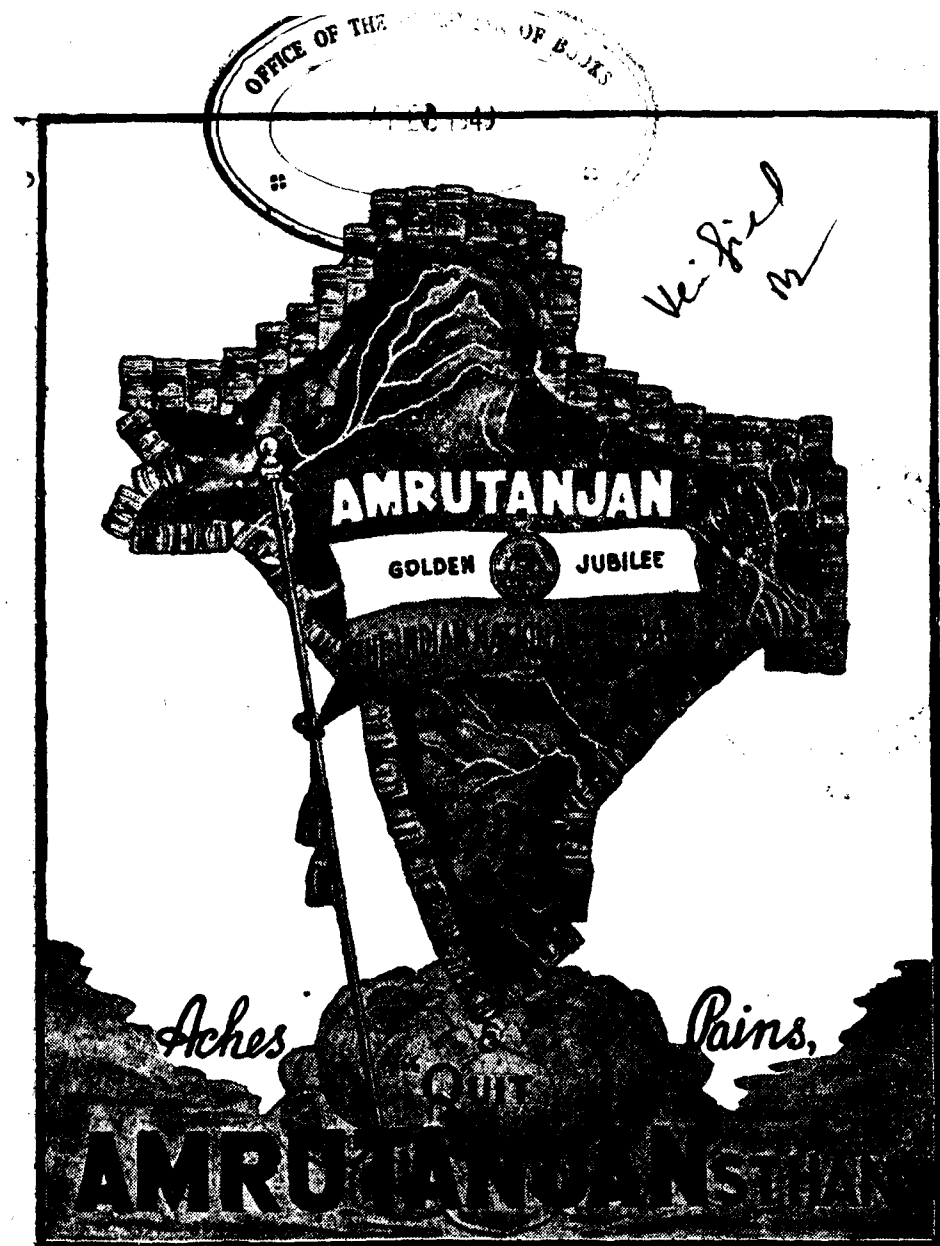




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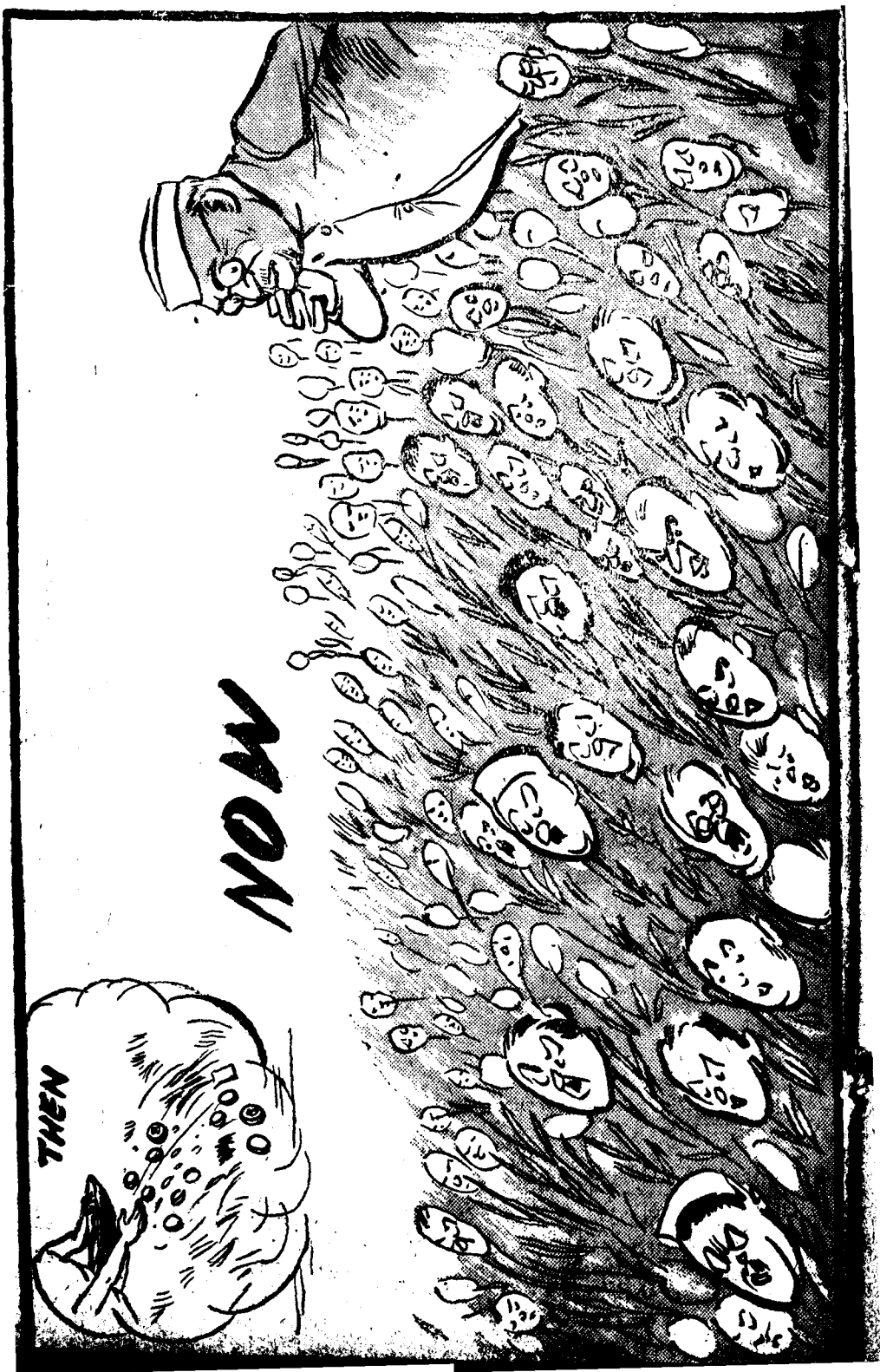
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GROW MORE FOOD : GROW MORE SECRETARIES



SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 1

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE FOOD DEBATE

AN utterly amateurish and unrealistic approach to the problem of our food supplies was distressingly exhibited in the course of the debate in the Dominion Parliament initiated by the Food Minister. We are aghast at the competitive zeal evinced by an array of speakers to display ignorance of elementary facts, incomprehension of economic implications and superfluous eloquence on irrelevant or side issues. In one and the same breath, official spokesmen declared that statistics bearing on the subject could not be revealed for market reasons (!) while they were revealed without reservations in another context. Let us state the basic facts as we have been able to glean them from reports so that we may form some idea of the magnitude of the task of feeding the nation, and then proceed to consider the steps taken and to be taken to fulfil that primary obligation adequately, equitably and economically. For the alternative to failure in this most vital department of State control is not merely mass starvation which is ghastly enough, but the more unpredictable political consequences of such starvation.

During the last year, the Government of India are believed to have incurred a total expenditure of 100 crores or thereabouts in importing food-grains of various kinds approximately totalling 4 to 5 million tons. Statutory rationing is expect-

ed to be reimposed over an urban population of from between 40 to 50 millions. The rural areas are either ignored or taken for granted as capable of fending for themselves without the aids of rationing and controls. Thus all this sound and fury are being promoted in the interests of a proletariat largely concentrated in urban areas, industries, State concerns and the personnel manning State departments. By the end of this year, it is anticipated that rationing will be in full force among a population of about 140 millions of people, which is nearly half the entire population of the Indian Union.

The needs of this huge number are to be met partly from local or provincial procurement drives, partly from purchases abroad on Government account, and partly from the yield of areas freshly brought under the plough. Let us consider the proportions of these as disclosed in the course of the debate.

Provincial procurement percentages were stated as follows:

Madras	: 28.8%
Bengal	: 14.9
Bombay	: 6.5
C. P.	: 8.7
Assam	: 15.0
Orissa	: 5.4
U. P.	: 4.8
Bihar	: 2.6

giving us 86.7% presumably of our total needs through local procurement. This leaves a gap of about

14 per cent to be made good by purchases from abroad. That is, the gap between local resources and local needs is 14 per cent; and it is in obtaining this comparatively smaller percentage from abroad that we are incurring an expenditure of about 100 crores of rupees. This is a staggering figure which almost equals the total of our national budget in the pre-war decade, and now represents a drain of our resources for which we have no adequate return. Britain has to depend on imported food in a greater measure, it is true; but her exports comprise a wide range of finished products, capital goods and machinery, the valuation of which is left almost undisturbed in her hands as a monopoly. We who are vulnerably placed are rendering ourselves more than ever helpless by continuing to improvise with a policy of drift which saps our initiative and makes us suppliants at the doors of unsympathetic foreign countries, who would naturally prefer to make the most of their bargaining advantages. While on this point of procurement, we fail to understand the necessity for such glaring disparities in the percentages of it in the different provinces. U.P. which covers a good portion of the Gangetic plain ought to have given a better account of itself; and yet nobody drew attention to this disquieting fact.

From the above facts and figures, it seems fair to conclude that the Government of India are committed to the throwing away of crores of rupees for the sake of ensuring the supply of *about 14 per cent of the food requirements of the country as a whole*. This seems to us as incredible as it is monstrous. Can the absence of 14 per cent of foodstuffs make all the difference between feeding and starvation? Obviously, a great area of local supply is being left untapped whether through supineness or through collusion. A supply position which secures 75 per

cent can and ought to be readjusted to provide for the centum through judicious reductions according to age-groups, functional needs, minimal requirements of labour, alternative foods, etc.

Let us next turn to the attempts made to augment local supplies through the Grow More Food Campaign. Almost all speakers including the spokesmen of the Government made the ignorant and untenable confession that the campaign to grow more food has failed. On the other hand, we contend that it has been so worked as to lead to its inevitable failure. The actual results of the campaign as reported show on the whole a degree of success which we can only describe as sensational. For here are the facts. A target of one million tons of foodgrains was set; nearly three-fourths of a million tons of foodgrains were grown. The cost of the entire campaign is given as 5 crores. That is, we spent 5 crores to obtain 7 lakhs tons of foodstuffs, or about 7 crores for a million tons of foodstuffs. This compares very favourably with spending nearly 50 to 60 crores or so during the last year in importing four to five million tons of foodgrains from abroad. These figures work out to an average of about 10 crores for a million tons—nearly one and a half times the cost of raising the same amount of food at home. In other words, the Grow More Food Campaign is vastly more economical than importing food bulk for bulk, and yet this salient fact has been either lost sight of or suppressed by the officials concerned.

We have led to this crucial fact in the present situation for the obvious importance of it to our national economy both in the immediate and long-term context. It is folly of the worst kind,—improvidence of the worst type—to discredit local attempts to balance our food economy, and to encourage depend-

ence upon foreign imports for our bare subsistence. The colossal dimensions of the problem in relation to our numbers, extent and area preclude the possibility of ensuring our safety through deals with foreign countries. The moral is that we must press with more vigour and determination towards making the country self-sufficient in food. And there is the supreme consideration that the crores which we spend in the country in this behalf remain in the country, instead of becoming a drain as the present position discloses. The British Government 'bled us white' according to the venerable father of Indian economics, the late Dadhabai Naoroji; we are bleeding ourselves white through lack of vision, lack of courage and lack of planning. For every crore thrown away abroad to buy our food needs is a nail in the coffin of our national self-sufficiency in regard to our food. We have not yet done anything radical to liquidate the pauper element in our population, running we fear into millions; if, in addition, we create conditions that would make them starve, we will have completed the ruin of our economy and the loss of our new-won freedom.

Provinces do not seem to be aware of these dangers which are both near and real. There are some not above exploiting the needs of neighbouring provinces to build up a dubious kind of business and black-marketing on Government account. The sugar interest for instance of the syndicate is indistinguishable from the interest of the Governments of U.P. and Bihar in the same trade. This sort of short-sightedness cannot be too severely denounced, and yet it passed by without notice.

Finally, we should like to condole with Mr. Jairamdas Doulatram rather than to condemn him. He has a good case, but he did not know how to make the most of it. Some members think that if the Sardar

or Pandit Nehru would take up the matter, we would be having the horn of plenty emptied over us in an un-failing stream. We doubt if either of them is the wizard he is popularly supposed to be. That neither of them intervened in the debate is a more disturbing manifestation of their indifference to a subject of major importance. It is a depressing task to educate so-called leaders who consider expending 5 crores to produce 7 lakhs of tons a waste while they accept with pathetic finality the monstrosity of spending about 50 to 60 crores to obtain four to five million tons of food from abroad! A tithe of it in bonuses and advances to the ryots all over the country will solve the problem in one year; but where is the voice to bring about this magical transformation in the Indian landscape?

If the fifty crores now given away gratis to foreign interests were auctioned among local producers, primary farmers and agriculturists, even the much hated zamindars, there would be a miraculous transformation in the domestic picture of dwindling procurement, loudly advertised failures of the monsoon, etc. In short, if every agriculturist were offered increased procurement rates, more would come into the pool. Even if it be a case of buying in the blackmarket, an indigenous blackmarket is preferable to a foreign one. For one day or other, we can call the former to account.

There is another direction in which the parliamentary debate proved uninformative. What about the prospective food surplus of Pakistan? How much of it is likely to be exported, and why should we not get it *in toto* as a *quid pro quo* for some other necessity of Pakistan—cloth—which we can readily supply? Why go all the way to Argentina or Australia to get our wheat when it can be got more quickly and economically from

Sind? Here is a case of sound economics promoting sound politics and good neighbourly relations between the sister dominions. Austerity measures, alternative foods and other devices have no place on a voluntary basis. Sir Stafford Cripps enforced austerity in England with the aid of an enlightened public opinion and an efficient system; in spite of them blackmarkets flourish there as well. With rationing only in narrow strips of the country, austerity has a deceptive because purely sentimental appeal; and its tangible contribution to bridge the gap will remain unassessed for want of machinery and data and sanctions. We must not trust to improvisations, we must not be content with good intentions; but we must plan from beginning to end and enforce our plans without fear or favour. Let it be realised that hunger is the most irresistible advocate of Communism; and let all our vested interests overcome it at least in the interests of their own self-preservation.

Defeated But Not Disgraced

AND so India has lost the rubber in the present series of matches played against the West Indies. But it is consoling to the fans of the game to reflect that India fought back with a gallantry and grace, a doggedness and determination that, had they been more uniformly in evidence, might well have ensured us against defeat. The first three Tests were so mismanaged as

to promote the impression that while we were incapable of winning, the West Indies seemed incapable of losing. But all probabilities and expectations were falsified by the tenor of the game in the last Test at Bombay. A fourth innings game yielded the maximum of runs, and in a moral sense, the victory was on the side of the Indian team. This is so utterly at variance with the record of our own players as to make us fall back on the old but trite remark that the game is full of uncertainties which are its peculiar glory. But the constancy of performance of some of the younger people deserves warm commendation. Some of the veterans must be hastened out of the selection lists, and fresh blood must be eagerly sought out. Above all, we must encourage the development of aggression as the cardinal principle of the game; for our climate no less than our environment in other respects is inhospitable to stonewalling or slogging tactics. If cricket could revert to its week-end concentration and tempo, much of the scintillation that pertains to it as played by masters in the classic era might well return to it; and that would be no mean gain.

Being young in the field, a few defeats will not disgrace us; on the other hand, they should help us to exploit aspects of the game which are in danger of submergence through its mechanisation as in Australia. To the uncertainties of the game, let our contribution be finish and tempo.



The poet lives for the morrow, and would have us do likewise. He presents to our admiring gaze the beautiful picture of the birds in the early morning singing hymns of praise as they soar into the sky. Those birds had their day's food and soared with rested wings in whose veins new blood had flown the previous night. But I have had the pain of watching birds who for want of strength could not be coaxed even into a flutter of their wings. The human bird under the Indian sky gets up weaker than when he pretended to retire. For millions it is an eternal vigil or an eternal trance.—Mahatma Gandhi.

Sotto Voce

Contending Carnivora



FOR our top Congressmen lost in logomachy, a little discipline in semantics would not come amiss. The Governor-General of India was found pleading the other day with his old co-worker Swami Satyananda Saraswati that he should not, by embarking on a fast, seek to coerce the elected legislature into yielding its hard-won right to legislate. The appeal conjures up a pathetic picture, as of the humble poor being defrauded of their lawful dues by superior might. But imagination boggles at the idea of an ochre-robed cgre gobbling up the 190 valiant Congressmen who obey the three-line whip! And when did a protest fast cease to be in the eyes of true-blue Satyagrahis the mobilisation of soul force and become plain coercion?

Such fighting as the Congress did in the old days was done not by those who walked in at the right moment to skim the cream of victory but by the rank and file among whom Swami Satyananda Saraswati was not the least conspicuous. To this day he bears upon his body the visible marks of that battering at the hands of the police under cover of which the elect got themselves safely lodged in jail after offering carefully timed symbolic Satyagraha. But the Swami is that rare bird, a Congressman who did not feel the urge to cash in on his sacrifices. Instead he sought a new field for service where there are no glittering prizes.

He has not merely a tough body but a tough soul. And long ago he

seems to have felt that the Swaraj that was coming might prove a whitened sepulchre safely burying religion and culture beneath its weight. And, as far as it is possible for any one man to do it, he has been quietly at work bringing home to little knots of people the conviction that India, if she lost her soul, must utterly perish. Today he challenges not the sacred right of the legislature to legislate but the cynical resolve of a dominant clique to ride roughshod over the most cherished sentiments of the people.

To Dr. Rajan the Swami's fast is unseemly. Satyagraha "was not meant for such purposes"; and of course he should know, for if he was not the rose himself he was very near it, wasn't he? And, with the assurance with which the high-souled sit in judgment on others, he accuses the Swamiji of cadging for sympathy. "Where is organised opposition to the Bill?" he asks. And such is the forgetfulness that power begets that he dismisses with a snort of disdain the very vigorous opposition of the great newspaper which put the Congress in office in this Province. But let that be: when did the Gandhians begin believing that justice is owed only to numbers?

After all, the Swami is vowed to die for his cause by slow starvation. And Dr. Rajan's knowledge of fasts, except perhaps of the *de luxe* variety which used to be fashionable with jailed patriots, is, shall we say, purely

academic. Dr. Rajan claims to be a devout Hindu; but a devout Hindu does not gibe at the sincerely held convictions of others. And a devout Hindu should know that according to the *Sastras* the only mode of seeking redress open to the Brahman who has been deprived of his possessions or is otherwise the victim of injustice is to go on a fast. Perhaps Dr. Rajan cannot see that violence done to one's deeply cherished faith may be the most intolerable deprivation of all.

The Congress aristocracy has a habit of appropriating tags which in the mouth of the Mahatma had been words of power. He spoke of himself as a Sanatani Hindu; and he exalted Daridra Narayan. But when Dr. Rajan oracularly asserts, "I cannot see any other God than suffering humanity," he merely caricatures the idea. For sentimental sob-stuff is not Hinduism. The notion that service of the poor requires that sannyasins should be ordered about by the paid underlings of the State must strike the devout Hindu as sacrilegious. It was left to that devout Harijan Mr. Munisami Pillai

to tell the Assembly a true story apropos. A *math* in Ooty was notified under the H.R.E. Act because the matadhipathi, being engaged in meditation, had failed to receive the visiting Commissioner!

Dr. Rajan is resolved to, save Hinduism from the Communist wolves and the Blackshirt panthers. Those predatory animals might retort with uncomplimentary references to the large-scale nepotism that Congress foxes have practised, to the proximity of the general elections and the long list of clamant office-seekers whom (as rumour has it) it is hoped to propitiate by creating some two thousand jobs. But the Hindus for their part pray to be saved from carnivora of every description. Dr. Rajan the devout Hindu claims with Hitler that the State is all; from that it is but a short step to saying with the Grand Monarch, "The State?—it is me!" He has threatened to tear up the Fundamental Law if it should clash with his designs on the temples and *maths*. No Communist can do worse.

VIGNESWARA



PROPAGANDA AND THE MODERN STATE

Rotarian M. H. Broom, in the course of an interesting talk on "Propaganda and the Modern State" said that the weakness of propaganda is that no one rarely believes what he reads or is told. This is because the weapon of propaganda has been misused for immediate objectives and not correctly used for long term and worthy objectives.

Propaganda is too valuable a weapon to be ignored by the modern progressive State, but the modern State must abandon propaganda as a means of achieving unimportant and unworthy objectives. By using propaganda correctly for entirely sincere objectives, the modern State would inevitably create greater efficiency within the machinery of the State and in Government's own planning.—Rotarian M. H. Broom.

If you want to do evil in the world in a big way and yet escape punishment, the thing to do is to become a Cabinet Minister.—Tribunal.

SIDELIGHTS :

Men trust rather to their eyes than to their ears. The effect of precepts is, therefore, slow and tedious, while that of examples is summary and effectual.—SENECA.

THE visit of His Excellency the Governor-General to the South is generally believed to have something to do with his desire to have a hand in the shaping of Madras ministerial affairs. A quiet and tenacious appreciation of the administrative virtues of the leading figures of the pro-British Justice regime of the pre-freedom era, has characterised the politics of Sri C. Rajagopalachari since he left Madras for the larger arena of New Delhi. Sir R. K. Shanmukham Chetti would probably never have become Finance Minister of the Government of India, had not C.R. intervened, at just the psychological moment, to give a twist or two which made later retraction of the choice difficult. It would appear that, apart from the Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister, the members of the Central Cabinet including even so important a personage as Sri N. Gopalaswami Ayyangar, did not know that Shanmukham Chetti had been pitched upon for the Finance portfolio until after C.R. had conveyed the offer to him through midnight use of the trunk telephone.

Sir A. Ramaswami Mudaliar is another Justice stalwart that has of late found favour with C.R. They did not want him at Mysore. After the advent of the popular Ministry, the Ministers felt that the Dewan had become a fifth wheel to the coach that only came in the way and ceased to serve any useful purpose. It was the strategic intervention of C.R. during his last visit to the State, at a time when the Dewanship was tottering on the brink, that saved Sir A. Ramaswami Mudaliar from being ousted and enabled him to secure prolongation of his tenure of office. When the Governorship of Assam fell vacant,

all the craftsmanship of C.R. as a maker of masterstrokes in wirepulling, went into play for advancement of the fortunes of his Justice favourite. Pandit Nehru's preference was for a Congressman for the post, and but for C.R.'s obstructive veto, Dr. Subbaroyan might have got it. But the eventual selection of Sri Prakasa was a rebuff to the laborious planning of the Governor-General to salvage old Congress enemies from decline and instal them in important political positions.

Mahatma Gandhi hinduised Christianity and specialised in turning the other cheek. The Gita was his Bible. The same fount of guidance in life's tribulations is generously drawn upon by C.R. But whereas, in pursuit of detachment as a discipline of the spirit, the Mahatma practised consideration for opponents to the point of forbearance, C.R. is carrying it to a pitch of positive preference. The difference between the two marks a distinction between the equipose of sainthood and the politicalising of spirituality in a restless straining for external effects. In the one case old friends are retained. The process of converting opponents into friends characteristic of the other, most often results in converting old friends into new enemies.

C.R. loves to hand favours on a platter to ring-leaders of the feuds against him. It is his way of seeking the exhilaration of self-conquest. The danger is that what starts laudably as "culture" might pass on into an intoxication and stand in need of continual doses of indulgence. We have a concretisation of it at the moment in C.R.'s attempt to bolster up the collapsing fortunes of the Omandur regime.

Even those who strove hard to put Sri Omandur in power have now realised that he does not possess the qualities of a leader. His men-

tality is of too narrow a compass for the responsibilities of State. The portfolios he has taken into his keeping are far too burdensome for his capacities. Files are not attended to with promptitude, and matters of grave public interest are kept pending for too long on account of the inability of the Premier to cope with his work. Nor will he allow others to do what he is patently ill-equipped to accomplish.

He suffers from a burning distrust of his colleagues. While every major problem connected with public welfare has been neglected, there has been a prodigious concentration of energy on unimportant trivialities. Few of those who once followed the Governor-General are now in a mood to pay the price of his spiritual gratification by lending their support at his bidding to the Omandur leadership.—SAKA.

THE MUDDLE OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES

by U. K. OZA

THE "various cost of living indices, imperfect even within their limitations give no hint of the change that has taken place in the distribution of the national wealth to the detriment of the middle classes." An examination of family budgets in West Bengal in 1943-44 and in Assam in 1944-45 has shown that all families falling within the income group below Rs. 100 per month had a deficit budget at that time. Prof. C. N. Vakil writes in his latest book, "The Economic Crisis": "Because of the continuous inflationary situation in the country now for over five years the plight of the middle classes has become increasingly deplorable. As this class of people cannot have large savings, the inevitable consequence is that the continuation of the inflationary situation must impinge on the existing standard of the middle class which is none too high..... Unless sufficient attention is given to their grievances, serious repercussions will take place in the social life of the country."

