was fashioned when the members of the legislature were called upon to elect a leader to be entrusted with the Ministry-forming power. Very few of the responsible officials of the Congress organisation made any attempt at all on that occasion to find the most competent man for the post and bestow their support on him in a spirit of conscientious concern for the public interest. Canvassing was canalised into grooves of communal hatred. It was the hatred propaganda of the Congress bosses that duly flowered into the present leadership.

It is not surprising if full use of administrative power was made subsequently in every possible way to inflame communal passions. The policies of the Government are not such as enable their employees to live in peace and friendship with each other. Conceptions of fundamental justice have disappeared from the standards of the administration. There is no longer any assurance of recognition or reward for good work done. Promotion goes neither by record nor by talent, but by the partiality of this or that Minister for the particular sect of which he is fond or looks up to for votes and political support. Things are no better at the Centre. Sindhis have a walk-over above the heads of all others in the department controlled by Sri Jayaramdas Dowlatram. The same is the case with Bengalees and Gujaratis in other departments presided over by other similar god-fathers. Angling for the favour of communal patrons to wangle preferment has become the prevailing fashion, supplanting the healthy spirit of devotion to work for making headway. What with the apathy of the talented, suppressed on communal grounds, and the inferiority of triumphant favourites, posted to high positions without regard to

fitness, the administrative machinery has turned into a cockpit of intrigue and heartburning, while the public services commissions have become miserable spectacular inanities serving interests the very reverse of those they were created to safeguard.

* * *

The "antagonism between the classes" stimulated by the movements condemned by the Southern India Journalists Federation, is an overflow into the Press of a virus of which the real source is the same Government which they look up to for relief. Hope of reform runs along a different line. If journalists themselves take the matter up and insist on higher standards they can hope to shape the character of the Government into more promising patterns. The invasion of journalism by Ministers of Government as direct or indirect directors of newspapers is an imminent peril far more to be dreaded than even the rampant monopoly over chain newspapers of commercial speculators. Report speaks of preparations being complete for the starting of a Patel newspaper in Bombay. It is to be hoped that the facade of operation through kindred will not blind realists in the country to the undesirable character of the proposed enterprise. Neither the Prime Minister nor the Deputy Prime Minister nor any Minister of Government should have any interest, open or covert, in the running of newspapers. The proper relationship between newspapers and Governments in a free country was never better defined than by *The Times* nearly a century ago while under the editorship of one of the greatest of all journalists, Delane. *The Times* stated:

"The purpose and duties of the two powers are constantly sepa-

rate, generally independent, sometimes diametrically opposite....

To perform its duties with entire independence and consequently with the utmost public advantage, the Press can enter into no close or binding alliances with the statesmen of the day, nor can it surrender its permanent interests to the convenience of the ephemeral power of any Government.... The first duty of the Press is to obtain the earliest and most correct intelligence of the events of the time, and instantly, by disclosing them, to make them the common property of the nation. The statesman collects his information secretly and by secret means, he keeps back even the current intelligence of the day with ludicrous precautions, until diplomacy is beaten in the race for publicity. The Press lives by disclosures; whatever passes into its keeping becomes a part of the knowledge and history of our times; it is daily and for ever appealing to the enlightened force of public opinion—anticipating if possible the march of events—standing upon the breach between the present and the future and extending its survey to the horizon of the world".

The principle so clearly laid down by *The Times* is startlingly applicable to many important problems facing the Press in India today. Its validity is undiminished. Ministerial control of journalism is fatal to the dignity and freedom of the Press. A Minister of Government interested in a newspaper would place the whole of the advertising industry in the area subject to him under blackmail—a thing which is neither good for the industry nor for the Government concerned.—SAKA.

I was driven to affirm, in praise of true philosophy, that only from the standpoint of such philosophy was it possible to take a correct view of public and private right, and that accordingly the human race would never see the end of trouble until true lovers of wisdom should come to hold political power, or the holders of political power should, by some divine appointment, become true lovers of wisdom.—Plato.

THE GOLDEN MASTER: SRI RAMANA

by HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

THE Divine Lord hath given His Word to humanity: "At the end of a cycle of destruction, decay and rottenness, I come to save the world". And that Word has never been broken.

In a simple house, on a day like any other day in the calendar of human time, a babe was born to human parents. The mother's name was Alagamma, the father's, Sundaram Iyer. It was in the little town of Tiruchuzhi, one of the most ancient Saiva shrines situated in the Ramnad district in Southern India. The mother who bore the babe went through travail like any other human mother. In the dark, narrow cell of her womb the pearl-drop of life had been housed and nourished with care, and prayer. For the mother was deeply religious and performed sacred rites, not merely by way of habit, but through an inborn spiritual necessity. When the babe was born nobody suspected that it was the fulfilment of the Word of the Lord; nay, that it was the Lord Himself who had come in the human form to help broken humanity on towards regeneration, to re-discover its real Self which is beyond shackles and limitations. The room in which He was born is now the shrine-room of the temple into which the old house has been transformed. It has become a place of pilgrimage, and, every year, thousands and thousands of devotees flock to kneel at the shrine and derive courage and inspiration.

The babe was named Venkataramana. Later, when the mighty Muni Ganpathy Shastri, whose intellect was as hard and glittering as diamond, whose *tapas* was as stubborn as steel, discovered Him on the Hill of Arunachala, seated alone, a full-fledged Gnyani, he prostrated before Him and acknowledging Him as his Master, acclaimed Him as Sri Ramana Maharshi, by which name He is now celebrated throughout the world.

Venkataramana grew up into boyhood, and was admitted into school at Tiruchuzhi. From there he was taken to Dindigul to another school; and, after that, to a third school at Madura where his parents went to stay. The Scottish Mission School did not realise that it was destined to pass into history as having been associated with one who is now considered the high watermark of Seerhood.

Venkataramana was not a very brilliant lad. Everybody around him thought that he was somewhat strange and queer for he behaved in an unusual manner. Was he suffering from the sleeping sickness? Was he unwell? Why did he constantly drop into a drowse? His eyelids seemed closing off and on, and that was a most inconvenient thing for a student to do! After all, books are to be read with open eyes; a boy cannot hope to study and pass examinations with eyes closing all the time. They just could not understand it. He might have been a good student had he not been such a sleepy head!

One day, on the way to school, he met an elderly relative of his who seemed to have arrived from some distant place. "Where are you coming from?" asked the lad. "From Arunachala" came the answer. The man's voice was tender and the word Arunachala seemed to ring like a temple-bell in his ear. ARUNACHALA! What a magical sound it bore! Arunachala! Why! It seemed to contain the whole significance of creation in itself. It seemed to have been sowed like a golden seed in his heart, once and forever. It was destined to burst into a great harvest of Light inside his being. It was even as a shell which was resonant of the whole ocean!

The name haunted Venkataramana. Night and day, it haunted him and seemed to say: "Come away! Come away!" But he couldn't quite formulate it.

Asleep or awake, Arunachala sang in his blood, rang in his bones and shot like a shuttle of exquisite pang throughout his frame. A great ache possessed him, to comfort which, he now began to frequent the Meenakshi Temple. The visits seemed to unveil his deeper consciousness swiftly.

Then a momentous event on the 29th August, 1896 decided the future for him. It was the moment that cancelled, once and for all, the dividing-line between the human and the divine; the veils which the Lord had worn, His self-imprisonment in time and space, vanished and left Him in a swimming sea of consciousness. Venkatramana suddenly felt he was about to die. For a few seconds he felt a fear creeping over him. Then he stretched himself on the floor and rehearsed the whole scene of death. "I am dying. But who is dying? Now, they will bear my body on a bier to the burning-ghat. But where will I be then? Shall I exist or shall I be no more? Who is dying?" Automatically, he dived deep down inside his deepest being: Who am I? Am I that which is dying, the body? In a flash, as it were, he arrived at the "I" and held It in his grip. Rather, is it more correct to say, that the "I" gripped him, body and mind and all, until mental circumferences shivered out of consciousness, leaving him emperor at and of the heart-centre. The knots of how and why and whence were untied; the tangle of limited thinking was unravelled. The Knower and the Known met in a fiery union which resulted in Knowledge Itself. There was no more You and I; there were no more forms, self-separations of the Self. Numbers vanished beyond recall. Colours, musics, fragrances, lines, curves, waves, winds, trees, clouds, men, animals, universe: all were fused in one divine harmony of Oneness, the Masterpiece of Realisation wherein details cease after one last spasm of tremor.

But nobody guessed in the house that a god was born, breathed and moved and had his being amidst them. Venkatramana grew drowsier

and drowsier until his brother, one day, chided him and said: "What is the good of your wasting your time in school any more, or our wasting our money on you? For one who closes his eyes more than he keeps them open, a forest were more suitable!" Fine! Was it an initiation? He decided to leave home, and run towards his Divine Father who was calling, calling insistently. It was in September, 1896.

On the journey an uncanny thing happened. He had bought a wrong ticket to Arunachala; an elderly Maulvi helped him on the way to change into the train which would take him there. And, according to Sri Ramana himself, the Maulvi disappeared into thin air after he had done his job!

Arriving at the Temple at Tiruvannamalai (another name for Arunachala) somebody asked him on his own, whether he did not wish to have his head shaved completely. Mechanically, Venkatramana assented. And then, as mechanically, he adopted the loin-cloth, *kaupina*, which he wears to this day! The barber who shaved his head, also vanished!

Possessed entirely by the Universal Power, the Self, he was seen wandering like a mad man in Tiruvannamalai, or sitting for hours in the Temple or on mounds, his eyes sealed on the Divine Light which to fleshly eyes seemed the eyes of a blind man or of one who was drunk. His lips, too, were sealed.

"Vowing deep silence Him you seek,

From mountain peak to mountain peak,

But finding Him how will you speak?"

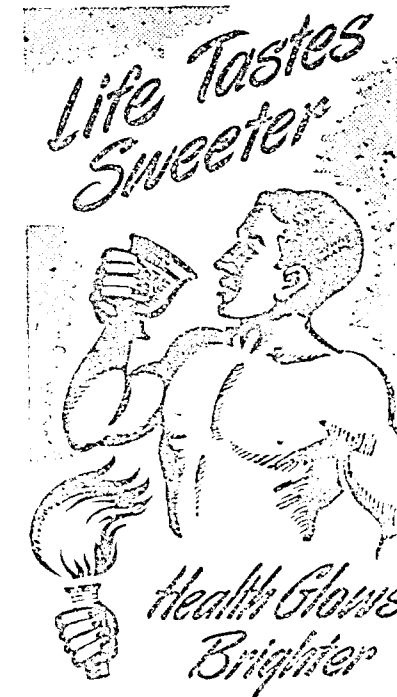
Was he dumb? Was he blind? People decided he was more than merely that. He was mad, stark mad! So they began tormenting him, jeering at him, casting stones from all sides. In order to escape attention, he slipped into what is known as "Pathala Linga", a dark, underground cell which, in those times, was not frequented. A cell of darkness, infested with wasps and

scorpions and the nasty crawling and stinging creatures of nether-earth, a sort of Pandora's Box. For three days and nights, the God-intoxicated One sat crouched behind the Lingam, sunk in meditation; nay, not in meditation, for there was nothing to meditate upon and no one to meditate. He was just there, in form, in a state which no mortal may dare essay to describe. *He was still, and being still, HE WAS!* When he was taken out physically from there, after being discovered, they found the right side of him a mass of wounds, his flesh gnawed into and eaten up by the hungry underground winged and crawling things. But he was unaware, quite unaware of the existence of his body. And when he did become aware, it made no difference to him, since it was part of the whole Divine universe, something which did not belong to him as an entity!

It was when he began to pass his days and nights on the Arunachala Hill that he became known as a Gnyani, discovered by the great Kavya Kantha Ganapath Muni. For days and days he would be in a state of self-cancellation, immobile and static. His mother, accompanying an uncle of his, arrived at the spot where he sat, and tried to persuade him to return home with them. Home! Mother! Uncle! They did not exist anymore for him. Arunachala was all in all to him. He was swallowed up by the fiery Hill which Sri Ramana has described in forty wonderful Hymns. When a little girl asked him one day to go with her to her village, Sri Ramana graciously replied: "I will go with you if you promise to take the Hill with you, too!"

In course of time, Sri Ramana became the centre of Divine Grace and Inspiration to thousands. The numbers grow from day to day, and Sri Ramana is assuming the dimensions of an all-operating Law (which He is) in the consciousness of men. He is the Law. We are under It. This has been proved to His Bhaktas again and again.

Sri Ramana probes into the hearts of men, and holds conversation with



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birds and animals in a simple direct way. Everything that lives and moves is His infant.

When I asked Him a few days ago: "Bhagwan! When one realises, does one realise that he has realised?" To which came His direct answer: "To a Gnyani everybody is already realised. There is no body or thing which is ignorant in His eyes!"

There is no complication about his teaching, no heavy verbiage in his writings nor his imparting of knowledge. He is direct and simple. And the greatest handicap our complicated minds have is the very complication with which the human mind seems always to be in love. The Maharshi is so utterly simple that our complicated minds miss and lose Him! Keats wrote somewhere: "O what a power has white Simplicity!" Sri Ramana is that white Simplicity holding unbounded power. In each look of His there is a shower of Grace, in every smile of His there is a divine assurance that man is god. He is so free from pose, so flawlessly self-unconscious because there is no self, small ego, left in him; it was cancelled completely on the 29th August, 1896, with the experience of death and the resulting sense of immortality. Between that moment and now, there is no change, none whatsoever. Realisation, according to Maharshi, is an instantaneous entire experience. It does not come in bits. There is nothing to grow into, step by step. Realisation is the complete ocean-immensity. It does not come wave

by wave, nor can it be calculated in a graph of rising and falling of waters. It just is. It has always been and shall always be. What we have to throw off is the idea that we are unrealised. For, in the last analysis, the ego does not exist at all! It is a figment created by the mind which is only the shadow's shadow's shadow of consciousness. The Maharshi bids us just "Be still" When one has learned to be still, *one is*. "Be still", and then "Be".

India shall never be conquered while our saints and sages flower in the gardens of Time. Today we have so many who are still worshipped and talked about. Among the greatest and most discussed are Sri Aurobindo of Pondicherry and Sri Ramana of Tiruvannamalai. I have had the privilege of being in close proximity to both of them. To Sri Aurobindo and the Mother I owe my first true psychical awakenings. Under their care and guidance I seemed to have become aware and prepared for the Life I was destined to live, in the future, under the perennial inspiration and silent invisible guidance of Sri Ramana, whom I now accept as my Master forever.

Somebody asked me a few months ago as to what the difference was between Sri Aurobindo and Sri Ramana, a complicated question to answer! But I did find a ready answer which came out from the heart: "Sri Aurobindo is a *mighty Personality!* Sri Ramana is a *mighty Impersonality!*"

POCKET ELECTRIC FAN

A new British electric pocket fan is attracting wide interest in a number of countries. The fan weighs only a few ounces and fits easily into the pocket or handbag. When not in use it is entirely enclosed in an attractively coloured anodised aluminium case and slight pressure on a button brings the tiny two-bladed propeller into action.

The power is provided by a microscopic electric motor—one of the smallest made—which operates from a standard 4.5 volt battery. The current consumption is scarcely more than for flashlight torch bulbs.

The fan gives a surprisingly strong current of air and a battery, used continuously, lasts for some hours and with intermittent use for several days. The total weight of the fan and battery is only eight ounces.



THE world is a stage and the prompter's cue for Chiang Kai Shek is: "Exit". As these lines are being written the Marshal is preparing to leave the stage and disappear into the wings of history—and oblivion! The spotlight must shift to the new set of leaders who will now dominate the China scene.

For many years the Chinese Communists were contemptuously referred to as "bandits"—both in China and abroad. As late as December, 1936, Chiang was inscribing in his diary: "I told them (rebellious army commanders in Sian) that the bandit-suppression campaign had been prosecuted to such a stage that it would require only the last five minutes to achieve the final success."

The much-desired "final success" could not be achieved in five minutes—nor in five years, nor in twelve years! The "bandits" are now knocking on the gates of Nanking and the great Marshal, dictator of China for quarter of a century, is wooing the Communist leaders for peace and offering to resign in their favour!

REHEARSAL OF RETREAT

Indeed, within a few days of that diary entry about the "bandit-suppression campaign", Chiang was "arrested" by his rebellious commanders, led by the Young Marshal and forced to stop the civil war, to make peace with the Communists, and instead create a united front against Japan. The dramatic cir-

cumstances of his arrest, in retrospect, read like a rehearsal of his final, inevitable surrender.

As his body-guard offered resistance at Lintung guest house, ten miles from Sian, the Generalissimo managed to escape. A search-party found him, barefooted and minus his false teeth, with a robe thrown over his night-shirt, hiding in a cave beside a snow-covered rock.

When the young Captain Sun Ming-Chiu called him, Chiang's first words were: "If you are my comrade, shoot me and finish it all", to which Sun replied, "We will not shoot. We only ask you to lead our country against Japan". Brought down from the hill-top on the back of the Captain, he was taken in a car to Sian. On the way Sun said, "There must be a new policy for China.....The one urgent task is for China to fight Japan. This is the special demand of the man of the North-east. Why do you not fight Japan, but instead give the order to fight the Red Army?"

In reply to which Chiang defiantly shouted, "I am the leader of the Chinese people. I represent the nation. I think my policy is correct."

Chiang was not arrested by Communists but by his own commanders who were sick and tired of his futile and costly anti-Communist war and wanted the nation to be united to resist Japanese aggression. But later, the Chinese Communist Party and the Soviet Government of North

China declared that "the Sian leaders acted with patriotic sincerity and zeal". They gave full support to the eight-point programme which was submitted for Chiang's approval by the leaders of the Sian coup:

1. *Reorganise the Nanking Government and admit all parties to share the joint responsibility of national salvation.*
2. *End all civil war immediately and adopt the policy of armed resistance against Japan.*
3. *Release the leaders of the patriotic movement in Shanghai.*
4. *Pardon all political prisoners.*
5. *Guarantee the people's liberty of assembly.*
6. *Safeguard the people's rights of patriotic organisation and political liberty.*
7. *Put into effect the will of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen.*
8. *Immediately convene a National Salvation Conference.*

WHEN CHIANG MEETS THE REDS!

Who can predict how the bitterly anti-Communist Chiang will behave if and when he comes face to face with the Communist leaders who are today in a position to dictate their terms to him? But in his *Red Star Over China* Edgar Snow has recorded the dramatic meeting of Chiang and the Communist envoys in Sian in 1936:

"Chiang is said to have turned pale with apprehension when Chou En-hai—his former political attache, for whose head he had once offered 80,000 dollars—entered the room and gave him a friendly greeting. He must have at once concluded that the Red Army had entered Sian, and that he was to be turned over to it as a captive!..... But the Generalissimo was quickly relieved of this apprehension by both Chou and the (Young) Marshal, both of whom acknowledged him as Commander-in-Chief....."

Twelve years ago, Chiang saved face when he returned to Nanking

because the Young Marshal accompanied him, and immediately on arrival, declared, "Blushing with shame I have followed you to the capital for the appropriate punishment I deserve, so as to vindicate discipline." And Chiang gallantly responded in a tone of saintly repentance: "Due to my lack of virtue and defects in my training of subordinates an unprecedented revolt broke out..... Now that you have expressed repentance, I will request the Central authorities to adopt suitable measures for rehabilitation of the situation."

More musical comedy followed. Chiang resigned—was persuaded to withdraw his resignation! The Young Marshal was sentenced by a tribunal to ten years' imprisonment—next day he was pardoned. But the net result was that on January 6, 1936, (exactly about 12 years ago) the Generalissimo's "Bandit Suppression Headquarters" at Sian was abolished and the civil war officially came to an end!

But 1948 is not 1936 and this time few such face-saving devices will be available to Chiang.

MEN WHO LEAD CHINA'S REDS

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru befriended the Chiang Kai-Sheks and hence we know something about them—even if what we know is only one-sided and all-too-complimentary. But little is known in India about the new rising stars on the Eastern horizon—the leaders of China's triumphant Communists. Indeed, but for the books of a few American journalists like Edgar Snow (*Red Star Over China* and *Battle For Asia*) Agnes Smedley (*Battle Hymn Of China*) and Anna Louise Strong (*Dawn Out of China*) the world would know nothing about the strong solid men who forged a mighty Red Army out of North-west China's illiterate peasants and developed a Communist society even while fighting a prolonged two-front war against the Japanese imperialists and their own National Government.

Mao Tse-Tung, the 56-year old Chairman of the Central Soviet

Government of China and the Secretary of the Chinese Communist Party, is described by Edgar Snow as "a gaunt, rather Lincoln-esque figure, above average height for a Chinese, somewhat stooped, with a head of thick black hair grown very long, and with large, searching eyes, a high bridged nose and prominent cheekbones..... an intellectual face of great shrewdness."

The Indian doctors of the Congress Medical Mission to China, specially the late Doctor Kotnis (immortalised in the Shantaram film) and Doctor Basu, had frequent opportunities to observe Mao-Tse-Tung at close quarters, during their stay in Yen-an in 1939-41. On the day following their arrival, he was present at a meeting held to welcome them. Doctor Basu recalls that it was difficult to recognise him as he was dressed in the same plain uniform as his soldiers wore. But someone pointed him out—a lean figure and weather-beaten face. The only thing that distinguished him was his stature. He was the tallest among all the Chinese present there.

Some days later they met him in the bombed city in a large room that somehow had escaped destruction and which was used by Mao for reception of guests. There was no furniture except plain chairs and a few rickety tables. He greeted them with a big smile and talked to them through an interpreter. They found him keenly interested in India and familiar with Indian politics and he asked them many questions about the Congress, Mahatma Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru and Indian Communists. He invited them to share his simple meal and at the dining table he proved an excellent host, regaling his guests with a number of humorous anecdotes. They found that he liked very spicy food and kept red chilly powder on the table to sprinkle on the meat and the vegetables. In his peculiar humorous vein he suggested that one of the bonds of Indo-Chinese unity was the love both Indians and Chinese had for red chillies.

Next in importance to Mao Tse-Tung is Chu Teh, the Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese Red Army, who has led his ill-equipped soldiers against formidable odds throughout the long war against Japan and Chiang. Of him Snow writes: "The uniqueness of his career is this: that this scion of a family of landlords, rising to power and luxury and dissipation while still young, was nevertheless able, when past middle age, to discard the degenerate environment of his youth, to break, by superb act of human will, a life-long addiction to narcotics, and finally even to forsake his family and to devote his entire fortune to a revolutionary ideal which he believed to animate the highest cause and purpose of his time."

As the three Indian doctors (Atal, Kotnis and Basu) on their way to see General Chu Teh, (then) Commander of the Eighth Route Army, approached a hut in a village in North China, they saw an oldish man with a big head, wrinkled and weather-beaten face and thick lips, welcoming them with a broad smile. He wore the familiar uniform and they took him to be the rather shabbily-dressed orderly of the General. When they followed him into the hut they found that he was none else but the great Chu Teh himself! Talking to him, he struck them as sincere, passionately devoted to his cause but very patient, almost fatherly in his calm dignity. They saw him on many occasions later but never saw him angry, impatient or impolite to the humblest of his soldiers.

REVOLUTION IN TWO STEPS

Such are the men who are ascending to power in China. What will be their policy when they assume control of the Government? Will it be the introduction of outright Communism, liquidation of private enterprise as well as private property? Will they eliminate all non-Communist parties straightaway?

In his pamphlet "China's New Democracy", published four years ago, Mao Tse-Tung outlined what probably still represents his Party's plan for China. In the course of it

he said, "If the nature of the present Chinese society is a semi-colonial, semi-feudal one, then the progress of Chinese revolution is determined by it as a two-step one: the first step is to turn the semi-colonial, semi-feudal society into an independent democratic society; the second step will be to develop the revolution for the building up of a socialist society. The present phase of the Chinese Revolution falls obviously within the period of the first step....."

Socialization of Big Business, of course, will be one of the first aims of the Chinese Reds—even if it is a coalition Government they form with other parties. "All big banks, big industries and big commercial establishments must be State-owned.....All native-owned or foreign-owned enterprises, either monopolist or of a dimension too large for private efforts—for instance, banks, railroads, railways, etc.—will be managed and controlled by the State alone.....However, in the meantime, the State will not confiscate other forms of private property and

will not forbid the development of capitalist production, so long as it is taken for granted that it does not affect the people's livelihood. The reason for this procedure is that Chinese economy is still in a very backward stage."

Another respect in which Chinese Communism might differ from its Soviet counterpart is in its different approach to individualism in agriculture which is suppressed in Russia but is encouraged in Red China. According to Mao: "Dr. Sun Yat Sen's idea 'Land to the tiller' is to be promoted and the feudal relations in the villages to be smashed. But the ownership of land is to be readjusted not with a view to building up socialist agriculture but only in order to turn the land into the peasants' own property. The economy of the wealthy peasantry will also be allowed....."

The Chinese invented or developed paper, ink, silk, cotton and gunpowder. Will they also be able to invent a new kind of Communism—oriented to the needs of the agricultural Orient?

AT THE ACADEMY LAST WEEK

by T. V. R.

SOON after his last performance at the Academy, that genius with the flute, Mahalingam, announced that he would not accept public engagements any more! It is all of a piece with what we have been observing of him and of other prodigies of that type. Eminence of such a degree is, it has been said by the Poet, "to madness near allied". Did we not read the rather rummy announcement in the papers of a journal to be started, entitled "Flute Mahalingam"?

Mysterious are the ways of Providence. That a person who could transport thousands of music-lovers to the highest peaks of ecstasy, if only he learned to be a little more steady and healthy and if he possessed a greater measure of equilibrium, should decide to give up all public engagements is, to put it mildly, a great pity. Well, there is perhaps no helping it. De Transquillitate Animi has it that "there is no great genius without a tincture of madness".

After hearing Mahalingam, I skipped the rest of the performances, till we came to Tuesday evening when Ariyakudi gave the many hundreds, who had come to the Sundareswar Hall, one of his usual *standardised, flawless, and finished* concerts of classical music.

Ariyakudi is no ordinary musician. He is a phenomenon. He is the one musician who has been going strong all these three decades and more. He never attempts anything scintillatingly original. He never falls below a very high measure of success. He never deviates from the royal road of pure Carnatic music laid by the great masters of the previous generation. He does not believe in the introduction of new-fangled styles of rendering kirtanams or swaras.

Here is a striking aspect of the Sangita Ratnakara's music; when

you come to think of it, has he not been singing, by and large, the same songs in the same manner? And yet, while musicians come up like meteors and disappear like them, this Grand Old Man goes on singing the "old" songs like "Vedalanu" in Thodi, in the *same* style, and yet the crowds of eager listeners, lay and expert, are as large in 1948 as they were in the nineteen twenties!

To what is this due? Always the same, yet always attractive! The clue to this seeming riddle is perhaps provided in the reflection that if a thing is *perfected*, repetition, at intervals, will not pall.

That Tuesday evening, I saw among the audience the most erudite scholars in Carnatic music, popular stars like G.N.B., distinguished statesmen like the Hon'ble Mr. N. G. Iyengar, hundreds of men and women drawn from different walks of life, *all* listening to the Gayakasikamani with *equal* enthusiasm and joy. Not "caviare to the general", not ordinary for the expert—that is the special distinction of Ariyakudi's music.

Starting with the varnam in Kalyani, followed by the oft-sung but ever-beautiful *Endaru Mahanubhavulu* within a few minutes after the concert began, the attention of the audience was gripped. Thereafter the musician kept up the tempo and verve, and the attention of the audience was riveted on the graceful glides of the great art.

There was nothing special about *Paripalayamam*, but *Marivere* in Ananda Bhairavi was a perfect thing of beauty. The raga prelude was masterly, and during the stage of singing swaras, the great master, for once, deviated from orthodoxy, and showed to the audience what child's play it was to sing swaras in the *new* style. Except for this one instance, the swara-singing was done in his usual method of strictly

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keeping to the course of the raga, and of never losing his sense of proportion, of never over-doing this aspect. Sankarabharanam was first class, the musician exerting himself a little to reach the top notes. Of course, the krithi, *Akshayalinga Vibho*, was rendered with all his characteristic 'gamakas' and delightful glidings.

Thodi has always been Ariyakudi's favourite raga. There he has evolved and perfected certain 'Akaara Sadanas', which, unlike the unmusical 'brikas' of many others, are fascinating in their clarity.

Though Ariyakudi is a host in himself and can make his concert a fair success even when 'accompanied' by third-rate artists, that day we had the pleasure of hearing him with very high-class accompaniments. Papa played on the violin in a manner to which not even the most captious could take any objection. He was never fussy, never intruded into the sphere of the vocalist, always helped him, and, when-

ever he got a chance, he quietly revealed his mastery of that difficult instrument. Mani on the mridangam was in top form.

I have always seen him playing with more than his usual gusto when accompanying Ariyakudi. The very fact that Ariyakudi is not a genius, the very fact that he does not try gymnastics and feats, helps a person like Mani to give his best. And you can imagine what it will be when a master of the mridangam like Mani gives his best.

Keeping to the programme, selecting the songs carefully, arranging the order of songs in a manner that would help the maintenance of vigour, in the distribution of emphasis on laya, sruti, gamaka, niraval, etc.—in all these Ariyakudi has repeatedly proved his mastery not only over 'sangitham' but also over 'ingitham'. Never will he allow unmusical sounds like 'uyi uyi'

and 'taralla lalla lilla' to mar the melody of his music. Equally rare would be the use of 'pad-dha', 'niddha' and 'dhappa'.

All in all, Ariyakudi, Papa and Mani combined to fill the Academy Hall with the most pleasing music. After hearing them, I was sure that though the corpuscular and wave theories of matter may be controversial, the wave theory of music was incontrovertible. Wave after wave of music filled the air that delightful evening.

It was my privilege this season to hear Mali, Ariyakudi, and Rajarathnam. All the others had to be passed over. It was a disappointment that Bismillah Khan could not come.

The star performance was, however, given by that other genius, deservedly called, "Emperor" of the world of Nathaswara Vidwans, Rajarathnam. It was a great luck that he came, that he was calm, collected and steady, that he did not try the new and wholly undesirable stunt of having *thambur* for sruthi and violin for his accompaniment.

He is a *facile princeps* in his art. And changes in Art are more often mere innovations than improvements. I was therefore very happy when I found him sticking to tradition, having the *otthu* for the sruti and the *thavul* for the accompaniment.

He was in fine mettle, and as usual his thodi raga alapana, followed by the krithi *Jesinathella*, were of unexcelled charm. Ramakriya, Bhairavi, Darbar in the earlier part, and Kanada, Saveri and Bhoopalam in the latter part were rendered with a mastery for which, I for one, find no parallel. I have heard my father say that Rajarathnam's uncle, the late Tirumarudal Natesan, was also a genius. But that is all of a generation that for us means only hearsay.

No right-minded person can deny the greatness of the service which the Music Academy has been rendering to the cause of Carnatic music. But it is, after all, a human organisation, and certain prejudices and

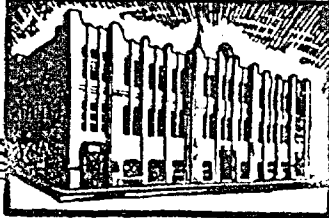
fads seem to have got hold of them. How else can one explain their failure to have as President of their Annual Conference a person of the scholarship of Chembai Vydianatha Bhagavathar?

In the world of Carnatic music, there are today, if we leave out of account the "non-practising" savants like Tiger, three most seasoned musicians. And they are Ariyakudi, Maharajapuram and Chembai. The first two have had their presidential innings at the Academy. Others, junior to Chembai and certainly not superior to him in the mastery of the technique, have also been honoured by the Academy. But Chembai has been neglected. It is not he who has suffered by that; but the Academy, which we all esteem, has certainly suffered.

I am no admirer of Chembai's music. It is the Malabar style, prosaic, and devoid of beauty. But that is not the point at issue. Chembai's mastery over the *thala* and other aspects of the technique of music is beyond dispute.

Equally glaring has been the omission, from this season's concerts at the Academy, of a performance by Srimathi M.S.S. There does not now seem to be a ban on women-artists. Having outgrown the taboo, why not choose the very best musician among them?

There is nothing so pretty as music. And there is no music so inspiring as Carnatic music. And in that, there is no style so enthralling as the one represented by Rajarathnam and Ariyakudi, though there are points of difference even between these two. The Academy richly deserves congratulations on their success in the organisation of this year's music festival. One hopes that they will collect a library of electrical records of the songs of these masters. They are the last of the Romans. We must make the best of them, for the generation just coming after them is unfortunately made of rather inferior stuff.



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THE EXECUTIVE IN THE NEW CONSTITUTION

by Prof. M. VENKATARAMAIA, M.A.

GOVERNMENTAL machinery in a democratic state consists of five parts. They are the electorate, the legislature, the executive, the judiciary and the administrative services. Each has a certain set of functions to discharge. And the efficiency of democratic government depends on each discharging efficiently the functions allotted to it without encroaching on those belonging to the other parts. Most of the abuses in a democracy arise when this principle is not adhered to, and when any particular part fails to discharge its own legitimate functions or when it tries to usurp functions which belong to the other parts. It is this that leads to dictatorial rule—the dictatorial rule of the electorate, or of the legislature or of the executive or of the administrative services as the case might be.

The draft constitution has provided for a parliamentary form of executive. Several amendments were moved in the Constituent Assembly to change this either into a Presidential (or a non-parliamentary) one or into an executive of the Swiss type. These amendments have all been defeated and the Assembly finally adopted the Parliamentary type.

Under this system the executive consists of a nominal part and a real part. The real part is a Council of Ministers and all executive power is exercised by it. It is called parliamentary because the Ministers who constitute the Council come into office as they have a majority in the legislature; they remain in office only so long as they command such a majority and they go out of office the moment they lose its confidence unless they are empowered to dissolve the legislature and appeal to the electorate through a general election. It is this dependence of the real executive on the Parliament or the legislature of the State that

gives the title "parliamentary" to it. While this is its primary characteristic it has a few other characteristics. The Council is under the leadership and direction of a Prime Minister. It is he that ultimately decides who the other Ministers should be. All the Ministers in the Council are collectively responsible. They come to office together and they go out of it as a body. They are generally members of the legislature and take part in its proceedings and guide it as a matter of fact. All this shows how close is the relationship between the real executive and the legislature under the parliamentary system. As the Council holds office only so long as it commands the confidence of the legislature it does not enjoy any fixity of tenure and it may have to go out of office at any time. This introduces an element of instability which becomes more pronounced as in France when the legislature contains a number of parties with no one of them commanding a majority and when consequently the cabinet has to be a coalition cabinet. Under a non-parliamentary system as in the United States there is no real as distinguished from a nominal executive. There is only one executive and it is real. The President of the United States occupies that position. He owes his office directly to the people and not to the legislature. He holds his office for a fixed period of four years whether he commands a majority or not in the legislature. This gives an element of stability to the executive. The Ministers under this system are his servants—not even his colleagues, and neither he nor they have any seats in the legislature. There is complete separation between the executive and the legislature and one cannot as in the parliamentary system directly influence the other. The great merit of this system is that it gives stability and independence to the executive

while its most serious defect is that it causes friction between the two and some times brings about a deadlock.

The amendment proposed to the draft Constitution that the American system of separation of powers should be introduced into India was rejected by the Constituent Assembly. The rejection was based on four grounds. One was that even the Americans were beginning to think that the parliamentary system was better. The other was that the American system would create perpetual feud between the executive and the legislature and this is a risk which an infant democracy like that in India could not afford to take. Moreover, we have during the last thirty years become accustomed to the British parliamentary system and could therefore work it much better. Finally, the non-parliamentary system would retard the growth of democratic government in the Indian States and keep up the autocracy of their rulers. The Assembly, therefore, approved the parliamentary system.

There was another amendment that the Council of Ministers should be elected according to the system of proportional representation by the legislature so that it may give representation to all parties—the majority as well as the minority—and make the cabinet a non-political and a non-party one like that in Switzerland. This was objected to on principle by some members on the ground that it would defeat collective responsibility and create schism in the cabinet. Dr. Ambedkar, however, sympathised with the proposal but opposed it on the ground that provision for the representation of minorities is better made not through a clause in the constitution but through the instrument of instructions which found a place in the schedules to the constitution.

From all this it follows that the Council of Ministers which is the real executive will be of the parliamentary type. This will be the case with the executive of the Indian Union (at the Centre) as well as with the executive in the Provinces. But it is necessary to note two or

three features which modify the system. One is the provision for the representation of minorities on the cabinet, made through the instrument of instructions. In the draft Constitution no such instrument found a place in respect of the Centre. But in the Constitution as finally approved it is not only the Governor of a State but also the President of the Union that has been called on to see that representatives of minority communities are included in the Central cabinet. A provision like this not only introduces and recognises communalism—although every one nowadays is found condemning it on public platforms—but will create complications in working the principle of collective responsibility and increase the difficulties of the Prime Minister in holding his Ministers together. A matter like this should be left entirely to the growth of convention. The second feature which modifies the parliamentary system is the conferring of some real powers on the nominal executive—the President of the Union and the Governors of a State, powers like the sending of messages to the legislature over the head of the cabinet. This will create friction between the nominal and the real executive and lead to instability. Such powers are out of place under a parliamentary system. Thirdly, the draft constitution draws in two important respects a distinction between the President of the Union and the Governor in their relations with the respective cabinets. One is that while the President has to appoint the Ministers only on the advice of the Prime Minister thus ensuring more of collective responsibility there is no reference at all to such advice in the case of the Governor. It is therefore constitutionally open to him to force on the Chief Minister of a province colleagues whom he does not want and this will defeat the principle of collective responsibility. A more serious feature is that the Governor is permitted to exercise some of his functions in his discretion without seeking the advice of the cabinet (what these functions are likely to be is not indi-

cated). The President has no such discretionary powers. But the exercise of power by a Governor is inconsistent with the parliamentary type of government under which it is the cabinet that is wholly responsible for the way in which executive administration is carried on. Such discretionary powers were appropriate in the days of British rule when the Governor had to safeguard alien interests. There is no place for them today. In all this the point to be noted is not whether there is anything like a standard or ideal type of parliamentary executive. Even if there is no such type the modifications to which it has been subjected in India's new constitution will introduce friction and therefore a good deal of unworkability into the government at the Centre as well as the units and they therefore have to be seriously reconsidered and removed by the Constituent Assembly. So far no amendments with this view have been moved.

As regards the nominal executive there are only a few points that require notice. The President occupies this position at the Centre and the Governor in the Provinces. No person is eligible for election as President unless he is (a) a citizen of India; (b) has completed the age of 35 and (c) is qualified for election as a member of the House of the People (The Lower House in the Union Parliament). He will be ineligible if he holds any office or position or emolument under the Government of India or of any State or any local authority. The experience of the way in which Governments have been found functioning in the country during the last eighteen months of Swaraj made some members of the Constituent Assembly propose amendments disqualifying Ministers in office and Governors of States from standing for election as they might use (or abuse) their influence to get themselves elected. Another amendment was also proposed that any person elected President should before entering on the duties of his office divest himself of all his right, title,

share and interest in any enterprise or business so that he might not use his power for selfish ends. But these were not accepted by the Assembly although the grounds on which Dr. Ambedkar opposed them were not really convincing.

The President is elected by a college of electors consisting of the elected members of both Houses of the Union Parliament and of the legislatures of the Provinces and the States on the basis of the proportional system of representation. In the draft Constitution the privilege of taking part in electing the President was given even to the nominated members of the Union Parliament but that was taken away in the constitution as approved. This is rather indefensible. When once it is conceded that there should be nominated members in the Parliament there is no reason why there should be any differentiation in the exercise of functions between them and the elected members. The better course is to do away with the nominated element in the Parliament, a course which alone is consistent with democracy. Another amendment proposed but not accepted by the Assembly was that the President should be elected directly by the people. This was opposed on the ground that it would be impossible to conduct an election in which there will be nearly 185 million voters, that Government would not be in a position to spare the required number of officials for managing such an election and that it did not matter very much whether the nominal head of the executive is elected directly or indirectly.

In the draft Constitution there was a provision that the President should hold office for a term of five years and that he should be eligible for re-election only once. But in the Constitution as approved a person may be re-elected any number of times. The original draft is sounder. It would have prevented the same man trying to perpetuate himself in office—a tendency very much pronounced in the country. The President may be removed from office by impeachment subject to

certain conditions. The charges are to be framed by a two-thirds majority of either House of Parliament and enquired into by the other House.

Besides the President there will be a Vice-President elected by the members of both Houses of the Union Parliament at a joint meeting in accordance with the system of proportional representation. He will be ex-officio chairman of the Upper House and he also acts as President during casual vacancies.

Each province has a Governor. It is not yet known how he will be appointed. Two alternatives have been suggested. One is election directly by the people and the other is appointment by the President of the Union from a panel of four candidates to be elected by the Provin-

cial Legislative Assembly. The second method without a panel is the better alternative. There is a good deal of similarity between the Governor and the President in regard to tenure of office, removal by impeachment, etc. There is no provision for a Vice-Governor.

From this brief survey it is clear that under the new Constitution the executive at the Centre as well as in the Units will be of the parliamentary type subject to certain modifications which are not of a desirable character. Time alone will show how it will work. But the general consensus of opinion is that it is the type that will be most serviceable under Indian conditions and in accordance with India's recent experience in the working of democracy.

NEW EDITOR FOR "PUNCH"

E. V. KNOX RETIRES

PUNCH, the English weekly, is a national institution and has described itself as "the foremost humorous journal of the world". A change in its editorship is, therefore, a step watched with interest and perhaps anxiety by all English-speaking peoples. E. V. Knox, who wrote light verse under the pseudonym of "Evoc", and was editor of *Punch* for 16 years has now retired at the age of 67 and is succeeded by the magazine's Art Editor, C. K. Bird, one of the liveliest and most brilliant humorous artists of the day, who signs his drawings "Fougasse". Mr. Bird is 61 and is the author of numerous books.

Mr. Knox first started writing for *Punch* 40 years ago and joined the staff in 1921. He is a brother of Monsignor Ronald Knox and son of the late Dr. Edmund Knox, former Bishop of Manchester. Under his editorship *Punch*, which had for many generations maintained a slow and rather stately form of humour, began, without losing its individuality, to adopt a more modern style in which the joke is suggested entirely by the drawing and captions are dispensed with.

Punch, or *The London Charivari*, was founded in 1841 by Ebenezer Landells, a London draughtsman and wood-engraver, who submitted his ideas to the humorous writer Henry Mayhew. The first Editor was Mark Lemon, who was in sole control until his death in 1870 and among the earliest contributors were Gilbert and Beckett, Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, Thomas Hood, the poet, and the artists Leech and Tenniel, the last named famous for his collaboration with Lewis Carroll. Thackeray contributed his "Book of Snobs" and Hood his immortal "Song of the Shirt".

Later Editors included Tom Taylor, well known as a writer of comedies in the last century, Sir Francis Burnand and Sir Owen Seaman. *Punch* is, of course, the well-known character in a popular puppet show of Italian origin. As shown in this journal, however, he is called "Mr. Punch". *Punch* artists—Tenniel, Linley, Sambourne, Sir Bernard Partridge and others—have frequently pictured him in their cartoons as symbolising the sound commonsense of British mentality.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



FRANCE has just recovered from a fever. It was not the fever of an ineffectual government or of the uncontrollable and indisciplined franc nor had it anything to do with the agitation of the workers. This fever was a mixture of fear and a long-nursed hankering and it has been burning her up for years and years. It was the one thing which France was determined to fight, regardless of political chaos at home and resentment abroad. It was France's Ruhr fever.

The Ruhr, named after one of the tributaries of the Rhine, is the area along both the banks of the river from north of Cologne right up to the Dutch border. It stretches more specifically from the ports of Dusseldorf and Duisberg Ruhrort eastward through to Dortmund. From here came one-third of the steel and two-thirds of the coal produced in Europe before the war, excluding, of course, that produced in the Soviet. From the time of Napoleon I right up to the present day, France's desire has been to control the Rhine Valley. It showed itself two hundred years ago in the formation of the "Rhenish League" and the "Confederation of the Rhine". Alfred de Musset's famous song "Nous l'aurons votre Rhin Allemand" has remained a theme-song of France until today.

International control of the Ruhr has been a bee in the French bonnet from 1947. At first she wanted the Ruhr to be detached from Germany and set up as a separate State under international control. Later she demanded that the Ruhr industries, if not the Ruhr itself, should be internationally owned. More recently still, she has desired not only control of that industrial region but

a disposal of the concentration of the industrial power which was upsetting the "economic balance of power in Europe" by giving Germany too great a superiority in steel over her neighbours. She has argued that it was more sensible to take Ruhr coal to the Lorraine and work it in French plants than for the iron ore from Lorraine to be carried to the Ruhr and worked in the German plants. French dependence on German coal should, she felt, be balanced by German dependence on French steel and only then would France be a rejuvenated nation. To her fear of the revival of Germany as a centralised European power has been added in recent times the fear of the probable danger to the West of a Russo-German alliance. France won her point on the internationalisation issue at the London Conference on West Germany in March this year. But this agreement put more emphasis on the control of distribution of Ruhr products. The question of ownership of the industries was again bypassed.

But establishing international trusteeship proved to be easier said than done. Especially since the European Recovery Programme came into being. Quite clearly Germany could not be left an industrial back-water right in the heart of Europe. The other factor was the ever increasing conflict between the East and the West. It was necessary to strengthen the Western zones of Germany and improve industrial production for the eventual establishment of a strong West-German government. All these divergent and conflicting policies left their mark on the London Agreement not only, as Mr. William Diebold Jr. said, "in its precise terms, but in its ambiguities and its



Winter

Old grandma warms her hands at the fire in the little earthen pot. The cold wind blows through the bare branches of the trees as they scatter their last leaves. Along the winding, dusty lane a bullock-cart creaks and jolts, while its driver draws his chudder tight against the penetrating cold. On the road and in the hut, in the fields and under the trees, everyone looks forward to the warmth and comfort of a cup of tea. There is no refreshment so universal, so cheap, so satisfying and so easy to get.



Tea

Any Time is Tea Time

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silences". The London Conference had started with disagreement even over what precisely was the Ruhr. France held that the area east of the Rhine, including Cologne and the Aachen coalfields should comprise the industrial area while Britain and the United States insisted that the region referred to formed part of what is known as the *Rutu Gebiet*. Even the Agreement only maintained in vague terms that "the resources of the Ruhr shall not in the future be used for the purpose of aggression but shall be used in the interests of peace.... Access to the coal, coke and steel of the Ruhr (shall) be in the future guaranteed without discrimination to the countries of Europe operating for the common economic good". An international authority made up of representatives of the United States, United Kingdom, France, the Benelu countries and Belgium was to have right of inspection of the industries but not right of ownership as France had proposed. There was also to be a preliminary "control period" in which, as far as non-security measures were concerned, Germans also were to have a voice and the whole Agreement was to work, idealistically enough, until "the peace of Europe" was secured.

France didn't like it at all. True, the Agreement met the French demand for an international regime for Germany's key industries, but it certainly did not put any check on Germany's economic activity or industrial development. France found it impossible to reconcile herself to leaving the production and management of the industries in German hands, especially as Germany, since the currency reform, had made an astonishing recovery. German industry in December was producing 300,000 tons of coal a day and the general

overall production was almost touching the 80% mark of the 1936 level. Nor did France like the halting in the reparations programme. What was to stop Germany, she asked, from going from strength to strength and dominating Europe economically and later militarily? America, obsessed by her own fear of Russian aggression and the probable collapse of the E.R.P. and quite willing to ignore the potential dangers of a 'strong Germany had not much sympathy to waste on France.

Last month at another conference of representatives of the relevant powers in London, it was realised that in the name of Western unity, certain concessions had to be made to France. The conference thereupon decided to set up a Military Security Board which would have "general responsibilities for the maintenance of disarmament and demilitarization in the interest of security". The question of the ultimate ownership of the Ruhr industries, however, was left undecided, but the western Allies were to retain control of the industries indefinitely and to "ensure that the German authorities do not institute, carry out or permit artificial or discriminatory transport, price and trade practices, quotas, tariffs and similar governmental measures or commercial arrangements which would distort the movement of Ruhr coal, coke and steel in international trade". France's reaction to the new proposals has been more favourable, and naturally criticism in Berlin has been without exception, condemnatory. France rather desperately hopes that the new agreement would prove the means by which a democratic and peaceful Germany can be created and made to play its part in Europe as a responsible and dependent member.



If we begin with certainties, we shall end in doubts; but if we begin with doubts, and are patient in them, we shall end in certainties.—BACON.

KING OF A GREAT GAME

by C. H. V. PATHY

ON the new year day I cannot think of a better subject for an article than Don Bradman who has again hit the headlines, this time not because he bagged another effortless century but due to the fact that he has been Knighted.

Cricket has produced several celebrities, Plum Warner, W. G. Grace, Ranji, Hobbs and Duleep but with the possible exception of Ranji, no other wielder of the willow has had such a non-stop run of glory as this quiet, shy man from Australia who, after achieving celebrity, has turned his attention to the more profitable pasture of business.

Very few people who have been transported to the ethereal region of joy after witnessing one of his crisp, clean innings in the field know the full story of his life, of how marriage proved to be a turning point in his life. One of his biographers has stated that two years after his marriage, Don acquired a more mature, philosophic outlook on life, on success, on career and last but not least, cricket itself.

How this boy from the bushes was catapulted to fame reads like a page from romance. Unlike others who had to struggle hard, Bradman was a born genius and achieved fame even at the age of 21. For three years, he played cricket, watched it, wrote cricket, dreamed cricket. It was with him something more than a game, it was part of his life itself.

Wading through the files of musty newspapers the other day, I discovered that Don Bradman, the lad from Bowral, took his first step in cricket with the branch of a gum tree for his bat and a kerosene oil tin for the wicket. The pretty little daughter of a local branch manager was his most admiring spectator. He played in braces and knickerbokers then and hit his maiden century at the age of twelve!

It was a mere chance that made him deputise for an absentee in the

school team and he hit up a century.

Romance was lurking round the corner. The shy, little girl who admired him from across the fence was destined to play a great part in his life. It was a great source of disappointment to him to see that the girl moved from Bowral to Sydney. But fate again intervened and Don was asked to participate in a match at Sydney. Soon after he became a regular player.

At the peak of his success he proposed to the girl who witnessed the first tender shoots of his success at the age of 12. The marriage was solemnised in 1932.

His biographer states that he undertook his honeymoon trip to Canada with Arthur Mailey's team. Mrs. Bradman had the distinction of being the solitary woman member to accompany the team.

After his return from the Canadian tour, he moved from Sydney to Adelaide. He fast became a legendary figure. He became the wonder batsman of the world. He outsoared Hobbs and Sutcliffe, put Duleep into the shade. He became the skipper of his home team in all the Test matches and saw to it that the ashes were retained in Australia.

Several tongues and pens have sung and written about his achievements. But what fascinates the lay reader about him is his masterful personality. Added to his power for concentration is what is called his instinct for power. He is reputed to have one of the coolest brains in the world. Had he taken to politics, he could have been equally successful. Aside from the game of cricket which has lost the initial interest for him, he is devoted to his home. He plays golf, loves music and books. When he plays on the piano, one would easily take him to be primarily an artist, rather than a sportsman. As a businessman he

is reported to have made his mark. Equally notable is his capacity for friendship.

He has a subtle sense of humour. In one match he got a duck. One of his ardent admirers said that he was disappointed because he had come to witness a century. "Oh," said Don, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I am off to golf now. Come and watch me there, for I am sure you will see me make a century".

Success has not turned his head. There is a remarkable absence of ego in those lovely after-dinner speeches he makes occasionally.

It is this charming, ever-green personality that has been singled out from the kingdom of sport for the distinction of Knighthood this year.

LINGUISTIC COMMISSION REPORT

by D. V. RAMA RAO

WHATEVER might be said regarding the merits or defects of the Linguistic Commission Report, in some respects, it cannot be said to be quite logical. For instance, the Commission holds the view that linguistic provinces would engender and perpetuate narrow provincialism. If that were so, the Commission should have recommended the scrapping up of the existing linguistic provinces. The Commission, too, apprehends that none of the new linguistic provinces, if formed, would be self-sufficient. If Tamilnad and Andhradesh each with an estimated annual revenue of not less than twenty crores, which works at a per capita income of Rs. 10 cannot be self-sufficient, a good many existing provinces which have far lesser annual revenues and per capita incomes should, to be consistent, have been recommended to be merged with neighbouring provinces so as to make self-sufficient units.

It is happy to note, however, that the Commission admits the existence of genuine grievances of linguistic minorities but beyond the expression of a hope that the Central Government would allay such grievances it does not seem to go for in making any specific recommendations. In this connection may be mentioned that it has been repeatedly pointed out that it is the continuance of defective and unfair domicile rules

I asked Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer the other day when I met him at his residence at Madras whether he had met Bradman. He replied that there was hardly anyone at Sydney who had not heard about "our harbour, our bridge and our Don".

I consider it a rare coincidence that my first article in the year of grace 1949 should be not about Nehru or the Nizam, about food and cloth shortage but about a man whom I have seen only on the silver screen. But there are thousands in this country and the world over who would go nuts over the achievements of Sir Don Bradman.

He is verily the King of a great game. Age has not withered his greatness. He is still capable of pulling out a century from his bag with effortless ease.

and non-recognition of the just language needs of linguistic minorities, especially in bi-lingual areas of some provinces, that have been primarily responsible for the emergence of the linguistic minority problem. Indeed, the appointment of a linguistic minorities and bi-lingual areas committee should have preceded the appointment of the Linguistic Provinces Commission. For, whether linguistic provinces are formed or not, linguistic minorities would continue to exist in the bi-lingual areas of most of the border districts of provinces. It is to be hoped the Central authorities and the newly appointed committee consisting of the Congress President Dr. Pattabhi, Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel would give requisite attention to this much neglected problem of linguistic minorities in bi-lingual areas.

Lastly, it is interesting to note that while the Linguistic Commission is definitely against bringing in the linguistic principle in any future re-formation of provinces, Mr. V. P. Menon, Political Adviser to the States Ministry, as reported, gave out that one of the considerations for the decision to merge Mayurbhanj with Orissa was linguistic. Evidently, whatever the Linguistic Commission might say against the linguistic principle, the Central Government, at any rate, recognise it.

Short Story

"The Mother"

by Santa Devi

THE elder daughter-in-law was busy with her toilet. On her bed, beside the dressing table, lay three gold-embroidered Benares saris. Mukul ran her comb briskly through the mass of her hair while she tried to decide whether the sleeveless brocade blouse or the yellow jacket decorated with the wide Surati gold border would be more suitable for her.

A lacquer casket stood on her dressing table with a string of pearls and a sparkling diamond necklace on it. Mukul was not satisfied with her coiffure; it came too low down on the nape of her neck. She undid it and then with a large comb pushed the thick strands of her hair up, nearly on the middle of her head. Tying the base of her long tresses with a ribbon, she looked into the full-length mirror before her and surveyed the effect. Ah, was it not becoming? Tiny ringlets, beneath the high coiffure, hung at the smooth white nape of her neck—like a picture from the Ajanta! Was it not a shame to cover up such a coiffure with the veil?

Her husband's younger sister entered the room and stared at her, surprised. "Heavens", she said, "Is it Dada's wedding today? The new sister-in-law is far below you in beauty and now, if you dazzle each and every person by dressing up in that manner then nobody would even notice the poor thing!"

"What must I do, may I know?" Mukul retorted. "Would it please you all if I smear some ink on my face and throw away my saris and ornaments into a dust-bin? Well, then, say so—and it might be done!"

Poor Maya, being a good-natured soul, hastily softened down and said, "Of course not, dear: who else should dress up but you, with no children to torture you all day long, as in our case?" "Well, that is the problem!" said Mukul pouting. "you cannot help being jealous of

my childlessness and yet you weep your heart out until a noisy little fiend comes and settles on your lap! I never cared for such stuff. A Bengali child is a perpetual nuisance. I would have had to go without food and sleep—and so, it is better as it is!"

"But even then", Maya replied, "I have never heard of a woman liking a lonely home, empty of children!"

Mukul did not answer. She draped the purple Benaresi around herself and walked out of her room, fixing the veil over her head.

Maya's aunt entered the room panting breathlessly. "Bowma", she said, "the pantry door is wide open. All the sweets will be stolen, dear!" "Mukul is frightfully busy with her saris and jewellery," replied Maya. "Has she any spare time to take charge of the pantry? It is only a few seconds since she went out of here. We must bear the burden of the whole world—even when our children are constantly at our heels—while ladies like her are so busy eating and sleeping that they have no time for work!"

"Bless the little dears!" said her aunt. "God grant them long life! It is just because you have come that I see some fresh little faces and so forget my misery. Otherwise this house is nothing but a hospital! Dada groans with his gout in his room, while I gasp with asthma in mine. The boys are untraceable the whole day—they do not turn up till ten at night. And our daughter-in-law is, of course, unique! Her sole concerns are the shops, the tailor and the jeweller. If she had a little thing in her lap, she would be staying at home, just to fondle it for a while".

Maya said, "Seven years have passed since her marriage. When will she ever have a child? She is as old as I am. She ought to see a doctor

now. If I try to tell her, she will eat me up, of course!"

"Will she not eat you up!" replied her aunt. "Why should she have such a fate even if she had not such a nature? Does anyone in this modern age realise that motherhood is the result of the strictest penance? Eight years after my aunt's wedding, my grandmother pushed a second wife into my uncle's home. The virtuous lady bore everything patiently all her life and never blamed anyone but her fate. All her life she scorned delights and lived laborious days".

"What is the use of telling such old tales?" Maya said. "We will be glad enough if the new bride makes our family grow! But she also is a grown-up girl of nineteen. Who knows what sort she is?"

The aunt answered, "Her mother has five sons and three daughters, I have heard. *That* made us bring her, hoping she would have two or three at least. Otherwise, we do not bring a bride just to spend some money!"

Mukul heard her words as she returned to the room. Her face darkened for a moment, but she entered the room with a forced smile on her lips. Even then, she heard Maya saying, "Father built this huge house and mother made it the home of her heart's desire. It is also full of memories of my grandmother. But what is the use of all this, if Mukul has no children?"

"Why, dear", said Mukul, as she stepped across the threshold, "is there any cause for such anxiety? Everybody is not like me! And even then your children are there and they might take care of the household".

(2)

Mukul led a contented life, with her youth, beauty, ornaments and wardrobe. Being one of five children of a middle-class family, she never was much acquainted with wealth or luxury. When, seeing her wealthy friends and relations she also wished to wear a Benares sari, she had to be satisfied with a cotton one. When she wanted jewels to sparkle all over her with each movement of her young body, she had to adorn herself only with a pair of shell-bracelets

around her wrists. Her heart shed silent tears but she could not protest as she knew she was one of five children of poor parents. Her clear white complexion brought her sudden luck and she was married into a wealthy man's home! Now, all the unfulfilled desires and untasted pleasures—whose existence she had feared to admit even to herself—crowded towards her, each with its individual claims. She did not forget to satisfy any of her desires. Even now, one desire was giving rise to another. Seven years of luxurious living had made Mukul realise that there was no end to human desire. If, throughout life, each new desire could be fulfilled, what object was left to be yet desired? This was life. But the fresh little face of a child never peeped into this bower of complete happiness.

But Mukul woke up from her dreams after her brother-in-law's wedding and realised that there was a stir of anxiety in the whole family. It was eight months or so, since the arrival of the younger daughter-in-law. She was not keeping well. Her mother wanted her to be sent home immediately. Mukul had come to her husband's study, to make the necessary arrangements.

In the sultry summer afternoon Jayant Babu lay stretched on his easy-chair under the electric fan and tried to discover the special features of Mussolini's character. But the soft enticement of sleep had nearly made him forsake Mussolini when Mukul came in and, running her fingers through his hair, said, "Listen, darling! the day after tomorrow is an auspicious one and so, if you can inform them today, at your convenience, they can take her away early that day".

Jayant put his legs down from the arm of the chair and sat up. "Why will they take her away now?" he asked in a hoarse, inaudible voice.

Mukul shook her husband by his shoulder and said, "Now stop being a fool! As if you know nothing. It will be her first child and we should send her to her father's. Who would be able to take care of her like her mother?"

Jayant looked at Mukul's face and said, "Even Sukant is to be a father before long! I feel so tickled when I remember him with his books tucked under his arm, scheming to miss his college classes, just a few days ago!"

Jayant laughed but his laughter sounded discordant even in Mukul's ear. "Well, dear!" he continued, playing with the many bangles around her wrists. "Now Sukant will be the master of the house and when we grow old we would have to live on his children's charity. Let us rather leave this sham home and lead a hermit's life in the woods! What do you think of the idea?"

Mukul's heart gave a great leap. How could she, being a woman, remain oblivious of this fact so long? She suddenly realised that this gorgeous life, like a bouquet of spring flowers, was profuse in its colour and fragrance but it yielded no fruit in this mysterious creative nature. A pain wrenched her heart when she thought that her husband had realised it even before her. Yet she went and sat very close to Jayant and twisting around her finger the border of her red Dacca sari, murmured in an injured tone, "Why! are we two not enough for each other? Is our own present happiness absolutely worthless? Should everything depend upon the future?"

Jayant patted her cheek and replied, "Of course this has a value, Mukul! But how long is the present—less than a moment, don't you think so? Surely, life means a tiny past and a vast future. We live our lives just for that future!"

"Great heavens! Now, stop your metaphysical lectures, please!" exclaimed Mukul. "Such things will not get into my brain. If you are so very impatient of the present, then why not go and marry again, like the gentlemen of old!"

"Stop it, Mukul", Jayant said. "I do not want such words from your lips. Plenty of old gossips are still living to say them".

So this topic had been discussed already! Her seven-year-old home, her very own husband—could these people of the *twentieth* century think

easily and with one accord of snatching all this away from her? Her eyes filled with tears. Drawing away from her husband, she said, "So, you all discussed this and still you kept it a secret from me? Excellent!" she could not think of any more words.

Jayant said, "Must I come and whisper into your ear, every word that others say to hurt you?"

Mukul replied in a hurt voice, "Why should you ever tell me, if you like to hear them yourself!"

Jayant did not answer. He lay back again in the easy-chair and began turning the pages of a book. After a few moments' silence Mukul said, "Will you not tell me who these 'old gossips' were? After living with me for seven years you just listened to their words patiently—could you not give a proper answer?"

"Goodness!" exclaimed Jayant, annoyed. "Why should I answer—they were not talking to me! I just heard them talking among themselves. People always do say such things in these cases—there is nothing to be so sore about it!"

"So you will also say so?" Mukul said and then she stalked out of the room in a temper.

(3)

Mukul had never stayed at her father's place after her marriage. She did not like to display there her new wealth and splendour. She was born of poor parents, so how could she hurt her father's pride by showing off her present wealth?

But she was terribly hurt because Jayant had refused to name the 'old gossips' who had wanted to bring him another wife. And so she went away to her parents.

Her parents had a simple household. Both the brothers were married and their wives had babies. The joys, the anxiety and the pleasures of the family centred around the two little children. The elder daughter-in-law, Sudha's daughter was a tiny tot, only two and a half years old and the younger daughter-in-law, Beena, had a year old son. Sudha's little girl Tuke would either lisp stray lines from nursery rhymes all day long or twist and turn her chubby

little arms and legs in a dance. Sometimes she would push up her fat cheeks in anger and, hiding her face, would say, "I shan't talk with you". Then Sudha, forgetting all her house-work would run to pick her up in her arms and kiss her till she forgot her anger.

The whole house was of course mad about the baby-boy. He was the first son born in the family. His mother, when she finished cooking, would take him on her lap and after dressing him for the evening would put a 'kajal' mark on his forehead, while she sang a nursery song that would drive the evil eye away from her child. His father and uncle would inquire after the baby-boy the moment they returned from the office.

The baby's eyes were heavy with sleep. His mother gathered him close into her arms and rocking him gently, sang a lullaby:

*"My treasure, oh, my treasure!
Useless is the life of one
Who has not such a treasure!"*

The baby clasped his mother's necklace in his tiny fist and cuddled closer to her bosom.

The growing agony in Mukul's heart made her realise that these rhymes were not mere, empty words. The innermost feelings of innumerable mothers have been gathered up throughout the ages into this little song. Suddenly, she got up and ran into the special room of the family idol. Prostrating herself before the idol, she clasped her palms together and cried, "Oh God, I have never appealed to you before! I am driven to appeal to you today. Give me a child in my arms, even if it be blind or lame, but never, dear God, let my husband have another wife!"

(4)

Mukul had come back to her husband's home. When she discovered that her urgent prayer had been fulfilled she could no longer stay away from her husband. He should be the first to hear the good news.

The moment she returned home Mukul brought out all her silk saris

and began to cut them into small pieces. What was the use of stuffing her wardrobe with them? It was better to make garments out of them for the long-awaited child.

"What is all this?" exclaimed Jayant as he entered the room, "Are you mad? There are enough silk-houses in the market. Your child will not be in want of clothes".

"No, no, it is not so," said Mukul shyly. "I am cutting them because I do not like to wear them anymore". Her face saddened and she said, "I do not know whether I will live or die after having a child at this age. Then you will regret seeing an almirah full of saris; or the second wife might come and wear them. You were getting married after all! I served as an obstacle just for a few months".

All right, all right!" Jayant said. "There is no need to talk rubbish. All the women of Europe and America are having children at this age and Death opens its jaws only in your case!"

But Mukul was truly afraid. She tried to check this fear by giving sound lectures to her troubled self. Death would come to a person some day, so it was better to die now than stagger through the whole length of a long, useless life. In her short lease of life she had known all the pleasures that any Hindu woman could desire. If, now, at the time of her death, she could die in the glory and hope of perpetuating her husband's lineage, then what did it matter if she did not see the same sun-rise and sun-set and have the same food and drink for another twenty-five years!

The loud blowing of conches in Jayant's house mingled with the 'Durga-puja' music. Everyone, from the old aunt to Maya, was busy. Mukul gave birth to a son. The aunt shouted, "I say, you people, go and call Dada! Tell him to bring guineas with him. The glory of our family has at last come".

The nurse brought the baby near Mukul. What a helpless, pathetic little face! Seeing the baby, Mukul's heart filled with love and trembled with misgiving. Would she be able to sustain such happiness? God, let this child live long to bless her!

(5)

Mukul's son is a year old now. But Mukul's happy smile has disappeared from her face. Her son has not yet learned to turn round or sit up or speak. She has tried every doctor in the city of Calcutta but it is an incurable ailment. The child's spinal column was deformed from his birth. It will remain so throughout his life.

The child has learnt to recognise his mother: he smiles when he sees her and cries when she goes away. The doctor says that his brain will develop normally but he will have to depend on others, throughout his life.

Mukul says, "If God did take everything away from my child, He could have also deprived it of its brain. It would not have understood its misfortune then!"

Every time the boy smiles at his mother, her eyes are filled with tears. Mukul's eyes are red with continuous weeping. She attends to the baby, day and night. Jayant tries to console her. "Listen, dear!" he says. "All the fingers of a hand are not identical. Must you kill yourself just because of one such child? You can live to have five healthy children. All will not be like him".

"I do not wish to live to have five more children", replies Mukul. "I had selfishly asked God to give me any child, whether blind or lame. God has punished me rightly! It would have been better if you had another wife. I would then have been the sole sufferer! My baby whom I love more than life, would not then have to suffer throughout life, just to save me from childlessness".—Rendered from the original Bengalee by Shyamasri Nag.

Women, then, are only children of a larger growth: they have an entertaining tattle, and sometimes wit: but for solid, reasoning good-sense, I never knew in my life one that had it, or reasoned or acted consequentially for four and twenty hours together.—The Earl of Chesterfield in A Letter To His Son.

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THE SCOUT MOVEMENT

by J. VIJAYATUNGA

THEY say that the Irish who were the first to wear the kilt got rid of it by handing it to the Scots who have not seen through the joke to this day. I feel that in the same way India is going to hold somebody else's baby without realising that the joke is on her. The baby I refer to is the Scout movement. I have very decided opinions on this and can speak with some authority and the recent news that the three organisations known as the Hindustan Scouts, Boy Scouts and Girl Guides are to be merged into one and that Justice Vivian Bose, Chief Justice of the Nagpur High Court has been entrusted by the Central Government to draft the final constitution prompts me to speak out.

Ceylon was ahead of India in introducing "Scouting" so-called. The Buddhist College which I attended had, under Principal F. L. Woodward, the world-famous Pali scholar, resisted suggestions for the formation of a Cadet Corps as being against Buddhist ethics. But there was no military training for Scouts and this college was the first to introduce Scouting, and I was one of the first batch to enlist. In course of time the Englishman who was our Scout-Master and who had extended the movement all over Ceylon was invited to organise the Indian Boy Scouts Association to counteract the spreading of the "unswadeshi" Boy Scouts of India, then confined to Anglo-Indians and missionary schools. Though only a lad of sixteen, I was sent in 1918, under the auspices of the I.B.S.A., to Ahmednagar, to train Scouts there and my first Scouts were Achyut and his brother (Rao) Purushottam Patwardhan. I lived with the Patwardhan family for nine months and came to regard Maharashtra and Maharashtrians with special esteem.

In 1920-1921 I organised the Scout movement in Travancore and in Cochin, travelling extensively in those two States. Not only did I

train the local students as Scouts but I enrolled the prominent citizens at each place and trained them to be Scout-Masters and in general to be patrons of Scouting. In Trivandrum, Prof. R. Srinivasan and Shri Ananda Rao, former Head Sircar Vakil, were my keenest supporters and sharp at six every morning for some six weeks they used to report at the local parade ground for drill and exercises. In Trichur, most of the members of the local bar (Mr. Ikkanda Warriar, present Premier of Cochin and Mr. Balakrishna Menon and Mr. Sankar Puduval prominent among them) underwent training under me. At each place the most flamboyantly worded addresses were presented to me on leaving and the farewells were tender though the "purse" was always small. At Trichur, for example, where the most influential citizenry had taken to "Scouting" my "farewell purse", a small string bag, contained *thirty rupees!* This after I had trained nearly a thousand Scouts and nearly a hundred adults!

Our intention at that time was to discourage people from regarding the Scout movement as a whole-time career organisation with scales of pay and prospects of promotion. That was why we enlisted the help of the important local citizens and got them to take part in outings, camps and games. The movement was intended to supplement the school activities which consisted and consist mainly of studying and cramming for examinations. Then, (as now) teachers were not interested in the plants and trees of the countryside, in the birds and the beasts, and in the rivers and lakes and the sand and loam which surrounded them. There is to this day the most astounding ignorance of and indifference to local flora and fauna. Ask the first person you meet for the name of a tree or plant or point out to him a bird other than the crow and he would shake his

head to signify that he does not know and that he cares less. The Scout movement, we believed, could remove this ignorance and indifference by taking boys and adults out to the country more often. Also camping out of doors is a splendid training to bring out self-reliance in boys used to too much mollycoddling. It also helped to bring together boys and men of different castes and even Hindus and Muslims. Parade ground drill was reduced to the minimum. Drill and marching do help in giving one an erect carriage and in moving through crowds in an orderly manner but except in the hands of the most careful, can be overdone. There is a hypnotic effect in "Left-Right" which prevents the instructor from stopping when he should. Like the dentist's drill, parade-ground drill must never be resorted to except very sparingly.

To come to Scouting itself. Baden-Powell was an army Scout, that is to say, he reconnoitred the lay-out of the enemy as a preliminary to attack. In plainer words he was an army spy. But in the course of his work he developed his senses of smell, hearing and observation to such an extent that on coming back to civilian life he thought that the spirit of Scouting could be helpful to English boys, chiefly those in industrial towns. We must remember that playing at Red Indians and getting scalps is something that appeals instinctively to the English boy. He developed the idea, and inculcated truthfulness, integrity and patriotism into Scouting; at the same time he aroused the interest of boys in star-lore and in tying parcels neatly. Perhaps my desire to tie a parcel neatly and to use the right knot in the right place is due to the Scout training. Or perhaps it is some predisposition from birth. Baden-Powell invented a number of games which did away with the "onlooker" as in cricket and football and which reduced paraphernalia and cost to a minimum. He gave a great deal of woodcraft lore and camping lore, most of it gained from other sources, in his book *Scouting for Boys*. An elementary

knowledge of First Aid, what to do in case of a fire, how to save a drowning person, what to do if you lost your way in a forest (if you ever found yourself in one)—all this was excellent, for European boys as well as for Oriental boys.