And yet the Congress has so far given no thought to the plight of the middle classes. It may be mentioned that the President of the Congress had been requested more than a fortnight before the Jaipur Session to bring this problem to the notice of the Working Committee for presentation to the Subjects Committee and ultimately the full

sessions by means of an official resolution. But there was no reference to the middle classes in the long presidential address. I hope that the President who essentially belongs to the middle classes will take up this particularly important national problem without delay.

There is a consensus of opinion that national culture is particularly treasured by the middle class people of the community. This class makes both for stability of political life and continuity of national programmes. It is from this class that national leaders are drawn. As in other countries, the movement for independence in India was led, supported and finally taken to full consummation by the middle class people. The present Congress Governments were voted to power and authority by the middle class; yet while the State is paying special attention to the interests of the capitalists and industrial workers, it is ignoring the middle classes. A very considerable part of the address of the Congress President at Jaipur was devoted to industrial labour. The Government of India have devised an industrial truce, a profit-sharing scheme in six major industries and a scheme of working class State insurance in the workers' interests. With the prospect of adult franchise forming the basis of the next elections, working class influence in the political life of the country is gain-

ing greater and greater influence every day.

The middle class intelligentsia have led the new social movement, have given shape to the labour organisation and have identified themselves with the workers. But they have always assumed that the National Government of Free India will honestly check inflation and by following Gandhian ideals, bring down high prices. It was also expected that they would check black-marketing and profiteering, that they would so organise the economy of national life that the middle class standard of living, i.e. the standard of living that makes for decency, health and culture, would be assured to the whole nation.

Unfortunately these hopes still remain mere hopes. We seem to be heading towards a great accumulation of wealth in the hands of a very few at one end and an extremely poor and helpless proletariat at the other. The middle class, peaceful and unvocal, heavily pressed down from above by the rich and squeezed by the upward pressure of the working class below finds itself helpless. It faces ultimate disappearance by being lost and merged in the great army of the unemployed and the unskilled paupers. The new Constitution of India holds no promise of any social security mandate for the State. There is no mention in the chapter on Fundamental Rights of the elementary human rights of freedom from hunger or want, from squalor, disease, ignorance and idleness. A separate chapter only indulges in pious platitudes and promises.

With growing industrialisation, employment among the working classes will increase. With our need for more food the problem of agricultural labour also will be solved but what is the prospect before the middle class? They had been accumulating a heavy load of debt ever since the beginning of the first world war. Whatever tardy relief was afforded to them towards the end of that war was withdrawn

later before this debt could be paid off. And then when the second world war came they began incurring further debts. The paltry relief that came to them by inadequate dearness allowances was no relief at all. The Central Pay Commission attempted to give fairly adequate relief. But its work was belated. The cost of living that formed the basis of the recommendations was too low for the actual circumstances of the case. The index was about 250 in 1945. The index today is 399. Besides, the Pay Commission's recommendations did not affect semi-Government or private employers.

The middle class people in India are not Communists and are intensely patriotic. But they cannot remain indifferent to the fact that the leaders of the Congress have failed to give them what Gandhiji promised them on the attainment of Swaraj. The middle class is not concerned as to how the State secures essential and elementary rights for the common man, whether by means of parliamentary democracy, or by monarchy or by a socialist State or by a Communist Soviet organisation. Any form of State that secures them for the common man is equally good and the question of change, reform or revolution arises only when one form fails to secure these rights for him.

The new constitution of Free India is cautious, conservative and timid. No doubt there are clauses that "the State shall in particular direct its policy towards securing (a) the right to an adequate means of livelihood, (b) equal pay for equal work for all, and (c) effective provision for securing the right to work, to education and to public assistance in case of sickness, unemployment, old age, disablement and undeserved want."

But there is a saving clause—"within the limits of its capacity and development"—which nullifies everything; for as things at present stand and are shaping, that capacity is not there.

THE ADVENTURES OF COL. BISWAS

by KRISHNA KRIPALINI

(The writer who is the Cultural Secretary, Indian Embassy, Brazil, describes in this article the adventures of the First Indian who went to Brazil and who eventually became a citizen of that country.)

RIO DE JANEIRO : Before leaving New Delhi for Rio de Janeiro in Brazil, I went to Santiniketan on a brief visit to take my parting look at a unique spot in India with which I had had such long and happy associations that it was always a second home to me, and which, since my original home in Karachi had been lost in Pakistan, was the only spot in India which on me had the intimate and sentimental reaction of a "home". While in Santiniketan I was amused to learn that the children in the School, when told where I was going, had asked their teacher: "Is he going to the land to which Col. Biswas went?" When I asked who Col. Biswas was, I was informed by a friend that he was an adventurous Bengali who, in the last quarter of the last century, had left home and, after many adventures in Europe as a lion tamer in a circus, had finally settled down in Brazil where he had occasion to fight for the Government of the country in a civil war and had been rewarded with a title. No precise facts of his life in Brazil were known in India, but, as so often happens, exaggerated reports of his deeds must have circulated in Bengal where the children's imagination wove a legendary romance round his name.

I was therefore curious to know the exact facts of Col. Biswas' life in Brazil. To tell the truth, I was in the beginning a little sceptical and had even doubted whether such a person had ever been here. I did not know how to set about to discover his traces, as no Brazilian whom I met seemed to have ever heard of the name. Fortunately among my first acquaintances in Rio was a Bengali gentleman, by name Asoke Mukherjee, who had been a resident of Rio for the last

twenty years. It was a pleasure to discover in this far-off continent an Indian who was intelligent, cultured and amiable and whose love for India had grown with the years of exile. He and his devoted wife have in a hundred little ways helped to make us feel at home in this beautiful and bewildering city where everything was strange, including the language. Mr. Mukherjee's life too, if told, would read like a romance, for he was one of the two adventurous youths who in the early twenties covered the world on a bicycle. However, here I am concerned with the story not of Mukherjee but of Col. Biswas.

Talking to Mukherjee one day of his predecessor in Brazil, I was agreeably surprised when he fished out from among his old and dust-laden pile of papers a bundle of newspaper clippings, relating to Col. Biswas. It is on these clippings that the following account of the adventures of Col. Biswas is based.

"On June 11, 1934, *A Noite*, a well-known evening daily of Rio de Janeiro, published a letter from one Mr. U. K. Bose of Calcutta, requesting the paper to trace the whereabouts of the family of Col. Suresh Chandra Biswas, who, the writer of the letter said, was his uncle on his mother's side. In response to this inquiry, *A Noite* of June 14 and 15 published several columns of interesting material on the life of Col. Biswas which was the result of an investigation conducted by the paper's local reporters. In his account the reporter had evidently given free rein to his romantic imagination, picturing the hero of his investigation as the high-minded, brooding scion of a princely family who, haunted by an indefinable thirst for happiness, one day suddenly left his palace, riches and luxury and "became a plebian

wanderer so that he might know happiness."

What is, however, of interest are the facts recorded by the reporter on the testimony of Col. Biswas' wife, who was then living, and of some old comrades of the Colonel, whom the reporter was able to trace. Suresh's wife, Dona Maria Augusta Fernandes Biswas, was living in a modest house in a suburb of Rio. The reporter found her "an old woman of 65, with white hair, a graceful and kindly woman." From the photograph published in the paper, she seems to have been good-looking in her youth. According to her story, she "was a young girl of 16 or 17 when a big circus came to Rio where I first saw Suresh. When I left the circus I could not forget him. His courage with the animals impressed me deeply". Some months later she met him again by accident at a friend's house. They met often and grew fond of each other. "Suresh was then no longer with the circus. Some months later he left for Europe and told me he was going to put on a show with an elephant, called Bosco. And I only saw him again when he returned and joined the Military Police. He was already a corporal. He asked me to marry him. My family would not give consent. How could I marry a soldier, and one who had been an animal tamer? He would be a terrible husband".

However, with or without her parents' consent, they were married on January 11, 1890. According to the widow, "Suresh was the best of husbands and the most worthy companion a woman could ever dream about". From the marriage they had six children, of whom only three were living at the time she told this story, two sons and a daughter—Suresh, who was given his father's name, Hermes Evaristo, and Stella, whom the reporter describes as "very shy and radiating a strange likeableness and having all the characteristics of her ancestry".

Col. Biswas was apparently very reserved and uncommunicative about his past, for he does not seem to have told even his wife much about it. The reporter then tried his luck with an old policeman, Joao Martins,

by name, who had also once been an animal tamer. Joao Martins remembered Suresh, who, according to him, was a Captain in the Military Police, not a Colonel. Before joining the Military Police, Suresh had worked in the circus of the Carlos Brothers with an elephant, named Bosco, "which is today embalmed in the National Museum". His wife was the daughter of a captain of the Army, Mareolino Rodrigues da Costa, who was also a highly-placed public servant in the Ministry of Agriculture.

The reporter's next source of information was one Henry Leonardos, who also claimed to have known Col. Biswas personally during his career as an officer in the Military Police. According to Henry Leonardos, Suresh took part in the uprising of 15th November 1889, which followed the abolition of monarchy in Brazil, fighting for the new Republic, alongside Floriano Peixoto, who later on became Vice-President of the Republic of Brazil. He was soon promoted to the rank of a sergeant for acts of bravery. "But even though he was only a soldier, Suresh soon distinguished himself by his refined ways and his knowledge. He could speak six languages fluently and this led him to serve in the secretariat of the battalion to which he belonged. When Marshall Hermes da Fonseca (who later on was elected President of the Republic) assumed command of the Military Police, he took Suresh as tutor in English and French for his children and later gave him the rank of a Captain. When Suresh was married and had children Marshall Hermes and his wife acted as god-parents to one of the children. Suresh was a gentleman, but very reserved and had never revealed his status as an Indian nobleman. Who knows if he had not always denied his nationality?" Henry Leonardos went on to say that Suresh was keenly interested in the study of psychic phenomena and was the correspondent in Brazil of the Academy of Psychic Studies in London. He was also an intimate friend of Euclides da Cunha, the famous Brazilian author and sociologist, whose book, "Rebellion in the Backlands" is regarded as Brazil's greatest literary classic.

The reporter's last interview was with one Captain Astolpho Ferreira do Pinho, who claimed to have been an intimate friend of Col. Biswas. According to Captain Astolpho's account, Suresh, after the death of his elephant Bosco, found himself without a means of livelihood, in which circumstances the Captain found him and they became friends. The Captain, not knowing that Suresh was a foreigner, for he spoke perfect Portuguese, helped him to get into the Military Police. One day the French Ambassador visited the headquarters. As someone had to receive him in his own language, Suresh was called and he made such a good impression that the diplomat did not hide his admiration for the talent and noble bearing of the young man. Only much later did Suresh confide to his friend, the Captain, his real nationality, though he never spoke about his past. All that he told his friend was that when he was 14 years old he ran away from home because his parents "wanted to baptise him and convert him to a religion in which he did not believe".

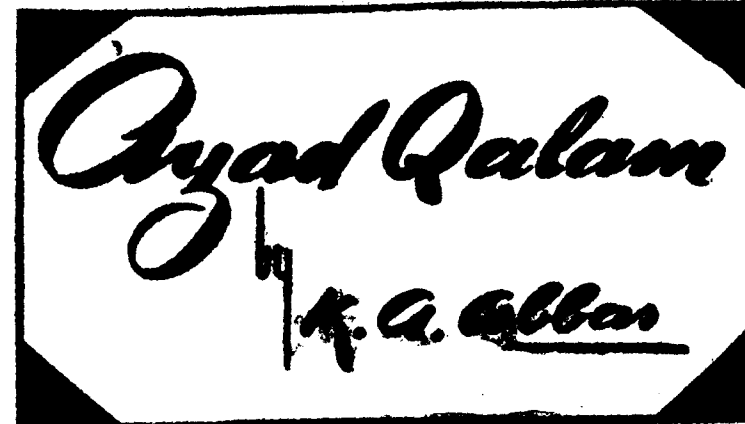
The Captain's reminiscences of his friend are rather interesting and I am therefore tempted to quote a little more freely from them. The Captain continued: "I never knew much about Suresh's life though I was his friend till the day he died. When we were bachelors we lived together. He had strange habits which I shared at first out of curiosity and later out of friendship. He did not drink nor smoke and ate hardly any meat at all. He was almost completely a vegetarian. He liked to walk in the forests round Rio and would stay for hours, contemplating a tree, a brook or an insect walking around a leaf. One afternoon on one of these walks I found him crying by a fountain. He wouldn't tell me the reason but it

was then that he told me about his extraordinary powers and his faith in a cult that worships nature and dabbles in the transcendental. The truth is that Suresh, like the Fakirs in India, could hypnotize birds and snakes. One day he proved this to me in the middle of the woods when we saw a snake. He stared at the snake and gave a shrill whistle, upon which the snake crept to his feet and rolled itself round his legs and allowed Suresh to pick it up in his arms. Later he did the same thing with a dangerous bird in the Zoo.

"Suresh tried to teach me occult powers, including the transmission of thought or will at a long distance to some one else. I wasn't very successful, for it took a great deal of sacrifice to learn the art, but, even so, with his help I experienced an extraordinary happening one day. I had left behind my keys at home and I transmitted to my wife the wish that she send me the keys through my aide. A few hours later the aide appeared with the keys and said that my wife had sent them. Suresh was indeed an extraordinary man. I do not believe in supernatural things and am by no means a believer though I know that in the future these phenomena will be explained by science. However, I cannot deny what I know....."

Such is the story of this strange wanderer who was perhaps the first Indian to find a home in Brazil. I hope the story will interest the Indian reader, not only because of its intrinsic merit but because Brazil is no longer as distant and unknown to India as it once seemed. As the days go by, the two countries, each of which is almost a continent by itself, will draw nearer, and as the knowledge of Brazil grows in India, the people will understand why Suresh, having left India, chose Brazil as his home.-- N. P. S. (Copyright)

It is sad to think that the Smritis contain texts which can command no respect from men who cherish the liberty of woman as their own and who regard her as the mother of the race.—Mahatma Gandhi.



THE Reuter report that "A revival of religious feeling, dormant or repressed since Turkey became a lay republic 25 years ago, is today slowly making itself felt in the country's public life" will be regarded by many as a blow to the ideal of secularism which we in India are trying to follow as the basis of our new State.

Three recent decisions by the present Turkish Government, according to this report, point the way to what would appear to be a popular demand for "a return to the mosque." The first is the re-introduction of Islamic religious tuition in primary schools, which are run by the State. A second step is the Government's acceptance of the plans to recreate the special State schools for the training of Imams (preachers). Finally the Government has agreed to re-open the Islamic Theological School for the training of the upper clergy, although the Theological Faculty of Istanbul closed down in 1933 because there were barely 20 students and hardly any qualified teachers.

ALLAH IN A CORNER!

While reading this report, my mind went back ten years to a day in November 1938. In the course of a hurried round-the-world tour, I was passing through Istanbul (the former Constantinople) and, while sight-seeing, went to see the celebrated mosque which once was the famous church of St. Sophia. The secular republic had decreed that it

remain neither mosque nor Church but just a national monument. While walking through the empty splendour of its vast and vaulted central hall, I saw a number of boards carelessly piled up in a corner, their faces turned to the wall. When I turned one of them to see what was inscribed on it I found one single Arabic word: ALLAH.

The secular republic had, indeed, put Allah in a corner. The religious courts had been abolished, the priests were forbidden to appear in their robes outside mosques, the wearing of the faz (still called 'Turkish cap' in India) was banned, the Dervish orders were suppressed, the Arabic alphabet was replaced by the Roman, the veil had been discarded and the official Republican People's Party of Kamal had declared: "As the conception of religion is a matter of conscience, the Party considers it to be one of the chief factors in the success of our nation in contemporary progress, to separate ideas of religion from politics, and from the affairs of the world and the State." Schools were no longer allowed to impart religious instruction—Islamic or (in the case of foreign missions) Christian.

Typical of that phase of New Turkey was the young Turk, a conversation with whom Lilo Linke quoted in her "ALLAH DETHRONED":

"Aren't you a Moslem?"

"A Turk, no Moslem. My father was. I believe not in God."

"Why not?"

"Religion very bad for Turkey. Moslem religion very bad. All life ruled by religion. Progress, no. Priests not clever, not learn. Christian religion, bad. Greeks Christians, Armenians Christians. Live in Turkey—not Turkish. Americans, French, English give money. Make Christian schools. Say poor Armenians—but Armenians love not Turkey. Want Kill Turkey. Religion very bad."

"If you don't believe in God, do you believe in anything else?"

"Turkey. I die for Turkey."

The country was the new God. No wonder the religious susceptibilities of Iqbal were so hurt that he cried out:

In taaza khuda-on men bara sab se watan hai

Jo pairahan is ka hai woh mazhab ka kafan hai

(The greatest of these new gods is the homeland—

And its apparel is the shroud of religion).

ECLIPSE OF SECULARISM?

Is the apparent reversal of Turkish policy and sentiment to be regarded as the failure of secularism? The question assumes more weight because of certain recent trends and tendencies in Soviet Russia—manifested first during the war years—which point to a relaxation if not reversal, of the earlier revolutionary secularism of the Communist regime. Since Marx described religion as the "Opium of the people", Godlessness has been the declared, official policy of Communist Russia. And yet during the war, we heard that prayers for Soviet victory were being offered in Russian churches and in the mosques of the Soviet Asian republics, and that many Christian and Muslim divines had blessed Stalin's war effort. The world was amazed to hear this. Were the Godless Soviets, under the stress and strain of war, at last returning to the faith of their superstitious fore-fathers?

The relaxation of the anti-religious crusade, however, was a pre-war

phenomenon. Following the Revolution among other disabilities Russian priests were also disfranchised. But according to the amendments to the Soviet Constitution of 1936 (which guarantees liberty of conscience and of religious worship) "fifty thousand practising priests of the Greek Orthodox church, along with representatives of the Roman Catholic, Evangelical, Mohammedan and Buddhist fraternities, were, for the first time under Bolshevik rule, permitted to vote."

Jennis Lee, a British M.P. who visited Russia during the war, reported that "Peasants now-a-days are not obliged to take their ikons (religious picture) from the wall...An ikon and an image of Stalin hanging side by side on the kitchen wall is not an unusual sight...When the sons and daughters of peasants marry, although they are of the generation whose whole life-time has been lived in the post-revolutionary era, they mostly choose to be married in church in addition to registering at the Soviet marriage bureau. Even in the towns a considerable percentage of marriages is solemnised in the church...Religious services now being held throughout the U.S.S.R. praying for victory for the Red Army are, to say the least, not likely to impede the growth of mutual tolerance between church and State."

It is important to remember in this context that in Russia (and to an only slightly lesser extent in Turkey) religion was an instrument of corrupt feudal tyranny. The priests and even churches as such were among the biggest landlords in Czarist Russia and Rasputin represented the evil combination of religious authority and autocracy. In Turkey the *Ulema* were largely servile not only to the Sultans but also to the foreign imperialists who sought through the Sultan, to crush the revolutionary Young Turks. In both the countries, therefore, it was necessary that organised religion, along with all other counter-revolutionary forces, be rendered powerless—and harmless. The concessions to genuine religious sentiment,

as manifested in the private life of citizens, recently granted, are a measure of the confidence that the revolutionary secular regime (in either country) has in itself. No longer need it be afraid of religion intruding into politics and playing a reactionary role. The priests' (political) back has been broken for ever and secularism has come to stay.

GOD THE ANTI-FASCIST!

Among the other paradoxes which appeared during the War (e.g. Churchill and Stalin toasting each other across the banquet table!) was the amazing phenomenon of the united front of Godless Communists and fervent 'believers' which existed in many countries menaced by Hitler. Indeed, in reputation of the orthodox Communist theory, God turned out to be a staunch anti-Fascist!

In Italy, the Resistance was mainly composed of Communists and Catholics—it was this unity which was symbolised in the friendship between the Communist and the Catholic priest in the famous Italian film, *Open City!* In Germany Hitler's victims—and his enemies—included Jews, Communists, Social Democrats, Catholic priests and Protestant pastors.

Among other illusions the war also shattered the belief that religion was necessarily reactionary, or that atheists were necessarily progressive. Against the Godless trio of Hitler, Goering and Goebbels were pitted many believing Protestants and Catholics in Germany and elsewhere. In view of the consistent support that the Dean of Canterbury, one of the highest dignitaries of the Church of England, has given to Soviet Russia and to Communism, even the most fanatical 'Red' will find it difficult to repeat the old Marxist tag about 'opium of the people'.

RELIGION IN INDIA

Many wrongs have been committed in the name of religion in India. The vast mass of the people have been kept steeped in ignorance

and superstition. The caste system, untouchability and prejudices against men of other faiths—all these are to be ascribed to the influence of religion. It is also true that many self-proclaimed 'Men of God' sold themselves to the imperialists—even as they are now selling themselves to capitalists. There were many priests and pandits who were servile toadies of the British raj, even as there were Maulanas, who issued '*fatwas*' enjoining upon Muslims to be loyal to the British—even to the extent of going to war against brother-Muslims of Turkey. But it is also true that many divines both Hindu and Muslim supported the anti-imperialist struggle. It is also to be noted that while the deeply religious Maulana Azad (and all the divines of *Jamiat-ul-Ulema*) upheld the ideals of unity and freedom it was westernized, non-praying, non-fasting 'political Muslims' like the late Mr. Jinnah, Liaquat Ali Khan and Feroze Khan Noon who raised the cry of "Islam in danger". And yet Pakistan and the rise of the R.S.S., the communal massacres and the assassination of Gandhiji constitute a stern warning against the danger of allowing religious or pseudo-religious organisations and slogans to intrude into politics.

The truth is that, like nationalism itself, Religion too has two faces—the real and the false! Even as nationalism can be defensive and creative (as in India) and also aggressive and destructive (as in Hitler's Nazi Germany), so too while true religion (of a Gandhi or an Azad) propagates humanity and peace and tolerance, it can also be used by unscrupulous or crazy fanatics to bolster reaction and to propagate jingoism and violence as we know only too well.

The danger, however, lies in the fact that both go under the label of "Religion". This confusion indeed has been the undoing of Indian politics. Depending on the truly patriotic believers and seeking a short cut to the heart of the religious masses, the Indian nationalists encouraged and made use of such religious movements and symbols as

Bharat Mata, Vande Mataram, Khilafat, Holy Lands of Islam, Gurudwara agitation, Akali movement etc. and unwittingly nourished the dangerous communalist tendencies which were to culminate, years later, in the division of the country and the Punjab massacres.

The safest course is to allow liberty of conscience to every one but to deprive Religion of any power or opportunity to interfere with, or influence the collective political or economic life of the people, to bring up our new generation on secular ideals, and to assimilate whatever is good and worthwhile in the principles of all the religions in the moral teachings to be imparted in the State schools. The people must be free to go forward unhampered by considerations of caste and community, superstitions and archaic notions of morality. They must learn that the only criterion of human conduct should be Reason and the well-being of the greatest number. If it is true Religion, concerned with truth and humanity, it shall not resist the advance of Reason or impede the people's march towards Progress. If it does so interfere and impede, it is Unreason and Reaction masquerading as Religion and deserves no mercy.

ARE WE SECULAR?

I think many of our leaders today are not clear about their conception of Secularism. They seem to think that secularism means a kind of religious *laissez faire* or a Theosophical tolerance of a multi-religious

pattern. How can we call a State truly secular whose Ministers, in the discharge of their public duties observe religious rites? The American "Life" published a full-page picture of Prime Minister Nehru participating "in a strange ceremony in New Delhi on the eve of becoming the first prime minister of the Hindu Dominion of India. An order of the holy men cloaked him in silk, daubed his forehead with sacred ashes denoting his Brahmin caste..." Every time a ship is launched, coconuts are broken and *mantras* recited. The Food Minister performs Ganesh Puja before inaugurating a tractor. Religious scriptures are recited on the All-India Radio—and it is no proof of secularism that all are recited including the Gita, Quran and Bible. The Governor General goes to address congregations in mosques and temple visits are part of Ministers' official programmes. And still at least two universities and numerous schools and colleges are run on denominational lines.

For a Secular state it is not enough to be *impartial* in the matter of religion, but (as a Corporate body) to be *indifferent* to religion.)

Both Russia and Turkey had to take strong measures to neutralize the centuries-old power of organised religion before they conceded even ordinary civil liberties for religious instruction and observance. In India the State will have to forget religion entirely leaving religious observance to the individual conscience

of citizens in their *private* lives before it can truly claim to be secular. But are we really serious about being "secular"?

BOOK OF THE WEEK

The Publishers timed well the publication of Mrs. Krishna Hutheesing's **THE STORY OF GANDHIJI** (Kutub Publishers, Bombay 1, Price: Rs. 2) which appeared just a few days before the anniversary of the Mahatma's death. Told in the new familiar style of "Our India", "Story Of Nehru" and "Story Of India", "The Story Of Gandhiji" makes interesting—and inspiring—reading for children. It is the kind of children's book which, translated into Indian languages and priced low, should be made available to every school child so that the younger generation learns to love and cherish the memory of the Mahatma. As it is, it makes the ideal gift for any English-knowing boy or girl.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"KANPUR: A telegram received at the I.N.T.U.C. Provincial office from Agra, states that one thousand workers are on hunger-strike as a mark of protest against low payment in oil, flour, textile, tin and other mills at Agra."

"NEW DELHI: According to a telegram received from Agartala there was lathi-charge and firing by the State police on January 28 on the demonstrators against the food procurement policy of the Government and disappearance of rice from open market. Many persons are reported to have been injured."

"NASIK: Mr. D. S. Wagh, leader of the Workers' and Peasants' Party of Maharashtra and two other workers from Igatpuri Taluka have been externed from the Nasik district under orders from the District Magistrate, following the "Satyagraha" campaign among peasants for securing higher prices for paddy from Gov-

ernment. So far nearly 370 persons have been arrested in the campaign, of whom fifty are women.

"GAUHATI: While a police party was escorting two persons, arrested in connection with agrarian trouble, a few miles away from Gauhati, a large number of women, armed with sticks and brooms surrounded the police party and tried to release the men. The women later came to the town and staged a demonstration, demanding the release of the arrested men. Twenty of the women demonstrators, including two boys, were arrested in this connection."—*New items.*

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"NAGPUR: Mr. Baliram Kadwe, A Congress worker in Nagpur, is on a week's fast from January 24 as, "penance for the crime of the assassin" of Mahatma Gandhi."

"BHOPAL: Pandit Chaturarain Malaviya, Prime Minister, Bhopal, and his three Congress colleagues in the State Cabinet, submitted their resignations to the Nawab of Bhopal. Pandit Chaturarain Malaviya announced at a public meeting that he had undertaken a 21 days' fast."—*New items.*

"NEW DELHI: Mr. R. K. Sidhwa, saying that something ought to be done immediately to conserve rice, suggested all non-vegetarian hotel establishments in the country should be prohibited from supplying rice to their customers. By way of strengthening this suggestion, he said: "Fish curry, for instance, tastes just as good with bread or chapatis" (laughter). Mr. Rohini Kumar Chaudhry rejoined: "But, has Mr. Sidhwa, tasted fish curry with rice?" (Loud laughter). Amidst more laughter, Mr. Sidhwa conceded that in the days gone by it used to be his favourite dish."

—Proceedings of Parliament.

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My experience has shown me that we win justice quickest by rendering justice to the other party.—Mahatma Gandhi.

BABU SRI PRAKASA

by C. H. V. PATHY

I always thought that Babu Sri Prakasa was a square peg in a round hole at Karachi. His elevation to the Governorship of Assam does not come as a surprise. All along he was feeling very uncomfortable in the sheltered seclusion of Pakistan's capital. Left to himself, he would have shaken the dust of Karachi off his feet long ago but it was only out of respect for Pandit Nehru that he clung on to a place which was denuded practically of all the Hindu population.

The task of profiling Babuji is a difficult one because there are several phases to his career. He is a scholar turned statesman, a plain, blunt-spoken politician ill suited for the tortuous role of a diplomat. The story was once narrated to me by one in the know of things that when the news of Babu Sri Prakasa's appointment was broken to Mr. Jinnah, he instantaneously reacted thus: "Sri Prakasa is such a simple fellow that he would not know what is happening right under his feet."

It was in 1923 that I first met Sri Prakasa in his domestic setting of "Sevashram" at Benares. The occasion was a political conference at Benares. The captains and kings of U.P. politics had departed when I walked into his study room with its neat array of books and we talked of several things. I could sense instinctively that his Sanskritised background and Cambridge upbringing sat upon him lightly. There was nothing snobbish about him and he extended to me even at the very first meeting a "hail-fellow-well-met" attitude. He talked with pride about his learned father though there was a touch of modesty when I tried to drag him out about the contribution of his family to the Kashi Vidyapith. His candour was refreshing.

I remember vividly his periodic incursions into the Central Assembly where he adorned the Congress benches for years. He was un-

doubtedly the A. P. Herbert of the House, though Kabiruddin Ahmed tried to run a race with him with his crude jokes.

He was for several years editor of "AJ" and was for a while Assistant Editor of "Independent."

I was one of the first to greet him when he arrived at Karachi as Indian Ambassador in Pakistan and took up his residence at the Palace Hotel. A vegetarian and teetotaler, he had brought his own cook from Benares. His personal Secretariat which consisted of about three persons was drawn from the United Provinces and his personal Secretary was a newspaperman from Benares.

Being a journalist himself, Babuji knew exactly what I wanted and in a few, crisp, well-chosen words, he told me about his early life, how he took a keen interest in sports, particularly hockey, how he went to Cambridge where he was a contemporary of Pandit Nehru, how on his return he had a crack at teaching and journalism and of how he drifted into the undefined profession of politics and wrote a few books. Jail-going he did in abundance. Possibly it was his decided views on Hindu-Moslem unity that acted as the chief factor in his being chosen for the Karachi assignment. It must be said to his credit that there is not a touch of communalism in his mental make-up. In all his public utterances, he strongly advised the Hindus of Sind not to leave their hearths and homes. He undertook a tour of the entire province in order to spread his mission and message. But the hard-hit Hindus would not listen to him because they found that the political climate of Pakistan was hostile to them.

That such a man as Sri Prakasa should himself have been insulted shows to what depth of depravity fanaticism could sink. Once a rowdy gang tore the Indian National flag which was flying proudly from

the bonnet of his car. He made a strong representation to the Pakistan Government. From that time onward, an armed constable used to sit in the front seat of his car.

His courage was immense, but it did not tread on foolhardiness. In the days when Karachi was looted threadbare and a Hindu was a red rag in the eyes of a Muslim, Babuji used to take lonely walks on the terrace of his spacious house. "Can you walk the streets of Karachi with the Gandhi cap on", he once asked me.

The most wonderful trait about him is his capacity to mix with one and all. There is not a touch of guile about him. He was the cynosure of all social gatherings in Karachi and was easily the pet of the diplomatic corps. But even he felt ill at ease at the receptions occasionally given by Mr. Jinnah. The latter used to talk to him only in monosyllables.

One of the most vivid recollections I have is how he and Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan posed together arm in arm for a photograph when Mr. Liaquat was sworn in as the Prime Minister of Pakistan. They had several things in common apart from the fact that both hailed from the United Provinces.

Once we voyaged together from Karachi to Port Okha and I spent hours with him talking of all sorts of things. He told me that the Hindus who left Sind in haste would have to repent and return. "Some sort of reunion between India and Pakistan is bound to come. It may be achieved within a decade. But if the Hindus do not move out, we can achieve this dream in five

years." Of course he took Pakistan for granted and was sure of the fact that its sovereignty would continue unimpaired.

Not only was he deeply religious but essentially emotional. When I broke the news of Babu's assassination to him, I could feel the telephone wires throbbing with his sobs. He broke down like a child. "Babu is gone, what is there in life hereafter", he said.

"Dawn", the fanatic organ of the League at Karachi once had the cheek to accuse Babu Sri Prakasa of being a party to whisking a Hindu officer from Karachi to Delhi. He was detained at the air port and "Dawn" had a vicious paragraph that among the things found in his possession were letters to Sardar Baldev Singh that the gentleman concerned would be very useful in the defence department. Mr. Sri Prakasa issued a stunning contradiction.

It is such a man that has been selected as the successor to Sir Akbar Hydari. Whatever he may fail to do, there is no doubt that he would enliven the Government House with the simplicity of his life and the warmth and humanity of his personal contacts.

I had a feeling that in the inartistic setting in which he was placed at Karachi, even his ingrained humour was deserting him. In Assam he would rediscover himself, cast off the ill fitting costume of a diplomat and don the mantle of an administrative head. We will hear a lot about Sri Prakasa very soon. There is nothing that he has touched which he has not adorned so far.



NEHRU ON GANDHI

He (Gandhi) was a curious phenomenon—a person of the type of a medieval Catholic saint,—and at the same time a practical leader with his pulse always on the Indian peasantry. Which way he might turn in a crisis it was difficult to say, but whichever way it was, it would make a difference. He might go the wrong way, according to our thinking, but it would always be a straight way.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



SOME of the people of Sweden are just beginning to realise that "neutrality" as a political term is fast becoming obsolete and out of date. There had been a time when the Scandinavian countries had been known as Europe's "peaceful corner." But with the forcible violation of Norway and Denmark in 1940 by the Nazis, that dream had been broken and Scandinavian "isolationism" ceased to be a collective weapon. Sweden carried the torch alone. She kept aloof and somehow managed to preserve her territorial integrity right in the face of aggressive German expansionist policies. This achievement and the fact that she had also kept out of World War I and could boast of having remained "neutral" for nearly a century and a half, has evidently gone to her head, so to speak, for she has consistently refused to see that there could be anything wrong with her argument that in future wars she could play the game of "neutrality" again. And though Norway and Denmark have not encouraged this ostrich-eyed policy of their neighbour, they have been content to leave her alone more or less and at times even to deceive themselves that the political bickerings outside their little world had nothing to do with them.

The calm in Scandinavia was shattered last year with the realisation that the Soviet attitude towards the Scandinavian North was becoming hostile and suspicious. Immediately came Jan Masaryk's death in Czechoslovakia and almost on the heels of it, Mr. Bevin's announcement in the House of Commons regarding the Western Union. The Finnish alliance with Russia signed at the request of

Stalin himself completed the disturbance. All through last summer the people in Copenhagen said: "We shall be occupied by the Russians this autumn." And when Western Union became a reality they even morbidly wondered from what direction Russia would attack them if they decided to join the alliance. The fear of Russian invasion lay like a dead weight over the Scandinavian North all through last year. And Sweden, the most timorous of the trinity, began again to feel that a safe "neutrality" was the only solution to the problem.

But it was impossible for Scandinavia to remain cloistered or to cut herself away from all connections with the rest of the world. For one thing, the three countries, and especially Sweden, stood sorely in need of economic help from whoever was ready to give it. The disintegration of Sweden's prosperity in the course of the last three years, has been appalling. One of the reasons for this economic collapse, it has been explained, was that Sweden made a "ghastly" miscalculation in assuming that the United States was heading for a post-war slump and indulging in an orgy of foreign spending which filled the country with luxury goods but drastically reduced her dollar reserves. She also granted munificent trade credits to other countries, especially Soviet Russia, so as to establish secure commercial links with her. Last March, the misguided country learnt the terrible truth. It wasn't the U.S.A. which was going down the highway of economic ruin. It was really Sweden. An embargo was clapped on imports but it was too late. The greater part of her currency reserves had gone and pro-

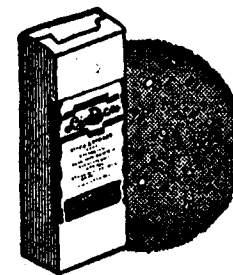
duction threatened to come to a stand-still because of shortage of raw materials like coal, oil and machine spare-parts. With the country in such a state, it is not to be wondered at that Sweden stretched out a tentative hand for Marshall Aid.

Nor did the Scandinavian countries escape getting involved in other post-war programmes. They became faithful and ardent supporters of the United Nations Organisation. This, to a certain extent, indicated an abandonment of their "neutral" attitude though they have consistently cried out that they were against allying themselves with any "bloc" or side and only wanted to be "on equally good relations with the West and the East" and that "the quarrels between the Bigs" were no concern of theirs. They have also actively participated in the conferences which preceded the implementation of the European Recovery Programme and are also the beneficiaries of the Aid. But even in these also they made it clear that economic integration was their sole aim and that they did not wish to have anything to do with political alliances not wanting for their part "to add to the deterioration of the world political atmosphere."

Scandinavia has thus so far evaded the spotlight by refusing to make any commitments outside those which might result from her adherence to the U.N. But she has suddenly been forced to make up her mind. There came from Washington about four weeks ago an invitation to Norway and Denmark to help in the drafting of the Atlantic Pact. A day or two later Moscow sent a curt note requiring to know what the attitude of the Scandinavian countries was going to be towards the Atlantic Alliance. Sandwiched between the two—one of which seemed to their highly-wrought imagination to be a trap and the other a threat—the Scandinavians are making frantic attempts to decide upon a course of action which would jeopardise their safety and security least. Precautions and reticences have been thrown aside

and Foreign Ministers and delegates from Norway, Denmark and Sweden have gone into earnest conferences at Copenhagen and Christianborg to arrive at a decision. Sweden has apparently not quite got rid of the bee in her bonnet—neutrality at any cost—but both Norway and Denmark have openly asserted that such an attitude is no longer practicable. The advance of science made it untenable and the increasing tension between the world Powers made it expedient for smaller nations to ally themselves with one or another of the Big Powers if they were not to sink unidentified by the roadside as casualties in future wars. And alliance with the United States which could alone supply them with the arms they needed was obviously the more sensible thing to do.

Sweden's rejection of military alignment with Western nations is,



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to a certain extent, geographical. If war broke out, she would, because of the contiguity with the Soviet State, be the first to go. The second is her concern over Finland. She has reconciled herself to letting Finland be in the "Russian sphere" of influence. But the Finns have so far enjoyed many special privileges and certain liberties. If Scandinavia went over to the Western camp, Russia's natural reaction would be to strengthen her hold on Finland. Sweden has no illusions about Russia being persuaded to take a more liberal view of the matter. The Finnish-Russian pact signed last year confirming the status quo was intended, Sweden is certain, as a precursor to increased Russian pressure.

In spite of all these differences the tradition of the Nordic Union is not quite dead in Scandinavia. With Sweden sticking stubbornly to a policy of neutrality and Norway going all out for rearmament with the help of the U.S. through the Atlantic Pact, Denmark has had to play the role of peace-maker. So she thought of a compromise solution. Her suggestion was that the Scandinavian countries should buy their arms from America without however committing themselves to participation in any pact. This plan known as the Karlstad Plan seemed a brain-wave until the United States coolly stumped it by announcing that American arms supply was not big enough to cover countries which remained outside the collective security of the Atlantic Pact.

In spite of Scandinavian rejection of alliances with blocs and sides, there has not been much doubt as to which party she was in sympathy with. Mr. Oscar Unden has more than once declared in the Swedish Riksdag that Sweden was willing to join the fighters for democracy and civil liberties and that she was opposed to Communism which rejected "the fundamental principles of political democracy." Mr. Horold Lange, speaking in the Storting not very long ago identified Norway's interests with the interests of

Western Europe "geographically economically and culturally," while Mr. Gustav Rasmussen has stated in the Danish Folketing that Denmark's foreign policy was similar to that of France, the Netherlands and the Anglo-Saxon nations. But Russian opposition to the Marshall Plan and to the European Union prevented forthright expressions of their partiality.

What has helped this irresolute-ness of Scandinavian policy is the feebleness of the Communist voice in the national affairs of the three countries. The Communists do not represent more than 10 per cent of the voters in any of them. Even the attitude of this small minority seems to be one of disappointment with the U.S.S.R. The Swedish loan granted to Russia has proved economically a bad bargain and the Swedish Communists, who are evidently nationalists first, are not exactly proud of Russia for shirking her part in the trade pact. Mr. Fagberg, Vice-President of the Communist Party, has even announced that in case of an attack on Sweden the Party would fight all enemies "from whatever quarter they may come."

The hesitation of the Scandinavian bloc is not only because of fear of Russia but also because of a lack of confidence in the United States. Sweden, for one, is not at all certain that even participation in the Atlantic alliance is going to get her the kind of help she really needs. The American foreign policy strikes them as changeable and uncertain. What if Scandinavia goes the way of Czechoslovakia? Would the United States do anything in such an eventuality or would they merely shrug and keep quiet as they did in the case of that unfortunate central European country? The American attitude to the German problem, especially to the Ruhr, is under grave suspicion. Like France, Scandinavia does not at all like the easy way the Ruhr is being treated. The U.S. strikes them as being more concerned about restoration of production in the Ruhr than in the preserva-

tion of European security. Germany was being given too long a rope. Scandinavia's trade position with Germany is also bad. Both Norway and Denmark have had to pay in dollars for Ruhr coal. And during the middle of last year, shipments of coal to these two countries were suddenly suspended because payment in dollars was not forthcoming. The Scandinavians felt it was "a funny way to start off the Marshall Plan, to start it off by stopping our trade with Germany!"

In spite of sincere efforts to stand together, there hasn't been much agreement between the three countries in this matter except in their decision "to defend their freedom, their independence and their democracy against aggression and with all means available." Norway has taken the most determined stand. She has despatched a curt reply to

Russia giving it as her opinion that the Atlantic Union is not "incompatible" with the aims of the U.N. Charter and that as Norway's hopes that the U.N. would become strong enough to guard the peace of the peoples of the world, had been falsified, she had perforce to fend for herself and to seek safety in regional security pacts within the framework of the U.N. But the reply tapered off into mildness towards the end in its assurance to the U.S.S.R. that Norway would never allow her territory to be used as the playground for the aggressive policy of any nation nor join any pact obliging her to open military bases to foreign forces. This is only more prevarication. It is impossible to eat the cake and have it too. The Scandinavian countries must realise this simple fact and also that now is the time for decision.

For the courage of self-sacrifice, woman is any day superior to man, as I believe man is to woman for the courage of the brute.—Mahatma Gandhi.

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THE CHINESE TRAGEDY: ITS LESSONS TO INDIA

by H. SUNDER RAO, M.A.

THE Communists have at last triumphed in China, and as I write, news comes from Nanking that Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-shek has practically abdicated and that the Chinese National Government is ready to discuss a settlement with the victorious Communist forces on the latter's own terms. The whole of the East is in a state of conflagration. There is trouble in Indonesia, in Malaya, in Burma, in Palestine, in Egypt and Iraq. India and Pakistan are only just beginning to settle down after the terrible tragedies that followed in the wake of partition. The whole continent of Asia is faced with perhaps the greatest tragedy in history.

The Chinese tangle—the long-drawn-out agony of that ancient land—has a number of lessons to teach us. The Communist victory there will create tremendous problems not only in China, but practically all over Asia and even throughout the whole world. That victory has been possible because of the inner weakness of China. As a great English poet has said:

In tragic life, God wot,

*No villain need be! Passions spin
the plot;*

*We are betrayed by what is false
within.*

The whole of the East came under the domination of the West just because of the lack of that "cohesive" spirit among the Eastern peoples. Today the ideology of imperialism and colonialism has weakened and, being something alien to the temper of a resurgent Asia, its days are numbered. But the advent of a new order—a new phase of life for Asia—has left her peoples supremely unprepared for the heavy burdens which freedom necessarily imposes on a nation. This unpreparedness is now being exploited by a new power which has ominously

arisen on the western horizon, a power which by its strategic position on the hinterland of Asia has not been slow to take advantage of the circumstances which have now emerged after the close of the world war. The Russian technique, one of the most ruthless and insidious in modern history, has found a favourable and congenial soil in many of the eastern countries. This technique is one of infiltration and sabotage, a technique of fomenting civil strife and pseudo-national uprisings in countries on whose material resources the Soviet Government has an eye or whose strategic position renders them important tools for the spread of a Communist empire. This technique is a well-tryed one and has paid Russia enormous political dividends in many countries of Europe.

The eastern temperament which seems to be so unsuited to "cohesive" democracy is the most significant factor today in favour of Communism. The example of China should be a warning to us in India. The Chinese revolution instead of consolidating the nation, created a number of "power" groups, and the most dominant of these groups were those controlled by the Soong Kung, and Chiang families. The result was that China became the battle-ground of power-politics and personal and family vested interests. It was only the immense popularity of Chiang-Kai-shek that brought him to power, though it must be admitted that this popularity was to a large extent due also to the revolutionary fervour he displayed in building a new China after the Revolution. But while China achieved freedom from an out-dated and grossly inefficient political system, it did not achieve national unity and solidarity. Internecine conflicts did not stop, and the Japanese invasion of China and the growth of the Communist

influence in northern China are directly traceable to her inner weakness and the collective inability of her leaders to unite for the common good of the country. After the withdrawal of Japan, the Communists had a free hand in the north and today's tragedy is nothing but the victorious climax of a process that has been going on for years—a systematic weakening of the country both by her own people and by the forces of Communism working insidiously and ruthlessly backed by Russian capital and inspired by her utopian economic doctrines.

The true picture of China under the Kuomintang rule is only now beginning to arrest the attention of the world, deprived of all the glamour that a certain type of propaganda surrounded it all these days. After all, so far as the fundamentals of their economic policy are concerned, there is practically no difference between the Generalissimo and the Communists under Mao Tse-tung. In fact, there is much in common between their declared policies in regard to some of the most important issues facing the country. Hence the conflict has never been of principles. It has been one of personalities in which are involved powerful individual and family vested interests arrayed against each other in a manner which simply baffles an outsider. In recent times the Generalissimo's popularity had very considerably decreased. The utopia he promised China never materialised. On the contrary, the country soon began to suffer from the worst consequences of personal rule arrayed in all the pompous trappings of democracy. There has been an amazing amount of graft, corruption, mismanagement and nepotism in the National Government. The whole economic and financial structure of China has collapsed. There is the terrible refugee problem. Trade both internal and foreign, has practically ceased to exist. The blackmarket is the one stable thing in a country where everything else is unstable and tottering—all the old-world

courtesy and humanity for which China has been so famous throughout history. The shameless way in which family and individual interests were promoted under the aegis of the National Government deprived Chiang-Kai-shek's administration of any moral basis. The key positions in the political and economic field are occupied by the members of a few ruling families. China exhibits, in its worst features, all the evil consequences of personal rule based on plutocratic support. The Kuomintang party is a caucus of power-politicians who draw their enormous influence in public affairs from family and money interests and affiliations. The sensible elements in China led by men and women of the younger generation, have been rapidly losing their sympathy for the dominant political clique. But this opposition can work only underground, for under Chiang-Kai-shek's rule, there has been a ruthless suppression of all opposition. This wholesale dictatorship masquerading under the guise of democracy has rendered the political climate of China peculiarly susceptible to Communism. For Communistic propaganda thrives on mass frustration. China is the most frustrated country today.

The collapse of Chiang has created new problems for all the countries of Asia. These problems acquire a sinister significance in the light of the forces and conflicts that are now emerging on the world-stage. The world today is sharply divided into two warring ideologies—one represented by the so-called democratic powers led by Britain and the USA, and the other represented by Russia. The Anglo-American bloc is rapidly realising now the supreme necessity for safeguarding its own material and moral assets in the face of the menacing Russian challenge. Having lost their hold in Asia, they are now beginning to realise how serious has been that loss. They see Russia trying to extend her ideological and economic empire in countries which till the other day

were subordinate to them. A clear indication of this new reorientation of Anglo-American policy is given in an article on China in *The Review of World Affairs* edited by Mr. Kenneth de Courcy. The basic thing in this policy is the fear of the growing power of Russia in the Middle East and Far East. It looks as though neither Britain nor America, nor any other western power is in a mood to relinquish colonialism. The main features of this policy as envisaged by the writer of the article are as follows:

(a) To consolidate Western influence in Africa as a counterblast to any possible loss of the wealth of Asia. To quote his actual words: "The only way to do this (to provide against the loss of Asia) and at the same time to build up a solid base from which to re-establish the Asiatic positions which it may now be too late to save is by developing Africa on a tremendous scale.... The speedy opening up and development of the African continent is the most important thing in the world today."

(b) To make a firm alliance between the Anglo-Saxon powers and the Moslem world.

(c) To re-establish Japan so as to make that country a "perfect pupil" of the Anglo-Saxon way of life. In other words, to remove Japan out of its Asian context and

make it (as Britain was doing with India till the other day) a tool of Anglo-American global policy.

(d) To support the Dutch (and other imperial powers) "with every possible resource" in the East Indies.

(e) To employ the religious influence of Christianity to bring the Eastern countries (especially China and Japan and the East Indies) under systematic Christian propaganda. "In such an atmosphere there is a tremendous, unprecedented, chance for the Christian Gospel"

These are ominous things. To-day Asia has to fight against two dangers—Communism, and a revival of Anglo-Saxon ambitions to dominate the East. In this context Pandit Nehru's summoning of the Asian Countries Conference the other day assumes an importance which it is impossible to exaggerate. But the greatest danger, the more insidious and destructive because it is so easily ignored, is the danger of internecine conflict, "the schism of the soul" which threatens to overwhelm many of the countries of Asia. India too is not free from this danger. Already we see how this "schism" is growing within her soul and rendering our new-won freedom a thing of futility. China's example in this connection should teach us to guard ourselves against this danger of our solidarity being destroyed by the "falseness within" of which the poet has spoken.

INDUCING SLEEP BY ELECTRICITY

Anaesthetics now used for operations may be superseded by a new method of inducing artificial sleep by electricity which has been evolved by British scientists.

One of the great advantages of this new discovery is that the patient can be awakened immediately the operation is over. All that is required is for the surgeon to switch off the current producing the necessary electrical impulses. There is also a complete absence of the nauseating effects which the usual anaesthetics cause in some patients.

Experiments are now sufficiently advanced to suggest that this electrical sleep may be safely used in the near future for minor operations and for dentistry.

NEW DELHI DIARY

by V. V. PRASAD

TARA CHAUDHRI had to contend with ignorance among critics and Philistinism among audiences when she danced in Delhi recently. She made allowances for the fact that Delhi's dance-lovers were not well-versed in the philosophy of *Bharata Natyam*, and gave them only compositions lasting upto ten minutes only. She took note of the fact that to a novice onlooker one dance is apt to look just like another, and therefore sought to give them variety. She also gave them some *Kathak* items. The audience went home pleased, but the critics were dissatisfied.

The dancer is at her best only when she is sure that the spectator is understanding and appreciating the dance. But when people attend a dance to take a good look at the dancer or her costumes rather than for her dance-recital, it would be difficult for the dancer to give of her best. Tara Chaudhri said of dance and music what Bernard Shaw said of music and drama: that the only way of qualifying to appreciate them is to go on seeing and hearing a lot of plays and dances. How can you say whether a play or dance is good or bad unless you have witnessed many plays and dance performances? And yet, that is exactly what happened in Delhi. I understand that the *Bombay Chronicle* has an art-critic who was specially sent to Madras to learn about *Bharata Natyam* and to see *Bharata Natyam*.

I would like to examine the reviews of the Art Critic of *The Statesman*, Mr. C. L. Fabri, because it is usually thought that he is well-informed on Art subjects, and his is discerning judgment. Mr. Fabri

was the Curator of the Lahore Museum. It is therefore difficult to believe that he could have written of a *Bharata Natyam* dance: "The time of the great solo dancer has passed: we now expect ensembles, and well built-up ballet numbers." *Bharata Natyam* is a highly individualist dance-form, and it is simply absurd to ask for a group-dance in *Bharata Natyam*. As in Indian classical music, so in Indian classical dance, it is the individual who gives expression to musical thought. In the West all great music is orchestral, most dance is ballet. *The Statesman* describes its dance critic, as "Our Ballet Critic." This irritates every Indian dancer. Both Mrinalini Sarabhai and Tara Chaudhri who performed recently here disliked their dances being reviewed by a "Ballet Critic".

The Ballet Critic says: "Her most urgent need is a fine male dancer to partner her." A *Bharata Natya* dancer is not supposed to have a male partner; and *Bharata Natyam* is not even supposed to be danced by a male dancer. In all Indian dancing the female dancer is always solo: it is the male dancer that has to look for a partner. "This is the direction", says the Ballet Critic, "in which Uday Shankar, Ram Gopal and others have been working." But both Uday Shankar and Ram Gopal are male dancers!

Ram Gopal was the only Indian male dancer who tried his hand at *Bharata Natyam*. He is exquisite in the field, but it is unlikely that many others will repeat this experiment. It is true that one need not avoid experiment in the field of Indian classical dance; but it is not likely that the male will be able to

much to enrich *Bharata Natyam*. If you wish to have a group in *Bharata Natyam*, you find that you have to have four or five performing the same thing. It is possible that you may be able to tell a story with a group in *Bharata Natyam*; but I guess this will involve a lot of ingenuity.

About Tara Chaudhri's costumes, Mr. Fabri writes: "She is more theatrical, more dramatic, and more showy"; her costumes are resplendent (sometimes perhaps too much so) and often exquisitely suitable to the particular dance." And in another place he says: "Less satisfactory is her so-called *Kathak* in which she wore dresses that had nothing to do with the subject matter." This probably refers to a cap worn by the dancer as Rajput Prince; but this was exactly the dress worn by Rajputs in those times.