But the name "Scout" was an unhappy one, doubly so for Asian boys. "Girl Guide" was worse and applied to Indian girls, absurd. Both terms are the subject of much badinage in English music-halls. I had no idea what an unreal place the Scout movement had in everyday life until I went to England. I had expected to see Boy Scouts helping old ladies across the street at every few yards. Actually I did not see more than half a dozen Boy Scouts in as many years in England. Scout troops exist but it has not caught on as it should have done in the land of its birth. Jamborees and other international gatherings are conducted under the auspices of various Governments more for imperial ends.

Then the uniform. While the English boy with his love for dressing up as a Red Indian might delight in all those tags and bits of ribbon flying from shoulder straps and from stocking-tops, they are utterly absurd on the person of the Indian boy. Nor are scarves round the neck, sensible (though loud) in a cold climate, suitable for us. Similarly, whistles, whistle-cords, lathis, hunting knives and all that silly paraphernalia can be done away with. A half-sleeves bush-coat, cut short and worn over shorts is, I think, the best uniform for Indian boys. The colour should *not* be khaki. A dull yellow or dull ochre, or a dark cream colour would be the best. Khaddar would do for the warmer places and woollen for colder. Punjabi pattern chappals in warm weather and worn with hose in cold weather would be appropriate. A cloth cap for warm weather and a turban for colder weather are my suggestions. No ribbons, no tags, no stars, no badges of any sort.

But the first thing to do is coin a new name. *Bala Samiti* or something similar. Our intention should be to

incorporate the best ideas of Scouting, chiefly the woodcraft part of it, into this organisation. It must not be a military organisation like Mussolini's *Balilas* nor a meat-and-muscle affair like the Czech *Sokol*.

Next, those who wish to engage in this kind of boys' work should be public-spirited citizens from any walk of life but who want to do the work for the love of it, not for money or for other material gains. At present most of those actively in charge of this kind of work are over-worked, under-paid, domestically-harassed school-masters who have taken it up in the hope that some day with luck they would catch the eye of the local Collector or some such official. There is nothing to prevent Crown Prosecutors or even Ministers of Finance from taking charge of troops of boys and from taking them out camping and hiking, but it is no use for them to look upon this movement as something they could lend their patronage to, for affording them opportunities for making speeches after arriving for such occasions in state. To make my meaning clearer: We have in the movement today as patrons the Governor of the province and other big officials. Few of these people have any idea of what the movement stands for or should stand for, and they do not care to step down from their high office and dress in the uniform of the boys and go marching with them along dusty roads to reach a camp in rustic surroundings. There are boys' camps in England in which the King when he was Duke of York used to take part once a year, sharing in every activity. And there are peers who hold office in the Baden-Powell movement who do not think it beneath their dignity to go camping with boys drawn from various classes of society. If we could achieve this in India we should get a class of elders who take to this work *without being paid a salary* but because it helps them to forget the

hollow dignity of their official status and gives them an opportunity of doing a piece of real national work, for the character-building aspects of this movement, if interpreted properly, are immense.

Troops can be attached to schools and colleges but every opportunity should be used for forming troops of boys according to locality and not because they belong to a particular school. And public-spirited elders must come forward to help form clubs and troops among the poorer boys, and, in towns, among the slum population.

There should be no control whatever by the Government but the Government should show its appreciation of the educational value of this movement by providing, where necessary, equipment and clubs and affording free transport for parties going camping or on tours.

Above all, it is more important to draw up a plan of what the movement aims to teach and inculcate in the young than to draw up a constitution. In England, the Baden-Powell movement is going further and further into the background while "Woodcraftsmen" and Hikers are coming to the fore. These have hardly a constitution but they believe in the value of outdoor life. In America too the official Boy Scouts are being eclipsed by the *Woodcraftsmen*. In India where schools emphasise book-learning and ignore character-building and nature-lore we must get away from too much of club-life and parade-ground ceremonies, from uniforms and badges and from ranks and officialdom.

Under a different name, *without official status*, with the emphasis on hiking, camping, and nature-lore, boys' movements can play a great part in the training of the youth of India. But if we begin with constitutions and Commissioners and all the ballyhoo of officialdom—well, that way lies futility.—(Copyright).

It takes a very unusual mind to undertake the analysis of the obvious.—A. N. WHITEHEAD.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

"Invest me in my motley, Give me leave to speak my mind."

RETURNING to Madras after twelve years' exile—I hasten to add that it was due neither to moral turpitude nor to conflict with authority established by law but to a, to me, inexplicable lack of appreciation of my talents by the local captains of industry and the potentates of the Press—I was agreeably impressed by the many physical changes that had been wrought in the city during my absence. The paved and paved roads, the traffic islands and, *pace* a large volume of criticism, the transport facilities, contrasted most favourably with the city where I had previously sojourned which has earned, with entire justification, the title of the filthiest city in the East.

Trying to pick up old threads after a more than decade long hiatus was however a melancholy business. Many had passed over, some were pursuing Mammon with a singleness of purpose that left neither room for the exercise of the social graces nor leisure to chew the cud of reminiscence, while an unfortunate few had glided so far down the descent of Avernus that it were vain to throw them a rope. Nor was I amply provided with rope.

Left to my own resources and finding myself no pleasant company, I sought distraction. I turned, naturally and inevitably, to, I had almost written "the cup that cheers but not inebriates" but remembered, in time, that the cardinal sin is the *cliche*, "the beaker full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene, with beaded bubbles winking at the brim." Ominous clouds, however, soon gathered on the horizon of those who believed in a moderate indulgence in the good things of life. On and from 2nd October last the demon, alcohol, has been banned with bell, book and candle. To this vexed subject of Prohibition, I hope to return later but I may be permitted to remind Congressmen that one of their most frequently used slogans was that good govern-

ment was no substitute for self-government. Is not moral reform, or, rather an unsuccessful effort at moral reform, a poor substitute for the invasion of personal freedom?

I digress. With one avenue of escape from boredom closed, at least to the law-abiding citizen who pays more than lip service to the law's dictates, I turned to the race course. Outwardly all seemed as before. The same crowds of perennial optimists were hithering and thithering in their foredoomed pursuit of something for nothing or almost nothing, business at the totalisator's and with the bookmakers was busier than in the olden days and there were more and more prettily dressed women than of yore. The men's attire, incidentally, had a slackness which bordered on the slovenly in an unsuccessful attempt to be informal. Other times, other manners, no doubt.

My satisfaction at revisiting these old haunts where I had spent many a pleasant, albeit unprofitable hour, was dimmed by the thought that the current season was going to be Madras racing's swan song. For, was it not common knowledge that, in the eyes of Government, racing, because of the gambling element involved in it, was Public Enemy No. 2 and was to be abolished as soon as the authorities could think up some other "popular" tax like the sales tax and select a few more unimportant items like the provision of better roads, hospitals, more schools, the development of electricity and the encouragement of industry, to a day when men do not swear or smoke or drink or gamble and women do not err; to a day, in short, when this fair Province—or, should I say, these fair Provinces of Tamil Nad, Andhra Desa, Kerala and Karnataka—is peopled by Sir Galahads and their feminine counterparts.

These feelings of gloom were, however, soon dissipated by a casual glance at the list of the new office-

bearers who had been elected by the Madras Race Club to be in charge of racing for the new year. Of the six Stewards, who are in entire control of racing in Madras and on whose efficient conduct of affairs the proper distribution of many hundreds of thousands of rupees of public money depends, no less than three, I discovered, were high officials of Government. One is the Inspector-General of Prisons, another is the Inspector-General of Police while the third is, appropriately enough, head of the Livestock Department of Government. Here, I exulted, is proof, indirect but none the less positive, that Government, aware of the large sums of money that were involved in racing and desiring to afford the public some form of entertainment alternative to boring musical films in crowded and unkempt cinema theatres, opening ceremonies by leaders and unfurlings of the National Flag on the slightest or no provocation, had decided not only to allow racing to continue but in their determination to make it clean, had instructed three of their high ranking officers to secure election to posts of authority in order, Cerberus-like, to keep a watchful eye on the wrong doers and other evilly disposed persons who are, unfortunately, to be found in every branch of human activity. I was soon informed that Government had had nothing to do with this election. Not even a D.O. had issued from the places whence such documents emanate.

If this was the case, I was led to wondering how these responsible officials of Government whose jurisdiction covered the entire Province found time and are capable of doing justice to the responsible work they had undertaken. It is well known that races are held almost every Saturday during the racing season and on some occasions on Wednesdays also. Only one Saturday in the month is a holiday and Wednesdays are full working days. I feel that it must be a great strain on these responsible officials, who have to finish their work on Saturdays by 1 p.m. and be present, as they must be by virtue of their office, at

the race course by about 2 p.m. in the afternoon. It is of course possible for very efficient officers to finish the day's work in the brief space of 2 hours and take on other onerous jobs in the afternoon. But it is not beyond the bounds of probability that an emergency may arise in the office on a Saturday afternoon which has to be met by immediate action. I presume that standing instructions have been issued to their assistants or deputies as to the course they must pursue in the face of such a crisis. It seems however undesirable that Government officials should be actively associated with the management of racing, the personnel of which is made up of men of varying degrees of wealth, education and honesty. While I do not for a moment suggest that their official positions will in any way influence their acts as racing officials, it cannot be gainsaid, however, that even today a large section of the public is intimidated by the very sight of a police uniform or the aura that attaches to Government service. The recent legal proceedings in which certain officials of the Race Club were involved disclosed to an interested public that beyond the smooth facade, there was a welter of intrigue, manoeuvring, charges and counter-charges in the Race Club.

I am informed on good authority that an attempt was made some time back by certain well intentioned persons to end the discord within the Race Club and bring about a friendly agreement amongst the rival groups in order to run the racing more efficiently and fairly and it was agreed that proxies should not be used at meetings of the controlling body of racing. It may perhaps be necessary to explain to the general public that proxy is a delegation by a person who is for any reason unable to be present at a meeting of any body or association of which he is a member of his right to vote or take part in the proceedings of that meeting to another. These are usually given in the case of meetings of joint stock companies where many shareholders find it inconvenient to attend and

be present to take an active interest in the affairs of the company. Decisions at such meetings usually relate to declaration of dividends and passing of balance sheets which are items of a routine nature and which usually do not involve debate or discussion. It seems a pity that it should be considered necessary in the administration of the affairs of a body like the Madras Race Club that proxies should be collected and used in arriving at decisions well within the competence of the persons present.

It is also a matter of public knowledge that action taken by the authorities of the Bombay Race Club has disclosed that many race horses are doped on the eve of

races and have thus been enabled to win races. Not being officially connected with racing in Madras, I have no means of knowing officially, in how many instances winning horses have had their saliva taken for examination, but it would appear that it has not been done so frequently as the public has a right to expect.

It is possible, perhaps probable, that I have been enabled to see only one side of the meadow. It would be well if Government issue a statement setting out their policy as regards racing in general and more especially as regards the propriety of their high officials being actively associated with the executive direction of outside bodies.—LEO.

IN SEARCH OF THE IDEAL NEWSPAPER

by EDWARD HODGKIN

LONDON: In spite of generally rising prices there are still a few things in Britain that cost the same as they did before the war; the penalty for pulling the communication cord in a train without reason is still no more than £5; the charge for local telephone calls in London from a public box is still only two pence; and for a penny one can still get a platform ticket on a station—or buy a daily newspaper.

This is a remarkable achievement on the part of the newspapers, but it is a question how long they are going to succeed in keeping up their record. Paradoxically, the only good news that newspaper proprietors have had in the last few months has set them worrying once again over their price problem.

Recently they were told by the President of the Board of Trade that on January 1, 1949, they were going to have more newsprint—not much more, but a little more. Good, they said; this will mean that we can print a six-page paper three days a week (and a four-page paper on the other days), instead of printing a four-page paper every day, as

at present. It will also mean (they said) that we can expand our circulation to meet the rising demand, instead of keeping it at the level it had reached in June 1947, as we have had to for the last 18 months.

This state of what Gilbert once called "modified rapture" was quickly clouded by doubts. Newsprint today costs an average of £43 (Rs. 573) a ton compared with £11. 10s. (Rs. 153) in 1939, so that although papers are less than a quarter their pre-war size, they have to foot as large a bill for newsprint as before. To use more newsprint will mean higher costs, which can only be offset by circulation revenue or increased advertising. It may be that the dailies will be able to put enough extra advertising on their new pages to meet the extra charges, though they are reluctant to do this, because they want the paper to print more news on. Circulation revenue by itself (at a penny a copy, one-third of which goes to the news-agent) cannot bridge the gulf.

Some of the papers, it is true, have already put up their prices.

The Times, which used to cost two pence, now costs three pence; the *Daily Telegraph* and the Communist *Daily Worker* have both gone up from a penny to a penny-half-penny. But it is the five national dailies, the *Daily Express*, *Daily Mail*, *Daily Herald*, *News Chronicle* and *Daily Mirror*, whose proprietors are anxiously waiting to see whether one of their number is going to raise his price—before following suit.

These papers gave up on the outbreak of World War II the circulation war they had been waging against each other spasmodically for many years. That war has not started again, and none of them wants to see it revived. But, oddly enough, their circulations have increased far more rapidly since 1939 than they ever did before. Today the London morning papers sell 16,000,000 copies every day; before the war they sold only 10,500,000; the London evening papers have almost doubled their circulation, and the Sunday papers have gone up from 16,000,000 to 27,000,000.

Even more striking, perhaps, has been the increase in the sales of daily papers published outside London—papers such as the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Yorkshire Post* and the *Birmingham Post*, which have the deserved reputation of providing some of the best independent journalism in the country.

There are many reasons for this increase in circulation. There is more demand for news and comment of every description. Weekly and monthly periodicals record increase no less spectacular than those of the dailies; book sales are only slightly lower than their wartime peak, and it is in fiction, rather than in political and economic books, that

the drop is most noticeable. The real trouble is that a new reading public has appeared on the scene just at the moment when the paper is not available with which to assuage its hunger for knowledge.

At this stage it is easy to say that this is due to a shortage of dollars. It is true that if Britain had enough dollars she could get all the newsprint she wanted, so that if the public wanted it they could presumably have 20-page papers once again instead of four-page papers. But what we in Britain really want is not just to go back to things as they were before the war, but to print papers which carry as much news, comment and pictures as the public has time for.

Before the war they had to put up with a good deal of material that was just wasting space. Yet by any standards we are short of paper in Britain today. Before the war the consumption per head of newsprint in Britain was 60 lb a year; today this has dropped to 15 lb. a head. In the United States the figure has increased from 56 to 70 lb. It is obvious that with less than a quarter of the American's ration, the average Englishman is badly off for information.

I think that one good thing about the present newsprint shortage is that it has set everybody—journalists and public alike—thinking what their ideal newspaper would be like. It has made competition among journalists keener, news reporting pithier and comment less wordy. The Press is not in the doldrums by any means; it is using the present difficult time to lay plans for the future by which, when the time comes, it will be able to be as good as the new critical public, which has grown up during the war, will expect it to be.

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

BOOKS & AUTHORS

'The Malayan Adventure'. By S. K. Chettur, I. C. S. (Published by the Basel Mission Press, Mangalore. Price Rs. 3).

This lively and well-told story of Mr. Chettur's two crowded years (between September 1945 and August 1947) in Malaya where he went "without particularly wanting to" as the Government of India's Representative is thrown out as a challenge to his detractors. It is a fairly objective record of his endeavour to solve the Indian labour problem in Singapore and make the presence of India a live and resurgent force throughout Malaya and the Far East by fighting India's food and economic battles and gaining recognition for the political rights and liberty of her nationals. Stormy days of repatriation tumults and heated press controversies on workers' wages go to illustrate that our envoys are sometimes made of sterner stuff than routine officials.

Diplomats' diaries seldom resemble good literature but *The Malayan Adventure* reads like a romance. It is by no means all rubber trees and tin mines but a vivid account of places visited and people met, always interesting and sometimes memorable. The thrilling visit of the dynamic Pandit Nehru is one of the highlights of Mr. Chettur's tale. His other interesting experiences include a meeting with Lord Mountbatten who has a genius for social contacts, Field-Marshal Montgomery whose betel is rather too well-known, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald whose fine manners heighten his able diplomacy and other men, big and small, with whom he had conversation on cabbages and kings, over cups of tea, bottles of whisky (with water when soda was not avail-

able, which was very often) and drinkers of 'old Tom Gin'. A homely fireside atmosphere is provided by the author's informal and intimate pen-picture of his charming Chinese Private Secretary,



S. K. Chettur

Mrs. Wong, 'vivacious in debate' with whom he had many 'pleasant disputes'. Even dry-as-dust food conferences are enlivened by Mr. Chettur's sense of humour.

Written in the racy, conversational style, the book holds the reader's attention right through. The attractive jacket depicts a colourful Malayan scene—not a bad setting for an adventure. The numerous photographs enhance the value of the book. D. ANJANEYULU.

The English people are not good haters, their memory is very short, their patriotism is largely unconscious, they have no love of military glory and not much admiration for great men. They have the virtues and the vices of an old-fashioned people. To twentieth-century political theories they oppose not another theory of their own, but a moral quality. The amount of liberty, intellectual and other, that we enjoy in England ought not to be exaggerated, but the fact that it did not markedly diminish in nearly six years of desperate war is a hopeful symptom.—George Orwell in *The English People*.

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.

"The Unfinished Revolution"

The SWATANTRA New-Year-Day editorial reads like the outpouring of a disillusioned intellectual. There can be little doubt that millions of people in this country share SWATANTRA'S disillusionment. This is the fruit of the peoples' blind faith on the Congress leadership. Like SWATANTRA, the people of this country gave their unstinted support to the leadership all these years. They believed that they have to say only "Yes" and leave all the thinking and deciding to the leaders. It is true that the Congress leaders enjoyed the confidence and trust of the hundreds of millions of our people when they were actively engaged in the movement for national freedom. The people's trust gave the leaders enormous power, the like of which one cannot find in the history of the world. But no observer can deny the fact that this unbounded power gradually led the leaders to believe that they are indispensable, they alone knew what was good for the people and the people should follow them blindly. Instead of acting as the mouthpiece of the people's opinions and desires, the leaders gradually began to move away from them. And now there is such a vast gulf between these leaders and the people that it is almost unbridgeable.

If one tries to look back and analyse the history of our National movement, it is not very difficult to understand how these leaders came to enjoy the confidence of the people. They have become leaders not as individuals, but as exponents of people's aspirations. Every student of Indian history knows that Pandit Nehru became a great leader not as an individual, but as the fearless champion of certain ideals which were dear to the heart of the people. All his early speeches and writings show him as a radical, uncompromising freedom-fighter, a bitter enemy of imperialism, a champion of the subject peoples, a friend of the under-dog, a firm believer in social revolution to end poverty and suffering once for all in this country, the herald of a new life for the people. Whenever Pandit Nehru's name is mentioned, it is these ideals and visions that come to one's mind. Similarly, all the Congress leaders became great

leaders not as individuals, but as representatives and spokesmen of the Congress, which had an ideal and a programme in which the people believed. Now that these leaders have come to power, their representative character can be determined only by the practical steps they have taken to fulfil the Congress programme. The SWATANTRA editorial makes it abundantly clear that these leaders have done nothing during the past three years to carry out their promises. The Congress organisation itself has almost become a tool in the hands of these dominant leaders who make use of it to hold on to their positions of power. The recent "Conduct Resolution" scandal showed how far from democratic the present Congress organisation is!

SWATANTRA seems to be very reluctant to learn from the past, for it still shows great confidence in Pandit Nehru's ability to do the right thing and appeals to him to do so. But one would like to ask: Has Pandit Nehru made a serious attempt during the past three years to tackle a single problem of our people? If one tries to compare Pandit Nehru's previous speeches and writings with his present-day actions, one can find nothing in common between them. They are poles apart. One's sincerity can be tested only in action. The anti-imperialist Nehru of the anti-British struggle of the Indian people is to-day the defender and inspirer of close ties with the imperialist British Commonwealth. He spares no effort to make the Indian people believe that Britain has shed imperialism. If one is to believe this, he has also to believe that Churchill is not an imperialist, for who does not know that Bevin to-day is following faithfully Churchill's footsteps in foreign policy? Can a nation's policy be both imperialist and anti-imperialist at the same time? The anti-Fascist Nehru of the thirties is to-day a leading light in the camp of the suppressors of all democratic civil liberties. How many thousands of people are there to-day in our jails, who have been denied a fair trial in an open court? The truth-loving Nehru of the Indian freedom movement is to-day a conscious or unconscious propagator of baseless charges against the progressive movement. Pandit Nehru's speeches and writings

inspired hundreds of thousands of our youth, who got their initial political education from them and stepped forward to spread his ideas far and wide. But to-day nobody can seriously suggest that the politically conscious youth of this country are nearer to Nehru. True, Pandit Nehru's meetings are still attended by hundreds of thousands of people all over the country, but it would be foolish to believe that the people who make up these huge crowds are politically educated. They go to hear him only because he is still in their minds the idol of the freedom movement, whose radical views they have heard and believe that he still holds them. They are bound to know the truth sooner or later and that will certainly open their eyes. Only the blind among these leaders can rely upon the support of these millions, whose opinions are sure to change as they gain more knowledge on the real state of affairs.

One can only wish that SWATANTRA's appeal is taken heed of by the leadership, but history and experience teach us that it is too much to expect it to do so, for it no longer represents the people but only a class—the capitalist-landlord class—whose interests it is out to protect at all costs. The interests of the people run counter to the interests of this small class and there can certainly be no meeting ground between them. Those who seek to kill the tiger inch by inch are also not likely to succeed in their efforts. The problems of our people can be solved only in a radical manner and unless vehicles of public opinion like SWATANTRA take a more determined step to rouse the consciousness of our people, the present leadership will sit tight and will do nothing.

Madras. R. L. NARAYAN.

Ex-Worshippers At The Imperialist Shrine

Your editorial in SWATANTRA of 1st January is an accurate commentary on the ruling party's achievements to date. But I take exception to one particular portion of it, which is about the fact that our Governments are employing the services of the former 'flunkies' and friends of the departed British administration. A convincing answer to this is contained in Pothan Joseph's article in the same issue entitled "The Spirit of Oblivion". I consider that there is nothing unseemly in the action of our political bosses, as it is consistent with the Gandhian concept of "forget and forgive". I am sure it is not on mere dilettante grounds of moral elegance,

but due to the service-worth of some of these persons, that our Governments are employing them. However, this indulgence shown to the ex-worshippers at the imperialist shrine, becomes obnoxious when juxtaposed with the intolerance shown by the Congressmen to sister parties like the Socialist Party, who till recently formed part and parcel of the National Congress.

Fraternization with erstwhile enemies may be commendable in itself; but hostility towards whilom comrades takes all the virtue out of the former action. If it is "forget and forgive" to one set of persons, in the same strain it cannot be "forsake and forbid" to another set. Reason can furnish nothing to reconcile this inconsistency. As Bergen Evans observes, "Irrationality must come close to being the largest vested interest in the world". This irrationality cannot create confidence in the public mind. As the first batch of statesmen of free India, our present leaders must set an example for sagacity, scrupulousness and sense of justice. They must realise that politically we have ceased to be the anvil; we have become the hammer. We must hammer out our affairs in a way befitting the high traditions of our country.

Nellore.

P. N. SAMPATH.

Ambiguous Wording

Let me congratulate you on your leading article, "Standards of Public Conduct" in SWATANTRA of 25th December, 1948.

As I am a school master I do not hesitate to point out to you that the wording of the following sentence is rather ambiguous: "But the trust in him (Nehru) that people feel is not shared by many of his partners in office at the Centre and in the Provinces". You might have put it more clearly thus: "People do not have in many of his partners in office at the Centre and in the Provinces, the same trust as they have in him." As it is, your sentence might suggest that his partners in office at the Centre and in the Provinces have no trust in Nehru while the people have it.

Cocanada. C. B. JAGANNADHA RAO.

S. I. R.!

Amenities to the travelling public in our Railways have been rationalised and simplified with a vengeance! Four classes have been reduced to three, and the feat is held up to the admiration of all of us. But when the new set-up

action which can only be described as fraudulent comes to view. In support of which, I beg to place the following facts true of the S.I.R., before the public.

The new classes are known as Upper, Inter and Ordinary, while the old ones were called I, II, Inter and III. The rates formerly were 28, 16, 9 and 4½ pies per mile. The new rates are 24, 9 and 4½ or 5 pies per mile. On the face of it, the change looks like a tremendous sacrifice by the Government of revenue. But that is just where the fraud is quietly perpetrated. Let me explain the modus operandi.

The old first class had only two berths in a compartment; so the income per mile from it was 56 pies. Now the seats are made into four so that the same area now brings in a revenue of 96 pies—almost double the old revenue. If however in some cases the old first class compartments (without upper berths) are still in commission, the position is that a substantial concession in rates, from 28 to 24 pies is offered to the only class of people who can afford to pay any rates, namely, the richest members of the travelling public. This circumstance provides a convincing proof of the capitalistic bias of the Government, since it shows a solicitude for those who are not in need of it, a desire to help those who can help themselves.

Well, let us proceed to the next category. The old second class provided accommodation for four, and yielded a revenue of 64 pies per compartment. Now it has been debased into the Inter class with accommodation (not sleeping but sitting) for eight people, yielding a revenue of 8 x 9 or 72 pies per compartment. Over and above is the scandal of overcrowding in the new Inter which often is found packed with ten, twelve or even more passengers.

Other refinements of cruelty have been embodied in the Inter class with a zeal worthy of a better cause. The breadth of the seats has been cut down by six to eight inches of the old second class. This does not mean any gain to the Government, but is a gratuitous inconvenience to the Inter passenger. A great many second class compartments must have been subjected to a sort of truncation which must have entailed our workshops a lot of destructive work. The chipped off pieces of wood, or iron, the scissored ribbons of rexine or canvas have I daresay gone into the dust-heap—an instance of planned vandalism which the Railway Board cannot adequately apologise for! There are said to be eight seats in each of the Inter

alone, I wonder what is the point of providing the upper berths with mattresses. Do luggage and the personal effects of passengers require the comfort of mattresses?

It is also worthy of note that the upper berth is so fixed that one cannot sit up in it but only crouch in various recumbent attitudes. The crowning mercy is in the levelling of its seat. It begins with a sort of hump in the middle, and slopes down towards both ends, making it impossible for you to repose your weary head at either end for any length of time.

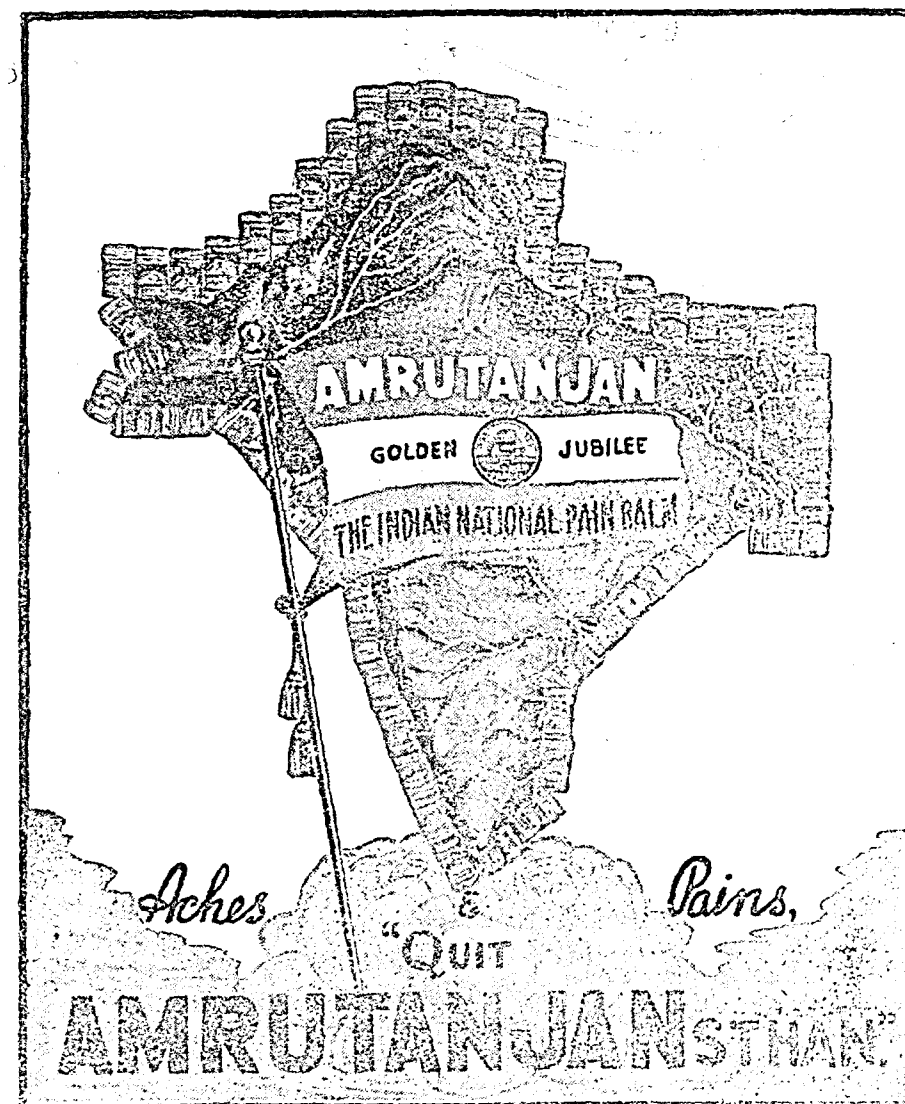
As for the old third class, now called Ordinary, all that I have to say is that it is more than ever extraordinarily crowded. The net result of all these elaborate adjustments and manipulations is for the Railway administration to have hit upon a system of black-marketing in travelling space which goes on undisclosed, unproved and so unchecked.

Such is the epic of our re-organised Railway categories. Both the Ministers in charge of Transport happen to be Madrasis. Being a sensitive Madrasi myself, and aware of the extent of envious admiration to which we are exposed, I am naturally zealous for their good name. I therefore beseech them to look into this matter, and test my statements and assertions by undertaking a night's travel by one of our new Inter classes.

With the advent of our freedom, we have been tinkering here, there and everywhere merely (it would seem) to reassure ourselves that we are indeed free to mess about anywhere and anyhow. Instead of adding to the amenities as was loudly trumpeted, there has been an attention or sequestration of them which is not called for. Statistics should be published; although I see a Railway official blandly declaring that it would not be easy; for the public must know what is the additional percentage of revenue accruing to the Government from the upper classes in the new scheme.

The only reform that was called for was the universalisation of the Inter class, and the addition of one more bogie carriage of Inter in all mail trains. There should also be provision for full-length (alas, the breadth is gone) sleeping accommodation in Inter for the payment of an extra fee to cover the mileage during sleeping hours calculated from say 10 p.m. to 6 a.m.

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THE TRUMAN DOCTRINE

THOSE who had seen in Mr. Truman's return to the White House a fifth term for the principles and policies of the late Mr. Roosevelt have been amply justified by the terms and tenor of Mr. Truman's message to Congress on the state of the nation. The 8-point programme which he has outlined represents a determined attempt to press on with the radical and socialist experiments of Roosevelt having for their aim the fulfilment of a new deal for the common man. The most urgent of them are price control, a living wage, more production, more taxes at higher levels, more saving and the preparation or devising of surplus budgets so that the burden of national debt may be reduced pari-passu with raising the conditions of living of the common man. The re-imposition of price-controls is a significant indication of Truman's emancipation from the thrall of Republican majorities which weighed upon him during the last two years. Indeed, he has gone over to the offensive, for his proposal to raise another four billions through direct taxation of higher income groups is after Roosevelt's famous recipe for 'soaking the rich'.

Of the purely political measures breathing a spirit of progressive liberalism, mention may be made of the promise to extend and safeguard civil liberties specially of 'negroes and other racial minority groups.' Even if this remained no more than a pious wish, its import-

ance from the point of view of world-trends consists in the official dissociation of American opinion from the obscurantist and fascist influences which are undoubtedly rife in important sections of the Republican rank and file. Mr. Truman has thus promised to eliminate a reproach that has often been levelled against the U.S.A. in international deliberations.

Equally unambiguous is the decision to repeal the anti-labour laws passed by a Republican majority modelled closely on the British laws which declared national strikes as treasonable. It will be remembered that the great strike of all organised labour in England in 1926 was dramatically terminated by the discovery by Sir John Simon that such a strike was illegal and treasonable. The collapse of the strike which followed that pronouncement was capitalised with indecent haste by a conservative Ministry which legislated with a view to giving Sir John's obiter dictum legal and constitutional force. One of the first acts of the Attlee Ministry was to repeal that obnoxious piece of legislation. There is therefore no wonder if Labour which has rallied so spectacularly to the side of Truman should be placated by the promise of this repeal.

But the speech of Mr. Truman, gratifying though it is when viewed from the domestic angle, turns out to be altogether a different proposition when considered in the light of

the exigencies of the world situation as a whole. It is remarkable enough that the spokesman of a philosophy of free enterprise should have unfolded a plan of aggressive socialisation on the home front. But what is more remarkable is that the profile which Mr. Truman presents to the world at large is neither radical nor progressive nor reassuring. True, he has firmly declared that the basis of American foreign policy is Peace; but such a statement can be made without qualms by war-mongers no less than by genuine pacifists. For the question is not whether you are for peace or war, but rather what you are prepared to do to back your choice, namely peace. It is here that Mr. Truman's pronouncement leaves much to be desired.

If we may go back to a historical parallel, what is happening today is comparable in many respects to what happened to and in Europe during the middle of the nineteenth century. In the palmy days of the British empire, and specially under the pugnacious and forthright leadership of Palmerston, British foreign policy was ostentatiously if not indeed tendentiously libertarian while at home repression of a crude and cruel kind was practised. He encouraged all the fissiparous tendencies in his rivals and enemies, while he put down liberal movements at home with an iron hand. Thus he gained valuable time for his country which enabled it to consolidate its imperial gains which were abroad.

Mr. Truman's technique is just the very reverse of this. He is progressive, radical and libertarian at home, but keeps all his conservative and reactionary policies for the benefit of his satellites abroad. The Marshal millions are the only answer to the ideological and other hopes which have been stirred in the breasts of millions of European and

Asiatic peoples who had been awakened to a sense of the realities of the atomic age as a result of two world wars. America's reply to the demand of Greece for freedom is to dragoon it under the jack-boots of an army of hired mercenaries. In the Far East, it is keeping Japan a close preserve of American plots and plans to suit the uncertain developments of the Chinese jig-saw puzzle. In the South Eastern Asiatic region, it is silently backing the imperiums of the old order as likely to serve her interests than the new risen sense of nationalism in the colonial people.

These two pictures—the obverse and reverse—are inconsistent and immiscible. Sooner or later, the worse might corrupt the better, unless an honest attempt is made to revise the foreign attitude to correspond more nearly with the realities of world politics and the needs of justice, humanity and fair-play. That America would progress on the right path is further indicated by the dismissal of Mr. Marshal, and the recall of Mr. Acheson. But more than all, China would be the acid test of American intentions; and it will be evident sooner than later what Mr. Truman would do to align himself and his great country with the progressive forces of the world.

Piety by Statute!

OUR Premier, Sri Reddiar, is apparently feeling like Alexander when the latter wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. He has dragooned the masses out of their drunkenness, interned his opponents in jails, broken up public meetings using the cane or the lathi and fortified the faithful by attributing all the ills of the body politic to the impiety of a sinful generation. And now to complete the magic circle, he is reported to be considering the desirability of tabooing the representation, on

stage and screen, of the gods and goddesses of the Hindu pantheon. He is said to have been convinced of the soundness of some such step on the ground that such taboos are the rule in regard to Christianity and Islam!

While it is no doubt gratifying to acknowledge this singular exhibition of our Premier's zeal for the Hindu religion, one must express grave doubts whether the remedy would not turn out to be worse than the disease. For, the general experience of mankind is that it is futile and dangerous to promote piety by statute. The gods of the Hindu pantheon have survived thus long, and as something much more than stage property, precisely because of their infinite capacity for accommodation and adaptation. To erase them from the screen might be easy enough; but it may not be quite so simple to blot them from the tables of the people's memory where it has long since become an inseparable part of racial heredity.

The departed British power once passed into law a bill for the better protection of the rights, the privileges and prestige of the Princes of India. It not only proved a dead letter, but was really the turning point in the fortunes or rather the misfortunes of our Princes. And that induces the awful thought in us whether the Premier's intention in the present case could be to bring Hinduism itself into disrepute by making it intolerant and unlovely. Hinduism which could not be destroyed by its enemies now seems in danger from the zeal of its friends!

The Two Voices

MR. A. B. SHETTY, our Minister in charge of Public Health, has made a clumsy attempt to defend the indefensible. The basic fact about our professional and technical education today is that

the demand is far in excess of supply. In view of it, the plea has been made that admissions should be made strictly on the score of merit, aptitude and previous record. Instead, what our Ministers are doing is to ration out the available seats on a communal basis. If communal quotas are to be defended on the ground of a wholly imaginary conception of social justice, merit must naturally go to the wall, and the loser ultimately is the community itself. For it is no consolation for a non-Brahmin to be killed off by an ill-trained non-Brahmin doctor, instead of being cured by a properly trained and experienced doctor without reference to his caste or community.

But the Minister cannot have it both ways. To deny that merit can be judged or inferred from examinations, while at the same time conceding the necessity of devising alternative academic and practical tests is to cut the ground from under his feet. If examinations are imperfect and fallible tests, why not devise perfect and infallible ones. Why seek refuge in a total denial of all merit however determined? But the real obsession of all our Ministers is with an inferiority complex which gives away their whole case. For Mr. Shetty has made the preposterous claim that anybody could be trained to be a successful medical practitioner. By a parity of reasoning and an indefinite extension of it, anybody may be trained to do anything. This may be true of Ministers and the makers of the party caucus, but hardly applies outside that charmed circle. The double crime that is perpetrated today is that the community is cheated of the services of the best men who are suppressed by ministerial malignity, while at the same time it is ill-served by the inefficient. A society that loses at both ends must relapse into primitive barbarism at a geometrical rate of regression.

Sotto Voce

On The Spree



STUDENTS' strikes are not perhaps an Indian invention. But in the rich soil of make-believe which the mind of an adolescent nation provides every spurious idea shoots up like Jack's bean stalk. The student who walks out with his note book under his arm and a withering slogan on his lips because he does not like the colour of his teacher's coat would elsewhere be spanked and put to bed if he were sufficiently small or allowed to cool his heels outside the gate till sense dawned on him. But here he has long been taught to regard himself as a patriot in the making.

In the topsyturvy conditions which our extraordinary political struggle brought about, the influence and prestige of political parties came to depend largely on their ability to rope in the children. They were better psychologists than they knew. They worked insidiously to foment the implicit antagonism between teacher and pupil. This was indeed no new Freudian discovery but as old as the Upanishads. But, whereas the Vedic seer and his pupil had both invoked the blessing of the Most High lest they should come to hate each other,—*maa vidvishaavahai*—the politician asked for nothing better.

In course of time the mantram of non-co-operation was formally declared to be not meet for the ears of the immature. But the habits of a life-time cannot be denied so easily. The politicians continued to look to the student community to provide the background music. This unpaid army helped to break up the meetings of

opponents, to drown the banalities of its favourites in delirious huzzas and to win elections. When the popular heroes were duly installed in the seats of power they could not, even if they would, ride the whirlwind they had raised.

Benjamin Franklin in his Autobiography tells a delightful story against himself. As a boy he was one day trudging along to school when a man carrying a grindstone on his shoulder accosted him. "My fine young man, would you like to see how nicely this machine can sharpen your pocket-knife?" And he airily brushed aside Franklin's objection that he would be late for school. And none too loath, Benjamin vigorously turned the wheel till the entire stock of knives the grinder carried had been sharpened. And the brute then gave Franklin a box on the ear and dismissed him saying, "What do you mean, you young rascal, by playing truant? Get off to school or I will skin you alive."

It is doubtful whether even if the new Congress Governments had summoned the energy and the resolution to give their juvenile following such a smart rap on the knuckles, when they had no further use for it, they would have quite succeeded. But, of a truth, the will was lacking. Suffering as they did from the complexes of a life-time, the men in power affected a god-like detachment towards the student strikes and other similar disturbances which at this time began to be directed against academic authority. Even when it was clear that the Communists were at work, and the so-called student-leaders

had no legitimate business to be anywhere near the College precincts, it was the fashion to assume that the break-down of discipline was itself *prima facie* proof of a grave lack in the educational authority concerned.

The degeneration in the past decade has been something terrific. Strikes—of the lightning variety—are a matter of everyday occurrence. Any provocation or pretext will serve. If they do not like a teacher he must go; if, on the other hand, he should be a favourite, he must not be removed, however undesirable he may be. If a question paper is stiff, strike; if an examination is a bother, strike; if the examiner refuses to inflate marks, strike; if the Principal detains a boy because he has secured only five per cent of the marks, declare a general strike in the glorious name of *esprit de corps*. This may seem an affront to common

sense, since unlike industrial strikes a school strike injures nobody but the strikers. But those who have a vested interest in unsettlement see to it that common sense does not break in.

Congress in office, mouthing the idiom of the discredited bureaucracy of an earlier day, roundly abuses the R. S. S. for misleading scatter-brained urchins. But who helped to scatter their brains? And how can it hope to check this tendency if it wilfully shuts its eyes to the indiscipline that is endemic in the schools and colleges? If in every case where the boys indulge in a walk-out a lock-out automatically followed, coupled with a threat of rustication, this mass-parade of silliness would be put to rout in no time. But discipline can be taught only by those who are self-disciplined.

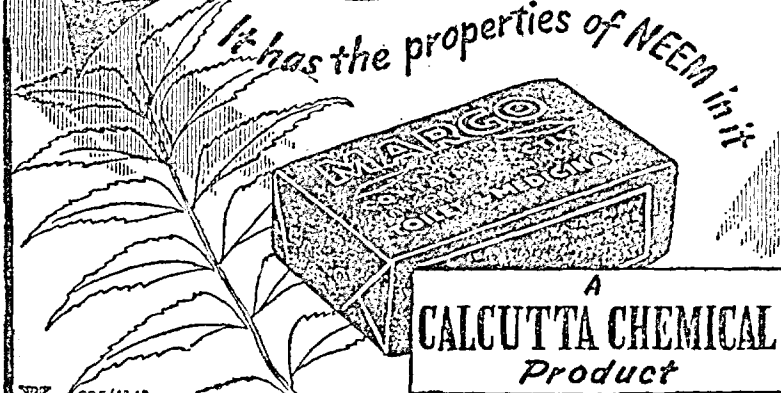
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SIDELIGHTS : :

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—ADDISON.

MR. G. A. NATESAN practised journalism and public life with a quiet efficiency and a keen business acumen. In an avocation full of risks, he achieved unbroken prosperity. He had an enormous adjustability which enabled him with perfect ease to capitalise the contacts of life. He won valuable friendships with the charm of an unassertive temperament engrossed in ceaseless activity. The *Indian Review* which he edited stood for nothing in particular. Considered as an enterprise stretched over years, it was a masterpiece in the artistry of drafting the great into service as a means to lucrativeness. He was a pioneer in the exploitation of publicity for national ends. He was the father of propaganda through the printing press for promoting public causes. The banal distinction between commerce and public spirit did not exist for him. He politicalised the one and commercialised the other, performing amazing feats in turning public work into profitable activity and imparting to business the character of public work. He rendered priceless service in popularising, through nationalist literature, knowledge of the lives of the great in the country on just the occasions when interest in them could be mobilised to the highest pitch.

He was a genial person with a flair for hospitality, pleasantness and gracious companionship. Armoured in a non-committalness that lent itself to no loophole, he was never drawn into a quarrel, and moved on the surface of life gaily, with enviable conviviality, avoiding all controversies with exquisite good humour. There were few public men of importance whom he did not know and count as friends. Per-

sons who were bitter enemies to each other, were friends to him. He had the prudence and wisdom required for getting on in the world and he carried it to the last with an infectious boyishness. With his passing away has gone, too, a bulwark of cheerfulness from our midst. It is as if the gloom waiting round the corner will now make easy headway.

Syed Abdulla Brelvi who also passed away at about the same time as G. A. Natesan, spent the whole of his career as a journalist on the *Bombay Chronicle*. Brelvi was brought up by the late Sir Lallubhai Samaldas and lived as a member of the family in the companionship of his sons of whom one, V. L. Mehta, is now Finance Minister of the Government of Bombay, and another, G. L. Mehta, for long connected with the Scindias, was lately appointed President of the Tariff Board. The atmosphere of his early upbringing coloured the whole of his later outlook and politics. He stuck steadfastly to Congress against all inducements of power and position that membership of the League seemed to offer in the heyday of Mr. Jinnah's leadership, to young and aspiring Muslims. All personal ambitions were in Brelvi circumscribed within definite loyalties. He would not do a disloyal thing for any prize, and acquired in consequence a reputation for dependability. It proved to be an ample substitute for whatever qualities he lacked to get on in the difficult and turbulent profession of journalism. At 23 he entered the portals of the *Bombay Chronicle* and rose to the position of Editor when Horniman left. During a quarter century he stuck to the *Chronicle* seeking no other service. There is no comparable example in the country of a journalist holding the editorship of a single paper for so prolonged a period, without control of the controlling financial interests. Pothan

Joseph who has been an editor for nearly as long as Brelvi, has held so far 26 different jobs. Some of the most brilliant of India's journalists have passed through the *Chronicle* during Brelvi's stay at the helm. He was outshone by many of his lieutenants in ability. As a writer he was dull and unimpressive. But his affability to superiors in subordinate positions made him lovable and enabled him to command their confidence and loyalty. The splendour of many negative virtues imparted to him great dignity and character, which sufficed to maintain him in a predominant position against so many others of greater gifts and less reliability.

The Congress President has not served himself well by ignoring Prakasam in forming his Working Committee. Prakasam's apparent eclipse is belied by a hold he exer-

cises on the affections of millions in his home province of Andhra, which has in no way diminished since he lost the premiership. The importance conferred by power of office is lost when the office is lost, but the goodwill of people won through service is not lost by loss of official position. For all the incense being burned before Ministers and holders of key posts in the Congress organisation as such, they will pass unwept into inglorious obscurity the moment they cease to hold the posts—as so many of their predecessors have done before. Of only perhaps half a dozen leaders in the whole country can it be said that their political importance will stick to them, office or no office, and Prakasam is one of the half a dozen. He represents a latent force of immense mass power. It was not wise on the part of the Congress President to have turned his back on such a source of strength.—SAKA.

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A SECULAR STATE

by Sir C. P. RAMASWAMI AIYAR

MANY of the troubles of the world arise from the use of certain words, or war cries or slogans. Quite as many are due to their abuse. The expression "secular State" which is now the theme of commentary and controversy is an example in point. Sir S. Varadachari has done a real service to the public by pointing out the limitations of secularism in relation to the history of this country. Almost simultaneously Dr. Jayakar followed the same line with special advertence to the fine arts and the traditions underlying them. Quite unconsciously, perhaps, but definitely, the Premier of Madras has delivered the most concentrated assault on the ideal of a secular State when he declared with perfect sincerity and solemnity that the failure of rains in many districts in the Madras Presidency was directly attributable to the sins of the inhabitants of those districts, forgetting for the time being that there is such a thing as vicarious suffering. But his proposition, whatever its ethical significance, could only be explained on the basis of an essential theocracy.

At the other extreme lie two instances in the recent proceedings of the Constituent Assembly. One of them related to the lengthy and heated discussion on the use of the word "God" in the taking of the oath of allegiance to the Constitution now being evolved. The other related to the United Nations order to cease fire in Kashmir. Expressing a fervent sense of thanksgiving and presumably in order to reiterate the secular character of the State, the Deputy President, Mr. Mookerjee invoked the source of the energies of the universe rather than any particular form of divinity, the supposition being that energy was an entirely secular conception. But according to Hindu religious thought the source of all energy that creates and sustains the universe and dissolves it ultimately is

Sakti. There are no doubt historical parallels for the movement towards a secular State. The later history of Greece and Rome under the post-Augustan Emperors, and India to a certain extent under Akbar, the first ten years of the French revolution following upon Rousseau's preaching of the religion of man and the doctrines of Marx and Lenin, have all emphasised the exclusively secular aspect of polity. Nevertheless, it is incontestable that right through the ages Hindu and Indian philosophy and outlook on life have been based upon a special scheme of human values resting on the foundation of deeply felt religious beliefs and convictions. Such religious faith has always coexisted with the utmost tolerance—a tolerance which was uniquely manifested in the treatment accorded by successive Indian rulers and administrations, as well as by the people at large, to immigrants, refugees and others of various nationalities and even conflicting creeds. The tolerance moreover was really founded on and drew its inspiration from religion and could not have been practised but for the stimulus of and abiding reliance upon unworldly considerations. The history of the Proto and later Dravidians, of the Parsis, of the Islamia cult, of the Syrian Christians, and a dozen other sub-communities in India bears witness to the effectiveness of a religious motive in producing and maintaining religious neutrality. If by a secular State is meant one in which there are no discriminations or injustices resulting from a belief or unbelief in any particular religion India has been a triumphant exemplar because and not in spite of her religion. If on the other hand by a secular State is meant a State which does not stem from any deeply-felt creed, then the history and traditions of India are such that a polity of that type will be neither enduring nor satisfactory.

THE LEGISLATURE IN THE NEW CONSTITUTION

by Prof. M. VENKATARAMAIA, M.A.

IN days when people were ruled by custom a separate legislature was not of much importance. Conditions however are quite different today. The feeling is universal that national reconstruction can be brought about through deliberate legislation—the repeal of old and obsolete laws and customs and the enactment of new ones. This is the reason why in every modern constitution the legislature has come to occupy a central place. Besides enacting new laws it discharges at least two other functions of an essential character. It exercises control over finance. And in a state with the parliamentary form of government it influences the day to day administration as well as the general course and direction of state policy through interpellations, resolutions and in a variety of other ways. Hence arises the need for constructing and organising the legislature on right lines.

In the process of this construction the problems that arise for consideration are whether the legislature should be bicameral and made up of two houses, who and how should the two houses be chosen, what powers they should have and how they should be organised for the efficient conduct of their business. All these matters were provided for in the Draft Constitution and debates took place on all of them—except the last—in the Constituent Assembly before final decisions were arrived at.

It was decided that the Parliament (the name given to the Central Legislature, a name which was preferred to that of the Indian National Congress suggested by some members) should consist of two houses and not one and that the legislatures of six of the Governor's provinces—Madras, Bombay, East Punjab, United Provinces, Behar, and West Bengal—should also be bicameral. It is only the

legislatures of Central Provinces and Berar, Orissa and Assam that will be unicameral. The decision that the above six provinces should have a legislature of two houses was really that of the representatives of each of them to whom the matter was left for settlement. The Constituent Assembly merely ratified their decision. This was rather a curious procedure as in respect of every other aspect of provincial constitutions it was the Constituent Assembly that took the responsibility of consideration and decision. There was no reason why an exception should have been made in the settlement of the bicameral issue. It is an issue in regard to which uniformity is as essential as in regard to many other issues.

There was vehement verbal opposition to the introduction of bicameralism and an equally vehement verbal support for it. Those who supported merely repeated the old text-book arguments and had nothing to say in criticism of the more recent objections raised by writers like Laski against a two-chambered legislature. They failed to realise that it would check progressive legislation, that it would throw a heavy financial burden on the provinces and that under a rigid party system like the one that is now fast developing in the country under Congress auspices legislative decisions are taken not so much in the legislatures as in the party meetings outside and that consequently it makes very little difference whether there is bicameralism or unicameralism. The real motive behind the vote for bicameralism is that it will give an opportunity for a large number of professional politicians and demagogues to come into elected positions and become men of some importance in their locality. There is no other case for a second chambered legislature. Even in federations where the upper house is supposed to represent units



as units, experience has shown that the growth of the party system has completely weakened such a claim.

No ideal method has so far been discovered for constituting a second chamber. The attempt however is generally made to make it different from the lower house so that it might look at questions from a different point of view. The makers of the new Constitution kept this point in mind and the result is that in several essential respects the upper house is made different from the lower. So far as the Central Parliament is concerned the Council of States—the name given to the upper house—will have a fixed strength of 225 while the lower—the House Of The People—will consist of not more than 500—with not less than one representative for every 750,000 of the population and not more than one for every 500,000. Twelve of the members of the Council are nominated by the President of the Union from among persons who have a special knowledge of literature, art and science. There is no nominated element in the lower house except perhaps for two Anglo-Indians who may under certain conditions be nominated. Provision is made for nominating temporarily three additional experts to the Council whose duty will be to give expert advice on matters under consideration without the power to vote. There is no such provision in respect of the lower house. The remaining 213 members of the Council are *indirectly* elected while the 500 members of the House of the People are *directly* elected. Election to the upper house is made on the basis of proportional representation by single transferable vote. This is done with a view to giving adequate representation to minorities—political or communal. Protagonists of minority representation fought hard to introduce this system into the lower house but it was rightly rejected by the Constituent Assembly on the ground that it would lead to multiplicity of parties, to unstable majorities and to coalition cabinets—all of them features which will make a parliamentary government unworkable. Members of the Council are elected by

the elected members of the lower houses in the legislatures of the units (the provinces and states) where such legislatures exist and where there is no such legislature (as in some of the Indian States) they are to be chosen "in such manner as Parliament may by law prescribe". Though the Draft Constitution provided for weightage of representation to the Indian States it was rejected by the Constituent Assembly. It also rejected amendments for giving equality of representation to the units on the Council as in the United States, Australia and Switzerland. Members of the lower house are elected on the basis of adult suffrage although several wanted to introduce a literacy qualification. They are elected in joint territorial electorates. Certain seats however are reserved for minorities although this system was condemned by several representatives of the minorities themselves. Attempts were made to give weightage of representation to backward areas like Rayalaseema by the advocates of the Andhra Province but this was also rightly rejected. Democracy ought to adhere to the principle of "one man, one vote". Weightage of any kind is inconsistent with it. While the duration of the lower house is five years—unless sooner dissolved—there is no dissolution of the upper house whose members retire to the extent of one third once in two years. So far as the powers are concerned the two houses enjoy equal authority except in two important respects. The lower house alone has control over money bills and it is only to it that the Council of Ministers is responsible. From this brief analysis it becomes clear in what respects the Council of States is different from the House Of The People.

Similar differences exist as between the Legislative Council and the Legislative Assembly which are the two houses of six of the state legislatures. The strength of the Council is one-fourth of that of the Assembly. The latter can have a maximum strength of 500 at the rate of one representative for every 75,000 of the population. One half

of the members of the Council are chosen from panels of candidates formed out of representatives of universities and persons having a special knowledge of literature, art, science, etc. One third are elected by the Assembly in accordance with the system of proportional representation and the remainder are nominated by the Governor. The Assembly is wholly an elected body and it is directly elected in joint territorial constituencies on the basis of adult suffrage, provision being made for the reservation of seats to some minorities. The Assembly sits for five years unless dissolved sooner while the Council is subject to partial renewal, retiring every three years. The distribution of powers between the two houses in the states is similar to that in the Union. And in both cases deadlocks are resolved by a joint sitting of the two houses.

Like all democratic legislatures, the legislatures under the new Constitution have powers of legislation, power over finance and power over the shaping of policy by the Council of Ministers. They are however subject to certain limitations. For instance when a bill has been passed by the Houses of Parliament it has to be presented to the President and it is open to him either to assent to the bill, or to withhold his assent or return it to the Houses with a message requesting reconsideration of the whole bill or any specified portions of it. The whole question is whether the assent is merely formal as in the case of the Crown in England. It does not look as if it is a mere formality if this Article (91) is read along with Article 70 (2) empowering the President to send messages to either House of Parliament. One serious defect with the Draft Constitution as it stands now is that it does not say anything as to what is to happen to a bill reconsidered in the light of the President's message and passed again by the Parliament. Moreover, it is not open to the President to ask the Parliament to reconsider a money bill although he can either assent to it or withhold his assent. If he

really withholds it will create a dead-lock. The whole of Article 91 has to be recast so that the legislative power of the President ought to become a mere formality as it ought to be. It should also say definitely that the President should give his assent to a bill passed by Parliament after reconsideration in the light of his message. There are similar articles giving a share in legislation to Governors and these also require amendment so that, except in regard to matters relating to the concurrent list, the power of the state legislatures should be final. Both the President and the Governor are empowered to promulgate ordinances when the respective legislatures are not sitting.

There is not much to be said regarding the organisation of legislatures for the conduct of their business. Except for the fact that the Council of States is presided over by the Vice-President of the Union instead of by a person elected by the House itself, the legislatures are organised more or less in the same way as the legislatures under the Government of India Act of 1935 and as the legislatures in England and other British dominions. Details regarding procedure, the work of the standing and select committees, etc., will be settled later on by the legislatures themselves.

There is however one point of importance on which the Constitution contains certain articles. It is the subject of language to be used in the legislatures. In the Union Parliament business has to be transacted in Hindi or English although the chairman may permit any member who cannot adequately express himself in either language to address the House in his mother tongue and arrange subsequently for such speeches being summarised in Hindi or English. In the legislatures of the units, business has to be transacted in the language or languages generally used in them or in Hindi or in English, arrangements for translation being made as in the case of the Union Parliament. This is sure to create a number of difficulties in multi-lingual provinces like Madras, Bombay, Central Pro-

vince and Berar where the legislatures elected on the basis of adult suffrage with a large rural element in them will become a Babel of tongues. The solution for this diffi-

culty is the creation of mono-lingual provinces. North Indians, do not realise these difficulties because they are lucky in having linguistically homogeneous provinces.

FAILURE OF "POOL SYSTEM" AT THE CENTRE

by "OBSERVER"

DURING the British administration of India, they set up at New Delhi a framework called the *pool* which was a kind of "school" to train up I.C.S. and F.C.S. men for specialized top administrative positions. The system worked well so long as the British were responsible for affairs. Now, the purpose for which the *pool* had been created, stands defeated. A man trained for income-tax work, is being sent to the States Ministry! A man trained for Finance Department responsibilities, is being shoved into an Industries Ministry! The workings of the departmental chiefs of the Government of India in these matters, are often really inscrutable.

To illustrate. Take the case of Mr. N. Dandekar, I.C.S. He is a chartered accountant of eminence and for over ten years earned a distinguished name for himself in the sphere of income-tax work. After he was put down several times and not given his legitimate promotion, the Government finally made him Member for Income Tax, General Board of Revenue. Mr. Dandekar is a *pool* officer. He was asked to serve under men of inferior status and for that reason, he tendered his resignation last August. He protested about his pay and position in the Central Board of Revenue. He had then an offer from a Bombay firm on Rs. 10,000. However, at the last moment, Mr. N. V. Gadgil intervened and Dandekar's resignation was not accepted. He has now been sent to the States Ministry for continued service, though Mr. Dandekar has no prior experience whatsoever connected with Indian States. One who had been trained specially to

become an expert on income-tax matters for the Government of India during the past ten years, today finds that valuable experience coming to naught because he is posted to serve in another department.

Then there is the case of Mr. A. K. Roy. Mr. Dandekar's vacancy should have gone to Mr. Roy, who is also a *pool* officer. In the opinion of some *Nawab* of the Finance Department, Roy was thought not up to the mark in income-tax matters. Whether the *Nawab* was right or not is another question. Mr. Roy has now been sent to the Industries and Supplies Ministry as Financial Adviser!

Mr. K. G. Jacob, Collector of Customs, Bombay, a Madras officer, has had a distinguished record of service in the Indian Audits and Accounts service. He is five years senior in service to Mr. Padhi, the present Chairman of the Central Board of Revenue; and yet, Mr. Jacob has not been given even a Membership on the Board! The reason adduced is that Mr. Jacob is not a *pool* officer but then, how did Mr. Govindan Nair, who is also not a *pool* officer come in as Member for Income Tax in the Board of Revenue? Mr. Nair is in his fifty-sixth year and he is in the service by virtue of an extension given him. Is it not a fact that Mr. K. R. K. Menon, the present Secretary of the Finance Department, has shown a clear instance of favouritism in this appointment?

Dr. John Mathai should look into some of these official injustices in the Financial Department. The sooner the better.

PROFILE : C.P.

SOON after the Mutiny, two cadets of one clan came out of the 'wild west' in quest of adventure, and found themselves installed in due course in the seats of the mighty and the just in the venerated precincts of the Madras High Court. They formed a North-South Axis which brought them the condominium of the area from Tondiarpet to Teynampet over which they exerted an unofficial sway which is a matter of contemporary history. Not only were they firmly installed, they seemed determined to ensure the hereditary succession of their progeny to their own places. These Artagnans of a century ago came of a very orthodox Brahmin family, and they gloried, as befitted a leisurately age, in such long names as Venkataraya and Pattabhirama. Their sons who were born into a more hectic world abridged their names to initials without abridging their ambitions. C.V.K., the older of the two, has long since joined his ancestors; he was an institution by himself whether as advocate, judge, savant or clubbable man. It must be recorded of his parent that his daily exercise was the baling out of water from the well in his Tondiarpet estate,—enough to irrigate the whole of his extensive garden; C. V. K. has another title to fame: for at the height of the non-Brahmin movement, he was on the closest terms of intimate friendship with Sir Pitty Theagaraya Chetti and indeed offered him asylum on a memorable occasion, from the miscellaneous wrath of a mob not predominantly composed of—Brahmins!

But this sketch is about the other pole of the axis—C. P.—happily still with us. He is something more than an institution. I believe he is one of those planets which approach or recede from this little terrestrial O in accordance with laws of cosmic dynamics which have not yet been fully explored either by scientists, astronomers or philosophers. Even historians merely beg the question in their attempts to account for the rise of such masterful personalities among men.

C. P. was an only son and was of course born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth. But unlike only sons or the sons of the rich, he had a gruelling time of it; for his father, still close to the roots of his Brahminical discipline, believed in giving a double dose of it to his offspring. Wherefore, young C. P. was put to Vedic parayanam in the traditional style side by side with the mastery of the lore of the *mlecchas*. His father's aim was to make his young hopeful a polyglot prodigy. C. P. stood the strain of such an intensive course of over-education remarkably well, although there must have been lapses. For instance, on one occasion, it is said that he was soundly spanked by the outraged parent for having failed to maintain his first rank in one examination. This will of course seem damaging corroborative testimony to the present generation of students and their ministerial and other leaders who are promoting a crusade against all examinations as a Machiavellian device of the designing Brahmin to perpetuate himself in power and prestige.

If the father of C. P. was such a Rhadamanthus, the mother was a gracious personification of Lakshmi herself. Later as a dowager in widow's weeds, she became the Lady Bountiful of three districts. Her eyes shed the lustre of a liberal largesse confirmed by donations of silver or gold coins alone. When I first saw her, she had the prestige of her deceased husband and the pride of her coming son clinging to her in a composite halo of which everybody was aware except herself. Her life was a round of pilgrimages, punctuated by penitential prayers and fasts, and sweetened by feasts and festivals conducted with a decorous unction and a subdued pomp which revealed an over-all sense of proportion. Her gifts to the indigent tribe of levites were only rivalled by her discrimination in grading them according to their deserts. There is a free-masonry among women which makes them democrats. At any rate C. P.'s mother mixed with

other women on absolutely level terms which put the others—often poor relations, or poor petitioners—absolutely at their ease. Such bonhomie is rare among men.

So much for the background of C. P. Let me skip the years of his journey until we arrive at the first important milestone of his career. By appearing for the prosecution in a cause celebre, he first hit the foot-lights and the head-lines. The forensic success against Mrs. Besant led to a collaboration between the two in the political field which can only be described as one of the romances of politics a generation ago. Mrs. Besant was the Viswamitra who initiated him into the mysteries of politics, and under her protecting wing, he became inducted to the Secretaryship of the Indian National Congress. But with the rise of Mahatma Gandhi, the all-India scene was closed to him through all its non-official approaches.

However, the provincial field was still open, though the handicaps against a Brahmin were just then coming into view. He got over them with a gallantry and grace which were possible then and are still possible to-day to the men of destiny because anti-Brahminism is not yet an article of faith with the great masses of the people. At the height of a raging and tearing election campaign, in which threats and abuse were flung at him by an anonymous opposition, he once drew out of his pocket a revolver and declared that he would, if attacked, defend himself. If it is one of the apocrypha around a great man, all I can say is that it is very much in character.

But though he won the election, he threw away the victory since office sought him out, as in the case of others seeking office. In the provincial Cabinet, he was the de facto ruler, while the titular Governor was some one else. Pykara and Mettur which now bring the provincial exchequer a substantial revenue, originally brought him a great deal of obloquy. But he took it all in his stride without turning a hair. From Madras he went to Delhi not once but twice, only to shake the dust off his feet on an unfeeling

and incorrigible Centre. It demonstrated the fact that he never got into office or stuck to it except on his own terms.

But the most dynamic phase of his career began about the time when other officials would be preparing for an uncertain period of inglorious retirement. For Travancore was destined to be the scene of his most spectacular exploits. Inevitably, he also roused the hatred of his enemies in a more malignant and concentrated form during his career there. He was in short a second Parasurama come to revive the tarnished glories of the theocracy of Padmanabha. But alas, he came a generation too late; for a fatal succession of flabby dewans had sold the pass, and Travancore had begun her descent down the plane long before he arrived on the scene. He averted it for a time, and tried the heroic remedy of rolling it up-hill. C. P.'s benefaction to Travancore, in the economic, administrative and political spheres will stand out more prominently when the acerbities of the present are forgotten. Whether he has saved Hinduism itself in that State is a little more open. In the present mood of the people's rancour against him, they bid fair to cut off their noses to spite their faces.

The stand he took at the time of the transfer of power, followed by the abortive attempt on his life and his withdrawal from the scene altogether will remain one of the major enigmas of a life packed with thrills. My own theory of it is as follows: None of us seriously believed that the British were really quitting. From the calculated ambiguity of the pronouncements of British politicians regarding the lapse of paramountcy, it was widely suspected at that time (subsequent evidence may now be gathered) that the British were using the League as a cat-spaw for a major feint in imperial diplomacy, and that they were likely to use the Native States directly or in association with Pakistan to stage a comeback. On this theory, it will be seen that C. P. did not desire to be caught in the cold as it were, or to feel that he had missed the bus. In short, his duty as the Maharajah's adviser, was to

see that the political position of Travancore was not compromised by any remissness on his part to play his hand for all it was worth. All the Hindu States had made their peace with the Congress. If the British managed to come back in some form or other, Travancore's ostentatious dissociation from the Indian Union might be worth an undetermined political capital which might be used to the advantage of the State itself. An unresourceful or pusillanimous adviser would have taken the line of least resistance. But as C. P. was likely to be the last man to play for safety first, he risked greatly his personal reputation. In the upshot, his fall has not weakened the State or worsened its position. On the propaganda side, he did indeed make the most of many favourable factors; but he was working against the time spirit. Of two risks, one touching the State and the other entirely personal, he chose that which was only personal. No more convincing proof of his native magnanimity and sublime heroism could have been given.

C. P. has been a student of more than one literature, and is particularly at home in the art of finding a Sanskrit parallel to the latest flight of western thought or experience. He has a power of ex-

tempore utterance which is striking for the range of its allusiveness and the appositeness of its quotations. He was no great orator, for he never bothered like the late Rt. Hon'ble Sastri to polish every one of his syllables or place the accent where it should fall with meticulous precision. But there is a recherche distinction in his phraseology which reveals the preoccupations of a scholar.

C. P. like C. R. can never abide a rival near the throne. The result is that after them the way is cluttered with a host of mediocrities who bring them and the rest of us into discredit. I think it is the failing of pure intellect that is demonstrated in both of them. For a clever man is jealous of nothing so much as of another clever man. Gandhi has produced Gandhites—both the authentic type and the bogus brand. But where is the successor to C. R. or to C. P.? I do not know why it should be so, unless it be that they have no germinal ideas to propagate in the interests of the world. As administrators, as diplomats, as men of action, they are supreme; but the world produces them more prolifically than it does the Gandhi type. They seem to exclaim: 'Après moi, le deluge!' And alas, the deluge comes to wipe us out, while they with complacent egoism live in history,—praised or blamed!—C.G.

JEWS IN MUSLIM COUNTRIES

by DEENABANDHU DAS

ONE of the main reasons for the partition of Palestine and the creation of the sovereign State of "Israel" was that it would solve the problem of persecuted Jewish minorities in East and Central Europe by providing a homeland for the hitherto "homeless" Jews. After large-scale exterminations and expulsions during the Nazi regime, Jews in Central and Eastern Europe, (minus the Soviet Union where the problem of persecution does not exist) probably do not number more than 10 lakhs today, a figure somewhat within manageable proportions for a tiny country like Israel. But one has to consider also the problem of Jewish mino-

rities in the Muslim-majority countries of South-West Asia and North Africa from Morocco to Pakistan.

There are, in the 16 Muslim-majority countries between Morocco and Pakistan (bracketing Lebanon with Syria)—13, if we included Saudi Arabia and Transjordan where there are hardly any Jews—as many as 13,71,911 or roughly 14 lakhs Jews. The total population of this bloc of countries, if we leave aside Eastern Pakistan, is 12,00,39,923 or about 12 crores. Of this, Jews form as small a proportion as 1.14 per cent including of course, pre-partition Palestine's Jewish population whose

JURY-LESS TRIALS

by S. RAJAGOPALAN

proportion was as high as 31.6 per cent.

Of the 14 lakhs Jews, 1,24,915 live in the four non-Arabic speaking countries of Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan and West Pakistan where they form only 18 per cent of the total population. The Arabic-speaking units of Asia—Syria and Lebanon, Iraq, Palestine (Arab and Jewish sectors included), Yemen and Aden and Egypt together have 8,17,638 Jews, where they constitute 2.8 per cent of the entire population. Outside Palestine, however, there are only 2,38,411 Jews in this group of countries, forming 0.9 per cent of the total population. The other six Arabic-speaking units of North Africa including French Morocco, Spanish Morocco, International Morocco (or Tangier), Algeria, Tunisia and Libya together have 4,29,358 Jews, where they form 2.1 per cent of the population.

More than two-fifths of these 14 lakhs Jews are in Palestine (Jewish and Arab sectors together). Palestine's Jewish population, according to a later estimate, stood at 6,08,225 or just over 6 lakhs on December 31, 1946 and has been growing. The next biggest Jewish community lives in French Morocco where there are 2,08,000 or just over 2 lakhs Jews. In Algeria there are 1,10,127 Jews, in Iraq 99,970, in Turkey 78,730, in Egypt 62,953, in Tunisia 59,485 and in Yemen 45,000. The rest live in the Spanish and International zones of Morocco, Libya, Aden, Syria and Lebanon, Iran, Afghanistan and West Pakistan.

It is difficult to say at this stage what proportion of Israel's population is Jewish. Israel's Arab population has already greatly dwindled—there are now about 1 lakh Arabs in Israel—owing to the big efflux of Arab refugees numbering about 5 lakhs. Much would depend upon how many are taken back, if at all, and resettled in

Israel and also how many Jews are received by Israel in the near future from Europe, Africa and Asia. Only this much is certain, that Israel would be a preponderantly Jewish-majority State in the heart of a preponderantly Muslim-majority territory.

After Palestine, the largest Jewish proportions are to be seen in the British Colony of Aden (8.6 per cent Jew) and in Tangier (7.0 per cent Jew). Next comes Yemen (4.5 per cent Jew) followed by Libya (3.4 per cent Jew) and Iraq (2.0 per cent Jew). The other countries have even smaller proportions of Jews.

West Pakistan had in 1941 only 1,185 Jews, mostly in Karachi.—less than 1 in 10,000. There was an efflux of Jews from there, too, following the recent anti-Jewish tension.

Outside of Palestine (Arab and Jewish sectors included), the other seventeen Muslim-majority units together have as many as 7,92,684 or nearly 8 lakhs Jews scattered all over as small minority communities.

The Palestine partition decision taken by the U. N. General Assembly on November 29, 1947 and the proclamation of the Jewish State of Israel on May 16, 1948 were both followed by unpleasant repercussions for the Jewish minorities in Arab and Muslim countries. Supposing that Arab-Jewish, and for that matter Muslim-Jewish friction continues to grow—as there is danger that it might grow—how could the new-born State of Israel, even backed as it is by the resources of World Jewry, expect to cope with the problem of 3 lakh Jewish minorities in Muslim Asia and North Africa at the same time that it tackled the problem of an equal number of persecuted Jews from Europe? It must also be remembered that Palestine, even before its partition, was only slightly bigger in area than the district of Vizagapatam.—N. P. S. (Copyright).

A judicial enquiry, as Sir James Stephen has pointed out, proceeds more or less on the lines of a scientific enquiry. In a scientific enquiry the scientist strives to get at the absolute truth, and as a rule, is not satisfied until he has succeeded in eliminating altogether the possibility of even the slightest error, however long that may take.

A judicial enquiry, however, cannot afford to occupy such a long time because it has to be finished urgently. Obviously a high standard of accuracy cannot be expected. In consequence, evidence in a scientific enquiry is definitely more trustworthy than in a judicial investigation, where the utmost that one can obtain is only a high degree of probability. In both, however, the conclusion is arrived at after following the principles of the Method of Difference of J. S. Mill. According to this theory, the known facts are arranged and classified with reference to the different hypotheses. If one hypothesis is consistent, then that is held to be proved. If more than one hypothesis is consistent with the known facts, but one only is reasonably probable, that is, in accordance with the course of human events, then that is held to be proved beyond all reasonable doubt. The first is typical of a scientific, and the second, of a judicial enquiry.

In criminal cases, evidence is either direct or circumstantial. Direct evidence is seldom obtainable, especially in grave cases, and what is usually forthcoming is only circumstantial evidence, that is to say, evidence afforded by the congeries of circumstances; the principle being that men may lie, but circumstances cannot. In regard to these latter types of cases, courts of law have set the most exacting standards of proof. No doubt a too strict adherence to the mode of proof in these cases has not seldom led to the foulest of crimes going away

unpunished, but the policy of the law is to let a hundred guilty persons escape rather than permit one innocent to be convicted. This is the more apparent in cases of murder where the sentence awarded is usually irrevocable. Where, however, there is no direct evidence connecting the accused with the crime, and consequently, the evidence is solely circumstantial, it has been held that, in a prosecution for murder, the mere fact that the accused was last seen in the company of the deceased, that he had a strong motive to kill the deceased, that after the occurrence, he gave a false explanation, or had absconded, or that at the trial he gave no explanation or gave one which was false—all these circumstances could not incriminate the accused in the absence of evidence pointing to his actual participation. The essential principle is summed up thus: however suspicious the behaviour of the accused may be, still the incriminating fact must be incompatible with the innocence of the accused and incapable of explanation upon any other reasonable hypothesis than that of guilt. Now this can be adjudged only after proceeding on the principle of the Method of Difference, and in any event, the process requires the highest degree of legal training and skill, which a jury may not commonly be expected to possess; in fact it is provided that a jurymen must not be a lawyer. Let us, for example, examine the verdict in the KARUNKUZH PARCEL MURDER CASE, which had gripped the imagination of the public of Madras early in 1934.

On the morning of 14th January 1934, a foul smell was issuing out of a bed parcel packed in a date-leaf mat at the Karunkuzhi railway station parcel room, and the contents were on examination found to be the dead body of a woman, who was later on identified as one Seethammal, who had been living with the accused for some six months

previously. At the post mortem held on the 15th, the medical officer opined that the dead woman had been killed by manual strangulation about "5 or 6 days" prior to that date. The prosecution case was that the accused had killed the deceased on the night of 11th January at No. 24 Peddu Naicken Street, Madras, the upper storey of which had been in their occupation. At the trial, there was evidence to prove that (1) the accused was last seen in the company of the deceased till 7 p.m. on the 11th, (2) that the accused was in heavy financial difficulties and had been warned to clear off all his debts before the 31st of January on pain of summary dismissal, (3) that Seethammal had quite a lot of jewellery and silver vessels, which had been pledged by the accused between the 14th and the 20th of January, (4) that the accused had purchased on the 12th, a coir mattress in which the body had been packed and had also consigned the parcel at Egmore railway station, (5) that he gave a false explanation about the absence of the deceased and (6) subsequently he had removed the tuft on his head and had made himself scarce until the 23rd when he was arrested. In these circumstances, the jury could not do otherwise than bring in a verdict of guilty by a majority; and the accused was sentenced to death.

But the question still remains whether the accused did commit the murder or did nothing more than dispose of the body and cause disappearance of the commission of murder. In other words, applying the principle of the Method of Difference, are the incriminating facts set out above, incompatible with the innocence of the accused and incapable of explanation upon any other hypothesis than that of being guilty of murder. Answer to this question is by no means easy. There was no direct evidence in the case. That is to say, nobody saw the accused strangle the deceased. Still less was there evidence of any previous enmity between them, or of any reluctance on the part of the deceased to part with her jewels and silver vessels and help the

accused to tide over his financial difficulties. They were occupying the upstairs portion of a house in a public street in Madras. If the deceased had been killed at night on the 11th January and her body kept there for nearly the whole day, till 8 p.m. on the following day when it was despatched to Egmore, how was it that the tenants of the ground floor went about without noticing it? And above all, how could it have been possible for a single individual like the accused to pack up the body in a coir mattress and take it down the stair case, all by himself? Again, if the medical evidence should be believed, death ought to have occurred "5 or 6 days" prior to 15th January, on the 9th or the 10th; the prosecution case was that it had happened on the night of 11th January. Quite obviously the mystery of it all could have been cleared up only by the accused himself; but he gave no rational explanation, and our criminal law does not compel the accused to state the truth; on the other hand, as was shown in these columns some time ago, it even encourages him to give false answers. There can be no doubt whatsoever about the guilt of the accused, but reasonable doubt seems to exist as to whether he committed murder or was guilty of an offence under 201 I.P.C. for causing the disappearance of evidence about the commission of murder. Either way, all the facts were consistent with the hypothesis that the accused committed the murder or with the hypothesis that he caused the disappearance of evidence of its commission. But the facts mentioned may well cast a reasonable doubt as to whether he did commit the murder himself. Hence what could be held to have been proved beyond all reasonable doubt was that the accused was guilty of an offence under Section 201 I.P.C. for causing the disappearance of evidence of the commission of murder. The Governor-General was apparently of this opinion when he commuted the sentence of death which was passed on the accused into one of transportation for life.

IS THIS PLAYING CRICKET?

by RAMSAY

THOUSANDS of cricket enthusiasts in the Presidency who were eagerly awaiting the visit of the West Indies Cricketers were shocked to find the name of C. R. Rangachari, the Madras fast bowler, omitted from the team selected for the Madras Test. At a time when India is badly in need of real pace bowlers, the omission of the fastest bowler in the country now, who has a fine record to his credit, is inexplicable. The only reason that we can attribute for this glaring omission is "Provincialism".

This is not the first time that a Madras cricketer has been made a victim of injustice. Ever since 1932, when India came into the limelight in international cricket, the claims of cricketers from this Province for inclusion in All India teams have been ignored. The great M. J. Gopalan in his heyday was not taken notice of by selectors in Northern India. In 1936 when Gopalan was past his prime, his brilliant record forced the then selectors to include him in the team which toured England that year. But the Maharajakumar of Vizianagaram, the skipper, kept him more a spectator than a player. Then came A. G. Ram Singh, one of the finest all-rounders we have produced. Ram Singh, it may be mentioned, was the first to complete a thousand runs and capture 100 wickets in the Ranji Trophy matches, the criterion for inclusion in an All India team. Many critics who watched Ram Singh at his best considered him as good a bowler as Malvantrao Mankad. But while the Press and the authorities clamoured for more all-rounders like Mankad, no one took any notice of Ram Singh. Denis Compton, the famous English batsman, remarked after paying a splendid innings for Indore against Madras at Chepauk: "The bowling of Rangachari and Ram Singh was magnificent". And this from a silent man like Compton

speaks volumes for the ability of the two players. During the last Australian tour the claims of Ghulam Ahmed (who is now playing for India against West Indies) and who had been knocking at the door of big cricket for quite a long time, were ignored, and two unknown entities called Rai Singh and Ranvir-singhji were included in the side.

As for Rangachari, though his omission for the Calcutta Test was itself a big surprise, we all expected he would surely be selected to play against the West Indies in his hunting ground at Chepauk. It would be needless to discuss the merits of Rangachari. His performances speak for themselves. Suffice it to say that the selectors would not have dared omit any Northern Indian player who performed as well as Rangachari. In the Delhi Test, in spite of fielding lapses, Rangachari captured five wickets. In the lifeless Brabourne Stadium wickets at Bombay he bowled magnificently only to have the mortification of seeing three catches put on the floor. Now he has been completely shut out of the Tests. That impartial and well known critic, S. K. Gurunathan, commenting on the omission of Rangachari in *The Hindu* wrote: "From the time he played in the Fourth Test in Australia until the Second Test against West Indies in Bombay, he has done more than a pace bowler is expected to do. It is showing poor appreciation of the good work done both at Delhi where he took five wickets and at Bombay where he was not luckily to get one". We go one step further and say that it is not merely a case of lack of appreciation, but of wanton and deliberate omission, in this cricket?

We wish Rangachari all luck in the match between South Zone and West Indies. Ranga will answer the selectors in that match.

Experience is what you think you have until you get more of it.—Dublin Opinion.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



SECRETARY of State Mr. Marshall spoke at Harvard on June 5, 1947 of certain terms on which the United States was prepared to embark on a munificent charity act and stretch her hand right across land and sea to lift the nations of Europe out of the mire of "hunger, poverty, desperation and chaos" into which they had sunk during the war. He said the object of the plan he had in mind was to contribute to "the revival of a working economy in the world, so as to permit the emergence of political and social conditions in which free nations can exist," with the conditionary clause that the "initiative" must first come from Europe and the precautionary warning that the assistance would be offered only to those who contributed to recovery in Europe and "should provide a cure rather than a mere palliative." This European Recovery Programme is, unlike the UNRRA and the British Loan, not a one-way help pact. It is America's insurance policy against war and in case of war, against desertion. It is the practical expression of the American conception of most of the Commandments and the Proverbs rolled into one dollar-cramped mass.

The passing of the Economic Co-operation Act in 1948 and the setting up of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation were the first steps in the implementation of the Marshall Plan. With the appointment of Mr. Paul Hoffman as the American Administrator and Mr. Averell Harriman as the American Special Representative in Europe, the Plan got practically under way. Since Russia was against the general idea of closer economic co-operation between the European countries, there resulted

an automatic division of Europe into Russia and her satellites on the one hand and America and the beneficiaries of the Marshall Plan on the other. In July 1947, fourteen participating countries met and formed a committee whose report was submitted to Mr. Marshall. Less than a year later the Convention of European Co-operation was signed by the delegates of sixteen nations (including the Anglo-American and French Zones of Germany.) Immediately after that a number of smaller committees had to be set up to deal with the hornets' nest of European political problems which the Marshall Plan so effectively disturbed. The one which seemed likely to give America the biggest headache was the network of trade agreements entered into by nations since the close of the war. Every country, big and small, was found to be either a debtor or a creditor—far more often the former. The more prosperous nations were refusing to help their weaker brethren unless the latter paid cash over the counter. The CEEC met this problem in the only way it could. They first appointed a committee to clear up the tangle.

But along with the clearing up, other things had to be done. To calculate the amount of aid each country would need through the Marshall Plan, it was necessary to assess at the outset how much of supply she could command from her immediate neighbours. Though the trade between East European and West European countries had been violently disrupted with the beginnings of tension between Russia and America, it was evident that the Soviet was in favour of resumption of trade with her erstwhile allies. So, all calculations were based on

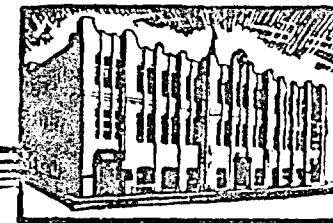
the premise of "a substantial and steady resumption" of essential goods like coal, timber and food from Russia and the central European states.

It is the most confusing thing in the world to give an account of the funds which were poured down European drains till July 1947. How much was spent and when and why and where, whether it helped economic recovery in any way only the confidential records and State files in Washington can reveal. And now there is Germany—like a blot on the European landscape, holding in its environs all the concentrated venom in the East-West conflict. Then there is the Ruhr about which France is vociferously dissatisfied. If Western Germany is to participate in the Marshall Plan, it is essential there should be unanimity of decision regarding the administration of Europe's chief industrial centre and distribution of its products. The inflation in France itself is disquieting. To the forty-seven million

Italians (plus 400,000 every year) living in their small hilly country, involvement in the aid programme brings in its wake many incidental problems. The question of Europe's displaced peoples still remains unsettled. The overall problem, of course, is that of bringing all the sixteen countries with their differing languages, political systems, differing monetary standards and laws, and the "most complex atmosphere of national boundaries and interests of colonial and overseas connections" in Europe, together. Not to speak of currency exchange difficulties and the uncompromising stand taken by member countries with regard to transport facilities. The Western Union is only the beginning of an attempt to solve these seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

The CEEC a few weeks ago drew up after days of discussion and disagreement, its plan for the year from July 1948 to June 1949. The net demand amounts to 4,875 million dollars. The Marshall Aid countries

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hope to achieve an increase in agricultural and industrial production as also in bilateral trade and manufacture of machinery. It is an ambitious programme and how much of it can be put into practice remains to be seen. But the persisting economic confusion and disintegration in the greater part of Europe as well as the unexpected and heavy drain on America's resources caused by the airlift into Berlin have brought into being a new condition for economic aid. Not only must the Marshall Plan countries try to be economically independent by the end of 1952 and begin paying off their debt, but the "economically strong" in Europe must help their less prosperous co-continentals. Britain and Belgium have to bear the brunt of the new burden. Britain is to give up one-fourth of the aid she receives and Belgium about four-fifths. France would be the one to benefit most from this new agreement and Greece, Austria, Norway and other countries to a lesser extent. The new agreement implies that the money so far spent has been more or less wasted. America obviously hopes she can achieve better results by tying up all the sixteen nations together and making the successful working of the plan a corporate responsibility, a kind of confirmation of a faith in the "potential prosperity" of Europe. Mr. Averell Harriman called it a "plan of great skill for a campaign of great hope" and Sir Stafford Cripps welcomed the adoption of the new agreement and the subsequent covenant as "unexampled" acts of international goodwill and the first "piece of concrete co-operation as distinct from paper planning." Mr. Hoffman described it as a "magnificent beginning."

It has not, however, proved such an auspicious opening. The whole thing seems to have started off only after an initial stumble. In December, Mr. Howard Bruce, Acting Economic Co-operation Administrator, revealed an "unhealthy" fact. Britain, he said, Belgium and the Netherlands were cheating on the Marshall Plan. The aluminium and the lead bought in America with

American dollars was being resold in the United States at a neat little margin of profit. "Until we find out what is going on" fumed Mr. Bruce, "We're going to be dragging our feet a little bit on these programmes." Later he amended his statement. "I don't think there is anything criminal about it," he said evasively. "I think that, once they are alerted, these countries can control the situation."

Every conceivable explanation was given and attempts made to hush up the whole thing. The materials were not bought with ECA funds, some said. Maybe statistics were to blame. Or perhaps badly arranged transshipments were at the bottom of the trouble. The ECA Administrator in London, Mr. Thomas K. Finletter, pointed out that Britain had granted no aluminium export licence since 1946. After all, asked top US officials, why should Britain cheat in a big thing like this? But the unhappy facts, proved with figures by Mr. Bruce, whose authenticity everybody is trying to disprove, have revealed not only that there has been a "serious mis-handling of the public relations of the ERP" but that moral recovery in Britain as well as in Europe from the devastation of the war is far from complete. As someone has put it, "the malady is now more nervous than physical; debilitated organs are beginning to respond to treatment but the state of mind of the patient remains deplorable." Return of confidence should be the first aim if the ERP, as Mr. Bevin said, is to "bring Europe to the healthy state which is essential if it is to be a self-respecting and independent community."

SWATANTRA

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SCIENTIFIC APPROACH TO ECONOMIC PROBLEMS

by S. JAYARAMAN

IN spite of all that the different 'isms' have said against one another, the world is becoming more and more 'collectivist' in its economic functions and this 'collectivist' movement is, by and large, the only thing that shapes and informs cultural movements throughout the world. Nations are getting progressively tied up into economically interdependent entities and even those nations that can boast of economic self-sufficiency in the near future will starve culturally and politically if they do not realize betimes that we have stepped into an air-age in which distances are shrinking and political frontiers dissolving away into thin air. Even where there is a difference of language, race and cultural inheritance between two nations, their peoples come together on the economic plane with the same cravings. The general social distemper of the age binds the economically downtrodden, of whatever race or clime, into one strong and powerful whole. It is a joining together of essentially dissimilar peoples with extraordinary diversities into an 'economic' society, wherein ethical concepts and cultural values are fast disappearing and wherein the only dominant passion is to get better economically by any means that would bring immediate and tangible results. Communism as a political weapon was evolved out of this kind of society. There is much in Communism as a purely economic doctrine which offers a scientific solution to the over-all economic distress in the world but there is much also that is illusory and unreal. This has confused people's minds and would lead them again into the same trap that Nazism and Fascism set for them in the early thirties when the condition of the world was pretty much the same as it is today.

This state of affairs calls for a scientific approach. Before Science addresses itself to this task, it has first to analyse and sift the various psychological complications that Communism has produced in the spheres of its operation. The relation between employer and worker, between landlord and peasant, has been completely emptied of the essential human element largely because of the kink that Communism gave to the minds of the downtrodden. This is inevitable, of course, in an economy with telling disparities in wealth between one group of men and another. But the Communists have played up this factor rather too much and thereby completely obliterated the human element. The Communists have forgotten that even in Russia where economic democracy was almost completely achieved in an amazingly short period of time, the whole machinery of the Government is controlled by one man, one Dictator. Force and a totalitarian system keep the Government going and the Government knows no Opposition. The people have therefore lost the freedom of critically examining the doings of the Government in the light of reason and this lack of individual freedom in Russia has not only denied the people a fundamental right, but what is more dangerous, it has almost driven away the capacity for rational criticism and dispassionate thinking from Russian minds. And yet Russia has taken vast strides in Science and first priority is given to the development of scientific techniques. Scientific technique has been usefully applied for building up the industrial strength of Russia and her agricultural potential but what is conspicuously absent is the cultivation of the scientific mind and its application to sociological problems.

The scientific mind would approach the present economic

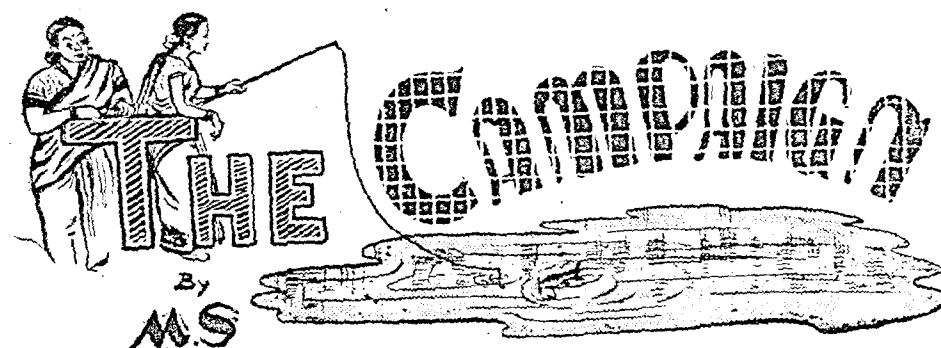
crisis in two ways. First, it will attempt to smoothen out the psychological factors that go to form a crisis. Unless the employer recognizes that the worker is not merely a 'card number' or a digit in a ledger but an intensely human individual and unless the worker on his part recognizes that the employer is, after all, human and is bound to react favourably if the human element is touched upon, no lasting solution to the economic crisis could be given.

Everywhere there is a cry for more production and huge masses of data give theoretical economists the conviction that even if the existing wealth is equally distributed it is not going to reach every individual in India. Data have also not been wanting to show that even if the common man is given the money-power to buy the essential commodities he wants, the scarcity of such commodities is so great that this money-power would only further aggravate the inflationary trend. But no attempt has been made to give these data a psychological clothing, to take them to the common people and to bring about in their midst that psychological transformation which would make them recognize that production means more wealth to them than to any select group or coterie. The working class is harassed by the idea that any increase in production as a result of its cumulative work is not going to enrich its pockets. It does not look upon the Government as a National Government. It is not in a mood to rely on the strength of such a Government to alter existing economic relationships. This shows two things: our sense of patriotism, especially after the advent of freedom, is fast disappearing; when such patriotism is absent, joy in production for the good of the country, the exhilaration of working economically for a national cause, simply does not exist. How best this important sentiment of patriotism could be tied up with a production-drive and how best this drive could be made to generate a sense of confidence in

the Government that it will do its bit for the downtrodden, are questions for the scientist to answer. No politician, certainly no Communist, is competent to handle these questions. Politicians have made a mess of this world and the basic cause of the two great wars must be nailed at their doors.

The scientist has also not been very blameless in his behaviour in this world crisis. He has played into the hands of the politicians and the dictators that lorded it over us. He has accepted without demur that he has nothing to do with sociological problems. The modern scientist, on the other hand, has a vital role to fulfil. He should realize that he, more than any other specialist, is capable of building up an integrated body of economic and sociological data. He should realize, in the words of Professor C. H. Waddington, that "society is in some ways a unity and all its different aspects overlap one another, so that it is extremely difficult to draw any valid conclusions about any one part without studying them all; that somewhere there should be a clue as to what it is which holds together all the diverse facets of a culture, its religion and its games, its business morals and its sense of individual worth, its economic structure and its sexual ethics". He should realize "that scientific knowledge and understanding is a communal achievement, the sum of a multitude of contributions from many different people. Any individual may feel a certain justifiable pride if he knows that he has added one brick to the structure".

All this realization can only come to scientists who are full of the spirit of adventure. A scientific mind, with intense feeling locked in it, is the only mind that can successfully tackle the problems of today. If Science does not hearken to this call of duty to humanity the crisis might worsen. So there are only two alternatives before us when we go to tackle our economic problems or any problem for that matter: a scientific approach or chaos.



IT was one of Mano's bright ideas. I Mano is my wife, and is the sort that is always full of bright ideas. Well, this is about the one she got when Vinayak made his first duty call. Vinayak is my recently appointed assistant. He is rather good-looking. He's considered handsome by my steno, and I wasn't surprised when Mano expressed the same opinion. For my part I thought him rather insipid and dolled-up. In fact, I said so and was accused of rank jealousy—of course by Mano.

I am afraid I am to blame, for it was I who asked him to drop in sometime, never dreaming Mano would get one of her bright ideas. But she did.

When I introduced Vinayak to her, she gushed over him and told him he was to look us up as often as possible. "We're a couple of old folks and there's nothing like a youngster to cheer up things," she gurgled. I resented this remark, but I admit I'm going bald and rather on the wrong side of thirty; but I don't like to act the grandpa just because Mano thinks it delightful to entertain young men who claim to look like Robert Taylor. I must have looked every word of this ugly thought; for Vinayak, really a very shy young man, took up his empty tea-cup in his agitation and choked over the dregs.

As soon as he'd left, Mano faced me with an enigmatic smile. I was supposed to break into a fit of excited questioning which I didn't. She tempted me with an offer of a penny for my thoughts and just when I was settling down to a nap,

she came out with the beginning of her bright idea.

"Doesn't he remind you of Sudharsan?"

"Who?"

"Stupid! Vinayak, of course. I'm referring to the one and only Sudharsan who would have married me but for you". Mano was her brightest when she talked of my ex-rivals. I was often given to understand that out of a dazzling array of Valour, Wealth and Beauty she had selected me and spurned more attractive specimens for the sole purpose of choosing my ties and piloting me thro' life. It was a case of 'Photo-finish' with me and Sudharsan, and the thought always galled me that he had escaped by a hair's breadth. Not that I really minded it, for the world has been full of Manos ever since the time of Socrates.

"The minute he came in, I noticed the startling resemblance. That was why I thought it was just too perfectly wonderful!" I couldn't see how. "He seemed quite lost. How lucky we had him here before Mrs. Pai or Mrs. Raghavan had caught hold of him!" The ladies mentioned were never in Mano's good books. Their exact fault was always obscure, but I gathered that they were Polyps and sea-anemones in disguise who lured nice young men into their menage. And so Vinayak became Mano's protege. She was still giving me her first impressions of Vinayak, and if first impressions counted for anything, that young man was getting on famously. "He really has such a fine taste in

clothes. Mummie would simply rave over him!" I couldn't see where Mano's mother came into the picture but then she invariably did. She was that sort.

I was not surprised when only two days later Vinayak called on us again. Mano's welcome was more effusive than ever, and before tea was half-way through, Mano had unearthed enough details of Vinayak's life to fill seven volumes of his autobiography. The chump sat there in a mauve bush-shirt and blushing revealed that he was the scion of an ancient line who had been Peishwas up to his great-grandfather's time and P.W.D. Engineers since then up to his own generation. She discussed Upton Sinclair and Czech politics with him. She's so clever or rather, frightful. But Vinayak seemed to like it which just shows that you can never account for tastes.

So when once again Vinayak called on us, and that only two days after his previous visit, I began to look upon the whole of the proceedings as sinister. The third visit, significant in itself, revealed the forces at work behind the scenes. When I walked into the drawing room, I found Vinayak sipping tea (funny how he always turned up at tea-time; he seemed to enjoy the ghastly stuff Mano doled out), flipping over Mano's collection of snapshots and listening to Mano's running comments.

The photo album is the highlight of the drawing room and consists of celluloid impressions of not only Mano but all the members of her family. Each snap has a story or anecdote behind it, tho' from the mere look of them one could not credit them with anything so interesting. When I came in, Mano was in the middle of what was supposed to be the juiciest of the lot. Mano seemed to resent my interruption, but gallantly turned over a page and announced with an ill-assumed air of casualty, "This is my sister Leela!" Then, as a sort of after-thought, she added in a tone of indisputable finality: "She's the

beauty of the family". I knew she was showing Vinayak the photo of my sister-in-law Leela and her friend Kamala. The girls in the picture were striking in an Amazonian way, and looked very much like two horses who had reined in the middle of a nice jolly gallop. Vinayak was obviously impressed with Mano's way of putting things, though I could not help detecting a familiar ring about these words. There had been a time when Mano was called the beauty of the family, but that was when the aforementioned Sudharsan and I were running neck to neck at it. Now it was Leela, in her turn filling the bill!

After introducing Leela to Vinayak, Mano took him on to further studies of Leela in various phases of childhood and girlhood all of which revealed amply the Rani of Jhansi trait in her, in varying degrees of intensity. But Vinayak seemed quite taken up with the one of Leela and her friend Kamala and took a good many looks at it before returning the album. He even asked a lot of questions about the two, and afterwards Mano laughingly remarked about it. "You know he's quite taken up with our Leela, but the clever rogue pretended he was interested in Kamala and asked a hundred questions about her. But he couldn't deceive me! Well, I must write a long letter to Mummie". The Mummie in question was anything but a mummy—pardon the lurid attempt at punning; but it is part of the price one has to pay for possessing a mother-in-law like mine.

Well, the procedure was fairly stereotyped after that. I looked on the drama with secret satisfaction. It was too late to warn Vinayak, though, in my opinion, the blighter simply asked for it the way he drank in Mano's accounts of Leela's childhood pranks and gazed at her photos uncomplainingly.

So Vinayak heard all about "Dear Leela" and her charming ways for two whole weeks. That chap's stamina amazed me. And I sat there and watched him listening to

9,000 words a week about Leela while the tentacles reached out to him slowly but surely.

If there's anything that a happy, newly married young woman resents being wasted, it is a nice young man in a mauve bush-shirt who looks almost like Robert Taylor. In the meanwhile, Mano's home despatches acquired momentum. Mano's mother and sister arrived on the scene to clinch the issue. The mother-in-law had a Field-Marshal's dexterity in manipulating the elusive threads of match-making. To her I ascribe the unfair elimination of the fortunate Sudharsan. Anyway, she decided the day and the hour to have it out with young Vinayak. Yes, it was to be the Grand Finale.

But young Vinayak had vanished. He'd simply lumped it, and the office disclosed that he had left on a month's leave. I can't say how much it upset Mano's mother and sister, though they made a good job of hiding it. Mano suddenly recollected that Vinayak had talked of a wedding in his native place, and wondered whether he had not taken the opportunity to inform his parents also about Leela.

"Yes, it's time he did," decided Mano and she told me what she thought was to be my part in the affair. "I wonder why you haven't yet talked it over with him. After all, you can't expect me to do everything—as if I could—the very idea! I can only suggest or hint but I can't ask him what he thinks of marriage and all that, tho' as a

matter of fact I did. But he blushed and stammered and naturally! You know you really are most unhelpful! You hardly seem to realise that Mrs. Pai and a score of others are just waiting to snatch away Vinayak. Fortunately for us, he's escaped their snares; and when everything is shaping so nicely you simply refuse to co-operate'.

This accusation from Mano and one of those deadly looks from her mother completed the job. I breathed hard and resolved to kidnap Vinayak, keep him on bread and water and under lock and key, until he agreed to marry Leela unconditionally.

But it was really the postman who hastened the show-down. For he delivered a wedding invitation for Leela from her friend Kamala, who was getting married to our friend Vinayak. When I left the room, I heard perfectly unfair remarks about Vinayak who was now regarded with unvarnished loathing.

A week later, Mano was seeing her mother and sister off at the station. I heard her assuring her mother, "I'm not quite sure, but he's really a most promising young chap. Anyway, I'll find out all about him and let you know very soon."

Well, even field-marshals make mistakes; but the best of them profit by their errors. My mother-in-law must have learnt a lot, for she pinned down the very next young man and now, my wife and Leela tell me that Prema is the beauty and brains of the family.

STATESMAN'S CRAFT

Of statesmen and statecraft much has been said. Here are a few of the more outspoken views:

In statesmanship, said Mark Twain, get the formalities right—never mind about the moralities. Benjamin Disraeli's view was more intriguing. "Frank and explicit—that is the right line to take" he said, "when you wish to conceal your own mind and to confuse the minds of others." Napoleon's advice to his ambassador to London was practical. "Above all", he warned, "do not fail to give good dinners and to pay attention to the women."

From the religious texts comes the most unhappy indictment.

The ambassadors of peace, says the Book of Isaiah XXXIII, shall weep bitterly.

CRITERION OF "EFFICIENCY"

by 'NAMBS'

A friend remarked the other day: "These journalists are a bad lot, they go on criticising and criticising, but do not seem to suggest positive things for improving administration." Probably many a reader would echo these sentiments. Being an administrator with experience of service, public and private, I think this criticism of the journalists as a class is not justified.

It is quite true that many articles, letters to the editor and things like that appear condemning one thing or another that the Government have done. But very often, at least in the case of serious men, they put it in such a way that the loopholes are also indicated so as to show where the improvement is to be done. More than this is not possible, unless one can be assured as to the suggestions being taken up and acted upon, or at least looked into. Most writers are interested in improving the administration, not in pulling it down.

There is a tendency for people in high positions to talk publicly about their subordinates and complain of their inefficiency. This is the worst thing to do. Once you pull down publicly the esteem of your subordinates no work can be turned out. We must devise means of ensuring that each public servant feels his responsibility. By denouncing a subordinate we only alienate his sympathy for us, and the public's sympathy for him. I am painfully reminded of the occasion when the Premier talked lightly of engineers and the bus transport staff.

Each officer should be given the responsibility of freedom of decision within a limited sphere. Duty, of course, goes with privilege. Of course departmental discipline is important. But the system now works too much on the responsibility being shifted higher and higher. Officers in the lower cadre are naturally afraid to take decisions, not because they will be wrong, but because their superiors

are likely to find fault with them for not taking prior orders. Once the person who takes the decision feels that he may be applauded for his action if he is right, he will have a higher incentive and greater enthusiasm, than when he simply has to take orders.

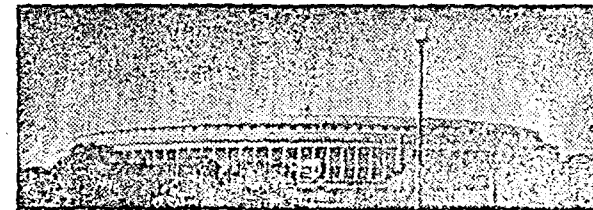
Corruption is a two-man affair. So it is unfair simply to throw mud at the public servant, when the other side also has a responsibility. Merit and efficiency should certainly be given an incentive if things are to improve. Mere seniority should not count. Talented men quite often have to start low and the disgust and disappointment arising out of their unlucky start is responsible for much heart burning and inefficiency. They must have a feeling that at least if they show something good they can get a quicker push up. I quite understand the warning of the cautious friend who says that this might lead to favouritism and nepotism. But once a general standard of efficiency is established nepotism will disappear.

The procedure in office needs to be looked into and simplified. For this we require no commissions or committees. If the officers in charge are told that they will be judged by the efficiency of their work instead of by the number of files disposed of a new era can easily dawn. The clerks and assistants must be infused with the feeling that favourable disposal of questions from the public's point of view is what counts, and not mere disposal in strict accordance with the administrative rules.

In any office today files can be picked up which are just maintained for issuing and receiving reminders regarding questions disposed of long ago. The officers should be permitted to close them once and for all, instead of wasting more time calling up post-mortem reports. In all these ways we can definitely infuse efficiency in the administration and the sooner it is done, the better.

R&R

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

SPEECHES made by the Congress President seem to have been purposely ignored by the *Associated Press of India*, now owned by the Press Trust. The *United Press of India* usually sends a man, but this agency is content to follow the lead of the A.P.I. There does seem to be a directive, explicit or implicit, not to give wide publicity to the pronouncements of President Pattabhi, because the President has been outspoken in his comments. I propose to give in this Diary the report of two of the President's speeches. It is really surprising that the A.P. wires are never too busy to carry five to six columns of arrant nonsense spoken by this Minister or that; but when the Congress President tells some hard truths, all the reporters are too busy attending meetings addressed by Ministers. This subservience to power has been the tradition of the great wire agencies. It was not surprising therefore that when Pandit Nehru became Vice-President of the Viceroy's Cabinet over two years ago, Sir Usha Nath Sen of the A.P.I. made an eloquent speech and assured Panditji, "Sir, you may be sure of the support of the Press to your Government. The Press has never failed any Government."

Acharya Kripalani is another person who has not been properly reported by the Press. Only during his visit to Madras some months ago was he reported fairly—because the Press in Madras has a greater sense of fairplay than anywhere else in the country. It is rather difficult to imagine the conspiratorial air that pervades newspapers in most Indian cities. I know of one newspaper which suppressed a statement

made by Mahatma Gandhi on the Industrialists' Delegation which went to America before the advent of Congress to office at the Centre. Gandhiji offered his blessings (when he was requested to give blessings) "in terms of famished and naked India." This upset a prominent member of the staff of that newspaper, and he ordered the suppression of that statement of Gandhiji's. It appeared twenty-four hours after it was published in other newspapers; and this time, it appeared along with the reply of an industrialist to the Mahatma.

The Congress President described the suggestion that India should join the Commonwealth as a proposal for "companionate marriage", and characterised the idea of "dual citizenship" as a "loose relationship". Dr. Pattabhi was speaking at a meeting organised by the Caravan of India on the subject of "citizenship".

Dr. Pattabhi thought that "double citizenship", which was now being talked of as an age-old, time-honoured and traditional idea, might actually turn out for India to be a case of "heads I lose; and tails, you win". The other aspect was that membership of the Commonwealth would not involve any alliances. Alliances meant give-and-take. One did not know what double citizenship meant; and one did not want to know because you would want to know the meaning of things only when the ideas are approaching realisation.

Speaking on the need for vigilance to safeguard the liberties of citizenship, Dr. Pattabhi declared: "The difference between a foreign Gov-

ernment and one's own Government is that a foreign Government dominating your country takes away all your liberties in one stroke, whereas a national Government takes all your liberties in dribblets." Every act of a Government was based upon brute force, said Dr. Pattabhi. There were three sanctions behind a Government, and brute force was the lowest and the worst. The other two were public opinion and individual conscience. Mahatma Gandhi represented the individual conscience, which was the best of the three. That was why Gandhi was a social anarchist and denied the need for Government. He wanted that everybody should develop a conscience which would make Government unnecessary.

Dr. Pattabhi emphasised that the foreign Government in India had, of need, to govern entirely by brute force. In England Government offices were indistinguishable from other offices. But in India public officers were imposing and awe-inspiring. He said, "The other day, at every step, red-blazoned men with raised daggers and with heels in their spurs were to be seen at Government House. When the Governor-General entered, there was a loud ejaculation which we could not make out. Lo, and behold! this simple man came after all that heraldry and pomp. We do not want such a thing. The British wanted such things because they sustained their power by wealth. We will sustain it by our service. Wealth and service are polar opposites."

Dr. Pattabhi was unhappy about the way in which Government offices went on multiplying. There used to be 3,000 chowkidars in the Government of India, and now there were 18,000. Government was also becoming impersonal. Formerly a man went to his ruler whether he had a big complaint or a small complaint: but now there were no Princes. In the British system there was a King, but the King was not supposed to be seen at all. And again, all work was done by the clerk, and he put it up to the Su-

perintendent. The Superintendent wrote, "This may be done", and sent it to the Assistant Secretary who, in his turn, wrote "Yes, I agree" and sent it up to the Under-Secretary. The Under-Secretary put it up to the Deputy Secretary and the Deputy Secretary to the Joint Secretary and thus it went on to the Additional Secretary who passed it on to the Secretary. The Secretary being a very big man drawing Rs. 4,000 did not write any remark but simply put his initials.

The Congress President stated that the freedom of speech, association, freedom of the Press, etc., for which Congressmen themselves had agitated in the past, still had to be championed. Action taken by the present Government was, however, to be regarded in a different light from the action which used to be taken by the British Government. The difference arose because one's own Government might be compared to a parent who has the right to punish his children.

"A nation is judged not by its material achievements like power valley projects, but by its contribution to Art", said Dr. Pattabhi, while declaring open an exhibition of paintings by Niren Ghosh and his pupils at the New Delhi Town Hall on another day.

Dr. Pattabhi pointed out that a chemical formula was the same whether it was put down by an American scientist or an Indian scientist. Science was everybody's property, and knowledge was the heritage of man. But each nation had its own distinct contribution to Art. When an Indian artist painted a rose, he did not make an exact reproduction of the rose, but he gave expression to the Indian concept of the rose, so that it did not merely smell, but it spoke. Photography was not Art, said Dr. Pattabhi. Photography differed from true Art in the same way as the harmonium differed from the Veena, or the gramophone record from the actual music produced by the vocal chords.

He often heard the criticism, Dr. Pattabhi went on, that the Indian

artist did not reproduce the hand or the palm or the sole properly because he did not know anatomy. The Indian artist did not know anatomy, but if one wanted to know anatomy one should go to the mortuary or to the dissecting table in a hospital. To a man who did not cultivate sensitivity to art all paintings were a dab of colour, and all music was noise. Art existed in the home of the Indian, and not merely in his drawing room as in the West. Here Dr. Pattabhi pointed to the sarees worn by a bevy of beautiful Bengali girls present and stated that the way in which they dressed revealed the artistic sense in them. The Bengali was artistic and emotional; the Assamese had a good sense of rhythm and bodily movement; the Oriya had a taste for art; the Andhra had a bit of emotionalism, a bit of the artist in him and was gruff in his manner and was lazy; the Tamilian had a sharp intellect; the Kerala man was straightforward as could be seen from his white costume; the Karnataka was a combination of the Andhra and the Kerala; the Maharashtrian was extremely logical, and both men and women were warriors among them; the Gujarati had refinement and a flair for making money; in the

magnificent Punjabi the body and the mind were each trying to take first place; the Bihari represented plain living and high thinking; and the U.P. man was a combination of all these put together. Each had a distinct contribution to art, music and culture, for each was a sub-nationality. It was in order that their particular contribution to Art might be richer that the demand for Linguistic Provinces was being made.

Dr. Pattabhi made a plea for the rediscovery of the Indian home, wherein Art dwelt. He recalled that the architect of old made no estimates of the cost of the building, but poured out his art in the building of a home, without reference to wages or hours of work or the cost of materials. After the house was built the *simhadwara* (the main gate) was brought and fixed by the carpenter, for it was he that decided what kind of a gate suited the house. The builder received a present from the master of the house after the construction was over. Indians should therefore rediscover their homes, and he was glad that already children were being encouraged to express themselves through the medium of Art, concluded Dr. Pattabhi.



Mr. David Rawnsley, a film specialist and a consultant of the Rank organisation, has devised a new method of production called "Independent Frame" which seems likely to revolutionise the film industry.

"Independent Frame" begins with a detailed planning of all studio work. All the dresses, make-up, etc. are assembled in advance and kept ready and as much of the film as possible is prepared without actors, the fullest use being made of "back projection" and other technical aids.

Such preparation, it is estimated, will, for a normal feature, occupy the production floor for not more than four weeks. Actors and actresses take part only during the last phase of two weeks or so.

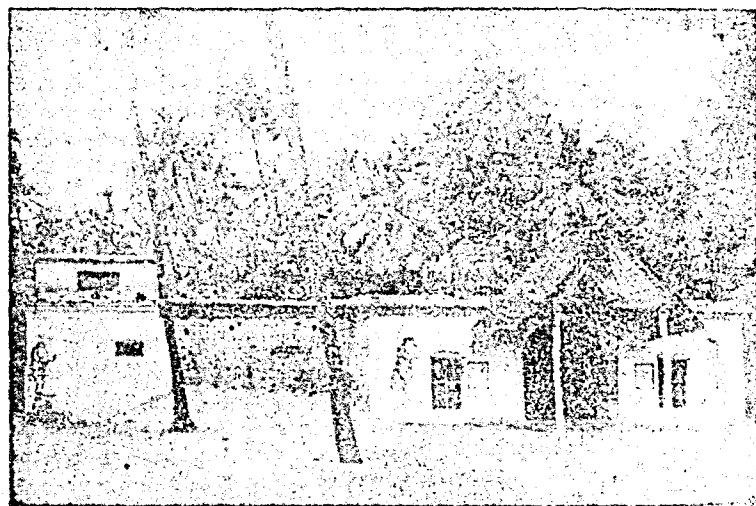
SOME THOUGHTS ON THE TONE POET OF TIRUVAIYAR

by T. S. P.

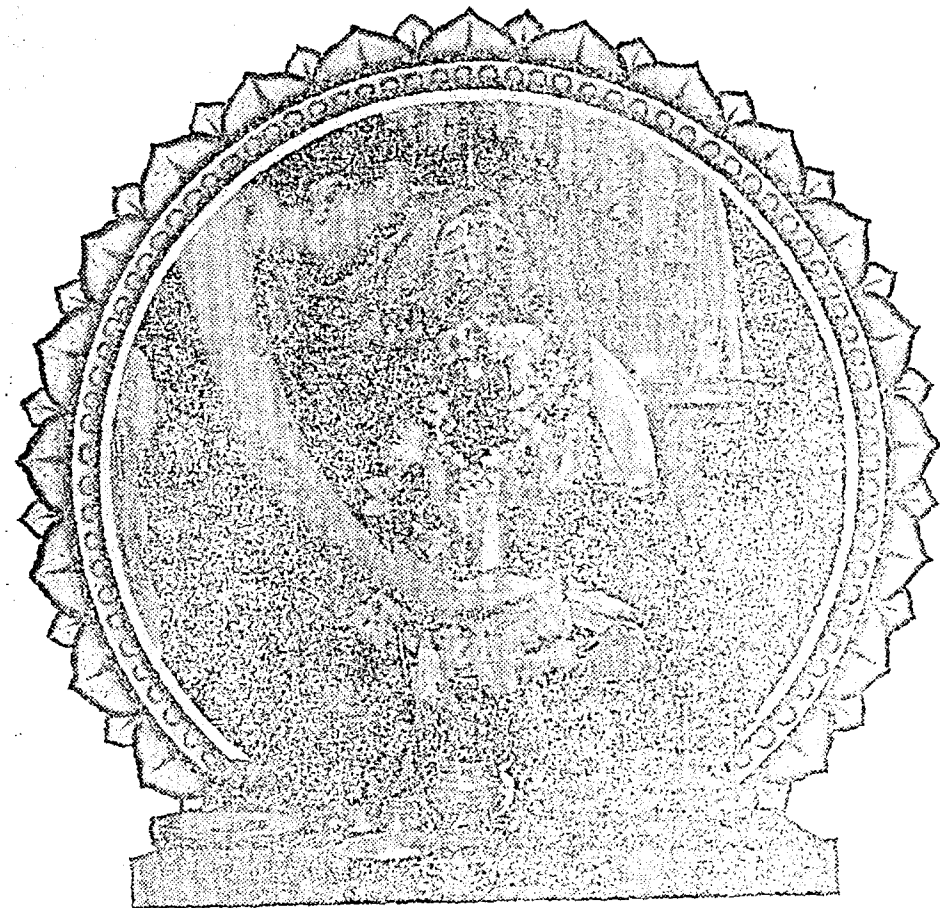
THE spate of music to which Madras was treated towards the close of the last month must have convinced any lover of music that, despite the appalling deterioration in standards of music generally, the kritis of Tyagaraja still remain the backbone of our music performances. With the exception of one musical body to which songs in other than a particular language are anathema, more than fifty per cent of the programmes at other concerts consisted of the compositions of this master composer of Carnatic music. Behind a variety of mutilations committed by our musicians, partly through ignorance and partly through lack of traditional training, one could still discern the delicate and ethereal beauty of his musical forms, as faintly as the fragrance of a distant rose wafted by the breeze. And memory harks back to that sanctuary of music in Tiruvaiy-
yar where the creator of those forms lies in Samadhi and the mind is filled with grateful thoughts of one who made our "music progressive

and our melody more rhythmical, flowing and graceful."

Even the straggling modern buildings have not spoiled the quiet beauty of Tiruvaiy-
yar and a century and half ago the village should have been a sylvan spot of great charm. Tyagaraja himself has waxed poetic over his native village in two songs "Sari vedalina" in Asaveri and "Muripemu" in Mukhari and described the natural beauties around it with a rapture bordering on parochial pride. The former piece is devoted to a description of the river Kaveri as it comes flowing from Srirangam to Tiruvaiy-
yar while the latter, in which there is more poetry than song, contains an ecstatic portrayal of the many excellences of Chola Desa in general and of Tiruvaiy-
yar in particular. But in Tyagaraja's time, it was a citadel of orthodoxy which looked upon musicians with an unfriendly eye and did not hesitate to classify the singer (gayaka) with the dancer and the gallant (nata and vita). It was Tyagaraja's instinctive appreciation of tonal beauty that led him



Samadhi of Tyagaraja

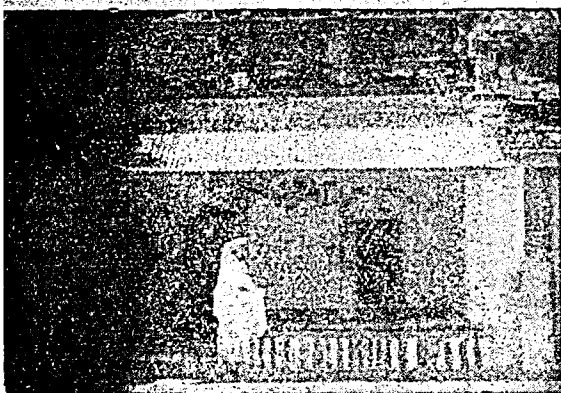


Idol of Tyagaraja

to music notwithstanding his own orthodox bent of mind and he probably had to contend with a lot of initial opposition from the community. He, therefore, elevated the art of music in his Kritis as no composer had ever done before and took great care to exclude the 'gayaka' whenever he had occasion to refer to the other two disreputable categories.

Although Tyagaraja's life was not one of strenuous action but one of contemplation and introspection, even the common details of his uneventful life have to be gathered from anecdote. His humble dwelling, standing practically in the same condition to this day, is connected with an event in his life which he has thought fit to perpe-

tuate in song. As an artist to the core, Tyagaraja seldom makes references in his kritis to commonplace incidents in life but in the moving piece "Nadupai" in Madhyamavati, he has unmistakably referred to the partition of the ancestral house with his brother and has poured out before his deity his anguish at the charge that he was responsible for the rift in the family. A visit to this house is a thrilling experience to the music lover if he can visualise that within the four walls of this modest, low-roofed house, a creative genius was at work for nearly seven decades, producing some of the most magnificent specimens of melody forms ever conceived by humanity. A faded painting of Kodanda Rama greets



Tyagaraja's house in Tiruvaiyar
—Courtesy Music Academy.

the visitor from a corner and the only existing survivor of the composer's family recites an anecdote about it with the inevitable ending that the song "Nannu Palimpa" was sung by the saint when the picture was presented to him by one of his disciples.

The idols Tyagaraja worshipped are also connected with several legends. His Utsava Sampradaya Kirtanas clearly indicate that he was a devoted idol-worshipper and it would appear that when the family properties were being partitioned, he preferred the family idols to more valuable property. And no biographer of Tyagaraja omits to record that his brothers, provoked

by his frequent bhajana celebrations, once stealthily removed the idols and threw them into the Kaveri. But a perusal of the many compositions that are linked up with this incident will show that the sentiments expressed therein are common to all devotee-poets during their alternating moods of depression and elation in their feverish search for God. The idols, however, draw our attention as the source of inspiration from which Tyagaraja conjured up gorgeous visions of his favourite deity, so graphically described by him in many a Kirti like "Meru samana" and "Maravakara".

The advent of Tyagaraja marks an epoch in the development of the musical history of the country, his compositions opening, as they did, new vistas of precious possibilities in the art which lay dormant till his time. The most ordinary of ragas were vivified by his magic touch and to quote him from "Sripapriya", "took pleasing shapes and danced with tinkling anklets." His devotion to the tradition of the past was only matched by his refreshingly fresh innovations in new fields and in excellence, he surpassed all that had preceded. Posterity can never be sufficiently grateful to him, who, as one writer has pointed out, "is perhaps our greatest single contribution to humanity."



New machinery and other equipment worth £60,000 (Rs. 8 lakhs) have been completed by a factory in South-East England for shipment to Bangalore, where a plastics manufacturing factory is shortly to be set up.

The finished machinery was specially designed in one of Britain's most up-to-date plastics factories at Upper Basildon, in Berkshire.

Two young Bangalore scientists, Mr. H. S. Visweswariah and Mr. P. S. Srinivasa Mudaliar, who will help in the erection of the plant, have now returned to India after completing a three-month training period at the Berkshire factory.

When the plant arrives at Bangalore and is ready to be installed, three experts from the British factory will supervise the work.



WHAT is this thing called Love? Love, they say, makes the world go round. But, then, the cynics retort that Love is the dirty trick Nature plays on Man to ensure the perpetuation of the species. But, apart from biology, Love also has its spiritual and mental plane. Love is a state of mind more than anything else. Let me explain this more explicitly.

Now, take Junior—male, sixteen years old, average height, a bit uncouth in his manners and habits, careless about his dress, a keen sportsman, and now a student in the junior Inter class in College. At home, Father and Mother have despaired of Junior's ways and appearance, and have tried their best to infuse something of grace and culture into him, all to no avail. Junior has remained untouched—a young barbarian, grimy, uncombed, buttonless and a blot on the landscape. College has made no impression on his higher senses. He did attend those first few weeks' classes in an enthusiastic frame of mind, but, by now, the zeal has faded out.

Then, suddenly, one notices the slight change in the scheme of things. Junior is caught one evening actually brushing his shoes, with the gleam of the artist in his eye! He complains to Mother that half his shirts have no buttons, and demands immediate repair. On his dressing table one soon finds a judicious selection of various brands of hair-oils and creams, and may be

even some of Mother's perfume! In the morning it is his daily ritual to spend a quarter of an hour plastering down his unruly locks, and admiring his profile from the corner of his eye in the mirror. He spends two weeks trying to coax a few stray hairs on his upper lip to grow more luxuriantly and to remain in position so as to be called a moustache. But Elder Brother puts an end to that fancy of his by commenting morning, noon and night on its straggled appearance, and calling loudly for a magnifying glass to admire its daily progress. Junior now uses a packet of blades every week to get that well-groomed look. He has even started to persuade Father to give him a brand-new suit, having the best tailor in town in his mind's eye. Elder Brother has his suspicions as to what has caused this metamorphosis, and there is a wicked look in his eye every time he comes across Junior improving his sartorial effects. He begins to ask embarrassing questions. Junior evades him these days, and hides "One Hundred Famous Love Letters" under the bed. Yes, Junior is in love! Laugh at him, sneer at him, criticise him, call him a young fool—but you are now the witness of the emergence of the individual from the shell of sheltered boyhood. Who is she? Oh, any one of those young, pretty creatures that are just as innocent and foolish as he is—a butterfly trying her wings after the cramped existence of the cocoon of the high-school.

Let us leave them and return to Junior five or six years later—now an M.A. Final student. Ask him about Love, and he will tell you it is a fancy of the poets, and that what really exists is biological urge and sex-frustration. He has read his Sigmund Freud from cover to cover. Then, a few months later, at a Literary Society party, he discovers that shy Miss Radha is, after all, a very intelligent young woman. She is the proud possessor of what he calls a "soul". And to think that had he not attended that party he would have never "known" her! Tell him that he has been bitten by the Love-bug, and he will hotly retort that he and she do, not believe in sweet, sickening, sentimental affection. No, theirs is a communion of souls and intellects. Plato has played Cupid before. But this too will pass as the months and the years roll by.

The scene shifts. We find Junior, now, an officer in a well-known company. In the lingo of the world, he has made good. At the age of thirty, he is one of the top men of the concern, and is a hot favourite for the general manager's seat. Give him a few years more and he will be there. Now, with the smug self-satisfaction of the successful businessman, Junior begins to look around, especially when he is at weddings, receptions, birthday parties and other social functions. The continuous stream of propaganda directed at him by aunts, uncles, parents, brother, cousins and others is slowly acting on him. In

spite of his laughing protests against marrying, he cannot escape the inevitable. Each season that passes him by, redoubles the efforts of his well-meaning relatives. Offers come in from time to time, and beauty and intelligence are weighed callously against position and material wealth at family pow-pows. But, in spite of Junior's businesslike attitude, he secretly yearns for understanding and loveliness to come into his banal existence. He has a fair chance of getting what he wants.

And so Junior's love-life comes to an end. He does get married a year or two later, and the interest of his relatives shifts from him to the next generation. His biological activity is watched keenly and with anticipation, until he is soon a father.

However, is he satisfied with his life now? Yes, I suppose so. She is a good wife, intelligent and well-educated, fairly pretty in spite of the ravages of Nature and Time, and a good mother. But, Junior still has his "panic of his aching dust". He still yearns, though he rarely apprehends clearly what for. When he has read a good book or seen a good film, then, for a few brief moments the emptiness of his soul is revealed to him, the spiritual hunger cutting like a keen knife into him. And the next day it is gone. But then, let us take consolation in the fact that Man always yearns, otherwise he would not be Man. Was it not Socrates who said that whether one marries or not, one would regret it?



We all declare for liberty: but in using the same word we do not all mean the same thing. With some the word liberty may mean for each man to do as he pleases with himself and the product of his labour; while with others the same word may mean for some men to do as they please with other men, and the product of other men's labour. Here are two not only different but incompatible things called by the same name, liberty. And it follows that each of the things is, by the respective parties, called by two different and incompatible names—liberty and tyranny. The shepherd drives the wolf from the sheep's throat, for which the sheep thanks the shepherd as his liberator, while the wolf denounces him for the same act as the destroyer of liberty. Plainly the sheep and the wolf are not agreed upon a definition of the word liberty.—Abraham Lincoln.



INDONESIA will loom large on the Indian horizon in the coming week when the official representatives of Asiatic countries come together at the invitation of Prime Minister Nehru, to discuss ways and means of meeting the menace of Dutch imperialism.

The Asian Relations Conference of two years ago being an unofficial cultural get-together, this is the first time in history that Asian unity is being realised on government level. The dream of Ashoka to link the countries of the East with bonds of faith is at last coming true, after two thousand years, with context of anti-imperialism.

CAVALCADE OF ASIA

For twenty centuries or more Asia has waited for this day. The Chinese Buddhist travellers—Sung Yun, Hiuen Tsang and Fa-Hien—who roamed all over India and the neighbouring in search of faith and knowledge, Ashoka the Great who sent his emissaries to all the countries of Asia to spread the gospel of Gautama, the South Indian navigators who scoured the Eastern seas and colonised the islands now known as the Indies, Kublai Khan and other Mongol monarchs of China who maintained cultural and social contacts with their royal cousins in Persia, across the land mass of India, the Arab adventurers who not only landed on the East Coast of India and inter-married with Malayalees but ventured right up to the islands of the Indies, the

Muslim divines from Arabia and Persia who penetrated to the remotest villages of India and did more to spread Islam in India than all the Pathan and Mughal invaders put together—all of them, in their own way and at different stages of history, have contributed to the realisation of the ideal which has finally crystallised in the shape of the conference of Asiatic powers called to defend Indonesia.

It is, perhaps, not accidental that India and Indonesia should be instrumental in bringing together the countries of Asia—all the way from the semi-European Turkey in the West to China in the Farthest East. For India has always been, geographically and politically, in the centre of Asia—with the Muslim bloc of countries of the Middle East on one side and Buddhist Burma-Malaya-China-Japan on the other, Tibet and Soviet Asia in the North and Ceylon in the South.

HINDU-MUSLIM INTEGRATION

As for Indonesia, culturally it occupies the same position in Asia that India occupies geographically. The Indonesians have achieved the rare synthesis of Hindu cultural tradition and the religion of Islam. The vast majority of them are Muslims, pray with their faces turned towards Mecca, believe in One God and the prophethood of Mohamed, but their dances, festivals, customs and ceremonies, the names of their cities, all bear the unmistakable stamp of Hinduism.

From his name or dress you cannot identify the religion of an Indonesian—whether he is a Muslim, Christian, Hindu or Buddhist. Ten years ago, at the World Youth Congress in New York, I remember meeting an Indonesian girl whose name was Hirawati Latif—and she was a Muslim! The well-known French photographer Cartier-Bresson's Indonesian wife's name is Ratna—and she is a Muslim, too!

The Javanese dancers, some of whom have appeared on the stage in Bombay and Calcutta, have clearly derived their gesture-language from Kathakali and other dance forms of South India—from where undoubtedly the original Hindu colonists had come!

Indonesia is the one cause which has evoked sympathy and enthusiasm in equal measure both in India and in Pakistan. The Pakistani sentiment is, of course, based on religious affinity rather than on common political interests of anti-imperialism. Nevertheless it is to be welcomed as providing at least one common basis for Indo-Pakistan co-operation and unity.

The Indonesians, however, do not seem to suffer from the intrusion of religion into politics. Of all the political parties, the Islam Party has the least following. And, of course, they feel nearer to the India of Nehru, which has consistently stood by them, than Pakistan the leaders of which have discovered only now that Indonesians are fellow-Muslims deserving sympathy and support.

IMPERIALISM IN THE 'EMERALD ISLES'

The first Dutchman to set foot on Indonesian soil came camouflaged as a tourist collecting archaeological data about the famous Hindu Empire of Madjabahit which had flourished in Java a thousand years ago—even as the first Englishman who secured concessions for the British East India Company came in the guise of a humanitarian doctor! The ways of the rival imperialisms are varied but fundamentally the same.

The Dutch East India Company was established in 1602 by Jan Pieters, soldier-adventurer of the Clive type, who sent home a lengthy report on the "prospects of monopolising trade in the 'Emerald Isles'". The very next year (again a close parallel to India) Jan Pieters brought in a garrison to "protect" his trading post in Batavia—and soon after he was taking an active interest in the internal dissensions of the petty monarchs who were constantly waging war upon one another. Again, as in India, one by one the native rulers were dispossessed and in a century and a half the Dutch were masters of Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Moluccas, Bali and the western half of New Guinea (which significantly enough, the Dutch share with the British).

And thus Holland (with an area of 12,500 square miles and a population of eight millions) acquired an empire of 78,800 square miles and an enormous gold reserve. Here are a few characteristics of the Dutch colonial rule:—

"Forced agriculture" compelled native peasants to cultivate for the benefit of the Dutch masters, all surplus goods being burnt.

"Dual rule" imposed a two-layer tyranny—the Dutch overlords ruling through native hereditary states.

Separate courts for Europeans and Indonesians.

An Indonesian, under an Act of 1878, may also be punished for impoliteness to a Dutch national. Addressing a Dutch in the Dutch language was one of the forms of "impoliteness" for which an Indonesian could be sentenced to £20 fine, three years' hard labour and FLOGGING!

An Asiatic was not expected to remain standing before a Dutch court; he must squat on a Special basket-mat kept for the purpose. In 1926 a Chinese journalist was flogged for refusing to squat before a Dutch Magistrate.

Upto the end of 1942 when the Japanese came, there was an unwritten law "advising the Indo-

nesians to give precedence to Dutch nationals no matter what their respective social standings". Asiatics must turn off their radio sets at 11 p.m. the Europeans can keep them on the whole night!

There is economic motive behind arrogant racialism. Holland, until recently, was making £32 million profit yearly from Indonesia. In 1939 the total export tonnage to Holland was 61 per cent.

Indonesia, one of the richest areas in the world, provides 92 per cent of the world's pepper; 91 per cent of the world's cinchona; 80 per cent of the world's bauxite; 77 per cent of the world's kapok; 19 per cent of the world's tea; 29 per cent of the world's cocoa; 20 per cent of the world's tin; 2.5 per cent of the world's oil, not to mention moderate quantities of gold and silver.

Of the agricultural exports, 69.3 per cent is produced on exclusively Dutch-owned farms, only 30.7 per cent on native-owned farms. In 1938, 99.4 per cent of the exported sugar and 81.9 per cent tea was grown on Dutch-owned plantations.

No wonder; while thousands of Dutchmen were fattening on profits derived from Indonesia, the average per head income of Indonesians was only nine pils daily and literacy was only 7.2 per cent.

AN EMPIRE SURRENDERS

On March 8, 1942, the Dutch laid down their arms and surrendered their empire to the Japanese. It was "unconditional surrender" and not a shot was fired by the "brave" Dutch garrison. During Dutch rule, the Japanese were treated as non-Asiatics, "honorary Europeans". The Japanese repaid the courtesy by treating the Dutch as "honorary Japanese".

The Japanese came to Indonesia with the resounding slogans of "Asia For Asiatics" to win the sympathy of the Indonesians. But disillusionment followed soon when a new kind of colour bar was introduced. While discrimination was practised against Indonesians (e.g. many shops, thea-

tres and hotels were closed to them) but the Dutch were well treated. Underground the national movement grew and waited for an opportunity to assert itself. In April-July 1943 the anti-Japanese movement burst into the open and there were many uprisings and mutinies. In April 1944 several thousand patriots were beheaded. Outstanding among these who worked secretly were the Amsterdam-educated Dr. Soekarno (now President of the Republic) and Dr. Mohammed Hatta—both of whom were recently arrested by the Dutch.

The Japanese occupation did one good thing—united the 60 million Indonesians. Two days after Japan surrendered, on August 17, 1945, the Republic of Indonesia was proclaimed in briefest possible declaration—"We the Indonesian people hereby declare our Independence"—signed, on behalf of the Indonesian people, by Soekarno and Hatta. Simultaneously a Republican Constitution was announced which stated in the Preamble:

"Since independence is the right of every nation, any form of subjugation being contrary to humanity upon this world, and justice, must be abolished.

"Our struggle for Indonesian independence has reached a stage of glory, in which the Indonesian people are led to the Gate of the Indonesian State, which is independent, united, sovereign, just and prosperous."

BRITAIN'S ROLE

But the Dutch now returned to re-establish their empire—with the help of the British.

A British ex-prisoner of war stated three years ago that the British were training Dutch soldiers released from Japanese internment camps... "Ten thousand such soldiers were selected for specialized training in jungle warfare before being sent to Indonesia"—to suppress the Republic!

When the British came ostensibly to disarm the Japanese in Indonesia who had already been disarmed by the Republicans, Indonesian leaders were disgusted by the pro-Dutch bias

of the British Generals and Officers. An American, awaiting a plane in Batavia, met eight officers in British uniforms. Two spoke Dutch and Malay, no English; two spoke only Dutch and only two spoke English! When a complaint was made to Dr. Soekarno that British soldiers were sniped at, he said, "The Indonesians do not want to fight the British, but they want to know who they are fighting". Soon after an Allied Conference was held in Singapore to discuss ways and means of "handling" (i.e. suppressing) the nationalist upsurge in Indonesia. It was presided over by Mountbatten and attended by British Commanders and Dr. Van Mook, the Dutch Lieutenant-Governor!

The Asiatic Conference meeting in New Delhi will do well also to investigate Britain's role in Indonesia. The aim should be not merely to protect Indonesia from the Dutch but to protect ALL ASIA FROM ALL IMPERIALISMS!

BOOK OF THE WEEK

One of the most intelligent and balanced accounts of the origins, conduct and implications of the Kashmir campaign is provided in Dr. J. K. Bannerji's "I REPORT ON KASHMIR" (The Republic Publications, 100, Netaji Subhas Road, Calcutta, Price: Rs. 2-8-0). The most interesting part of the book is a long interview the author had with Shaikh Abdullah in which the Kashmir leader tells the whole story of Kashmir—and discusses such vital questions as Accession, Independence, Theocracy, Communalism and the position of the Maharaja. The chapter on "U.N. And Power Politics" reveals Dr. Bannerji as an acute observer of international affairs and his remarks about the possibility of partition may well have been prophetic. The author also discusses the progressive economic and agrarian programme of the Abdullah government and explains its basic

principles. The last word has not yet been said on the Kashmir question and the "Cease-Fire" does not mean a final solution of the problem. Dr. Bannerji's little book will do much to answer some of the questions which are always being asked about Kashmir.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"The Hague: Signs are growing here that Dutch opinion is becoming anxious about the way the world is viewing events in Indonesia..... most papers are criticising the 'high-handed' way in which the Indonesian Republican leaders have been treated. The move of Pandit Nehru calling for an Asian Conference on Indonesia has contributed to the growing feeling of anxiety....."—

"Lake Success: Mr. Palar of Indonesia read a telegram from his government saying: 'Republican armed forces are completely intact in Java and Sumatra. REBELLION AGAINST DUTCH HAS STARTED IN SOUTH BORNEO'."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

Salem: Refusing to shave two Harijans, a barbar of Kaveripatnam (Salem District) was fined Rs. 20 by the Stationary Sub-Magistrate of Krishnagiri under the Removal of Civil Disability Act.

Madras: Mr. Kamaraj Nadar, President of the Tamilnad Congress Committee, who is a bachelor, was surprised to find among the numerous congratulatory telegrams on his appointment as a member of the Congress Working Committee one from his home town, Virudhunagar, offering him "best wishes for a happy and long married life". The Message was from the President of the Virudhunagar Town Congress Committee, who, it is presumed, mistakenly chose a wrong number in the "number system" of congratulatory telegrams maintained by the telegraph office.

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IMPORTANCE OF COTTAGE INDUSTRIES

by K. RAGHAVACHARI

INDIA had developed quite early a vast network of village industries, but in the last two hundred years they have been ruthlessly suppressed. At this dismal period emerged Mahatma Gandhi advocating an economy of decentralisation, regional self-sufficiency and revival of local arts and crafts to offset the deadening effect of factory life retarding the development of the individual personality. It is only quick and planned establishment of small-scale industries that can once more enable the individual to realise all that is in him. Heredity and environment determine the growth and development of personality, but the former is beyond our control. The latter only is controllable by the State. The State should therefore strive to improve the environment by bettering the people's standard of living. This could only be achieved through cottage industries which are capable of contributing to the building up of the prosperity of India.

The standard of living could be improved by increased production dependent upon capital goods which depend once again on the volume of savings of the people. But capital goods are not available and capital itself is shy and scarce. In these conditions cottage industries offer an immediate solution. Not much capital is required for these types of industry. It can be procured under the co-operative system. Locally fabricated tools and the native skill of the regional people can be utilised for cottage industries. The plans must be such as to produce articles for local consumption with an eye on a limited amount for export. Agricultural workers could be drafted in the off season for cottage industries. For others there would be work and plenty of returns all the year round. Unemployment is thus

eliminated or very considerably reduced. Our people do not lack skill or industriousness and what is needed is only planned and co-ordinated direction and control by the State. The effort of the State must be directed towards improving the quality and evolving suitable standards in research institutes. There must be continuous effort for reducing the production costs. Articles thus produced would compete well with imported ones and finally replace them. Mahatma's Khadi formula contains a dynamic example. A number of centres must be opened throughout the land where instruction is given to people to enable them to establish and run these industries.

I find from a comprehensive study of the Japanese system that we can consult it in planning our own industries. The essential features of the Japanese system are that small-scale industries are linked with large concerns and the people are ever ready and alert to take advantage of changes in designs and methods. There is also the availability of cheap electric power. Ninety-five per cent of the industrial potential of Japan used to be from these cottage industries.

In the coming years a master plan under diligent direction and control will certainly achieve for India's teeming millions all the benefits and comforts of life and increase their standard of living. The paramount need is for the Government to set themselves this task. I have found from my discussions with the Cottage Industries Minister of the Madras Government that he is striving his utmost to establish with care these village industries and I trust this Province will give a lead to the rest of India under his leadership.

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 Christmas Present

The Collector of Kurnool, in the capacity of District Magistrate, presented a Christmas gift to the local press correspondent of a prominent Madras English daily, in the form of a "notice" threatening him with "withdrawal of his press privileges," should he fail to "make adequate amends for publishing a false statement and contradict it within a week."

The alleged false statement reported the Collector as having told a deputation, which had protested among other things against supply of boiled rice in ration shops, to represent their case to the India Government direct as he was helpless in the matter. Another newspaper reported his mere helplessness in that regard and the Collector has no similar complaint against it. The report of the paper objected to, only added that he referred the deputation to the Indian Government. Be that as it may, the Collector without so much show of power, could have merely sent a contradiction either to the Editor of the paper direct or to its local correspondent with a request to publish it.

May I urge the Government to advise the Collector to withdraw his ill-advised "notice" and be on good relations with the Press, so necessary in the changed conditions of today in the larger interests of the public?

T. K. R. SARMA,
President, Kurnool District
Journalists' Association.

Protection For Ink Industry

Government should give adequate protection to the ink industry. Such protection can be in three important ways: (1) restrict the imports of foreign inks to an irreducible minimum; (2) raise the tariff duty on imported inks; (3) give adequate facilities for the import of raw materials. Government should also create adequate facilities for transportation of the finished products to different parts of the country.

Unless the Government give speedy support to small industries of this nature, it will be difficult for them to wait until the Government begin to move to accord justice to industries on a general scale. It is perhaps necessary

that there should be a separate committee to go into the question.

R. SAMBASIVA RAO.

Drama of the Dhar-Committee

The Prime Minister, the highest authority in the present Government, stated, almost immediately he assumed the Gadi of Premiership, that the grant of a separate province to Andhras was almost a settled fact and would be given top-priority since all the requisite statistics were ready at hand. No Indian can question the validity of the statement of their beloved Pandit Nehru. Quite naturally, demands for separate provinces from other quarters, Maharashtra, Karnataka and Kerala were pressed forward and obviously this should have prompted the Prime Minister of India to issue his second statement that a committee would be formed to enquire into the feasibility or otherwise of forming provinces on the linguistic basis. This has enabled the National Government to club the question of Andhra Province with others and shelve it till at least the issue of the report of the proposed committee. This is now the Dhar Committee came into existence. They have toured every important town in every province examining witnesses. Meanwhile the Premier and the Dy. Premier issued the statement that the question of forming linguistic provinces should be postponed to a later date, say ten years, or at least five years. It is, therefore, quite natural that the Dhar Committee which is the creation of the National Government should have taken the cue, and conducted its "drama" with the least clash with the highest opinion. They laboured so long and brought forth a little mouse of a report.

K. G. MURTI.

* Secunderabad.

Government vs. Minister

Ex-Revenue Minister Kala Venkata Rao, while presiding over a conference of revenue officials and non-officials in the Chittoor Collectorate on December 4 last was reported by both *The Hindu* and the *Indian Express* to have declared that the co-operative land colonisation scheme for ex-servicemen was a "failure". The very reverse of the Revenue Minister's obiter dictum was heard only a week later from a

Press Note published by the Government which, reviewing the progress of ex-servicemen's co-operative land colonies in the Province, observed that "the Government feel confident that at the present rate of progress, the ex-servicemen's land colonies may prove in due course to be flourishing centres of agriculture". Situations like this do little credit to the Government as a whole and people will be inclined to attach little importance to the offhand pronouncements that Ministers make on numerous platforms during their frequent tours in the districts.

Kurnool.

H. V.

Provincial Bus Policy

With just 60 more days for the presentation of the Provincial Budget, there are various rumours about taxation policy. The Government, through the Regional Transport Authorities, have invited the opinion of bus owners regarding the collection of a cess at the rate of one pie per mile per ticket. After World War I, it was a custom to collect cess on transport for funding "A Betterment Fund". This can be done here provided there are big zonal bus companies with a true ledger of their income. But as things stand, the Government will only get a bad name for increasing the bus fare. They will get no revenue as there is no effective method of check and control.