Foreigners, who are critics for newspapers in India—like Mr. Fabri—deserve every sympathy and consideration of people like ourselves, because we in this country have hardly had any tradition in artistic criticism. For most newspapers, criticism is written by the advertiser. Tara Chaudhri told me that she personally knew of a case where a celebrated Indian dancer wrote out an appreciation of his own dance, and handed it over to the critic, slipping a hundred rupee note or so into the critic's pocket. The next day, the dancer's

own self-praise appeared in the art-critic's column word for word. Tara Chaudhri said she was disgusted with such practices, where a man did not put down his honest impressions, but made himself the instrument of someone else.

Mr. Fabri obviously expects Indian dance to look like the Western ballet. His comments on paintings, drama and dance are noteworthy; but he has not been too sure of the point he makes in his dance-criticism. It is quite difficult for a foreigner to feel and think like an Indian or to understand how an Indian thinks and feels; and unless he does that it is doubtful whether he can appreciate Indian music and dance. Painting and sculpture are different, because appreciation of these two does not demand the same insight into the Indian way of life. It is absurd to blame *Bharata Natyam* because it is not ballet. We can as well blame Shakespeare for writing in blank verse instead of in prose, or blame Bernard Shaw or Eugene O'Neill for preferring the prose-medium. It would be ridiculous to find fault with Milton for not being very humorous and Charles Dickens for being that. White dresses are in order in a Ballet, but Indian dancers must wear costumes of deep colours. The South Indian silks are at present probably the only *saris* which have preserved the genuine Indian shades in colours. If these give the impression of being too resplendent, we can only heave a sigh.

OUR RASHTRAPATHI AND LAW REFORM

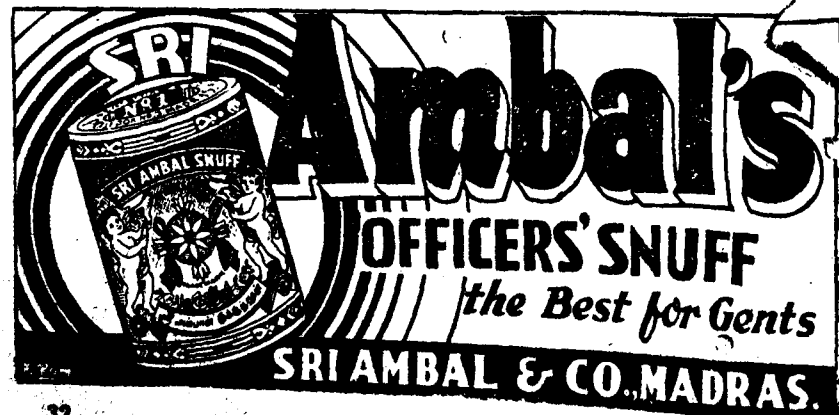
by S. RAJAGOPALAN

OUR Rashtrapathi deserves all praise for his deep and abiding interest in the cause of law reform, and one hopes that his efforts to evolve "a single manual of justice by which justice could be had readily, cheaply, immediately and locally" will be crowned with success. Nevertheless, some of his public pronouncements have given rise to considerable uneasiness, and one wonders whether in evolving a "perfect, prompt and cheap" administration of justice, certain cherished notions and institutions would be done away with.

Dr. Pattabhi's assertion that justice in our courts has become "delayed, dubious and distant" is only too true, and the only saving grace is that it is so even of Divine Justice. Even in the halcyon days of old, the good always suffered and the evil-minded were never unhappy. Man, in sheer desperation, has taken umbrage under the elusive theory of Karma, as a sort of working hypothesis. Law is of course not the same thing as justice, but in our law courts, it must be admitted, endeavour for the most part to equate law with justice. Indeed one may even go to the length of saying that, properly understood, law leads to the same destination as certain common religious principles. For example, most if not all of what are called common law maxims are nothing more than the principles of the Sermon on the Mount in legal language. The complicated procedure and the law of evidence, which Dr. Pattabhi says, are of "foreign ideology", are doubtless disconcerting, but a little thought will show that they have permeated our entire outlook, even as an alien, allopathic system of medicine has become intertwined with the fabric of the common man, to the detriment of even the indigenous system of healing. At any

rate, there has been no public discontent or outcry against the present administration of justice especially on the civil side. And our courts have always functioned as a bulwark against executive despotism in the past, and one hopes that they will be so even in the "new alignment" to be set up.

It is difficult to agree with the indictment that our Evidence Act encourages untruth. The Act is more than a codification of two essential principles of evidence, namely that in a judicial enquiry only the best evidence should be given and that hearsay would not be evidence. The various statutory provisions aid one to discover the truth by reference to a number of rational and commonsense-like principles, which certainly are a much better expedient than the ancient methods of branding and ordeal by fire or water to extort truth. For example, the Act holds a fact to be proved when the court believes it to exist, or considers its existence to be so probable that a prudent man ought to act on the supposition that it exists. Now this is nothing more than the application of reason, or as our ancient law-givers stated, "yukthi". Vishnu Smriti recommends the application of "yukthi" or reason even for the interpretation of documents. Indeed Brihaspati goes even further and urges that the determination in all cases should be in accordance with "yukthi" (intelligent apprehension) as otherwise there will be disaster. The endeavour being to arrive at the truth, or as the adage says nothing but the truth, a powerful instrument known as cross-examination has been forged with a view to detecting inaccuracy and falsehood which may arise in human testimony, but the Evidence Act itself has laid down the most stringent restrictions on its indis-



criminate use. Reasonable grounds must exist for asking questions conveying imputation; the lawyer may be suitably dealt with if he abuses the privilege. Indecent or scandalous questions, or questions which are annoying or insulting or "needlessly offensive in form" have to be disallowed by the court.

Dr. Pattabhi is wholly right when he says that when individual conscience is developed, the sum total of it becomes public opinion and that when public opinion is developed, law becomes unnecessary. But this ideal is well nigh impossible of realisation.

This is not to suggest that our present legal system should remain static; on the other hand, there is a crying need for certain fundamental changes. For instance, there is much to be said for the theory that justice should be obtained 'locally', and this can certainly be accomplished by devising

a method of circuit sittings to adjudge land disputes and easement rights on the spot. As a result of the separation of the judiciary from the executive, which ultimately may help to bring about a single chain of judiciary to man both the civil and criminal courts, a re-alignment of our tribunals may be effected with advantage. There may be at the district headquarters a district judge who should be the appellate authority for the whole district in all civil and criminal litigation and be also the sessions judge. The present subordinate judge and district munsif may be coalesced into a single officer called the civil judge who can try all original suits and all criminal cases of serious import. The present sub-magistrate's courts which are established in close proximity to our villages may be conferred civil jurisdiction to adjudge on simple litigation and also try the execution proceedings of the original suits tried by the civil judges.

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Short Story

"This Matter of Conscience"

by M. Chauhan

PHOOL Chand was a big man, in every sense of the word. Commencing from small beginnings, he had gradually worked his way to the Olympian heights of finance by his industry and shrewdness. He was given to saying that his first fifty thousand had been harder to accumulate than the next ten crores. And in his financial might, Phool Chand never lost his head. An anna was still an anna, and annas made rupees and rupees his fortune. He had a sense of true proportion, and—so he said—he had a conscience.

Generally speaking, Phool Chand was a popular man. He had both the business acumen and the money to buy the right sort of publicity. He was reputed to be God-fearing and of true probity. Each evening he attended the temple. He subscribed to various charities, and he ensured that his munificent donations did not go unnoticed. He never ignored the public. He respected it—publicly, at least!

On that particular morning Phool Chand's broker was in his sumptuous office, designed by a prominent commercial artist. His broker was speaking. He said:

"So what it amounts to is that I unload your holdings in a solid block and create a panic. Then your subsidiary Iron and Steel Foundries buys at panic prices".

"Only when the market is dead".

"Quite. The point is that thousands of small investors will be ruined".

"Not exactly ruined. If you like, they lose their life savings. But they still hold their jobs. The small man must learn not to gamble on the share market. They deserve what they will get".

"But there will be a terrible public reaction against you. It will affect your reputation".

"I intend to hold every share in Rails Consolidated. You unload those shares. My publicity agent will see that any odium is suitably counterbalanced. I see nothing wrong with what I intend doing. It is necessary that I have absolute control of Rails Consolidated. It is a matter which involves deeper and graver issues than you realise. Rails Consolidated are about to receive a very big Government contract. Keep that to yourself. It means several crores profit".

He paused for a while and added: "I know that when Rails Consolidated was floated, I invited public capital. But that is a matter for my own conscience. Now get about what I tell you to do".

The broker left the office and Phool Chand turned to his efficient private secretary. He said:

"See that a cheque for a lakh of rupees is sent once more to the Gandhiji Memorial Fund—but only after you hear from my broker that we have total control of Rails Consolidated".

Phool Chand left his office and climbed into his expensive car. He directed the driver to the temple which he attended every evening. He was a religious man, and—so he said—he had a conscience.

Fifty thousand small investors lost their savings in the course of the next two days. The panic was terrible. Then slowly the panic gave place to furious resentment. Phool Chand's Iron and Steel Foundries, the name of his less-known brother, had bought up the devalued Rails Consolidated shares for a mere song. Phool Chand's publicity-man turned the situation to Phool Chand's advantage. He explained to Phool Chand: "You have bought ten-rupee shares at a rupee and less. Rails Consolidated now stand at seventeen. News of the Government

contract has leaked out. You are many lakhs to the good already. Supposing you now offer to pay the ruined small investors a rupee in ten—the effect will be tremendous. You lose little enough. We announce that you are paying out of your own pocket and, hey presto, you are the most popular man in the land!”

Phool Chand thought for a moment. Then he said slowly: “I agree, but make it clear that it is no matter of conscience. I feel that I have been guilty of nothing wrong. Make it a charitable gesture. You understand me?”

Phool Chand's personal publicity-man grinned.

After he had left, the private secretary turned to Phool Chand.

“You asked me to remind you of that business of the young man in the cash department who has been detected in falsifying his books. There is a discrepancy of three hundred rupees”.

“Send for the miscreant”.

The young cashier walked slowly into the room. He stood before the great man, white-faced and frightened.

“You work in the cash department?” demanded Phool Chand.

“Yes, Sir,” answered the young man.

“You have embezzled three hundred rupees. What have you to say for yourself?”

“Have mercy, Sir! I have worked here four years and have never committed a mistake before”.

“Mercy on a swindler!”

“Sir, I had a few hundred rupees saved. I lost it when Rails Consolidated shares sank to twelve annas. My wife was seriously ill. The doctor told me that nothing but an operation could save her. He demanded five hundred rupees, Sir. I had only two hundred after the

crash. It was a matter of my wife's life, Sir”.

“So Phool Chand Brothers is a institution to assist dishonest young men, is it?”

“Sir, my wife was dying. Can you understand? I was at my wit's end. I have never done a dishonest thing in my life. I could not stand aside and see my wife die. If Rails Consolidated had not—had not—oh have pity, Sir? I will repay the money from my salary”.

Phool Chand looked coldly at the young man. Inside him raged a dull fury, but he carefully concealed his feelings. He felt that he had been personally robbed—three hundred rupees! He said:

“My secretary tells me that the misappropriation is clearly established. Do you admit your guilt?”

“I do, Sir. It is no use denying it, but.....?”

“There is no but. You have been guilty of breach of trust. You were in a trusted position. You enjoyed the confidence of this firm. It is a matter which cannot be overlooked”.

“Sir, I plead for mercy!”

Phool Chand replied brusquely:

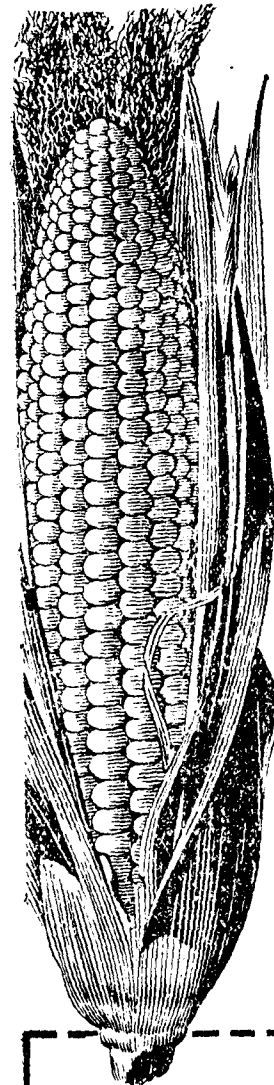
“This is not a case for mercy. It is a matter of principle. Embezzlement, dishonesty—these are crimes against the public. The law is a moral force for the betterment of man. Those who offend against it must pay. My principles, my conscience will not permit me to overlook this serious offence”.

Phool Chand turned to his secretary. “Phone the police. Charge this man with criminal misappropriation. And don't forget that cheque for a lakh to the Gandhiji Memorial Fund!”

Phool Chand left the office. His car took him to the temple.—N.P.S. (Copyright).

We labour under a sort of superstition that the child has nothing to learn during the first five years of its life. On the contrary the fact is that the child never learns in after life what it does in its first five years. The education of the child begins with conception.—Mahatma Gandhi.

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SAROJINI IS SEVENTY

by KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

INDIA has had the rare and happy advantage of a good tradition for its women. For, in days gone by, women had been able to function in every field and to make their contribution to all types of national activities. Their contribution in the intellectual field had been unique. Srimati Sarojini Naidu—one may dispense with "Excellency" without disrespect, for her personality is big and rich enough not to need such superficial trappings—is one of the few Indian women who may be said to be in the direct descent of that old tradition. She had neither to fight nor to struggle for her position or status. She received no challenge. Nobody has resented the position she has held for so many years as one of the leaders of our political movement.

In the galaxy of the prominent women of this epoch, Sarojini stands out boldly not only in India but all over the world. She carries with her, something of India's ancient past, which though worn and chipped off, still casts the lustre of its indomitable spirit—the solemnity that comes of deep experience; the synthesis which is a blending of various trends woven into a harmonious pattern; and a wide vision that saw, felt and moved in terms of humanity. All these provided a rare and distinctive background to Sarojini, when she wrote her lovely lyrics and chanted them, when she poured out her rich eloquence and swayed vast crowds. She was always different from others. Like her clothes, rich and selective so as to accentuate her individualism, she has always stood out. When she spoke, she struck a new note that seemed an echo of the India that was and the India that was struggling to be. One could catch in these ringing tones what was moving millions to stand unarmed against an armed power, millions undefended except by

their own inner indomitable strength. In the lilting speeches one caught the echoes of that tenderness and large heartedness which had distinguished the Indian people as the most tolerant and understanding. Sarojini could appeal to people of all religions, speak the language of all, so to say, for she sprang from a people who had never created the bogey of a revealed religion in which you had either to believe or be damned. Her famous "Call to Prayer" is an exquisite expression in verse of this deep, abiding faith even in those who did not choose to believe. Her conception of 'goodness' is a synthesis of other standards—the standards of humanism, decency, integrity, which Gandhiji personified as Truth and Non-violence.

It is this heritage so richly embodied in Sarojini that makes her a genuine cosmopolitan. She is remarkably at home everywhere, even among the lowliest and poorest. She is equally at home with dull dowagers and society elites—which is really a harder achievement. Sarojini belongs to all ages. She can become a child and crow and croon with little children. She can discuss into ancient wisdom and coax a light into eyes which have grown dim with age.

Sarojini has proved unique in the many roles she has played. The Government House at Lucknow is distinctive with the impress of her gracious personality. She has proved that even the dull and drab routine of a Government House could be made less irksome, that its heavy air could be dispelled by charm and beauty, that its isolation could be bridged by friendliness and ready hospitality and its awesome gloom dispelled by gaiety and laughter. Had she belonged to a bygone age, she would probably have sat on a throne and ruled her people benevolently and taught them the art of living in a large-hearted way.

Violence can only be tolerated as being preferable always to cowardice.—Mahatma Gandhi.

MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU: SEVENTY THIS SUNDAY

by NILKAN PERUMAL

TO write about Mrs. Sarojini Naidu is a task which one can only timorously attempt! It seems impossible that one could do justice to her many-sided personality.

At the age of thirteen, young Sarojini was a student of King's College, London, and later went to the Girton College, Cambridge. She seems to have slipped into writing verses while engaged in solving a difficult algebra problem during her college days in England. The problem eluded her, so she sat down and wrote some poetry, which seemed much easier. That was the beginning. Later she wrote a long poem entitled *Lady of the Lake* in thirteen thousand lines. And on another occasion when a doctor warned that she was ill, she promptly sat up and proved him wrong by writing a drama in two thousand lines!

When she wrote her *Golden Threshold*, Arthur Symonds, the great English literary figure, wrote an appreciative introduction to the book and it was published in England on his initiative. The *Broken Wing* and *The Bird of Time* came next. As these works would reveal, Sarojini Naidu is more *lyrical* than *dramatic* in her art. An admiring England made her a fellow of the Royal Literary Society in her mere youth!

Regarding the change of her vocation from poetry to politics, she once said:

"Often and often they have said to me, 'Why have you come out of the ivory tower of dreams to the market place? Why have you deserted your pipe and flute?'"

"My answer has been that the poet is not merely to be isolated in ivory towers of dreams and in his garden of roses, but his place is with the people, his destiny the dust of the highways."

When in July 1919 she went to England as a member of the All

India Home Rule League Delegation to give evidence before the Joint Parliamentary Committee on the Montford Reforms, she addressed a mammoth meeting in Hyde Park detailing to her audience the vile crimes committed by General Dyer in Amritsar.

"My sisters were stripped naked, they were flogged, they were outraged" Mrs. Naidu cried in her strident voice.

The next day, Mr. Montague who reigned supreme in the India Office, openly challenged her statement. Mrs. Naidu was equal to the occasion. She quoted the Congress Report on the Amritsar wrongs and threw a return challenge at Montague to come into the open for a discussion. The bureaucrat skulked. Nothing more was heard about it!

In 1925 when Mrs. Naidu was elected President of the Indian National Congress for the Kanpur session, she delivered what was perhaps the longest address ever delivered by a Congress President. It was a memorable speech.

"How shall I stir your hearts", she appealed, "how shall I light that flame that cannot die so that your slavery, so that your disunion, so that all things that make you hungry, naked and forlorn, oppressed and battered shall be burnt in the undying fire?" and continued:

"In the battle for liberty the one unforgivable treachery is despair, fear the one unforgivable sin".

At seventy, Madame Naidu is still keeping better health than many others who have led a less strenuous life. Her dress is simple but charming, so are her manners. Someone said of her: "She is far from beautiful but when you are talking to her, you forget her age or her heavy figure. The impression she leaves on the mind is one of gracious charm and vitalising beauty".

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LESSON OF GUJERAT FAMINE

by P. V. C. RAO

GUJERAT is now in the grip of a famine which is considered to be one of the worst of its kind during the last 50 years. Last year the rainfall was one-third of the normal precipitation, as a result of which there was a general failure of crops over the entire region. Long stretches of the country-side are barren of any trace of vegetation. There is acute fodder scarcity. Water scarcity is stated to be still more serious than fodder shortage. Wells have dried up and the river beds of the Sabarmati, Narbada and Tapti are also on the point of becoming dry. One of the main difficulties appears to be that even boring wells dug upto 800 feet are yielding only salty water.

Relief operations under such menacing circumstances present problems of a far-reaching character. Military engineers are being rushed to the region for quick help. Borings are being made upto 1,500 feet to get fresh water. Pipe lines are being laid wherever it is possible, and water trucks are being taken for distribution on a ration basis.

These and other relief measures will necessarily entail a good deal of expenditure. But, as a Bombay Minister pointed out, "no cost is high when human life is concerned." With the combined efforts of the Central and Provincial Governments and the great organizational skill characteristic of Gujerat, the famine is bound to be overcome with the least possible hardship to the victims, but it should be seriously considered whether all this effort and expense will give any permanent relief to the region or whether it will be merely a palliative.

Gujerat is one of the neglected regions of our country in regard to agricultural development, and but for the industrial and business enterprise of its inhabitants, it would have been as bad as Rayala-eema. The average rainfall of Gujerat is 20 inches

with areas getting less than 15 inches, while that of Bombay Carnatic is 25 inches with a coastal belt getting over 100 inches.

The problem in Gujerat, as in any other low rainfall area, is therefore one of conservation and utilization of all the available rainfall either by artificial flow irrigation or by natural irrigation through contouring. In Gujerat, as in Bombay Carnatic, there are limitations for large scale flow irrigation projects owing to the topography of the landscape and the erratic nature of the river courses. The fact that water could not be touched till a depth of 800 feet shows the acuteness of the runoff problem. Even during the lean years of rainfall such as the last one, if all the available precipitation is conserved, at least a partial crop could be secured and, at any rate, there would be little danger of acute water famine.

Between 1943 and 1946 extensive soil and water conservation operations were carried out in Bombay Carnatic, and the efficacy of these measures will be apparent from the fact that this region which had been the victim of annual famines since over a century has been rapidly becoming free of famine and last year's rain shortage has not much affected this area. In 1946 the Bombay Government appointed an Inquiry Committee which took about two and a half years to submit its report.

Had the Government followed a progressive policy of land development and extended the schemes to other parts of the Province such as Gujerat, the Province would have by now made rapid progress in combating famines and set an example to the rest of the country. Famines cost the nation enormously both in men and money, and it is high time that we learnt the lesson of capitalising this huge expenditure for rapid and permanent relief.

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BOOKS & AUTHORS



The Concept of a Secular State. By Prof. K. A. Nilakanta Sastri. (Published in the "Current Thought Series" by S. Viswanathan, 14, Singanna Naick Street, G. T., Madras. Price As. 12).

Because of certain seeming incongruities, the claim that India is a secular State has caused some amusement and much confusion. To some it has appeared odd, for instance, that the Governor-General of India, the head of a supposedly secular State, should participate in a thanksgiving ceremony at Birla Mandir. That he also joined the Muslims at an Id congregation might have seemed even more odd. Yet, paradoxically, it only confirmed and illustrated the sincere desire of those who govern the country to maintain a non-sectarian attitude.

The essay under notice is a timely and valuable aid towards an understanding of the true significance of a secular State. Of particular interest is the insistence of Prof. Nilakanta Sastri that the concept of a secular State is not merely negative: "The State, however secular it may be, cannot be indifferent to the forces of good and evil working in society...and, in spite of the impact of science, technology, materialism, communism and all the apparatus of modern secularism, the largest single force that makes for the ethical conduct of the bulk of Indian humanity is and will long continue to be religion in the broad sense of the term."

"Our State," says the author, "can ill afford to neglect the working of a force which touches the daily life of the bulk of its members." It is, then, vitally important that the Government of a multi-religious society should, far from being impartially indifferent to all religions, take an equal and enlightened interest in fostering the good in each. The history of our own country affords many examples of the right attitude. In discussing these examples, Prof. Nilakanta Sastri endows the historical figures of Asoka and Akbar with a vivid topical significance.

In his recent address to the Indian Historical Congress, Pandit Nehru spoke of the ultimate value of history as the record of human relationships, of the

attempts made by human communities in various parts of the world at different points in time to achieve social integration. He also made the appeal to historians that, in presenting and interpreting this record, they should—without suppressing any part of the truth—stress the unifying forces making for co-operation. Prof. Nilakanta Sastri has given, in this essay, an admirable sample of the kind of historical writing which Pandit Nehru commended.

The Social Background of Indian Nationalism. By A. R. Desai. (Oxford University Press—University of Bombay Publications—Price Rs. 20).

For a long time now it has been admitted that history should not be a chronological catalogue of kings and empires, battles and treaties, but a coherent presentation of the evolution—social, economic and political—of the life of peoples. It has further been argued that it is the economics of a nation that changes or keeps static the social and political life of her people. So it is none too soon for a book to be published treating the subject of Indian politics using the method of historical materialism.

In this book Mr. Desai traces the rise and course of Indian nationalism and explains how it was the product of the action and inter-action of the numerous objective and subjective forces and factors which evolved in the historical process during the past one hundred and fifty years. It is a praise-worthy work, marked by a clarity of approach, singularly free of partisan emotionalism or sentimental romanticism. This is not just another pat on the back for our national leaders and the people who helped them achieve this freedom that is ours to-day, but a scientific treatment of a historical subject. As such, many fond myths are exploded, many bubbles are pricked. For example, we learn that the autarchic rural economy of the self-sufficient village of the pre-British period was not all the Paradise some of our leaders paint it to be. Again the gloried 'revolution', the mutiny of 1857, it seems, was merely the revolt of vested interests of different types and if it had succeeded India might have gone back to the feudal economy of the pre-British era, which

would decidedly have been from the historical point of view a retrograde step. But this disabusing of the corporate mind of our nation is not only healthy, but at the present juncture when sentiment has a tendency to run away with our reason, even necessary.

In some passages, however and especially in the concluding chapters, one feels the tense is wrong, for though the book, it appears, was written in 1946 but published only in 1948, no attempt has been made to revise it to suit the post-partition context.

No Peace At All. By D. F. Karaka. (Kutub Publishers, Bombay. Price Rs. 4-8).

One approaches a book by a war correspondent with a little trepidation when he remembers the famous satire on all war reporting by the historian and critic Philip Guedalla. Books on war reporting according to him are noted for their unreadability. Mr. Karaka's book, however, is a notable exception to this rule. It grips the reader from the very first page, and the interest never flags right up to the very end.

More than that the book satisfies another need. The last stages of the war were the most important for an understanding of contemporary political trends and events. Edgar Snow's admirable book "The Pattern of Soviet Power" completely covered the end of the war on the Eastern front. NO PEACE AT ALL gives a picture of the Western front.

Karaka's chapters on Egypt and Palestine give not only a complete account of the political parties, but contain interesting anecdotes and sketches of King Farouk and Lord Killearn. Karaka is not a mere reporter of events but probes below the surface of things. When he goes on to deal with the closing stages of the war in Italy and France, we get a glimpse of the mind of the people, war-weary, but still full of the spirit of resistance. In his chapter on England, we get to know the under-currents of events that sapped away the old and apparently well-entrenched Conservative Party and lifted the Labour Party to power. He deals with Germany in defeat with frankness, and gives a full eye-witness account of the horrors of Belsen and other concentration camps. Karaka's prediction that defeated Germany would be a far greater problem for the Allies has proved to be only too true. The book concludes on a note of hope and warning; Mr. Karaka is convinced that the peace we are having is nothing better than

an armistice, and stresses the need for India to keep herself prepared for all eventualities.

Besides a lot of interesting information, Karaka's book is interspersed with witty anecdotes which enhance its quality of readability.

The story of India—by Mulkraj Anand (Kutub Publishers Bombay. Price Rs. 2-12).

The author of the book has set himself a tremendous task, and the book has to be judged sympathetically. It is difficult enough to write a book of Indian history which will really have a unity of outlook, and unity of theme, and besides there is always the danger of being compared with Mr. M. M. Panikkar whose book has set a difficult standard. M. R. Anand has made his task an even more difficult one by writing for children. But Mr. Anand has both the necessary qualifications required for this delicate task. He has taught history and his experience in novel writing is far from meagre. There are omissions of course, as there are bound to be in a book of this kind. The famous Vijayanagar Empire for instance gets a bare mention, while the whole of Sikh history from Guru Govind Singh is omitted.

The book is very well illustrated, and full of appropriate pictures.

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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.

Land to Political Sufferers

The reported decision of the Madras Government not to assign lands to those that no longer profess loyalty to the Indian National Congress, fills the cup of promise-breaking of the 'Congress Ministry'. Mr. Kala Venkata Rao had repeatedly given the assurance that all political sufferers would be assigned lands even if some of them at present do not see eye to eye with the official Congress policy.

But the present move amounts to a confession of the Congress bosses that they no longer enjoy the confidence of the electors and hence the need to gather 'Yes Men' by lure of office or presents; a creed once condemned by the very Congressmen.

What is the basis for giving lands to political sufferers? Is it in recognition of their past sacrifices in the cause of Independence or as a reward for present loyalty to a political party in power?

V. V. RAMAN

Pullampet.

Ministers' Tours

The Congress President, Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, who has just framed an admirable 'code of conduct' for Congressmen, would do well to follow it with another set of directives governing ministerial perambulations in the districts to ensure their utility to the public instead of to themselves as at present, with T. A. bills reaching three and four digit figures.

The announcement of a Minister's visit to a district is a signal for hectic consultations between the local Collector, Congress bosses and his (Minister's) personal friends to squeeze in as many tea parties and dinners as possible within the short period of his stay to satisfy the maximum number of aspirants to play the host entirely unaffected by existing rationing or stinking boiled rice at the ration shops. Between the tea parties and dinners, the Minister is busy conversing with sycophants or local satraps and then has to rest for a while. Thus, most of our provincial Ministers have these days been scrupulously avoiding addressing public meetings; nor do they ever care to contact local Congress committees or workers either. They see no need—or is it they have no time?—to explain the policies and programmes of the Government to the

electorate to whom they owe their gadi or to learn the local conditions from unofficial sources such as Congress bodies. Besides, they allow themselves to be chaperoned by the Collector, thereby giving no scope for anything reflecting on the district administration to reach their ears. Even pressmen, if they are not 'jo-hukumwallas', are humiliated by some Collectors, when they are requested for facilities to cover a Minister's tour.

The Ministers must at the outset totally avoid tea parties and dinner parties and have their food, etc., arranged for them at their cost, to set an example to district officers who are ordered by the Government not to accept supplies from subordinates. The Ministers must invariably confer with local Congress committees, Congress workers and any other bodies interested in public work to acquaint themselves with ungarbled accounts of the grievances of the people with a view to redressing them. The Ministers must certainly hold discussions with departmental officers but they need not always have them at their elbow, as that scares away deputations on matters distasteful to the bureaucrats. They should address public meetings to take the people into their confidence in respect of Governmental activities. They should satisfy themselves whether necessary facilities to cover their engagements have been ensured to Pressmen. In short, the Ministers must realise that every minute of their stay in the districts must be rendered useful to the tax payers.

"HAVA"

Kurnool.

Rationing Anomalies

The re-introduction of rationing in this province has all the symptoms of big business throwing its weight about. Take for instance the licensing system. There are not even a handful of C licensees. Why should not licences be granted to all those who have applied for them? Why dispense them only to a select favoured few? The interests of the common man have never been safe in the hands of the wholesale capitalists and the hard-boiled monopolists of India. By adding to the number of C licensees the work of procurement will be distributed and considerably lightened and the joy

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of participating in a nation-building activity will be shared by many more than the privileged class. The licensee as conceived by the Government must be one with a facility for investing a capital of 10 lakhs ordinarily over and above his equipment for big business such as huge godowns, means of transport and machinery. For a taluk there must be an investment of 50 lakhs into the business. Surely it cannot be the intention of the Government that the rich should become richer and the poor poorer by this selective breeding of the privileged class?

P. K. SETHURAMASWAMI GOUNDER
 Chairman, Pollachi Municipal Council.

Scientific Research Planning

When the Cabinet of the National Government was announced the country was agreeably surprised at the inclusion of scientific research as a new portfolio. Since then, a separate department of scientific research with Dr. S. S. Bhatnagar as Secretary has been created.

The Government of India set up the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research in 1942 (between 1941 and 1942 it was called the Board of Scientific and Industrial Research) for organising the scientific talent available in the country and aid in the prosecution of the war. With the advent of the National Government the Council has been reconstituted and has been busy setting up a chain of national laboratories which will fill the gap between scientific research and industrial development.

The National Chemical Laboratory of India, the second in the chain of 12 national laboratories, is expected to start functioning in Poona by March 1949, and it is intended to shift the present chemical laboratories of the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research with their total staff of about 80 scientists, from Delhi to Poona by March. The capital cost of the laboratory including equipment, fittings and services is estimated at nearly Rs. 70 lakhs and the annual recurring expenditure more than Rs. 15 lakhs.

The Council has acquired 440 acres of land for the building of the laboratory at Pashan near Poona. The design of the building is similar to the modern laboratory buildings in U.K. and U.S.A. and it is being constructed in such a way as to allow future expansion to meet increasing demand for space. The laboratory will have the most modern equipment for which the impressive sum of Rs. 17,00,000 has been set apart. It is also estimated that the services of

the laboratories, such as gas, water, electricity, steam, and furniture will cost another 11 lakhs of rupees. A couple of lakhs will be spent on the library and another 4 lakhs on the laboratory workshop.

The work of the National Laboratory can broadly be divided under seven sections, each to be under an assistant director. The research staff under the various sections will comprise 43 research officers and 64 scientific assistants, besides a large number of scholars and post-graduate research students. The total strength of the staff including administrative and ministerial sections is expected to be near about 350.

The work of the laboratory would be along lines likely to promote research in industrial chemistry and chemical utilization of raw material resources so as to accelerate the nation's industrial development. The defence services of the country may be able to make good use of this laboratory which would be in a position to carry out intensive research in modern chemical warfare.

T. D. JAGADISAN.

Geology in India

It is a misfortune that geology, a subject so eminently fitted for training the mind and body, and so helpful in developing the mineral industry has been left out of their curricula by most of the colleges in India. Even in the universities where there are chairs in geology, this useful subject is only reserved for a graduate's course and thus made inaccessible to the common average educated youth of the country.

A knowledge of geology is as essential to the miner as a knowledge of mining methods themselves. There are many expert miners who can handle difficult undertakings in mining work and who can carry that work to a successful termination; but a lack of knowledge of even the rudiments of structural geology on the part of a mine manager or superintendent has often cost mining companies large sums of money. The miner, again, is often unconscious of this ignorance of geology, and his excessive confidence in his own judgement when lacking this essential training is often productive of disastrous results. There are abundant illustrations of the need for practical geological knowledge. One mining superintendent in America ran a long tunnel and then sank a shaft in black clay slate, thinking it was coal. Another started a shaft in the debris of the hill-side in which occurred a quantity of float, the shaft was started lower than the apex of the vein, and as the vein pitched into

the hill, he never found the ore body. These and similar mistakes made by first class miners show how essential a knowledge of geology is in mining. The wide diffusion of a knowledge of the science will also tend to extend mining operations in India. But unfortunately the importance of the subject is not realised and that is why it is taught only in universities; whereas in other countries like the U.S.A., Russia and South Africa, courses of instruction in geology and mineralogy are given even to non-matriculates. Institutions such as the Mackay School of Mines at Reno, Nevada, the School of Mines at Moscow, Idaho and that at Olympia, Washington have each year free summer sessions, extending over several weeks, during which prospectors, miners and others interested may learn the fundamentals of geology, mineralogy, use of explosives, assaying and chemistry.

The Provincial Governments will be doing a great service to the country by establishing a school of mines in every mining district giving admission even to non-matriculates, thereby encouraging the study of such a useful science indispensable for the exploration of the country's vast and varied mineral resources.

PARASURAMIAH PINGALY.
Sydapuram

Appointment of Public Prosecutors

In 1937 when Congress entered into office it was given out that the practice of appointing the same person as Public Prosecutor or as Government Pleader for successive terms will be given up and a reduction of the period or term from three years was also contemplated.

Originally the practice was for the District Collector and Judge to meet and discuss and select a panel of names of such lawyers as they thought fit, and no applications by lawyers used to be made. As time went on some of the lawyers applied in writing or sought interviews; and now regular applications are called for. The practice is not wholesome. The tax-payer has got the right to demand the selection of the best man, irrespective of caste or creed, and the District Bar Associations will be better able to aid in making a proper selection.

Cuddalore.

"ADVOCATE"

No Local Goes To Vizag

It is already more than two years since we got popular Governments. But the plight of third class railway travellers still continues to be the same as in the

previous foreign Government. Apart from the deplorable condition of the railway 3rd class compartments, inside the arrangements of the local trains are quite unsatisfactory. For instance, in the Northern Circars of Andhra Desh, Cocanada has been connected by local trains to many comparatively small towns like Rajahmundry, Ellore, Narasapur and Ongole, while no single local goes to Vizagapatam, the most important town of Andhra from many points of view. Cocanada and Vizag being the most important towns of Andhra in educational institutions students suffer most for want of a through local train between these two towns. Also, any ordinary passenger travelling a short distance either from Cocanada or Vizag has to get into either the Calcutta Mail or one of the two through passenger trains the Khurda Road passenger and the Waltair passenger, causing much inconvenience both to himself and fellow through-passengers. I think there can not be any loss if the Railway ran single local like that; for, the railway line between Cocanada and Vizag does not run through a desert; there are places of considerable trade, traffic and other activities like Pittapur, Tuni and Anakapalli in between.

L. MADHAVA RAO

S.S.L.C. Examination Centres

Schools having less than 72 S.S.L.C. pupils are not treated as public examination centres, excepting some in the interior by reasons of lack of free access to other centres. Even college students who are comparative of higher age, are not made to migrate to new stations for the purpose of appearing for their University examinations. But boys and girls of tender age are forced to appear for the ordeal new stations. Will the Government reconsider their decision and at least fix the minimum limit of a centre 40 students instead of 72.

M. VENKATARAMAN

Sulurpeta.

SWATANTRA

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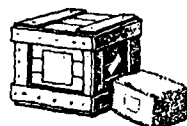
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SWATANTRA

Vol. IV, No. 2.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1949

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

The services of Mr. P. V. Subba-
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Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel

SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

RAILWAY POLICIES

THE railway budget for 1949-50 introduced by Sri N. Gopalaswami Ayyangar in the Central Assembly, strikes a cheerful note. He discounts the fashionable view generally propagated at present in the name of economic realism that India is on the brink of a precipice. He claims that the railways have made remarkable progress in clearing the bottlenecks that have been hampering trade and industry since the close of the war. He expects they will do still better in the coming year during which generous schemes of improvement are envisaged. That all this could be accomplished and planned with no enhancement of railway fares and freight rates is truly a feather in the Transport Minister's cap. It is comforting to learn that at least in one department there is comprehension of the golden rule that it is not good to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. The temptation to act differently must have been very sore indeed in view of the increasing cost of running the railways and the difficulty of finding means to meet the never-ending demands for increased wages of the railway workers. The cost of living has no doubt risen enormously in recent years, reducing the effective purchasing power of wages, and it is not unreasonable that workers should insist on enhanced wages to counteract the effect of high prices. Sri Gopalaswami Ayyangar admits that the amenities and facilities provided for railway workers are greater than those within reach of ordinary citizens though presumably the cost of life presses no less heavily on the latter. Why should this be so? Why

should a more favoured treatment be accorded to railway workers than to others, teachers for instance, even more gravely harassed by small incomes and the high cost of living? The answer is that a threat of strike by railway workers is fraught with more serious consequences to national economy than a similar threat by teachers. Railwaymen are therefore treated with consideration while teachers are ignored. In one sense, the comparative affluence of railway workers is achieved at the point of the bayonet at the cost of other categories of citizens, the reason for the discrimination being that railways are the arteries of national prosperity and any dislocation in their smooth working would paralyse the entire economy of the country. Sooner or later, the Government will have to depart from a policy of yielding to the threats and pressure of trouble-givers and cultivate the gift of spontaneous response to standards of fundamental equity. All the subjects of the State merit being taken proper care of and put in the way of decent living and not merely those who have it in their power to throttle the nation's life. Otherwise, a premium would be placed on destructive tactics to the detriment of constructive purpose. The voiceless among the needy, the discontented, the underpaid and the destitute call for the sympathy of the Government no less than the powerfully organised, and only when they get it in an unstinted measure can it be said that the State has outgrown the weak opportunism of a nervous body afraid for its safety and attained the dignity of a common protector for

ll, endowed with the virtues of fair lay and moral equipoise.

Kite Flying ?

A minor sensation has been created by the reported decision of the American High Command in Japan to withdraw from that land altogether in the interests of a more compact strategical plan. The report has been promptly followed up by a *dementi* which suggests an exercise in diplomacy in consonance with approved practice. The original statement was said to have been handed out to Reuter by a high official on the understanding that he was not to be quoted; but the denial has come from the American War Office with a categorical emphasis that must leave the simple-minded intrigued about the inwardness of it all. One theory that has been since put out is that it was intended to be a sort of spur to galvanise sluggish Japanese opinion and make it sit up. This is only mentioned to be dismissed for a piece of precious futility. For, what is it that has made the Jap supine? What about the mystic and matter-of-fact virtues attributed to Gen. MacArthur's magic marshal's wand which was claimed to have made the Japs model democrats almost in the twinkling of an eye? And if they had been so converted, why this talk of their being left to fend for themselves?

It is further stated that America has no responsibility for the good or bad behaviour of the Japs. Revolutionary doctrine! For it goes contrary to the self-assumed assignment of the Great Three meeting (if not at Sinai) at Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam to make the world safe for all the world. If the Japs are going to be left to their own resources, what about the Germans?

Away with all these speculations. No, America is not going to walk out or scuttle. As the reversioner of the white man's burden, it is her destiny to carry it against all the other colours of the human race, and we may trust her to do it notwithstanding our most active non-co-operation! This bit of kite-flying must have some relation to the Chinese puzzle which is getting curiously and curiously. Its value is both tonic and astringent. For, even as Germany still disturbs

the dreams of the mighty and the just (!) in the West, the Japs can still send a shiver or two down the spine of the long enduring celestial in the Far East. The threat is for the consumption of the Reds in China; they are to beware of a resurgent Japan which would account for all of them whether tarred red or remaining pristine yellow. America could not well promote the resurgence of Japan while continuing to remain an occupying power. Hence the report of *impending* withdrawal. If this does not moderate the transports of the victorious hordes of Chinese Reds, and promote a negotiated peace there which would be acceptable to America and also to others, all we can say is that it would then be time enough to devise some other method of containing the advancing forces of Communism in the Far East.

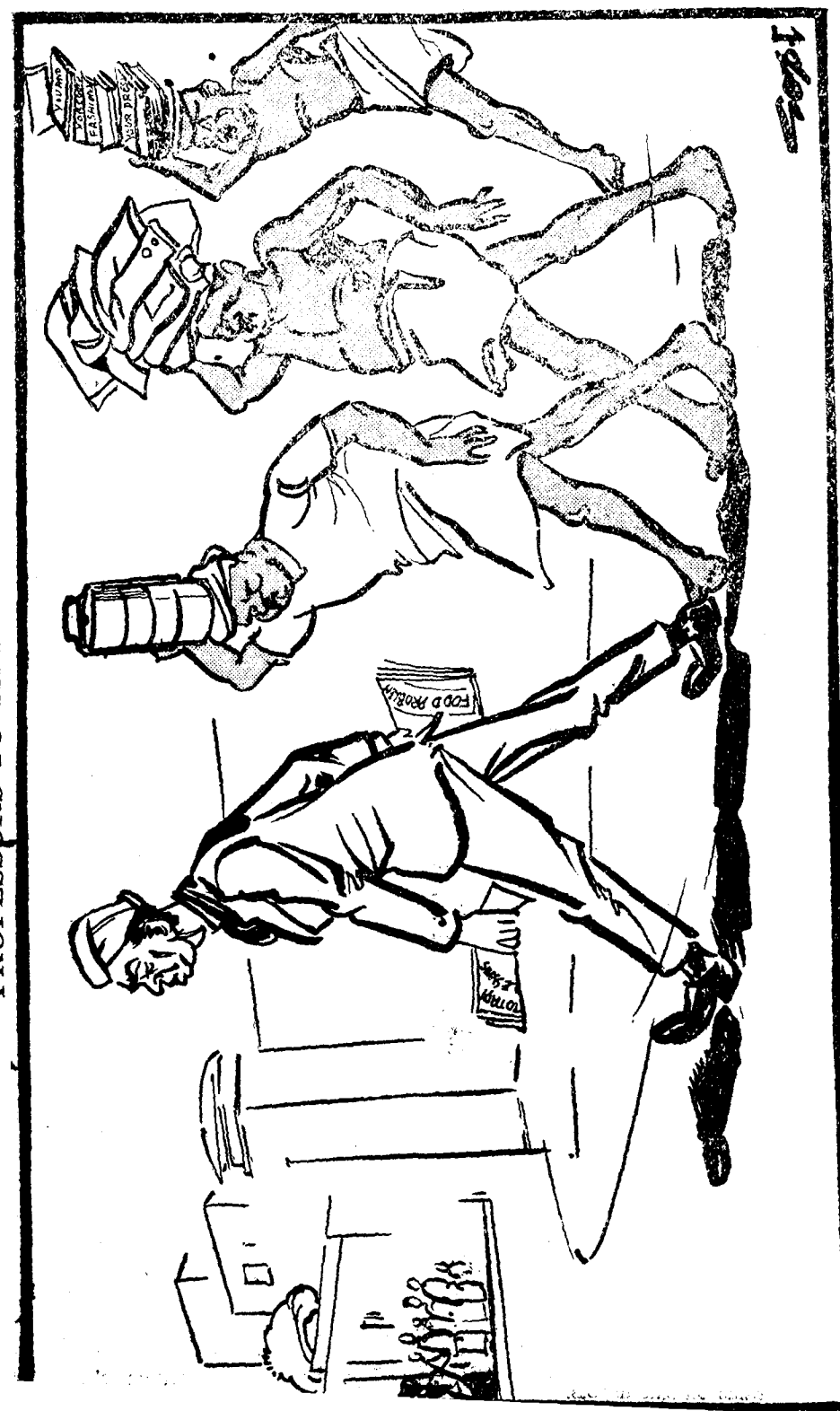
Thus as a stroke of policy, America has mounted a neat one in the Far East. Its results must now be awaited on the Chinese mainland!

Labels And The Man

AN esteemed friend was told by someone that *Swatantra* is a Communist paper with a Communist editor. Lest others might be under the same impression, we take this occasion to clarify our outlook.

We have no sort of connection with the Communist Party or any other political party. *Swatantra* is an absolutely independent journal with no sort of party affiliation. We believe that differences in politics should not be a bar to pleasant social relations. The discipline of democracy calls for tolerance of the acutest divergences and it means that the widest diversity of opinion is compatible with peaceful and happy social relations with persons of varied politics. One can be as much a friend of an individual Communist as of the policeman pledged to unearth him from the underground. It has to be admitted however that Communism as indigenously practised on party lines is a harsh creed schooling its votaries, even while they flaunt grand-sounding cosmic aims, into narrow paths of bigoted hatred and illiberality. Communists have a code of their own which is not gentle to dissentients.

PROFESSORS TO THE RESCUE



Mr. Prakasam urges college professors to study the food and cloth problems in a practical manner.

They visit disagreement with resentment and are not easy to get on with. But to boycott the socially difficult is an inverted form of insistence on a single pattern of approved behaviour, which is just the besetting sin which makes so many Communists exasperating to others. In the heat and passion of political feuds with which the modern world is replete, things that repel have to be met and overcome with obdurate goodwill if culture is not to be proved inferior to violence.

Some propagated objectives of the Communist Party have passed on into the accepted programmes of progressive Governments. An example of this is furnished by Britain's Labour Government. A remarkable by-product of that example is the elimination of Communists as a party from all practical scope for participation in the government of the country. The British example presents a striking lesson to the whole world, not least to those that regard Communism as a menace; it is the lesson that the violence of Communism flourishes on human misery and when Governments succeed in establishing happiness and prosperity in their regimes, Communism ceases to be attractive to multitudes and stands divested of its capacity for inflicting hurt.

Among the causes contributing to the power of Communists, the most effective are the misguided policies of Governments in power tending to elevate them to the pedestal of martyrs. For the elimination of the invincible potency of martyrdom from the technique of Communist Party

campaigns it would be wise to desist from devising any special laws for being exclusively applied to them. The ordinary law of the land must suffice for all emergencies not excluding any conceivable emergency of peril attributable to the Communists. A plea of this kind is apt to be construed as a sign of support to the Communist Party in the present conjuncture of hectic confusion. But it is a risk which liberal journals pledged to the essential spirit of freedom, are bound to incur.

Rash

THE advisers of the Governor have not done right in involving him in the unfortunate controversy connected with the Madras Government's B.C.G. vaccination campaign. Nobody ever suggested that the campaign should be abandoned. What was demanded was adequate investigation prior to extension of the experiment on a mass scale. When a doctor of the reputed integrity and public spirit of Dr. Guruswami Mudalliar raised doubts about the adequacy of data justifying the campaign as planned, the Health Minister would have enhanced his credit if he had invited the doctor himself to undertake an investigation before venturing on further steps. Had the public interest alone weighed with him he could not have acted differently. As it is, the public are left with no protection in the event of untoward results as their part of the price for the Health Minister's rash craze for untried schemes.

Here is a fine tribute to Srimati Sarojini Naidu from the 'National Herald,' the best that has appeared in the Indian Press, on the occasion of her seventieth birthday:

Too many birthdays are celebrated and there is too much ceremonious celebration in this country. But Mrs. Naidu is not common. In the history of the world's womanhood there have been few parallels to this amazing record of wit and vitality, of patriotism that remained undefeated through the darkest periods, of a life that has embodied in flesh and blood the poetry that won for her Sapphic spirit early laurels. Mrs. Naidu has been compared to Madame de Stael, the queen of the Girondin courts; without that French recklessness, she has all that salon wit and graciousness, the pompadour grandeur of that rare intellectualism which is a great woman's. Her eloquence is not spare like Mrs. Besant's nor her intellect rapier-pointed like Beatrice Webb's. But for sheer tropical luxuriance and trumpet-voiced authenticity, she stands alone. Few know the pain behind the exuberance, the broken wing behind the singing bird, the years of dauntless yearning or even the more recent Joan-of-Arc

Sotto Voce

Marshall Aid Morals



FROM Oklahoma comes the story of a bull that hits the bull's eye. He was a blue-blooded bull owned by the Governor of the State whom he cost nearly forty thousand dollars. But something had gone wrong inside the works; and though the scientists did their best they could not conquer his sterility. So he was turned into beef in an Iowa packing house. When the news reached the good citizens of Oklahoma they rendered thanks to the Giver in truly American fashion. The State Legislature was asked to say in a resolution that "the nation was stunned and bowed its head in sincere bereavement" to hear that "one of Oklahoma's native sons had been called to his final resting place in the heavenly green pastures."

Luckily there is no marrying nor giving in marriage in Heaven. So, browsing in those eternally green pastures he will not, let us hope, be disturbed by the curiosity of beautified heifers, or develop a Freudian complex about his own inadequacy or, worse still, come in for the unwelcome attentions of Aesculapius and his assistants trained under Stronach. But one doubts whether he will be quite happy in the plains of asphodel. He may learn in time not to sigh for the patented cattle-food of his native America. But, if he is a true Yank, he should be plagued by the thought that he had woefully failed civilisation.

God knows (or ought to know by this time) that there is no place in the scheme of things for the functionless individual. The evolutionists settled that long ago with regard to biological species; and modern ethics builds on biology. The humanitaria-

nism of an earlier day preached that a horse that had gone lame in the service of man should be put out of pain with a charge of lead. Oklahoma goes a step further and says that it is the business of a bull to breed according to the veterinarian's schedule. If he will not or cannot, far better be dead meat with an option on the green pastures.

American economists now confidently prescribe for what they conceive to be the world's major malaise. Population increases out of all proportion to the world's food resources. And, an even more perturbing thing, it is the hordes of Asia that are proliferating at an alarming rate, while in America and other abodes of the chosen people the birth-rate is stationary or positively falling. The disciples of Malthus are commendably busy among the Orientals, but they seem to make no headway; and time presses.

So Truman's Square Dealers are against extending Marshall Aid indiscriminately to countries east of Suez. By giving them more food, these wise men argue, it might enable the miserable starvelings just to keep alive; and they apparently need little more encouragement to multiply. Again American loans spent on medical relief might artificially block up the safety valve which Nature has thoughtfully provided in the shape of famines, plagues and pestilences. It would be a great mercy to let the inefficient die like flies in summer. Give the surplus food and the prophylactics to those nearer home because they already have them in good measure. Scrap the obsolete marriage laws, place a premium on test tube

babies and tell the Herrenvolk, "Breed or perish."

The Oklahoma bull, if he had lived in a world ruled by his kind, might have declined his high and tragic destiny, and rested sturdily content with more authentically bovine pleasures. If he knew, when the blue riband was being bound on his brows, that it was the badge of slavery he might have even offered to serve in the humble ranks of castrated draught cattle if only thereby he might retain the privilege of life. He perhaps snorted in impotent rage at the impertinence of the meddling surgeon who had sought to improve on God's handiwork and deprive him of his ill-starred uniqueness. And—audacious thought!—he, a poor ignorant bull may have even felt that his masters and captors, whose imagination could not rise to anything higher than a graminivorous Heaven, had

little reason to boast of their humanity.

Eastern man hardly enjoys more essential freedom than the martyred bull. He may ask with Shylock, "Have I not hands and feet?" A silly question; for the important thing is he has not the atom bombs. Long ago the fair-haired godsons of Vulcan who own the infernal machines decreed that he should eat grass and spawn cheap labour. They arrange periodical prize-shows where he is put through his paces. Yesterday it was the friendly Chink who got the marigold garlands; today it is the docile Jap; tomorrow it may be the mulish zealous Zulu. But in the long run—so it is written in the akashic records of the West—the grass-eater's destiny is to be eaten by the meat-eater.