The second proposal for increased revenue (in the rumour stage) seems to be the auctioning of bus routes. This is existant in Indian States, but the result will be over-crowding on paying routes and desertion of non-paying routes.

There is a 50% increase over 1939 figures in the number of buses in our Province. Regional Transport Authorities were formed and charged with the duty of "realigning routes". But now,

it seems to be their policy to increase the number of buses without a close consideration of traffic needs. To help such increase, it is said to be a policy of Diesel buses. Diesel has not easy availability of its fuel under open general licence. Parts are ten times more costly. When there are petrol chassis hunting for buyers, it is a waste of foreign exchange to import Diesels.

The time has come when our Province, which has the largest mileage of motorable roads in India should have an integrated and planned policy of transport wherein road, rail and canal should work in harmony and in service of the motherland.

Madhurai.

S. N. RAMASAMI.

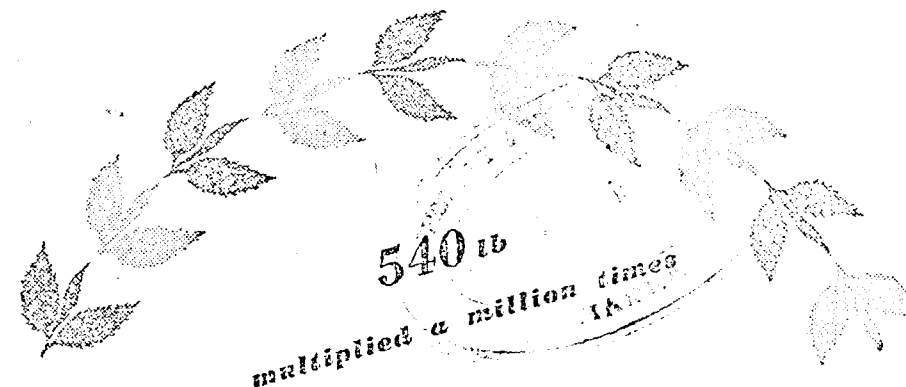
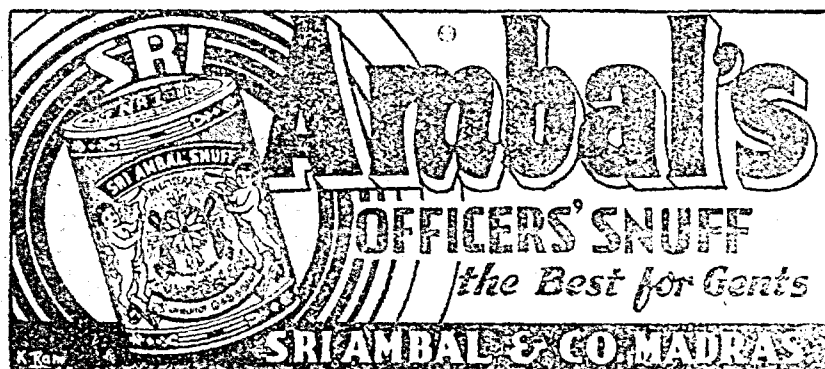
Prediction No Easy Joke

In SWATANTRA, dated Dec. 25, 1948, I perused under "Sidelights" by Saka, the following:

"Nevertheless, at the election of the party leader due to take place in March 1949, the combined forces of Prakasam and Kamaraj will suffice to force the Premier (Omandur) out. Dr. Subbarayan, Professor Ranga and the Congress President are all likely to play their respective parts to tilt the balance against the Premier. Sri Omandur does not seem to have the ghost of a chance of surviving, though nobody has any idea yet as to who will succeed him."

It brings to my mind the recent event of Truman's re-election. Perhaps in the trend of "Chicago Tribune" and several papers which published cartoons all foretelling a Truman defeat, Swatantra has come out with a prediction. The problem of prediction is no easy joke. Let us wait and see whether Saka is a good and reliable political barometer.

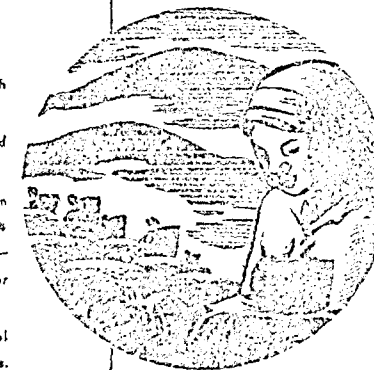
M. V. SHARMA.



There are a million workers in the tea industry and their production is 540 million lbs. a year. Tea, our most famous international crop, also our second biggest export. 700,000 acres of the land this comforting bush flourishes. In foreign exchange, it pays for nearly 40 crores worth of our food imports annually, and in millions of our homes it provides the warmth and comfort of a time-honoured beverage.

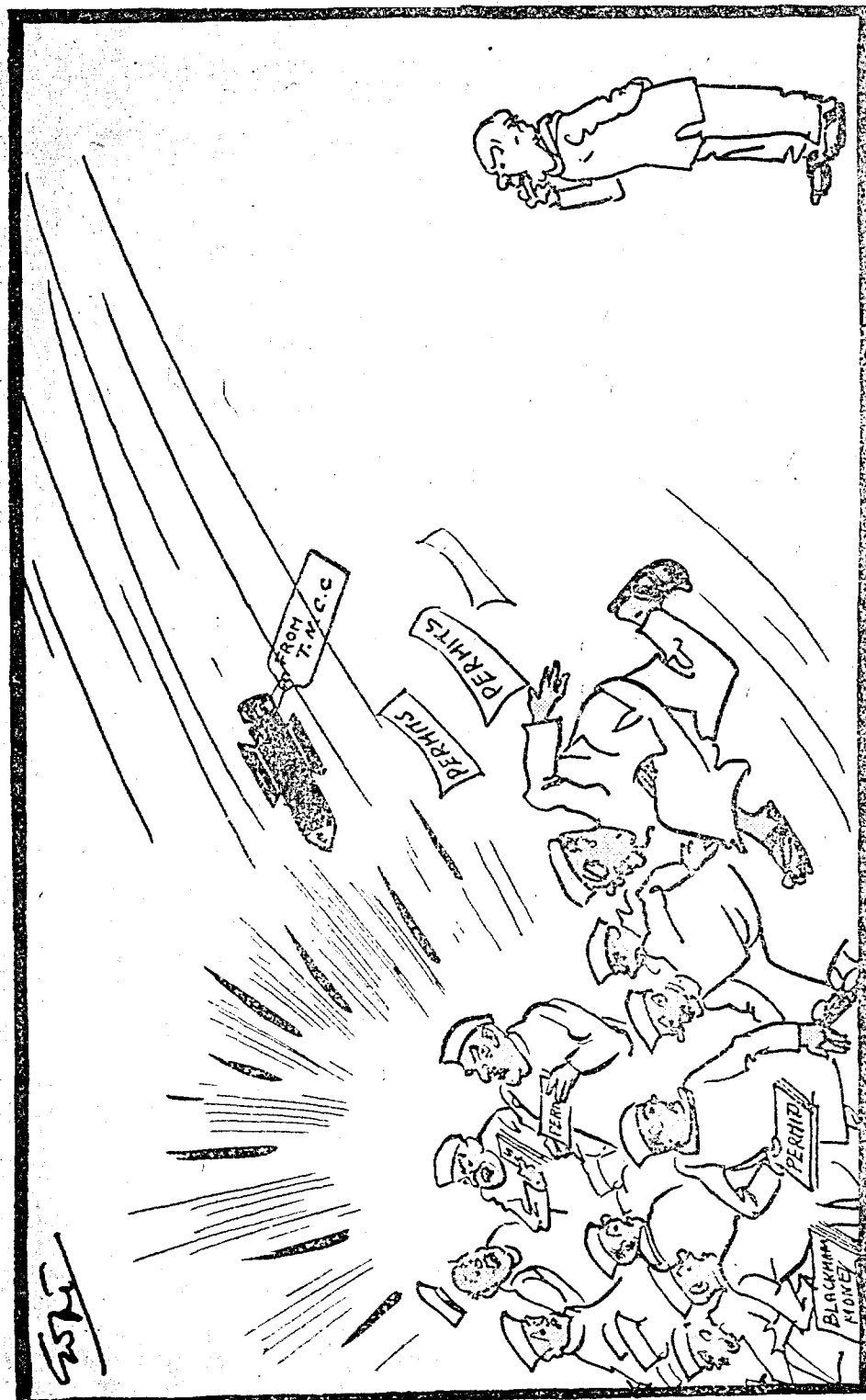
SOME QUICK FACTS ABOUT TEA

- * Our tea exports during 1945/47 were worth Rs 120 crores of foreign exchange.
- * The industry employs a million men and women.
- * The State receives 3 annas excise duty on each pound of tea consumed in India, and 4 annas duty on every pound of tea exported—a total contribution of nearly 13 crores a year to the National Exchequer.
- * In addition, the State receives substantial sums from Income Tax paid by tea companies.



INSERTED BY THE INDIAN TEA MARKET EXPANSION BOARD

A BOMBHELL



The Tamil Nad Congress Committee in a Circular, calls upon members holding permits or licences for Controlled goods to give them up within a week or to resign their membership on the Committee.

SWATANTRA

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No. 50

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

STATE AND RELIGION

THE Madras Ministry bids fair to beat its own muddled record of vandalistic zeal in rushing where other provinces have feared to tread. From forecasts in the daily Press, there seems to be a move to recast and codify legislation dealing with Hindu religious institutions and endowments for the stereotyped reason that they might be better administered. But the ultimate aim is to make our temples, mutts and charitable foundations appanages to the provincial bureaucracy on the one hand, and the party caucus on the other.

The statement of objects and reasons preceding the proposed legislation reveals a degree of smug complacency which is unamiable because it betrays opportunism. It must be distressing to the admirers of our Premier to find him harking back to the days of the East India Company in support of a precedent to justify the proposed legislation. A brief review of this piece of legislation and the history of the Endowments Board during the last twenty years will show to what extent the Premier is moved by piety and to what extent by the prospects of swelling provincial revenue through a kind of legislative loot.

It was the first popular Ministry under Dyarchy that hit upon the brilliant idea of bringing our temples and mutts under official control. The ostensible reason was

that they were being mismanaged, and that peculation was rife in them because of the absence of any kind of checks over their day-to-day administration. The Rajah of Panagal stood forth in the role of a reformer, and in addition to safeguarding the interests of the temples, etc., held out the hope of surplus funds being eventually diverted to the promotion of education. Actually however he achieved nothing more heroic than provide a few modest loaves to the less brilliant of the party following. A new hierarchy of officials headed by commissioners and fanning out into inspectors, executive officers, managers, etc., was set up, and patronage which is the authentic symbol of power kept the Justice Party going under many aliases. With all the paraphernalia of a new department, it was soon found that most of the temples had either no surpluses or in a few cases disquieting deficits. Instead of gods being sustained by the faithful, our temples had to carry the weight of the new department through a tax levied on the incomes of temples. The amount of work done by the Board to resuscitate and purify temple practices, to promote the study of agamic lore or sustain indigenous traditions in the arts cannot be properly examined or assessed except under a microscope.

Now at last, without pretence or camouflage, the Ministry proposes to raid endowment funds in the inter-

ests of the Government. Henry VIII was driven by his uxoriousness to raid the monasteries and appropriate their revenues; but the ostensible reason which he gave was that they were hotbeds of sloth, indolence, vice and corruption. Our Premier who believes that floods and drought are instruments of divine vengeance has no qualms in emptying out the temple hundis. He might think that those hundis would be always full; but once the truth goes abroad that the Government is appropriating temple funds, we have no doubt that temple revenues will shrink. The Premier will find too late that he has killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

If the State has the right to administer temple trusts and mutts in the interests of the public, it ought to follow that the State should take over all trusts, whether under Hinduism, Islam, Christianity or any other faith. The only safeguard that need be taken is that in the case of Muslim trusts, all appointments, etc., should go to Muslims, and in the case of Christian, to Christians. If this logical conclusion is not conceded, then we do not see the moral or legal right of the Ministry to legislate in this partial manner. If, as seems to be assumed, the majority's rights can be safely looked after by the Government, it ought to apply *a fortiori* to the minorities too. But we are not sure that our Ministry has no intention of tampering with Muslim or Christian endowments as well in due course. For one of the provisions of the proposed Act is that Government may be empowered to extend the provisions of the new Act to any other publicly administered educational or other kind of charity or trust. Thus the most insidious effects of the Bill are hidden in an insignificant sub-section; and we have no doubt that Muslims and Christians will organise a vigorous opposition to it. If they are ex-

empted, there would be no case for making inroads on Hindu endowments alone. If the real reason is the fear of recurring deficits, and the inability to meet them in orthodox ways, then a bitter disappointment is in store: for there can be no surplus from our temples until they are abolished.

Our External Affairs Department

THE A. I. R., Delhi recently broadcast an interview with the Secretary of the External Affairs Department on the nature, scope, personnel and cost of our new and youngest department. It was a well-planned catechism, and turned out to be an adroit blend of facts and opinions concerning our foreign consulates intended to prove to the satisfaction of an ignorant Indian public that our foreign embassies are very essential, very efficient and very economically run. But the statistics were so selective as to tantalise us with a show of information. Individual payrolls and entertainment charges were not informative enough; and it was very much beside the mark to compare them with opposite items in the British bill to prove our modest limits.

Whether the interview itself was intended in part as reply at least to certain recent criticisms of our foreign embassies on grounds of commission and omission cannot be determined with certainty. But that there has been much concern over the extent of our foreign commitments in the diplomatic sphere could be inferred from a recent rather forthright and unfortunate attack on some of our foreign consulates by Mr. Sarat Chandra Bose. The charges he made were undoubtedly of a sweeping nature; but up to date, there has been no official

pronouncement in answer to Mr. Bose. It is high time that the omission is made good.

We think there is a good deal to be said for the view that we have been over-zealous in establishing embassies and consulates at many points without reference to immediate needs. The only argument advanced in favour of such haste is that as we have become a sovereign nation we must have our representatives in all capitals of the world. But this necessity is theoretical, unsupported by any sort of 'business' which might be considered vital to us quantitatively or qualitatively. It is odd too that while we have an ambassador cooling his heels in Brazil, there is none to watch over the interests of Indians in nearby South Africa. When we first pulled out of South Africa, it was a polite but impotent gesture in

tune with Gandhism. If we had retraced our steps there as we have elsewhere, there would have been an Indian High Commissioner in Cape Town to-day to give us first-hand accounts of the horrible shambles which Dr. Malan has made of the Indo-African neighbourhood. We mention this as a sample of unrealism informing the activities of our External Affairs Department. They are inept where they are found; and are absent from where they might have exerted a moderating or restraining influence.

As for economy, it is in national affairs, a complicated notion; and it is peculiarly inappropriate in considerations of diplomacy. Our view is that we have not yet arrived at a stage where it would be legitimate to consider foreign embassies integral to our existence or prestige.

Sotto Voce

The Citadel



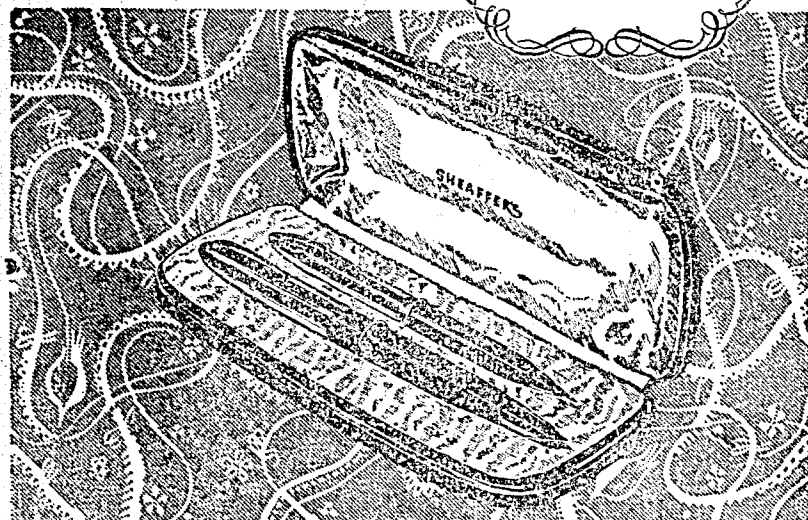
ONE rarely sees nowadays the mystic letters F. M. U. (or F. T. S.) tacked on to a proper name. For us who were at school half a century ago a Fellow of the Madras University was a bigger man than William Miller himself; for did not the latter owe his Lt. to the favour of those privileged and mysterious dignitaries? We assumed in our virginal innocence that they were hand-picked by the source of all wisdom and authority, the Governor himself, for an all-round, ineffable excellence. We occasionally met in the flesh some of these worthies; which in other times might have dispelled the

illusion. But the imp of denigration was not at large yet.

In those days the pristine purity of the University as a degree-manufacturing corporation had not been compromised by the institution of courses of teaching and research under its immediate auspices. For these developments have made a real difference to what began as a bureaucracy within a bureaucracy and survives as a citadel of obscurantism, denuded though it be of its outer bastions. A university is by definition a fellowship of learned and enquiring minds. But in Madras it has always meant the

"The truly generous is the truly wise."
JOHN HOME

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CONTENTS

PAGE

Cover Page—Congress President Dr. Pattabhi photographed with Messrs. Kamaraj Nadar and Kala Venkata Rao at a recent reception given them in the City.	
Cartoon	4
Editorial Comments	5
Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara	7
Sidelights—By Saka	9
Three Hours Of Melody—By K. S. Venkataraman	10
Judiciary In The New Constitu- tion—By Prof. M. Venkata- rangaiya, M.A.	11
Birth Of A Second Karachi—By C. H. V. Pathy	14
"Greatest Conversationalist of Asia"—By A. C. Vijaya Kumar	15
Shanghai's Soft Surrender—By Andrew Roth	17
Azad Qalam—By K. A. Abbas	20
Spotlight On The World	24
Rational Wage And Prices Policy—By Prof. T. V. Rama- nujam, M.A.	28
To You Who Went To War (Poem)—By J. Vijayatunga	30
The Congress President's Con- cept Of Democracy—By P. V. G. Raju (Raja of Vizia- nagram)	31
Artist's Model (Short Story)— By V. Abdulla	33
India And The Commonwealth —By C. Thangayyan, M.A.	33
Lot Of The Freelance In India— By D. V. Rama Rao	39
In Search Of Cricket—By N.S.R.	41
The Tamil Cyclopedic—By "M".	42
Land Reclamation In Madras— By P. V. C. Rao	47
Letters To The Editor	48

Vice-Chancellor, the Syndicate and the Senate in that order of importance. And, while there are undoubtedly many learned men among them, and they constitute quite a happy family in fact—as witness the touching unanimity with which Vice-Chancellors are elected—it is the administrators who occupy the centre of the stage.

The Madras University is, not to put too fine a point on it, the nearest academic equivalent to the police state. It is as ruthless in its efficiency as it is limited in its outlook. The policy-makers are rarely confronted with the necessity of defending their decisions. The miscellaneous crowd of tradesmen, burgesses and local bosses who flood the Senate have little interest in such matters beyond dutifully filing into the official lobbies at voting time. And the professors, while they may occasionally create a mild flutter in the Academic Council, would stand aghast if it were suggested to them that it was up to them to run the show.

The Ceded Districts are none too well provided in the matter of higher education. And yet a College started three years ago has to close down because the University must have its pound of flesh and the Government affect an Olympian unconcern. The College says that it gets from its endowments a sum equivalent to the annual interest on five lakhs; but the University demands that the entire capital be produced forthwith. It insists, as did Lord Peel on a famous occasion, that the money must be in the till.

Beside providing this big sum by a particular date the College authorities must find nearly as much for erecting pucca buildings. For it is one of the articles of the educational creed that Saraswathi must have her palace though her doors may be barred and bolted to her votaries. She may have been partial to the

stylus and the cadjan leaf. But our University, with its magnificent campus on the Cooum, cannot imagine scholarship coming into its own under a thatched roof. And it naturally turns up its nose at the suggestion that Inter Science could do with less equipment than a Nobel Prizeman might need.

In their extremity the College authorities turned to the Government for a building grant. And the Government promised the magnificent sum of half a lakh of rupees—less than one eighth of what was needed. Greatly daring, the College like Oliver Twist asked for more, only to find the beadle's ferule descending as heavily on its exposed pate. Of course the Government have to meet many competing demands. And how can an obscure College in Bellary complain if some time ago a rich and influential College not a hundred miles from Madras was given quite a few lakhs for improvements? Not for the Congress the pusillanimous economics that holds that the indigent may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain.

Unlike some of its compeers nearer home the Bellary College does not seem to believe in survival under any conditions. It has froward notions on autonomy and doesn't like an offer with strings attached to it. It wants no advisory committee to tell it whom it should admit. And it is unconvinced by the innocent argument that the powers the Government have taken to themselves of requisitioning school and college buildings are not really intended to be used. No one will be more surprised and pained at its decision to close down than our Education Minister. But he believes in doing his duty regardless of his own private feelings. And the Madras University will have the quiet satisfaction of having beaten off one more assault on the citadel.

VIGNESWARA.

WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

"Sandy, Sandy!" cried Jeanie, "There's cow in the garden!"
"Well," answered Sandy, "milk it and chase it out."

SIDELIGHTS : :

Politics is the science of exigencies.
—THEODORE PARKER.

RESPECT for power politics is indicated in the selection by Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya of Sri Kala Venkata Rao as Congress Secretary. The new Secretary is a colourful personality more actively immersed in the game of power politics in the province than any of its other leading figures, with the possible exception of Sri Kamaraj Nadar. What is power politics? It is a term much in vogue, but the content of it is vague. It is necessary for a proper understanding of the character and work of Congress Ministries as they have taken shape in the past year, that the meaning and significance of power politics should be clearly grasped and realised.

Power carries with it patronage, the prerogative of making appointments and distributing positions and privileges conferring profit or other coveted advantage on their holders. What is called power politics comes into play whenever, in the exercise of the patronage that pertains to power, standards of universal applicability are departed from. When someone not up to the mark is singled out for preference over the head of another more competitively qualified for it, it is a case of power politics. The approach to a good thing in power politics is through the personal favour of the wielder of power, and not through qualifications. When the assets of State are utilised to secure support in exchange for favour, the resulting regime has to be characterised as one of power politics.

People are grateful for favours in proportion to their lack of worth for receiving them. The intense gratitude of undeserving beneficiaries is an important element in the complex of power politics. The enthusiasm of the grateful for a Minister who knows how to make gratitude

pay, is useful for the consolidation of his influence, and in utilising the opportunities of office for such a consolidation, Sri Kala Venkata Rao has proved himself remarkably efficient. At the time of the election of Premier last year, the odds seemed very heavy against Sri Omandur up to a point. It was Kala that turned the scales. He knew what bait to offer to whom.

The zamindari legislation is the outward achievement of Sri Kala Venkata Rao as Revenue Minister. The practical worth of it is bound up with the question of Government's financial resources, and it was shrewd of the promoter of the legislation to leave to other shoulders the complexities connected with the implementation of its provisions. He emerges from the Ministry with a compact army of followers who have been enabled to do themselves well and have learned to pin their faiths on him as a wizard godfather to look up to for counsel and guidance in all difficulties. A result which Sri Kamaraj Nadar achieved through the vantage position of control over a powerful organisation, Kala Venkata Rao was able to secure with his own unaided wits.

Kamaraj has had the advantage of communal factors which manifested themselves at a crucial time as the anti-C.R. campaign, in being propelled to his present position. Kala Venkata Rao has had none such. He is not dour, reticent, uncommunicative, like Kamaraj. He is suave, courteous, obliging, out to please, and ever armed with an indefatigable smile and the glowing twinkle of a friendly overture in his chink of an eye. In the pursuit of means to fit chosen ends, he is absolutely free from qualms of any kind. In adversity, and in the midst of the unnerving threats of hostile and excited demonstrators, he is calm, obdurate and courageous. Thus he fought his way to comparative peace through the storm and stress of his

early days as Minister, when Andhra mobs greeted him with angry and distressed howls wherever he went, as the architect of the doom of the Prakasam Ministry. A capable organiser, a clever, pleasant-mannered, intelligent, unscrupulous,

able politician, full of guts, with the guile of a serpent, at home in any intrigue, Sri Kala Venkata Rao is a man after the Sardar's heart whom the latter is not unlikely to pinch before long from the Congress President.—SAKA.

THREE HOURS OF MELODY

by K. S. VENKATARAMAN

A long suppressed craving to hear classical Carnatic music again from at least one of our front rank artistes impelled me to run to Madras from Pondicherry. I was hoping to hear with a bit of good luck on my side Kokilagana Subbulakshmi whose mellifluous voice at the performance she gave in Pondicherry two years ago was still ringing in my ears. As usual it was a benefit performance which brought liberal and timely help to two very deserving causes, but what was more, it gave the expectant public of Pondicherry a veritable music treat, the memory of which is still cherished by many.

A couple of days prior to a concert of hers which I had planned to attend I was informed that M. S. was not keeping good health and the rumours went that she had cancelled further concerts fixed for the season. My disappointment was great, but luckily short-lived. For it was a most agreeable surprise to me when I received Sri Sadasivam's kind invitation for a concert by M. S. at Vani Mahal on the 9th. I went there with a thumping heart, hope on one side and fear on the other—fear that perhaps I may not have her usual best due to her recent indisposition. But my fear was almost immediately dispelled even as she started Hamsadhwani with her usual tempo. The hall which was one of the most up-to-date, was packed to capacity. The concert commenced with Vatapi Ganapati and this again was a pleasant surprise to me. Her voice did not show any signs of the reported indisposition, and to me appeared more mellowed than before. After a few flourishes in 'Pranava Swaroopa' in the first Kriti she passed on to Bilahari and gave a rapid rendering of 'Inta Kanna'

By this time all extraneous voices in the hall had stopped and the melody of her voice was ringing alone. She then began a systematic and measured development of San-karabharanam which appears to have become her favourite raga. The fresh beauty of her note combinations and her grand and spirited cadences in the tara sthayi rendered with a full-throated ease took the audience by storm. Although San-karabharanam was not the main raga in that concert, she sang an elaborate alapana in it, closely accompanied by Chowdiah on the violin. The next attractive piece, I remember, was 'Brochevaru' in Kamas, that new composition with a liberal use of the Kakali nishada, which though not strictly in keeping with tradition, adds a lot of lilting charm usually found in javalis.

The Simhendra Madhyam that followed appears to have become a favourite with her audience whose expectant admiration was at once visible. More than once I have listened to her making a small sruti bheda in the tara sthayi, changing the raga for the nonce into Bauli, breaking the freshness of the dawn, and slipping back into the original raga, with perfect ease, a feature all her own. But this feat was left to the ingenious juggler Chowdiah in this concert. Iba param of Papanasam Sivan was the piece sung in this raga. After a fast Tamil piece in Pantuvaradi she took up the main raga of the evening, Todi, and did alapana, tanan and pallavi, though not elaborately, as the time had gone up already. The concert closed with the singing of Vazhira Senthamizh and Vande Mataram. Surely my trip to Madras was well worth it if only for this solitary concert.

JUDICIARY IN THE NEW CONSTITUTION

by Prof. M. VENKATARAMAIA, M.A.

THE liberal tradition of the eighteenth century which was first embodied in the Constitution of the United States of America is responsible for the place which the judiciary has come to occupy in the modern State and the way in which it is organised; and it is this tradition that has been broadly adhered to by the framers of the new Constitution of India. Locke and Montesquieu were its philosophical exponents and the most scientific statement concerning it is found in the essays on the judiciary contributed by Hamilton to that great classic in political science—The Federalist. There is a dilemma in politics and this arises out of the need for coercive power for preserving any social order and the equal need to prevent the abuse of such power by those who are placed in positions of authority. It is the purpose of a Constitution as understood by the writers of the eighteenth century and their subsequent followers to devise the means to prevent any abuse of power. And among the instruments designed by them for this purpose is a judiciary independent of the legislature and the executive and therefore capable of administering law without any fear of either and without expecting any favours from them. The new Constitution of India provides for such an independent judiciary.

It does this in a variety of ways. (1) The Constitution itself lays down that there shall be a Supreme Court of India. It is not therefore open to the Parliament to dispense with such a Court. The Constitution however does not say similarly that there shall be a High Court in each of the units although it is on this assumption that it has provided for a number of details regarding the judiciary. This omission may result in the legislature of a unit abolishing the existing High Court in the exercise of its power to con-

stitute, reconstitute or organise such a Court (Art. 206). This omission has to be filled and there should be a positive provision that each State shall have a High Court. (2) The Constitution also lays down that the Supreme Court shall consist of a Chief Justice and not less than seven other judges and that every High Court shall consist of a Chief Justice and such other judges as may from time to time be fixed by the President of the Union and not by the State authorities. This guarantees that the Courts would be in a position to carry on their duties efficiently. (3) The judges of the Supreme Court hold their office until they attain the age of 65. Judges of the High Courts hold office until the age of 60. It is however open to the legislature of any State to raise the age to 65 by general legislation. There does not seem to be any reason why there should be this difference in the age of retirement and why the Constitution itself might not fix the age at 65 even in the case of the judges of High Courts. The work in the High Courts is not more exacting than that in the Supreme Court. The fixing of age secures judicial independence. (4) There is the usual provision that the salaries and the rights of judges in respect of leave and pension shall not be varied to their disadvantage after their appointment. This is a guarantee against any interference with the independence of the judiciary by the legislature. Here also there are certain anomalies in the Draft Constitution which have to be removed when the subject comes up for final consideration by the Constituent Assembly. Parliament in the case of the judges of the Supreme Court and the concerned State legislature in the case of the judges of a High Court are empowered to fix salaries and allowances, rights of leave and pensions. Until they are so fixed,

the Constitution itself has laid down what salaries they should receive. But here comes the anomaly. The Parliament of the Union is free to fix the salaries, etc., of the judges of the Supreme Court in any way it likes, while the Constitution itself lays down that the salary of the Chief Justice of a High Court shall not be less than Rs. 4,000 and that of any other judge less than Rs. 3,000. This means that while it is open to a State legislature to raise the salaries beyond these figures it is not open to them to reduce the salaries. The framers of the Constitution seem evidently to have greater confidence in the fairness of the Union Parliament than in that of State legislatures. This is a feature which is prominent in several other articles dealing with the judiciary. But this is a point which requires reconsideration by the Constituent Assembly. (5) A judge may be removed from his office by an order of the President of the Union passed after an address supported by not less than two-thirds of the members present and voting has been presented to him by both Houses of Parliament for such removal on the ground of proved misbehaviour or incapacity. It is to be noted that the State Governor or the State legislature has no hand in the removal of even the judges of the State High Court—another instance of centralisation. (6) A further instance of centralisation is the appointment of all judges—whether of the Supreme Court or of the High Courts—by the President of the Union. Only, in appointing the judges of any High Court, he has to consult the Governor of the concerned State and the Chief Justice of the concerned Court.

In the liberal tradition, the rule of law is integral to the prevention of abuse of power by the executive. This implies not only that there is complete separation between the executive and the judiciary but also that members of the executive and administrative services do not occupy any privileged position in the matter of trial and punishment when they are accused of having broken the law in the course of the dis-

charge of their official duties. They are subject to the same law as that to which any private citizen is subject and they are tried by the same courts. This is a feature of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence. In India however these principles have not been strictly adhered to by the British. There has been a combination of the executive and the judiciary especially in the administration of the criminal law, the same person being both the accuser and the judge. Though the new Constitution, has not directly put an end to this feature the Constituent Assembly included in the list of directive principles of State policy an additional article directing the State to take steps to separate the judiciary from the executive. As this is not a justiciable principle it cannot be said that it will have any effect in the immediate future.

There is nothing directly in the new Constitution to prohibit the setting up of special courts and special tribunals for administering any particular kind of law. There is therefore the possibility of administrative courts and administrative law coming into existence. Even in England and the United States these institutions have been fast developing and this has been necessitated by the new needs which the modern State is called on to fulfil especially in the promotion of social services. It will not be a matter for surprise if in the years to come such courts develop in India also, thus giving to administrative officials a special status in the eye of law. In recent months Public Safety Acts have been passed in almost all provinces under which the powers of courts to intervene in protecting the civil rights of individuals have been considerably restricted. There is nothing in the new Constitution to prohibit the imposition of such restrictions or transfer jurisdiction over cases arising under these and similar other Acts to special tribunals.

The only saving feature is that while in Articles 110 and 111 the Supreme Court is empowered in the exercise of its appellate jurisdiction to hear appeals only from High

Courts it is open under Article 112 for it to grant special leave to appeal from any judgment, decree, etc., passed by any court or tribunal in the territory of India. This implies that appeals may lie to the Supreme Court even from other tribunals set up by State legislatures or the Union Parliament. Difficulties may arise if the bodies to which judicial power is transferred are not called courts or tribunals and are given some other technical name. There is a danger of monopoly jurisdiction by administrative bodies and the Constituent Assembly will do well to go more deeply into this matter and clarify the position which is quite obscure in the Draft Constitution.

The new Constitution is in line with the liberal tradition when it empowers the judiciary to declare any law made by the Parliament of the Union or the State legislatures invalid if it is in conflict with the Constitution. This gives protection to the citizen in the enjoyment of his justiciable fundamental rights; and it also provides a guarantee against the Centre and the units encroaching on each other's powers. There is provision for the President to obtain the opinion of the Supreme Court on questions of law and of fact in any matter considered by him to be of public importance. It

has been a matter of controversy whether the Court should be called on to give such advisory opinions in matters not relating to the actual dispute before it. There is no such provision in the Constitution of the United States. Other articles which are somewhat of a novel character are those relating to the appointment of *ad hoc* judges. Under Article 106 it is open to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to appoint a judge of any High Court as an *ad hoc* judge when there is otherwise no quorum of the judges of the Supreme Court. Under Article 107 he is empowered to appoint any retired judge of the Supreme Court or of the (present) Federal Court to sit and act as a judge of the Supreme Court. This article however does not say under what circumstances he should do this. There is therefore the possibility of the Chief Justice packing the Supreme Court with judges holding particular views. The Constituent Assembly should scrutinise this article and have it deleted. It is curious that so far as the State High Courts are concerned there is nothing similar to the less objectionable Article 105 while a provision similar to that of Article 107 has been introduced. All this goes to show that the Articles relating to the judiciary need careful examination at the hands of the Constituent Assembly.



WHAT A DIFFERENCE !

Wise copy-writers pay as much attention to comma as to an entire paragraph. They know how violently that small symbol can change the whole meaning of the most convincing piece of sales-talk.

That was proved, the other day, when one clergyman's letter in the correspondence column of a newspaper, respecting the clerical garb, appeared: "I object to wearing clothing, which distinguishes me from my fellows."

Instead of being without clothing, it would have been better to be without comma.—The Executive, Johannesburg.

Many years ago, at a dance given for charity, Bernard Shaw asked an old lady to dance. As they waltzed she said to him archly:

"Whatever made you ask a poor little thing like me to dance with you?"

"Well", said Shaw, "isn't it a charity ball?"



BIRTH OF A SECOND KARACHI

by C. H. V. PATHY

NECESSITY is the mother of invention. The powers of recuperation of a man or nation from the most dismal of circumstances are at times incredible. When lakhs of Hindus were torn away from their age-old moorings as a result of the impact of partition, it was feared they would wander like lost tribes, homeless and forlorn. In no other province has Pakistan left such a grim imprint as on Sind whose fourteen lakhs of Hindus are today scattered all over India. You find one-time millionaires reduced to abject poverty, women who rolled in velvet all their lives selling kerchiefs in the bye-lanes of Bombay.

The plight of Sind Hindus has exercised the attention of both official and non-official bodies. To give them a home away from home is the supreme concern of top-ranking Congress leaders. With the port of Karachi lost to India, there was urgent need for the development of a new port in the west coast. After considerable investigation, it was discovered that Kandla in Cutch would conform to their requirements. It was the vision of Bhai Pratap, one of the wealthiest Sind merchants that lighted on this discovery. It is a tragic coincidence that the last act of Mahatma Gandhi should have been to bless the Kandla project. On December 30, 1947, there was a meeting between the Mahatma, Acharya Kripalani and the Dewan of Cutch. In the course of the talks Gandhiji told the Dewan that he was very anxious about the non-Muslim refugees from Sind. The Dewan promised to do his best and communicated the anxiety of the Mahatma to the ruler of Cutch who made the gift of a large plot of land for the resettlement of displaced Sindhis. It is 15.529 acres in extent and is situated very near Kandla port. The foundation of the new city was to have been laid by Gandhiji but the cruel hand of death removed him.

The city will however be named Gandhidham. Blue prints are

ready for the construction of four thousand houses which will be put up by the end of the current year. The ultimate aim of the sponsors of the enterprise is to have a miniature Karachi here with an overall population of five lakhs. A joint stock company in the name of the Sindhu Resettlement Corporation with an authorised capital of 2½ crores has been formed and spear-heading the whole venture is the energetic Bhai Pratap.

I ran him to earth in a crowded flat in Pherozshah Mehta Road, Bombay. Unaffected by the noise and hustle all round, he sits in a posh room, whose walls are criss-crossed with maps and charts. Bhai Pratap visited the site recently and explained the plans to Mr. V. P. Menon and Mr. Meher Chand Khana. It appears important decisions affecting not only Gandhidham but the port of Kandla as well have been taken.

The port of Kandla has unlimited scope for expansion. It has also been decided to connect Kandla by rail with Jodhpur and Delhi. Karachi is only 250 miles from Kandla and the distance by sea between Kandla and Bombay is 400 miles. It is a fine natural harbour and the port is completely sheltered from monsoon gales. The climate is temperate all the year round. The resemblance to Karachi is amazing.

The scheme will provide housing for middle class people on the hire purchase system while the poorer classes will be on a rental basis.

It remains to be seen whether Sindhis who are gradually taking roots in various parts of India can be made to assemble in one particular area. If they do, there is no doubt they can make of Gandhidham a second Karachi. They have energy, enterprise, push and pluck. What they need at the moment is a little financial help and it has been decided to advance the Corporation a loan of three crores.

In a couple of years, we will thus have a first class port and a first class city in the west coast which will take away part of the trade of both Bombay and Karachi. There is no doubt that the resourceful Sindhis will be able to reshape here the broken fragments of their lives.

In a message of welcome to the new scheme, Mr. Jairamdas Doulatram says: "The scheme will, I hope, have in it the germ of progress and its working will be adjusted to the

changing needs of time. I trust that round the new-born city of Gandhidham will gather all that is best in the Sindhi community and from it will radiate varied activity for the service of Cutch as also of the country. To the extent that Sindhis strive to play their part, despite adverse circumstances, in the building of a free and vigorous India will they have won for themselves their proper place in its future economic and social structure."

"GREATEST CONVERSATIONALIST OF ASIA"

by A. C. VIJAYA KUMAR

*And as of old in music measureless,
I heard his golden voice and marked him trace
Under the common thing the hidden grace;
And conjure wonder out of emptiness,
Till all things put on beauty like a dress,
And all the world was an enchanted place.*

—ALFRED DOUGLAS.

IT is fourteen years since that great educationist Mr. Candeth had passed away. But for those who have known him his memory remains as fresh as ever. As one thinks of him what a world of memories rises before the mind! The handsome man immaculately dressed always flourishing a coloured handkerchief, the studious scholar probing into the pages of the splendid volumes of his library exacting out of every book the maximum knowledge that it could yield, the great professor lecturing to an eager set of students evoking admiration as those brilliant phrases and sentences so characteristic of him glided out of his lips, the brilliant conversationalist entertaining his friends by the wit and humour of his talk. The personal magnetism of the man was immense. One could not say what flowers were at one's

feet or what fantastic architecture was silhouetted against the purple atmosphere of his brilliant conversation. Shrewd, suave, witty, and effable, fastidious and artistic in his tastes, swift and sudden in his kaleidoscopic turns of thought and expression, extraordinary and unusual in his capacity for learning, quick at making and retaining friendships, Mr. Candeth can never be forgotten by those who have had the fortune to come into contact with his charming and vivifying personality.

Mr. Candeth was born in the village of Kadirur in Malabar in 1889. After completing his Intermediate he joined the Honour School of History at King's College, Cambridge. After a brilliant academic career at Cambridge he proceeded to London where he was allied to the Bar. Returning to India in 1912 he was enrolled as an advocate of the High Court at Madras, working in the chambers of the then Advocate-General. But at the Bar he was not destined to practise long, for he joined the Indian Educational Service. The work in the Educational Department suited him most. Here he found the maximum opportunity for the development of the powerful qualities of his brain. Joining the Presidency College as Professor of History he adorned that chair for thirteen years upto 1927. Early in 1927 he left the

college being posted as Deputy Director of Public Instruction, and it was on the eve of his being posted as the first Indian Principal of the College that he suddenly met his end in 1934 at the early age of 44. Thus was cut short a life of bright reputation and great promise, thereby preventing him from giving much to the world in the bright maturity of genius.

Mr. Candeth's charming and vivacious personality which had delighted society was indeed a regular institution in Madras. A man of wide horizon, he had a planetary mind. He was at ease with all topics of conversation. To the scholar he would talk about books, to the sportsman he would talk about hunting and riding, with the philosopher he would discuss religion. His ability was distinguished and his industry was prodigious. Always bearing the graces of learning very lightly there was in him the charm and candour of a real savant, with a mixture of humility and power and a gift of easy flowing expres-

sion not often found in alliance with such learning as his. A master of style in English he was equally at home in Latin and French and it is claimed that there is not even a single book in his vast library containing thousands of volumes which had not been read by him. His popularity was enormous and his encyclopaedic knowledge and ready advice were always at the service of those who sought them.

An artist to his finger tips—polished and pleasant in society—the great fame of Mr. Candeth rested on his inborn gifts of conversation. No less a person than Tagore, who was his guest in Madras in 1931, spoke of him as the greatest conversationalist of Asia. Where he was, there time was not. Perhaps half a dozen Boswells might be able to collect together the words of his talk, but the method and manner of it, the vividness of brow, the sparkle of the eye, and the significant quivering of the nose when he spoke—these no one could imitate with perfection.

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SHANGHAI'S SOFT SURRENDER

by ANDREW ROTH

(As the Communist noose tightens around the Chiang regime, a substantial group of capitalists in Shanghai seem to be resigned to a Communist victory. After a careful investigation on the spot, Andrew Roth describes in this article the intriguing situation in Shanghai today).

SHANGHAI: Looked at from a distance one would expect to find Shanghai's wealthy in a panicky condition and anxious to escape from this Communist-threatened city. Investigating it close at hand, however, one is amazed to find that a large portion of Shanghai's capitalists are not only resigned to a Communist victory but take the attitude: "They can't be much worse than the Kuomintang!"

During the height of the panic in November many of the speculators and others whose capital was in liquid assets which could be or had been smuggled out of the country, crowded the planes bound for Hongkong and Taiwan (Formosa). But this died down in December as the Kuomintang armies made a fairly sustained effort to slow down Communist advances north of Nanking.

As the Communist nooses tighten around Pei ing, Tientsin and Nanking, the panic is expected to begin again, especially among the big "bureaucratic capitalists" whose wealth has come largely from their positions in the top ranks of the Kuomintang hierarchy. The chief of them, H.H. Kung, has long been transferring his assets to Hongkong and the U.S. but is attempting to speed up the process. He tried to transfer the plant of his Shanghai paper, "China Press", to Canton or Hongkong but its printers balked because they objected to losing their sources of livelihood. He has therefore transferred it, in name at least, to an American lawyer. This device of transferring title to American dummy owners is being used extensively and the clerk in the American Consulate who notarizes such title registration is now besieged by applicants.

One of the most interesting of the Kuomintang stalwarts who is expected to flee Shanghai is Tu Yueh-sen, respectably known as the chairman of the National Association of Industries and referred to as a "civic leader" but more colourfully and accurately considered as the boss of the Shanghai underworld. Until a score of years ago he was known only in Soonghai where he controlled the narcotics trade and was leader of the Green Society (*Chiang Pang*), an important secret society of which Chiang Kai-shek was a subordinate member.

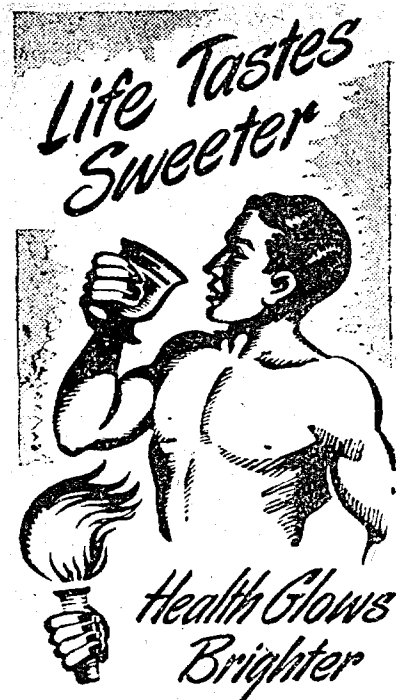
When the "Northern Expedition" approached Shanghai in 1927—with the Kuomintang and Communists still in coalition—the Shanghai business community went into a panic. This was increased when a rising of Shanghai workers, led by Chou-En-lai, drove the local militarists out of the Chinese-administered sections of the city. The Shanghai business community, both Western and Chinese, using Tu as an intermediary to reach Chiang, promised him economic support if he would split with his Communist allies. Negotiations were also conducted with Tu to secure the aid of his gangsters to suppress the Communist-led workers militia in Shanghai. Tu agreed to mobilize all his henchmen in return for five thousand rifles and other equipment and freedom of transit through the Western-controlled International Settlement, from which Chinese armed forces were banned under the terms of extra-territoriality. The deal was made and the Communists were caught completely by surprise. The first indication they had that Chiang had split with them was when machineguns opened on their workers' militia. Tu's gangsters

were reported to have killed five thousand Communists and sympathizers in the next few weeks and Chiang's troops in other areas killed additional tens of thousands in what were the first clashes in a civil war which has lasted to this day with occasional uneasy truces.

During these years of intermittent civil war, Tu Yueh-sen has become not only an important Kuomintang figure but also very respectable, although he is still believed to control the Shanghai underworld. He heads the National Association of Industries and also bosses the Kuomintang-controlled Central Labour Union.

In a recent interview, Tu indicated that he, like other Kuomintang stalwarts, is anxious to have the U.S. save his not inconsiderable chestnuts. He suggested that American, British and other foreigners should band together to defend Shanghai against the Communists, preferably with the help of the U. S. Navy. In exchange for this, Tu is willing to make some concessions. Although, as head of the Chinese Ship Owners' Association, he formerly opposed the operation of foreign ships on China's inland waters, he is willing to waive his opposition now. He has apparently not gone as far as some frightened local Kuomintang supporters who are reported to have offered to declare Shanghai an "international city"—that is, restore it to its pre-war, foreign-dominated status—if the U.S. would guarantee to protect it.

However, in contrast with those wealthy Shanghailanders who are so deeply enmeshed with the "favoured families" of the Kuomintang and will flee because they can expect little mercy from the Communists, there is a surprisingly substantial group who are sitting tight, willing to give the Communists a chance. Many of these wealthy Chinese are sitting tight because it is too late to liquidate their holdings. But many have become so bitterly anti-Chiang that they feel the Communists cannot be worse.



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purifies and enriches the blood, tones up the nerves and freshens up the entire system.



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The striking thing about these industrialists is that many of them are the very ones who gave Chiang his start and upon whom he was dependent during his first decade in power. Chiang was very friendly to the Shanghai capitalists in the pre-war days when he needed them, although already the economic plums were dropping into the hands of the "favoured families" or "bureaucratic capitalists". When the Sino-Japanese war drove Chiang into the interior, his link with the Shanghai industrialists was severed and he became dependent on the landed gentry of the interior and on the bureaucratic supermillionaires like H. H. Kung, wartime Premier and Finance Minister or T. V. Soong.

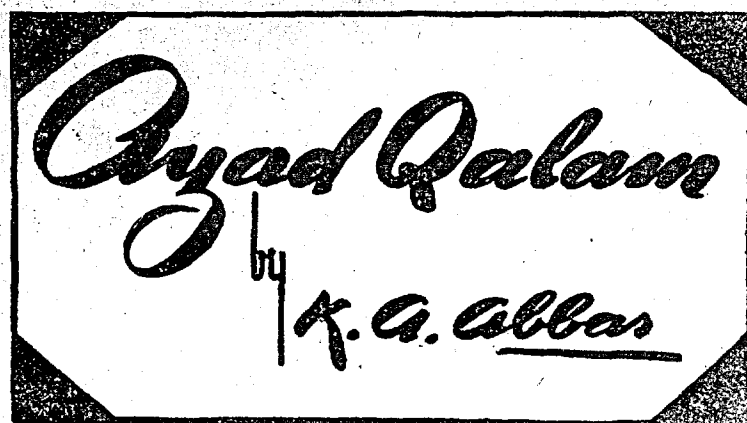
At the war's end, Chiang expected Shanghai businessmen to knuckle under. Many did. But many, who didn't, were penalized by the Government. Thus, when the fabulously wealthy Yung (flour and textile) family ordered about ten million (U.S.) dollars of new machinery in the States just after VJ day, they were refused import licenses because they had declined to kowtow to the Chiang dynasty. Many other rich Shanghailanders became increasingly annoyed at having to pay regular monthly allowances to one or another group of Kuomintang secret police, economic investigators and the like to avoid arrest, whether deserved or not.

The widely-heralded "economic reform" of last August, accompanied by the highly theatrical "tiger-hunting" of the Gimo's son, Major-General Chiang Ching-kuo, was the last straw. Hundreds of substantial bona fide Shanghai business people—but not the members of the "favoured families"—were arrested for practices which until a few days before had been standard and accepted.

It is said that the jailed industrialists were ripe meat for the jailed leftist students with whom they were thrown in contact in the crowded prisons. Certainly their August experience and the subsequent Kuomintang military reverses

have made them willing to listen to Communist approaches. The Communists, whether for tactical or other reasons, have been following a very moderate line. They centre their attack on the "bureaucratic capitalists" and promise immunity to the "national capitalists" (those not too closely linked with the Kuomintang or the U.S.). Furthermore, they announce their intention of encouraging private trade and industry, although within directed lines. This propaganda is backed up by the Basic Land Law passed in October 1947 by the Central Executive Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, the twelfth point of which grants "exemption of merchants' and manufacturers' properties and enterprises from redistribution". There are a number of unconfirmed reports that the Shanghai industrialists and the Communists have been negotiating for some weeks.

After an initial period of panic in November, following on the U.S. Consul-General's request that all non-essential Americans be evacuated, the foreign business community has settled down to sweating it out. Although there is naturally considerable anti-Communist feeling among foreign businessmen, there is very little pro-Kuomintang feeling except on the part of such outfits as General Chennault's Civil Air Transport company, which have been special Kuomintang favourites. Most Americans resent the fact that despite considerable American aid to China, the Kuomintang has used every trick in the book to make it difficult for them to operate here. Any tendency on the part of the American firms to pull out is tempered by the knowledge that the British firms are staying and will pick up any of the opportunities provided by an American evacuation on top of the already conspicuous errors of American policy in China. So American businessmen, mostly without their wives, wait uneasily to see what life under the Communists will be like. And most of Shanghai waits with them.—N.P.S. (Copyright).



WRITING only ten years ago, that otherwise shrewd observer of men and affairs, John Gunther ended his book, *Inside Asia*, with the categorical assertion:

"Finally, Pan-Asia is an illusion. One can speak of Europe—even now—as a whole. But not Asia. One can speak of such a concept—at least till recently—as a 'European mind'. I do not think one would readily use such a phrase as an 'Asiatic mind'. A war in Spain can send tremors throughout Europe as far as the Baltic and beyond; a war in China is still only remote, vestigial interest to the Asia of the Near East. Asia is not interlocked, intertwined, as Europe is, though it is interlocked with Europe—Asia is a long distance around. It is too big to be a unit. It is three continents in one".

I do not know if Gunther is flying down to 'cover' the conference of Asiatic countries now meeting in New Delhi. But even if he is not, he must surely have realized that Asia is no longer "a long distance around", Asia *has* arrived! And the war in Indonesia *has* sent a tremor throughout Asia as far as the Bosphorus though not beyond—for beyond lies Europe!

WHAT IS EAST? WHAT IS WEST?

The trouble about Asia has been that so far it did not exist except negatively—as the non-Europe part of the land mass of Eurasia. The word Asia did not originate from any language of Asia but from Greek!

"What is East and what is west?" Emperor Akbar asked Birbal who is reputed to have replied, "No one knows. Your Majesty, but too far East is west, and too far west is East".

China was "West" to the Japanese, India was "West" to the Chinese who described this country as "the western heaven, land of Buddha's birth". Indians find it difficult to understand why countries to the immediate West of us—Iran, Iraq, Arabia—are lumped together as "Middle East" while Turkey, to the more distant West, is regarded as "Near East". While the modest Easterners like the wise Birbal knew and proclaimed that there is neither East nor West—for everything is relative to wherever you happen to be—the arrogant Europeans, regarding themselves to be in the centre of the universe, defined everything in relation to themselves. The vanity of the West can be as exclusivistic as the caste system of Manu. Said Oswald Spengler: "We men of the Western culture are, with our historical sense, an exception and not a rule. World history is *our* world picture and not all mankind's."

Terms like "the mysterious Orient", "the Mystic East", "the Asiatic barbarism" are all a product of the European mind's ignorance of, and prejudice against, the remoter regions of Asia.

By the time the European navigators established contact with countries of Asia, the agricultural East was beginning to decline, no longer able to resist the inroads of the

industrialised, mechanised West. Since then, Asia, until very recently, has been kept split into imperialistic zones of occupation or influence—British India; French Indo-China; Dutch East Indies; Gunther may have failed to find any traces of the unity of Asia but, curiously enough, he did note the one factor which was to lead to such a unity. Answering the question, "What dominant chords do we find in the vast and complex Asiatic orchestra?" he wrote:

"First and overwhelmingly, there is imperialism. Capitalise it. Imperialism. Because it was rich, because it was undeveloped, because it was comatose politically. Asia has been for generations the loot of Europe. The history of modern Asia has been that of predatory western powers struggling among themselves for the rich and prostrate body of the eastern continent. Geographically, Europe is an appendage of Asia. The appendage has wagged—and perhaps poisoned—the main body."

ASIA UNITED

Though the word "Asia" was, of course, unknown to the Indians and Chinese and Arabs in ancient and mediaeval ages, yet the very fact of geographical contiguity, through the ages, has been working towards forging of closer links between the countries and peoples of this continent. A historical process need not have a name—but any student of history can trace the growing sense of the unity of Asia from the days of Asoka to the days of Nehru. Even the invasion of India by the Pathans and the Moghals and the colonization of the islands of the Indies by the old "Hindu imperialists" were violent manifestations of the same tacit sense of Asian unity.

Underneath the apparent diversity there is an underlying pattern of Asian unity based on historical traditions and religious, cultural and political affinities. Hinduism and Buddhism have powerfully influenced the "Asiatic mind" and Islam is still a very vital link between vast masses of Asiatics—all the way from Turkey to Java. There is an undefined "Asianism" which serves as a com-

mon cultural denominator between the people of Asia—be they Turks or Afghans, Indians, Burmans or Chinese—which distinguishes them from Europeans and Americans.

The late Sir Ross Masood, who possessed a barbed wit and a strong antipathy for the European snob, was once the victim of an Englishman who, during a voyage on a liner, constantly bored him with long discourses on the alleged superiority of the English culture. One day while Ross Masood was promenading the deck, dressed in immaculate white muslin kurta and pajama, the bore approached him and asked: "Tell me, Sir Ross, is there some cultural affinity common to all Asiatics which distinguishes them from Europeans?"

Ross Masood who was 6 feet 2 inches tall looked down on the puny Englishman and, disdaining to enter into a discussion with so shallow a mind, replied with mock seriousness: "Yes, there is. We Asiatics all wear our shirts hanging out of our trousers, while you Europeans wear them tucked in".

This sartorial affinity, perhaps is not much a petty and negligible factor after all. It may suggest that the traditional sense of modesty is stronger among Asiatics than among Europeans. Again it may not be altogether sociologically irrelevant to observe that the vast majority of Asiatics eat rice or that they cover their heads while addressing their superiors as against the non-rice-eating Europeans who remove their hats to show politeness and respect! An average non-Westernized Indian is sure to feel comparatively more at home in China or Indonesia or Arabia than in America or England or Germany.

And yet there is no doubt that the present trend towards Asiatic unity owes its origin to affinity of political, rather than cultural interests. Not Buddhism or Islam but anti-imperialism has brought together the Asiatic countries now represented at New Delhi.

Imperialism has been the one common experience of every single country of Asia. India, Indonesia, Burma, Ceylon, Indo-China, Siam,

Malaya, Syria, Palestine etc. have suffered directly and for long under the iron heel of imperialism—British, Dutch, French or Portugese. Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, Turkey and Egypt have all been blighted by the fatal touch of Imperialism. The entire Middle East has been the "cock-pit" of rival European imperialisms fighting for oil. China had opium forced on her people and even today has not been able to shake off the stranglehold of "extra-territoriality". Thanks to the "civilizing" missions from the West, Arabs were made to fight Turks, Muslims in India fought Hindus, Indian soldiers were used to invade Afghanistan and occupy Iraq, and now Karens are fighting the Burmans.

Common experience must produce similar reactions and, though necessarily coloured and conditioned by local circumstances, the anti-Imperialist revolutionary movements in Asia threw up a series of leaders who were inspired by each other—Kamal of Turkey, Gandhi of India, Zaghlul of Egypt, Sun Yat-Sen of China, Soekarno of Indonesia. Doctor Ansari's medical mission to Turkey, the hijrat (migration) of Indian revolutionaries to Afghanistan, the active participation of Indians in the Turkish revolution, the receptions to Gandhi and Nehru in Egypt, the fraternal visits of Nehru to Burma, China and Malaya, the Congress Medical Mission to China—all these and other similar events were stepping stones to the convention of the present Asiatic conference in New Delhi!

And since the growth of this Asian consciousness has been inspired by political, rather than racial or continental, considerations of anti-imperialism, it has been saved from lapsing into reactionary jingoism—like Japan's hypocritical "Asia For Asiatics". Indeed, it is notable that while the Japanese warlords were waging a brutal war on the fellow-Asiatics of China with the connivance and support of German Nazis and Italian Fascists, Nehru of India and Soekarno of Indonesia were seeking active alliance with all the progressive forces of the world—Asiatic or non-Asiatic.

HOW STRONG IS ASIA?

It is clear by now that certain European and American powers are getting unnerved by the likely consequences of the New Delhi Conference. They have reason to be. Asia, awakened and united, possesses a giant's potential strength—in man power and material resources. China's 450 millions, India's 330 millions and Pakistan's 70 millions, Japan's 70 millions, 70 million Indonesians, 10 million Afghans, 15 million Iranians, 50 million Arabs, 17 million Turks, 25 million Soviet Asians, 15 million Burmans, not to mention the Thailanders, the Malays, the Ceylonese—the very enumeration is formidable and terrific (and terrifying to those who dream of ruling over Asia!) More than half the world's population is Asiatic and if the U.N.O. was, as it should be, based on self-determination and voting was on the basis of population and not power, the Asiatic Bloc could out-vote the rest of the world. Given education, modern agriculture and industry, mutually co-operative Asia can be wholly self-sufficient even on the basis of a much higher standard of living. Unlike Europe, Asia would not go to colonizing and empire-building to secure raw materials.

The primary need is to educate the people of Asia about their own potential strength which they can acquire through freedom and unity. The giant, at last awakened, must assert himself and redeem his heritage. The Delhi conference can save not only Indonesia but the whole of Asia.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

Marxist classics (including standard works of Lenin) have begun to be banned in Indian provinces. While the few remaining liberties are still allowed to us, let us hurry up and read the literature which so powerfully influenced the thought of Prime Minister Nehru. It was of Karl Marx that Nehru wrote: "He seems to me to have possessed quite an extraordinary degree of insight into social phenomena, and this insight was apparently due to the scientific method he adopted. This method, applied to past history as well as current events,

helps us in understanding them far more than any method of approach, and it is because of this that the most revealing and keen analysis of the changes that are taking place in the world today come from Marxist writers." (Could it be that it is because of this that police in the Nehru regime is beginning to confiscate Marxist books?) **KARL MARX**, by Isaiah Berlin (Oxford Home University Library, 5 shillings) which has just been re-issued in a new edition provides a brief but concise introduction to the personality, life and writings of Marx—the one thinker who has exercised maximum influence on the modern world. To the lay man who may find the original writings of Marx too difficult to follow this volume can be recommended as a first step to the study of Marxism. It is written in a lucid style and its objectivity is free both from prejudice and partisanship.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"**MADRAS:** Liberty of the newspapers is "definitely less under the National Government than what it was under the bureaucratic

regime" said the Congress President, Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya.

PERTH (Australia): "No decision to drop the word 'British' (from the name of the Commonwealth) was ever made and its use is essential for a host of reasons. How else could you refer to this group of nation?" said Dr. Evatt, Australian External Affairs Minister.

"**BRUSSELS:** The Defence Ministers of the five Brussels Pact Powers—Britain, France, Belgium, HOLLAND and Luxembourg—met in the Belgium Ministry of Defence here for SECRET Talks."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"**CALCUTTA:** A new type of queue has come into being—drug addicts lining up for their quota of opium—West Bengal's annual consumption of opium is estimated to be some 600 maunds.

"**LUCKNOW:** About two million students and 40,000 teachers are involved in the present strike of U. P. teachers—The teachers want a basic pay of Rs. 40 per month plus Rs. 15 as dearness allowance."

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SPOTLIGHT ON THE



PERHAPS the least stressed aspect in the conflict (especially as regards the U.S. on the one hand and Russia on the other) between Communism and democratic capitalism these days, is the religious. Scarcely anybody either in America or Britain now talks about the subservient part that theism plays in the Soviet philosophy. The feud raging for the last two years between the Church and the State in the countries of Central Europe, especially in Hungary, would have been an eye-opener to a great many Christians who have only thought of Communism as a creed in which nobody can have any money, property or business which he can call his own.

The Communist Party in Hungary, which is the party which came into power in the general elections held in 1947, undertook a number of ambitious and socialistic reforms almost as soon as their Cabinet was formed. A three-year plan of production was put into operation. Mining, heavy industry and banks were nationalised. Every industrial concern employing more than a hundred workers was brought under State control. Production methods were reorganized, competitions in output were started all over the country, drastic measures were imposed to raise the standard of living of the working population. It was only after the economic life of the country had been stabilised and rejuvenated, that the Government party decided to tackle other problems—those in the fields of education and agriculture. The former was mostly under the influence of the Church and the latter dominated by the 'kulaks' or the rich landowners. Thus was

started the clash, on the one hand with the Church and on the other with the landed gentry. The Government's position was worsened by the fact that these two entities were not separate but interlocked in as much as the influence of the Church on the peasants was very great. Land reform was not entirely a new measure. There had been an attempt at it some three years ago but that had affected only the smaller landowners leaving the 'kulak' class entirely untouched.

The reform in the field of education was aimed mainly at depriving the Church of her prerogative to teach by the Government gaining control themselves over the schools so as to be able to shape the thought and guide the education of the younger generation along lines dictated by Leninist Marxism. But getting rid of the Church did not prove as easy a task as anticipated, especially the Catholic Church. Though the Communist Party themselves would have preferred to come to a compromise with the Catholic Church so as, among other things, not to jeopardise their agricultural reform schemes by antagonising the class which stood very high in the estimation of the peasants, the Church, however, was most adamant and unwilling to bow its head. Not that all the members of the Catholic Church were unanimous in their stand. Indeed, quite a few were in favour of a modus vivendi being established. But the Primate, Joseph Mindszenty, Cardinal Archbishop of Esztergom, whose stand against the Germans during the war had elevated him to the highest dignity in Catholic orders in 1945, put up a determined opposition refusing to

meet attempts at conciliation. The few belated gestures of goodwill that the State made towards the Church, as for example, the giving of priority to the reconstruction of bomb-damaged churches, left him unmoved. There were other bones of contention also. He did not approve the expropriation for redistribution of 800,000 yokes of land owned by the Church even though the State promised in return a grant to the Church for the maintenance of its charitable and religious institutions (even after this deprivation the Church still remains Hungary's largest landowner). The Cardinal's attitude towards the new Republic and its new constitution has not been conciliatory either. In fact, he has openly and flagrantly believed in and hoped for the restoration of the Hapsburgs which would mean for the Catholic Church the revival of traditional ties with the "Apostolic Kings of Hungary."

The first crisis in the Church-State tension in 1947 came with the decision of the State to make religious instruction, which had for years been compulsory, optional. But the Church won this round eventually and the relevant Bill was dropped but not before much blood had been shed by Communist and Catholic youth.

Educational reform was practically got under way only late in 1947. The first step taken was the fusion of elementary, secondary and central schools resulting in the creation of a general school for compulsory elementary education which would last eight years. This was followed by the publication of new textbooks by the State, which were accepted by all non-Catholic schools but sternly rejected by the Catholic Church which called the new instructional institutions "ungodly and immoral." Such a rejection really told against the prestige of the Church, for it exposed itself thereby to the accusation from the State that it was only concerned with the preservation of its prerogatives and dignities.

The relation between the State and the two Protestant Churches—Calvinist and Lutheran was more cordial. About 20 per cent of Hungary's population is Calvinist and 10 per cent of Lutheran faith. The Calvinist Church indeed publicly announced its approval of the Republican constitution and of agrarian reform. Bolstered by the support of these two religious groups, the Government appointed in May this year a commission to settle the never-ending dispute between the State and the Catholic Church. A formal invitation was issued to the Primate to take part in the negotiations. The Minister for Education also asked that the Cardinal should make a declaration supporting the Republic in its reforms. Cardinal Mindszenty consented to take part in the negotiations on condition "that it is compatible with the tenets of the Church," but suggested that the scheme for the nationalisation of schools should in the meanwhile be put in cold storage. He asked, in addition, facilities for the publication of a Roman Catholic daily news-sheet "free of the shackles of censorship" as also complete freedom for all Catholic organizations and resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican.

That marked the end of all pretences and attempts at conciliation. From then on it was an open and unashamed fight between the two parties culminating in the arrest on Dec. 26 last year of the Primate. The Government at first tried to canvass the support of individual Catholics on its side, but the Cardinal immediately threatened to excommunicate such betrayers. "If a Catholic becomes unfaithful to his Church," he said, "we are compelled to warn him, and if need be to apply sanctions against him." The Government immediately retorted by filling newspapers, radio broadcasts and placards with reports of resolutions alleged to have been passed at various meetings all over the country, favouring nationalisation of schools.

During this struggle, an incident occurred which crystallised Government disfavour of the Primate. In

the village of Pocspetri a policeman was killed in a skirmish which took place between the different parties in connection with the reform. The killer was arrested as also the parish priest who was supposed to have invited him to the murder. In the course of the trial as reported by the Communist press, the priest admitted his guilt and acknowledged that he had committed the crime by having been influenced by the Pastoral Letters and teachings of Cardinal Mindszenty. This gave the Communists a convenient handle for intensification of their persecution of the Cardinal. The slogan now became: "We have nothing against the Church, we have nothing against the Primate of Hungary, but we are fighting the politician Mindszenty who is an enemy of our State."

And on June 16, with the country in a simmering state of politico-religious agitation, the Bill for the nationalization of schools was launched in Parliament. The Government spokesman pointed out that the contemplated reform was necessitated by the unsuitability of the present educational system to the changed conditions in the country. Mr. Istvan Barankovics, leader of the Catholic Opposition and a wholehearted supporter of the Cardinal, argued that the new Bill deprived the Church of a fundamental right. Education, he said, was the collective prerogative of the family, the State and the Church and no one unit had the right of monopoly over it. He suggested something eminently sensible, that the State and denominational schools should be allowed to exist side by side and the choice of the kind of education to be imparted to a child be left to its parents.

The Bill was, despite the opposition of all the three Catholic parties, passed into law. What was left for the Catholic Church to do was to offer passive resistance by not allowing Catholic teachers, nuns and monks to accept employment in the nationalized schools.

Mr. Arpad Szakasits, President of Hungary, said in a Christmas broadcast last year that "a settlement of

relations between the State and the Catholic Church" was going to be the first business of the Government in the new year. The Government, he said, had nothing against religion as such but could not brook "imperialist agents hiding behind the bulwark of the Catholic Church." Referring to Cardinal Mindszenty's anti-government attitude, he said that "this obstacle in the way of the development of the Hungarian people's democracy must be removed." The Workers' Party has time and again declared that "a people's democracy cannot tame its enemies," but that it must "liquidate" them. Earlier, last year, Mr. Matyas Rakosi, Vice-Premier had said that "Hungarian democracy has solved all her problems until now. So she will also defeat that reaction which is behind the Church."

Less than forty-eight hours after the President's broadcast and, significantly enough, at Christmas time, Primate Mindszenty was seized at his palace at Esztergom on the Danube.

In a communique issued by the Minister for the Interior after the arrest it was stated that during a search of the Cardinal's palace a metal box containing a number of documents had been found. These documents proved the existence of a conspiracy to overthrow the people's regime and set up a "Central European Kingdom" after "a third World War when Hungary is occupied by Western Powers." This conspiracy had been discussed at a secret meeting between the Cardinal and Otto of Hapsburg, the Pretender to the Austrian Throne, in a monastery near Chicago. The box contained also letters written by the Cardinal in his own hand and the originals of the answers given by the Ministers of certain countries in reply to his appeal for intervention. The documents also proved that the Cardinal had also acted as a spy and had revealed to interested Western parties Soviet troop movements and "some very important information regarding the Soviet Union based on the reports of a Greek Catholic priest in the Carpa-

thian Ukraine." Black-marketing was one of the other charges. "Mindszenty," said the communique, ".....accepted from foreign States considerable financial support, and with his foreign currency deals—selling dollars received from abroad and dollar cheques on the black-market—he damaged the Hungarian Government to a value of several hundred thousand forints." To crown all, the Cardinal himself had confessed that "my secretary, Dr. Andras Zakar, forwarded a number of political reports to the Foreign Legation with my knowledge and agreement." The communique finally concluded that "on the basis of these archives, as well as on the confessions of the arrested persons, it has been established that Cardinal Mindszenty as early as 1945 began organising the Hungarian royalist illegal forces."

Along with the Cardinal and his secretary, twelve others were arrested, including Prince Paul Esterhazy who had owned more than a hundred thousand hectares of land before the land reform and Prof. Jastinian Baranyai.

While messages of consternation and sympathy from believers all over the world poured into the Vatican, the Sacred Consistorial Congregation excommunicated by a formal declaration "all those who committed the crime of sacrilegiously laying hands on the most eminent Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, Joseph Mindszenty, and impeded him from the exercise of his ecclesiastical jurisdiction...." At about the same time the Hungarian Premier invited representatives of the ecclesiastical authorities in the country to open negotiations with the Government on January 4 in continuance of the "financial" agreement they had signed on December 16.

It is inevitable that such conflicts should prove contagious. A few days ago came an announcement from Prague that the Czechoslovak Government was receiving petitions, resolutions and appeals by the score from the people demanding "a

clear and binding statement from functionaries of all the Churches and from the Catholic priesthood as to whether they intend to co-operate with the people's democracy." History has acquired in recent times a very unhappy way of repeating itself.

It has been said that the Church in Hungary serves "as protector, not of a national minority but of all categories of persons who, rightly or wrongly, are antagonistic to the Government" and that the clash between the Church and the State was really a political and not a religious fight. This perhaps is a little too far-fetched. It would be simpler to say that this conflict is "essentially one between those who believed in God and those who did not," between "a new conception of moral, social and political life on the one hand and Christian civilisation on the other." The Communists believe in the materialistic State. The Christians believe, as an Italian proverb runs, that "he who eats the priest, shall die." The Hungarian Government's faith in its people's democracy is as fervent as the prayer of Cardinal Mindszenty written in one of his Pastoral Letters and read in a Voice of America broadcast in December: "I stand for God, Church and my country.... I pray for those who, in the words of my Master, know not what they are doing. I forgive them with all my heart." The two philosophies are immiscible.

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RATIONAL WAGE AND PRICES POLICY

by Prof. T. V. RAMANUJAM, M.A.

(Since this article was written, His Excellency the Governor-General's announcement has come that prices are not to be stabilised at the present level.—Ed. S.).