VIGHNESWARA.

SIDELIGHTS :

The wheel of fortune turns round incessantly, and who can say to himself, "I shall today be uppermost."
—CONFUCIUS.

MADRAS is agog with excitement over the prospective visit of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. The visit is well timed for giving guidance to legislators as to whom they should elect as leader next month. The legislators themselves are not in a position to exercise an independent judgment in the choice of the leader. They have crystallised into groups. Each group has its own leader. Kamaraj Nadar, Prakasam and Dr. Subbarayan are the important group leaders. Kamaraj's power for influencing the election is greater than that of the other two for the reason that he has not at any time put himself forward as a candidate. A candidate has to go about seeking support; whereas one who has votes in his pocket and is not himself a candidate, will be sought by all candidates. Kamaraj Nadar is the most sought after man in the Congress Legislature Party today, because of the position he has acquired as the holder of the balance of power between the aspirants for the premiership.

Importance attaches to him also on another count. In Tamil Nadu there is a resurgent communal movement crying for the blood of Brahmins and Aryans. It has acquired an undoubted hold on vast masses of people. Its influence grows day by day. It is opposed in spirit to all that the Congress has stood for and it menaces, as nothing else does, the objective of establishing a secular State in the country to which Pandit Nehru has pledged himself. A secular State is defined by Nehru as a State in which every individual is to be free to profess any faith he chooses and no disability should rest on him by reason of his faith; but the creed of the black shirts of Tamil Nadu is to inflict disability on categories of people whom they disapprove of. In the corruption of spirit that has come to prevail, not a few Congress leaders

have themselves got virulently communalised and become converts to the gospel of the black shirts. The invasion of communal hatred-cults on the mass mind and on the citadels of power and office has been swift. It is realised by all perturbed by the gravity of the situation that Kamaraj Nadar is the only provincial leader with influence enough yet to stand as a bulwark against the onrush of the black shirts and save the Congress in Tamil Nadu from the tragic fate of wholesale apostasy.

In the districts in which the black shirts are powerful, they bid fair to sweep the polls at the next elections. But in the legislature at present they do not count. Kamaraj still has it in his power to get a strong and suitable Government established in place of the present rickety one.

If the choice of leader is to be determined by considerations that have promoted Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel to the helm at the Centre, considerations connected with past service, there is none that can hold a candle to Prakasam in the whole of the Congress Legislature Party. But Prakasam was ousted from the premiership by a combination of smaller men that proved powerful through their deftness in whipping up communal passions. Kamaraj, the initial architect of the Omandur regime, now sees in it an ugly thing, and probably the contemplation of his creation has cured him a little of the anti-Prakasam mentality of two years ago. He seems to be undecided as to how to make his politics square with his renovated condition. He has outgrown both his attachment to Omandur and his antipathy to Prakasam. But communal passions are easier to rouse than to control, and Prakasam who is a red rag to communalists, is apt to impel them to forget their internal differences and act unitedly to prevent his return to power. It would appear that Omandur is anxious that Prakasam should stand as a candidate

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for the leadership, as in that event he could play on the same elements that brought him to prominence to give him another lease of office. It would not be surprising if emissaries of the Premier have been actually at pains to inveigle Prakasam once again into the leadership contest, as the best method of prolonging the Omandurian regime.

* * *

If Prakasam were to stand out, it is generally taken for granted that Omandur will be thrown out of the leadership if he does not voluntarily retire. Bhaktavatsalam, Kumaraswami Raja and Dr. Subbaroyan are in the offing as prospective contestants for the leadership. Bhaktavatsalam has given a good account of himself as Minister and won the respect of the civil services as a competent and hard-working administrator. But he is evidently content with the assured position he has and not keen on further responsibilities fraught with risks for the future. Kumaraswami Raja has the advantage of being a colourless individual fascinating to Kamaraj as a promising dummy through whom he can indirectly exercise power without responsibility. Dr. Subbaroyan has the advantage of a wide experience and a non-communal bent of mind.

MUTTS AND B. C. G.

by S. PARTHASARATHY

THE Press in India has become a mere-profit-making industry. The inside of a Press office resembles the inside of a factory with a number of machines whirling. Everything in a modern Press is automatic; the news flows through the tape automatically; it is edited automatically; it goes into print automatically; it is published and read by us automatically. The Press Lords of India love power and money. The Government fear money and power. The Press Lords get everything at concession rates. The political bosses get their stale, threadbare and colourless speeches featured in the newspapers. The Press has abdicated its leadership of public opinion. Take, for instance, the two questions which are today greatly exercising

Sardar Patel has a good few feats to his credit of discounting the obvious and initiating the unexpected. He installed Kher as Premier in Bombay, displacing Nariman who almost seemed to have the leadership in his grasp. He ousted Khare and set up Shukla in Central Provinces. Ranga stands high in the Sardar's favour, and in Madras he might wish to see Ranga occupying supreme office. Ranga combines parliamentary experience with mass leadership, and provided he does not fall a prey to communal politics, he is sure to rise very high and make his mark in the Andhra Province of the future. But the set-up of composite Madras can admit Ranga as Minister but not as Premier. Such a set-up needs a nice balancing of competitive elements. Because, hitherto, competition has meant exclusion of valuable powerful forces, there has been impoverishment of prestige and energy in the resulting Government. If the Sardar succeeds in setting up a Cabinet of all important progressive non-communal elements, capable of suppressing subversive hatred movements and inspiring public opinion to move along right Congress principles, he would have done as much as could be expected of any man in the present difficult atmosphere in the Province.—SAKA.

the public mind in Madras. They are the proposed legislation on Hindu Religious Endowments and the B.C.G. vaccination campaign. Some articles have appeared and some leaders have been written but the Press has failed to lead public opinion.

The Madras Hindu Religious Endowments Bill contains in the Statement of Objects and Reasons the note that the Government had decided to "provincialise" Religious endowments. To 'provincialise' means to treat a subject as pertaining to a province and not to the country as a whole. But after reading the provisions of the Bill, one feels that the proper word that should have been used is 'nationalise.' There may not be enough words in the Bill to vest

the properties of temples and mutts in the Government in a legal sense. But there are enough words to constitute the Government the de facto owner of such properties. The Premier has come out of his shell for the occasion and has made an eloquent speech in defence of the Bill. We understand that there is mismanagement and negligence in a number of temples, mutts. For the sake of argument, we will assume that twenty-five per cent of the temples and mutts are not being managed properly. Until the Bill comes into law, the public have the right to intervene and ask the courts of the land to put right any mismanagement or negligence in the case of any public temple or mutt. But we will assume that the public have become so indifferent that they do not exercise their rights. On these assumptions there can be no question that it is not good for any Government, secular or otherwise, to tolerate the mismanagement and negligence of the temples and mutts. But what should be the measures that we should take to check such negligence and mismanagement and to ensure the proper management and functioning of temples and mutts? The Government proposes to create a new class of executive despots to be called "Commissioners." They may be chiefs, deputies or assistants. But their powers are wide and unrestricted. These despots can fix the "Dittam" in the temple; can decide whether an institution is a religious institution; whether any property or money is religious endowment, and whether this is or that is that or this in every matter concerning the temples and mutts. They can divert funds which means that they can apply the Cypres doctrine which in countries having advanced jurisprudence is usually reserved to the highest court of the land. They can settle disputes of mere ritual or religious observances. The High Court can only interfere where the order on these disputes is contrary to law or has failed to determine some material issue of law. The cost of administering this new Act will be met by levying contributions from out of the revenue of these temples and mutts.

Now, the questions that arise to be decided are whether these executive despots will bring to bar in their work a higher sense of duty than the present trustees and matadhipathis. The second question to be determined is whether in selecting candidates for these commissioners, the Government will not be subject to political canvassing. The third question that arises is whether the Legislature is the proper body to deal with the temples and mutts: for we must remember that once we have vested it with the jurisdiction, the Act will always be available to the Legislature for tinkering.

Before we seek answers to these questions, let us examine the background. There is perhaps today in the Legislature a greater percentage of M.L.As. who are nasthiks, communalists, sectarianists and self-seekers than could be found in any other cross-section of the people of the province. The President of the T.N.C.C. had to issue instructions that members of the Legislature should not apply for licences and permits. From all reports, the Premier has got his own tale of woe about the doings of some of the M.L.As. There is nothing to prevent the Legislature from increasing the contributions to the Government from five to fifty per cent by amending the relevant section. Then again, the Bill is being welcomed by the members of the Dravidar Kazhagam, a body which is out to destroy the Hindu religion. The opponents to the Bill were sought to be silenced by violent measures by the members of the Dravidar Kazhagam. We know the low moral stature of the educated classes after the War, and there is every danger that the commissioners may prove worse than the trustees and that instead of twenty-five per cent being bad as now, all temples and mutts may become mismanaged. We may introduce elements extraneous to Hindu religion into the internal arrangement of the temples and rituals may be made to comprise sahasranama archanas to our political bosses both dead and alive. The Premier may breathe out through his nostrils the odour of religious sanctity. But the Bill cannot be made to commend itself to the public on the grounds that the Premier who has

sponsored the Bill is a devout man, has worshipped a bone of Gandhiji for over a year and is intolerant of fraud and mismanagement. The conclusion cannot be resisted that in the present state of fluid administrative standards and unsettled political ideologies, one cannot afford to make the temples and mutts the playthings of the Legislature. The alternative, if at all, must be sought by constituting a statutory body with all powers of supervision and management, which could act independently, say, somewhat like but not nearly like the Court of Wards. It should be a body which is not subject to day to day interference either from the ministerial side or from the Legislature. It is here that the duty of the Press arises. The Press could have sent their reporters round to canvass the views of well-known spiritual leaders in the solution of the problem.

The case of the B.C.G. vaccination campaign is another attempt by the Government to short-circuit public opinion. B.C.G. vaccination may be a good thing or it may be a bad thing; or, its efficacy may have yet to be proved. But whatever it is, no campaign of this kind should be started without taking at least the medical profession into confidence. We do not even know if the heads of the Medical and Public Health Departments have been consulted about this campaign. The parent is asked to give or withhold consent to his children being vaccinated under this scheme. What has the parent been told about this scheme? Supposing the parent chooses to ask his family doctor, he gets the reply that he does not know anything about it. It is said that B.C.G. vaccination should be undertaken only after conducting certain preliminary tests on the person to be

vaccinated and also that the persons vaccinated should not merely be subject to observation but should also conform to certain environmental conditions. It may be that the Government have come to certain conclusions on these matters. But the public have a right to know the nature of the precautions that the Government is undertaking before introducing the campaign. It is far from desirable that a campaign of this kind should be initiated by the Health Ministers at the Centre and in the Province solely on the advice of foreign experts but without taking into confidence the medical profession in India, who should first be educated about it as they are professionally interested in such a campaign. Here again, the Press has failed in its duty. There are in India

a large number of independent and eminent medical practitioners whose opinions for and against the scheme could have been canvassed. Or, the Press could have interviewed the Government themselves and sought clarification on points of controversy and information about the technical details of the scheme. Both the Press and the Government have in these two cases ignored the people. The Government have refused to circulate the Endowments Bill for public opinion and they have failed to disclose to the public the technical details of the B.C.G. vaccination campaign. If popular ministries should adopt this attitude, would it be the fault of the people if even good measures receive condemnation at their hands? And if the Press abdicates its role as leader of public opinion, are the people to be blamed if they become consumers of the yellow Press?

When Robert Benchley was a student at Harvard, he took a course in international law. The final examination confronted him with a question something like this: Discuss the arbitration of the international fisheries problem in respect to hatcheries protocol and dragnet and trawl procedure as it affects (A) the point of view of the United States and (B) the point of view of Great Britain.

Benchley was frank, as well as somewhat desperate, and wrote as follows: "I know nothing about the point of view of Great Britain in the arbitration of the international fisheries problem, and nothing about the point of view of the United States. Therefore, I shall discuss the question from the point of view of the fish."

"VIET NAM: ORPHAN UP FOR ADOPTION"

by ANDREW ROTH

IN many ways Viet Nam has been like an orphan in South-east Asia. But it probably will be adopted soon —by the Chinese Communists.

When the Communist-led Vietnamese guerillas become directly linked with the Chinese Communists, it will bring to an end an isolation in which the Vietnamese have been exceptional in South-east Asia.

In part the Vietnamese are themselves to blame for this isolation. Very early they realised that the final decision would depend on military strength. Therefore, while the Indonesian Republicans spent a substantial portion of their foreign exchange on representation and publicity, the Vietnamese husbanded theirs for purchasing arms. The result has been that now, when the Indonesian Republic is overrun, the Vietnamese have captured 80% of their country.

In part, too, Viet Nam's isolation has been due to the fact that there is virtually only French capital invested there, while in Indonesia, for example, there is considerable British, American and other capital in addition to Dutch. Neither Britain nor America has been permitted by the French to secure any substantial economic stakes in Indo-China.

In Indo-China, Britain and America not only have had no pecuniary reason for being interested, but furthermore has been a real political hot potato. While British and American experts have recognised that the French are the worst colonisers in Southeast Asia and the nationalist movement is strong and united, London and Washington were faced with the fact that Ho Chi Minh was Moscow-trained and a number of Communists have other leading places in the Vietnamese leadership. Therefore they have kept their hands off Indo-China.

London and Washington's embarrassed silence on Indo-China has been reflected in the paucity of news from a country which has been the scene of more dramatic and momentous

developments than any other region in South-east Asia.

One of the most interesting factors overlooked has been the special character of Ho Chi Minh's Marxism. In the period before the Tito controversy, few observers took seriously the possibility of a sharp conflict between a "national Communist," who emphasises what he considers to be the best interests of his own country and "international Communists" who think Moscow's interests come first.

Certainly if Ho Chi Minh is still a Communist—and there is some dispute about that—he is a "national Communist" and far more moderate than Tito. Although he was one of the first of the Asian Moscow graduates, French Surete files show that, soon after he reached Canton in 1925, he argued with Michael Borodin. Borodin, the Soviet Advisor to the Chinese Nationalists, thought that during a nationalist revolution such as China's, two conflicts should proceed simultaneously: the battle against imperialism and the battle against wealthy landowning nationalists. Ho Chi Minh disagreed. He thought the anti-imperialist conflict should have preference and that social conflicts should be held in abeyance until national freedom is secured. All the evidence available at present would indicate that Ho still sticks to this line. Furthermore, Ho does not belong to the "Moscow-always-knows-best" school. Not long ago he told a friendly correspondent: "Moscow has made too many mistakes on Indo-China for us to take its word on our problems."

It is noteworthy that today Ho heads the only unified nationalist movement in South-east Asia. In Burma the Communists are fighting a Socialist Government, in Indonesia the Communists were fighting a nationalist movement; and in Malaya the Communists are fighting in isolation after having jettisoned their allies in the nationalist movement. In

Viet Nam—in very sharp contrast—Communists, Socialists, Trotskyists, Monarchists, Democrats and Catholics are working together with scarcely any friction. Instead of growing narrower, the coalition governing Viet Nam has grown steadily broader, the most recent additions having been from some of the old mandarins, formerly in the court of Bao Dai. And “Uncle Ho” is regarded with common veneration by Vietnamese of all views.

It is one of the curious aspects of the Viet Nam situation that the peculiar moderation of Ho Chi Minh has probably been motivated in part by his hope to secure some American sympathy as a result of a little-known wartime alliance. The Vietnamese nationalists first began fighting the Japanese (and the French colonial regime which collaborated with the Japanese) as far back as 1940. As a result it came to be regarded with paternal approval by the South-China-based American forces toward the war's end. In 1944 the American behind-the-lines organization O. S. S. (Office of Strategic Services) parachuted in military advisors and armaments for the Vietnamese guerillas battling in North Tonking. The Vietnamese also marked out Japanese targets and rescued American fliers who crashed trying to bomb them.

But the Vietnamese were soon abandoned by their wartime American allies. This was partly due to the death of President Roosevelt, who was strongly committed to keeping the French colonialists from returning to Indo-China. It was also due to the shift in world division from Axis vs. Allies to Soviet vs. Anti-Soviet. This immediately pushed the Vietnamese nationalists into the outer darkness—so far as the American government is concerned—because they all acknowledge as their leader Ho Chi Minh, who bears the mark: “trained in Moscow.”

It is only recently, however, that the Vietnamese radio has begun attacking the U. S., largely because U. S. ERP help to France is helping to finance France's Indo-China war, estimated to cost the U.S. \$1,000,000 a

day and because the State Department has made clear its support for the puppet government of Bao Dai. By now the Vietnamese have completely abandoned the hope they long held of any sympathetic consideration for their aspirations by Washington.

So automatic has been the rejection of Ho Chi Minh that few, even among the diplomatic experts, have observed the contrast between the coalition policy of Ho's government and the divisive policy of the Communists in other South-east Asia countries. This was highlighted at the Communist and left-wing youth conferences held in Calcutta last March, which set off the train of Communist explosions in South-east Asia. The Vietnamese had no representatives at the Communist Party conference because its Communist Party was dissolved in 1945 and replaced by a Marxist Study Group—a move designed by Ho to diminish internal friction and external criticism.

The Vietnamese delegate to the left-wing youth conference soon found himself in hot waters. The representatives of Indian and Burmese Communist youth organizations tried to push through a number of resolutions attacking the Burmese government as “puppets” and the Siamese government as military fascists and advocating immediate partition of land for the peasants and expropriation of foreign-owned property. The Vietnamese delegate said he would have to dissociate himself from these resolutions because his government had friendly relations with both the Siamese and Burmese governments and did not consider it expedient to upset the land system while fighting the war and did not agree to blanket expropriation of foreign property. For taking this position the Vietnamese delegate was accused by the full-blooded Indian Communists of being “under American influence”!

Since the Calcutta conference, the Communists of Burma, Malaya and Indonesia have followed an insurrectionist policy, splitting the nationalist movements in those countries. The coalition policy of the Vietnamese Marxists has continued unchanged.

M. CHALAPATI RAU

by MANJERI S. ISVARAN

I am proud to have known Chalapati Rau. Of all men it was my good luck to meet, know, and fraternise with, he is the most remarkable. He has been my friend for over sixteen years now. Why and for what is he remarkable? For achievement as well as character. For his integrity, generosity of heart, and the courage of his convictions. For the capacity of tolerance, possessing as he does an intellect at once searching and sardonic. For harmonising austerity and aestheticism; for an imagination so intensely poetic which does not prevent him from being practical. Very early in our acquaintance, in spite of his common sense and companionable good humour and irony, I quickly realized his sensitivity, the strength beneath all his apparent gentleness, his tremulous shyness which was strangely contrary to his bedouin boldness of expression. “Like Caliban, I am a cross,” he wrote to me once; “half of me is emotions and half of me is principles.” He is passionate in both and hence his integrity. And because he is seamless and knows he is, he has no need to see his own face in a glass; he makes others see theirs and get into a rage at the reflection.

A couple of years before I met Chalapati Rau I had come across his name in *Triveni*. His article on John Masefield, soon after Masefield was appointed poet-laureate of England, succeeding Robert Bridges—the essay began with a bang: “King Robert is dead. Long live King John!”—established his incomparably wide knowledge of classical and contemporary English creative and critical literature alike; but his disquisition on Subba Rao's ‘Yenki’ Songs took my breath away; it was superb; it moved with the rapture and lilt of a morceau; here showed critical faculty with all the sweetness and light one could conceive of. In one flash it lit him up as an artist, a poet sure of his instrument. Just an instance of his rendering from Telugu:

*My heart is stifled in my throat!
My heart is struggling in my throat!
I cannot sit, not sit awhile;
She looks at me, she makes me smile!*

*And if I speak, she spurns at me,
She signs from the corner of her eyes;*

*She taunts and tantalizes me,
If I sit near she flares at me!
My heart is stifled in my throat!
My heart is struggling in my throat!*

*She keeps me here and goes away,
Ah, she has tried and harassed me,*

*And taken all my breath away,
And melted with her witchery!
But to be silent with a will,
My spirit cannot stop or still!
My heart is stifled in my throat!
My heart is struggling in my throat!*

*“Such bright beauty and being,
So much in a mirror's space,
How has it sunk, my king,
In a pearl's little face?”*

*“Yenki, how all thy charms
with art
Are fixed within my heart!”*

*“One look, one beauty shed,
One laugh alone, my king?
One part alone, how spread
Across this shining string?”
“Is not at once thy beauty
caught*

*In goodness, word, and
thought?”*

Reading his articles I tried to form a picture in my mind, of the personal appearance of Chalapati Rau, for I had always believed that a man of brilliance showed his distinction in some feature or other, and when I met him for the first time in April, 1932 in the reading room of the Young Men's Indian Association Buildings, George Town—I had then become the Assistant Editor of *Triveni* and the office of the journal was situated in the same buildings—I was happy to find that my mental picture of him was not wrong; his face and figure suggested an extraordinary talent. A complexion inclined to brownness, natural, not suntanned; a slender build of body, some five feet nine or ten in height; full mouth; a nose whose formation gave a distinction to the physiognomy, with a width of nostril and a finely rounded chin indicative of the highest susceptibility; hair thin and soft of texture

like a web on a head, massive, well-sculptured; a broad expansion of the brow beaming an imperial intelligence, accentuated by a pair of prominent eyes: these along with a voice pleasantly modulated made up Chalapati Rau when I met him for the first time, as he was during his middle twenties. We took to each other immediately; we talked of everything under the sun with the gusto and self-assurance of the 'coming' generation whose business it was to question the elders on many of their set notions and pet theories in every aspect of human activity; we talked of poetry and politics, literature—English and continental and indo-anglian—an indo-anglian, he remarked, led a precarious existence in periodicals and died in a book—; we talked of religion, philosophy, psychology, psychoanalysis, metaphysics, cricket, music, Hollywood and the film stars (including Indian); talked the sun and moon and stars down the sky; the *Triveni* office at that time was a sort of rendezvous for learned discussions every afternoon; the lunch in the Y.M.I.A. Restaurant was good, being pre-war; and friends dropped in; Mr. Ramakotswara Rau, the editor, was frequently absent in his home-town in Narasaraopet; and we had a free field. Chalapati Rau had then added to his degree of Master of Arts in English Literature the degree of Bachelor of Laws, and finished his fling at the Indian Civil Service Examination. Being both students of the Presidency College we discussed our Alma Mater too; he had no definite plans for the future, he told me; he wondered if he would ever practise as a lawyer, his father wanted him to do so; and I could see that his heart was set on journalism. Suddenly, one day, he vanished, leaving a note behind that he was going to Bombay; and from Bombay where he was for a few months he wrote to me at fairly frequent intervals; of his impressions of the City, "an inferno of industry, full of inhuman noises, and surrounded by water, water, water everywhere, breaking into what looks to me like Lethe on one side and Styx on the other"; of his meeting Jayakar, "the political twin of Sapru and prophet of Federation." "He was too much optimistic about the British Empire

(he wrote of Jayakar)—and the future of English in India, but gave English only a lease of fifty years when I overpowered him with my arguments, my independence ideology and my high-class pessimism. His last argument was that even Jawaharlal Nehru cannot get on without his English. He was very chummy, hearty, and quite enjoyable. . . . I have done him in a few scrappy sentences in the *Mahratta*. One day he will get a fuller treatment when I write my book of sketches," he ended. He has kept the world waiting still for the book he promised a decade and a half ago.

After a brief spell in Bombay he came down South in the latter half of 1933 and settled down—so it seemed—in Maharanipet, Vizagapatam. He was only an apprentice as yet and could not practise. A letter from him at this period illumines the phase of his childhood and boyhood into which he had not let me before; it is a vignette unforgettable for its simplicity and nostalgic loveliness. "*I remember the place where I was born, . . . where the sun peeped in at morn, and all that and all that; and I was born here, and I was till my sixth year bred up here, and learnt my A B C here; and so the other day my Daddy took me to the place where I was born, in Waltair, and I was bitter and sad to see the houses gone and nothing but brambles and green grass; and next I wanted to see an old Christian gentleman who had been a kind of grandfather and godfather to me, and had reared me with affection, and fed me on the milk and jam and biscuits of the European Club of which he was the Secretary; and he too was gone a year ago leaving his daughter and son; and I was bitter to the core as only a boy could be, with memories, worthy of a story by Malachi Whitaker, one of those cat-eyed girls who write to the John O' London's. But the place must be familiar to me, which it is not. Its geography is now comprehensible but not what it was to a boy's. I remember the gay blue front of the sea, which I used to think was bounded by the horizon, and I remember some odd places, for this place like Signorina Valerio, is all nooks and corners. But I remember nothing much more. Let me describe it a bit. Waltair is the uplands*

and Vizag is the lowlands, each intersected with the other along the broad stretch of the shore. Draw a triangle with the blue sea as the base. The Eastern Ghats form the other two sides: one side cutting the base with the Dolphin's Nose, and the other with a small bay at the end of Waltair. The railway line runs like an altitude cutting the apex, and branching off into the B. N. Ry. and the M. & S. M. Ry. The triangle is the place, a paradise of rocks and sand and waters. The Dolphin's Nose looks formidable scorning the eternities and the sea and the sky. At a distance on the shore we have the Scandal Point. The docks and the harbour works look like one of Picasso's cubist pictures, all half-finished. The Lighthouse does not give much light. There is not much of a marina. We have a main road which is a caricature of our Mount Road. . . .

"Finished in the Principal Subordinate Court, during the bombardment of the Sub-judge by Somayajulu. . . ." runs the post-script to the letter and a reference to Lady Law as La Belle Dame Sans Merci; but literature proved to be more jealous and between August 1934 and August 1935 he wrote some half a dozen stories for the *Short Story*, a monthly devoted exclusively to serious writing of fiction, of which I was the editor.

The emergence of Chalapati Rau the critic, as Chalapati Rau the creative artist, was a first class literary sensation. "His approach to life has something of the impulse of the sea towards the land—a deep rhythmic roll of thought breaking into words of embroidered foam," said Venkata-ramani. His stories are peculiar for their theme and treatment, showing his wide eye-range over the calms and jacqueries of life. He is a master of the language, a great juggler with words; and every story he dowers with his extraordinary gifts: the spurt and sparkle of his style, his humour running like quicksilver, his allusive allegorical comment, his unfailing narrative grace, now plangent, now susurrous as breakers rolling over the seaboard. He enjoys telling things with such gusto that you are irresistibly drawn to share his enjoyment. In the purely sensual, his sensuality is healthier than the gods'; it burns shame to ashes and sets sex against

a newly-pulsating sky. In the purely satirical, he handles the cat-o'-nine-tails as in the *Death of Midas*. But he can be tender, tender as a dove and as cooing; he troops his colours and sounds from around this world and from beyond porch and portal of many dream-designed worlds. He contacts you with bedfellows like Sebastian in *Crowded Hours*; he opens magic casements for your escape into lands of enchantment and myth as in *Carnival and Murder at the Kutb*. And whatever the subject-matter his touch is authentic.