DR. JOHN MATTHAI, the Finance Minister of the Government of India, made one rather surprising statement in an otherwise most admirable speech in his recent address to the Associated Chambers of Commerce. He is reported to have said: "The degree of inflation in India is, I think, generally overstated. Our present prices as compared with pre-war prices are not by any means so high as in other countries; nor are they much higher than the level at which they are likely to settle, when normal conditions have been established."

It is a pity that comparisons should have been made with countries which are not by any means models of either prudence or prosperity. It is cold comfort for a man suffering from malaria to be told that he is not as badly off as one suffering from cholera. If we keep in mind the state of affairs during and after the Second World War in the really advanced and prosperous countries of the world like the United States, Canada and England, we will realise at once that the malaise of inflation has reached a very alarming state in India. These three countries achieved, during and after the war, a measure of price stability for which there are few parallels in other countries and in the past experience of these lands themselves.

The Littauer Professor of Political Economy at the Harvard University, Professor Alvin H. Hansen, has pointed out in that recent and excellent book "Economic Policy and Full Employment", the main methods by which the United States secured what he calls the "remarkable" and "unprecedented" achievement of preventing any substantial war-time inflation.

Almost every one of these measures taken by the Government and the people of the United States, it will be seen, is simple but not easy. They are not new. But to know them is one thing, to give effect to them is quite another. Let us examine them briefly.

Professor Hansen refers first to the role that high taxation has played in that country in keeping prices to a reasonable level. "I do not think any one back in 1940 would have thought it possible to impose tax rates on corporate and individual incomes so high as were in fact imposed." In fact in the later years of the war, the United States financed about 45 per cent of the war expenditure from taxes; Canada and England, about 30 per cent! India, China, France and Germany did not adopt such a highly orthodox and safe but extremely unpopular method of financing the war. This is one of the principal reasons why these four countries are today in varying states of economic distress while the former three countries have managed to maintain and even improve on the very high standard of life of their peoples.

The second place is given to the "remarkable steadiness and commonsense of the public generally". "Home owners, farmers and consumers paid off their debts and saved substantial parts of their incomes. Not being able to buy many kinds of consumers' durables, they put their money into life insurance, savings and deposit accounts, and war savings bonds". Can it be said that during the years of the war, in spite of the enormous expenditure incurred for the National Savings Campaign, there was anything like

the success of the United States, so far as India is concerned?

Professor Hansen gives the third place to "the thorough-going programme of rationing and over-all price control" which was introduced into the United States of America at a fairly early stage. We in India, it will be remembered, introduced these vital measures very late, and worked them defectively, and we put an end to them even when the need for their continuance was quite obvious. In America also there were black markets. But "the over-all job was a creditable performance", and even in the dark days of very serious evasion and dodging of these controls, those responsible for their administration "held the line with bulldog tenacity".

It is well-known that there is no country in the world today, not even the U.S.S.R., which has so little to fear about inflation as the United States of America. Its capacity to save and to bear taxes is prodigious. Its power to produce goods of all kinds—agricultural, consumers', and capital—is incredibly large. Yet, how guarded, how careful, how far seeing their leaders and thinkers are! This is what Professor Hansen writes: "Nevertheless, we need to be on our guard. We must not play with fire. We must be prepared to fight both general inflation as well as inflationary tendencies in specific areas. We must retain controls where needed until temporary shortages are overcome. We must retain a sufficiently high tax structure. We must have a programme of wage and price stability." Is it not clear that every one of those words written more than a year ago with reference to the richest country in the world is applicable in every detail to India today?

Especially significant at this particular moment in our country's affairs is that last one about *wage and price stability*. The absence of a rational and bold wage and price policy is our most serious handicap in tackling the economic crisis in the country. Sections of labour which are placed in special positions

of vantage, so far as bargaining power is concerned, have been holding the pistol of strike in their hands, and even clamouring for more *money-wages*. The Government, unwilling to antagonise large sections of labour, anxious to avoid being regarded as pro-capitalist in a socialist age, have generally shown a tendency to yield. On the one hand the industrialists press the Government to reduce taxes and give various other concessions which alone, they urge, would serve as *incentives* to production. If anyone is anxious to make the inflationary situation even worse than it is today, can he think of a better method than reducing taxes and increasing wages?

He is not a true friend of labour who clamours for an increase in money incomes without ensuring that prices are reduced. While it is all right to demand that wages and allowances should have fairly close relation with the cost of living, it is often forgotten that wage increases should be related to productivity. In England, for instance, the famous White Paper on Employment Policy clearly laid down that "increases in the general level of wage rates must be related to increased productivity due to increased efficiency and effort."

Unfortunately, nobody in India emphasised adequately the importance of relating increase in wage rates to increased productivity, caused by increased efficiency and effort.

In fact even the industrialists would not mind paying heavy taxes, if increase of wages is related to increased productivity of labour. They are bothered as much by rising labour costs, as the labourers themselves are bothered by mounting prices. The result is that neither labour nor capital is satisfied today. And how can there be any increase in the output of the much needed goods and services, when both capital and labour are dissatis-

fied, the former by rising labour costs and the latter by soaring prices?

In his famous report, Beveridge has warned against this danger. Even in a country like England where labour is not only well organised but also very responsible, he said: "There is a real danger that sectional wage bargaining without regard to its effects upon prices may lead to a vicious spiral of inflation with money-wages chasing prices and without any gain in real wages for the working class as a whole."

That danger is imminent in India today. Sectional bargaining, by railwaymen, postal servants and others in similar vantage positions, is apt to cause a rise in money-wages, to the detriment of the working-class as a whole, because prices are not stabilised and wage increases are to be given without any regard for efficiency, effort and productivity. It is up to the intelligent sections of the public to strengthen the hands of the Government in their attempts to ward off this danger.



TO YOU WHO WENT TO WAR

To you who went to War shall we give the false salute
And betray your trust not once but twice—in life, in death?

With Fear in your breasts—for Fear's the coin Life pays
as tribute

To Death through all our days—with Hope but as a
faint breath,

You took the step that made you heroic. Although
You knew the hero's life should mean the choice to
stay,

To go to die, to live as one's impulse said so.

And yet to face your awful fate and not give way
To tears and sobs but make the end a fitting crown
To your manhood—that was in the true heroic strain.
But perhaps you knew what we the left must now make
known

That you died in vain, that you killed and were killed
in vain.

Only when the last flag is furled,
The last battle-drum broken,
And the last sword thrown in the heap,
And the last bullet buried in the dust,
Can we say that you died not in vain.

At the sun's setting we think not of you
But of our young and the warmth of our hearths.
Can we keep faith with you by aught else? The false
word,

The hollow praise, while carnage is strewn
About us even as we shape War's next onslaught?—

J. VIJAYATUNGA

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THE CONGRESS PRESIDENT'S CONCEPT OF DEMOCRACY

by P. V. G. RAJU

(Raja of Vizianagram)

DR. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA, President of the Indian National Congress, in a recent Press interview at Madras gave his interpretation of the concept of true democracy in a State. He defined the role that the Press should play in interpreting to the people of the country this concept of democracy. These views, coming as they do from the President of a political party which is today an expression of the popular will as represented in the legislature, are extremely important. As the head of such a party, Dr. Pattabhi is not expressing a merely individual opinion, but a policy which would activate all the direct relations between the administrators of the Nation-State and the people of the State. If these opinions of Dr. Pattabhi are examined without prejudice, it will be found that they portend a type of dictatorship which is in direct conflict with the concept of democracy as understood elsewhere in the world, and is opposed to the noble and illustrious ideals of Mahatma Gandhi, the Father of the Nation, whom Dr. Pattabhi claims as his guru.

Interpreting DEMOCRACY as THE AUTOCRACY OF THE CHOSEN LEADER, Dr. Pattabhi proceeds to consider the limitations on the absolute rights of this leader. These rights, he holds, are limited by the expression of the will of the party which he represents. This is an entirely new description of the rights exercised by an elected leader of a political democracy. The concept of democracy is based on the assumption that the right of managerial authority necessarily to be discharged in the maintenance of harmony in the body politic, must vest in the universal rights of the people who are empowered to constantly scrutinise the actions of the

chosen leaders in the discharge of their duties. The elected leader of a democracy is therefore far from being an autocrat limited in power only by the trust placed in him by his party men. It is true that in a democracy the people exercise only a limited right of passing a periodic verdict on their elected leaders. Not only the 'autocratic' leader of the party but also the representatives of the party must stand up to the verdict of the polls periodically. If Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya recognises the right of the people in a democracy to exert jurisdiction over their rulers, apart from the democracy operative within a political party, through guarantee of periodic free elections where the electorate has the right to vote out any party and vote in any other, there may be some justification for his definition of democracy; for, then, the popularity of its elected leaders will find its expression as autocracy in the process of exercising authority in the discharge of their elective duties.

Secondly, Dr. Pattabhi has laid down that the Press should serve the State wholeheartedly. He asserts that under a National Government the Press need not be free of Governmental control, and cites the example of Great Britain in support of his plea. The whole of the reasoning underlying his plea is obscure and contrary to the spirit of democracy and the logic of circumstances. Dr. Pattabhi admits that in a bureaucratic regime the Press has the right to question the policies of Government, but to a National Government the Press must remain loyal and the loyalty should be wholehearted and complete. There would have been no objection had he asserted that the Press should be loyal to the National State. But it is an altogether different proposi-

tion to assume that the Press must be loyal to the "Government" which in a democracy is not a permanent fixture. No special virtue can attach to the "national" character of a Government as such, for without question all Governments in a free State must be national. It is only a historical accident that past Governmental authority in India was foreign and not native. How does his plea hold good in the case of England cited by him as an example? Are we to assume that the present Labour Government of England alone is a truly representative National Government and all past Governments (Conservative and Liberal) were not National Governments at all?

Again, Dr. Pattabhi's stand is open to criticism on the ground of righteousness. The distinction whereby the Press may oppose bureaucracy but should support Nationalism, might have been in order in India before 15th August 1947. If it is a question of the Press supporting a bureaucracy as distinguished from an autocracy, it would have to be decided upon the actual merits of the two alternatives—the obvious choice being in favour of the lesser evil. A bureaucracy is government by officialdom, subject to the letter and procedure of the written law; whereas an autocracy is an expression of absolute government, subject to none of the limitations of the law. If a choice between the two is to be made, it must be in favour of bureaucracy, for the bureaucrat is finally subject to every law by which he operates, whereas the autocrat is subject to none such and is moved only by enigmatic dictates claiming the sanction of divine Providence if not of Satan.

There are today throughout the world two diametrically opposite views regarding the basis of democracy and the part the Press must play in it. The Western democracies (Great Britain, U.S.A., etc.) assume that a sound method of government is guaranteed by periodical elections providing scope for the free and unshackled decisions

of the electorate. The Soviet view on democratic government lays emphasis on an ideal of social life to be guaranteed and made secure. Elections in Soviet Russia are held not for the purpose of questioning the policy pursued by the State—for that is irrevocable—but for deciding who should be entrusted with the task of administering the pre-determined form of the social structure. The basic difference between the two concepts can be summed up as a difference between the moral responsibility and the socio-economic responsibility in a democracy. The position of the Press in relation to Government varies under the two systems. In the Western democracies the Press has the dual responsibility of maintaining constant vigil over the authority and actions of the State, and ensuring that Government does not assume powers which are undemocratic and anti-social, and liberty of the Press consists, as Lord Mansfield puts it, "IN PRINTING WITHOUT PREVIOUS LICENCE, SUBJECT TO THE CONSEQUENCE OF THE LAW". This liberty of the Press in the Anglo-American sphere is complete except at times of national crisis such as war. In the Soviet order of democracy the Press is part and parcel of the State. The Press must not at any time become critical of the policy of the State, for that policy is pre-determined, and the liberty of the Press, if any, may lie in portraying the relative merits of candidates standing up to the verdict of the electorate. It must be remembered that in Soviet Russia all elections are run to decide the relative merits of candidates of only one political party (the Communist Party), supposed, with tested clarity, to have proved bona fides to the socio-economic concept of Soviet democracy.

Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya seems to have expressed the view that unshackled autocracy is the basis of true democracy, and that the Press must be autocracy's handmaid in this rape of liberty. The prospect before the country is gloomy indeed.



ARTIST'S MODEL

By
V. ABDULLA

I VIVIDLY recall the very first scene on which the curtain went up in this episode.

"Come on, you bookworm, a fat lot of good an English Honours degree has done you if this is all you can do on such a lovely evening. Come on out and take the air. Do not let the lilies of the" It was Anant.

"All right, all right," I stopped him; "here I am. Leave poetry alone. I'd rather suffer your company than let you murder my favourite poets."

It was one of Anant's unheralded invasions into our house. Before he had been fifteen minutes there, he had ransacked Father's book shelves, had said some sweet things to Mother who was down with flu and had been most affectionately scolded by granny for stealing more than half her wonderful vadais hot from the frying pan.

Perhaps a word of explanation here would clear up matters. Anant—short for Anantakrishnan, a name he detested—was a distant relative of ours whom we knew intimately from childhood. He had lost his parents before he was twenty and they had left him a sizeable income. He never had much orthodox education but was intelligent and cultured to an extent rarely found in our University degree holders. He had one dominant passion in life—sculpture, though the graphic arts also had his interest in full measure. He had studied at the feet of all the living masters of Indian sculpture. And, by all accounts, he was a very promising sculptor indeed. His vocation brought him no money of course; on the contrary, his peripatetic habits in search of art must have proved expensive. I remember once when someone told him that he should not be so much of a rolling stone gathering no moss, his reply was characteristic: "What the devil do you think a rolling stone wants

moss for?" Tall, lean and fair, with clean, aquiline features, wide, clear eyes and a humorous curve of the lip, Anant was a handsome fellow and looked much younger than his thirty and odd years. He was a striking figure especially in his loose and graceful kurta and rather closely cropped head—if there was one thing he detested, it was the long head of hair that artists sported as a sort of trade mark.

As I was saying, Anant and I set out to the beach where we strolled along, discussing, arguing, quarrelling, and occasionally passing the time of day with acquaintances we ran into. Suddenly Anant nudged me: "Look, you ass, there's someone looking at you expectantly; there, near that green car." Yes, there was a group of ladies chatting there all right, and two of them I knew well.

I went up to them and after a brief chat I rejoined Anant.

He was all agog. "Who is it? Who is it?"

"That old lady is Mrs. L....; she is a sort of an aunt of mine by some devious genealogical computation. They are almost new to Madras, having come here after a long spell."

"Elast you, I don't mean her. Who is that vision in blue with whom, I noted, you seem to be on very friendly terms?"

"Oh, that's her daughter, Miss Malati L.... She has just finished her college somewhere north and says she wants to settle down in Madras, I don't know for what," I replied.

"Gosh, what a figure! I wonder how she Look here, am I treading on your preserves, by any chance?" Anant seemed quite excited.

I laughed. "No buddy, go right ahead and get it all off your chest. Appropriate

quotations from English poets will be supplied free of charge. It is so rare seeing you so reverent that I am quite enjoying it."

"Oh go to . . . never mind where. How about wangling me an introduction? You have got it all wrong, you fathead. It is only an artist's legitimate desire to pay homage to the Goddess of Beauty in person...."

"I say, you have got it bad, haven't you—whatever you may call it. Though personally speaking, I don't know if you'd give Malati that rating. Tastes differ, I suppose. She has the devil of a temper, by the way...."

Anant broke in: Does it ever enter your philistine skull that it is possible to admire physical beauty without wanting to tie yourself for life to its possessor? So what do you think I care for her temper?"

"All right, calm down...but remember Uncle is always here ready to be the best man Well, drop in at our place tomorrow at tea time, will you? They have promised to call on us tomorrow at 4."

Anant religiously kept to schedule and was at our place sharp on 4.

The introductions were soon made. It turned out that Malati had quite an interest in art and the two seemed to get on like a house on fire.

Perhaps it is just as well if I give an idea of Malati's background. Her father—a high-up official, somewhere north—had died leaving her with a very good education, an extremely independent and uninhibited upbringing, a doting mother and a decent income to boot. They, the mother and daughter, had decided to make Madras their home and they lived a quiet, sequestered life. I am sure there must have been plenty of "offers" for Malati from parents with an eye to the main chance but Malati had her head screwed on aright and would brook no nonsense from such 'gold prospectors'. And the mother had complete confidence in her daughter's judgement as well as principles.

The next time I met Anant was about a month later when I ran into him at a picture house. I do not remember a thing about the film, with Anant talking all the time about Malati. And it was not of the Malati I knew (or thought I knew) with a not too pretty face, a good figure and a beastly way of annoying unwary people

by rubbing them the wrong way emotionally. On the contrary, it was of someone whom he called the very Goddess of Beauty with maddening monotony. It was obvious Anant's soul was afire with whatever it was he thought he saw in her.

About a fortnight later I met Anant by chance on the Marina.

"Still here, without being off on your wanderings? Oh, I was forgetting; how's Malati?"

"I'm afraid she is in a terrible huff with me And all because I asked her to sit for me for a little modelling"

Anant broke off and refused to be drawn out despite all my 'I told you so' taunts. Finally, I gave up, knowing he could be as close as an oyster when he wanted to.

My next encounter with Anant was strange indeed. It was about a week later, I think, at an art exhibition or so—something he detested, by the way; public prostitution of art he called it, with illogical vehemence. Malati and her mother were there walking around and so was Anant, but always out of their view; he seemed to watch their every move, like a beast at bay watching its pursuers with uncanny intensity. This furtiveness was so unlike Anant that it had me nettled. I was about to greet him with a slap on the shoulder when his glare pulled me up in time and I did not butt in where I was obviously not wanted. I knew Anant was a man of moods and I left it, and them, at that.

I met the L—'s, mother and daughter, two or three times after that on some social occasions but I got no opportunity to have a quiet word with Malati. My curiosity was sufficiently aroused to make me introduce Anant's name casually into the conversation but the way Malati resolutely changed the subject told me that her good old temper was still on at full blast.

And I had it once reported to me that Anant was seen sitting for hours on the Marina gazing into the horizon with an intensity that would have shamed Columbus on his first voyage of discovery. I was also told that he was looking quite rundown. It was with difficulty that I repressed my desire to call on him. I knew how much he disliked intrusions into the privacy of his flat. I knew he would call me

when he felt the need for my company. So I waited.

I was right. About three weeks later, I received a cryptic note from Anant. 'I am calling there on the—th at 4 p.m. Be sure to be in. It's frightfully important.'

Excusing myself from some silly committee meeting I was glad to get out of, I waited for Anant at the appointed time.

He came looking much thinner than I had seen him for a long time, and very much *distract* and overwrought. With a hardly perceptible nod to my mother and a grin to my granny, he came straight to my 'den' and sank into his favourite chair. He growled "Coffee" and would not speak a word till he had finished three cigarettes, end on end, swallowed two cups of coffee and had lit a fourth cigarette.

And then it came out in jerks and fits and starts....

.....It of course centred round Malati L—who seemed to be the only sun in whose orbit Anant had been moving since the time he had seen her on the beach. It was from no physical attraction, certainly not (I could not help murmuring a sly 'certainly not' in unison). He had been seized by an irrepressible, irresistible, ungovernable desire to mould and fashion the likeness of that face which seemed to hold in its contours the secret of beauty and vitality that sculptors down the ages had been searching for. Here was Anant with that golden God-given opportunity within his grasp and his artist's soul was aflame with the thought. That was why he cultivated Malati's acquaintance assiduously, putting up with all the exasperating shallowness of the mother and even the disturbing outbursts of temper on her part. (I must add here, though, that from the way Anant spoke, about Malati's temper, I gathered he found it more endearing than otherwise—that is by the way.) In spite of all his tact and patience and perseverance, she refused to sit for him. All his entreaties and prayers and cajoling were of no avail. In fact, his constant harping on the matter had ended in her being in a permanent temper and refusing to speak to him civilly.... And so Anant had been reduced to sleuthing and shadowing her in order to capture the lines and contours of her face. He had thus undertaken a piece of work at which even the greatest artists must quail; he had to work on a model who actively non-co-operated with

him..... But by his industry and imagination, to put it at the lowest, he had done it—at last! The sculpture was over except for some minor details. And now.....

Anant paused and lit another cigarette. I had never seen him smoke so much before. The ash-tray was full of stubs but hardly any match sticks.

.....And now, here was where I came in. I sat up.

"Look here, old chap," Anant continued, "you know how I hate asking favours. But you have got to do this for me, no matter how you feel about it. I am not being melodramatic, but believe me, it is a matter of life and death for me—for the artist in me. You must get Malati to take a look at the fruit of my labours....."

He showed me a letter he had written to Malati. Couched in the most polite (almost humble) terms he asked her to come and take a look at his work; he assured her she would not regret it and it would completely clear any misgivings she might have had about his intentions, and so on in a similar strain.

I was to deliver the letter personally to Malati and use all my powers to persuade her to go to Anant's place and take a look—by herself. Under no circumstances was I or any one else to go with her—he made that quite clear. If she did not want to meet Anant, he would see that he was away so that she could look at it by herself and come away. The reason why I was to take the letter myself was that Anant wanted to ensure the letter being read by her. He did not want to court the indignity of her returning the letter unopened; and besides, the letter by itself might not achieve his object.

I did not like it at all.

But I agreed to do it all the same, for Anant's sake. I promised to contact him in a couple of days on the result of my mission.

I called on Malati the next morning with the letter.

She was quite taciturn about the entire subject of Anant but she seemed quite determined she would have nothing to do with him, even with the end of a barge pole. "He and his art", she hissed. If words could burn, I—and along with me, Anant and all art—ought to have been reduced to ashes by those four words.

But undeterred, I set about my grim task. By dint of talking about my long

friendship with Anant and practically standing guarantee for his gentlemanliness, she at last agreed to go and have a look.

"But, mind you, I will not see him," she was quite clear about it. "I go because of you. On your head be the consequences." She made that also quite clear.

After having fixed the actual details of her visit, I left. And I lost no time in posting Anant with all the news.

Three days later, I found myself reading the following letter:

"Dear—,

If only I had heeded my own instinct instead of being carried away by your eloquence regarding your friend, I would not have had any occasion to write this. There can be only one conclusion: that all you men are alike—mean and despicable creatures. Do you realise what you let me in for with that invitation to your friend's studio?

The very thought leaves me speechless with fury... I cannot trust myself to write about it.

Your friend can thank his stars—if there are heavenly bodies depraved enough to watch over such wretched mortals—that I did not smash up his so-called work of art. Art indeed!

I am getting away from this unbearable atmosphere. Mother and I are leaving for Kodai for two months' stay. Our address will be

I hope I will find myself in a sufficiently coherent frame of mind on my return to tell you all about the visit you made me pay.

Please tell your people that we are sorry we had to leave without bidding them au revoir.

You need not reply to this.

Sincerely,

Malati L—."

The letter left me quite puzzled. My first instinct was to call on Anant and get at all the facts. But on second thoughts, I decided otherwise. There are somethings in life one has to wait for. Anyhow, it was not good-bye but only au revoir!

But why, in spite of all that seething anger had Malati given me her Kodai address? For transmission to the proper quarters? I could not help whistling under my breath.

I posted that letter (not before taking a copy, though—one of those inexplicable things one does sometimes) without comment to Anant. It seemed to be meant for him. As if in reply, Anant sent word through a friend that he was leaving Madras and would be seeing me after his return. The same week, I myself left on an oft-postponed trip to North India.

After knocking around a bit, I returned only three months later.

On my return, I found awaiting me a note from Anant asking me to dinner with him at his place as soon as I found it convenient. "Please note I am now at—". He gave a new address.

I dropped him a card that I would go over the next evening.

It was an eventful evening.

No sooner had I stepped into Anant's sitting room and greeted him than Malati walked in demurely.

Anant cocked his eyes and said with a grin: "Meet my wife, Malati. You have met before, haven't you?"

My mouth agape, I weakly did namaskar. Malati giggled.

I gradually regained composure. "So you have done it, you two. Well, congratulations. I am glad."

"Yes," Anant murmured, all smiles, "this shameless hussy has hooked me at last."

"Hooked, my foot! I like that! That too, after the way I simply fled to Kodai from this terrible male!" Malati chimed in, as she called the boy for iced drinks.

We stretched our legs and chatted about many things; but not of the one thing I wanted to know above all else. They freely ladled out all the news to me: what a quiet marriage it had been at Kodai with hardly any invitees except the marriage registrar; what a wonderful honeymoon they had enjoyed amid the sylvan surroundings there; how they had only recently set up house and all the little difficulties they had in merging the contents of Anant's flat and their old home into a new synthesis; and how Malati's mother had simply refused to live with them except as an occasional visitor (this certainly sent up the old lady's stock in my mind); and so on. But every time I brought the subject round to sculpture and modelling, the conversation would be skilfully steered into other tracks by the two of them with a harmony of purpose that would have been a plea-

sure to watch, had it not been so maddening for me.

Later, we sat down to a dinner over which we dawdled long by the sheer excellence of the dishes. Malati certainly knew the culinary ropes.

"And now, Malati," said Anant, as we rose from the table, "I think it is time we satisfied this ghoul's inordinate curiosity."

He invited me to his studio.

"And, mind, you are the first human being, beside Malati and me, who will set eyes on what you are going to see."

"I'll stay here," Malati said very demurely.

Throwing a grin at her, Anant led me on.

Anant's studio was a spacious room done up in lovely pale blue and lighted very brightly. He opened a big bay window and then a switch clicked. A bright light was focussed on a curtained-off recess which I noticed only then. Anant pulled the curtains aside.

It was the full length figure of a woman—in the nude!

"Come closer and take a good look," Anant said smilingly.

I did.

"But don't touch it; it's only—"

I was too intent on it to catch what Anant said.

Closer inspection left me agape, literally.

It could be none else than—Malati!

The same features, the same tilt of the chin, the same forehead. And as for the figure, it could be hers; beyond that, how could I say?

The contours were just perfect; undulating lines that blended into the very personification of beauty and vitality. The pose itself, half languid with a latent alertness in every limb and curve, was a masterpiece. The whole figure seemed to suggest a thousand mysteries and spell "LIFE" in all its infinite variations of inarticulations. It was a silent melody with a haunting sense of the rhythm of the beauty of the human form.

Gazing at it, I could feel for myself a little of the warmth of that glow of enthusiasm that Anant must have felt when he had seen all this in his mind at the very first sight of Malati. His artist's eye must have taken it all in, in one blinding flash of vision. No wonder he went mad.

After a silent five minutes, Anant pulled the curtains together and we left the studio.

"Of course technically it could do with a lot of improvement but it's the best I have done so far. It has my heart and soul in it," Anant murmured.

I pressed his arm in mute congratulation.

We strolled back into the sitting room, each immersed in his own thoughts.

Malati looked up expectantly, her face flushed and eager. I held her gaze for a moment and then dropped it. Of any sense of shame or even awkwardness at what she knew I had seen, there was no trace. Surprising, is it not, for a woman of Malati's type brought up amidst the taboos of the average middle-class home? It was evident she had grown up intellectually and emotionally during the last two months. Marriage could be a strange alchemist—sometimes!

I eagerly drained the hot cup of coffee that was ready on the table.

"Thank goodness it has all ended this way," I said. "I did not know you were such a diplomat, Anant. The way you went on talking about sculpturing her face. And my profound apologies to you, Malati. If I had even an inkling of what I was asking you to visit, I wouldn't have had the guts to try and persuade you."

"Don't be a stuck-up ass," Anant broke in. "Don't you see, I knew I had got the real Malati but the only way I could make sure was by letting her have a look. She might look at it and feel her gorge rise at first, but it would leave an indelible impression. And being essentially a woman, I knew she could not miss the greatest tribute an artist could ever pay her. And thinking over it, she would have realised that there was nothing of herself she could hide from me—no, not even her soul."

Anant was smiling while he spoke but he was earnest enough for all that.

"We are very modest, aren't we?" was all Malati said, her face wreathed in smiles, looking affectionately at Anant.

"Haven't I reason enough to be conceited," Anant countered, "when I have the Goddess of Beauty as my wife and I am going to be one of the world's greatest sculptors? Just you wait till I show this at some international exhibition. Our country is not yet grown up enough to appreciate such works."

"You are incorrigible, you," Malati said, looking the very picture of pleasure.

"Isn't he?" I asked, and then suddenly went on quoting from memory. "If there are heavenly bodies depraved enough to watch over such wretched"

An expertly thrown cushion silenced me.

That letter is still a polite weapon of blackmail for a quiet dinner at the Anants' whenever I am free.

INDIA AND THE COMMONWEALTH

by C. THANGAYYAN, M.A.

THE argument of the Nationalists is that membership of the Commonwealth implies diminution of Indian sovereignty and hence negation of freedom. Therefore, they say, it is derogatory to Indian honour. Nothing is more important than that the people should be eternally vigilant and watch their priceless treasure of freedom. But if the end of freedom is prosperity and good life, it is utter folly on the part of a nation to cut itself adrift from the main current of international life which alone in modern times guarantees progress and prosperity. How easily it is forgotten that freedom implies restraint also. If it is impossible for individuals to have unrestricted freedom in society it is equally impossible for nations to be entirely free and command the tides of history to ebb and flow. It is therefore untenable to argue that India should not be a member of the Commonwealth merely because it involves, in the technical sense, reduction of sovereignty.

There appears to be a confusion between owing allegiance to a foreign crown and infraction of sovereignty. If the Commonwealth were to expand and admit more members to its fold, it is necessary that they should not be expected to owe allegiance to the British Crown which, however nominal it might be, would imply nomination of the British people. It must now, therefore, be the endeavour of constitutional experts to devise a machinery, other than the British Crown, to which the members can owe allegiance.

If we choose to be a member of the Commonwealth it will not be an irrevocable commitment on the part of India. It is always open to us to secede. Membership of the Commonwealth will morally entitle us to win the favour and sympathy of the sister-members of the Commonwealth in international disputes, although disputes among the members cannot be entirely ruled out. As far as India is concerned it is unprofitable to conceal the fact that she is in need of the assistance and co-operation of Great Britain in the matter of industrialising the country. As a member of the Commonwealth, India will have a moral right to seek the co-operation of Great Britain as well as other Dominions to a greater degree and hasten industrialisation. Above all, in the present state of military weakness of India, nothing would be a greater mistake than to wave away the available military help of Great Britain which is undoubtedly one of the great powers of the world in the military, economic and political sense of the term.

World-state ideology which is in harmony with Indian philosophy recommends that India must be a member of the Commonwealth. If members of the Commonwealth play their part and fix their gaze on the ideal of world state, they will be able to attract more members and lay strongly and truly the foundation of a World State, of which the Commonwealth will be only a great beginning. In this great human endeavour India can play no mean part.

LOT OF THE FREELANCE IN INDIA

by D. V. RAMA RAO

JOURNALIST C. H. V. Pathy has rendered a timely service in drawing public attention to the non-too-attractive conditions of freelancing in India. (*Swatantra* Dec. 25, 1948). The lot of the freelance may not be unknown to editors and managing authorities of journals some of whom have started their careers as freelances. Yet, strangely enough, the freelance continues to be the Cinderella of Indian journalism. While there are advocates and organizations to take up the cause and plead for better status and increased emoluments to all categories of journalists—reporters, subs, special correspondents, mofussil correspondents, etc., none seem to be aware of the freelance's place and much less appreciate his role in the journalistic sphere.

Just to illustrate the nature of the problem I may mention a few of my experience of the last about half a dozen years: (during which period I pursued freelancing with some seriousness although I began contributing articles much earlier). Out of about eighty articles, for the most part in English, published by various journals including dailies, weeklies and monthlies, some of which are among the foremost in the country, payment was made only for five articles—about thirty rupees for three articles including an illustrated one on folk-art published in a well-known Madras English daily and ten rupees for two articles published in a well-known Madras Telugu daily. Thus my total earnings for about eighty articles during half a dozen years come to forty rupees! Needless to say that the amount is hardly worth the paper, ink and postage not to speak of the type charges and thought and energy spent. Even the few journals that pay, one is sorry to note, do not in all cases pay decently. One does not know how far it

is true, but, it is said that some journals which pay three digit sums to foreign contributors as a rule never pay more than a fraction of it to Indian contributors. One can understand special payment to noted contributors or for specially important contributions but why make a glaring distinction between foreign and Indian contributors? If an article deserves to be published in a first class journal it also deserves to be paid decently irrespective of the nationality and complexion of the contributor.

Then, too, a good many journals never acknowledge receipt of articles even when stamps are enclosed for the purpose, and retain articles for periods ranging from a month to six months. How hard this is on the freelance one can imagine. There are journals which while retaining stamps and not making any payment will not send even a complimentary copy of the issue, in which the article appears, to the contributor. I may mention here a particularly sad experience: A provincial daily to which I had been a contributor off and on for some years (without any payment, of course) advertised some time ago for contributions for a special Number it wanted to bring out promising payment for articles accepted. I sent a lengthy article running to nearly seven thousand five hundred words prepared after considerable labour. After waiting for two or three months I wrote a reminder letter to which I got a reply that it was accepted for the special issue and would be soon published. After waiting another two months or so I wrote again requesting the editor to return the article as it might lose much of its topical value if its publication were delayed further. The article was not returned but the same answer that it would be soon published reached me. After waiting another month I sent a copy of

the article to another journal which published it in its annual number. But about the same time the daily, too, published it in a Sunday issue and not in a special number as originally advertised. I received neither payment nor even a complimentary copy from the daily and to my protesting letters including a reply-paid one there was no response. Under such circumstances it would be difficult for a freelance to desist from becoming a dry cynic or profound philosopher.

Another aspect, namely, copyright law so far as it relates to the freelance, requires clarification. While, from the provisions in the copyright law it appears that copyright unless specifically conveyed belongs to the author, some of the editors take up the position that the copyright of all articles published in their journals belongs to them whether payment is made or not. Even if payment is made, is it for the right of first publication in the journal or is it for copyright? It is essential that this ambiguity is removed and the freelance know his exact rights.

A good deal of interesting, informative and instructive matter one finds in Sunday editions and more especially in weeklies and periodicals consists of contributions by the freelance. The freelance quite often, too, happens to be a publicist who helps to mould public opinion in healthy democratic channels. But, freelancing in India, as a general rule, continues to be a payless and thankless job. The very fact that a freelance often happens to be a publicist, perhaps prevents him from taking up the businesslike bargaining attitude of refusing to send in contributions unless adequate remuneration is paid. For similar reasons the teaching profession, too, although incessantly praised as the noblest profession, continues to be paid glaringly inadequate wages.

Persons belonging to professions which involve a certain spirit of public service may not take up a bargaining attitude, but that is no reason why persons who ought to know and are in a position to appreciate better should be so indifferent. It is amusing to find affluent journals waxing indignant about exploitation in this field or that while they themselves continue to ignore (or exploit?) the freelance all the time! After all, except perhaps the new entrants, no one writes simply for the pleasure of seeing his name in print. Seeing one's name in print too soon ceases to provide a thrill as every freelance knows. Having said all this the present writer must acknowledge, however, the very courteous and even kind response he has received from several journals especially of Madras, Bombay and Patna and on occasions of Orissa.

It is difficult to say how far it is practicable or even desirable for the freelancing profession to develop into an organization on strictly professional lines. But one thing is certain: Indian journalism will be seriously impaired in its development unless the status of the freelance too improves. And it will improve only when journals conform to a certain code of professional etiquette or conventions whereby a minimum payment, which may vary according to the status of the journal, on a hundred or five hundred word or some such basis is guaranteed for every article accepted; and whereby a contributor would be free to send his article to another journal on failing to have response from the first journal within a definite period; and as already pointed out, copyright law too requires clarification. Lastly, the development of more and well organized press feature and special article syndicates may also prove helpful both to the freelance and the reading public.

A doctor says that half our ills are due to the fact that we don't eat what's right. As a matter of fact, most of us have to eat what's left.—Dublin Opinion.

IN SEARCH OF CRICKET

by N. S. R.

"I AM not exactly pleased with the Atlantic", declared Oscar Wilde. Such magnificent disdain is not for humbler mortals who may consent to be enthralled by a vision of even such a less exalted body of waters as the Arabian Sea. The fact that the sun actually sets in its bosom necessarily endows the sight with the quality of magic in the eyes of dwellers on the Coromandal coast, who are familiar only with the lesser mystery of that luminary rising in the sea. As one stood amidst the waves of the Arabian Sea, watching pale beams gilding the sails of a myriad boats, one felt as exalted as the conqueror whose boast it was that he had watered his steeds in the Danube.

It was the comradeship of cricket that took us to Calicut. The fellowship of feeling that impels a large body of men, totally dissimilar from each other in preferences and habits, to band themselves together so that they may be able to play cricket in strange places among strangers is a curious phenomenon. They willingly submit to numerous hardships; they consent to endure the woundings of spirit which occur when beings of disparate sensibility are thrown together. The supremacy of cricket over the heart of man is reflected not so much when thousands flock to applaud a Weekes as when a group of players, in many cases more willing than able, agree to travel together in search of it.

This, however, is only one aspect of the question. The freemasonry of the game is so widespread and so deeply permeated that there are in many towns responsible citizens who offer unlimited hospitality to travelling cricketers. It may be laid down as a general rule that no one returns from such tours without his faith in human goodness being strengthened.

It is an old saying that he who goes to the hills goes to his mother. Certainly during most of our tour they were as a benediction, colouring all our thoughts and visions with

feelings of homeliness and familiarity. More stupendous masses might well have cast thoughts of awe into our minds. But being what they were,



Captain Narain of Calicut

prominences of moderate height, the consciousness had little difficulty in accepting them. One was continually fascinated by their protean changes. They looked unapproachable at Salem: not with a sense of hauteur but with one of dignity. However, this feeling vanished when one realised their holy associations. They appeared drab at Palghat even when viewed from the stony bed of the Kalpathi. But at Calicut they were little short of magical. To a plainsman the sight of clouds enveloping hill-tops was astounding. But it was their eternal blueness that made the finest impression. A sight of them obtained behind the bowler's arm and between two blood-red buildings was amongst the rewards of the tour.

No member of the touring party who demanded the rigours of the game will have returned disappointed. It is enough to say that the Mofussil XI which recently engaged the City XI at Salem was grossly unrepresentative. It was a delusion of the selectors that there was no

good cricket to the west of Salem. This was an unworthy reflection on the extremely capable cricketers to be met with in Coimbatore, Palghat, and Calicut. Some of these will indeed be no strangers to followers of the game in Madras City. Many will recall names like those of A. K. Haridas and A. Haridas with pleasure. But the game is illuminated by the deeds of many players who have been content with obscurity and have not attempted to win metropolitan applause. Perhaps the most capable exponent of sound methods in batting in these areas is T. S. Venku, of Palghat. Here is an imperturbable and refreshing player of strokes. The Palghat Cricket Club, which enjoys his services, is also

fortunate in A. K. Madhavan, an unobtrusive and attractive batsman, who nobly maintains the high traditions set by a well-known and public-spirited family.

It is perhaps at Calicut that the game reaches its highest standard in Malabar. This will cause no surprise as players of the eminence of K. S. Bhatia an all-rounder who has played with distinction for Bombay Province, and Watsa, are to be encountered in that town. But no one single individual is more responsible for this happy state of affairs than Captain Marain, who brings to the game he loves so much a keenly developed skill in organisation. To him it is almost wholly due that the game flourishes there.

THE TAMIL CYCLOPEDIA

by "M."

AN attractively prepared brochure containing twenty specimen pages of the newly projected Tamil Cyclopedia has just been published. I shall examine it in pursuance of the admirable Tamil dictum which says that one grain of boiling rice will suffice to determine if a potful has been properly cooked.

The format is very convenient, the founts of typography used vary within comfortable limits to the eye, photographic reproductions of plates, etc., are excellent, while the drawings and other kinds of illustrations are clear, sharp and elegant. Cream-laid paper of reasonable smoothness, thickness and opacity unfolds a promise of unfrayed edges, and library longevity.

Contents: Not being a specialist, but one of the ordinary public for whom the new cyclopedia is mainly intended, I shall endeavour to record the reactions of the common man in hopes that the authorities responsible for the progress of this laudable venture may consider my criticisms and suggestions in the constructive spirit in which indeed they are made.

On page 1, the first title that caught my eye was; Sri Ramakrishna Iyakkam; apparently the

reference is to the Ramakrishna Mission. I wonder if it would be correct to describe a mission as an *Iyakkam* in Tamil. *Iyakkam* conveys an activity or movement emphasising a secular or *laukika* objective. Mission in English conveys a religious, other-worldly activity. There is a Tamil word—*Samayam*—to convey the idea, and I don't know why it has not been used in the present context. *Samayam* conveys the idea of a religious sect with clearly defined principles or dogmas, such as may be found in the Ramakrishna Mission.

Another notable omission in this as in most other articles is chronology. No dates are mentioned. Whether the material was not ready to hand at the time of the publication of these specimen pages, or whether it was considered of no importance at all, it is certainly unfortunate. This omission should be rectified.

Arising from this or rather suggested by it is another chronic defect, viz., the absence of cross-referencing. This is a valuable means of spreading the index in the course of the presentation of the cyclopedic material.

The next entry which caught my attention was *Cilappadikaram* on

page 2. Both the above defects are glaringly manifest in the short article under this heading. Neither the date nor even the century of composition of this work is mentioned anywhere in the article. There is a tendency to drift into dithyramb in the course of description; and the more facile the mastery of dithyramb, the more recondite and incomprehensible the style of Tamil becomes. The encyclopedists should, in my humble opinion, be schooled in the art of impersonal chronicling or dispassionate or objective narration. There is no balance in the description between the historical and literary aspects of the work.

Swami Vipulanandar: No dates are given of his birth and death; nothing is mentioned of his career; but the heading is utilised for an irrelevant description of the *Yazh*, an ancient musical instrument of the Tamils, which he reconstructed with the help of hints contained in *Cilappadikaram*, and which is so far more impressive to look at than to hear!

Molecule is translated as *Mulak-kuru* in Tamil. I wonder if this is scientifically acceptable. For a molecule is made up of atoms, and the word for atom in Tamil is *Anu*. Consequently, *Molecule* must be translated *Anukkuru*. As the *Mulam* itself has shifted far below the element, it is time that *Molecule* is more adequately translated!

Under *Tiruvalluvar*, we do not get one scrap of biographical information, but a summary of the *Kural*, its contents, etc. Towards the end of the article occurs the following surprising gem: 'Kautilya's *Arthashastra* might be of use to kings in a particular age only; but the *Kural* has a universal validity under all forms of government.'

This is not a matter of fact so much as of opinion. The aim of the encyclopedia is not to propagate opinions but to present facts. If the sort of ignorant assertion cited above should be the pabulum of the Tamils in the coming generation, it would indeed be a poor look-out for them. And since we are at the be-

ginning, a note of warning may be sounded against the dangers of vitiating education through previous propaganda. It may also be remarked that none of the truly significant problems of scholarship and research which two such venerable names as Kautilya and Tiruvalluvar evoke are so much as dreamt of in the philosophy of the scribe responsible for the above jejune paragraph.

Exhaust is translated into Tamil as a tube for baling out air. A clumsy improvisation as it fails to achieve precision of meaning. Cannot a better substitute be devised, for example, *exhaust*?

Under *Tiruppanalvar* is a reference to 'Vedanta Desikar.' The addition of Sri to that Acharya would gratify the piety of millions of devout Vaishnavites and entail no violence to conviction or loss of prestige to the encyclopedists.

The article on Evolution is particularly disappointing. The factual recital is incomplete as there is no mention of Lamarck, specially in the light of the controversy now raging between Marxian geneticists and the upholders of the mechanistic theory.

Proof-reading still leaves much to be desired. I would commend to the authorities of the publication that error should be penalised by the imposition of a fine of so much for each typographical mistake which fails to be detected by proof readers, and a bonus of so much for discovering each of them by others at a later stage. I believe some such method was adopted by the Oxford University Press in printing the great Dictionary.

Paucity of information goes side by side with irrelevance, diffuseness and even garrulity. These should be corrected, in the interests of space. A special committee should be in sole charge of the duty of detecting and deleting opinions and views masquerading as matters of fact.

But, for a beginning, it is full of promise.

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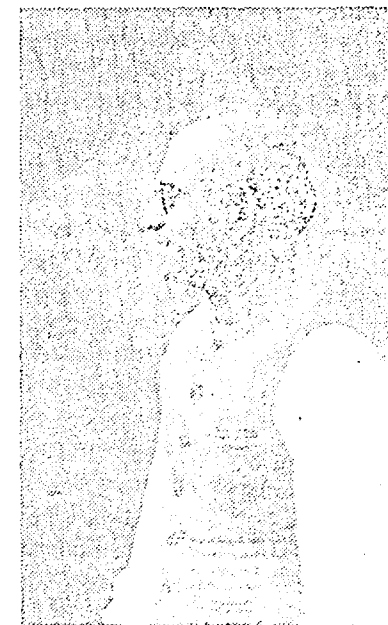
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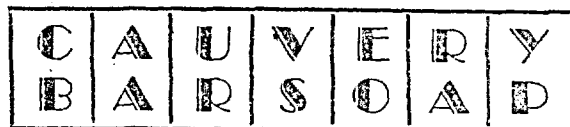
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LAND RECLAMATION IN MADRAS

by P. V. C. RAO

AT the Land Reclamation Conference held in the first week of December last at Bombay, the Hon'ble Jairamdas Daulatram urged the various provinces and states to embark forthwith upon a five year programme of land reclamation with the ultimate target of nine million acres. U. P. started last year with an ambitious programme of 84,000 acres, and C. P. with 30,000 acres which figure was recently increased by another 10,000 acres. Likewise Bihar came out with a two million acre five-year programme with 20,000 acres for the current year. The arrangement is that the Central Ministry of Agriculture supplies the requisite tractor power, and cultivation will be the responsibility of the Province or State concerned.

To facilitate the economical operation of heavy tractors, it was suggested that blocks of 10,000 acres should be taken up for reclamation immediately. A recent news item in the Press dealing with land reclamation in Madras stated the limitations to such schemes in this Province. One difficulty appears to be that single block of 10,000 acres are not available except in Ramnad where the area is sandy, and Tirunelveli and Tamraparni basin where the land is reported to be not very fertile. The very word "reclamation" means bringing fallow infertile land under the plough. When even deserts are being reclaimed through what are called "shifting ponds" in the Middle Eastern countries where the rainfall hardly exceeds 20 inches, one wonders whether a proper soil survey will yield results precluding the reclamation, by deep ploughing, of the large tracts of the Ramnad District which, with its 30" rainfall, cannot be classified as a desert. After all this area will have to be protected against further deterioration, and it may be opportune to undertake this reclamation by availing of the facilities offered by the

Central Government. Likewise if the land in the Tirunelveli district and the Tamraparni basin is not very fertile, the problem is one of subsoiling and heavy fertilization. With the combined operations of soil and moisture conservation coupled with deep tractor ploughing, it should not be difficult to reclaim these large blocks as in the other Provinces of U.P., C.P. and Bihar.

Further, it will have to be examined whether such large plots of privately owned arable land can also be brought under this scheme with the object of accelerating the yield. As the Centre is willing to take up the major burden of organizing and financing the tractor ploughing, there is no reason why the Provincial Government should not avail of this opportunity and extend the facilities to the private owners. This step would necessarily minimize the burden of subsidies and loans to the cultivators who are operating infertile arable lands.

The need of the hour is a wider vision of approach to such schemes than is at present appearing in Madras. It is on account of this reason that the Province is lagging behind in this important field of land reclamation. We should avail ourselves of this valuable opportunity which the Central Government is offering, and set out forthwith on a well co-ordinated plan of land reclamation through the combined operations of mechanical ploughing, and soil and moisture conservation. It is only through a systematic application of the principal of "More Food Through Conservation Farming" with the help of all the available talent in the Province that we can secure solid results through widespread land reclamation. The Madras Government recently stated that they had already sanctioned 54 irrigation schemes of different categories, but it should be remembered that mere paper sanction of any scheme will not straightway bring water to the cultivator's field.

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.

Ancient Manuscripts

Appropos our Premier's statement regarding the Government's intention to collect and publish all ancient manuscripts in the South Indian languages, it may not be out of place to recollect that there are volumes and volumes of old literature 'buried in obscurity' at the India House. It would appear there are more than 1,800 volumes of manuscripts, in India House of which 336 are in Telugu, 997 in Kanarese, 468 in Tamil, besides about 250 volumes in Devanagiri, Nand-Nagari, Bengali and Oriya.

Will the Premier move the Central Government to free these manuscripts from the India House?

N. SUNDARESWARA RAO

Paddy Bonus

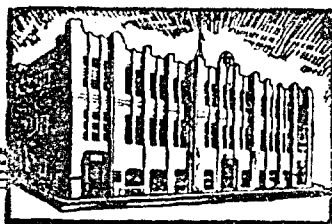
The Government of Madras introduced in 1947 the paddy bonus scheme with a view to aiding the Grow More Food campaign. Unfortunately some of

the paddy producers of Kaikalur Taluk who sold the paddy themselves have been refused the bonus. The reason as stated was that the Taluk Supply Officer had served on these producers notice of seizure under clause 9 of the Food Control Order. This clause lays down certain conditions under which only seizure of paddy stocks could be effected. Without satisfying any of these conditions and in cases where the producers themselves sold their stocks, it is understandable how the paddy could have been seized and bonus disallowed on this account. One curious point is that producers who sold their paddy as late as in December '47 were allowed bonus while others who sold in July have been refused. The Government should investigate this matter and redress the grievances of the poor ryots.

Vanudurru.

V. LAKSHMANA RAO
President,
Panchayat Board.

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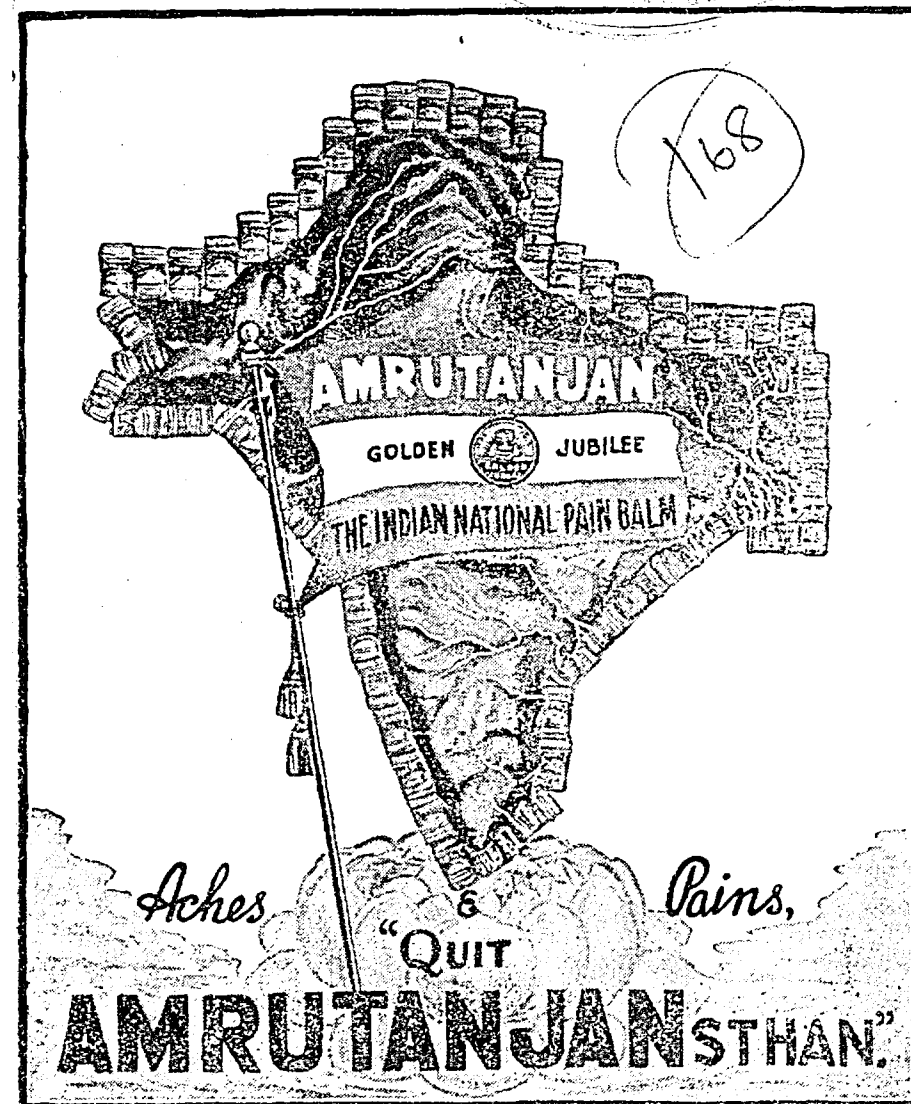
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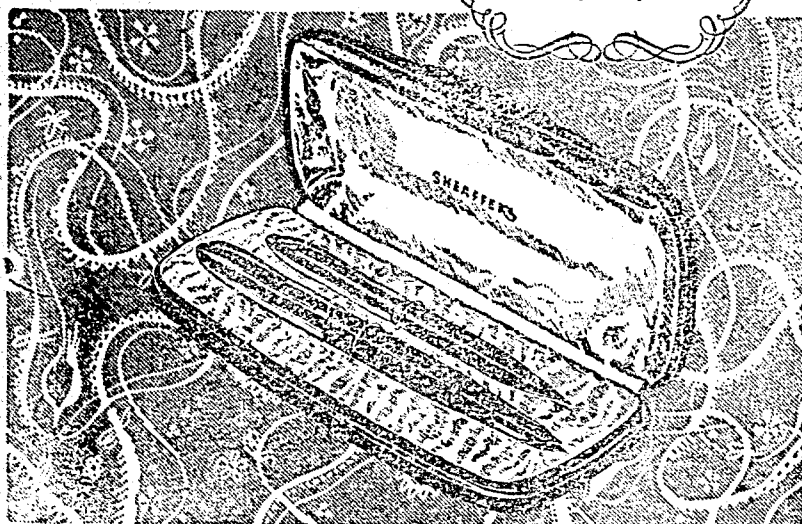
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SWATANTRA

VOL. III. No. 51

(SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, '49)

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cartoon ..	4
Editorial Comments ..	5
Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara ..	10
Gandhi's Words: Lest We Forget. ..	12
Sidelights—By Saka ..	13
A Voice In Unison!—By S. Pathasarathy ..	15
Whither Non-Violence?—By Dr. B. Pattabhi Sitaramayya ..	17
The Foreign Way—By Vijaya-ram ..	21
Oblivion (poem)—By Manjeri S. Isvaran ..	23
Medicines & Advertisement—By H. Sunder Rao, M.A. ..	24
Bicameralism: Pros. And Cons.—By R. Srinivasan, M.A. ..	26
Purandara Dasa: Father Of Carnatic Music—By "Raja-sree" ..	29
Fond Hopes (Short Story)—By S. Krishniah ..	30
The Heritage Of The Free—By Santha ..	35
Grandpa At Play (Cartoon) ..	39
Azad Qalam—By K. A. Abbas ..	40
Test Match In China (Car- toon) ..	44
The Caribbean Cricketers At Chepauk—By V. P. Raman ..	45
Stop By And Take One—By SWATANTRA Reporter ..	47
Letters To The Editor ..	48

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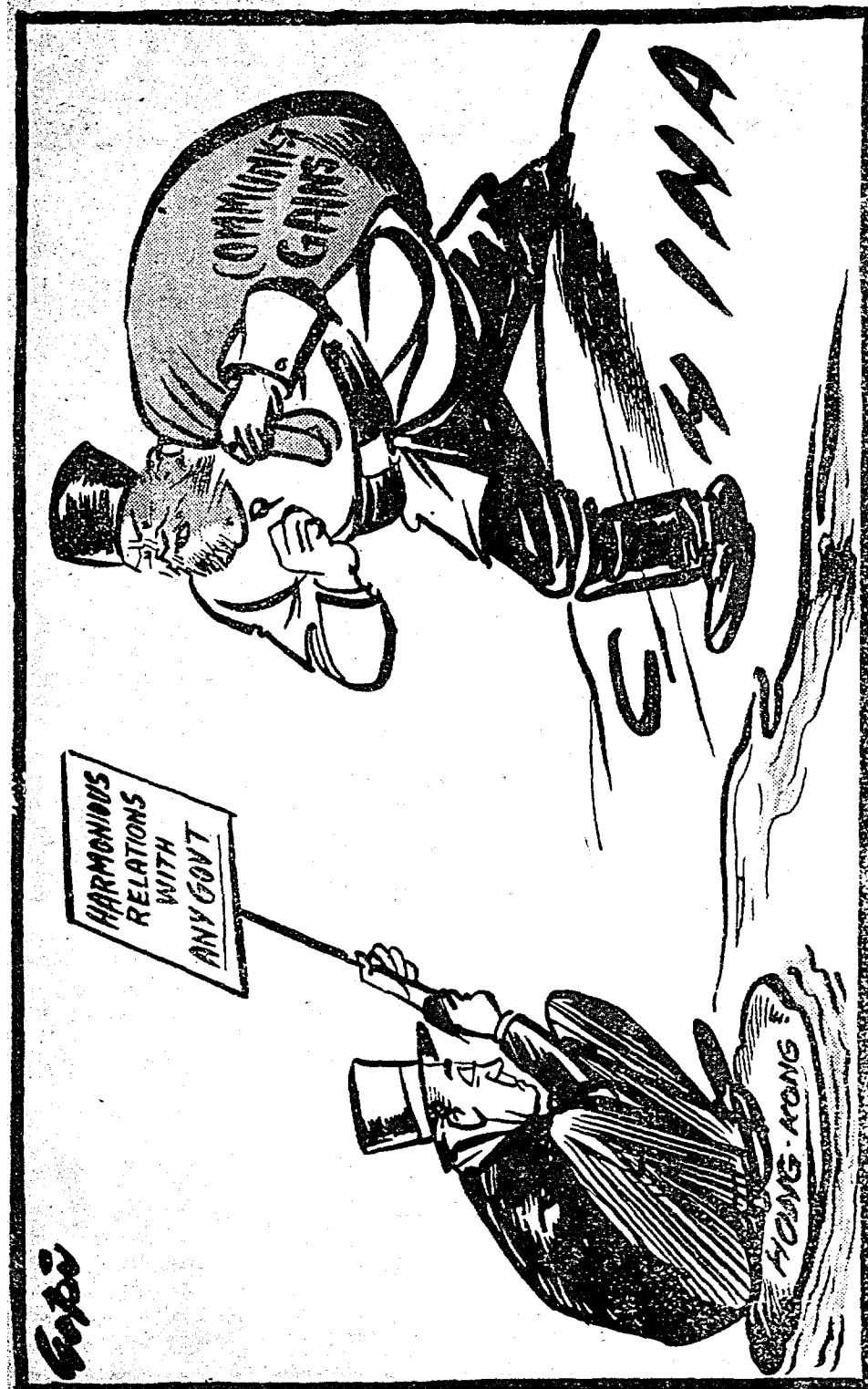
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SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 51

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

'IN MY END IS MY BEGINNING'

AT the end of the first year after the passing of Mahatma Gandhi, we survey a world which is so disconcertingly remote from that in which he lived and laboured as to make us wonder if his influence is likely to survive beyond the pages of history. We say this advisedly in spite of the embarrassing profusion of Gandhians who bid us follow the Mahatma without however, specifying how the feat is to be achieved. The more the public chorus swells in volume, the more, we fear, is the still small voice stifled in all of us. If a century of British rule emasculated us of initiative and denied us the stimulus of native leadership, a generation of Gandhism has emphasised the same privations in an altogether novel setting. For long we had been nursing the grievance that while we were competent to be free, we had been enchained; and now that the chains have miraculously fallen, we find that freedom is as much a will o' the wisp as ever.

This is not stated merely out of a love of paradox. We are beginning to realise that the accident of political independence or subjection has nothing to do with intrinsic merit and that the shaping of world forces is responsible for its unequal distribution in different parts of the globe. But through prosperity and adversity, through good report and ill, national character and national achievement vary within limits set by a sort of historical determinism which is still eluding human understanding and control. A retrospective survey of the Mahatma's career

will show to what extent he was *sui generis*, and to what extent a catalytic force hastening the crystallisation of trends inseparable from our age-long history.

The Mahatma lived to be hailed the Father of the Nation. As a title it is both outlandish and inaccurate. For if Mahatma Gandhi is to be deemed the father of the nation, it should be possible for us to recognise the lineaments of the parent in the features of the offspring. Do we as a free people believe in the absolute efficacy of non-violence as the Mahatma did? The fact that we are expanding our army in all directions shows that Gandhism in this respect is officially discounted. The Mahatma stood for a decentralised, ruralised idyllic national economy which would take us back to the pastoral-cum-agricultural era. The policy of our Government is to industrialise and mechanise all activity, nationalise all means of production and economise labour in all directions. Free enterprise and regimentation are to be reconciled so that they could lie side by side like the mythical lamb and lion.

He stood for communal harmony and communal justice even if it should be somewhat to the detriment of the majority community. Communalism has never been more rampant in the Centre and in the provinces than it is today. The Muslim who got too much from the hands of a designing third party is now getting too little from the big brother who promised him protection. Communal organisations are more vocal, more belligerent and

more frankly subversive than political extremism was in the old era. Some provinces have gone further than others in implementing Prohibition, but almost everybody is convinced that the reform will be thrown overboard in the next elections but one. Thus Rama Rajya for which he worked is seen to have dissolved into thin air, leaving us with a show of a system of government which is more cumbrous, more costly and more corrupt. Quality is wilting in every department under the massed assault of licensed patriotism.

It is surely one of the ironies of contemporary history that cause and effect have been blurred since vision has failed to penetrate a haze of irresistible although irrelevant sentiment. Mahatma Gandhi laid siege to the citadel of empire ineffectively during thirty years. He no doubt sapped its vitality in insensible ways; but the world was made aware only of his repeated confessions of failure. But the fortress was stormed by an altogether different person with the help of Nemesis working in time-honoured ways. It was Subhas Chander Bose with his I. N. A. who delivered the *coup de grace* to the British empire in India. That circumstance leads us back to the second world war, and the part played in it by the Indian Army recruited for the first and last time in mammoth numbers by an alien power. If Dunkirk had not been repeated in the East as it was in the West, the Indian Army would not have become a broken reed in the hands of the British. The trials of the I.N.A. followed by the mutinies in the fighting forces in Bombay and elsewhere were the significant events that preceded the precipitancy of British withdrawal from India. The British power rested (as Tories were fond of claiming) on the right of conquest; it collapsed the moment

that right was denied. That was the decisive and supreme role of the I.N.A.; and it is to the I.N.A. therefore that we must ascribe the immediate cause of our freedom.

It is also significant that in all the parleys connected with the problems of partition and change-over, the Mahatma was either a passive figure or lone dissident. The initiative which he had wielded during a record period was wrested from him at last by the logic of events; and when the Mahatma realised the implications of what he had acquiesced in, he entered on his Gethsamene and laid down his life for humanity without labels, without distinctions and without qualification.

We did not adopt even the flag he gave us, but must needs modify it so as to make it abundantly clear that we are not committed to Gandhism in any irrevocable fashion, whether in great things or in small. But he will adorn our escutcheon as he gives us the means to rehabilitate ourselves abroad as a people possessed of a soul. We can claim to have won our freedom somewhat differently from others; and we can point to the frail figure as the concretisation of our racial and national potential at its best.

More: As the past is lengthened out, he is certain to become the centre of a faith or brotherhood which will glorify the spirit over the body, and which will vindicate human dignity through repeated martyrdoms. From him will flow the inspiration for the few to balance justly and finely, the claims of the individual and society, the State and the citizen. A new sense of chivalry will inform individual conduct so that victory will avoid the vulgarity of ostentation, and defeat lose the edge of its bitterness. Puritan rigour will combine and harmonise with an unflinching love of men and women notwithstanding their frailties and

foibles, until we appreciate the significance of *noblesse oblige* in its pristine meaning.

When Christianity was lifted out of the catacombs, both it and Christ became respectable and have had to pay the price of such respectability ever since. Gandhiji in official seals or emblems is a distraction or parody of the Gandhi who must be affiliated to the still, small voice in all of us. He taught us to look for Swaraj within us. It is this unending adventure to which he beckons us; and so it is that in his end is his beginning.

Aid To Indonesia

IT is gratifying to record India's debut in the international field in a leading role, espousing the principles of liberalism and humanity. Pandit Nehru was in his element, and his utterances touched a new high level of statesmanship and eloquence. We may even congratulate ourselves that our emergence as a major figure in the East is not through moves of low calculation euphemistically dubbed high diplomacy, but by right and on merit reinforced by tactical and geographical factors. Another regional bloc has come into being, and though it has no other bond of union than a geographical one, there is unspoken and at bottom, the consciousness of a hope of a real new order for Asia in general and for South East Asia in particular. For the rest of Asia is inevitably passing within the orbit of Russia with the impending elimination of nationalist China. It was perhaps for this reason that the recent conference at Delhi was attended by all the smaller powers of the Middle and Far East. The only absentee was Japan, and a futile gesture was wisely avoided at this preliminary stage; for Japan is not free to participate in such a conference, and even if she had been free, would not have been happy at such a con-

ference with her own recent and still remembered record of aggression abroad. There were of course a few attempts to sabotage Pandit Nehru's idea at the beginning; but a lively sense of the danger of staging such a demonstration seems to have spread quickly with the result that the voice of opposition was stilled. Thus at last, we have an addition to regional blocs which makes the South East Pacific region a formidable area for future calculations. There are already the Western Union, the Atlantic Union, and of course the Eastern Union of Soviet States.

The resolutions passed at the Delhi conference are worthy of being compared with the gingerly terms in which the UNO Security Council is trying to come to grips with the problem of Dutch aggression in Indonesia. The Security Council is clearly suffering from infirmity of purpose. The members composing are sharply divided over the question; some like Britain are apparently labouring from undisclosed commitments. The vestigial survival of an impertinent debate in the House of Lords must have made it clear to all that the English Tories are deputising for Hitler and Fascism with undisguised cynicism, and are unashamed in their exhortation to their Government to back the Dutch for selfish reasons. The UNO resolution is drafted in the interests of masterly Fabianism. It is willing to wound but afraid to strike. It hopes therefore that if time is gained, it might help to save face all round.

But the Delhi resolutions are an inconvenient reminder that immediate action is called for and is looked forward to by a large number of interested parties. Pandit Nehru as the spokesman of the rest, pleads for the restoration of the status quo, for the rehabilitation of the Republican Government and for a Constituent Assembly for all Indonesia, all of which correspond to the

pattern of our own recent progress. It is unlikely that all these will be approved by the Security Council. From the point of view of the Dutch, the intervention of the Security Council in what is described as a domestic affair is being resented as an invasion of Dutch sovereignty for which lawyers would doubtless find many supporting arguments. But the setting up of the Asian committee to get seized of Indonesia is a thorn on the side both of the Dutch and of the Security Council. The latest reports suggest that the position is likely to remain fluid unless some eleventh hour move is promoted by Britain and America to persuade the Dutch to agree to resiling from their present untenable position.

In the present set-up, we must not forget the rude realities of the situation. We must not force the pace or clamour for sanctions which may not materialise, and which even if they could be forged, might prove ineffectual. With the onward march of Communism, the Western powers cannot afford to be as supercilious as hitherto. A formula intended to save face all round is not impossible of being devised. An approach to the status quo might be attempted; if the Republican Government cannot be set up again as formerly, an All-Indonesian Federal Government with preponderant representation to the Republicans might meet the prestige requirements of the Republicans. For we must acknowledge that the Dutch are not entirely without resource; they have their stooges in good supply! It is this basic weakness of the Indonesians (as it was of us in the old era) that renders an all-out attempt to liquidate the colonial system fraught with ruinous loss, primarily to the colonial people. A little surrender all round would be the utmost to hope for. The alternative is sanctions, the previous history of which is anything but encouraging.

Central Industrial Advisory Council

IF speeches could produce goods India would then be foremost amongst the manufacturing nations of the world. Since September 1946 we have heard a lot from the mouths of persons in positions of responsibility and power about the industrial policy of the Government and about new plans and schemes for industrialisation. About that time an *ad hoc* committee was set up with Sri K. C. Neogy as chairman to prepare a rough blue-print for this purpose and also to suggest a suitable machinery for planning. We have no quarrel with the Government of India for shelving this report. It deserved to be shelved. The only benefit that resulted from the report was that it brought Sri K. C. Neogy within the penumbra of the zone of Prime Ministerial favours. Sri K. C. Neogy is no doubt deserving of the Prime Minister's confidence and is no less efficient than his other colleague from Bengal or for that matter any other colleague of his. It is a safe matter for a person in power to believe in the *status quo* as well as in the secretary of his department, and tested by this standard, we understand that Sri Neogy is admirable.

We have had occasion to comment on the Government's statement on industrial policy of April 1948. Our dissatisfaction does not seem unjustified. Nothing has resulted from this statement. The Prime Minister, in his address to the Central Industrial Advisory Council during the week, put the blame for lack of progress on the nervousness of capital and on the truculence of labour. His colleague Dr. Mukherjee strikes out a different path. He seeks justification for the existing state of production by reference to statistics. Some improvement must be shown and therefore he takes the pre-war period as a basis for comparison and

indisputably demonstrates that India's industrial output is 15 per cent higher than in the pre-war years. If an assistant in the Ministry had displayed similar ingenuity he could have been recommended for a rise in salary. We have to admit that we are stumped when this great discovery has emanated from the learned doctor. Make-believe is undoubtedly an essential part of modern propaganda. There is perhaps nothing wholly unethical in a political propagandist mixing some quantity of make-believe material along with some definite achievement. But India's Industries Minister wishes to create an atmosphere of progress and achievement without any basis of reality behind it. As an illusionist he seems an utter failure. To our knowledge Dr. Mukherjee has not helped in the strengthening of any industry in the country, not to speak of not having helped to start any industry. He speaks of special committees working under the direction of his Director-General, being engaged in surveying special problems pertaining to each particular industry. This process of investigation and the making of academic suggestions has been going on for over four years and in the output of such literature are included the reports of the industrial panels constituted by Sir Ardsher Dalal. That the Director-General of Dr. Mukherjee's special choice, pitchforked from leisurely direction in a research institution to a position demanding alertness and energy, has done all along precious little admits of no contradiction. It would therefore be unwise to build any hopes of these special committees working under the Director-General's direction achieving anything tangible before the next meeting of the Industrial Advisory Council. The food position in the country for which Dr. Mukherjee is not responsible, is bad. The cloth position for which Dr.

Mukherjee is directly responsible is no better. The learned doctor's co-operative endeavour with textile vested interests in fixing the basic prices pretty high has not met with any response from the industry. Apparently no great response was anticipated. We hold with the Prime Minister that a sudden and complete upset would produce no results, besides being inconsistent with any intelligent approach. We concede that "once the fundamental factor of continuity and change on the basis of continuity is accepted the difference is not vital." But in the case of the industrial progress of India the 'factor of continuity' is one of 'no progress' and consequently any change on this basis is a change for the worse. All the change effected by Dr. Mukherjee amounts to a change in the personnel of his Ministry at the higher levels and we are reliably informed that the change is for the worse. Apparently even on a person with an international outlook like the Prime Minister the lesson of China has made no impression. It is about time it does. We would respectfully suggest to the Prime Minister to urge his colleagues in the Cabinet to "quit fooling" with problems of the greatest national importance.

Madras Transport Muddle

THE transfer of the ownership, control and direction of the transport undertakings operating in Madras City to Government was hailed (and rightly so) as a step in the right direction. With the transfer of the portfolio of road transport to Sri Gopala Reddi after the death of Mr. Daniel Thomas the activity of the Madras Government has been invested with an aura of romance. The Minister with his background of Shantiniketan schooling decided on importing colour into the venture by employing women conductors. These

women employees would appear to have been given a blue and white uniform to match the blue paint on the exterior of our nationalised buses. If so, it would be difficult to keep the colour similarity going for long as the paint on the buses fades quickly.

Simultaneously with this innovation the fares on several routes rose. It was suggested that the fares charged previously were uneconomical. Apparently the basic pay and D.A. of the operating staff was not raised. The operating staff chose to indicate their displeasure with their employers, and presumably advised to do so by competent advisers, staged a sudden strike in the busiest part of the day to the inconvenience of thousands of wage-earners who use bus transport. It was reported next that the office-bearers of the union strongly impressed on the authorities that there should be no victimisation of any employee for participating in this inconsequential joke of an hour's strike. The sequel to all this after a period of incubation has

been the arrest of the alleged strike-promoters and a general cessation of work by the employees. In the result the public suffer from the lack of the transport they are accustomed to and some of them get stones thrown at them, not intentionally of course, by groups of hooligans stationed at different parts of the busy thoroughfares all over the city. What do the appropriate Ministers do about it? We are told that the authorities are completely immobile and unresponsive and all that is happening is that a few buses piloted by policemen are moving about. The Madras Ministry is so dense as not even to realise the publicity value of some of the Ministers driving the buses about. But presumably they only know to ride comfortably in cars provided by Government and have never handled the steering wheel. The moral of it all is that nationalisation should only be attempted by a Government possessing competent Ministers. Let the public and legislators bear this in mind when they raise the cry of nationalisation on the next occasion.

Sotto Voce

Brevity And Box-Office



I like to go once in a while to a thoroughly bad picture. That is my particular way of keeping myself *en rapport* with the great heart of the public. Thanks to the enterprising producers of Tamil Nad such films have not been in short supply so far. I am therefore greatly perturbed to hear that the contemplated footage restrictions might leave our Kordas and Meyers no option but to shut up shop. But then I re-

member that the threat that capital will "shy" if the Government do this or fail to do that is an old one; the film industry in uttering it proclaims itself authentic big business.

No capitalist was yet deterred by another's caution; the busy bee doesn't desert its bower so long as a drop of honey lurks unsucked. The fact is you can be as effortlessly bad with thirteen thousand feet of

celluloid as with eighteen. If it is claimed that only synthetic cacophony and gawky imitations of African tribal dances enable producers to balance the budget and make an honest penny, a new entrepreneur might arrive who could just as easily manage with the shorter footage by giving his public all the melody and motion it wants while paring down still further the modicum of interstitial sense. The captains of industry, who are very shrewd men, will no doubt see this when their anger cools off a bit.

Mere restriction of length will not automatically bring about a revolution in quality. But it would give the good a chance of competing with the bad on more equal terms. If a man has been taught to drug himself into a state of artificial happiness for three whole hours by paying four annas for a seat in the pit, he naturally doesn't like to be fobbed off with a two-hour entertainment in return for the same sum. But if no picture ran for more than two hours he might once awhile go for a change to see a film which is something more than puerile escapism. And, who knows, he may be touched to the quick.

Though, as I said, I go to see the films which are accounted brilliant box-office successes, I find it impossible to stay beyond the interval, if so far. The mush of banality, false sentiment and physical sensation in which one plunges as in a warm bath might be comforting so long as one is content to lose one's identity in the crowd. But soon the lights go up and the hungry ravaged faces look as foolish as a child caught messing with a *blancmange*. The triviality of the theme, the amazing technical incompetence in the handling of plot and ensemble, the stilted dialogue and the furtive fun come over you with a force of revulsion which is like a mighty thump on the chest. And you are glad to make your escape into the clean outer air.

That is your salvation. But most of the patrons—the elite in their

stalls as well as the plebs in the pit—sit entranced to the very end. They would seem bereft not only of the power but, like the victims of the Minotaur in Andre Gide's *Theseus*, of the will to escape. It is therefore no answer to say, as some of our film magnates have been saying, that there is no compulsion on anybody to see a film if he doesn't wish to. Responsibility goes with power. Big business pleads alternately, according to the moment's convenience, that the cinema is an art or that it is just entertainment for the unsophisticated. If it is entertainment the Government have every right to see that it is healthy entertainment; on the other hand, if it is art, tickling the groundlings for their pence must not be set up as the supreme end.

It is contended that, as producing films is a very expensive business, no restrictions should be imposed which might take away from their popular appeal. But Hollywood standards can be supported only on an American income. And enforced economy might be the salvation of the industry by eliminating much of the costly vulgarity which, if it entertains, does so all unconsciously. To accord equal honours to saints and cinema stars is bad enough. But why exalt stupid slatterns to the status of constellations?

It is easy enough to riddle with ridicule the moral code for film censors which the Madras Government has approved. But much of the objection is inspired not by love of liberty but by pure snobbery. To make uproarious fun of the uxorious Hindu gods is to take your place with Lucian and Voltaire. But if you are prudent, you will not drag in Yahweh and Allah, knowing very well that the criminal law is devoid of a sense of humour. If the smut and the gags, the slanders and the blasphemies are cut out, the stock in trade of our scenario writers can be comfortably contained within the allotted thirteen thousand feet. Brevity can be a virtue on the silver screen even if it abbreviates the revenues of the soldans.

VIGHNESWARA.

GANDHI'S WORDS LEST WE FORGET

*His spirit strode with powerful footsteps here
Towards the eternal True and Good and Fair;
And like an empty show behind remained
The commonplace that holds us all enchained.*

(Goethe).

Hindu culture has erred on the side of excessive subordination of the wife to the husband, and has insisted on the complete merging of the wife in the husband. This has resulted in the husband, sometimes, usurping and exercising authority that reduces him to the level of the brute. The remedy for such excesses, therefore, lies not through the law, but through the true education of women as distinguished from unmarried girls, and through cultivating public opinion against unmanly conduct on the part of the husband.

The West is today pining for wisdom. It is despairing of a multiplication of the atom bombs, because atom bombs mean utter destruction not merely of the West but of the whole world, as if the prophecy of the Bible is going to be fulfilled and there is to be a perfect deluge. It is up to you to tell the world of its wickedness and sin.

All rights to be deserved and preserved come from duty well done. Thus the very right to live accrues to us only when we do the duty of citizenship of the world. From this very fundamental statement perhaps it is easy enough to define the duties of man and woman and correlate every right to some corresponding duty to be first performed. Every other right can be shown to be a usurpation hardly worth fighting for.

If instead of insisting on rights everyone does his duty, there will immediately be the rule of order established among mankind. There is no such thing as the divine right of kings to rule and the humble duty of the ryots to pay respectful obedience to their masters. Whilst it is true that these hereditary inequalities must go as being injurious to the well-being of society, the unabashed assertion of rights of the hitherto down-trodden millions is equally injurious, if not more so, to the same well-being.

Just as the body cannot exist without blood, so the soul needs the matchless and pure strength of faith. This strength can renovate the weakness of all man's physical organs. That is why it is said that when Ramanama is enshrined in the heart, it means the rebirth of man. This law applies to the young, the old, man and woman alike.

Man is supposed to be the maker of his own destiny. It is partly true. He can make his destiny only in so far as he is allowed by the Great Power which overrides all our intentions, all our plans and carries out His own plans. "I call that Great Power not by the name of Allah, not by the name of Khuda or God but by the name of Truth. For me, Truth is God and Truth overrides all our plans.

SIDELIGHTS :

It requires greater virtues to support good than bad fortune.—ROCHE-FOUCAULD.

WITHIN the year that has passed after Mahatma Gandhi's death, the Congress has lost heavily in influence. Its hold on the respect and affection of people is no longer what it used to be. The reflected glory of the Mahatma which has passed on to the big three of Indian politics at the helm of the new independent State still continues to exercise its glamour, but the Gandhian touch and tradition have gone from it. Gandhi made heroes out of common human clay. He elevated the ordinary into the great with the compelling force of an example that made no allowances in his own favour to tide over difficulties or in gratification of the weaknesses of the flesh. The test of virtue comes when its practice recoils on the self in some unpleasant way. To avoid the unpleasantness, a cherished principle is given the go-bye and in the pursuit of comfort dependability is lost. No fear of any discomfort ever daunted Gandhi. He acquired renown for dependability with a stern, unmerciful, introspective standard that made no compromises with unnerving situations in order to avoid pain, or out of love of ease, pleasure or profit.

Non-possession and non-violence, seemingly negative, formed the stuff of a dynamic creed that enabled Gandhi to eschew the lower passions and rise to the higher way, until by dint of the discipline that it entailed, he attained a loftiness of character that attracted all and made the whole world claim him as its own. The care that fond parents give to family and children, he bestowed on all humanity.

With renunciation Gandhi acquired power. But acquisitiveness is now the fashion of the inheritors of the Gandhian tradition. A Nehru is there to still captivate people with

entrancing visions of theoretical world unity, and a C.R. to impress them with spectacular simplicity from the very centre of a citadel of sybarite magnificence, but the national leadership has somehow lost its integrating faculty, and instead of followers it is gathering critics. Its lieutenants are ceasing to be patriots and public servants. They have turned into a host of permit-hunters and wanglers. There is rapid dissipation of the stock of prestige built by the Congress during a quarter century of devoted service to the public cause. Rival parties are making swift headway in displacing the hold of the Congress on the people.

Sardar Patel is a symbolic figure illustrating the new set-up of forces in the post-Gandhian period. The will-power of Gandhi and the drive to get things done are found in the Sardar in a pre-eminent measure. Even the Mahatma could have been proud of the feat which stands to the credit of the Sardar, of having brought out of the chaotic multiplicity of the States a harmony of association guaranteeing the unity of the Indian Union. The mischievous British legacy of paramountcy has been rectified. For this, if nothing else, the name of the Sardar will live in the history of his country. But in other respects, the undoing of much that Gandhi laboured hard to build, cannot but be attributed to him. The Bardoli Sardar is no longer a democratic mass leader with close affinities with the common people looking up to him as benefactor and guide. He has become the aristocratic patron of a new privileged class. Most of New Delhi's power politics centres round him. He has exchanged a historical position for a portfolio which is being strained in quest of tools in all the provinces to carry out his will obediently. In the moment of the fruition of his political ambitions, he has fallen short of the stature of a national hero and

elected to go in for the favour of capitalists and the capture of money-power to add strength to his elbow. His gains in tactics are balanced by losses in fundamental insight which leave him the poorer in intrinsic things that count, in the very process of enriching him enormously in tangible acquisitions of ephemeral value. It is an example of his defective realism that, of all times, he should choose the occasion of the Asian Conference convened by the Prime Minister for a trip to Sourashtra with a plea of urgency that can deceive none.

The Deputy Prime Minister's veiled entanglement with the business of running newspapers would seem to have given a filip to a

similar enterprise in the Congress President. Posts like these are not intended to be utilised for the financial canvassing inseparable from the promotion of companies. Neither the Congress President nor any Minister of State should have any monetary or directional interest in any commercial concern or institution pertaining to the Press. The Press lives by disclosures, whereas statesmen are interested in keeping back from public knowledge items of information not of advantage to them. The Press is trammelled if forced into an ancillary position by any Government, and the status of a Congress President is that of a super-Government these days. A trammelled newspaper cannot serve the public interest.—SAKA.

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A VOICE IN UNISON!

by S. PARTHASARATHY

NEARNESS to the object of adoration does not necessarily enable one to gain a clear perception of it, though it may be of considerable assistance. One has to travel beyond mere proximity to reach the stage where identities merge and comprehension is complete. It often happens therefore that when a great soul leaves its earthly abode, it breaks assunder the knot of disciples that had clustered round it and leaves them without any moorings. The disciples who are unable to get back to normal life seize upon one or other of the facets in the life or teachings of the great soul for them to abide in. The case of Mahatma Gandhi was no exception. His earthly demise unwound the knot that held his disciples secured to his teachings. There is today not a single person of whom we can say he represents Gandhiji truly and completely. There are many pseudo-Gandhis going about the country imitating him in dress, or, in oddity of manner or thought.

There was nothing erudite or metaphysical about Gandhiji's teachings. He never attempted to propound a new philosophical conception of life in this planet or in the universe of planets. He did not even impose any set of rituals on his followers. He placed himself in the hands of the Divine to propagate His message to a sick and unhappy world, that the life that makes for enduring happiness is the simple life lived amidst abounding love and sympathy. He held a definite opinion about Western civilisation, regarding it as evil. The political liberation of India was necessary to save her from becoming a prey to that evil which had begun to overtake her. Hence his choice of ethical weapons to win that liberation and his own preparedness to lay down his life if need be to resist their abandonment in the process of liberation. Political liberation was worth nothing to him if it meant that Free India was

going to be another recruit to the ungodly civilisation of the West. He preached nothing which was not preached by the other great souls who had preceded him. But he preached this great truth in a practical way working it into the daily routine of the citizen's life and into the many aspects of the political life of the nation. The advice to go back to the land and villages, like his other advices, was conceived with this one purpose. He did not imagine that village life was heavenly, free from squabbles and petty jealousies. He did not seek refuge in it because he had become satiated with a rich life or had become disgusted with fashionable society. He preferred the village life because of its greater dissociation with the mechanical civilisation of the West as compared to urban life. In the anxiety to crowd more hours into the day than the clock will allow and in the anxiety to possess every one of the articles exhibited in the shops or in the colourful pages of journals, man has little time or thought to bestow upon his fellow beings or even upon his kith and kin. Gandhiji never believed that this kind of life, though it may act like dope for a little while will keep the people of the nation happy and peaceful for any length of time.

He left three leading pupils of his tradition to the nation to guide her till full maturity and to make her nationhood an ideal for the other nations of the world to follow. These men are Nehru, Patel and Rajaji. Together, they embody the complete text of his teachings but not separately. And here is our greatest tragedy. Nehru has inherited that emotional quality of love that Gandhiji possessed for the poor, the weak and the oppressed. But he may like to view with pride a parade of India's military strength in atom bombs, jet-propelled planes, cruisers, tanks and guns—matching in size and splendour those of Bri-

tain, Russia and the United States. Patel has inherited Gandhi's firm resolve of mind to carry out to fruition any task which he considers right, unmindful of opposition or personal sacrifice. But his love of power often for its own sake has robbed him of the role of reformer of men's minds in which his master excelled. Rajaji has inherited Gandhi's simple ways of life but is handicapped by his great intellect. His complete distrust of solutions suggested by emotion or intuition, his preference for men of bare intellect and his demand for dog-like devotion from his followers have all stood in the way of a man, who of the three was otherwise qualified to play the role of Gandhi in the greatest measure.

The best among political leaders are never free from the habit of indulging in egoistical reflections. It is no surprise, therefore, if these three inheritors of Gandhian tradition sometimes speak in differing tunes. There must be some truth in the references to the Nehru group, the Patel group and the Rajaji group in political conversations. Unfortunately, the Indian tradition of attaching one's loyalty to the personality of some political leader rather than to the programme and principles of the party seems to find favour with the political rank and file. The status of matadhipathis is always slowly built round every political leader of some eminence. His resistance, if any, is slowly but painlessly and pleasantly eliminated.

On this remembrance day, why not our leaders for a change tell the people something of the ideals of Gandhi which they propose to

adopt in the government of this country instead of asking the people as usual to follow his teachings? There are today many problems which will pay re-examination in the light of Gandhi's teachings. For instance, should we imitate the West in the mad race for armaments, or shall we be content with a police force for internal security? Shall we introduce the western pattern of industrialisation and the western standards of life into our social life? Should we, in any way relax or mitigate the severity in the application of the law against the rich for their anti-social acts? Should we choose righteous men or men with bare intellect and without humanity to administer the departments of government? Shall we spend the revenues ostentatiously and lavishly to present a false picture of Indian prosperity or shall we spend every rupee of the revenue with the greatest scrutiny never forgetting that every rupee mis-spent is a rupee robbed from the poor? Shall we try appeasement or repression against other political parties such as the R.S.S., Communists, Dravida Kazhagam, Muslim League and recalcitrant labour groups or shall we try and understand the reasons which gains for them fresh accession of strength and public sympathy with the passing of every day in order that we may root out the causes that give them vitality? And lastly, should we glorify this infirmity of ours by calling it our unity in diversity or shall we hereafter endeavour to speak with one voice and act like one man not forgetting that in times of crisis like the present, the national picture must have a harmonious blending of colours?

-Rabindranath Tagore wrote of Mahatma Gandhi: "I am amazed at the effectiveness of his humanity. An ascetic himself, he does not frown on the joys of others, but works for the enlivening of their existence day and night. He exalts poverty in his own life, but no man in India has striven more assiduously than he for the material welfare of his people. A reformer with the zeal of a revolutionary, he imposes severe restraint on the very passions he provokes. Something of an idolator and also an iconoclast, he leaves the old gods in their dusty niches of sanctity and simply lures the old worship to better and more human purposes."

WHITHER NON-VIOLENCE?

by Dr. B. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA

THE passion play of Christ was enacted well nigh two thousand years ago, and twenty centuries later it has been our happy lot not merely to witness but to participate in the passion play of Gandhi. This great modern drama has ended appropriately as a tragedy, for any other form of end would have ill-befitted the ministry of a prophet whose life on earth was an unbroken story of service and sacrifice. The spirit of sacrifice and service is an insatiable one and has the qualities and attributes of an intoxication. The more the service, the more the craving for more and more of it.

That was how Mahatma Gandhi had launched his successive fasts—some termal, others unto death. His first fast unto death was undertaken in 1918 to secure relief for the Ahmedabad Mill workers with lasting results culminating in the establishment of the All India Trade Union Congress. His next fast unto death had still more abiding and still more extensive results in the retention of the Harijan community as an integral part of the Hindus and raising their economic and social position. His fasts in Calcutta and in Delhi on the eve of his assassination laid the foundation of Hindu-Muslim unity. By his self-dedication to relief and rehabilitation work in Noakhali he imperilled his own life and for that very reason produced the best results in the direction of social reconstruction. His whole ministry was a serious experiment with life and a hazardous play with death. In the end, the hazard got the better and the great tragedy was enacted on the 30th of January 1948.

A year has rolled by since and the first anniversary of his assassination offers a fitting opportunity for introspection regarding moral values in the national and international spheres of life. When we recall how Gandhi stood alone and unfriended in the special session (1920—September) of the Congress in Calcutta, and how twenty-seven years later the whole nation rallied

round his banner, and a mighty foreign power chose to depart from the shores of India without striking a blow for its imperialism and without receiving a blow itself, we are wonder-struck that so large a fruition should have resulted in less than three decades from so small a seed. Little do the people of India realize how great and how unprecedented their achievement has been and how stimulating and infectious it is destined to be. While those that actually participated in the movement are lost in wonderment over their all too unexpected success both in time and in measure, those that had played but a waiting game are inclined to be not merely critical and cantankerous but self-seeking and even obstructive. It is left to other nations to copy India's noble example. That Asiatic nations should be enthusiastic over India's unlooked-for emancipation and the means by which it has been secured, is natural because Asia is but India enlarged and the problem of Asian emancipation is but a dimensional extension of India's.

What we welcome in reality and feel exalted by is the testimony which is spontaneously forthcoming from a country like America where we are told that the weapon of civil resistance is being resorted to, to solve racial problems of immense complexity. The rapidity and good sense with which the resistance movement yields results in America comes as a refreshing breeze that dispels the clouds of doubt that overhang the Indian atmosphere. The cynicism arising from success works often greater havoc than the despair of defeat in undermining the strength of awakened moral consciousness. To lose faith is the worst that can happen to a worker.

India's lesson in non-violence is an abiding one. Its success in this ancient land points out, to its leaders, the one solution of the numerous tangles of modern life. It is only when responsibility sits firm on one's shoulders that one realizes the futility of brute force

and the effectiveness of soul force, the vanishing effects of violence and the abiding influence of love. To apply the lessons of a super-mundane life to the activities of purely mundane interest is to attempt a mass conversion to a recognition of higher values and to reconcile the politician's objectives with the prophet's ideas. The process of mass conversion is strangely enough one of small beginnings and large endings. It takes origin in individual conquest or at the outside, in the conquest of little groups of Asramites. So did all reformist cults begin and thrive.

The Gandhi Seva Sangh is one such organization of devoted men who accept Gandhi's philosophy of life. Admission to such bodies is always made after testing the entrants by rigid standards during a long period of probation. The Servants of India Society adopts such rigidity but it is lacking in the spiritual atmosphere. The Gandhi Seva Sangh has the right atmosphere but its tests are lax. Robert Owen erred likewise in not sifting the entrants into his colony, but where the New Harmony failed the Oneida community succeeded because John Humphry Noyes enforced a severe probation before admission. The Brahmins constituted such an order at one time but when poverty yielded place to property degeneration began. The Soviets of Russia and the Nazis, are all such groups but the ideals of both are rooted in violence. The Congressmen of India are a band—rather a large band—of citizens not wedded to a way of life but pledged to non-violence which, when practised seriously, evolves itself into a way of life. The basis of all such organizations is that learning should be wedded to poverty and discipline, service and sacrifice. Gandhi's asrams have certain fundamental tenets but no set rules or regulations of a rigid or inflexible character. They are groups of men whose achievement has often depended upon the altitudes reached by their leader. It is generally true of all such "orders" that when the leader passes away, the order disappears or degenerates.

In Gandhi's asrams almost the first discipline to which a newcomer is subjected and in which the old indwellers revel, is the manual and "menial" service they are called upon to render. To clean their own plates and wash their own clothes and sweep their own rooms and build their own huts, is perhaps not altogether out of the way, though judging from the life led by our young men and women in the hostels, the innovations of the asram are apt to strike as odd. But when the inmates are required to do the scavenging, remove buckets of excreta and wash the receptacles, one is apt to think that the discipline is not only new but exacting. When, however, graduates of the university, young men and young women alike perform this task as a part of daily routine with patience, devotion and good cheer, the joy of the work soon becomes infectious and is shared even by the casual guest with alacrity, for, if nothing else, there is in it a charm of novelty which does not readily wear off and ere long love and sympathy dawn upon your mind for that outcast of society—the Bhangi who makes your life happy and is in turn consigned to a life of untouchability. One touch of service revives the sense of humanity and makes the world kin. Regular hours of work and food, regular dietary free from condiments and spices, but abounding in nutriment, regular prayer night and morning, sacramental spinning in addition to the vocational training, hospitality to guests, conversations and questionings as between the master and the pupils, free mixing of men and women, gardening, open air life, physical labour—all tend to give a certain fulness and inspiration to group life. Their activities comprise the constructive programme, chiefly centering round what people may glibly call "menial" and manual services. There is nothing menial in manual service. The imparting of education to the poor, the rendering of medical assistance to the needy, co-operative effort occasionally, sanitary and hygienic propaganda always, the running of libraries, the holding of arbitration

courts, the organizing of exhibitions and the spreading of general knowledge as a part of the scheme of adolescent education—all these coupled with the vow of celibacy and non-possession practised by the inmates of the asram constitute the right training to the Desa Sevaks and Sevikas in the vast work of socio-economic regeneration that awaits them in an emancipated mother-land. Asrams must be centres of life-currents—not repositories of mendicant monies. They must liberate energy, create food and raiment and become self-supporting, not live on the principle of patrons and patriots, the former maintaining the latter.

Laws of State are steam road-rollers before which tall oaks and short poppies are reduced to one level. But the lessons of asrams are imparted to individuals who become established presently as new foci from which radiate a thousand influences in a thousand diverse directions reaching infinity though starting from a point. The silent example and the symbolic exhorta-

tion of one preceptor of spotless character penetrate deep and direct into the hearts of the numerous hearers and seers more readily than the reasoned teaching or the didactic sermons of a thousand parsons. Asrams are necessarily conducted on a small scale and by a few chosen men of real mettle, for the ideals taught therein cannot be of universal application. The Jains in India constitute a school of thought that deserve study. The founders of their sect stand for the cardinal principles for which Gandhi and his Satyagraha have stood. Brahmacharya or celibacy, Aparigraha or non-possession and Asthaya or non-stealing, are obviously isolated virtues which indicate a way of life rather than a standard of daily observance. How can all people be celebrates without imperilling the very race itself? These principles are but pointers to chastened ideals and an austere life.

The position today is that we are not able fully to appraise either the means or the ends involved in our independence. The hangover of past

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subjection persists in our vision and oftentimes sways our judgment. But what is worse, we are not able to make a correct estimate of the formidable power developed by the nation in adopting Satyagraha as the means of securing this independence. We hardly remember the supreme fact that what has made for our success is the non-violent character of non-co-operation and the broad expanse of the significance of non-violence embraces a positive, active and aggressive force,—operating really as the force of love and fellowship. We have to remember this not so much to exalt the Father of the Nation—he requires no pedestal—but really to widen our vision for the future, to intensify our faith in non-violence and to keep alive the lessons of the Sermon on the Mount and the Beatitudes as a guide to the world and to ourselves for ever. A way of life can always be widened and smoothened and quickened—and this can be done only so long as the way is pursued not by the *vis a tergo* of past triumphs but by the *vis a fronte* of future success. A world State has been visualized by our ancient culture centuries ago. But how will this World State function and how long? Only through the play of non-violence and only so long as it continues to operate as an emanation of the Divine and not as a dull formula. To this end, a new scheme of education has to be devised so as to inculcate the ideology of non-violence in the primary, secondary and university studies. If the German ideas of kultur had to be counteracted by re-educating the German

youth from infancy upwards along lines of 'live and let live', then surely this revolutionary culture of non-violence requires a complete overhauling of the educational system so as to incorporate ideas of non-violence into the very bone and blood of the nation. No one need feel aghast at the long way that has to be traversed afresh; for hath it not been said that the way to Heaven is long and narrow while the way to Hell is broad and straight? The nations of the West listen to the lessons of non-violence with rapt attention. They are in a mood to profit by the lessons of India. They remember with bitterness and sorrow the failure of their own bias for violence. But they are still fumbling and are only feeling their way to non-violence. Both inertia and prestige which is only a dignified synonym of the former, prevent a rapid march to it. That march may be accelerated by India taking larger strides in the direction and proving that non-violence may broaden down from precedent to precedent. To India non-violence is real, non-violence is earnest. It indicates the only direction of her march to that far off Divine Event, the Parliament of Man and the Federation of the world when grateful nations would listen to the glad tidings of

"The bridal time of Law and Love,

The gladness of the World's release

When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace,

The Hawk shall nestle with the Dove."



Sandwich is derived from the name of the fourth Earl of Sandwich. He was a notorious gambler and often became so engrossed in his cards that he would not stop to eat his meals. Instead he would have an attendant put meat between two pieces of bread which he ate without leaving the gaming table. Although the Earl thus gave his name to the sandwich, he was not the first to eat bread or biscuits and meat so combined. The Romans knew the sandwich under the name *uffula*, diminutive of *offa*, signifying bit or morsel. The sandwich may very well have been introduced into England by the Romans nearly 1,800 years before the birth of the Earl of Sandwich.—George Stimpson.

THE FOREIGN WAY

by VIJAYARAM

MANY of my fellow countrymen who have once gone abroad and returned home, think wistfully of the times that they had spent away from this land. It is not that they regret returning home, far from it; for how can we, brought up on chowal and chappathi and the simplicity of the chappal long tolerate the agony of eating in the controlled monotony of spoon and fork, and conform to the tyrannical throttling of the necktie? It is not these external manifestations of social method that one regrets, but the lack of free social relationships. Foreign people, however much they may be subject to the control of etiquette, seem to be much freer in their personal relationships.

The youth of this country are so impeded by the artificial barriers lying across the path of even innocent association between the sexes in college or school, that the extent to which the magnetic upsurge of sexual desire can be tempered by obligations to society surprises us. Social superstition assumes the frailty of human nature, and if it is found that the desire for mutual association between the sexes is only the fulfilment of an urge of a platonic-sort, that—again is regarded with surprise.

It was one of those cold icy days when the breath is turned into icicles, when the sun was shining and little piles of snow on the roadside were melting and glistening in the sunlight. Walking down the "Bohneistraza" towards the lake on a Saturday afternoon in Zurich one could watch the movement of the traffic down this busy thoroughfare. At a street corner some workmen in brown overalls, dirty with accumulated work, were sitting round a charcoal fire and warming themselves and conversing. At the corner of the department store a little old lady stood selling roses neatly wrapped in tissue paper. She was wearing an old shawl around her shoulders and an ancient bonnet. I walked up to her and

bought a couple of roses for six francs. As I turned I heard a lowly "Dankashun" whispered. This woman was a beggar, a western counterpart of the little ungainly urchins that we find infesting our streets. I returned a Thank You.

This was a special day in my memory. I was self-conscious, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I kept from blushing. I was doing the most daring thing ever attempted in my life. I was walking down the avenue with a woman by my side. It had never happened before in all my twenty and odd years of life, although I had often longed for such an occasion, but at home in India I knew that it would never materialise, but in Switzerland the unexpected had happened. I turned around and handed Ursula the roses. She thanked me with a lisping and foreign accent in English.

I had met Ursula only a couple of days before when eating at a little place called the "Ambassador", a restaurant to the right of the "Bohneistraza". It was 8 in the evening and the band was playing soft music. The restaurant was slowly filling and my friend A.C.K. and I were sitting, sipping a beverage. At the far end of the room two young girls, barely twenty years of age, were sitting alone. Suddenly a young man from the far end of the room strolled up and asked one of the young ladies to dance. She got up and complied. It was not long afterwards that I was also dancing. How I ever mustered the necessary courage, I do not know, for this was the first time during my visit to Europe that I danced.

The two girls were very charming and companionable and it transpired that I phoned up Ursula and fixed up a date for the next Saturday. Ursula worked as a typist in a commercial firm in Zurich while her friend Dorothy worked in Winterthur about 20 kilometers away. Both girls were school friends and belonged

to a village about 40 kilometers away known as Andelfingir where Ursula's father worked as a veterinary doctor. All this information I was able to gain during our meeting on Saturday.

When I phoned Ursula on Friday night confirming our meeting for lunch on Saturday, I was nervous. This was the first time that I was speaking to a young woman of my own age. I mumbled something into the telephone, and even spoke about making a foursome—for I thought that Ursula might not want to come out alone, but in this I was wrong—and here I was walking down the street with her, after handing over the roses. It was all so miraculously sudden and unexpected.

We must have walked at least three miles that afternoon. All along the east side of the lake and up University Hill from where the city of Zurich was visible in a panoramic view. We chatted and laughed. We went to the "Bouralak," a restaurant where there was a tea dance, and had dinner at an old fashioned Swiss restaurant where the maid served us in traditional cantonal dress. Ursula's ringing laughter when I was trying to pronounce and learn German, still comes to me as the plaintive symphony of another world.

"In Switzerland, Vij, when a girl lights a man's cigarette, it means that she wants him to kiss her," said Ursula. This was a few days later, and on the eve of my departure by air. And then surprised, she enquired why it was that I had never been out with a young girl "in your country". I just laughed and said "I am too shy".

This was not the truth—but how could I tell her that in India we keep our distance as two distinct species of nature. She just would

not believe me, and any way I was in no mood for lengthy verbal explanations about the phenomena of existence in other lands apart from Europe. The difference between the occidental way of life and the oriental was so great—so great.

That evening we went down to the "Ambassador" to dance—this was a sort of farewell occasion and this restaurant was to us symbolic of a sacred and beautiful association. We danced to the plaintive rhythm of the Tango, most beautiful of all the styles of western dance music. Ursula was short, barely reaching five feet, her head was below my chin. She was delicate like the rose and the pink in her cheek was reminiscent of the wild beauty of heather and honeysuckle. We had to break away by 8.45 as the train taking Ursula home would leave at 9.15. Sitting in the compartment waiting for the signal to go was painful.

"You are always so correct, a Swiss boy if he had taken me out would have tried to kiss me the very first time."

I looked away and felt, for once, really silly. I could not confess that I had never kissed a girl before. I wanted to desperately—but it was too late, the compartment of the train was filling.

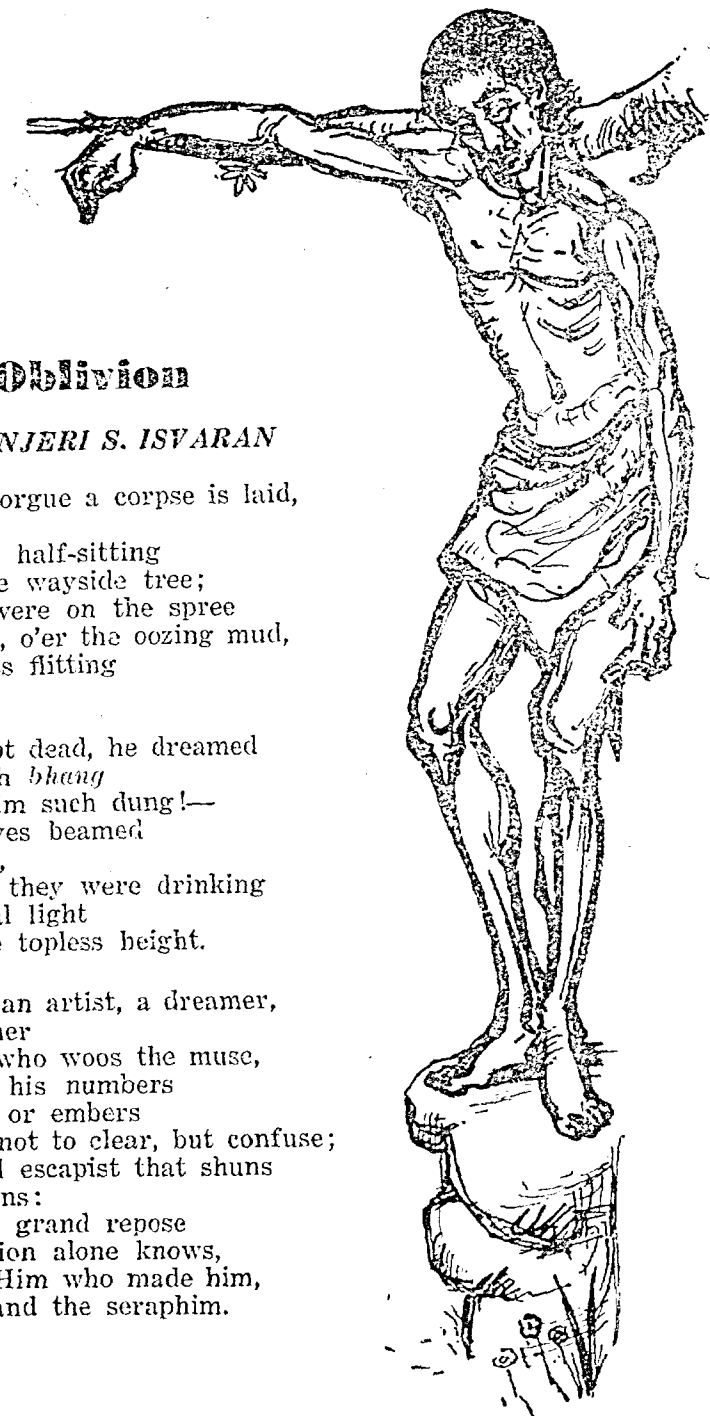
"You have the most beautiful lips" said Ursula.

The last that I remember, is that of little Ursula's waving hand seen through the window pane. It was full five minutes before I could return down the platform. To this day, although it is many years ago, I cannot but remember this little woman, wearing glasses and carrying a bouquet of pink roses next to her cheek, looking up into my face. My reminiscences of Europe are always the haunting memory of my first love in life.

If a country is well governed, poverty is something to be ashamed of. In a country badly governed wealth is something to be ashamed of.—Confucius.



In my mind my educational and my political work were indeed interlinked. I felt that the political advancement of the country must depend upon the creation among our young men of a genuine, sober and rational interest in public affairs. The beginnings of public life must be implanted in them.—Surendranath Banerjee.



Oblivion

by MANJERI S. ISVARAN

As in a morgue a corpse is laid,
he stayed,
half-lying, half-sitting
against the wayside tree;
the fleas were on the spree
in and out, o'er the oozing mud,
in cloudlets flitting
for blood.

He was not dead, he dreamed
doped with *bhang*
—about him such dung!—
and his eyes beamed
unblinking,
as though they were drinking
a perennial light
from some topless height.

Here was an artist, a dreamer,
O, supream
than one who woos the muse,
and with his numbers
of manna or embers
seeks oft not to clear, but confuse;
no coward escapist that shuns
his environs:
but in his grand repose
that oblivion alone knows,
one with Him who made him,
the fleas and the seraphim.

MEDICINES & ADVERTISEMENT

by H. SUNDER RAO, M.A.

IF some shrewd observer from the Mars or some other planet were to visit our country and study the advertisements in our newspapers and magazines, he will certainly think that the major preoccupations of our people are sex and disease. Perhaps, if he were pressed to give details, he might be forced to say that the chief terrestrial ambition of the older people in India is to become young, and that of the younger generation is to grow still younger and, if I may borrow the poetical metaphor of an advertisement, "to grow spring roses on their cheeks". Scan the advertisement columns of any of our cheaper (and popular) journals and you will be struck by the preponderance of advertisements praising some drug or specific which has the miraculous power of making old people young and of restoring to weaklings their lost "vim, vigour and vitality". These claims are sometimes reinforced by lewd or suggestive pictures. The credulity and superstition of the reader are exploited in ever so many ways. Testimonials from the highest quarters are flaunted to underline the virtues of a concoction, and one then realises the truth of the oft-repeated saying that one of the easiest things to do in India is to collect "testimonials"! And certainly what great ones do, the lesser ones must necessarily copy! Portraits of national leaders and their courtesy remarks in the visitors' books of the advertising firms are spectacularly advertised as evidence of the virtues of the advertised article.

The age-old faith of the Indian masses in divine intervention in human affairs is sedulously exploited, especially in the columns of our vernacular papers. This combination of "religion" with money-making, which critics of our national character tell us is so peculiarly Indian, was recently very vividly illustrated in a North Indian paper which advertised a "sovereign re-

medy" for sexual debility, the secret of which (I mean the remedy), it was naively claimed, was vouchsafed to the advertiser by the gods themselves! Others, less ambitious, are content with an appeal to some *sadhu* or *yogi*, usually resident in a remote, inaccessible cave among the Himalayas, who, taking pity on the sufferings of the advertiser, gave him a secret remedy, which the advertiser out of sheer philanthropy is now willing to share with his fellow-sufferers. This pompous story is followed, as proof of the advertiser's good faith, by an elaborate prescription containing a formidable number of herbs and drugs, most of which have only a legendary existence. Then comes the climax, the artlessly frank offer to supply the ready-made medicine at the price of its actual cost of preparation! So the net is spread to enmesh the unwary and ignorant sufferer and we can only feel amazed at the cool effrontery of the whole thing!

There are other subtle ways of trapping the credulous and the ignorant. Pictures and cartoons are liberally employed, and sometimes even poetry is forced into the service of advertisements. Hamlet's famous rebuke to his guilty mother, *Look upon this picture and upon that, is still very frequently used to bring out the contrast between the state of of the sufferer before using the medicine and after using it.* The picture of the old grandfather jumping and singing in his bath to express his so-called *Kruschen feeling* is a classic example of this pictorial method of advertisement. I am afraid this has become rather stale today, and its place has been taken by a rich variety of pictorial and poetical devices, too numerous to be mentioned here. Sometimes curious scientific and historical facts are culled out to catch the attention of the reader. This is quite a new way of doing the old thing, and has become very popular. It has at least the advantage of providing unsoli-

cited instruction along with the article that some enterprising firm wants to dump on us.

I am not here concerned with the psychology of advertising so much as with the effects of these advertisements on the credulous, ignorant readers. In an age when we are almost narcotised by the power of the printed word, and are peculiarly susceptible to public opinion, the subtle effects of unrestrained advertisement, especially in a field like medicine, can be really disastrous. Unfortunately, the menace of advertised medicines is increasing day by day. Innumerable "laboratories", research "clinics" and "pharmaceutical works" are springing up every hour. These are days of injections, of vitamin deficiency, of "extracts" of all kinds, of concentrated "elixirs" that make "a new man of you" even at the first dose, of hormones and gland extracts, and biological marvels which confer upon the most hopeless physical wreck the blessings of virile health! The craze for patent medicines is increasing by leaps and bounds in an age when "new" diseases are being born as a result of newer and newer forms of dissipation!

The harm that these advertised patent medicines do was recently brought home to the public in a very thought-provoking and vigorous article in the *Readers' Digest*. In U.S.A., the writer tells us, the public are protected from spurious, adulterated and harmful drugs and patent medicines by three special Government departments—*first*, the Post-Office which does not transmit any drug or medicine unless it is guaranteed to satisfy the prescribed standards of purity and reliability; *secondly*, the Food and Drug Department which has an efficient army of scientifically trained inspectors continually to inspect the counters of chemists and the products of the various laboratories and manufacturers; and *thirdly*, the Federal Trade Commission which constantly reviews newspapers, magazines, and radio advertising

of drugs, food-preparations and patent medicines. To aid these departments, there is also a network of testing and analysing laboratories throughout the country where reliable investigations are carried out before a new product is put into the market, and unless it satisfies the required standards of purity and safety laid down by the State departments of medicine and Public Health and other related departments such as the Department of Food and Drugs, it is not released for sale to the public. The Government of India is only now beginning to realise the tremendous importance of such tests and shortly our country may have its own restrictions upon the manufacture and sale of drugs and medicines so as to protect the public from the snare of indiscriminately advertised products. The menace of unsafe, adulterated and "misbranded" products is really terrible today.

Now that India is rapidly developing her own pharmaceutical industry it is up to us, both Government and the public, to do away ruthlessly with this heritage and establish new standings, so that any article which bears the label of India, whether it is sold here or abroad, should satisfy the most rigorous tests applicable to similar products in countries like Germany, the USA and Britain. Side by side with this, I think it is equally urgent that the law against obscene advertisements or advertisements of harmful and spurious medicines and drugs should be made more rigorous than it evidently is now, so that we, as a nation, and our national press, be spared from the oft-repeated slur cast against us that we are a people abominably preoccupied with sex. I say this because many of the advertisements now published in our Indian newspapers and magazines (with rare and glorious exceptions) are simply unreadable. I am neither a purist nor a puritan, but the reader must agree when I say that the essential vulgarity and the motive of "exhibitionism" underlying many of our medicinal advertisements are a standing disgrace to our country.

BICAMERALISM: PROS AND CONS

by R. SRINIVASAN, M.A.

THE Constituent Assembly decided on 6th January that Madras, Bombay, West Bengal, U. P., Bihar and East Punjab should have two chambers of legislature. The Chairman of the Drafting Committee, Dr. Ambedkar, described this step as a purely experimental measure and said that there was sufficient provision under Article 304 of the Constitution for doing away with the second chambers should the need for such a step arise later on. He urged the house to accept the Article as a compromise, which it did.

Bicameralism was introduced for the first time in the Indian Constitution by the Act of 1935. By it Bengal, Bihar, U.P., Madras, Bombay and Assam were given two houses of legislature. Bengal, Bihar and U.P. were zamindari provinces. Capitalists had their vested interests in Bombay and Madras; and British tea planters had their stake in Assam. Prof. Keith regarded the inclusion of Assam as "a further concession to the conservative character of the whole scheme." Thus four of the provinces, which had bicameral legislatures under the last Act would continue to have them under the new Constitution; and the partitioned provinces of West Bengal and East Punjab are also included in the present list. Assam becomes unicameral while C.P. and Orissa continue to be unicameral as before.

In the Constituent Assembly, the majority of the speakers spoke opposing the measure on the following grounds:

(a) Two Chambers merely duplicated the legislative machinery; they delayed and obstructed necessary and progressive legislation. (b) They would be clogs in the administrative machinery. (c) They would be a financial burden on the provinces. (d) They would have a demoralizing influence on the politics

of the units. (e) Under the new Constitution, each unit would function under what is known as the parliamentary form of government and a measure which had been decided in the party meeting could not be altered by any number of chambers. Thus the second chambers would become costly formalities. (f) As provinces would be required to administer only a limited number of subjects there would be no need to have two chambers for administering such a small number of subjects. (g) The Administration would suffer if Ministers were to be required to attend two chambers of legislature. (h) Second chambers would not act even as a check on hasty legislation, for the Governor of the province and the President of the Union could be relied upon to refer back a measure to the chamber from which it originated should that high dignitary feel that it had been passed in haste.

The consensus of opinion among those who opposed the measure was that the proposal was unnecessary and retrograde. Some other arguments usually advanced against the scheme may also be noted:

(a) Second chambers provide opportunity for delay and for obstruction. (b) By delaying measures which are beneficial to the masses, discontent in the country would merely be aggravated.

Those who supported the proposal in the Constituent Assembly urged two considerations in favour of it: (a) It would act as a check on hasty legislation. (b) It was not intended to impede progressive measures. Some other considerations usually advanced in favour of bicameralism are: (a) The second chambers would be a body gifted with expert knowledge and experience which would act as a stabilising factor, a security against any abuse of power. (b) It would enlist the services of

experts who would not choose to stand for election or who unsuccessfully contest the election. Stalwarts like Dr. C. R. Reddy and the late V. S. Srinivasa Sastri became members of the Madras Legislative Council on being nominated to that body by the Governor, while an experienced parliamentarian, Dr. Sita Ram, who was defeated in the 1937 general elections was nominated to the U. P. Legislative Council and was subsequently elected its President. (c) Second chambers would act as a more effective break in normal times than the head of the province.

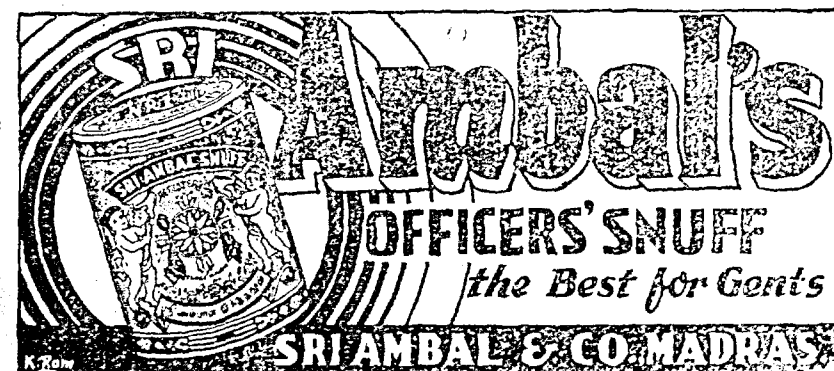
Dr. Ambedkar himself was not very strongly prepossessed in favour of a second chamber. To him it was like the curate's egg—good only in parts. Finally he held out the assurance that if later the abolition of second chambers was desired, that too could be done.

Opinions expressed by political thinkers on this question are sharply divided. Some feel that the need for some effective revising chamber could never be questioned and the work of revision has to be done with care and thoroughness. To attack second chambers as being conservative in character is unfair. A second chamber must from the nature of the case tend to be more conservative than the first. Having on its rolls a good number of veterans, it can supply the wisdom born of ripe experience. It is also the "reservoir of Cabinet Ministers". If the Prime Minister cannot cope up with the dual functions of leading the

party in the Lower House and of departmental administration, he can seek asylum in the second chamber. A second chamber, thus, appears to some a political necessity.

If there is support to the scheme there is also strong opposition to it. Matriot speaks of the "menace to the Cabinet principle involved in the existence of two chambers." Others regard it as unnecessary and opine that the Constitution of a country, so far from being doomed to failure in its absence would actually stand on a more even keel. Yet others strike a middle path. Abbe Sieyes, a French constitutional pandit, held that if the second chamber is in agreement with the first it is superfluous; if not it is pernicious. The Simon Commission on India was not wholly in favour of the scheme to have two chambers in some provinces but it proposed that a small revising body of experts should be set up to examine in detail every bill between the second and third readings and suggest modifications, if they were deemed necessary. Others hold that the right of initiation of legislation now resides in the Cabinet; thus it is the executive which has the initiative in legislation and not private members of either House. The only functions the legislature nowadays performs are those of criticism, amendment and revision.

Many leading nations of the world, for example, Great Britain, France and the U.S.A. tried the system of unicameral legislatures but gave it up in favour of the bicameral.

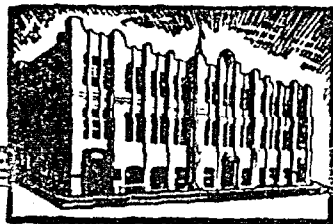


The latter cannot be said to have received anything like a fair trial in India. The autonomy that was granted to the provinces under the 1935 Act was farcical in the sense that the Governors were granted certain special powers and responsibilities. That is to say, the Ministers were not free from external control and interference. In 1937 popular ministers took up office for the first time and they carried on the administration for some 27 months. No legislation of a controversial nature that would occasion a tussle between the two chambers was enacted during this period. Their tenure of office came to an abrupt end when on the outbreak of the Second World War, in eight out of the eleven provinces there was a complete black-out of all popular and representative institutions and Sec. 93 regimes were installed in their stead. In 1946 when they returned to office, they had to pay more attention to the question of receiving power from the hands of the British. When once power was transferred, it brought in its train

serious problems, which no Minister could have dreamt that he would be called upon to solve. It, therefore, follows that no real trial has been given to the scheme of bicameralism in India. It is difficult to assess its value to this country. Nor is it fair to predict that in future second chambers will be so completely eclipsed by the Lower House as to render their retention unnecessary. The position of a provincial Ministry under the new dispensation will be entirely different from what it was under the 1935 Act. Henceforth Ministers can function without interference from a Governor or the President of the Union. India will be a full-fledged parliamentary democracy. In the light of the experience gained from the working of the second chambers, their relation with the Lower Houses, their contribution to the progress of legislation (or otherwise), it should be possible for our legislators to decide whether they have a useful role to play or are unnecessary. In the latter event, a decision may be taken to do away with them.

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PURANDARA DASA: FATHER OF CARNATIC MUSIC

by "RAJASREE"

THE sixteenth century produced a famous Carnatic trio, the great king of Vijayanagaram Sri Krishna Devaraya in politics, the learned spiritual pontiff, Vyasaraaya in religion and the saintly bard Purandara Dasa in the field of music. Purandara Dasa was the greatest of the Haridasas who, like the revered saints of Pandaripur—Gayana Dev, Namadev, Sakku Bai and Gorakumbara—to name a few, played a very important part in spreading the Bhakti movement. One Narahari Tirtha of Udupi Mutt was the earliest Canarese composer. Kana-kadasa is another great name connected with the Haridasa movement.

Purandara Dasa was born in Purandaragada in Poona district and his father was one Varadappa Nayak, a Madhya Desastha Brahmin and a merchant by profession. Purandara spent his later years at Pandaripur and died there in 1561. Regarded as an Avathar of Narada, he was a great miser in the beginning until his eyes were opened by his shrewd, devoted and loyal wife Saraswathi Bai, whereupon he gave away all his property in charity, and went abroad as an itinerant missionary delivering his message to suffering humanity. He became a disciple of Vyasaraaya Swami.

He studied and mastered Indian music and to suit the conditions of his time, he systematised practical music by working many "Lakshna Granthams", "Geethas" and "Suladis" (all including about fifty thousand pieces) to enable the student of music to acquire the art with ease.

Purandara Dasa, in modern parlance, could be called a mystic. He

appears to have been a man of very strong impulses and will. When he was living in luxury he was fully in it. He felt near to God and yet far and passed some time on the swing of faith, feeling his unworthiness keenly and slowly realising the mercy of God. His songs are not subjective. They look like having been suggested by daily occurrences in the world around him. Wide knowledge, rich experience and unbounded love for humanity are clearly noticeable in his songs.

It looks as if Thyagaraja was the modern incarnation of Purandara, for the mission which Thyagaraja preached through his songs was almost identical with the one preached by Purandara 300 years ago. The philosophy in the songs of Purandara Dasa like "Ninagaru Sari illa", "Sakala Graha Bala Neene" and "Udara Vairagya Vidu" is the same as in some of the songs of Thyagaraja like "Ninuvina Sukhamugana", "Grahabala Memi" and "Teliyaluru Rama". Similarly one can easily notice that the delightful meaning in songs like "Thambulava Kolliro", "Thala Beku" and "Kanda Palu Kudiyu" is the same as in songs like "Vidamu Seyave", "Sogasuga Mrudanga Tala" and "Aragimpave".

Purandara Dasa can rightly be described as the "Father of Carnatic Music" for it was he who laid the solid foundation of Carnatic music on which the musical trinity later built so fine a structure. Purandara Dasa enriched both Kannada literature and Carnatic music by his compositions which appeal to all—pandit and peasant alike.

It is hard enough to know whether one is happy or unhappy now, and still harder to compare the relative happiness or unhappiness of different times in one's life; the utmost that can be said is that we are fairly happy so long as we are not distinctly aware of being miserable.—Samuel Butler.



FOND HOPE

By

S. Krishniah

MANI was born blind and he was taught by his father the only thing a blind child could learn—music. His father had given many public recitals on the *veena* and was supposed to have been one of the exponents of the art. But those were days long gone by. Mani's father had lost his popularity. Every artist who had been in the lime-light ruefully realises sometime or other that it is not possible to be always at the pinnacle of fame. The public on whom their lives depend is always capricious in its likes and dislikes. In the long and dreary days that followed his last public appearance the only spark of hope which glimmered in the distant horizon was that under his tuition his blind son, Mani, would one day be able to thrill vast audiences with a soulful melody plucked out of the cords of the *veena*.

There was also another hope which seemed more distant. His elder son, Nataraj, might one day return home. The father had raved and cursed when Nataraj had absconded at the first sign of straitened circumstances at home. There had been no letter from him for eight years—the last eight years during which Mani and his father had lived a hand to mouth existence with only the music to bolster up their declining interest in life. They had heard a few whispers that Nataraj was in Bombay and was earning a lot of money.

Although after many years the father had given up all hopes of seeing Nataraj again, Mani had not. Mani still loved his brother with that simple unadulterated fraternal devotion which only a blind boy

could be capable of. Mani could never forget how often Nataraj had championed his cause when with callous brutality street-urchins had teased him or bullies pulled at his dress and threw stones at him. Nataraj had immediately picked up a quarrel on behalf of his brother and had mercilessly thrashed anybody who even ventured to jibe at his blind brother.

Yes, Nataraj would return. Of this Mani was sure. He invented numerous excuses to explain away his brother's silence. It might be that Nataraj would communicate with them only when he had sufficient money to send home to relieve their poverty. Or it might be that one day Nataraj would turn up with a lakh of rupees and bring heaven into their poor abode. These were Mani's fond hopes—hopes which to him had almost become something concrete to be expected with certainty.

But things did not go smoothly and a long time before the father considered the blind son perfect enough to make a public appearance, he died. He had been for a long time suffering from digestive trouble which he was forced to neglect because of the lack of means to consult a doctor.

Mani was left alone, without father, brother or friends—not even the sun, moon or the stars to keep him company. The neighbours had practically to tear him away from his father's corpse before they took it for cremation. Since the time he was born Mani had never known mother's love. His father, his brother and his music were the only three he knew, understood and

loved. With his father dead and his brother he did not know where, the *veena* was his only consoling companion. He had no servants nor could he afford one. He could eat only when his neighbours' sympathy translated itself into practical action. Days and nights he spent with his *veena*. He knew that he had reached a stage when he would be able to coach himself up and attain the perfection necessary to make a public appearance. When that day came he was sure that he would make his music enter the heart of every hearer, and fill every one of them with the rapture and ecstasy which they would have never known till then.

He was also sure that his brother would return one day and that day would be the end of all his troubles. When Nataraj came home as a rich man there would be no more wants, no more privations but sheer happiness. With his brother and his *veena* he could almost forget his father.

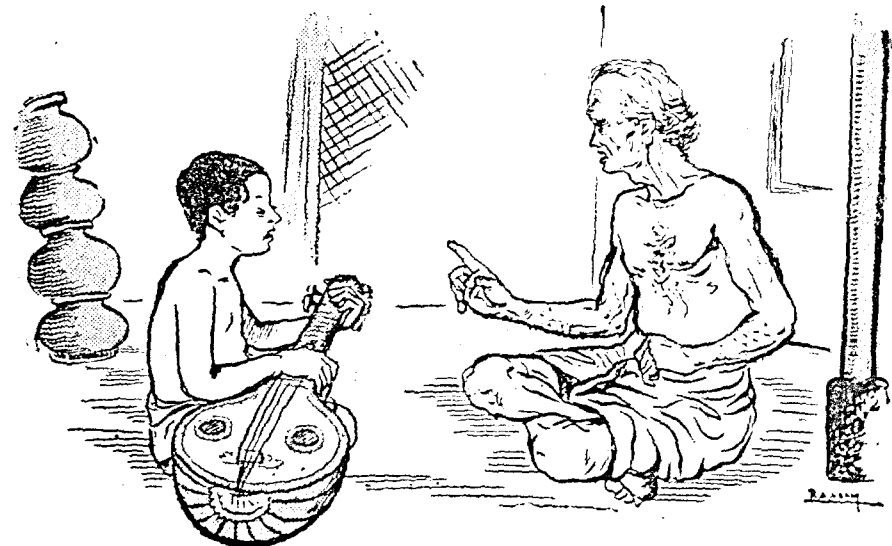
Fond hopes! How little the poor blind boy knew about life! He did not know he had to pay rent for the small house, pay for his food and numerous other small things which were necessary. The little money which his father had left behind

disappeared in a few days. The neighbours were very kind and sympathetic, but they were themselves equally poor. Soon he had to start selling one by one the things in his house. They did not fetch much price, because the furniture was old and rickety, his father's watch had stopped working two years ago and his ring was not of pure gold.

Within two months' time Mani had to face complete starvation and also leave the house. The only thing which he had not sold was the *veena* and he went three days without food before the neighbours could coax him to part with it. The day he sold it he felt more miserable than when his father had died. The tragedy of his life seemed almost complete.

But still he hoped with the confidence that almost amounted to faith that his brother would definitely return. Then he would buy a better *veena*. Then he would live in a bigger house and eat better food than he had ever tasted before.

He hoped Nataraj would come before the proceeds out of the sale of his *veena* disappeared. What would happen to him in case Nataraj was late, he wondered.



There was only one thing left to do and that was to beg in the streets of Madras. He shuddered at the idea. Could he beg at all! Would anybody give him any money?

Steadily, the money he had, was frittered away, and despite Mani's faith there was no news from Nataraj. Every day became blacker than the one before. Acute hunger made a beggar of him. He had to beg to keep his skin and bone together. He did not know how to cadge a few coppers from the passer-by. He knew only one thing about beggars and that was most of them sang. So he went out on the road and sang. He did not sing the catchy melodious lilt from the latest popular cinema. He had never heard anything of that sort. He knew only the high-brow classical tunes in all their minutest perfection.

It was strange to see the blind beggar clothed in rags singing faultlessly *thodi* and *bhairavi* in the streets with his hand outstretched for alms. It was no wonder that such a strange sight collected a crowd and the first day he managed to get nearly two rupees. But the novelty of his singing wore off quickly and the money he managed to collect was barely sufficient to sustain him. But still he kept singing. The alms he received was not his only object in singing. He knew that if ever his brother returned he would recognise Mani's voice and he was so confident of Nataraj's love that he was sure that Nataraj would embrace him immediately although he found his blind brother to be a beggar in the streets.

As days wore on it was even difficult to collect one anna. His physical condition was very weak due to the many days he had to go fasting. A merciless May sun beat down upon his uncovered head. It was on one such day in the noon when the sun was at its hottest that he went down gathering his last ounce of energy to beg at his usual place. He had not eaten for three days and he was feeling feverishly hot. With an effort he started to sing. The contrast appeared ridiculous. There in the busy thoroughfare in the hot

May noon was standing a blind beggar singing plaintive notes amid the bustle and noise of traffic. It was a song in *khambodhi* and revealed the singer's trust in the Lotus-feet of the Lord as his last refuge. It was rendered with a melancholy heart-moving perfection. He heard footsteps passing by ignoring the famished skeleton with a parched skin stretched over it leaning against the lamp-post. Even the Lord seemed to be far away and deaf to his pleading voice. His strength was failing and his knees refused to bear his weight.....

Suddenly he heard footsteps stop in front of him.

"Hello! Are you blind?"

"Yes."

"Who are you?"

"I am a beggar!"

"Aren't you Mani, my brother?"

"Oh Nataraj! Is it really you?"

"Yes, it is me....it is Nataraj, your brother!"

Mani felt strong arms enfolding him. He heard his brother shouting to somebody to bring a taxi. He heard a car come near and pull up. He was carried into the car. They reached a palatial house. Nataraj led him into it and soon a hot cup of coffee was given to him. He was given plenty of warm water and he had a bath. Then he sat down to dinner with Nataraj. It was a grand dinner and Mani ate until his stomach almost burst.

"Do you still play the *veena*, Mani?"

"Oh yes, I do."

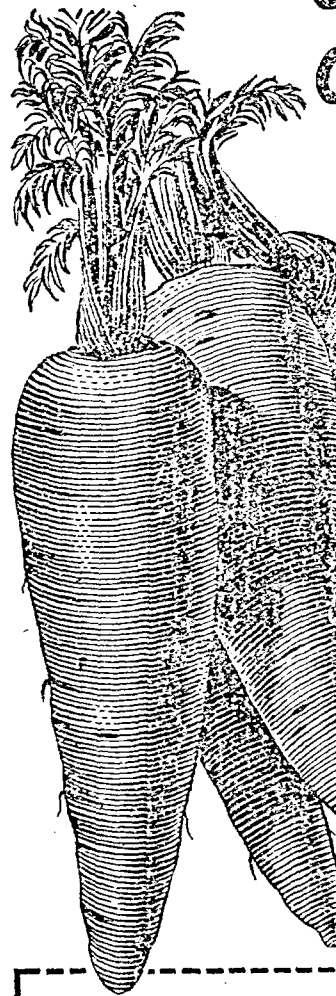
They had finished dining. A golden *veena* was brought to Mani.

Mani began to play a song calling upon the Lotus-feet of the Lord as his last refuge. The music was grand, superb. Nataraj came up to his brother unable to resist the hypnotic notes. He stood there close to him in rapt attention with radiant happiness suffusing his face.

Mani felt sleepy—very sleepy. He dropped the *veena* and slept.....

A policeman noticed the blind beggar dead near the lamp-post. He telephoned for the mortuary van. When they picked the dead man up they were surprised by the radiant smile on his countenance.

Are carrots good for our eyes?



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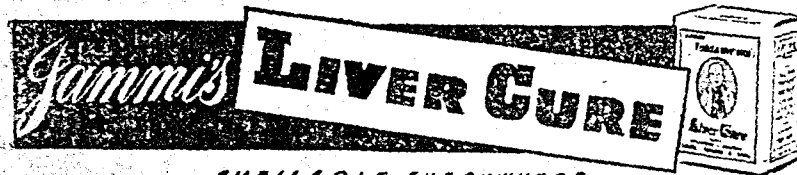
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THE HERITAGE OF THE FREE

by **SANTHA**

"WHAT is your name?"

"Sushil Kumar, madam."

"Where do you come from, Sushil?"

"Delhi, madam."

"Do you like it here?"

"Very much, madam."

"What do you do all day? Do you have to work very hard?"

"I get up at 6 o'clock in the morning and have tea. At 8 o'clock, there is breakfast. We have lunch at 12 o'clock and tea at 4 in the evening. Dinner is at eight."

Somebody laughed.

"Why, don't you do anything but eat all day, Sushil?" he asked.

"Not yet, sir" said Sushil.

Yes, Sushil Kumar, seventeen and a half, small, fair, with black eyes and unruly hair, does nothing but eat all day now. But while he eats and while away his time playing and watching parades, he waits patiently to be medically examined, tested in his studies, watched in his habits and kitted into his brand-new khaki uniform, shining buttons and all. There are three hundred and forty-nine others like him, waiting, at the RIAF preliminary training centre at Jalahalli on the outskirts of the city of Bangalore—young boys from the Punjab, the U.P., from Bengal and Bombay and Allahabad and Coimbatore and Tanjore, speaking a dozen languages, fair, dark, brown, but all of them enthusiastic and hopeful and excited. He won't have to wait long. Next week, per-

haps even the end of this week, he will receive his new uniform and go into training, to become later perhaps a flight mechanic or a wireless operator or a radar controller on the efficiency and expertness of whose service depends the safety of every aircraft that takes off. Or he may become one of the non-technical personnel—an accountant or a drill master or a technical instructor on whom rests the responsibility of training future recruits.

When the Defence Department of the Government of India first announced their plan of taking a batch of Press representatives round the training centres of the Royal Indian Air Force in South India, the caustic comment in a few quarters was that "this is propaganda, pure and simple."

Of course it is propaganda.

It is part of the explanation, the interpretation and the popularisation of our National Government's new schemes and hopes and plans for building up a better air force and a better army. For, after all, how many of us know anything about our country's defences? Brought up and bred in our traditional, snug cocoons of security, very few of us have bothered, even after independence, to know more about our fighting men. Freedom has come and with it, apathy. We stuck little silk flags on our shirts and had a holiday on the 15th of August and talked about the supreme little trifles which constitute the sum total of the living,

thing existence of most of us—
 of boruses, our children, our little
 scandals, our stultifying superstitions.
 The rest of us just sat by,
 criticising or indifferent. But we have
 got to fight our battles hereafter,
 you and I and everybody else. How
 good our Government is depends on
 us. And to judge how good it is, we
 must first know what they are doing.

Of course it is propaganda.

The big, grey-blue bus transporting
 us to the RIAF training depot
 seven miles from Bangalore city,
 wound its way first along a high
 embankment and later down a long,
 quiet road bound by trees on either
 side, lying like a black ribbon across
 a man-made countryside with neat,
 clipped hedges, well-spaced houses
 and well-tended lawns and parks.
 Moving slowly by a wall of wire
 fencing, we turned into a huge gate.
 A sentry stopped us and then stood
 aside to let the bus lumber in when
 our credentials had been established.

Before us stretched a long avenue
 with a straight row of offices on one
 side and a cluster of tiled buildings
 on the other. Wing Commander
 Joshi, the Commanding Officer, a
 stalwart, round-faced, cheerful man
 with a handsome military moustache,
 took charge of us at once. Along
 another byway we marched with the
 sun shining warm on us, looking
 bewildered and puzzled at the lines
 of barracks lying on either side, de-
 serted and uninhabited. The corri-
 dors stretched bleak and forlorn. The
 only bit of colour was contributed
 by the riot of blossoms kept strictly
 inside the bounds of neatly laid-out
 garden plots between the buildings.

"You seem to have an efficient
 gardener," I said.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Joshi smiling,
 "our boys take care of it."

The byway suddenly opened into a
 vast maidan which seemed to lie
 endlessly before us like a mighty and
 smooth brown carpet. And, in the
 sun, quite unembarrassed by the
 stares of the trespassers, paraded
 the trainees, young boys in their
 teens, in khaki, marching alertly and
 quickly — about-turn — left-right —

cock your guns. The parade orders
 rang out clearly in the morning air
 and arms swung in unison and the
 tramp-tramp of army boots went on,
 while carefully polished rifles glint-
 ed bravely in the sun. In the dis-
 tance slung between poles stood a
 bayonet practice sack. But on the
 left, the neat, level, parade ground
 seemed suddenly to go berserk. It
 sloped, it ran zig-zag, dirty puddles
 and a moat of red slush gleamed
 dully in the sun. A small hillock
 stood out defiantly. A dangerously
 inclined embankment bordered it at
 a distance. The ground was uneven,
 pitted, rough, thorned, brambled.

"That is for obstacle practice," ex-
 plained Mr. Joshi seeing our surprise.
 They had to learn, he said, to cross
 rivers and streams, climb steep hill-
 sides, wade through slough and slime,
 cook on a fire of dry twigs and sticks
 and march over rough and uneven
 ground.

They had to learn many things
 besides.

The recruit's training begins after
 his mental and physical calibre is
 noted by tests and examinations and
 the general protection of his health
 ensured by inoculation and vaccina-
 tion and a knowledge of personal
 hygiene and first aid are injected
 into him. For four weeks after that,
 he receives regular physical training
 and instruction in the service
 customs. Then he is ready to be
 taught rifle practice and trained in
 the use of small arms. Education in
 the R.I.A.F. rules and regulations
 continues side by side. Later comes
 the "camp phase" of the training,
 the most interesting and the most
 gruelling, when the boys live for two
 weeks in a wilderness, in army camps,
 cook their own food, defend them-
 selves as best they can against wild
 animals and marauders and fight a
 "mock" battle against an "enemy".
 It is their first taste of fighting. And
 when the tattered and tired batta-
 lion marches back to civilisation, the
 young "soldiers" are certainly har-
 dier, carry themselves prouder, ready
 to meet any emergency and more
 grateful for life's little comforts.

And so after twenty weeks of train-
 ing, the recruit becomes a full-fledg-

ed trainee when he is given a rousing
 send-off at a passing-out parade and
 enrolls himself for further training
 either as technical or non-technical
 personnel according as where his
 aptitude and ability lies. It is a proud
 day for the teen-agers as in their
 freshly-laundered uniforms they
 march past high-ranking officers,
 their arms raised stiffly in salute,
 while the military band of bugles
 and clarions and trumpets and gongs
 and war drums sounds forth in con-
 gratulatory acclamation and
 triumph.

The parade broke up and the boys
 marched back to their barracks.
 On our return we saw the doors
 along the empty corridors open,
 curtains fluttered out into the wind,
 there came the sound of boys' laugh-
 ter, shouts, and the rooms came to
 joyous life belying completely their
 former air of utter desolation.
 Here and there a fresh-washed face,
 smiling and shining peeped at us as
 we passed and recognising Mr. Joshi,
 instantly froze into disciplinary
 seriousness. We were impressed and
 thoughtful in spite of ourselves as
 we filed through the narrow corridor
 into the music room and heard the
 band which the boys themselves had
 got up just a year ago. The young
 musicians took up a tune and breezed
 through it with more enthusiasm
 and cheerfulness than rhythm but
 by now we were in a frame of mind
 to accept everything about the place
 as wonderful and so nobody minded.

To harassed librarians in colleges
 and schools putting up with myste-

riously disappearing magazines, dis-
 placed reading matter and torn news-
 papers, the Recreation Room in the
 Depot was an eye-opener. Arranged
 on a table neatly were an exquisite
 collection of magazines and period-
 icals, both useful and entertaining.
 A curt sign advised the reader to
 leave the books back neatly in their
 places after perusal. The Informa-
 tion Room was unlike anything I
 had ever seen before. Every inch
 of wall-space was completely cover-
 ed with charts, maps and notices of
 various sizes and shapes, all giving
 information about everything in
 the least connected with the Indian
 Air Force either in engineering,
 statistics or news. On a table lay
 Flight, Happy Landings, Aeronau-
 tics and Aviation. On a shelf, neatly
 bound and marked and dated were
 a collection of Government orders.
 In the midst of such erudition, even
 the Sunday school texts exhorting
 the trainees to Be Truthful and to Be
 Obedient seemed apposite.

These boys, all between eighteen
 and twenty-one not only become dis-
 ciplined trainees and receive educa-
 tion in science, mathematics and
 English and other subjects but
 among them are found painters,
 artists and craftsmen of praise-wor-
 thy calibre. The credit for bringing
 out these latent talents in these
 young artists, goes entirely to the
 Hobbies Department. Every boy is
 encouraged to work on a hobby—
 painting, fretwork, woodwork and
 leather work, carpentry and
 machine-work. Whole laboratories
 with all necessary equipment are

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provided to facilitate their indulgence in any work they liked. The trainees are also encouraged to acquire proficiency in debating, impromptu speaking and quick repartee. We attended a quiz class held in an immense yellow-walled hall and heard questions in general knowledge answered with an admirable lack of self-consciousness and a laughing, uninhibited air of self-assurance and confidence. Criticism of a wrong answer was prompt and unsparing and was accepted with a lack of pettiness worthy of emulation in gatherings of older people.

It was lunch time. As we made our way to the dining room we passed groups of trainees each with a tumbler and a plate in his hand. Outside the huge hall in which stood close by the wall long rows of tables and chairs, the boys halted and as if by command and in the twinkling of an eye a queue was formed and in less than it takes to write this sentence, the first boy was being served at the buffet counter his share of chappathis and vegetables, buttermilk and a sweet dish. Our group, standing in a straggly bunch at the end of the corridor, rather shame-facedly attempted to form a queue but gave it up as hopeless in the face of the active non-cooperation of the members.

"Do you want to see the kitchen?" asked Mr. Joshi.

We were not too anxious to do so but when he made up our minds for us by leading the way, we half-heartedly followed him into a huge, empty room at one end of which blazed four giant firewood ovens on which stood cauldrons in a steaming array.

"Where is the kitchen?" asked a reporter less imaginative than the rest.

"This!" said Flight Lieutenant Panchanadhan (who had organised the whole trip for us), laughing at our surprise.

"This looks like a hospital ward!" I said. The aproned and capped cooks grinned.