It was a radiant world for us, exchanging letters, and he writing for *Triveni* and reviewing books; but in the beginning of 1936 the radiance went out for me; my mother, a gentle, kindly soul to whom I was greatly attached passed away. In the hours of utter gloom and grief I received a letter from my friend; his handwriting shows, as it always did, the strength, the sincerity, the delicacy, and the discipline of emotions which are his enduring characteristics.

My dear Isvaran,

I, who have all these years felt the lack of a mother, know what the loss of a mother could be; and I have been trying to waken whatever gods or higher powers there may be and 'pray' to them that you may be given the strength to bear your loss with fortitude.

I was crying for long that a great wrong had been done to me. I found fault with imaginary gods. I even thought that mothers would come back. Who are we to think that these were fancies? And when I remember that my mother, the death of my mother, and the memory of my mother have been the greatest influences that have made me a man and a poet, I shudder to think what floods of painful poetry might be wrought in you hereafter.

In your case, especially, your grief must be great—giant-like and god-like, perhaps—because you have been these many nearer years ministering unto her and surrendering unto her the strength which you betook from her. It was my privilege to know your devotion.

You have no such happy interest Hereafter, and you will be face to face with your Daemon.

I am also reminded of Masfield's C.L.M.—"I cannot breathe, nor move, nor stir, but through the death of some of her."

I know I am not trying to 'wean' you away from your 'wretchedness.' I feel

powerless even to attempt it, because even my rusted spirit can bear the thought of Disintegration, but not of Death. I have never liked Death.

The world has many faces; and we have known every one of them. We have known its angelhood and gorgonhood. But by dreamlight and daylight I have known it mostly as Golgotha and Dead Men's Skulls.

I want you to write to me as soon as your wretchedness will have worn off—and when you will have reconciled yourself to Our Ultimate Wretchedness.

Yours affectionately,
M. CHALAPATI RAU.

But earlier than I, he came face to face with his daemon; in Calcutta where I stayed with my brother after much travelling to wear off the sorrow of bereavement, I heard from him that he had joined the staff of a new daily, *People's Voice*, in Madras; he had thrown overboard Lady Law; it meant a great mental effort, a stupendous passion: his daemon had triumphed.

The *People's Voice* was short-lived; but within its brief existence it brought him to the notice of the widest possible public, as a finished leader-writer, one who was born as such and not made after gruelling over a weary stretch of years in daily journalism. "My eyes are set on the Meccas of the North," he wrote to me, after the daily which he served with such distinction was added to the list of blessed defuncts; he left for Allahabad where the hebdomadal *Week End* radiated his brilliance during its babyhood—it didn't grow beyond that stage—; then he went over to the *National Herald* of Lucknow as Assistant Editor and leader-writer; and when it suspended publication switched on to the *Hindustan Times*, New Delhi, for a short while; then came back to the *Herald* with its resumption and today he is its most respected editor.

There is no stop-press story so far as the subject of my sketch is concerned. A journalist in any country has a great many opportunities to judge with equity, extol or censure the actions of the body politic, of those of individuals in high or low estate. It is a heartening indication that in the present confused state of affairs in our country, there is yet a little

space in it for frank and fearless men to put a table and write for the periodical press. Would the powers that be had the sanity and sincerity, the intelligence and integrity to recognise such men, search for more and more of them, and rejoice in the full articulation of their freedom! Stephen Spender, A. G. Gardiner, Stuart Hodgson, H. M. Tomlinson, H. W. Nevinston, Robert Lynd (Y. Y. of the *New Statesman & Nation*), Horace Horsnell, H. W. Massingham, Phillip Guedelia, C. E. Montague, are some of the illustrious names among journalists and authors in the West who come to my mind when I think of Chalapati Rau. He is *sui generis*, one of a very few in India who have given to daily journalism the tone and tang of literature. His gifts are many; he could have been anything he wanted—all first-rate: a poet, a novelist, a critic, a playwright, a politician, a writer on cricket as colourful and fastidious as Neville Cardus or Haslam Mills. His genius is a rare combination of temperament and intellect. He could be as soft as flower and as hard as steel. He can permeate with an all-pervasive sweetness, he can stay frozen as the arctic ice. Like a king of ancient times showering largesses of gold among his subjects he showers his splendid vocabulary of an alien language; he illumines with a phrase, he irrigates with a word. Here are a few examples:—

Of an indo-anglian poet:

His verses are a mixture of Hudi-brastic doggerel and Republican bathos.

About novels and nobelists:

The spirit of modernism has enlarged the scope of the novel. The modernist novelist zigzags round a point, employs the trick of the cinema, wavers between the merest sounds and symbols, between shadows and hidden lights, and creates characters as exquisitely unformed and deformed as Epstein's sculptures; but he has given us marvels of psychological insight and sex-expressionism. The consciousness of a moment is made exciting for hours. Whole mobs and streets are heroes.

A passage of pictorial prose from his story, *Murder at the Kutb*:

We were faced by the birdless silence, no wind even; there were

little clusters of pallid, pouting, hypnotic faces, with something wise and ancient in their evil-suggesting eyes, and a leer between their carmine lips: a few ugly urchins making unnatural gestures; and jamished dogs indulging in vigorous winter whoopee. And we saw asudden the Kutb Minar, the resting place of sun and moon and stars, a column of fire out of which a phoenix had renewed itself, not time-worn like the ghosts of Shahahana-bad, but an everlasting thing, roaring with life.

What does Mahatma Gandhi stand for? he asks, and answers thus:

Gandhism is an undefined code of ethics and politics, an intense humanization of activity in every sphere of life. The evolution of Gandhism has depended on the experiments of Gandhi. Its fundamental interests are truth and non-violence. It is, therefore, Buddhist in conception, Hindu in background, Christian in association, almost eclectic in appeal. It has its roots in the idealism of Plato and the episcopalianism of Thomas-a-Kempis or St. Augustine. It is invested with the moral grandeur of Marcus Aurelius; it has the tinge of Dante's intensity. Mazzini and Tolstoy are its godfathers. Its moral bible is the 'Gita,' and its economic bible 'Unto the Last.' To the artistic sense alone does Gandhi not apply himself strictly. His philosophy is that of the education of the primeval instincts of man; it has the incande-

scence of suffering, the glory of crucifixion.

In a lighter vein:

We have here, (Maharanipet, Vizagapatam) an Academy of Poets known as the Kavita Samiti; and on the anniversary occasion they had the courage of their cheek and arranged for an exhibition of their photographs. If we take Mr. G. Venkatachalam's estimate that every third Andhra is a poet, I can say that almost every third Andhra got into the show. It was enough if he wrote one line of prose or verse, published or unpublished. They celebrated themselves for three days: a tribe of minor Tagores, looking like terriers with their hanging hair and mystic canine looks. You can say that the 'brother-in-law' poet is a man, who does not look like a gentleman! Which reminds me of the lines in the Middle English Bestiary: "Othegrende is a fis, that moste in water is."

Once, long ago, he described himself to me as an Atheist, Socialist, and a Vegetarian. But to me he is dear Chalapati Magnus (Magnus is the pseudonym under which he writes as a columnist)—a man of gold, and bangaru—gold, is one of the attributes of humanity and could be found in the topmost storey and in a basement room. It is rustless. And being a man of gold, both as a creative artist and as a journalist he has found it and his daemonic power has purified it.

Britain was last year the largest exporter of motor-cars in the world. Her overseas sales of cars, commercial vehicles and agricultural tractors totalled £146,000,000 (Rs. 194.66 crores) or £60,000,000 (Rs. 80 crores) more than in 1947.

The number of motor vehicles exported in December was the highest since July. In the month 20,000 cars, valued at more than £5,500,000 (Rs. 7.34 crores) were shipped and nearly 7,300 commercial vehicles, the value of which at nearly £3,500,000 (Rs. 4.67 crores) was a new record.

Announcing these achievements, Mr. Gresham Cooke, Director of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, said that in 1948 the motor industry as a whole became Britain's greatest exporting industry. The value of its exports surpassed those of cotton mills by £15,000,000 (Rs. 20 crores).

Australia was the motor industry's best customer, taking some 65,000 cars and commercial vehicles valued at £17,000,000 (Rs. 22.67 crores). The U. S. A.'s purchases of cars totalled £5,600,000 (Rs. 7.47 crores), South Africa's approximately £4,600,000 (Rs. 6.13 crores) and Belgium's £4,200,000 (Rs. 5.6 crores). South Africa was Britain's second best customer for commercial vehicles, with imports valued at £3,500,000 (Rs. 4.67 crores).—London Press Service.

INDO-SOVIET RELATIONS

by G. S. BHARGAVA

SARAT Chandra Bose's criticism of the recent Asian Conference held in Delhi and, in general, the foreign policy of Pandit Nehru has not received the attention it deserved. It deserves an airing, not so much for its constructive aspect, if any, but for the opportunity it affords to the Communists to dub Nehru's foreign policy as pro-American. Referring particularly to the Asian Conference, Sarat Bose regretted that Soviet Russia and Japan were not invited by Pandit Nehru for the Conference. It was true that Uzbekistan and some other Soviet countries were represented at the Asian Relations Conference held in 1947. In fact, it was the delegation of a Soviet country which presented Pandit Nehru with that colourful dress which hit the headlines.

But between the recent Asian Conference and the earlier one there is a lot of difference. More than all, the countries which participated in the Conference of January 20, 1949, did so officially on behalf of their Governments—a reflection again on the political changes in many of the Asian countries. Secondly, the agenda of the recent Conference was strictly limited to the Indonesian issue, which was already handled by the Security Council, in its usual perfunctory way. The Asian Relations Conference of 1947, on the other hand, had no agenda at all; it was a mere get-together of Asian nations, still struggling to overthrow colonialism.

By excluding Soviet Russia, notwithstanding her claims to be called an Asian country, from the Asian Conference, Pandit Nehru, very dexterously excluded Big Power politics from a small power affair. Without in any way casting aspersions on the bonafides of the Big Three, it must be stated that their attitude to the problems referred to the Security Council has been independent of the merits of the cases. Less discreetly, it is power politics from the beginning to the end. Let me attempt a resume of the Indonesian issue at the Security Council.

The Anglo-American delegation at the Security Council simply blew hot

and cold, by first voting for a resolution enjoining a cease-fire and the immediate withdrawal of either party to a truce line; by later declining to vote for a Soviet resolution calling for the withdrawal of the Dutch forces, when it became patent that the Dutch had given a decent burial to the cease-fire order. The Soviet delegate, on the other hand, fared no better as far as upholding the cause of Indonesia was considered. But he utilised the opportunity for routine anti-Western propaganda. Before Christmas, the Soviet delegate cleverly abstained from voting on the Anglo-American resolution—calculating that the French and the Belgian delegates would follow suit, thus ultimately "killing" it. Russia was concerned more with the defeat of the Anglo-American resolution than with rushing to the rescue of Indonesia. After Christmas, Soviet Russia suddenly became a very vocal champion of the Indonesian cause when it put forth its own resolution demanding the recall of Dutch forces. When the Western powers, prompted by similar motives, did not vote on the resolution, Russia and the Communists throughout the world had an opportunity to hit at "Anglo-American connivance at Dutch aggression." So the curtain fell on the *tamasha* while Indonesian leaders were behind prison bars and the Indonesian citizens were waging a last-ditch battle against tremendous odds.

By not inviting Soviet Russia to the Asian Conference, Pandit Nehru saved it from a similar fate. Russia would have gladly accepted such an invitation and having come to Delhi, the Soviet delegates would have let loose their propaganda machine, to be countered by the Anglo-American Press and Radio. The main issue of the Conference would have been drowned in vituperative recriminations; sanctions against the Dutch aggressor would have been side-tracked by Russo-American rivalry. What happened at UNECAFE session at Ooty is recent history.

Secondly, by not inviting Soviet Russia, Pandit Nehru denied the Western powers, especially the Dutch

culprit, an opportunity to dub the Conference as Communist-inspired, a condemnation which would have meant anything in the context of the present S. E. Asian politics.

Finally, there is the attitude of Soviet Russia towards most of the Governments participating in the Conference. The attacks appearing in the Russian Press on the Nehru Government, on Thakin Nu's Government in Burma, on Ceylon, on the Indonesian Republican leaders themselves (against whom the Indonesian Communists had recently taken arms) and the action of Russia in according ready recognition to Israel (again an act of rank opportunism) speak for themselves.

Quite recently an article appeared in the Russian "New Times," which is the only English paper published from Moscow, and which is meant to foster friendship between the Soviets and the English-speaking peoples of the world. The gist of the article was that the Nehru Government was following a "pro-imperialist" policy. The article described Nehru as seeking "agreements" with Anglo-American Imperialism. We are not concerned with defending Nehru against such malicious attacks by ignorant critics. That was not the first time that "New Times" made unfounded allegations against India. In its issue of September 29, 1948, it carried an article on Kashmir by one Orestov, who is known as a Soviet authority on Indian affairs. Let me quote from it: "Now that power in India is concentrated in the hands of reactionaries who persecute democratic leanings and toady to Britain and the United States, these latter powers are trying to put through their plans for the division of Kashmir, under which the strategic northern regions could remain in Pakistan." There was one more gem in "New Times" on Hyderabad in which the writer stated that, composed as it is of Andhras, Marathas and Kannadigas, Hyderabad has

no Hindu majority at all and that the Nehru Government's police action was tantamount to aggression on a non-Hindu territory!

In a country like Russia where the Press is completely controlled by the Government, which again is the single party in power, such attacks on a friendly country obviously mean official attacks. It is one thing if the Communists in this country indulge in such sort of propaganda and it is another if another country picks it up as gospel truth. It means Russia cares more for her Communists than for truth and Indo-Soviet good relations.

Similarly in the case of Burma and other countries. Insurrectionists are openly preferred to a progressive Government established by law and the will of the people. Even in the case of Republican Indonesia the backstab attack by the Communists has been acclaimed as revolution by the Russian Press. Was Pandit Nehru, then, wrong in excluding Russia from the Asian Conference, along with other big powers?

As for Japan it hardly needs an explanation. If Japan had been invited, Delhi would have been the venue of a wordy duel between MacArthur and the Japan Communists.

Sarat Bose's criticism of the working of Indian embassies abroad, at a reception in London, which he incidentally repeated at a Progressive Group function in Bombay, reminds me of a significant incident about Winston Churchill. When he was in America, Churchill was asked about his impressions about the Labour Government in England, and he curtly replied that he was the Opposition leader only in his country and that outside he was an Englishman who would uphold his country under any circumstances. Such a temperament many of us have to develop in this country, however great the temptation to settle old scores.—N.P.S.

(Copyright).

A new television device, which it is claimed can "read" a book 50 miles away, has been perfected by a London firm.

This device, a form of television known as telemetering is the outcome of experiments conducted by Dr. Hareforth, Research Director of a London firm. By this means, planes would be able to land and take off in inky darkness. Another use for this device would be in the field of medicine where hundreds of students could watch an operation taking place at a hospital remote from the lecture room.

—London Press Service.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



FOR two years Russia has delayed in making her move on the international chess-board of Europe. For two years she has waited and watched from behind the Iron Curtain with her hand on the pulse of European economy. She hoped, perhaps, that the pulse would flicker and stop. But on the other hand, the financial transfusions that the countries of Europe had received, have begun to bear unexpectedly hopeful results. The patients are not yet up and about but they have certainly got up from the table and are looking round them with hope and enthusiasm.

On January 24, Russia sat down again before the chess-board and made her move. It was her challenge to the Marshall Plan. The puzzling thing is that in these days when propaganda consists in blowing one's horn loudly and long or screaming the other man down or attracting attention to one's activities by giving them noticeable insignificance, Russia's move has gone by almost unnoticed. The Western Allies, too much preoccupied with their own troubles over all the schemes of collective security they have undertaken, have chosen to bestow nothing more than a passing glance at Russia's action.

The Council for Mutual Economic Assistance for European Countries which was set up in Moscow last month included members from Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria. At the conference which resulted in the setting up of the council, attention was drawn to the "considerable success" which some countries of Europe had achieved in the "restoration and development of their respective national economies" by the assistance they had received from the U.S., and decided it was time "still broader economic co-operation among the people's democracies and the Soviet Union" was

arranged which would include "exchange of experience in the economic field, the rendering of technical assistance to one another, and the tendering of mutual assistance in regard to raw materials, food stuffs, machinery, equipment, etc." The self-absolving excuse for this move was given as the boycott which the United States, Britain and other countries were imposing on trade with Eastern European States because the latter had refused to join the queue for Marshall Aid or approve of this "blueprint for the creation of a world American Empire."

This is not the first inter-trade agreement signed between Russia and her satellites. Poland was party in a 5-year pact signed last year envisaging exchange of goods worth £250 million. Russia has also given a large credit to Poland. Hungary and Czechoslovakia signed agreements last year arranging for increases in trade. Bulgaria has committed herself to increasing her trade with Russia by 20 per cent.

What this new council is going to achieve is rather vague, considering the limited field it has to deal with. Though an invitation has been issued to anybody who wished to join the agreement—of course, on the conditions dictated by Moscow—it is most unlikely that even the countries who are wavering between the East and the West, would throw in their lot with Soviet Russia, considering how fast the defence plans of the Western Union and the North Atlantic Defence Pact are emerging.

Soviet action seems these days to show a good deal of confusion. There is vacillation between making an offer of peace—which would be derogatory to her dignity—and trying to get her way by threat. The latter is no longer a workable arrangement because the West is beginning to consider Russian stiffness as mostly bluff.

The confusion in Russian thinking is seen in the seemingly incompatible moves she is making on the Continent. There is a sudden toning down of Communist aggression in France and Italy. Monsieur Marcel Cachin, the Communist leader of France, said in the French National Assembly, recently: "M. Stalin..... continues to think that all differences between the two great sections of the world can be settled by peaceful means." It surprised a great many people who had laboured under the impression that the minute M. Cachin got up to make a speech, pandemonium and hissing would automatically follow. But beside this deceptive mildness, Russia's threatening ultimatum to Norway to choose between her and the Western Allies, seems understandable. There is also the interview with M. Stalin by an American Press Agency which has aroused such diverse comment.

The noticeable thing about the setting up of the new East European Council is the exclusion of the recalcitrant State of Yugoslavia. When Tito developed what the *London Times* aptly terms a "non-conformist conscience," Russia threatened to institute an economic boycott against Yugoslavia but for some time this threat remained a dead letter and normal trade was being carried on between the East European States. But that lasted only for a short while. Soon a slow strangulation of Yugoslavia's economic relations with the other "proletarian paradises," was started. Rumanian oil supplies ceased. Hungarian reparation deliveries stopped. Russia cancelled orders for supply of army equipment. M. Farkas, a trusted henchman of the Cominform, took over the portfolio of Defence in the Hungarian Ministry. Soviet troops were concentrated in Hungary and Rumania. These sanctions only stiffened Tito's defiance of the All-Union Bolshevik Party which dictates the Communist code of good behaviour and also achieved the more favourable result of bringing the army and the peasantry and the working classes in Yugoslavia together. People no longer said "why, we were much better off under Hitler!" They merely shrugged and set to work more grimly in the reconstruction of the country.

Mr. George Bilainkein reports that young Yugoslav girls, educated and well brought-up, joined their peasant comrades by the roadside and helped to carry rubble, drive carts and do other hard work. Lawyers, doctors and architects helped to build the roads. There was a pride in the people. When, during the Danube conference, a young Yugoslav asked Mme. Ana Pauker of Rumania why the Rumanians were conducting such vicious propaganda against Yugoslavia, she replied: "Not against the Yugoslav people, only against the Yugoslav leaders." The young man drew himself up and said: "In our country the people and leaders are inseparable." That was typical of the Yugoslav attitude then.

But this state of affairs, of course, could not last very long. Yugoslavia could not remain for ever in a position of isolation. Her friendliness became a joke. A Croat Government official said at this time to a correspondent: "Like Gaul, the world is divided into 3 parts—East, West and Yugoslavia." There were only two courses open. Either Yugoslavia had to eat humble pie and rejoin Moscow or she had to break away completely and "orient herself on capitalism" by resuming trade with the West. Tito resolved to do the latter. "We have to pay dearly for the things we used to get from our allies," he said. "But this will not prevent us from fulfilling the 5-year plan." He put the position clearly before the Yugoslav National Assembly last December: "If our allies in the countries of the people's democracies do not want to help us," he said, "if they violate agreements and various obligations that they have with us, then, of course, we must sell our raw materials elsewhere, to the capitalist countries in order to buy machines needed for the mechanisation of our mines and heavy industries." Simultaneously a trade protocol was signed in Moscow between Soviet and Yugoslav trade delegations. "In view of the unfriendly policy of the Yugoslav Government towards the Soviet Union," said the Moscow Radio, "a policy which made it impossible to maintain broad economic co-operation between the USSR and Yugoslavia, the protocol provides for a decrease in the exchange of

goods between the two countries during 1949 to one-eighth that of 1948." This left Yugoslavia standing in dire need of £3 million worth of cotton, oil, steel and rubber and £2 million worth of other goods and raw materials. In direct consequence of this, a 12-month agreement was signed between Britain and Yugoslavia. Similar pacts were made with Sweden, the United States and Switzerland. Half of last year's maize crop in Yugoslavia went to the Western nations. Her exports of copper, bauxite and timber this year are headed the same way.

The Western reaction to the Yugoslav-Cominform crisis was admirable. Neither Britain nor America batted an eyelid, so to speak. Their attitude has been entirely irreproachable according to the most diplomatic standards. Any effort they might have made to take advantage of the situation would have of a certainty driven Yugoslavia straight back to Moscow. They have been content to wait for Yugoslavia to turn to them, as turn, they knew, she must. Many people do not yet know that when Rumanian oil ceased to flow into Yugoslavia, the United States supplied the country with oil through Trieste.

Marshal Tito is not unaware of the risk he is running. He is hedged in by Communist countries on either side of him. His every move is watched. There is no peace or security for him or even freedom of movement. The alternative to victory over the Cominform, he knows, is "liquidation." He has often enough been reminded of what happened to Trotsky or to the Bolshevik "Old Guard" in Russia. But the danger is not his entirely. Tito's defection has left Russia's left flank between the Danube and the Adriatic exposed. Moreover, Tito's

recalcitrance is an ever-present inspiration to weaklings and traitors in the Communist Party in the people's democracies.

The new economic deal which Russia has undertaken makes for closer economic integration of Russia with her States. It is believed the Soviet State has another card up her sleeve. It is considered likely she might institute severe monetary reforms and base the Russian rouble on a gold standard. This might lead to the organisation of a "rouble bloc" similar to the sterling bloc. Such a step would mean that the American dollar would have a rival in international finance.

But all these deals and transactions and agreements and protocols, secret and open, have not stopped the vociferous flow of assurances and expressions of benevolent intentions from either side. "Whether it is Maxism, the Lenin theory or some ideology," said Mr. Bevin at the Foreign Press Association lunch on Jan. 25, "I want the working men and women of Europe to have a decent standard of life.... and if this wretched ideological difficulty could be removed the resources at our disposal could make a great European recovery within a very short time." And the official newspaper of the French Communist Party, in the course of an article on "Lenin, Stalin and Peace" said: "Socialism, to triumph permanently in the world, does not require a monstrous apocalypse. Its best ally is not war but peace." How much of these assurances is sincere avowal and how much is lip homage in the interests of propaganda to the gullible masses of the world, not even the politicians are able to say.

MR. ERNEST BEVIN: FROM FARM-HOUSE TO FOREIGN OFFICE

by M. S. SRINIVASAN, M.A.

WE in India heard of Bevin off and on during World War II when our 'Boys' named after him received industrial training in England, and of late he is known to us as a friend of India who has condemned "the Poona mentality" and the traditional colonial system. A close study of him is as edifying as it is inspiring, and Indian Socialists can have no better model of healthy proletarianism married to constructive statesmanship than the Dockers' K. C. The virility of English public life is still astounding, for in the Attlee Ministry a former office-boy is the Minister for Defence and a former farm-boy the Foreign Secretary. Bevin at every turn refers to the aspirations of the Common Man, but he is a most Uncommon Man.

Ernie was born at Winsford, Somerset, in 1881. He became an orphan at six, his father, a farm worker, predeceasing his mother, a village midwife. For the next four years he lived in a neighbouring village, Copplestone, and learnt to wash potatoes and clean shoes. When eleven he worked on a farm from dawn to dusk for six pence a week, and read in the night the "Bristol Mercury" to his employer. He had also to unharness and groom the ponies of the guests. Two years of drudgery led to a quarrel between master and servant, and William May thrashed him with a stout pick-shaft, or, according to another version, was thrashed. Bevin fled to Bristol.

His long stay at Bristol was not infructuous, and, in fact, it marked him out for labour leadership for which by temperament and self-education he was eminently fitted. A lonely boy of thirteen in a strange place, he had to find shelter and had no option but to pilfer. Later he was washer of plates in a restaurant, van-boy of the carriage of mineral-water bottles of Brooke and Prudencio, conductor on tramways, a lorry driver, and seller of mineral-waters of John Macy & Co. He was also a lay prea-

cher and attended on Saturday evenings the Bible classes of Rev. J. Moffat Logan. He was now in his twenty-first year and it was this year he married a girl named Florence.

His attendance at the meeting of the Social Democratic Federation was the turning-point in his life, and his friendship with Ben Tillett and Dan Hillman left its indelible impress on him. His religious awakening and impulse towards social righteousness would have taken him into the Church, but he interested himself in the problems of the workers and found his way to high place in their counsels. Tillett had a gipsy's heart and a tongue of fire and, to a great extent, trained and patterned Bevin's career. Trevor Evans in his lively study of the Foreign Minister, challenges the belief that Tillett "made" Bevin. Anyhow the patron and the protege soon fell out. Hillman gave Bevin an insight into the conditions of the Bristol docks and their comradeship continued unbroken for the next three and a half decades.

When he was three-and-twenty Bevin, in addition to his employment as a mineral-water carrier, was elected as the Honorary Secretary of the Right to Work Committee when there was unemployment in Bristol. He learnt the art of public speaking, the trick of political agitation, and of the kink in the minds of the employer and the employed. He devised the novel plan of attracting the attention of the vested interests by parading the haggard labourers before the Church congregations. At last the solution for absorbing the unemployed was found in the construction of a lake even now known as 'Bevin Lake'. His name was soon widely known in Bristol.