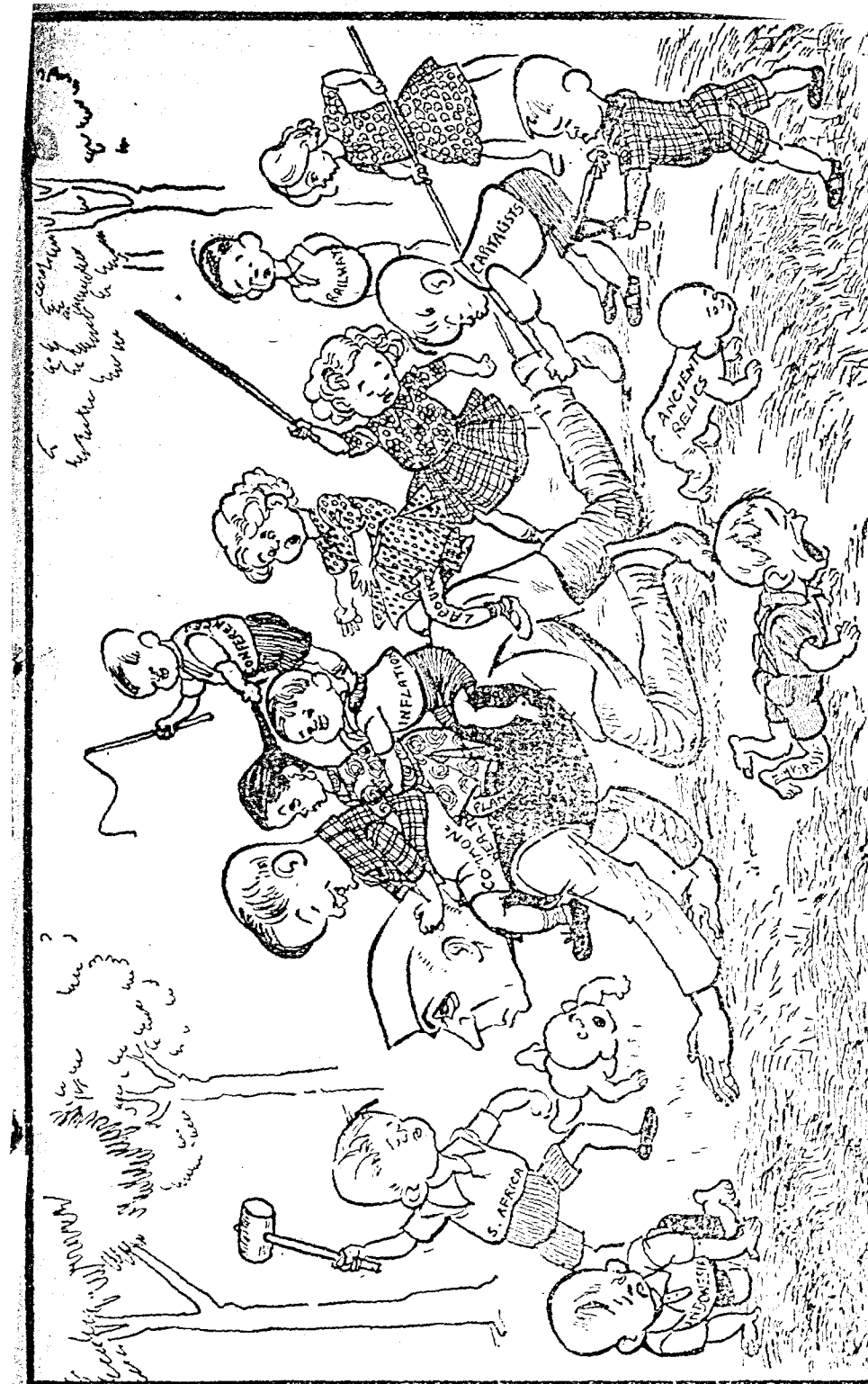
Tidiness. That was it. That was what hit me in the eye wherever our guides led us. Tidy boys. Tidy rooms. Tidy gardens. And as striking as the tidiness was the happy, healthy, satisfied look on the faces of the boys. They were doing work they liked, with people they respected, under conditions conducive to health and happiness.

"We want twelve thousand men to have a fully equipped, efficient air-force," Air Commodore R.H.D. Singh had said earlier at a press conference. "The country must back us up in a number of things and the most important of them is men." Men for the maintenance units, men to be pilots, technicians, clerks, drivers, accountants, catering assistants, anybody young and able-bodied with average intelligence and a willingness to learn. Not the cast-offs and mis-fits of society but sturdy young educated men with courage and confidence, too proud to flinch in danger, too balanced to sniff at the meanest work. If there is danger it must be faced. It is part of the adventure and the glory and the romance. Or if one is a fatalist there is the consoling thought that,

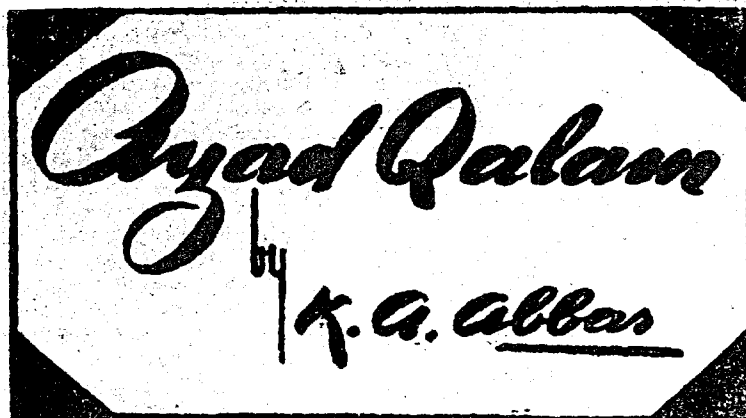
"nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so

That it be not the Destined Will." It is up to our young men. It is time they learnt to refuse the officious attentions of senile fathers and timid and sheltered mothers who wish to see them settled in "safe" berths and grow up to be dull, disinterested pan-chewers with persecution complexes. It is time they learnt to listen in the silence to the "quick alarming drum" call to them:

"Come,
Freemen, come,
Ere your heritage be wasted."



Pundit Nehru has expressed his pleasure in receiving children and letting them play in the spacious gardens at his residence. (Courtesy-Shankar's Weekly)



GANDHIJI was assassinated exactly a year ago. Since then his name has passed into history, into legend and song and even mythology. His image has been placed in many a temple—though he was firmly against idolatry. More important it is however that his memory is enshrined in the hearts of the millions of his countrymen.

The anniversary of the Mahatma's death will be an occasion for a nation's sorrow and remorse and humiliation—for didn't we kill him, our father, with our own evil hands?

But it will also be an occasion for inspiration and joy. What greater destiny for a man than to have lived in the age—and the country—of Gandhi!

THUS SPAKE THE MAHATMA!

The great soul that he was, there was a prophetic quality about many of the Mahatma's utterances. Here, for instance, is what he said twenty years ago—and the words could have been uttered today, so true they are in the present context, as providing an acid test for a people's Government:

"One sometimes hears it said: 'let us get the government of India in our own hands and everything will be all right.' There could be no greater superstition than this... Swaraj for me means freedom for the meanest of our countrymen. I am not interested in freeing India merely from the English yoke. I am bent

upon freeing India from any yoke whatsoever... Swaraj is to be for all, including the maimed, the blind, the starving, toiling millions...."

On another occasion he warned:

"The pilgrimage to *swaraj* is a painful climb. It requires attention to details. It means vast organizing ability; it means penetration into the villages solely for the service of the villagers. In other words, it means national education i.e. education of the masses. It means an awakening of national spring like the magician's mango".

Both the Government and the people can profitably turn back to the Mahatma's words of wisdom which will provide for generations to come, guidance and inspiration as also a warning to those who seek to exploit the name of Gandhi for base, personal motives.

STARVING TEACHERS

Ek din woh tha ke khidmat-e-ustad ke iwaz

Ji chahta tha hadyia-e-dil pesh kijiye.

Aye hai ab zamane ke larka pas az sabas

Kehta hai master se ke bill pesh kijiye

—IQBAL.

(There was a time when, in return for the teacher's services, One felt like offering the gift of one's heart.

Now the age has come when the boy, before a lesson,

Asks the Master to present his bill).

The degradation of the teaching profession in India to which Iqbal alluded in this couplet has now reached the lowest level of economic existence. The strike by the nearly 40,000 teachers of District Board schools in the United Provinces has forcefully spotlighted their miserable condition. Not all the governmental coercive measures, threats and apologies (curiously enough, issued by an Education Minister who, not long ago, was a teacher himself) can justify the shameful state of affairs revealed by the teachers' basic demand: "We want a monthly salary equal to that of the Education Minister's peon"—i.e. Rs. 40 per month plus Rs. 15 dearness allowance. That's all. The pay of an office peon—and even that is denied to the teacher who is supposed to be the architect of our children's character, the custodian of our future generations of citizens!

Inflation has hit every class of fixed income workers for the rupee buys today what could be had for two annas twenty-five years ago when we were attending primary school (wheat used to be 25 seers per rupee and milk five pies per seer!) But, every other class of workers—mill operatives, railway staff, policemen and postmen—have succeeded, to some little extent, and after much bitter struggle, in getting their wages increased. Not so the poor teachers who remain almost as poorly paid today as quarter of a century ago.

The conditions in the U.P. are bad enough but they are no better in other provinces. In Bombay with its still higher cost of living index, for instance, there are teachers in the Corporation's Adult Education Department who are working on less than twenty-five rupees a month. Imagine someone trying to live—and raise a family—on that income!

More platitudes are uttered in India than any other country about the noble profession of teaching, the

great role of educators in shaping the future of the country, the need for new values and new incentives for education. Only last month similar sentiments were expressed in a dozen Convocation addresses and hundreds of prize-giving functions in schools—and expressed by the leaders of the country and the highest authorities of the government. Can anyone take them as anything but meaningless, empty phrases when the same teachers are kept on starving wages which even a sweeper would not care to accept?

Can a country or province that pays its teachers much less than chauffeurs, peons, cooks, porters, sweepers, coolies and farm labourers call itself civilized? What sort of education are the teachers supposed to impart on empty stomachs, when all the time they are gnawed by the anxiety to feed their families which most of them can manage only by taking part-time jobs in off-school hours?

DANGER AHEAD

Addressing the All-India Educational Conference the other day, Dr. Amarnath Jha warned: "A hungry teacher is a menace to the State". Since he is the Chairman of the U.P. Public Service Commission, he might well have addressed that warning to—himself!

I spent two months in U.P. only recently and I know what dangers are inherent in the continued denial of the teachers' pitifully modest and reasonable demand for a basic pay. The danger of discontented workers falling a prey to Communist ideology is often expressed. What is not generally realized is that the frustrated lower middle class is even more likely to fall in the trap of fascist reaction. Bitter and disillusioned and hungry, not a few teachers in the U.P. have drifted into the R.S.S. camp, for the R.S.S. propagandists have been clever enough (like the Nazi originals) to fully exploit the economic discontent of the lower middle class. It is note-worthy that a larger percentage of R.S.S. adherents is to be found among school boys than

among college students. Need one point out the terrible dangers of such a situation to a government which professes to be anxious to bring up the future generation on the principles of secular democracy?

DOWN WITH "COLLABORATORS"

It was amusing to find that the U.P. Education Minister sought to smash the teachers' cast-iron case for increased pay by dubbing them as "ex-collaborators" who had co-operated with British Imperialism. Surely, no more fantastic argument could be produced.

The Central Government can gladly accommodate—in positions of power and eminence—super-collaborators like Sir Girjashankar Bajpai under whose auspices the Government of India carried on anti-Indian and anti-Congress propaganda in America and others no less distinguished in their loyalty and devotion to the imperialist regime!

The "Beloved Sons Of The British Empire" (a title coveted by every one of the six hundred princes

and princelings) can now occupy seats of honour on the Congress dais and depend upon Congress Ministers to secure their privy purses.

The old Civillians, with their inglorious record of suppressing the national movement, can continue to hold big administrative posts under provincial governments—including the government of the U.P.

All these "collaborators" have been forgiven but the one "Collaborator" who can never, NEVER, be forgiven is the village primary school master who was bribed to serve the imperialists by the lure of—a salary of twenty rupees a month! Down, down with this particular "collaborator"!

THE PASSING OF SIR TEJ

The death of Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, at the age of 73, removes from the Indian scene a unique personality. An eminent lawyer, jurist statesman and scholar, he achieved fame as a 'constitutionalist' and played a historically decisive role as peace-maker and 'compromiser'

during the Gandhi-Irwin negotiations. That, indeed, was his characteristic role and life mission—to serve as a political link between the rebellious Nationalists and the Government, as a cultural link between the Hindus and Muslims, a literary link between the champions of Hindi and the upholders of Urdu and as a social link between the princes and the politicians, the conservatives and the radicals, the older generation and the younger generation.

Patriarchal in appearance though he sported no beard on his handsome, wrinkled face, polite of tongue, elegant of gesture, dignified with a charm that came from good breeding and good education and possessing a sense of humour that had neither malice nor sarcasm in it, Sir Tej Bahadur belonged to the line of Motilal Nehru, Hakim Ajmal Khan and Doctor Ansari. A scholar of Urdu and Persian, like many Kashmiri Pandits of his generation, he was deeply interested in and kept himself in constant touch with literary activities. When I met him some years ago in Kashmir, I was astonished to find him so up-to-date in his reading of contemporary literature both in English and Urdu.

It is not generally known that Sir Tej Bahadur was a fervent advocate of the Urdu language and in its service he gave much time, energy and money. He was the

President of the *Anjuman Taragq-e-Urdu* (Society for the Propagation of Urdu) and started an association known as *Rooh-e-Adab* (Spirit Of Literature) in Allahabad with the aim of working for a cultural synthesis through the development of Urdu.

His friends included Hindus and Muslims of all shades of political opinion and though he remained to the end a steadfast Liberal nationalist, that did not impair his friendly relations with Congressmen, Leaguers, Socialists and even Communists. He was respected by all as a man of integrity and genuine human sympathies. His intellectual stamina can be judged from the fact that up to his last moment, though his entire body except the head was paralysed, he retained his interest in current affairs and was having all the papers read to him and commenting on all items of importance.

In his autobiography, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru recalls an interesting incident about Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru which is almost symbolic. Pandit Motilal Nehru had built a swimming pool in his house and invited his friends to make use of it. Tej Bahadur came, sat at the edge of the pool, but refused to take the plunge. The man of culture was afraid even of the placid waters of the pool. No wonder he kept away from the whirlpools and cross-currents of active revolutionary politics.



AMERICAN INTERIOR

The Babbitts' house was five years old. It was all as competent and glossy as this bedroom. It had the best of taste, the best of inexpensive rugs, a simple and laudable architecture, and the latest conveniences. Throughout, electricity took the place of candles and slatternly hearth-fires. Along the bedroom baseboard were three plugs for electric lamps, concealed by little brass doors. In the halls were plugs for the vacuum cleaner, and in the living room plugs for the piano lamp, the electric fan. The trim dining room (with its admirable oak buffet, its leaded-glass cupboard, its creamy plaster walls, its modest scene of salmon expiring upon a plate of oysters) had plugs which supplied the electric percolator and electric toaster.

In fact there was but one thing wrong with the Babbitt house. It was not a home.—SINCLAIR LEWIS (in *Babbitt*.)

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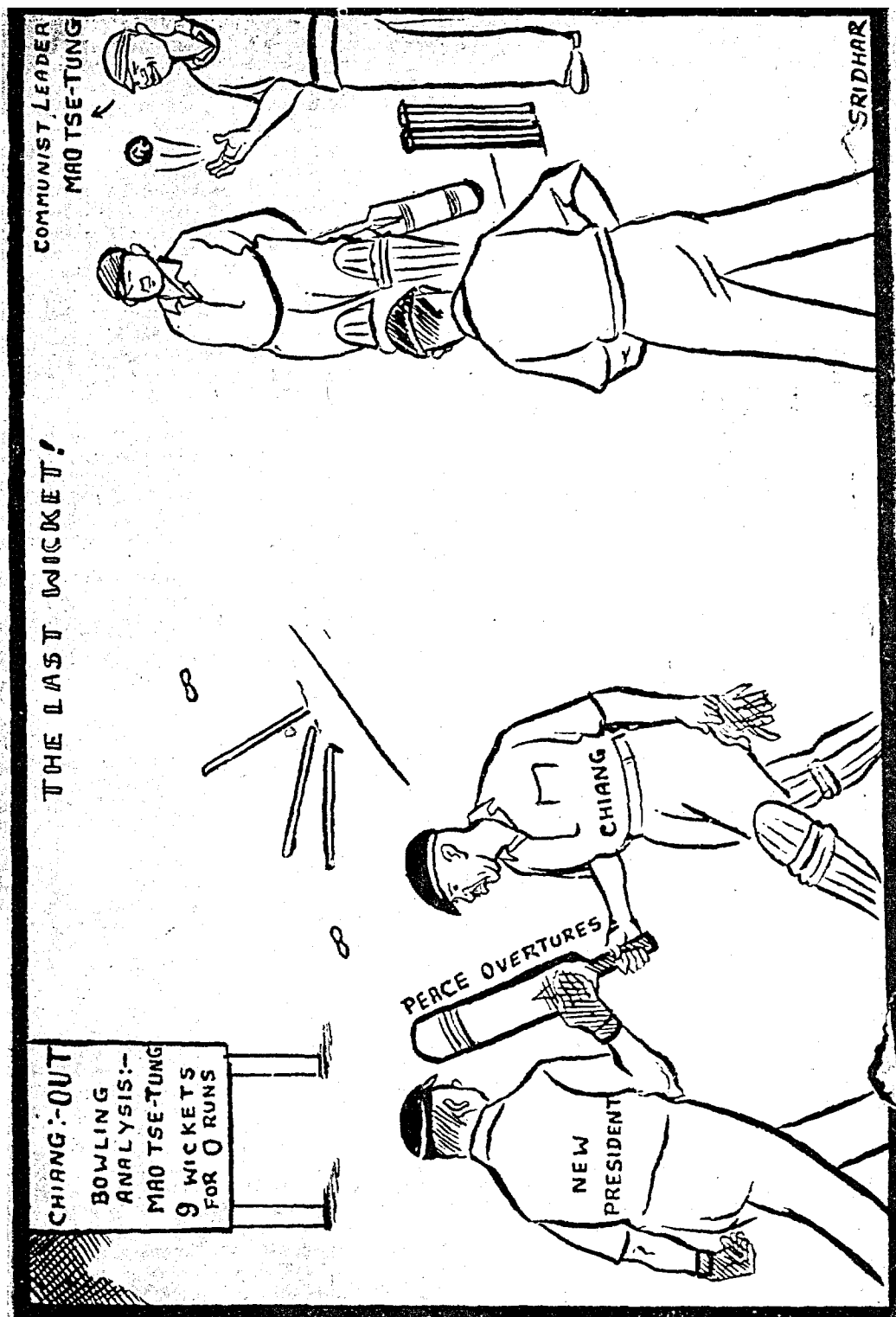
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THE CARRIBEAN CRICKETERS AT CHEPAUK

by V. P. RAMAN

THE West Indies Cricket Team has won its first match in Madras by the comfortable margin of an innings and 200 runs. But the South Zone died fighting after all. The game was won and lost on the first day itself and further interest was purely academic. However, the succeeding days did not prove drab and uninteresting. Stollmeyer, Weekes, Christiani and later Gopalan gave a grand exhibition of stroke-play.

On the opening day, our batsmen got themselves out one after another to an unmenacing if not mediocre attack. This by no means detracts from Gomez's bowling which was throughout clever and accurate. Steadiness reaped its reward with compound interest. Rae and Stollmeyer who opened the West Indian innings were quite at home with the Zonal bowling. As the partnership seemed to take roots, Rae saw a run that was not there and suffered the logical end—run out. The handsome West Indies skipper, Goddard, promoted himself to No. 3 where he played the game of a No. 1. Stolidity incarnate, he reminds one of Johnstone who dominated cricket at Chepauk for nearly a generation.

Meanwhile, Stollmeyer was sailing towards his first century of the tour. He travelled by Pullman, plush cushions and all. The best was yet to come and the crowd anxiously awaited Everton Weekes. Weekes stayed just long enough to show us that he is a class batsman. He made a drive here and a cut there but that was enough. He has left an impression in indelible ink on the minds of the spectators. The picture is evidently to be completed in the Test match with colours and all. There was a slump in the game after the exit of Weekes, and Stollmeyer bravely refused to yield to the violent cries from the stands of

'hit out.' To him a hundred was only *en route* to 200. It was not his destination. The bespectacled Christiani who, by the way, is the most popular man with the crowds, next thrilled us with a few enterprising hits to leg. A lofty hook off Rangachari fell short of the pavilion rails by a few feet. The West Indies ended the day with a huge total of 514 for 7 wickets!

As was expected in official circles, Goddard declared at the overnight total, trusting to Gomez to round off the home team by lunch or earlier. The Zone began grandly and nine minutes' play saw eighteen runs on the board. Shyamsunder helped himself to a boundary off a long hop from Trim. All this was too good to last and the half hour saw both the opening bats sitting complacently in the pavilion. In *mufti*, Kannan was presenting a scrupulously straight blade to all the wily tricks of the West Indian bowlers. Goddard came on to bowl himself and more than once threatened our batsman's cranial regions; while the spinner Ferguson was causing the ball to rear up at awkward angles. T. S. Parankusam, the Souther C. C. Captain, who was sitting behind me hoped that Kannan would not suddenly emerge from his shell of defensive perfection, and lash out wildly. A Captain's word is as good as law, and sure enough, a few minutes before lunch, Kannan ballooned nastily to mid-on, where Stollmeyer had all the time in the world to make the catch.

Interest in the game began to wane when Ashgar Ali got out. There however loomed large in the background the figure of Gopalan. Gopalan never disappoints the crowd especially if he had failed in the first innings. He took some time to get his eye in, but thereafter he was the master of all he surveyed, and he surveyed the bowlers. His

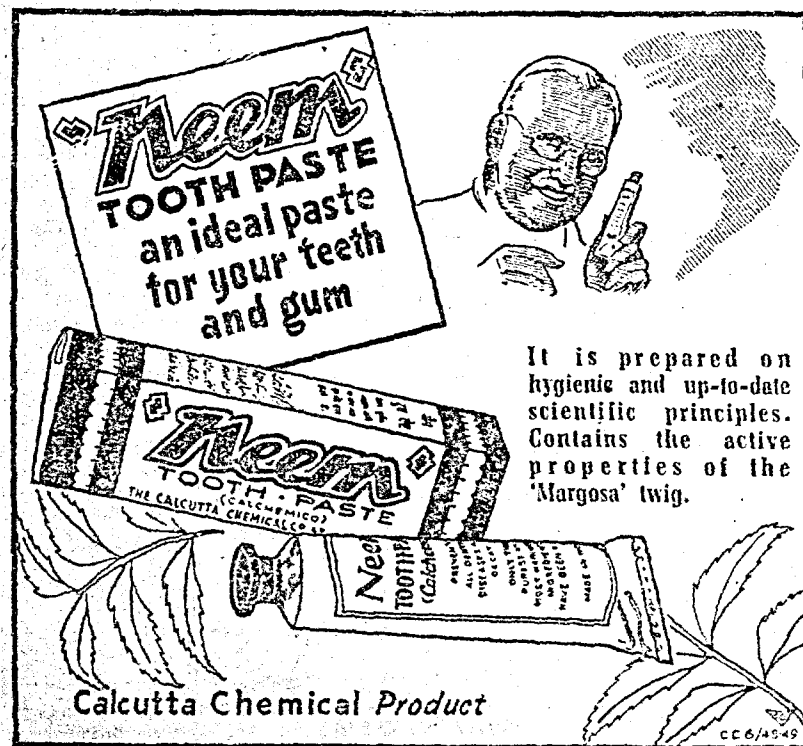
60 was well and truly made. That is where experience counts. I still consider him worthy of playing for All-India.

Alva at the other end had kept the score board ticking and proved to be an understudy to his skipper. The end was not tame. Srinivasan and his Club mate made the tail wag, but it was a case of the tail wagging the head, for a poor start goes a long way to demoralise the later batsman. Rangachari is evidently indisposed, and this should provide a new difficulty to those worthies who say, "no Rangachari, no Test".

The scene now shifts to the Fourth Test match where I hope better luck attends on our Indian XI. I shall not comment on the selection of our Test Team. No cricket team has ever been selected without the selection committee suffering at the hands of some critic or other. Unlike the old man, his son and the ass, the selection committee cannot endeavour to please everybody. The critics should understand that the more alternatives there are, the more difficult the choice.

WE CAN'T SIT STILL

It is a fact that all the great religions of the world—Christianity, Judaism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism—came from the East. We in the West are too busy to create or discover a religion for ourselves. We are too busy altering the position of our bodies and other pieces of matter in space—that is to say, we are too busy moving about and doing things. All man's miseries and follies, says Pascal somewhere, derive from his inability to sit quietly alone in a room.—C.E.M. JOAD.



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STOP BY AND TAKE ONE

by SWATANTRA REPORTER

TUCKED away in a shed somewhere in the Teynampet Congress Exhibition is a rather shabby contraption operated by a lively and intelligent-looking young man. It is called an Automatic Drink Supplier. There is a cushioned seat in front of a table on which stands a big box encrusted with knobs and switches on the sides. On the top of this box stands a reservoir. Rope-like thick stands of wire connect the seat to the box. You sit on the seat, there is a whirr and up pops a tumbler (fixed to a rotating wheel) before you. You drop a two-anna coin in a slot in the box and a stream of drink comes through a glass pipe running out of the box and opening directly over the tumbler. After a certain amount of liquid has been discharged into the tumbler, the flow automatically stops. On the right, from a hole in the box, comes out a straw. And as you sip your drink an automatic fan on your left starts working. After the drink is exhausted and you are refreshed by the cool air, you quietly slide off the seat. The fan comes to a sudden stop, the

tumbler disappears as the wheel rotates again. Peeping through an opening in the table, you see the straw being broken and thrown away on the ground while the tumbler gets cleaned first by a brush and then in a trough of water which is constantly and automatically being changed and kept at a steady temperature of 80 degrees C.

It is an interesting and simple device. We read of such things in books and hear of strange mechanical contrivances which supply anything from washed laundry to cups of hot tea in far-off America. But to Indians who are just getting machine-minded, this will seem a fascinating appliance. It was designed by a young student by name Sivathana Pillay studying in the Government School of Technology. Packed more neatly, the wires concealed and the reservoir perhaps connected to a cooling system, the Automatic Drink Supplier will surely prove a god-send to hot and thirsty cinema-goers during the Indian summer.



The Governor inspecting the Automatic Drink Supplier.

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.

Second Class in Electric Trains

Consequent on the conversion of II class into I class in the electric trains, there has been a sudden increase in the III class travelling public as most of them are only middle class employees and cannot afford to pay more unnecessarily for a short travel in the Upper class. So they are now forced to travel in a lower class, not only inconveniencing themselves, but also the original III class passengers who are already jammed during travelling. The enhanced rate for the I class is justifiable in the case of long-distance trains where sleeping accommodation and other facilities are said to be given whereas it does not take even an hour to travel from one end to the other in the electric trains; and as such there is no necessity at all to have a I class compartment in them. So will the Railway authorities re-introduce the II class in the suburban trains, which will be a great relief both to the upper and the lower class passengers?

R. SRINIVASAN.

The Official Version

In your issue of 8th January the very last page is a Letter to you from "AN OLD SECOND NEW INTERWALLAH" criticising the revised arrangement of Classes I, II and III on the S.I.R. He argues with inaccurate details and arrives at the amazing conclusion that there is black-marketing by the Railway administration in travelling space! He should by now be aware of the fact, as reported by the Press recently, that an examination covering the first few days of persons travelling from Delhi in different trains in the revised Classes I and II, has shown that only 50 per cent of the accommodation is availed of. In other words it would appear that Classes I and II space is wasted at the cost of possible Class III space on trains.

The author of the 'Letter to the Editor' refers to the narrower seats provided in the old 2nd class converted into present Class II on the S.I.R. forgetting that the charges for the modified type of accommodation in an old 2nd class carriage are as for old Inter class in the new Class II.

Lest the letter referred to should create an unmerited and unfavourable impression about the railways, I desire to mention that the new Class I con-

tinues to be much the same as the old 1st Class but costs 6 pies per mile less than before; that the new Class II on the S.I.R. particularly, comprises old 2nd class compartments with modifications charged for at roughly 50 per cent of the old 2nd class charges; that Class III continues to be the same as the old 3rd Class pending construction of adequate improved coaches; and that the intention of the Railway administrations is, as soon as circumstances permit, to provide sleeping accommodation for Class II passengers on payment of an extra charge. I may also add that Class III coaches are under construction, to start with for use on the Broad Gauge, and these new coaches have a separate washing place, electric-fans, a number of sleeping bunks in addition to the usual luggage rack, and broader seats. Meanwhile the best is being done with available coaches and Indian Railways generally are carrying far more traffic with slightly less number of coaches, compared to the pre-war position.

S. R. SHARMA
Public Relations Officer,
M.S.M. and S.I. Railways.

"Bomb Shells"

Your cartoon in today's (22nd January) Swatantra is as telling as it is timely. It has often been a basis of complaint even against genuine Congressmen, by a section of the public, that Congressmen are attempting to gain an advantage over others by reason of their position as Congressmen. It is necessary in their own interest that any impression in the mind of the public as to the alleged misuse of position by any Congressman as such should be removed.

The circular of the Tamil Nad Congress Committee calling upon members holding permits or licences for controlled goods either to give them up within a week or to resign their membership of the committee, should be followed up by similar circulars to members of smaller Congress committees so that they may follow suit. For, it behoves such members in their own interest not to render themselves objects of undeserved attack. Not only should Congressmen really serve the public but they should also seem to serve only the public.

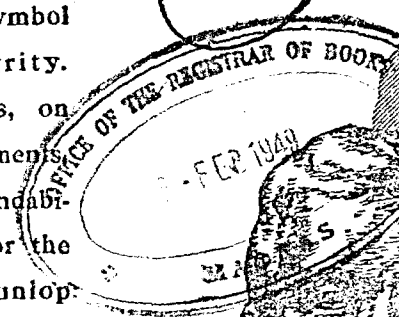
R. BALASUBRAMANIAN



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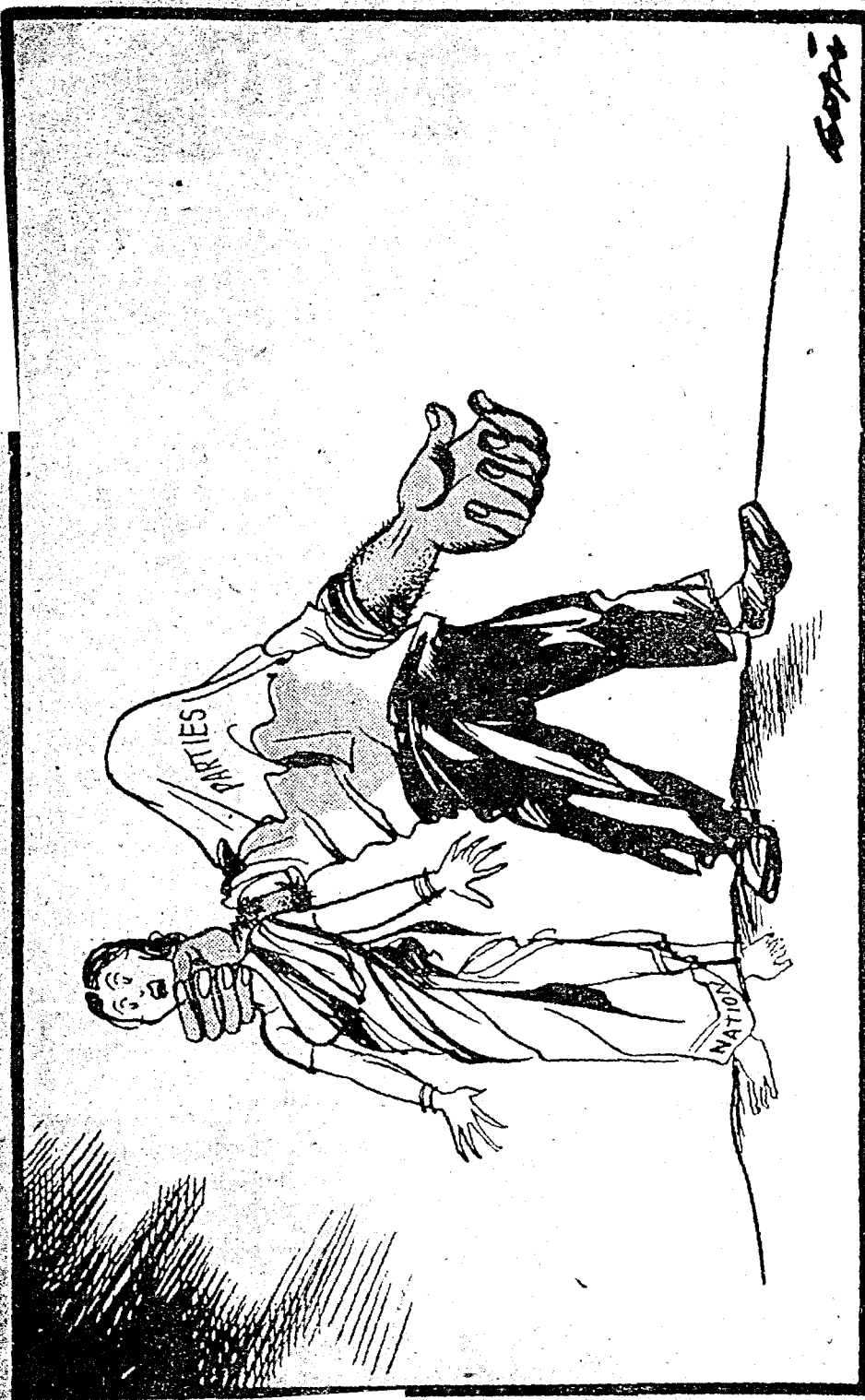
SWATANTRA

VOL. III. No. 52

(SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1949)

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cover Page—Editor K. Rama Rao	
My Demand Or... (Cartoon)—By Gopi	4
Editorial Comments	5
Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara	8
Sidelights—By Saka	10
'Crossing Over' In China—By Andrew Roth	12
China's Half-pint Educators—By M. A. Friederich	14
India And The Commonwealth —By K. Sanyasiah	16
Civil Services And Finance In The New Constitution—By Prof. M. Venkatarangaiya, M.A.	17
Indo-Pakistan Relations—By M. N. Roy	20
The Last Infirmary—By Santha.	23
Spotlight On The World	24
Azad Qalam—By K. A. Abbas	27
Tiahuanaco (poem)—By V. Balasubrahmanyam	31
A Grim Reminder—By S. Rajagopalan	32
The Art Of Municipal Administration—By Dr. K. N. Katju.	35
Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru—By C. R. Pattabhiraman	38
Editor K. Rama Rao—By A Journalist	42
Thoughts On The Test—By V. P. Raman	43
What Is Yellow Journalism?—By M. S. Narayanan	46
Letters To The Editor	48



SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 52

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

RUSSIA AND REGIONAL BLOCS

THE timing of the Soviet denunciation of regional blocs which are coming into existence in all strategic areas of the world is perhaps more significant than the contents of it. That the Anglo-American combine of dollar imperialism and reviving colonialism is not the only villain of the piece, is adroitly camouflaged in an inclusive indictment of 'fascist sympathisers', 'war-mongers' and 'exploiting capitalists' which is as inaccurate as it is infelicitous. It is in short a case of Satan reproving Sin, since Russia is responsible for the initiation of the idea of regional blocs, the first of which was nurtured by her under the security of her far-famed 'iron curtain.' She forged the Cominform and the Eastern bloc close on the heels of her victory in the second world-war; and they are responsible for her present condominium over half of Europe and the whole of Russia in two continents. Soviet influence spreads from sea to sea, from the Baltic to the Behring Straits. Whether such an influence is good or bad is not the point for immediate consideration; but it is certainly relevant to acknowledge that such a consolidation provokes the fear-complex elsewhere which seeks to ensure self-protection or immunity through retaliatory imitation.

Thus instinctively or obscurely, the European political system is harking back to the era of the balance of

power. The difference however is one of degree and magnitude; for where formerly, it was a case of individual nation-states gravitating to their proximate centres of attraction, it is now a group of nation-states acting similarly towards other groups. In a philosophic view, it would be more reasonable to welcome the formation of these blocs as a voluntary surrender of sovereignty by individual states which augurs well for the future of the world under a world-government. But the Soviet opposition to regional blocs has to be studied in relation to Soviet ideology and technique to be understood in its inwardness.

The coming into existence of a number of blocs involves the recognition, at least in theory, of the parity of each with each, irrespective of the composition, numbers, volume or weight of the groups. Further, inside each group, the smallest member has a theoretical right of equality with the biggest which automatically makes for agreement through discussion, compromise and concord. Regional power tends to be diffused, and humanised through diffusion. As politics is the art of the possible, and as the business of the statesman is to devise a continuous *modus vivendi*, theories are relegated to the background, and areas of agreement tend to be gradually widened. We doubt if, in the present temper of the opposing blocs of East and

which shut its eyes tight out of a desire to see the entire world abolished. If we can afford to take an independent line, it must be clear that it is really an independent line; in the present case, there is room for the suspicion that we are permitting the tail to wag the head without any advantage to the tail, and some manifest discomfort to the head. Now that the whole world has recognised Israel, we cannot be guilty of unsympathetic conduct in recognising the reality of the situation. Recognising Israel may not bring us the gratitude of that infant State and ancient people; but non-recognition of them will expose us to the gratuitous censoriousness of the bet-

ter minds in it and in the world at large. If we must forge bonds of friendship with the Arab world, it must be on more realistic grounds. That the friendship of the Arab world can be gained and kept by us permanently is a proposition which may not find a supporting majority in any assembly of Hindus or Muslims. If we have got to buy their support, the transaction smacks of anything but idealism. The sooner we recognise the new born State of Israel, the more easy will it be for us to shape our future policies without the obsession of the communal element which has been manifesting itself badly enough in the domestic sphere.

Sotto Voce

The Unwitting Theologians



THE anniversary of the Mahatma's passing was commemorated by the post office marking every article carried on 30th January with a stamp bearing the slogan, *Sab ko Sanmati de Bhagwan*. 'Amen', I say with all reverence. But I cannot help wondering how the Almighty, whose entry into the Constitution was so stoutly barred, managed not only to evade the vigilance of a Department which has a keen professional eye for contraband, but actually came to ride gaily on its masthead, as it were. As the first of all humorists He would no doubt acknowledge with a smile that one must stoop to conquer.

The text will be recognised as a quotation from the Mahatma's favourite prayer. And there is an interesting story going the rounds

as to how, in impounding poetry for propaganda, a *faux pas* was narrowly averted. It had been originally proposed to give the motto in English translation. "May God grant sense to everyone," was the rather startling version that was approved for the purpose. Luckily someone discovered at the last moment that, apart from its doubtful manners, it had not even the merit of being correct. For, of course, *sanmati* is something more than 'sense'. The columnist who retails the story opines that 'good sense' might be a more adequate substitute; but he feels relieved that it was ultimately decided to stick to the Hindi.

Be it 'sense' or 'good sense', the quotation is, to my mind, none too felicitous in the context. It

is too powerfully reminiscent of Puck's "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" Puck at least had the excuse of belonging to another order of being; and even the little people went in fear of this "mad spirit" who was the poet of the preposterous. But from one mortal to another such calvinism sounds uncommonly pharisaical. That was not the way of the Upanishadic seer. *Bhadram pasyema*—"May we see the Good"—there was no suggestion of self-righteousness in it, no note, however muted, of condescension.

Sense in the present world context is a very equivocal term. The trouble with mankind today is that it has too much sense and too little sensibility. Why, our law-givers were so much under the thrall of sense that the nearest they would come to an agreed name for Omnipotence was to style Him "the source of all energy"—as if He were the very grandfather of all atom bombs! There is so much of lawless energy let loose in the world and so little goodness to keep it in check that He might, if he had had any say in the matter, have energetically declined the dubious compliment.

Sense, in worldly affairs, is self-interest. And the Governments of all nations suffer from a surfeit of this commodity. So long as there was a war to win on the continent of Asia, China was feted as one of the Big Five. The American press waxed lyrical over the manifold excellences of Chiang Kai-shek and the miraculous modernity of Madame. But today the red star of

Mao Tse-tung is in the ascendant. The American Treasury has wisely saved its dollars and the press talks of establishing a *modus vivendi* with the unspeakable Communists.

If enlightened self-interest has not proved humanity's salvation, much less can 'sense' mass-produced by a ruling elite. The idealist who runs amok can be an even greater menace than the honest Machiavellian. The man who is intoxicated with the vision he has seen thinks it the most natural thing in the world that others should accept it without question. And his apostles are bent upon bludgeoning the world into submission; for, they argue, "It is a foolish world, else would it so cussedly reject what is so obviously good for it?" Rousseau bred the Revolution which repudiated him.

Sri Krishna offered the Kauravas the choice between Himself and his *akshauhini* and the Kauravas, wise in their generation, chose the latter. In asking God for sense—even supposing we were humble enough to make the supplication on our own behalf as well as for others—we run the risk of rejecting Him in His totality for one of His attributes, and that a double-edged weapon. Our canny forefathers knew that if they asked for the supreme Good all other things would be added unto them. We have a creaturely duty to our fellow-creatures to wish them well—the rest is left to His providence. Remembering the Mahatma let us pronounce the ancient benediction: *Sarve Bhadrani Pasyantu*.

VIGHNESWARA

FAME IS THE SPUR

The author was explaining: "Well, the upshot of it was that it took me ten years to discover that I had no talent for writing."

"You gave up?" queried the friend.

"Heavens, no," replied the author. "By then I was too famous."

West, either of them is prepared to experiment on the above lines, subordinating political orthodoxy to the crying necessities of the common man who continues to be the victim of the maladjustments of the post-war economy throughout the world. That is the reason why each is anxious to make the most of its own resources, so that it might be better situated when (if) a trial of strength with the other should be thrust upon it by the course of events.

There is one further and major difference between the regional blocs promoted by Russia and those promoted by England and America. All blocs outside the Soviet sphere of influence acknowledge the supremacy of the UNO, profess to work within the frame-work of the UNO and are prepared to render account to the UNO. No such offer has been made by the Soviet group in proof of its solicitude for the emergence of the UNO as the nucleus of a world-government. With the growing impotence of the UNO Security Council through Russia's over-dose administration of the veto to it, it is inevitable that a smaller frame-work should be devised within which the UNO could function as it was intended to by the original sponsors of the idea.

Analysing the Russian policy statement, we are struck with the brazenness of the charge brought against the recently held Asian Conference as an instrument devised by the colonial powers to strengthen their hold on their slippery possessions. The charge is so fantastically absurd that we can only suppose it to have been formulated on the principle that the bigger the untruth and the more roundly it is asserted, the more likely is it to be believed in by the unwary. That Pandit Nehru is the stooge of the imperialist and colonial powers of the West, and that he is out to sell the common man in the East to the jack-

booted exploiter from the West is such an indecent travesty as to be fit for scornful and summary rejection. The other main charge formulated in the long and rambling attack on bloc-makers is that the promoters of the Asian bloc are thwarting the upsurge of nationalist, liberating fervour, and are becoming instruments of a reaction which subserves the interests of colonialism. This must be news to the faithful, for the tug of war that has been going on between Stalin and Tito was known to centre round the point as to how far Soviet policy is prepared to compromise with nationalist revolutionary requirements of Serb, Croat and Albanian. Incidentally, it is worthy of note that this nationalism is a survival of the offending Adam in all of us when it suits the programme of the Soviet, and also a liberating force when it can be used as a stick with which to beat the enemy. Soviet ideology has shown a degree of adaptability in dealing with this potent factor which is a tribute to its ingenuity more than to its consistency. Apparently nationalism is unrelieved evil when it is the slogan of the Yugoslav peasant; but it becomes meritorious when you are dealing with Malaysians, the Karens, the Indonesians, but not with the Japs. For the Japs in the East and the Germans in the West are the unchangeable, incurable symbols of Fascism.

The truth is that the Soviet attack on regional blocs is an advance sign of growing uneasiness at having overplayed its hand in the politics of Europe. Now that China offers a near prospect of becoming its appanage in the East, Communism has found an accession of area, resources and man-power which bids fair to tilt the scales heavily in favour of further bloodless conquests. To put heart into the faithful, to make converts of the new captures, and make them evangelists of the

message, these are apparently the long-range views entertained by the makers of Soviet policy.

So far as our Asian bloc is concerned, our fears are that it may never live at all. For the growth of it, the component members of it have not basically identical mass sentiment. We are all Asian; but we feel that it is not a strong enough bond to keep us together. The doubting and timorous might well be scared away by the threat of Soviet displeasure, specially where they happen to live contiguously to the sphere of Soviet influence. But we must persevere with the experiment, since something good must eventually come out of it if, as seems evident, it is equally unpalatable to the reactionaries of the West and the revolutionaries of the East!

Recognising Israel

THE recognition of Israel by the Western powers under the discomfited and unwilling lead of Britain is a romance of current history which lends itself to the artist no less than to the moralist for treatment in the grand manner. A combination of circumstances, not all of which were fortuitous, has enabled an idea to take a concrete shape in the teeth of the most formidable opposition that could be organised against it. The history of Anglo-Jewish relations from the day when a Zionist Home was promised to the Jews to the day when it was sought to be explained away furnishes a chapter of double-dealing, double-crossing, of reckless promises and cynical denials for which it would be difficult to find a parallel. In the upshot, it is the victory of the Jews over Britain both in the field of battle and round the council table that has now been acknowledged in the *de facto* recognition of Israel by the Western powers. America led the way long ago, Russia was the

next to follow suit and now at a great distance, the rest are making haste to make up for lost time.

It would have been in consonance with the dictates of political realism if we too had recognised *faits accomplis* and extended our diplomatic recognition to the new-founded State. But we were very much surprised to learn from an authoritative pronouncement that our Government have no intention of doing the obvious and proper thing in this matter. As no reasons have so far been advanced, we think that the facts of the case should be viewed apart from the sentimental, or temperamental factors not inseparable from a political problem in an international setting.

Our original declaration was that we intended to follow an independent line in regard to our international commitments, and that we did not intend to be tied down to the apron strings of any other power or bloc of powers. We had our own fears that such a pronouncement was at least previous, and was in any case uncalled for. What really matters in international diplomacy is what we do, and not what we might intend to do. When Israel was officially founded, we practised the Nelson touch in company with our betters. There was certainly no call for us to forestall other nations and rush to recognise Israel. The ancillary and deterrent consideration must have been to avoid exacerbating the feelings of our Pakistani ex-fellow citizens by such recognition. If our aim continued to be to buy the good-will of the Arab world by refraining from recognising Israel, then it becomes analogous to a kind of power-politics which our Prime Minister disavowed as an element of his diplomatic technique long ago. If it is wrong to recognise Israel because Israel has come improperly into existence, we would be emulating the example of the cat

SIDELIGHTS :

Let us endeavour so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry.—MARK TWAIN.

NOW that a year has passed since Mahatma Gandhi's death, the occasion is apt for a little stock-taking in respect of the credit and debit sides of the economy of the nation. What of the character of the Government in the Centre and in the Provinces? How have our national leaders who gave so good an account of themselves as soldiers of freedom under the guidance of the Mahatma, acquitted themselves as rulers and administrators in the wake of the victorious termination of their political struggle? How have they used their power as rulers and administrators?

Pandit Nehru, as Prime Minister, has naturally set the tone of the regime that has displaced that of the British. He has won universal admiration for his personal qualities. In the arena of international politics there is none now held in higher esteem. Power has chastened Nehru, softened and made him humble, and knocked out of his impetuous spirit a great part of the impatience and temper attributed to him in earlier days. In the midst of the strain of heavy responsibilities he has learnt the art of relaxation. Power corrupts the best of men but Pandit Nehru has escaped this blighting effect of power. The popular adoration that waited on him as political leader has given place to the exacting criticism that administrators cannot but invite on themselves, and there has been no lack of uncomplimentary strictures on the Prime Minister's handling of his portfolios. It is often complained, for example, that no friend of Nehru has remained unprovided for. The discontent of the vast majority not in that favoured position beats cynically round the environs of Government in New Delhi, but through all vicissitudes inseparable from power, the Prime Minister has retained the affections

of his countrymen to a greater extent than any other leader. His defects are defects of lovable personal qualities that people are not unwilling to see in their idols, and are not therefore resented. Pandit Nehru is the biggest single personal unifying factor in the country at present as the Mahatma used to be and he has achieved the miracle of being trusted by all communities irrespective of the internal differences between them.

Pandit Nehru is not versed in the art of using party machinery for the consolidation of personal power. That art belongs to the Deputy Prime Minister, Sardar Patel, who gives an impression of being unhappy over his relegation to the second best position in the State. A similar mental condition may be predicated of Sri Rajagopalachari, the Governor-General, whose inherent spirit of masterfulness would not brook the lot of having to hold a secondary position even to a leader of the stature of the Mahatma. Pomp without power must be extremely galling to one like C.R. with an insatiable thirst for planning and a flair for the details of practical government. But while the Governor-General is seeking solace in a discipline of the soul patterned on principles of philosophical detachment traceable to works like Kural and Gita, the Deputy Prime Minister has been active carving out for himself zones of sovereignty to neutralise the discomforts of having to accept another's titular leadership.

In the play of forces set up by rival personalities, there have been outstanding achievements in limited fields, as for example the problem of the States, but the harmony of the Government as an institution for the promotion of social welfare has not been established as well as it should have been. Benefit for the people has become secondary in the play of power politics. There is

far more attention paid to intrigues to advance the fortunes of some and suppress others, than to plans to improve the conditions of living of common people. Scheming politicians have learned to take advantage of political power to secure profit for themselves unmindful of the general good. They are more interested in permits and licenses and blackmarketing than in constructive programmes designed for the public benefit. Provincial Premiers and leaders of the Congress organisation in the provinces have sunk into the condition of reactionary apostles of rank communalism.

Congress leaders with a few honourable exceptions have lost zest for the values of life comprised in Gandhism. Theoretically the name of the Mahatma is honoured, but in

practice, it is the reverse of every great principle taught by him that rules. The repressions of the Gandhian era have let loose the floodgates of hedonism. There is prodigious activity over cheap things that cost nothing such as changing the names of places. But precious little has been done to make freedom enjoyable for the vast mass of people outside the area of governmental power. They have made a mess of things and are impelling people to bless the Advisors as far superior, comparing present with past. Provincial Ministries have caused deterioration in standards of government and loss of popular goodwill to the Congress. The zenith of Congress influence has been passed and decline has set in. The future belongs to other parties. —SAKA.

SPORT OF KINGS



(Courtesy—Shankar's Weekly.)

Horse-racing is to be allowed in Madras as a sport, but not for gambling.

CROSSING OVER' IN CHINA

by ANDREW ROTH

IN China today the favourite pastime is 'crossing over'.

It can be played by individuals. Recently a Kuomintang secret service man is reported to have stepped up to a liberal critic of the Kuomintang and said: "I am the man assigned to spy on you. It isn't a nice job but my family has to live. I have been kind to you. There are lots of things which you have done which I haven't put in your dossier. I hope you remember that in the future." This spy was trying to 'cross over' from the losing, Kuomintang side to the winning, anti-Kuomintang side.

'Crossing over' even creeps into social functions these days. Many fashionable dinner parties, for example, are enlivened by the guests searching their memories for friends, classmates and relatives on the Communist side. The happy persons are those who recall friends or relatives in leading Communist positions who may aid them in 'crossing over' safely.

Sometimes this pastime shows itself in the form of visits. Thus, Mme. Sun Yat-sen, widow of the founder of the Chinese Republic, has been experiencing a sudden increase in the number of people who, after years of shunning her, have suddenly decided it is expedient to call to "pay their respects." Although she is the sister of Mme. Chiang Kai-shek and of T. V. Soong, she has been in the bad books of the Kuomintang for twenty years because she accused the Generalissimo of "betraying" Dr. Sun Yat-sen's programme by splitting with the Communists and ignoring the people's livelihood. Although she has devoted herself largely to relief work and has stayed out of politics for the most part, she is known to be an advocate of a coalition between non-Communist liberals and the Communists and there is a good chance that she may become Minister of Social Affairs in a Communist-led

coalition Government. Therefore those interested in 'crossing over' think it wise to visit her.

There are many people here today who are skilled at joining the winning side because they think it silly to be a "good loser" when you can be one of the winners. During the recent war many leaders succeeded in "accommodating" themselves to the Japanese and then jumped back into the Allied camp when the Japanese fell. In the recent negotiations, one of those who has strongly advised Nanking to talk peace with the Communists has been Shansi's Marshal Yen Hsi-shan. This wizened old man is the most cunning, unscrupulous and long-lived of the provincial war-lords. He has retained virtually continuous control of Shansi province since 1911 by helping every winning side to win and every losing one to lose.

Yen and other 'old-style' provincial war-lords are likely to have less success at 'crossing over' than the fairly considerable number of less-famous, middle-of-the-road persons who passed over from the Kuomintang camp before it had reached its present straits. One of the most interesting is Chu Hsueh-fan, former head of the Kuomintang's officially-sponsored Chinese Association of Labour. Chu, originally a leader of the Postal Workers' Union, was at first under the influence of Tu Yueh-sheng, "king of the Shanghai underworld" but is a man of moderate views. He was made head of the Government-sponsored Chinese Association of Labour (CAL) but was under no illusions that it was a real labour federation, although it had a paper membership of over one million.

During the war Chu received help from U.S. labour federations and established connections with other labour groups as the CAL delegate to the ILO and WFTU international conferences. At the end of the war, unions in Communist areas offered to affiliate to the CAL as part of the

general attempt to settle Kuomintang-Communist differences by peaceful means. Chu was agreeable and he and Communist labour leader Teng Fa were joint representatives at the WFTU's Paris meeting in 1945. When the formerly docile CAL became an advocate of peace, unity and better working conditions, armed thugs, sent by Kuomintang rightists, began beating up its leaders and seized its headquarters. Chu, branded by the Kuomintang as "disloyal", fled for his life to Hongkong in November 1946. There he was run down by a car driven by a man identified by the Hongkong authorities as a Kuomintang agent. He recovered, however, made his way to Communist territories where he was elected Vice-Chairman of the Communist-led All-China Federation last summer.

The fact that a moderate labour leader like Chu Hsueh-fan should have succeeded in 'crossing over' is not nearly so strange as the attempts of some of the very elements that forced him out of the Kuomintang to follow in his footsteps.

The 'crossing over' fever now rages even among top members of the Kuomintang hierarchy. Many others, while talking loudly about "fighting to the last ditch" have sent discreet emissaries to Hongkong to find out from exiled anti-Kuomintang liberals and Communist spokesmen there whether they can also 'cross over' and become part of a Communist-led coalition. Just before he left Hongkong for Manchuria to attend preliminary conferences on the composition of the future coalition Government, Marshal Li Chi-sen, leader of the anti-Chiang "Revolutionary Committee of the Kuomintang", disclosed that Sun Fo, China's Premier and long-time tool of Chiang and Chen Li-fu, had sent an emissary to ask if he was eligible to 'cross over'. Sun Fo has, of course, denied this.

In essence, actually, the negotiations and manoeuvring which have characterized Nanking during the past weeks have been an attempt on the part of a substantial section of the Kuomintang stalwarts to pass over in a bloc. A considerable amount of effort has been expended in Nanking to secure foreign protection for this 'crossing over'. There has been a regular procession of Kuomintang politicians to the offices of U. S. Ambassador Leighton Stuart, trying unsuccessfully to secure American mediation in order to negotiate the transplantation of a core of the present regime into a future coalition with the Communists. These Chinese leaders have also been asking what measures Washington would undertake to protect them, if they succeeded in crossing over. The much-disputed December press conference of ECA chief Paul Hoffman was in the nature of an indirect, informal but nonetheless significant reply: the U.S. plans to provide assistance to a Communist-led coalition regime only in the event it provides opportunity for pro-American elements to operate freely.

As a result of this intense concentration on the problem of passing over to the winning side, half the Nanking politicians appear to spend most of their time wondering whether they can become acceptable to the Communists. A witty Ambassador in Nanking commented last week: "If you want to make a tremendous success as an author in China today all you have to do is write a book entitled: 'How to Influence Communists and Win Clemency!'"

The top Kuomintang leaders have a major consolation. If they cannot 'cross over' to a Communist-led coalition regime, they can always 'cross over' to the U.S. or Hongkong where they have tucked away personal fortunes of almost one billion U.S. dollars.

I do not seek redemption from the consequences of my sin. I seek to be redeemed from sin itself, or rather from the very thought of sin. Until I have attained that end, I shall be content to be restless.

CHINA'S HALF-PINT EDUCATORS

by M. A. FRIEDERICH

THE 'little teacher' schools for poor children, hidden in the garrets, kitchens and bedrooms of Shanghai's slums are among the few hopeful aspects of war-torn and poverty-stricken China.

To reach the school we visited, we went to a side-street in one of Shanghai's slums. From there we walked into an odorous alley and finally came to the hovel in which Wu Han-lung's parents live. We crossed the kitchen, a once-whitewashed square with a tap in a corner. Wu Han-lung's mother was washing and cooking with her youngest baby tied to her back. Rags were hanging from the walls, a pot of rice was cooking on a rather prehistoric-looking charcoal brazier. Wooden tubs were filled with partly-dirty, partly-washed clothes. The rest of the space was filled with broken pottery, restaurant ashtrays and piles of incredible junk that can only be of some value to people who can't afford to throw away even a scrap of paper.

Passing a ladder that leads to the top-floor living room we entered a ten-foot-square bedroom. It contained a bed with a ragblanket, a trunk with the family's summer clothes and a framed picture of a rose.

That was the school-room of Yi Ta-sen.

Yi Ta-sen was standing before the class with a serious expression overlaying his mischievous, 13 year-old face. He scratched his head ruminatingly, pushing back his woollen cap, every time he ventured to scribble a Chinese character on a blackboard improvised from a painted plank. Every once in a while, just to assert his dignity, he started to clear his throat to spit in the way almost all grown-up Chinese men do. He thought better of it every time however, as he had lately told the class himself that it was a repulsive as well as an unhealthy habit.

Yi Ta-sen selected a recitation leader. "Ta ping yu tiau wu tiang"

he singsonged. The other kids—one of whom was eight-year-old Wu Han-lung—repeated it in chorus. Their dirty fingers followed the characters in the book. "Baked bread, noodles and soya bean milk are healthy", they intoned in Chinese style.

After an hour, another 'little teacher' turned up to give the children their regular dose of entertainment. He lined up with the kids and then you could not tell anymore which was the teacher. Dutifully they sang and played a song of "bim bam somebody is knocking at the door" with a "ho-ho-hi-ha-ha" refrain. Even then they did not lose their seriousness. **THEY HAD NOT YET LEARNED TO PLAY JOYFULLY LIKE CHILDREN IN LESS TORMENTED PARTS OF THE WORLD.**

Realizing that mass education is a prerequisite for a modern China, the China Welfare Fund has been trying to extend the luxury of becoming a 'scholar' to China's poor.

At the head of the China Welfare Fund, one of China's most important relief agencies, is one of the most distinguished women of China, Mme Sun Yat-sen, widow of the founder of the Chinese Republic. She resembles her famous sister, Mme Chiang Kai-shek in beauty and elegance. But Mme Sun Yat-sen hardly ever sees her sister and never sees the Generalissimo himself because she believes that he betrayed the programme of Dr. Sun Yat-sen that was meant to better the lives of China's impoverished millions. For a number of years Mme Sun Yat-sen was in more or less voluntary exile in Hongkong. So different are her views from those of her family, that during the war, when many of her admirers wanted her to go to the U. S. to raise funds for China and tell the truth about the Kuomintang regime, the rest of her family refused her a passport. For the moment, at least, she is out of

politics and gives every penny and minute she has to relief work.

Two years ago she started the Children's Programme for Shanghai. It began soberly with a library for children. It was attended only by the children that could read, the kids of the middle class or well-to-do. They could pay for the books and pencils and the school fee which is demanded even by Shanghai's municipal schools.

The library then put up a sign that anybody who wanted his children to learn reading and writing should come to the CWF schools. The CWF established three centres in Shanghai with libraries, literary classes, clinics and occasional distributions for relief goods, all free. If you start something for nothing in China everybody comes running. One of the biggest problems for the CWF has been to keep the numbers down, for there is not enough money to spread education or relief work as far or fast as the CWF people would like.

The Programme soon taxed the slim resources of the CWF. Almost all its funds must be raised overseas because **MOST OF CHINA'S RICH TAKE CHINA'S POOR FOR GRANTED.** There was not enough money to hire professional teachers and decent classrooms. Out of this grew the idea to educate as many children as possible and have them, in whatever space they could find pass their knowledge on to their brothers, sisters and neighbours. Those, if qualified after four years of two-hours-a-day study, become in their turn 'little teachers' to spread their knowledge among China's education-hungry children. There are now 130 'little teachers' in Shanghai, with about a thousand students. It is a small snowball but shows signs of growing rapidly.

It does not work as simply as it sounds. The textbooks, based on the regular Chinese schoolbooks have had to be changed completely. Education in China is a luxury that only the children of those who have money can enjoy. Their schoolbooks speak about "taking a walk with nurse and feeding the birds in the park". China's poor children have neither heard nor dreamed

about a nurse nor are they so stupid as to give precious food away to birds. New books were laboriously compiled and the slum kids learn now that their Chinese bread contains flour, that you have to brush your teeth before you go to bed, that fisherman catches fish and that the chongsam is a long gown for Chinese men and women.

Education of the children requires simultaneous education of their parents: drivers, cigarette and vegetable pedlars, shoe-shiners rickshaw coolies, garbage collectors and unemployed. Like parents, they too have an urge to make life better for their children. But they usually cannot afford to spare the labour of their children in the struggle for survival. They lose faith in education when their children, after one week of steady study, are not yet able to read the discarded newspaper that Dad found on the street. The fathers of the 'little teachers' often do not see why their sons and daughters should strain themselves to teach others gratis.

Yi Ta-sen is typical of these half-pint educators: a thirteen-year-old teacher who is not yet able to read properly a simple newspaper.

Yi Ta-sen's father is one of the 360 million of uncomplaining poor of China that possess not much more than the padded blue gown they wear and live and die without ever having enough to eat for a consecutive week in their lives. Yi Ta-sen is poor, but not complacent and may be he will do better.

After spending his afternoon teaching eleven neighbourhood boys and girls, Yi Ta-sen is a pupil in an advanced evening class at one of the centres. If he is intelligent enough he may get a scholarship to go to a real school later. In the morning he helps peddle cigarettes along the road. Like all China's poor children, he is a serious, miniature adult. He knows all there is to know about his petty business and feels the burden of responsibility to contribute his share to the family earnings.

Yi Ta-sen does not earn a single cent from his job as a 'little teacher'. All he gets is the friendship of his pupils and occasionally

something extra—like an apple—when the CWF distributes relief goods. He and his fellow teachers have attained social sense, a conception of their duty to let others—boys as well as girls—share their advantages.

I asked him what he wants to become later. "I want to own a newspaper", he said, "and then I

will write to the rich that they must give a lot of money to the poor people". "Don't you think it would be better if the poor earned more salary?" I suggested. The little cigarette-hawker shrugged his shoulders. "Fine, but then you first must have a regular job to be able to get better salaries", he said with the bitterness of an old man.—N.P.S. (Copyright).

INDIA AND THE COMMONWEALTH

by K. SANYASIAH

WHETHER India ultimately decides to remain in the Commonwealth of Nations or come out of it, the importance of her maintaining close and intimate relationship with Great Britain and other Commonwealth countries cannot be over-emphasised. This is particularly so in the field of trade and commerce. Great Britain is doing her best to reconstruct her war-shattered economy and regain her former place in the field of international commerce. With the independence of India, Pakistan and Ceylon, she cannot, as in the past, influence their economic and commercial policies, and is therefore trying to keep up her trade relations with these countries by persuading them to remain in the Commonwealth, or failing that by entering into special commercial agreements with them. These countries, between them, have a population of 400 millions and afford immense opportunities for trade in manufactured goods as they are comparatively undeveloped.

India needs machinery and capital equipment to implement her schemes of post-war industrial development and more immediately, food products to relieve the acute food-shortage. Of the total imports from Britain at present, India and Pakistan are estimated to be receiving a proportion of 42 per cent of capital goods. This is much higher than the proportion now available to any other country inside or outside the Commonwealth. These imports, however, are utterly inadequate and consist for the most part of spare parts to existing machinery and automobiles (which are also classi-

fied as capital equipment). Britain is at present exporting most of the capital equipment produced there to the hard-currency countries such as Argentina, Canada and to a smaller extent U.S.A. The Union of South Africa (which pays for its imports in gold), Switzerland, Portugal, Brazil and Belgium may be placed in the same category. In return for these exports Britain receives raw materials and food production from these countries. It is in Britain's own interest to supply the capital equipment needed by India; for, not only will her market in India ultimately expand with the resulting prosperity, but India will be a source from which can be drawn part of the food and raw material requirements of Britain. Besides, the market for machinery, once lost, cannot be easily regained. For these reasons Britain is prepared, indeed anxious, to supply the capital equipment India requires, consistent of course with her own needs and the need to export it to hard-currency countries.

When the European Recovery Programme gets well under way Western Europe will become another non-dollar source of capital goods. And the Commonwealth may even become, in course of time, self-sufficient in regard to basic industrial and agricultural commodities.

It is desirable that we should pursue a statesman-like policy to secure the capital equipment necessary from countries in a position to help. Otherwise our industrialisation schemes would be but empty dreams.

CIVIL SERVICES AND FINANCE IN THE NEW CONSTITUTION

by Prof. M. VENKATARAMAIA, M.A.

IT is not usual to include in a written democratic constitution provisions relating to civil services. This is due to the fact that most of these constitutions were framed in an age—when the democratic State was also a *laissez-faire* State restricting itself to the discharging of a very few and limited number of functions like defence, preservation of internal order and the enforcing of contracts and therefore not requiring a large number of civil servants. But things have subsequently undergone a revolutionary change. The State has increasingly become a social service organisation attending to the citizen's needs in all spheres of his life,—social, economic, educational, etc. Such a State should have at its command a large staff who are not only good in general administration but are also experts in public health, medicine, education, engineering, etc. The need for such a staff has become all the greater in view of the fact that planning has become the order of the day and nationalisation the basis of economic progress. An efficient civil service is therefore of as much importance to the proper functioning of the State today as the legislatures, the executive and the judiciary and there is nothing strange if provisions relating to it find a place in a modern constitution.

There will however be some who may be disposed to take the view that details regarding the civil service should be left for consideration by the ordinary legislature and need not be included in the constitution which has to deal only with fundamentals. But there are certain provisions relating to the civil service which are really of a fundamental and basic character and which require therefore to be placed beyond the reach of the ordinary legislature and executive.

It is the purpose of a constitution to limit the authority of the ordinary organs of Government in the interest of the maintenance of certain fundamentals and if it is agreed that there are such basic principles in respect of the civil service also it is but reasonable that they should be included in the constitution.

The great need of a civil service is efficiency—capacity to produce the results expected. This means that appointments should be made only on the basis of merit and not at all on the basis of political and partisan considerations which will inevitably arise when the legislature and the executive interfere with them. America is the classic example of the system of spoils. Efficiency also depends on security of tenure, on salaries not liable to be frequently altered and on promotions and prospects depending on good work. It is therefore but right that the basic principles on which efficiency depends are provided for in the constitution itself.

The new constitution has made an attempt in this direction although it has not gone as far as it ought to go. It has done this in two ways. In the first place it has laid down as one of the fundamental rights of a justiciable character that "(1) There shall be equality of opportunity for all citizens in matters of employment under the State" and that "(2) No citizen shall, on grounds only of religion, race, caste, sex, descent, place of birth or any of them, be ineligible for any office under the State". This if carried out in the right spirit will prevent the monopoly of civil services by any one section of the people—as was the case with the British element in the days of their rule—and also prevent recruitment based on communal considerations as was the case with the British in old days and with several Governments (Congress Governments included).

at the present day. The constitution has not however gone sufficiently far in making merit the only basis for recruitment as it has perpetuated the old practice of reservation of posts to minorities and to backward communities without defining precisely the meaning of the term "backward".

In the second place there is provision for the constitution of Public Service Commissions of a non-partisan character entrusted with the work of conducting examinations for appointments to services, of framing and operating schemes of recruitment for services requiring special qualifications and of giving advice on all matters regarding the civil services. To discharge functions like these the Commissions themselves should, like the judiciary, be non-partisan and independent bodies. It is partially to secure this that the President of the Union and the State Governors are made the authorities to determine the number of members of the Commission, their tenure of office and conditions of service and to appoint them. As under the constitution the members of these Commissions become ineligible for any other State appointments they can while in office discharge their functions without any fear or expecting any favours from the Government of the day. Another article provides that the salaries, pensions and allowances of the members are a charge on the revenues and do not depend on the vote of the parties in the legislature.

The Commissions could become better and more independent if (1) their strength, the tenure of office and the limits of their salaries are fixed by the constitution itself. (2) The Constitution leaves to the discretion of the President and the State Governors the determination of matters on which the Commissions should be consulted. As discretion in these cases will be influenced by the advice of the Council of Ministers—a partisan body—there is danger that the scope of the work of the Commissions might become unduly narrowed. The

constitution should therefore make it obligatory on the President and Governors to consult the Commissions on all matters relating to civil services although they may not be bound by the advice given.

It is a special feature of federal as distinguished from unitary constitutions that a prominent place is given in them to provisions relating to finance. This is as it should be. For, it is only when the Centre and the Units are provided with independent and adequate financial resources that the powers granted to them under the constitution will become real and effective. If however either of them has to depend on the discretionary constitutions made by the other for carrying on its work the sovereignty they are endowed with becomes a fiction. So every federal constitution lays down what the Centre and the Units should as a matter of right get in the shape of revenues through taxation, grants, etc. The financial clauses in such a constitution have therefore to be judged from these two points of view—*independence and adequacy*.

The new constitution unfortunately has not gone fully into the matter. It has merely reproduced the clauses in the Government of India Act of 1935. It has also not incorporated the recommendations made by the Expert Committee on Finance on the ground that conditions prevailing in the country today are uncertain, and unstable and that no data are available for determining the principles on which taxes should be allocated or on which the revenues should be distributed between the Centre and the Units. Therefore as under the Act of 1935 there will in future be (1) a certain number of taxes exclusively levied, collected and appropriated either by the Centre or the Units as laid down in the seventh schedule containing the lists of powers; (2) a certain number of taxes levied and collected by the Centre but whose proceeds go to the Units; (3) certain others levied by the Centre but collected and appropriated by the Units and (4) cer-

tain surcharges levied and appropriated by the Centre. There are also provisions regarding maximum limits to taxation rates in some cases, to exemptions and so on. There is nothing new calling for special comment.

The only important innovation introduced is the appointment by the President of a Finance Commission compulsorily at the end of five years from the commencement of the constitution and "thereafter at the expiration of every fifth year or such other time as the President considers necessary." The Parliament is empowered to determine the qualifications for membership of the Commission, and the manner in which members are to be selected. It will be the duty of the Commission to make recommendations to the President on the distribution of the proceeds of certain taxes, on the principles which should govern the grants-in-aid made by the Centre to the Units and certain financial questions relating to the (Indian) States included in Part III of the First Schedule. The Commission thus holds a key-position and it is only when it is constituted and when its first recommendations are made that one will be in

a position to say what exactly the future of federal finance will be.

Before concluding these observations it is necessary to refer to a misconception prevailing among certain sections of the public as well as among some leaders that there is something unsound in the Units in a federation expecting and securing grants from the Centre. The truth is often forgotten that the source of the revenues of the Centre as well as the Units is the pocket of the individual citizen and that it is only considerations of a technical character—like ease of levy and collection, need for uniformity, etc.—that determine which taxes should belong to the Centre and which to the Units. Simply because a tax has for technical reasons got to be levied like the income tax by the Centre there is nothing to show that it alone is entitled to enjoy all the proceeds. And it is because there is no such superior claim that it is universally recognised that Units have a right to expect grants from the Centre. This point is to be kept in mind by all those who condemn the creation of new linguistic provinces on the ground that some of them will have to depend on subventions from the Centre for some years.



"TALKING BOOK" FOR THE BLIND

A "talking book" edition of the Bible has been completed by the Library of Congress' Division for the Blind in Washington. The Library reports that the complete text, on 169 two-sided 12-inch recordings, requires 85 hours of listening time.

This is the latest project of the Division in its more than 50 years of effort to make the best literature available to sightless persons in the United States by means of Braille, talking books, and embossed (raised-letter) magazines.

With the help of volunteer workers, the Division has been able to transcribe into Braille books especially needed by blind students. For example, a blind music student needed to "read" 17 volumes of text book material to get his bachelor's degree and asked the Library for them. The books were not available in Braille, but volunteers transcribed them by hand. As a result, the blind student not only won his degree but graduated with honours.—U.S.I.S.

INDO-PAKISTAN RELATIONS

by M. N. ROY

THE Ministry of Education of the Government of India has set up a commission to examine the historical and cultural roots of the communal question and recommend measures for eradicating them. Composed of learned academicians and erudite scholars, the commission can be expected to accomplish the difficult task entrusted to it. Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, to whom must go the credit for the initiative in this matter, is to be heartily congratulated upon having taken a step which should have been taken a long time ago. Anyhow, better late than never, and all who are anxious for an early improvement of the relations between India and Pakistan, must heartily wish the commission success.

The commission has not yet taken the public into its confidence regarding the methods it would adopt in carrying out the investigation. It is a delicate problem, the solution of which requires not only an unbiased approach and objective knowledge of history, but boldness also—the boldness of self-criticism. A solution of the problem of communal distrust and disharmony requires a readiness to own up one's own contribution to its aggravation, indeed to its creation. The two-nation theory may be absurd, as many of its erstwhile adherents are today realising from bitter experience; but it would be equally absurd to ignore history. Having lived side by side for centuries, Hinduism and Islam could not help influencing each other to some extent—but to a very small extent. And the cultural traditions of both the communities are closely associated with their respective religious beliefs. Consequently, there is a deep-seated conflict of cultures underlying the relation between the two communities. Unless that core of the problem is recognised, all efforts for its solution will be superficial and ineffective.

The failure of the Congress Muslim mass contact programme must teach the lesson. If religion is a living faith for the Hindu, it is equally so for the Muslim; and in a social atmosphere dominated by religion, the masses of any community are bound to be swayed by an appeal to their psychological predisposition. It is indeed curious that religiously predisposed people belonging to one community should minimise the influence of religion on the mass mind of another, and expect to by-pass that insuperable barrier. It is to be hoped that the commission set up by the Government of India will not make yet another futile effort to find shortcuts. Mutual respect for the conflicting religious and cultural traditions of the communities with a keen desire to appreciate their historical significance, is the only way to normalisation of Indo-Pakistan relations on the basis of good-neighbourliness. The search for that only way-out of the present imbroglio would be more promising if it was jointly undertaken by scholars and scientists of both the lands.

The leaders of both the communities have all along expressed their desire for harmony. Nevertheless, the relation between Hindus and Muslims during recent years has deteriorated. The cause of the regrettable phenomenon was generally traced to the "divide and rule" policy of British Imperialism. If that was a correct diagnosis of the malady, the disappearance of the devil of the drama should now bring about the happy ending. Yet the relation between the two States into which India has been divided, does not show any signs of improvement, although the desire to live in peace like good neighbours must be equally shared by both parties. The problem is no longer one of communal distrust; it has become one of national antagonism. But why should two newly-born independent States be antagonistic to each other,

as they evidently are, notwithstanding professions of goodwill on both sides?

It is doubtful if Indo-Pakistan relations can be normalised by the best of mutual efforts on the governmental level. Nor will appeal for international intervention produce the desired result. The charges and counter-charges hurled from the platform of the U.N.O. only exacerbate feelings which are exploited by trouble-makers on both sides.

Education of public opinion on either side of the newly-drawn frontiers is the only hopeful approach to the problem, which for the moment appears to be baffling. Public opinion in India as well as in Pakistan must be made conscious of the danger involved in the policy of standing on prestige. Hence the urgent need for popular, non-official efforts.

To be fruitful, any such effort should be free from mental reservations. The point of departure must be an unconditional acceptance of the accomplished fact of the existence of the two States. Continuation of the controversy about the justice or injustice of the partition will defeat the purpose of establishing a harmonious relation between the two neighbours. It should be realised once for all that nothing short of war will undo the evil of the partition, assuming that it is an evil. And an understanding of the Kashmir imbroglio makes it evident that the Indo-Pakistan relation is drifting towards an armed clash. In the last analysis, the attitude towards the future of Indo-Pakistan relations, is a choice between peace and war. And the tragedy of the present situation is that on both sides there are people who believe that war is inevitable, and therefore are deliberately preparing for it. In the present atmosphere of mutual distrust and endless recrimination, that fatalistic view of the future seems to be the most realistic.

Is there no getting way from this dreadful reality? The question does not arise for those who do not regard the perspective of a war as

dreadful. And unfortunately, there are a good many of such maniacs in high places on both sides. Otherwise, a peaceful settlement of the Kashmir issue should have been possible.

This is true that neither side can win Kashmir through a military defeat of the other party. In a century and a half, the British army could not defeat the Frontier tribesmen. That protracted tribal warfare has penetrated into Kashmir. Therefore it is going to be a festering sore—a standing menace to Indo-Pakistan relations. It is unrealistic to think that what happened in Hyderabad can be repeated in Kashmir. It is the topography of the country which defies even a modern mechanised army. Pakistan labours under the same handicap. So, the Kashmir issue cannot be settled on the battlefield, unless one of the sides will consider it worthwhile to conduct large-scale military operations for years. Whichever side may be lured into that adventure, will be financially ruined. With her greater resources, India could afford it more easily than her poorer neighbour; but cannot her resources be used for better purpose?

The relation with East Pakistan has however not yet deteriorated to active belligerency. But it is becoming inflammable. The suggestion that East Pakistan may have to cede some territory for settlement of Hindu refugees is provocative. This way of thinking may easily lead to an armed conflict; and frustration in the West may provoke aggression in the East where it is sure to have easy success. Therefore a peaceful tackling of the problem of the Hindu exodus from East Pakistan is very urgently needed; and it is not difficult. There is more of alarmist and inciting propaganda about the exodus than actual mass flight of Hindus. There also a realistic view of the probable dangers would counsel tolerance and moderation.

In East Pakistan, almost half the population is Hindu. Such a large mass of people cannot possibly migrate. Where will they go? West

Bengal cannot take even a small fraction. The West Bengal Premier has already warned that refugee relief will stop soon. That warning should be an effective deterrent for the Hindu exodus from East Pakistan, if it was not artificially engineered. To discourage and prohibit this mischievous manipulation will be an effective check on a further aggravation of the problem. The alternative is that the Government of India should compel the Pakistan authorities to do what will reassure the Hindus. The latter maintain that they are doing whatever is possible. Perhaps they are not acting according to their professions. How can the Government of India compel the Pakistan Government to do more? Protection of minorities in a State not reconciled to its very existence and looking beyond its frontiers for safety, has frequently been the cause of war. The Indo-Pakistan relations on the East are drifting in that dangerous direction.

There is a large opinion on both sides that a war is inevitable. The opinion is a corollary nationalism. Nation-states mean national wars. The interludes of apparently peaceful relations are but periods of armed truce. Therefore to increase military might is always the main preoccupation of Nation-states. And one must remember the popular saying that you can do anything with bayonets except sit on them.

The alternative to good neighbourly relations between the two

States, therefore, is an eventual war which is already being waged in some parts. And this awful alternative cannot be escaped within the limitations of the nationalist psychology. The problem of Indo-Pakistan relations is thus a psychological problem, which cannot be solved by statesmen and diplomats. Scholarship, scientific objectivity and humanist cosmopolitan outlook must be brought to bear upon it. Hence the commission set up by the Government of India is to be welcomed, with the wish that it will not be hamstrung by the Governmental mentality, obsessed with the concern for prestige.

To perform the task entrusted to it, the commission will be well advised to remember the wisdom of Tagore, who characterised nationalism as "organised selfishness". They may look beyond the frontiers of national culture to learn from Goethe that "Patriotism corrupts and falsifies history."

They may also endorse the recommendation of the veteran Spanish philosopher, Salvadore da Madariaga, that for a generation German boys and girls should be taught only French history, and the history of Germany should be prescribed as the text-book for schools in France if the traditional antagonism between the two European States was ever to end. That also is the only way to the establishment of harmony in the relations between India and Pakistan.—N.P.S. (Copyright).

To be strong—we must work. To be happy—we must be kind.
To be wise—we must look and think.—Ruskin.

VANISHED SPLENDOR

To appreciate the difference between war to-day and in the past, it is only necessary to read the novels of Jane Austen, written for the most part at the height of the Napoleonic wars. These wars hardly affected the general life of the people, and in Jane Austen's novels the military seldom appear except as dancing partners. No novel true to life could be like that in ignoring war to-day. There was a famous ball before Waterloo. There were no balls before Stalingrad, El-Alamein or D-Day.—LORD BEVERIDGE.

THE LAST INFIRMITY

by SANTHA

AN UPI message from Bardoli conveys a provocative bit of information. Sardar Patel, it says, sat for two hours on January 19 before Mr. Kholhatker, a sculptor of Bombay, who is preparing a bust of the Sardar. One technically sits for a painting or for a sculpture though actually, of course, one sits before the artist. The interest in the news, however, does not lie in the rightness or wrongness of usage of the words but in the familiarity of the whole thing. This has been done before. We read of Nehru's sittings at odd hours for Epstein last year in London, after lunch, before dinner, in the intervals of the opera or in between meetings with cabinet ministers. It was mystery, it was romance, it kept our women a-flutter with excitement. The finished product, a picture of which appeared in the dailies, was a sad let-down. It looked like the scurfulous head and shoulders of one of our lesser known headmasters. Pandit Nehru has a delicate and sensitive face which cannot be transferred to a hard medium. The charm of the face is due to a great degree to the beauty of the complexion. A painting could do him justice. Sardar Patel's features, however, should prove more helpful. He is one of our strong-willed men. His rugged brow proclaims it, his eyes challenge you with it and his mouth and jaw boast it.

Models of the bust we suggest, may be installed in the residences of the unthroned rulers of our States. It is not hard to imagine their young grandsons saying in a future day, while pointing out the glories of their sitting-rooms to interested guests: "And this is our Sardar Patel, India's first Deputy Premier

who-hm-worked so much for her-ah-unity." Or we can hear the more cynical among them saying: "And here is the head of the man but for whom we would not be in this state".

We are idol-worshippers. But our faith in our deities and our religions is weakening. And many of the younger generation seem quite willing to brush the old gods off their cobwebbed shelves and instal new ones in their place, not religious but political. But even the most fanatic among the 'new' young will find it hard to bear a further spreading of this desire for preservation. We dread to think of the situation we would be placed in if, for instance, our provincial ministers decided to follow suit and step into artists' studios in between discussions of the more troublesome legislative problems. We would be hard put to accommodate them though some may argue there would always be a certain amount of glamour attached to the first Governments and the first minister who ruled the people after independence. At least for the sake of variety we must consider perpetuating other parts of the human physiology. In Hollywood they take the hand-prints and foot-prints of the better known stars in the Chinese Theatre. But what is in hands and feet? Unlike those in the West, our limbs—even our women's—pitifully lack glamour. And then it would be most embarrassing for our sons to point to sculptures of disembodied feet and say: "Those belonged to the Premier of the Province or the Food Minister." And, moreover, there is this snag. The feet would naturally have to be sculptured in clay, to keep up fidelity to realism, and clay, they say, does not preserve well.

There is no other salvation for civilization, or even for the human race, than the creation of a world government with security on the basis of law. As long as there are sovereign States with their separate armament secrets, new world wars cannot be avoided.—Albert Einstein.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



DURING the latter half of last year, everybody—politicians and peoples—was afraid the ulcer in the heart of Europe was going to rupture and drench the continent in blood. We were afraid and were helpless. But the situation brightened up by Christmas and with the coming of the new year it seemed as if Berlin would go down in history not as the time-fuse of a third world war but only as a turning-point in the political confusion and chaos which has followed the last war.

The issue of Palestine, on the other hand which, we thought, was entirely a matter between the Jews and the Arabs, is developing so many phases and facets that it is threatening to become an international issue, a problem of world relations and power politics.

Throughout the first three weeks of December an uneasy peace was maintained in Palestine while the Security Council valiantly tried to bring the two parties to negotiate an armistice. And while the Arabs and the Council hesitated and demurred, the precious moment was lost and on December 23 the Israel Army entered on its new offensive in the Negev, a step which, it claimed, was entirely "to reserve its freedom of action to defend its territory," ostensibly since the Arabs were not "willing to take practical steps in the direction of peace." What the Arabs had really seemed not "willing" about was to proceed with peace negotiations until and unless the Jewish army had withdrawn from the Negev which they had occupied a few weeks before and also freed the Arab garrison caught in the Faluja pocket. But Arab unwillingness was only an

excuse for the Jews and it deceived none. Christmas Eve in the Holy Land saw only bloodshed and violence. And on the morning of the birth of the Saviour, Mr. Valentine reports, he saw in the church of the Nativity the moonlight shining "through a shrapnel hole in the roof on to the spot traditionally revered as the birth-place of Christ." Politics had transcended even religion.

On Dec. 29 Gaza fell to the Jews and within a week after, Jewish columns entered Egyptian territory. The attack was launched through a small settlement in the Negev desert from where tanks and infantry were moved at dead of night. This was evidently not the first trespassing into enemy territory for there had been two or three occasions before when complaint had been brought to the Security Council against "small incursions" of Israeli forces on the Transjordan border. But this time it was a full-scale battle on Egyptian soil. Jewish forces surrounded Abu Aweigila, a junction on the Beersheba-Ismailia road and a strategic supply base for the Arab army in the Negev. Fighting a garrison to which supplies had been cut off was child's play and the Arab army was completely routed.

This was where Britain thought it high time to cry halt. And as her own voice was ineffectual in the Palestine battle, she appealed to President Truman to use his influence to stop the unwarranted encroachment of the Jews on their neighbour's properties. On orders from White House, Prof. James Macdonald, U.S. Minister in Israel, promptly paid a visit to the Premier, Ben Gurion. The Israeli Government with equal

promptness issued a statement officially admitting not only crossing the Egyptian border but also announcing their withdrawal from enemy territory. In reality, as it transpired, the latter was not done; for, according to the Arabs, a Jewish road-block stands to this day within the Egyptian border. Britain evidently, was not satisfied with printed assurances from Israel and during the first week of the new year, she sent a garrison to protect the Transjordan port of Akaba, an important base of operations in the Red Sea. Nobody minded these precautionary measures being taken. And America was wholly in sympathy with the British warning that her hands were tied at least as far as Egypt was concerned. If Egypt chose to ask for British assistance against Jewish aggression, Britain would have no other recourse but to render it. •

By the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty signed a dozen years ago, Egypt which had been a British Protectorate till 1922 and had continued to be virtually the same for 14 years after, became officially an ally of Britain. It was a mutual defence pact. Both by reason of its being the strongest of the Arab states and also of Britain's interest in the Suez, Britain has never completely severed her relations with Egypt. And the part that Cairo played in the last war, as a military centre for war operations, has proved an additional reason for Britain's adherence to this Middle East stronghold. Britain was supposed to evacuate Egypt by the treaty of 1936 but to this day British forces remain on Egyptian soil. Through quarrels and bickerings over Sudan and through Egyptian nationalist agitations, Britain has clung on with characteristic tenacity and determination.

What precipitated a minor crisis in January, however, was not the fortification of Akaba as an operational base, but the shooting down of British aircraft by the Jewish army over the Egyptian border. The question was whether the planes were flying over Arab or Jewish

territory. According to the Jews the aircraft were just within Jewish terrain. The Jewish army not only shot them down but immediately protested against Britain's "unilateral intervention" and spoke of the "grave view of the results that may flow from this one-sided action."

They could have been answered adequately. But Britain has all along been too afraid to take any firm attitude in the Palestine issue. She has found herself unable to control the exuberance of Israel which has long ago ceased to make any attempt to hide her expansionist aims. Her appetite for conquest and wider territory has grown with the feeding. Since last November, Israel has extended her territory far beyond any boundaries fixed either by the General Assembly or by the late Count Bernadotte. Except for the Egyptian-held Faluja, the whole of the Negev and Galilee comprising 45 per cent of the land area of Palestine is now Jewish territory. Not only has that territory been conquered, but the Jews, with characteristic haste and vigour, are rapidly settling upon the land and developing it with the aid of the latest agricultural implements imported from abroad.

Israel's regard for the Security Council has ceased to be even "lip service." She has refused to permit U.N. observers to visit the Negev. In her defiance of the Council's mandates, she has reportedly been aided both by the United States and Soviet Russia. Which explains to a great extent her growing recklessness. According to the first truce established in Palestine by the Security Council, the export of arms to either party by outside nations was forbidden. The embargo was an express part of the cease-fire. But though Britain conscientiously stopped at once all supplies of ammunition to the Middle East, both America and Russia, according to Britain, have shown no great respect for the edict. The British Government made bold to prove with figures and statistics at the beginning of January that the Jewish

army had received considerable help from outside. When the truce began, Israel had 40 aircraft. By the beginning of the new year they had 114 including 40 fighters. The machines came from Czechoslovakia—thus proving Russian entanglement—and were financed by American businessmen—thus proving Truman's adherence to the Jewish cause and lack of control over his Jewish voters. Not only has Israel received ammunition but also a flood of immigrants of military age. In fact, Britain is convinced that Jewish acceptance of cease-fires from time to time was solely and entirely with a view to reinforcing her defences. Which done, she invariably launched out on new offensives again.

It is clear that the British and the Russo-American policies are clashing in the Middle East. Britain's attitude, it must be admitted, has not suffered from consistency though her present predicament calls for nothing but sympathy. It is not true, as Mr. Bevin maintains, that Britain "did not create the Palestine problem." Though the fundamental antagonism between the Jews and Arabs has been there for the last two thousand years, British guilt lies in her having tried to pursue a two-handed policy in the matter. Even Britain's Foreign Minister has been forced to admit that "from 1919 to 1945, there has been within successive British Governments a conflict of policy and so far as I can trace it, there was never unanimity about how to deal with the problem of the Middle East and especially with Palestine." Mr. Eden has described British handling of Palestine's affairs as having been of "confused

purpose and ill-considered action." It started with the Balfour Declaration of 1917 and the promise of a "national home for the Jewish people." Since then Britain has tried to pursue the policy of not letting the right hand know what the left is doing. And it has now landed her in the unfortunate position of not being able to afford to alienate either the Jews or the Arabs. The former, fast becoming a military power in the Middle East, have to be reckoned with. The latter hold the precious oil interests so essential to the countries of the world. In her attempts not to displease either party, Britain is now, as Mr. Churchill has put it, "ranged on the opposite side to the U.S. and Soviet Russia, to the Palestine settlers and their Zionist sympathisers all over the world, without doing the slightest service to the Arabs." America and Russia, on the other hand, have no moral commitments. They have everything to gain and nothing to lose by playing their motives.

The peace talks which began at Rhodes between the Jews and the Arabs sometime during the middle of January, seem, not unexpectedly, to have petered out after all. The whole issue has now been transferred from Palestine to the British Foreign Office and the U.S. State Department. Everything depends on how far Britain and America agree on the matter. If present conditions continue, especially with the problem of Arab refugees growing everyday, it will only be an invitation for outside powers to step in and try their hands at securing the prize for themselves.



WHAT I ALWAYS SAY . . .

It is surely discreditable, under the age of thirty, not to be shy. Self-assurance in the young betokens a lack of sensibility: the boy or girl who is not shy at twenty-two will at forty-two become a bore. "I may be wrong, of course"—thus will he or she gabble at forty-two—"but what I always say is . . ." And then he or she will repeat what they always say.—
HAROLD NICOLSON.



AFTER thirty years the Russian Revolution has at last been consummated. The Soviets have taken a revolutionary step forward which is more significant, more sensational, and more historic than the dethronement of the Czar, the abolition of the feudal nobility, the collectivization of agriculture or the socialization of industry. They have decided to abolish—the price of bread!

From June 1949, bread can be obtained free of charge throughout the Soviet Union. Any person can walk into any of the co-operative stores and have as much of bread as he or she wants without any payment.

And so, strangely enough, the Christian prayer invoking the Almighty to "Give us this day our daily Bread" has been answered only in Godless Russia!

BREAD AND REVOLUTION

For more centuries than one can count, bread has been man's supreme concern and anxiety. Bread has symbolised the material necessities of life for which men have toiled, fought, and even killed each other. 'Bread riots' of course have been an ever-recurring phenomenon in all countries dominated by the profit-motive economic system. Bread shortage has caused wars—and revolutions!

In Pearl Buck's famous novel, *Good Earth*, O-Lan the peasant gets involved in the revolutionary up-

rising. Too ignorant to comprehend the meaning of all the confusion and violence, he seeks an explanation and is told that it is a Revolution.

"What is a Revolution?" asks O-Lan.

"I don't know", replies a man amidst the tumult and turmoil of a hungry population let loose, "but it has something to do with food."

If the Chinese were not such incorrigible rice-eaters, he should have said, "It has something to do with bread".

The mass fury of the French revolution was not unconnected with the classically callous reply of Marie Antoinette to the hungry Parisian mob, shouting "We want bread! We want bread!"—a reply that, since then, has become notoriously symbolic of the heartlessness of autocrats: "If they haven't got bread, why don't they eat cake?" That reply cost the haughty and foolish Queen her pretty head.

Bread has ever been intimately associated with revolutions—both as the ultimate cause and as a symbol. In 1857 the Great Revolt of India was announced by the mysterious passing of *chapatties* from hand to hand, and from village to village, announcing that the time had come to strike a blow at the foreign power that was seeking to deprive them of their—bread!

Though the Bengalis sometimes might call it the "*daal-bhaat*" pro-

blem, the problem of India has been the problem of bread. The British had to go because when we asked for bread (of freedom and economic prosperity) they gave us, instead, stones (of oppression). The new rulers of our own National Government, too, can ignore the problem of bread only at their peril. In Allahabad, the Congressmen put up the sign "APNE DESH MEN APNA RAAJ—SAB KO ROTI SAB KO KAAJ" on the main gate of the Swadeshi Exhibition. But in Bombay, the Board of Film Censors (representing the Congress Government) have cut out from a film song the (allegedly) objectionable words:

*Maang raha hai Hindustan
Roti, kapra aur makaan!*

BREAD AND THOU

No wonder that references to bread, as a symbol of man's most primary need, occur in colloquial idiom, literature, legend, mythology—and even poetry!

The phrase "Bread-and-water" represents the barest needs of man; "Bread-and-butter" is the problem of a comparatively more adequate standard of living (and then one likes to know on which side one's bread is buttered, though some have it buttered on both sides!); "Bread-and-wine", in Catholic ritual, assume the holy symbolism of the blood and flesh of Christ; and a man is supposed to be hospitable if he asks you to "break bread" with him. In the colloquial Hindustani idiom of the districts around Delhi, when a man gives a communal feast at the time of a marriage or birth or death, he is said to have arranged "*roti*"—though he might be serving *pulao*, or *puris* on the occasion!

The downfall of the Nizam has been ascribed to the legend that his ancestor ate only six *rotis* when a *faqir* offered him a pile of them (and so the autocratic rule of his dynasty could continue only for six generations)—though realistically, of course, it had more to do with the fact that his subjects were not getting even one *roti* per day! In

either case, it was bread that humbled the autocrat.

Even Omar Khayyam who is sometimes (erroneously) regarded as the world's greatest escapist and romanticist of all times could not contemplate existence without bread. Indeed he equates Bread with Beloved and Book of Verse in his famous and oft-quoted quatrain:

A Book of Verses underneath
the Bough,

A Jug of Wine, A Loaf of
BREAD—and Thou Beside me
singing in the Wilderness

Oh, Wilderness were Paradise
enow!

BREAD AND GOLD

What shall it avail a man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul? This un-materialist philosophy was light-heartedly propounded in the Capra film "You Can't Take It With You". To the materialist, worldly west, such "spiritual", idealistic sentiments have a great appeal. The wise Chinese, supposed to be other-worldly and impractical, however, knew better. The Chinese proverb says, "You cannot eat gold but you cannot eat without gold".

This bread and-gold conflict was well brought out in Mahboob's unusual sociological film, "*Roti*" (Bread) which had a melodramatic climax in which the millionaire, fleeing in panic in a truck full of gold, was stranded in the midst of a waterless desert. He had millions worth of gold but he died of starvation because in that particular situation even all the gold in the world could not help him to get—a loaf of bread!

The universal paradox is, as the Chinese proverb pointed out, that for the mass of humanity it is essential to have gold (or money) to buy bread, and yet gold itself is uneatable. The economy of the world might be linked to the "gold standard" but the basic commodity is bread—not gold! In any country, the general price level goes up and down with the price of—bread! All economy is, therefore, actually linked to the "bread standard".

Bread, being the most basic and the most essential need of man, it determines the price of everything else. Cheapen bread and all prices come tumbling down.

The Soviet decision to make bread available free may, therefore, be the most revolutionary step in the history of human economy. It might have unforeseen repercussions all over the world. Bread, at a price, has been the bait to keep the masses in political and economic servitude. The Era of Free Bread may well be the forerunner of the Era Of Free Humanity!

BREAD AND THE DEAD

Bread is essential for human life. Once life is extinct bread can have no meaning. Tons of it will not revive a dead man.

This poignant situation was witnessed during the tragic days of the massacres and mass migration of refugees in both parts of the bisected Panjab. Tens of thousands of homeless, weary, footsore and STARVING refugees were on the march and both the Government of India and the Government of Pakistan were frantically sending plane-loads of *chapaties* to be 'showered' from the air wherever these crowd of derelict humanity were noticed. Every time the mass of *chapaties* went down, the pilots in the planes could see far below on the ground what looked like a surging swarm of bees—as the hungry thousands fell upon the life-giving *chapaties*.

At one place, however, where the pilots noticed what surely looked like a mass of refugees resting in the open and they sent down their load of *chapaties*, they saw no movement on the ground. What had happened to the refugees? Didn't they want the *chapaties* which were being showered on them, as from heaven? No. They didn't. They were all—DEAD! Bread had arrived too late to save the life of man.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

The Socialist Party of India, I am glad to find, is publishing a series of informative and useful books and pamphlets. "DRAFT CONSTITUTION OF THE INDIAN REPUBLIC" (Published by Suresh Desai, Secretary, Socialist Party, Dadar, Bombay, Price Rs. 5) is a belated but nevertheless welcome addition to available critical literature on the Indian Constitution. As Jayaprakash Narayan points out in his Foreword, "The Indian Constitution is not likely to be, unless drastically amended, a fit instrument of full political and social democracy". And so the Socialist Party, in this book, has "suggested the type of fundamental law that Free India should have". The first part is a comprehensive review and criticism of the draft constitution as presented to the Constituent Assembly and the second part embodies the Draft Constitution as suggested by the Socialist Party.

The criticism is mild and constructive and endorses most of the

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basic postulates of the official Draft Constitution, suggesting minor amendments and a few major changes—e.g. the complete abolition of landlordism and the total severance of the British connection. The fundamental rights and civil liberties as conceived by the Socialist Draft are more liberal, no doubt, and greater attention has been made to safeguard the rights of the Working classes. But basically both the criticism and the alternative draft follow the original pattern—the approach in both cases being not dissimilar. As such it is more in the nature of a "Socialist amendment" to the constitution proposed by the Ambedkar Drafting Committee rather than a full-fledged Socialist Constitution. And yet it is worth serious perusal for its exposure of the more glaring omissions and inconsistencies in the official Draft.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"WASHINGTON: General Omar Bradley, U.S. Army Chief of Staff, said today that it was highly improbable that the United States can safely support its large army of 837,000 on a peace economy"—Free Press

"WASHINGTON: Professor Edward Acheson, brother of the new Secretary of State, and Mr. Truman's representative for the last one year in Germany said that the United States could not expect the world to believe that it is spreading democracy while in

Germany it employs the same system's used before by the Nazis more effectively. Prof. Acheson predicted that Greece would also be lost to Communism in much the same way as China."—Free Press

"KARACHI: Mr. Mohamed Ali, Pakistan's Ambassador to Burma, said that there was a danger of Communist activity over the Burma border spreading into East Pakistan."—A.P.I.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"BOMBAY: Taxi driver Qasim Khan proved himself a gentleman above reproach. There was a lakh of rupees in cash and documents lying in his vehicle, left behind by a forgetful businessman in a hurry. But Khan was not tempted. He sought his customer all over the city, and failing drove up to the Lamington Road Police Station. There he stumbled into the distracted businessman who had come to lodge a complaint. Khan made a present of the money to businessman Kulbhaskar."

"BOMBAY: A thief, obviously with a sense of humour, walked into the office of C.I.D. Sub-Inspector D'Souza and made away with his typewriter! D'Souza was holding consultations in an adjoining room when the intruder quietly stepped into his office and made away with the machine..."—Local news items in a Bombay Paper.



TELEPHONE "BOOK-KEEPER"

Inventors in the United States have perfected an electrical apparatus that can keep a record of thousands of dial telephone calls. It records who made them, what numbers were called, how long the conversation lasted, and then adds up and prints the information for use in billing each telephone subscriber, according to the Bell Telephone Company.

The device is expected to reduce the work of telephone accounting, a major item of expense in the service. It was developed by the Bell Telephone Laboratories, New York City, after years of research. It is one of the most significant advances in telephone engineering since the introduction of the dial system.

** TIAHUANACO

by V. BALASUBRAHMANYAN

Cold gleams the moon on silent stones
From cloudless skies. Far off, the rim
Of circling jagged icy spires
Reflects the wakeful stars. No stir
Awakes this thin and lifeless air.
All is dead upon this height.
Behind that broken statue sleeps
My guide. In placid slumber still,
Our white and fleecy llamas both
Beside him stand, and all around
Are these bare rocks and ruin'd stones.

Gazing on these, returns the thought:
What race of men before the Flood,
Of giant brood, high-piled aloft
These Titan towers with labour vast?

"Ages have gone since then. Before
That snowy satellite became
A dancer round this earth, there pass'd
An aeon dark, unnumber'd years,
When no moon was. But still before,
There shone an earlier moon, that drew
An ever-shrinking circle round
The earth, until too near she came,
And shatter'd, as our own moon will do
Dim ages hence, and rain Death down,
Smashing the cities of our sons.
So did that earlier moon, when dwelt
These mighty temple-builders old."

Thus writes the author sage. But dizzied thought
Wings not that endless tract of time. It sinks
Fatigu'd. And now the broad declining moon,
With yellow leer upon our fancies wild,
Conceals her scorn behind the darken'd peaks.
The eastern sky turns grey. The guide sits up
With thund'rous sneeze. The llamas flick their tails.
Except the heavy condor's wheeling scream,
No sound of birds. But the thin air awakes
To the chill breeze of dawn that blows afar
From rippling Titicaca's winding shore.
And from the zenith's height, in mute farewell,
The ancient stars gleam cold upon these silent stones.

** See H. S. Bellamy's book, "Built before the Flood."

A GRIM REMINDER

by S. RAJAGOPALAN

THE executive of the South Indian Journalists' Federation deserve to be congratulated on their forthright denunciation of the scurrilous writings of a section of the press in our province, and one hopes that their call for prompt and drastic legal action will not go unheeded. For perhaps the first time in their annals, the Federation have had to seek Governmental intervention against technically their own confederates, but apparently our South Indian journalists cannot stand the growth of what one may call the "Altaf-Hussain" tradition in journalism.

Scurrilous writings in our country in recent years may be said to take three forms: Those (1) containing personal and vulgar attacks against the members of the Central Cabinet, (2) those furthering the cause of separatism and provincialism and (3) those stimulating antagonism between the different classes and communities, with the Brahmin community as the target of the attack. The first is typical of certain journals advocating Socialism or Communism and the second and third of certain Tamil journals espousing the cause of Dravidastan and the anti-Hindi movements. All these, however, as the resolution of the executive committee rightly points out, call up and thrive upon the worst passions of the community, and in the interests of peaceful and civilised existence, they have to be exposed and punished. Not a little encouragement had been afforded to these writers by the fact that the scurrilous writings in the Urdu Press, which had preceded the great killings at Calcutta, Noakhali and Amritsar, had gone away unpunished. And hence it is the duty of those in authority not to let the grass grow under their feet but to root out the mischief here and now by resort to the due judicial process mentioned by the committee.

When the Indian Penal Code was enacted in 1860, just three years

after the Sepoy Mutiny (1851), sedition was perhaps the only offence which was regarded as embarrassing the Government; and not unnaturally it was visited with severe punishment, (transportation for life being the maximum); the gist of the offence was anything tending to bring into hatred, contempt or ridicule the Sovereign or the Government. Stimulating antagonism between the different classes of the country did not form part of that offence, although in England it is designated as "seditious libel" and punished as such. An attempt was made in 1868 to include this offence also under Sec. 124 A.I.P.C. but it was thought better as a "matter of logical arrangement" to relegate it to the class of offences affecting public tranquillity, as Sec. 153-A. Under this section, spreading class hatred may be punished with prison for 2 years or a fine. No one can, however, reasonably suppose that this section provides the most deterrent punishment for what has become a serious crime. Indeed, some years ago, quite a lot of commotion was created in Lahore in connection with the "Rangila Rasul" agitation, which arose directly out of an interpretation of this section. All things considered, it seems best to re-draft Sec. 124-A so as to include the offence now covered by Sec. 153-A; that is to say, regard "seditious libel" also as part of sedition, as in England. The Indian Press Emergency Act of 1931, it may be mentioned, equates both these offences under the same section for punitive action. Some of the penalties provided under this Act have now become effete, and something more drastic than requiring cash security is called for, if the unwary and ignorant public are to be protected against these scurrilous writings. Perhaps cancellation of licence altogether and statutory prohibition against starting or continuing journals with a definite class hatred bias,

may be considered. Some of the restrictions which the Madras Government have under contemplation in regard to cinema films, may with perhaps even greater justification, be applied to this type of journalism.

Vulgar and personal attacks on the personnel of the Government cannot be dealt with under the sedition chapter; at best they may afford a cause for a complaint for libel or defamation. But the remedy is more often than not illusory and even impracticable. As our Governor-General Rajaji observed a few days ago at Bombay, "Courts in India are not very vigorous in their application of the law of libel". The reasons are not far to seek. The existing procedural laws are anything but fair to the complainant in a defamation case. The accused cannot give evidence himself or be cross-examined; but the complainant may be cross-examined for days on end, without anything like a definite case being set up by the accused. No Cabinet Minister can afford the necessary energy and leisure to stand the trial (for so it is to him). This grave defect in our criminal laws has unfortunately failed to receive due attention at the hands of the Constituent Assembly which recently enacted Article 14, stating that "no accused person can be compelled to be a witness against himself." No wonder that, in India, in criminal cases, more predominantly in libel cases, the accused can make his defence more serious than his offence.

Movements fostering separatism and provincialism are not *per se* illegal, though of course undesirable from the point of view of practical politics. But even so, there is a vital difference between separatism which is "inclusive" and that which is "exclusive". Take two examples. The agitation for an Andhra Province is "inclusive", that is to say, it seeks to include all Telugu speaking tracts under a single political unit, following as a logical consequence of the creation of Orissa in 1935. Obviously no class conflict is likely to accrue if it becomes an

accomplished fact. But observe the demand for "Dravidastan" which is purely an 'exclusive' movement, taking the cue from the creation of Sindh in 1935 and the establishment of Pakistan. The subsequent history of these two entities is certainly an eye-opener of the dangerous potentialities of the separatist tendencies of this description. No Government can undervalue the seriousness of movements like these, and our Prime Minister has left us in no doubt as to what the attitude of the Union Government is in regard to them. And it behoves our Provincial Government to tackle the question in right earnest. Perhaps some little encouragement might have been afforded to these people by certain trends in the educational policy of the Madras Government, such as the relegation of Sanskrit to a subordinate place in the curriculum, the withholding of gazetted rank to the Sanskrit personnel in Government institutions, but it is refreshing to note that the Government are embarking on decisive action at last.

The anti-Brahmin movement in the south is what one may call a biological growth. No definite cause can be assigned for its origin. It was not, as one might suppose, engineered by the British ruling class, because it had existed in Mysore and Kolhapur also. Nor is it a struggle between the haves and the have-nots. The Parsees in Bombay and the Nattukottai Chettis in Madras are definitely an exclusive and prosperous set of people; and yet they are untouched by any such movement. If it were to be regarded as an attack against intellectuals, how about the Christians? Some years ago, a Madras Minister explained the anti-Brahmin feeling as being due to the irritating fact that Brahmins had been monopolising every channel of public employment and that the hatred would vanish if only the community would give up its privileged position. At the present time, however, the Brahmin's share in public services and in educational facilities in

Government and technical institutions, is progressively going down; and yet at no time in the history of Madras had there been so much vilification of the community in the press and on the platform by the anti-Brahmin elements.

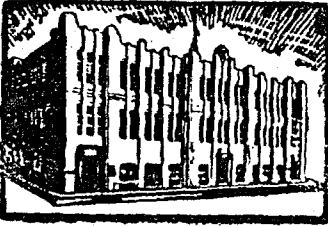
The truth is that this diatribe against Brahmins had existed in our country for ages past, even in the Puranic days. The Brahmin shared with the cow the distinction of being the most useful and the most vulnerable section of the country. It is not without significance that the concluding prayer of every Hindu should be "May the cow and the Brahmin be ever auspicious". And Saint Tirugnana Sambandar exclaims, "May the Brahmin and the cow live long!"

But nevertheless it is a fact that certain religious sects in the

past had not taken kindly to their existence. One of them was reputed to have begun the day's routine with the slogan "Vipra Kshayam" (which translated would mean "Brahmins must perish").

The problem was present even in the days of Rama. The words which he uttered to Sita in Dandaka forest are full of significance: "Abhayam jeevitam jahyam twam va Site sa Lakshmanam; Na thu pratikjam samskritya Brahmanebyo viseshathaha" (For the purpose of carrying out my obligations towards Brahmins, I shall be prepared to lay down my life and even sacrifice you, O Sita, and Lakshmana). In Rama Rajya, all the four varnas were enabled to rise to their full stature. And our modern administrators can hardly do better than emulate Sri Rama's example.

Listen, and you will teach yourself: remain silent and you risk nothing.—Maxims of Ali.

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THE ART OF MUNICIPAL ADMINISTRATION

by Dr. K. N. KATJU

Governor of West Bengal

IT is now just thirteen years almost to a day when I was, as a Congress nominee, elected Chairman of the Allahabad Municipal Board which office I continued to hold till my appointment as Minister for Justice and Development in the U.P. Government in July 1937. My tenure of office as Chairman of the Municipal Board was my first essay in the art of public administration and what I learnt has ever since been of inestimable value to me. Till then my public activities had been mostly confined to Congress Committees and to working out some items of the constructive programme of the Congress. I had also interested myself in the educational field, but I found organised administration on a fairly large scale to be quite a different proposition from working on small non-official bodies. I may add that in the United Provinces the Chairman of the Municipal Board is also the head of the executive administration, and has considerable executive powers vested in him under the law.

Then again, in those days, the Congress organisation was a well-knit, homogeneous body of closely allied public workers who worked almost like a band of brothers to promote the national cause. Congressmen as such enjoyed high public favour and esteem, particularly in the rural area, where lay my principal activities and where I was always received with warmth and affection. We had no such thing as politics inside the Congress, at least in Allahabad. But when I stepped into the municipal arena, where Congressmen and non-Congressmen jostled each other in Board meetings, I found myself in a rather unfamiliar world. Without any sense of vanity and without unduly flattering myself I may say that I had

consented to accept the Chairmanship at some sacrifice of much-needed rest and time. My profession kept me very busy and I knew that if I was not to be a merely ornamental figurehead of a Chairman, I would have to give up many hours every day from lucrative professional engagements to municipal service. During the 18 months that I acted as Chairman of the Allahabad Municipal Board I received the utmost cooperation both of my colleagues in the Board and of the executive staff, and my colleagues particularly extended to me great goodwill and confidence. This came about a little gradually and my readers may be interested to know the unwritten rules of conduct which I prescribed for myself and which proved exceedingly serviceable in the discharge of my duties.

To begin with, I decided that I would see no one in connection with municipal affairs in my office at home, where I conducted the legal business of my clients. It would be unfair to the latter and might lead to grave abuses in municipal administration. Therefore every day that I was in Allahabad, I used to attend the municipal office after my day's work in the High Court was over and remained there for as many hours as might be necessary. I received all manner of people publicly in my office, had conferences with my colleagues of the Municipal Board and in addition to the office work which took about two hours, very often I had to spend another two hours in conferences and committee meetings.

Then again, I set apart at least one day in the week for touring and inspections in the rather extensive municipal area of Allahabad. The city of Allahabad is beautifully laid out—the so-called Civil Station is the result of a town planning scheme

of 1860—and covers, I should think, over 50 sq. miles. I endeavoured to acquaint myself with the problems of practically each locality in the municipal area and discussed on the spot with the residents what was to be done to beautify their surroundings and improve local conditions.

I think the most salutary rule which I set for myself and which I made known to all members of the Municipal Board very early in my municipal career was that I was always prepared to resign whenever even a respectable minority in the Board would let me know in an organised manner that I had lost their confidence. I said that the day I received a notice signed by 15 to 17 of the 39 members of the Municipal Board stating that they lacked confidence in me, I would forthwith call a meeting of the Board, place the letter before it, make a statement of my own and place my resignation at the Board's disposal. I had no desire whatsoever to run the Board on party lines. Nor had I the time nor the inclination for party manoeuvrings. The function of the Board, I said, was purely to promote social welfare—public health, education, conservancy, lighting, etc.—of the citizens and there was no room for any party politics in these matters. Once I remember I was informed that some members were gravely dissatisfied with something or other and a motion of want of confidence against me was in circulation. I was advised that I had better call upon some of the members to build up an opposition against the proposed motion. I declined to do anything of the kind. On the contrary I sent a message that the earlier I received notice of the no-confidence motion the better. The result was that nothing happened and I am happy to say that within a few months all the members irrespective of party lavished their kindness and confidence upon me. Then again, I soon found that the Chairman should have no partiality of any kind even in worthy and beneficent schemes of town improvement. I developed a spirit of complete detachment leaving the responsibility to the Board for sanctioning such mea-

asures as they thought fit. I thought it my duty to report as objectively as I could on every such scheme, point out its merits and then make it known widely that though I liked it, it would not break my heart if the Board refused to sanction it. I began acting on this rule very early indeed because I had a suspicion that the moment some members came to think that I was interested in the furtherance of any particular scheme, there would be some sort of a bargaining about their support. They would say—"We are prepared to vote in favour of your scheme for the establishment of an infectious diseases hospital provided in turn you give us support in our demand for pecuniary help for a certain institution." This would have landed me in difficulties because these reciprocal bargains might sometimes not be very desirable. The result was a curious one. I found in my 18 months that none of the schemes which I sponsored was ever turned down and matters were left very much really to my discretion in the realm of town improvement.

There was another matter about which I was very strict. I was connected with many institutions, educational and others, before my election as Chairman and naturally my colleagues, managers and secretaries of such institutions, were rather keen, indeed they expected, that I would do my best to secure for them municipal grants. I put my foot down upon it fairly decisively and made it perfectly plain that so long as I was in office as Chairman no such institution should ever expect any favours or even apply for municipal grants. This may have been a bit severe but it was a very salutary rule because I realised that complete detachment on the part of the Chairman was essential not only in whatever concerned him personally but also the public institutions on which he was reported to be personally interested. On the whole in retrospect I see I had a very happy time and most useful too. It was rather curious to find the meetings of the Board very fully attended on the days whenever we had any elections of members for various committees or

any questions of sanctioning contracts, making appointments and such other matters. But whenever we had proposals under consideration—even heavy proposals—for town improvement of various kinds, I had a most easy time. The attendance was not very large and the members readily acceded to all the suggestions made to them by the executive, and to me it meant a matter of great satisfaction that I was able to put through and even execute several schemes of lasting benefit to the town. Eighteen months was however, much too short a period for achieving beneficial results.

Coming to municipal finance, I was greatly struck by the amount of money wasted in mere collection charges. In Allahabad there are all sorts of municipal rates and taxes and a goodly percentage of the gross collections is eaten up by the collecting staff. Take octroi and house tax. If I am not mistaken more than 10 percent was lost in expenditure of collection charges. In October, 1936, I had occasion to go to England on a professional engagement and took the opportunity of visiting one of the smaller municipalities for a comparative study. This was the town of Reading with a population of about 1000,000 and municipal income of nearly Rs. 75 lakhs. I was both struck and amused when the Town Clerk told me that when preparing the budget, they took up the expenditure side first and decided how much money they required. Having settled that and having deducted the comparatively small amounts which they received either as grants from the Central Government or which they were permitted to divert to general revenue purposes from the municipal water, gas and electricity undertakings, they just adjusted their rates on house property. I very well remember the Town Clerk telling me that in the then current year they required £420,000 for their necessary expenditure. House tax at the rate of a penny per pound of the annual value yielded £3,000. So they just divided £420,000 by 3,000 and imposed house tax at the rate of 140 d.

or 11 s. 8d. in the pound. The total collection charge which the Reading Municipality incurred in collecting this house tax was merely £2,400. Compared to it, in Allahabad, we were incurring an expenditure of about Rs. 2 lakhs in collecting our various taxes and rates amounting to Rs. 14 lakhs or thereabouts. The position struck me as almost ridiculous. On returning home, I called a special meeting of the Board and recited to them my experiences of Reading. When however, I threw out just a feeler about raising the house tax in Allahabad—I think it was about 4 per cent at the time—the members would not hear of it. In England you can almost accurately speculate upon the financial status of a family by the house it occupies, while in India where people live mostly in ancestral houses this criterion might be wholly misleading. The father might have made money in his time and left a large house which his children continue to live in, though their financial condition might be much worse. It is a matter of family pride to continue to live in the ancestral house, though you may not even be able to keep it in good repair. I am still of opinion that our system of municipal taxation needs considerable revision and the fewer the taxes and rates we have the better. Needless waste in collection charges under different heads should be avoided.

I end these discursive observations by repeating that municipal administration furnishes most wonderful opportunities for acquiring experience of public affairs and administration. I consider it a national misfortune that some of our public workers have begun to think it beneath their dignity to serve on Municipal Boards. That should not be so. Every citizen is primarily concerned in his everyday life with the amenities that his municipality provides for him. I personally am of opinion that no one in the land should consider himself above serving his own townsmen in local self-governing institutions. He can do so much to enrich his own life by serving his own neighbours.

SIR TEJ BAHADUR SAPRU

by C. R. PATTABHI RAMAN

In the death of Sir Tej we have lost a unique personality who combined in himself all the good qualities of a liberal intellectual of the last century. One could not think of the United Provinces without reference to the Nehrus and Saprus and as put by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru the loss to Allahabad is immeasurable.

He made his mark in the legal profession soon after enrolment and as a young lawyer he had many opportunities of opposing his own senior the great Motilal Nehru in important cases. Such was his towering personality in the legal field in the last three decades that when the Federal Court was set up in New Delhi the Chief Justice Sir Maurice Gwyer requested him to speak along with the Advocates-General of the various Provinces on the Inauguration Day and referred to the great work done by Sir Tej in the framing of the then Indian Constitution. He was one of the very few lawyers in India who appeared in more than one provincial or Presidency High Court and acquitted themselves creditably. In our own Province only three have done so, leaving Eardley Norton out of account; they are the late Mr. S. Srinivasa Aiyengar, my father (Sir C. P.) and Sri Alladi Krishnaswami Aiyar. Sir Tej came down to Madras on three occasions; once when he led Mr. P. V. Rajamannar (now our Chief Justice) in the Venkatagiri Raj Appeal Case and twice when he led me in the Swaminathan, I.C.S. appeal and in the Bodinayakanur Appeals. The Madras Bar readily recognised the thoroughness with which he prepared his case and the robust independence exhibited by him in Court. His presentation of the facts of a case was cogent and lucid and was distinguished by a pleasant conversational style. Speaking faultless and simple English with a slight Northern Indian accent he held the Court spellbound with his eloqu-

ence. He never paused for instructions from juniors in Court while on his feet. Voluminous notes which he carried with him written by himself patiently during the preparatory stages of his case were more to be checked up at the end of the day as to whether any point was omitted than to be frequently referred to in Court. Of him it can be truly said that he paid back in value the sixteen annas in the rupee paid to him by his clients. From a man so conscientious in his daily life and so straight in his dealings with his fellowmen nothing less could be expected.

Many great judges and lawyers have sat at his feet and learned the finer points of the profession at some time or other. The late Sir Shah Mohamed Sulaiman was at one time an important junior in his office and so was Dr. K. N. Katju (now Governor of West Bengal). It is interesting to remember that more than a decade ago he predicted that our present Chief Justice Mr. P. V. Rajamannar would occupy the high office which he does today. His lawyer's profession was however only a small part of his glorious life. As a constitutionalist he was par excellence. The historical role he played in the various Round Table Conferences and in the Joint Select Committee has been as important as it has been thorough. With Mr. Jayakar he took a leading part in the Gandhi-Irwin negotiations and served to link up what then appeared to be the two opposite poles. As a politician and statesman he helped to pave the way for the representatives of the people of India to take over power smoothly from the British.

Even though he parted from the Indian National Congress like some other Indians who found the pace too fast for them in the early nineteen twenties he occupied an enviable place in Indian public life and was most respected in Congress circles as would be seen from Pandit



Dr. Sapru with Mr. C. R. Pattabhiraman

Jawaharlal's Autobiography. Leaving the Congress he joined the Liberal Party but even from this he resigned due to a difference of opinion with some of his colleagues.

It was a bad day for the British when they allowed him to resign from the Law Membership of the Government of India in 1922. This proved that the Government of the day was then mostly in the hands of second class men who did not attempt to understand an independent outlook in an Indian. Sir Tej has often told me that one of the happiest moments in his life was on the evening when after having resigned the Law Membership he was walking in the streets of Delhi as a freeman—this in spite of the fact that Lord Reading who was then the Viceroy was his friend and admirer.

He felt himself completely at home in the company of lawyers and jurists. He was very happy whilst in England either dining in the Inns of Court in the company of men like Lord Sankey or discussing legal matters in the Privy Council. His admiration for the English

jurisprudence and their system of administration of justice was as genuine as it was deep.

There are two types of real philanthropists. One is so full of the milk of human kindness and so genial that it throws about wealth as and when it is earned to all and sundry persons and institutions. The other stores up the pennies and pounds with a grim determination in order to do lasting good at a planned moment, leaving behind it memorable charities. Sir Tej belonged to the former type and the number of students and institutions that have been helped by him in Allahabad and outside is legion.

Living in great style he, like the late Pandit Motilal Nehru, entertained lavishly. It is said of them both that the Governors of their Provinces and other dignitaries were eager to be invited to their houses. Sir Tej was a magnificent host and the guest quarters at 19, Albert Road were almost always occupied by some friend or other, Indian or foreign.

As a scholar he was sui generis. Like most intellectuals of his gene-

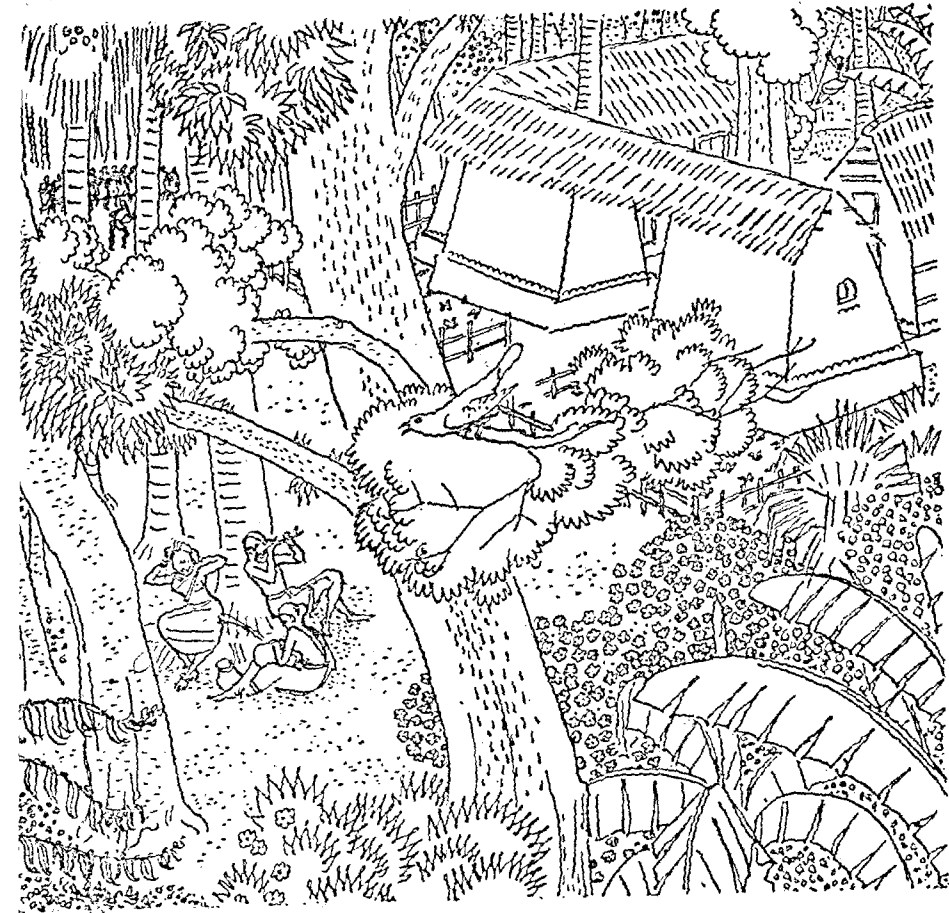
ration he was deeply learned in English literature. It was however as a scholar in Urdu and Persian that he excelled like many other Kashmiri Pandits. He was President of many Urdu societies and more than any other Indian served as a scholarly link between the Hindu and the Muslim in India. While arguing in Urdu in Hyderabad he was responsible for a comic situation. Mr. M. A. Jinnah was opposing him and had to seek the help of an interpreter while dealing with certain Urdu and Persian documents. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru's services were utilised by the Court and he performed the task with superb grace. The Kashmiri Brahmin helping the Muslim opponent in this manner has ever since been the subject of many a joke in the Indian newspapers at the expense of the late Mr. Jinnah.

Aristocratic in habit and outlook he was genuinely democratic. This was best demonstrated in the manner in which his servants clung to him. Most of them have been with him for decades and became part of his household. In his moments of leisure he used to have lively conversation with them. Nobody dependant on him lived in discomfort or distress. His loyalty to friends was praiseworthy. He never missed calling on the late Mr. R. Srinivasan the Harijan leader with whom he worked in the Round Table Conference days whenever he came to Madras. With persons like the late Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri and my father he was gushingly affectionate. He treated Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru as his own son. It was a fine and a pleasant sight to watch the two great cultured gentlemen in conversation—one mellowed by experience and great learning and the other fired by modern ideas and burning with feverish patriotism. In a somewhat similar situation a great English journal portrayed the elder Cripps (Lord Parmoor) watching with glowing pride and trying to

understand from the House of Lords his son Sir Strafford tearing the Conservatives to bits in the other House. One could easily picture to one's mind a similar situation by substituting the late Motilalji for Sir Tej. He never allowed the personal relationship with his friends to be affected in the least when he differed from them or even when they differed from him and criticised him.

When I went to Allahabad to work under him soon after my return from England in 1934 I was nervous. As a student I had seen him living luxuriously in the Savoy in London being treated respectfully by the statesmen and lawyers of England. Many honours had been conferred on him and many universities had showered their doctorates on him. I was soon to find out how lightly all these sat on him. Within a few minutes of my going to him he put me completely at ease. Boyish almost to the point of being mischievous, his faith in men and things was childlike. One of his many practical jokes was when he told an elderly Indian politician who was rather ambitious that he had strong reason to believe that the politician was going to be appointed the first Indian Member of Council for the Army in India. Taking a few other Indians into his confidence he actually made the politician believe in the story and what is worse made him inspect the Commander-in-Chief's house in Simla during a garden party there in order to satisfy himself as to the suitability of the house! He was most happy in the company of children. He kept up until a few days before his death a lively correspondence with my seven year old daughter. Men like him are the salt of the earth. When the true history of India is written it will be found there that my good old Gurujee helped very much to raise the prestige of India at home and abroad.

Unless one is a genius, it is best to aim at being intelligible.—
Anthony Hope.



Spring

The air is heavy with the scent of flowers. The dull grass grows more green and is strewn with early blossoms from the mango trees. The earth stirs to fresh fertility and the day seems gay and charged with promise. Life is infused with a new meaning. In the gladness of this mood, tea is a cheerful and sustaining companion—it is the cup that refreshes the body and keeps the mind in tune with the spirit of the season.

Tea

Any Time is Tea Time

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EDITOR K. RAMA RAO

by A JOURNALIST

WITH the appointment of Mr. K. Rama Rao as Editor of the *Searchlight*, the premier English daily of Bihar, there comes back into the active field of daily journalism, after a period of temporary exile, a dynamic figure who is at once a fearless crusader and a tried craftsman. He had worked before on more than twenty leading dailies but he is chiefly known to the reading public as the hero of the *Herald* of Lucknow which he nurtured with tender care and helped to grow as the unrivalled organ of nationalist opinion in the U.P. *Herald's* Rama Rao was as popular as Rama Rao's *Herald*.

Born about 52 years ago in the obscure sandy town of Chhrala (since made famous by the late Andhraratna D. Gopalakrishnayya) Kotamrazu Rama Rao is the son of a poor village schoolmaster who always kept his head high. After early schooling at Bapatla he joined the P. R. College, Kakinada, where he came under the benign influence of the late Sir R. Venkatarathnam Naidu whose sacred memory he still cherishes. Graduating from the Pachalappa's College where he did a spell of tutorship about the close of the first world war, young Rama Rao left for Karachi in search of fresh fields and pastures new.

Under the wing of his famous brother Punniiah, Rama Rao launched his journalistic career at Karachi and worked for a few months in Sadhu T. L. Vasvani's paper *New Times*. Very soon he made his mark as a 'bright fellow' and Bombay's Bori Bunder found him jauntily striding with hat and tie as a junior sub on the much coveted *Times of India*. Since then his wander-lust and thirst for knowledge led him to many cities and journals as varied as the *Indian Daily Mail* and the *Pioneer*, the *Leader* and the *Free Press Journal*, until he found his level in the *Herald* at Lucknow, with Nehru as the presiding deity.

As an editor Rama Rao is a power to reckon with inside and outside

the office. He knows the art of daily journalism from A to Z. There is little that he cannot do—from leader-writing down to proof reading. But undoubtedly his forte is sub-editing in which he has few or no equals.

His uncanny knack for distinguishing 'news' from what is not resembles the mythical swan's instinct for separating milk from water. Like the proverbial French cook who could prepare a six-course dinner out of discarded greens and potato peels, Rama Rao can weave brilliant stories from unpromising shreds of copy. With an ability for bright reporting and talent for special correspondentship, he marks himself out as one of India's best all-rounders and can produce a paper that is attractive without being sensational and balanced without being inconsequential.

He writes in a simple, direct and forcible style and his leaders have the effect of hammer-strokes, when so intended. Clarity is the keynote and speed the special feature of his productions. Not for him the mincing of words in 'much can be said on both sides' strain, nor the airs of moth-eaten pedantry.

'All work and no play' or 'work is worship' seems to be the motto of Rama Rao the hard task-master who is a terror to shirking colleagues. Loved and feared as the 'Chief' he brings the house down in chiding erring junior subs and cub reporters. But his colleagues would not desert him for all the wealth of the world, for they know he will never let them down. He is in fact by them, with them and of them, being a stout champion of the underdog and an untiring fighter for the working journalist. Recognition of merit comes from him as readily as rebukes for laziness and stupidity.

It is difficult for a stranger to suspect that Rama Rao's rough exterior hides a heart of gold. A newcomer may be taken aback by his address which is at times abrupt.

He has no belief in surface politeness or superficial courtesy couched in sweet words which may or may not mean anything. Nor is lip-sympathy in his line, for he believes in doing good and that stealthily. He cannot suffer fools gladly or take to knaves kindly, nor

does he hesitate to give them a bit of his mind. If he does not speak to all in sugared terms, he does not harm a fly and loves the world like a humanist. A democrat and an optimist, he goes about the world with a boyish look of sunshine about him.

THOUGHTS ON THE TEST

by V. P. RAMAN

THE West Indies have won the Fourth Test at Madras and probably the rubber; for, unless a West Indian collapse sets in, five days on the Brabourne wicket should prove insufficient to force a decision. Goddard won the toss for the fourth consecutive time. Even those who felt that Raja Sir Maharaj Singh was talking through his hat, when he suggested that the benefit of the toss should go alternately to either team, have begun to agree with the Bombay Governor. Amarnath is an unlucky, though a good Captain. But Cricket is a game of chance, nay luck.

In the opening over Sen failed to hold a low catch when Rae snicked Phadkar. It was not until 239 runs afterwards that Rae got out. It was not an easy catch but dolly catches are rare in Test cricket, at any rate while the West Indians are batting. We later saw how even Indian Test batsmen could balloon like schoolboys. Stollmeyer continued his unfinished innings against the South Zone, and seemed to have no need to get his eye in. But he satiated the crowd who longed for a wicket to fall. Rae whom the *Souvenirs* described as a batsman who does not hesitate to hit a sixer at 94, plodded on his weary way without the least idea of a six or a four. We thought that the *Souvenirs* had misled us, as they did in calling Mushtaq, a "left handed batsman"! But after 2-30 Rae swung at everything that was short or overpitched and even celebrated his 100 with a six to fine leg. In repeating the stroke he was out, held by Rege. A few West Indian cricketers were playing billiards as

the opening batsmen did their job. Perhaps they also played squash. Would that our Indian players could also develop the same complacency. But as long as we are in perpetual fear of a collapse, such complacency can never come.

The second day was full of thrills. Phadkar heaved all his little brawn into the attack and a field perfectly arranged by Amarnath, could not help doing their bit. Phadkar sent down a bumper often, but this was only asking for trouble, as Jones and Trim returned the compliment with twice the enthusiasm. The short rising ball played a great part in the match. It won the match. Our batsmen's inability to cope with it, resulted in a West Indian victory. It also gave some trouble to the West Indian batsmen, and nine wickets collapsed on the second day for 267 runs. But it was all 300 runs too late. Our heartfelt sympathies go out to Weekes who was run out when only 10 short of what might have proved to be an unbeatable record.

Mushtaq Ali lived up to his reputation and kept the crowd in constant fear of his getting out. He made 32. He seems to have a crisis in the thirties. Rege, the new entrant to Test cricket was either nervous or quite out of form. He has been dropped for the final Test, as also Chaudhry. These two may play a large part in our cricket, but that is thinking years ahead. Modi had kept up an end and was observed only by the scorers. His runs seem to creep surreptitiously. They seem to come to him. There lies the secret of his prolific scoring.

spectacular cricket and hullabaloo are inconsistent with tall scores. Amarnath tried to hook a short rising ball from Trim, but fozzled his shot. The catch was not accepted, but he walked back to the pavilion. He had, in making the stroke, disturbed the balls. It was sad but yet, a Test batsman must not tread on his wicket. A stand by Adhikari and Phadkar was at the most "useful" as the papers said. It certainly could not save the match. We never had much of a tail, and it naturally did not wag.

India, suffering the indignity of a follow on, for the third time in this series, began her second innings in a none too pleasant manner. Rege started the rot, which gathered momentum as the innings progressed, like an ice ball rolled over the slopes of the Alps. Hazare whose unfortunate task it has been to pull his side out of a hole tried to save the match, but it was in vain. Amarnath who was out again in an unfortunate way, sunk into the pavilion chairs uttering a round

Panjabi oath. He was a sad man. I shall not relate how the other batsmen were out, for unlike the Fat Boy in Dickens, I do not want to make your flesh creep.

The Madras crowd was unusually noisy. It had long been starved for really good cricket and it enjoyed this treat with true relish. Many women and girls had made their way to the grounds, the south-east end being especially colourful. They screamed at every bumped catch and shouted at the fall of each wicket. But their knowledge of the game was rudimentary. That they had deprived so many really enthusiastic youngsters of their seats, is a sad side to the picture.

In our land famed for infant mortality, baby cricket is dying, and must be saved at all costs. A penicillin injection might come in handy. The next phase is the final Test. Our cricketers might fly to Brabourne Stadium but nevertheless their passage is through Queer Street!



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WHAT IS YELLOW JOURNALISM?

by M. S. NARAYANAN

SRI DEVADAS GANDHI, President of the All India Newspaper Editors' Conference, apparently thought that he had said something absolutely final, when he recently condemned "Yellow Journalism" in no uncertain terms and exhorted society as well as the Government to put it down with a stern hand.

"To give a dog a bad name and then to hang him" has been a familiar and pleasurable diversion, for minds untroubled by logic or reason.

In medieval England, there was a cheap method of getting any woman out of the way, by calling her a "witch." If the thing caught, that was the end of the woman and her story.

The word "Jew" did the same trick in medieval Europe and in Nazi Germany. In independent India today the "bad name" that can kill any dog however irreproachable, is the word "Communist."

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins" says an old proverb. The word "Communist" now, is at the other end of the scale and can cover a multitude of virtues.

"Yellow Journalism" with Sri Devadas Gandhi, is the bad name with which he hopes to frighten children both young and old, against a type of journalism which he does not like.

I would like to ask whether Sri Devadas Gandhi is clear in his mind as to what is "Yellow Journalism" and what exactly is wrong with it.

"Yellow" in this context can be traced to the Scotch word 'Yelloch' which means to "yell" or to "scream from pain or terror." Whether the word "yellow" (the colour) itself in its original meaning has any connection with the word "yell" (A. S. Bellan) "a shouting colour", is a question for philologists to ponder over.

It is also probable that the old, sere and yellowing paper on which many cheap pamphlets were printed, led to the coinage of a phrase expressing aristocratic disdain—*Yellow Journalism*.

Yellow journalism thus means "cheap writing" or "yelling" or shouting writing, or just "a scream of pain or terror" in print. It is to be hoped that poverty or cheapness is not a crime! It is also to be hoped yelling or shouting is not a crime! Such "screams" might show lack of balance, lack of dignity, lack of restraint: but even these are not crimes!

It may be that the yellow journalist has got provocation for 'yelling' which the prosperous or pompous journalist has not got. It may be that his or others' poverty itself is the provocation; it may be that "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune", the "oppressor's wrongs" or the "spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes" makes a man feel like "yelling."

Such "yelling" might just show that as a journalist, you are not a thick-headed, thick-skinned rhinoceros, but a humane man feeling your pain, or more honourable still, *others'* pain, so intensely that you have got to yell, to shout, to scream yourself hoarse, for sheer relief.

"Yellow" in such cases might be the only colour, especially if previous 'yells' have gone unheeded: and the yellow journalist might be the truest of journalists, feeling others' pain as his own.

Let me put it down as a basic principle in journalism and let me see which true journalist contradicts it, that if you are inspired by a genuine zeal for the public good, if the public interest demands it, you can yell till you are yellow: and not to be "yellow" then is dishonourable.

In a sense Mahatma Gandhi when he called the British Government

"satanic" might have been charged by British critics as guilty of yellow journalism. It was a yell of agony, a yellow yell in the public interest.

What Sri Devadas Gandhi means to condemn is possibly libellous, slanderous, malicious vituperation. This is certainly condemnable if motivated by private spleen, envy or malice, unconnected with public good. But don't confuse issues by calling every dissenting critic as "yellow."

Journalism can be libellous and malicious and yet not be "yellow": or it can be "yellow" and yet not in the least libellous or malicious. Even libellous criticism ceases to be libellous when the public good demands certain exposures, and facts support it. It is bad to have to wash dirty linen, but worse still to have it and keep it dirty.

An attempt was made by Sri Devadas Gandhi to prove that private lives are sacred. No doubt they are: but there is nothing more sacred than the public good. Private lives sometimes have such a deep and vital bearing on the public lives of leaders, administrators, writers, teachers and other moulders of public life that they are not allowed to mark certain portions of their lives as "private" and escape notice.

The exposures, revelations and allegations made by many patriotic newspapers in England against Mr. John Belcher, ex-junior Minister in the Board of Trade or Mr. George Gibson, ex-director of the Bank of England, and others, were not condemned either as libellous or as "yellow journalism". They were not.

The investigations and enquiries, the conclusions and the castigations

of the Lynskey Tribunal, whose report recently published, does so much honour to English codes of public conduct, were not deterred by considerations of "private" lives. They enquired and ascertained why Sir Maurice Bloch made presents of wine and whisky to Mr. Belcher, and why Mr. Sydney Stanley entertained Mr. and Mrs. Belcher for a week, at Margate.

All this is not yellow journalism. *John Bull*, *Truth* and *Daily Herald* are not considered yellow journals, though they do yell.

In Great Britain, where they have certain straight and bright traditions of public conduct, and where the slightest speck on the national honour, or the least corruption in the administration, is promptly nipped, there is no need for yellow journalism of a virulent type and public opinion itself suppresses anything for which there is obviously no need. No woman need go into hysterics over something she can get for the gentle asking.

When the Government in this country gets to be as vigilant as that in Great Britain, and as jealous of reproach, when the slightest hint of misconduct, bribery, corruption or selfish graft among the high-ups, is met with a thorough clean-up, when journalism itself ceases to be purple and blue, there will be no need for yellow journalism: and yellow journalism will die a natural death.

But if corruption and graft go unchecked and the only thing done to check them is to suppress any exposure or expression, then yellow will be there, and yellow will grow yellower into orange and that into RED, as per the natural scheme of colours in the rainbow.

NEVER QUESTION THE C.O.

The Duke of Wellington, when he was very old and incredibly distinguished, was telling how, once at mess in the Peninsula, his servant had opened a bottle of port, and inside found a rat. "It must have been a very large bottle," remarked a subaltern. The Duke fixed him with his eye. "It was a damned small bottle." "Oh," said the subaltern, abashed; "then no doubt it was a very small rat." "It was a damned large rat," said the Duke. And there the matter has rested ever since.—Gilbert Murray.

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.

How Many Tongues?

Exactly one year back, at a reception meeting at Vijayawada, Mr. Munshi said, "Andhras would get their province because they have well fought for freedom". Recently he is repeatedly saying that there should be no linguistic provinces. How many tongues do our leaders have, sir?

N. V. SUBRAHMANYAM.

Waltair.

Ban On Khadi Dusters

Our Madras Congress Ministers, in their anxiety to prove their bona fides, are fast losing their balance of mind. One does not know whether to laugh at them or to weep for them. The latest proof of their insanity is to be found in banning the use of Khaddar for purposes like dusting in the Government departments. They seem to have forgotten the very principle why Khaddar should be used. If they were really aware of it, they should have promoted the use of Khaddar by all means and in all ways. The use of Khaddar for dusters lessens in no way its "purity" or its value. Perhaps the reason that prompted this action of theirs is that Khaddar is a bad server as a duster. They fully know that it failed miserably to dust many an impure man dressed in it. If these Ministers sincerely mean what they intend to do, they will do better by passing a legislation banning all Congressmen (the small number of honourable exceptions may be safely neglected) using Khaddar even for their caps.

Vizagapatam. M. V. CHETTY.

Railway Price Of Coffee

Coffee is the popular beverage in South India consumed by almost all the people and since Prohibition was introduced, the demand for coffee has increased. While the S. I. Railway authorities and the hotels of Madras City and mofussil are able to sell coffee at two annas a cup, it is regretted that two annas nine pies per cup is being charged in the rooms and stalls managed by the M. & S. M. Railway. The common man finds it very difficult to pay 11 coppers for a cup of coffee and in the rush, he is unable to demand half a cup which is annoying to the server. Instead of charging two annas nine pies for a cup of 10 ozs., the flat

rate of two annas per cup of 8 ozs. might be introduced and this will be welcomed by the entire travelling public. Will the M. & S. M. Railway authorities implement the suggestion?

M. VENKATARAMAN.

Sulurpeta.

(On the contents of the letter being passed on to him for consideration, the Public Relations Officer of the M. & S. M. Railway has written to us as follows:

"You will be glad to hear that the matter has already had the attention of the M. & S. M. Railway authorities and it has already been decided to charge, as suggested, 2 annas for an 8 oz. cup of coffee. The Railway has gone a step further and has decided to charge 1 anna for a 4 oz. cup of coffee for those who may desire the same."—Ed. S.)

Mottoes For Rulers

The time seems to have come when citizens have to remind each other regarding their duties and their rights. The Government have given the lead in the matter by ordering that every letter delivered on 30th January be stamped with Gandhiji's saying, "May God grant sense to everyone."

People will do well when they write a letter, a petition, an appeal, or memorandum to the authorities to inscribe it with one or more or all of the following mottoes:

- Don't be corrupt.
- Don't allow black marketing.
- Don't let nepotism creep in.
- Don't lose yourself in public utterances.
- Don't forget you represent millions.
- Don't forget you are amply paid to serve the public.
- Don't forget that you are clothed with authority only to serve the public.

'A WAKEFUL CITIZEN'.

(Signed by fourteen members of the Nellore Bar Association).

Women's College for Rayalaseema

It is a matter for regret that women are still not being admitted in one or two colleges in Rayalaseema. I therefore request the educational authorities to open a Women's College in a convenient centre in Rayalaseema where education to women might be provided.

Yemmiganur. G. M. GANGANNA.