He later organized relief for the strikers of the Dockers' Union, demonstrated extraordinary team-spirit and understanding, and turned a new chapter in his profession. Thus in 1910 he was Chairman of the Dockers'

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Union, a full-time trade union official getting £2 a week.

His services as a trade union leader extended beyond Bristol. He surveyed the organisation of labour unions in the western countries and South Wales and took a prominent part in the Transport Strike of 1912. Within eight years he was Assistant National Organiser, National Organiser, and Assistant General Secretary. He gained valuable experience, meanwhile, in the deliberations of the Trade Union Congresses and by a visit to the U. S. A. and defeat at the hands of Inskip in the Parliamentary elections.

His eminent practicality and mastery of labour economics were a revelation to Judge Lord Shaw and King's Counsel Macassey when as a witness before the Commission of Enquiry on Minimum Wage he hacked at the academic principles of Professor Bowley. After a facetious demonstration of a family budget and minimum wage by turning the court into a kitchen, he burst out, "Professor Bowley and his budget are a revelation of the prostitution of a great institution (Cambridge University) which was formed not to keep the workers in slavery, but to develop knowledge so that the human race might be made happier."

As a director of the 'Daily Herald,' which he built with assiduous care, he defended its integrity against the famous accusations of Lloyd George. Originally he stood for the territorial exclusivity of trade unions, and slowly he realised the benefits of large-scale amalgamations. He therefore brought into the Transport and General Workers' Union several minor organisations including his own Dockers' Union. He was soon elected to the General Council of the Trade Union Congress. His leadership of strikes, and especially the National Strike of 1926, made him the grim opponent of the capitalists and the most hated man in England. He was railed at and nicknamed 'Boss Bevin.'

For the next one decade he was the heart and soul of the trade union movement. As the pillar of the biggest trade union in the world, the Transport and General Workers' Union, he revolutionised the living conditions and rates of pay of mil-

lions of workers. He aspired to achieve what he considered the "four essentials to a good life"—(1) Security in jobs, (2) just reward for labour, (3) homes in which workers can live in privacy and dignity and (4) opportunities for cultural and educational advancement." In 1937 he was rewarded with election as Chairman of the T. U. C. and President of its annual conference. Though he interested himself in the domestic and foreign affairs of England, he specialised in financial problems, particularly the difficult subject of labour unemployment, and made valuable contributions to the Prime Minister's Economic Council of 1939 and the Macmillan Committee on Finance and Industry. In spite of a following of nearly half a million members, he could not become a member of Parliament and was defeated for a second time in the General Election of 1931.

It was the Second World War that opened fresh fields for the display of Bevin's talents. Prime Minister Winston Churchill whose early animosity had given place to goodwill and admiration, appointed him as the Minister of Labour and National Service. Bevin mobilised his country for purposeful action and what he said of Churchill was true of him also: "He is the expression of the realism, the grimness, the resourcefulness, the strategic conception and the determination of Britain to win this war." It was in his 60th year that he found a seat in Parliament and its members watched a new star rise in the political horizon. He reconciled the labour elements which threatened to advocate strikes whose unflinching exponent he had been hitherto. The Labour Supply Board, the Director-Generalship of Manpower, conscription of women, the Women's Advisory Panels the Essential Work Orders, the Age-and-Length-of-Service Plan, and the scheme for transition from war to peace were his memorable achievements. Bevin by action at home, Churchill by leadership abroad, and Montgomery by victories on the battle-field rolled back the tide of Nazi invasion and won a superlative triumph.

What is the secret of the success of this big, slow-moving figure with an ever-widening girth, an explosive tem-

per, a voice "like an oak tree being rent asunder by lightning," and a propensity to do much violence to the King's English?

Bevin has abundant humanity. Unlike Churchill, with whom he compares favourably as a leader of men, he is not merely inclined to peace-loving principles but believes in the integrity of ordinary folk who are, in whichever part of the world they live, ever the same and in whose general welfare lies the salvation of mankind. He asserts: "There has never been a war yet which, if the facts had been put calmly before the ordinary folk, could not have been prevented. The common man is the great protection against war." "My policy is to work to create conditions in which the different races can co-operate and which will reflect themselves in the happiness and freedom of the people. In every discussion I keep before me the thought—Can I do this to the economic benefit and prosperity of the common people?"

He has immeasurable self-confidence, a trust in his ability to be of the greatest service to his country and the world. As W. J. Brown wrote in 'World Review,' "Whatever office he has held he has always been, first and foremost, Bevin, being himself. The man has been the thing—not the *Milieu*." Bevin boasted, "They say that Gladstone was at the British Treasury from 1860 to about 1930. They will say that Bevin was at the Ministry of Labour from 1940 to 1990."

His energy and thoroughness are phenomenal. As trade union leader suggesting the adoption of an international draft convention on dockers' accidents or sponsoring the Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Bill, as Minister of Labour acting almost dictatorially, or as Foreign Secretary dominating international conferences, he has striven to achieve his aims with commendable originality and forthrightness. He knows not the meaning of half-measures and shoddiness. He has never been in the mood of Ajax amidst the slaughtered sheep.

He has political courage and a sense of realism. He says, "As leader it is my duty to lead." "I love constructive work. . . . I like to create things."

His approach to problems is always based on his experience and is never

intellectual or theoretical. The words, "Face the facts. Let us see where they will get us. Don't be hidebound by slogans," are always on his lips. His speeches on intricate foreign transactions have a coherence and simplicity which those of a Castle-reagh or a Grey lacked. He states the bare facts without mental reservations and concern for rhetoric or even grammar, and it is easy, therefore, to follow his train of thought and policy.

His sincerity and courage of conviction are transparent. He confesses, "I was secretary of a west of England unemployed movement from 1905 to 1909, and I found myself walking the streets unemployed and having to steal for my living. I make no apology for that. I will never starve if work is refused me. Neither God nor nature demands it of us, and if man demands it, then I will violate the social laws he has made. . . . Frankly, if I were in a similar position to-day I should do the same thing again with a clear conscience." When he was the Minister of Labour two officials raised twenty objections to his catering proposals. He calmly told them, "Good, now go back and work out twenty reasons for overcoming these objections."

Because of the frequent use of the personal pronoun Bevin is accused of intense egotism. It is the egotism of a great, not a small, mind. The French Press mocks at "Bikini at the Foreign Office." His notorious irascibility has lost its bluntness in the passage of years. He told Parliament sometime ago, "Someone remarked to me 'You must have been born again.' I asked him the reason and he said, 'No one can remember you with the patience you have got now'." He is 'Brother Bevin,' not 'Boss Bevin'; and he is no reckless revolutionary, but stands for "a social revolution brought about by a freely elected Parliament."

In 1946 the national hero Bevin became the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Attlee Ministry, though he wanted to be the Chancellor of the Exchequer. J. E. D. Hall in his *Labour's First Year* writes, "Ernest Bevin gave the impression that he could handle Parliament, the Great Powers, the world organisation itself, with no more trouble than he had en-

countered in handling the affairs of the Transport and General Workers' Union." It is hardly fair to estimate the work of the Foreign Secretary within the short span of a few years before the sediments of partisan judgment have reached the bottom. The Communists vilify him for casting the Marshall Plan in the scale of Europe against Russia and his own adherents taunt him for Bevinism which has in general led to the dollar famine. The onlookers for the present must take shelter in the saving clause of Sir Roger that "much may be said on both sides."

Bevin is for open diplomacy. He believes in conferences and discussions. He says, "We cannot evolve world peace unless we have made our views clear by discussion and have seen what emerges." He has immeasurable faith in the potentialities of the UNO. He feels that if "25 basic materials from which spring nearly all the metals and power required both for industry and war" were interna-

tionally controlled, "90 per cent of the world causes of war would be entirely removed." He wants to use all scientific developments for peaceful purposes so that "there should be no limits on the possibility of raising the standard of life of the great masses of the people who have never yet had an opportunity of enjoying to the full all the advantages which modern life offers." He regrets that the Russian moral standard, the end justifies the means, is different from the British, and adds, "I have an honest face, but it does not impress them (the U.S.S.R.) somehow." His views are, in short, those of an advanced British Socialist of the New Unionism.

Statesmen of Bevin's calibre are the Hope of the Common Man—the Hope because, first, he is the ultimate determinant of human welfare, and, secondly, as long as in any country a Jude the Obscure can become a Bevin the Bold, the future of world peace need be neither a speculation nor a despair.

WEAK LINK IN GROW MORE FOOD CAMPAIGNS

by P. V. C. RAO

The scope of the "Soil Conservation Division" under any multi-purpose river development project is not limited to the limited purpose of sedimentation arrest in the reservoir and the appurtenant works. It covers a wide range of planning of locations effective rehabilitation of the displaced communities under a comprehensive "Land Utilization" scheme. Each river development project can be construed as a miniature "T. V. A." as Mr. Prittechett, Professor of Political Science of Chicago University has put it in his monumental work "T. V. A.," and the Soil Conservation Division can be envisaged as one of the vital agencies charged with the overall development of the valley region constituting the watershed.

The engineering phase of project development envisages the construction of reservoirs by means of gigantic dams, while the Soil Conservation Division aims at the building up of a second reservoir on the land of the watershed for agricultural and other purposes. It deals with the conservation and utilization of the enormous quantity of rain and soil that are at present being wasted away. "T. V. A." puts the purpose and the means of execution of this second reservoir in the following terms:

"Water may be stored in two ways. It may be artificially collected in reservoirs by building dams across valleys. Or it may be held in the ground in nature's way by a programme of soil and moisture conservation. Storage works for artificial control of water are often spectacular and attract wide attention. But no matter how hard engineers work at building dams, the big problem of providing natural storage on private land remains."

"Two kinds of reservoirs: Erosion's destructiveness is double-barrelled. With top-soil robbed from farm lands, erosion chokes reservoirs and streams. For example silt has created many acres of land in a lake formed by a

power dam. Much of the storage capacity of the dam has been destroyed and silting continues at an alarming rate. A smaller reservoir up-stream from the big dam has filled completely. The United States Soil Conservation Service reports that on Deep River in North Carolina during the past 40 or 50 years, 11 out of 15 power reservoirs have entirely filled with the products of erosion. The usefulness of T. V. A.'s concrete dams on the rivers is being protected by soil and moisture conservation operations on the land of the watershed, which act as reservoirs for holding the water that would carry soil down to fill the flood control and navigation lakes."

Mr. Prittechett stresses the great importance of water control through widespread conservation operations on the land. He says:

"The programme of water control on the land is of co-ordinate importance with that of water control in the river channel, though it is less spectacular in nature. A proper agricultural and forest cover can do much more towards preventing floods and evening stream flow by storing rainfall and slowing runoff than can a whole system of dams. On the land, the topsoil is the basis of our national existence; on the river, it is simple silt which fills up the reservoirs and gradually decreases their usefulness. In the promotion of soil conservation practices, the T. V. A. has used the devices of education, financial inducement, and co-operation with other Governmental agencies. Its goals have ranged from the immediate and comparatively narrow one of protecting its reservoirs to the broader purposes of safeguarding a priceless national heritage."

The conception of regional planning was clearly defined by Mr. Prittechett in the above terms. It is a well known fact that the watershed of any river or a combination of rivulets is the best self-contained entity for the application of the principles of regional planning.

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We in India have not yet fully realized the great potentialities of regional development through a practical application of the theory of "twin reservoir" development. There is still no mass awakening in our country to the grave dangers of soil erosion and the extreme importance of soil and moisture conservation in multi-purpose river developmental projects.

The majority of our river projects are designed to generate enormous quantities of electrical energy. There are no doubt immense possibilities of carrying and selling this energy to urban areas. But the policy of our popular Governments is large-scale rural development in which electricity has a vital role to play. As the position stands at present, the field for rural electrification is extremely limited. There may be a few street lights and an equal number of domestic lights. "Power utilization" of electricity is of limited possibility. If, however, the sub-soil water-table is lifted up through the "twin reservoir practice" explained above, there will be enormous scope for the develop-

ment of well irrigation through cheap electric pumps. This is obviously the most direct method of electricity going to the aid of agriculture. At present, there is little demand for electric pumps in rural areas, notwithstanding Governmental aid in several directions, because the subsoil water table is too low in large parts of the region to yield any measurable quantities of irrigation water. When there is the acute problem of drinking water supply, it is sheer waste of effort to attempt to draw our irrigation water from these wells. This is the reason why this well irrigation scheme has proved to be one of the weakest links of our "Grow More Food" campaign.

Hence, even in its own self-interest—the interest of selling cheap energy in the rural areas—a multi-purpose project like the Machkund or the Tungabhadra should concern itself with effective land development through widespread soil and moisture conservation operations. The results, will be far wider than might be conceived under this narrow objective of power sales. It leads to the economic betterment of the region as a whole.

THE STANLEY-BELCHER SCANDAL

by SANTHA

BRITAIN'S honour has been vindicated. The fear and dismay which settled on Westminster and Whitehall last October at the first whispers of corruption in high circles, have at last vanished. It is a victory for the Government and the people. Where some administrations might have considered discretion the better part of valour and tried to hush up the whole affair, Britain has, with a flagellant defiance, permitted her dirty linen to be washed in public, for the eyes of all the world to see. And she has found, not a little to her relief and delight, that the linen wasn't so dirty, after all.

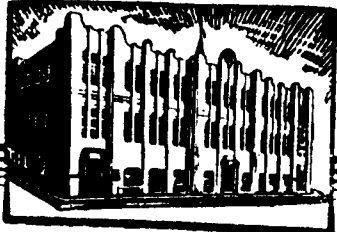
This was by no means the first scandal in Britain's political or administrative departments. Politicians and statesmen have erred before and have faced the inevitable punishment since Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England in the latter half of the 16th century, fell from his high office on a charge of corruption and was sentenced to pay a staggering fine of 40,000 pounds and to "be imprisoned during the King's pleasure, and thereafter to be banished for ever from Parliament and Court." In comparison with a great many other defaults in public life, the present impropriety is a mere bagatelle, but it is quite probable that if it had gone unnoticed or unchecked, it would have led to demoralization on a large scale.

The story starts from a communication sent by the Home Secretary, Mr. Chuter Ede, to Justice Lynskey and Mr. Russell Vick, K. C. and Gerald Upjohn, K. C. "Whereas," it read, "it has been resolved by Parliament that a tribunal be set up for inquiring into allegations that payments, rewards or other considerations have been sought, offered, promised, made or received by or to Ministers of the Crown or other public servants....". That was all. There were no specific accusations, neither prosecutors nor defendants, plaintiffs nor accused. The whole affair was kindled by rumour. The men who stood in the

dock were either Ministers or civil servants. Other people were involved, as was revealed in the course of the investigation, but the Tribunal had nothing to do with them. Its work was either to indict or exonerate the holders of public office. The investigation—for it would be technically incorrect to call it a trial—lasted from November 15 to December 21 and a little more than a month later the Tribunal made known their findings.

The proceedings of the inquiry, perhaps because of their unusual nature, read like a badly-written detective story. The final verdict is pleasantly disappointing. No deep-laid conspiracies were discovered, nor pre-arranged plots; no empire-shattering rackets were exposed. But this emerged clearly, that during the last two or three years, England had been housing a man of such Machiavellian cleverness and craft that certain high dignitaries of office who had unwittingly played into his hands, did not realise they had fallen into a trap with a false bottom until they found what they had thought innocent actions interpreted in court as part of a gigantic hoax played on them.

When Mr. Sidney Stanley or Solomon Kohlsyzycky alias Rechtand or Wulkan, or whatever his real name was, started his machinations, is not clear. But he was obviously pursuing a very profitable line of business ever since he was declared an "undischarged bankrupt," for he lived in good style and almost always had a five-figure bank balance. After the war, he worked as a dress-salesman with a side line in "Government work." He was by his own proud confession, one of those super-salesmen who sold his dresses not in dozens but in hundreds. It brought him, unaccountably enough, into contact with Lords and Dukes and Knights, with whom he quickly got into drinking terms. But the dresses were obviously not his main living. He had many irons in the fire. One of them and not the least important, was to act

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as the "contact man" between industrial firms and Government officers so as "to find short-cuts through departments" and generally "get action much quicker." His chief card was the confidence trick. He became friendly with responsible public officials and with artful guile put them in such a position with small gifts, with friendly invitations for week-ends, with thoughtful gestures of personal consideration, that they felt obliged to grant the application for a licence or two that he casually mentioned during dinner, or help the friend whom he introduced out of his little "problem." It is the sort of thing which counts for nothing in most countries. Such little 'favours' are bestowed by the dozen by our own Ministers and Parliamentary Secretaries and the popular reaction is not one of indignation but of envy.

Mr. Stanley met Mr. Belcher, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, at a dinner in April, 1947. Within a month Mr. Belcher was invited to stay with the Stanleys for the week in May that the Labour Party conference was held at Margate. Mr. Stanley fixed them up at the Beresford House in Margate and paid the first week's bill which came to £50. When asked by the Tribunal why he paid the bill, Mr. Stanley promptly replied that since he had invited them to stay with him but found later he could not accommodate them in his small house the least he could do was to put them up at a hotel and pay the bill. At another time, when Mr. Belcher lay in hospital, ill "due to his indulgence in alcohol" Mr. Stanley did the correct thing by visiting the sick man with fruits and flowers and books. And still another time, when Mr. Belcher, in the course of a post-prandial conversation confessed a partiality for sherry—which was what the doctor had ordered for his intestinal trouble—Mr. Stanley supplied him from time to time with half a dozen boxes of sherry and burgundy. The friendship thus proceeded from meetings in public to meetings in Mr. Belcher's private office, then in the House of Commons and lastly in Mr. Stanley's flat. The gifts given in these meetings were each a trifle; but the sum total of them placed side by side with the very modest affluence of Mr. Belcher himself and the small

favours he felt obliged to grant in return, was big enough to damn him. What pulled him down from his office was not vicious practice but indiscretion. And it finally emerged that Mr. Belcher had helped Sir Maurice Bloch, Managing Director of Bloch Brothers, Distillers, to obtain import licences for casks; that he "interfered actively to secure access for Mr. Robert James Pritchard (of Craven Productions) to the higher level of the Supply Ministry;" that he secured for Mr. Raphael Ronald Curtis, acting on behalf of the Royal Norfolk Hotel at Bognor Regis, a licence for adopting an annexe for the Hotel to be used as staff quarters, a request which had previously been turned down by the Ministry of Works; that he used his influence to have the summons against the Sherman's Pools for some unlawful action, withdrawn. On the credit side stood a few paltry gifts of sausages, sherry, a few bottles of perfume and occasional suppers. He certainly paid heavily for these trifles.

The case against Mr. Gibson, member of the Court of the Bank of England and Chairman of the North-Western Electricity Board, rested on vaguer evidence. His folly lay more in promising than in the actual granting of favours. It was true he received some gifts of cigars and whisky from Mr. Stanley, as also a suit of clothes, but it certainly stood in his favour that he had refused the chairmanship of the proposed company of J. Jones, which was offered to him, and accepted instead the chairmanship of the Electricity Board.

The Tribunal's task was made more difficult by their having to select relevant information from a mass of material that was supplied to them. Its scope for action was limited, and that imposed certain limitations. But the Tribunal's report has been received by one and all, from the accused up to fastidious Whitehall, as fair and just. It is as the *Economist* put it, "generous to those whom it exonerates and severe on those whom it condemns." Both Mr. Belcher and Mr. Gibson come in for unsparing censure for their indiscretion in the choice of their friends and for the unhappy phrasing of some of their letters. It judges that Mr. Belcher did receive lavish gifts from businessmen and that he could not have been ignorant

of the reason they were being given him and that "in a number of specific instances he used his ministerial position to assist Stanley's clients or the givers of the presents." Mr. Gibson, though "all that he received apart from some trivial gifts was the present of a suit of clothes," had been offered a very important business position which he had refused only because "he preferred to accept the chairmanship of the North-Western Electricity Board with its greater security and the greater public position which it afforded." The Tribunal, however, makes it clear that no money had ever been involved in the transactions which Mr. Belcher and Mr. Gibson had had with Mr. Stanley or with any of the others who took advantage of their gullibility. It also completely and absolutely exonerates other national figures whose names had been dragged through the muck and mire of the investigation—as for example, Mr. Glenville Hall, M. P., Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Sir John Woods, Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade, Sir Frank Soskice, Solicitor-General, Mr. Hugh Dalton, Mr. Harold James Gray, Mr. Richard James Cross and Mr. G. L. Pearson.

The civil servants, one and all, come out of the investigation unscathed. Their behaviour, in all the embarrassing predicaments they had been placed by their superiors, has been found irreproachable. The British are, as a nation, rather proud of their civil service. It is the salt of the British administration. In it are the men who for "modest reward" take care of the tiresome part of the administrative business. And not even Stanley has "dared attempt to sap the integrity of members of a body whose corporate reputation is so impregnable."

Mr. Sidney Stanley is dismissed by the Tribunal with curt brevity as "a man who will make any statement, whether true or untrue, if he thinks it to his advantage to do so." He had made a comfortable living for the last twenty years at the expense of "simple-minded" people. No doubt he would continue to do so, but if all else failed, adds the Report with wry humour, he "could always make his fortune as a music hall artist. Even

in his disgrace, Mr. Stanley was not discomfited. When told that he might have to leave England, he said heartily, "Let's wait and see. I have six civil actions pending in this country for a lot of money" and then added thoughtfully, "If I were sent to Poland they would shoot me. I would take my wife and daughter with me. Then they could shoot them as well."

But the chief of the Tribunal's findings was the light thrown on "an unrealised and unsuspected way of life and manner of livelihood which," as it fears, prevail "more widely than is commonly imagined"—the "contact men," who grew out of the British civil administration, which has been run on such austere and puritanical lines for the last ten years. Mr. Attlee has recently announced his intention to set up a committee of enquiry on such men. The Tribunal also teaches that it is wrong policy for the party which came to governmental power to repay debts, public and private, to party members by granting them high office which they are entirely unfit to hold. This is a mistake which not only the Labour Government has committed. The mismanagement in the new Indian administration is due to a considerable extent to the promotion into responsible office of unqualified men. The Tribunal concludes on an aphoristic note that in "business relations, still more in official relations, even intrinsically harmless acts which none the less are capable of unfortunate constructions, are best avoided."

Mr. Gibson, it is reported, broke down when the Tribunal's report came out. "After all I have given to the Labour movement, I am down on the floor, broke. I start from zero once again." Sir Francis Bacon before him had learnt his lesson and realised all too late that in his office, "the standing is slippery and the regress is either a downfall or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing." Ambition to acquire power is not ignoble, but the test of deserving that power, is the use one makes of it. As the poet sings,

*"The same ambition can destroy
or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes
a knave."*

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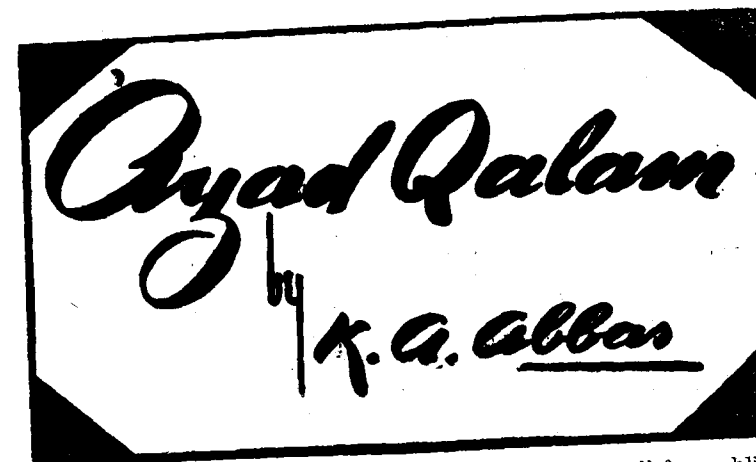
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ANY publicity expert will tell you that the quality of any advertised goods is its best and most effective advertisement. High-pressure advertising can give a fillip to the sale, but only temporarily; if the buyers are dissatisfied with what they have got no fancy advertisements in all the colours of the rainbow will induce them to buy it again.

A bad workman quarrels with his tools and a bad businessman generally quarrels with his publicity manager. This is particularly true in film business. If a picture runs well, the producer compliments himself. If it flops at the box-office, he blames the poor publicity man.

Now that the Government is in publicity business, it will do well to keep these parallels of commercial advertising in mind.

YOU CAN'T EAT POSTERS!

With the convention of the recent conference of Information Ministers held in New Delhi, the Government may be said to have seriously launched its publicity campaign. Addressing this conference, the Prime Minister Pandit Nehru called for "publicity that will put across to the people in simple but exact language the constructive activities of the Government." The Deputy Prime Minister, Sardar Patel, also addressing this conference, remarked that he had accepted the portfolio of Information and Broadcasting with diffidence as he had no great belief in publicity but he had found by experience that even a good cause may go by default for lack of publicity. And so he was con-

verted and is now all for publicity and more publicity.

No one will disagree with the Prime Minister that the big hydro-electric and river valley schemes need to be publicised, nor with the Deputy Prime Minister that at present Government publicity should aim at convincing the people about the urgent necessity of preventing wastage of food stocks.

But are our Ministers sure that these are the vital issues in which the people are interested? Are the people to be enthused at the vision of great hydro-electric power stations being installed in the future when today they have to stand in a queue for several hours to get a few drops of kerosene—and sometimes go even without that? There is a shortage of electric power, as of every thing else, and so the poor and the lower middle class people living in dark chawls are asked to be patient and wait for the new hydro-electric plants to start working. But can they be patient and wait, when they see thousands of bulbs mockingly twinkling at them, festooned all over a rich man's marriage pandal. Try to sell the "Save Electricity" idea to any one in Bombay, for instance, who has seen the illuminations on the Marine Drive during the recent marriage season.

The "Save Foodstuffs" campaign is another mockery in a land where the vast mass of people are not getting enough food to eat. Restricted to the over-fed gentry in the upper bracket incomes, it might have some point. But the common people (some of whom are eating grass and some, as in Gujerat, not even that) don't have to be told to "save foodstuffs."

Only when the people know and feel that the Government is really doing all in its power to end the Black Market, to make the necessities of life available at reasonable prices to penalize hoarding and profiteering, to secure the equitable distribution of food and cloth, ONLY then will they be in a mood to listen to your publicity, whether it advertises the coming hydro-electric millenium or exhorts them to be frugal in their eating. Till then, a million posters will be of no avail. The people can't eat posters.

In the British regime, the people demanded Freedom. The Government gave them posters—"Join The Army," "Save To Defend," "Fight The Goondas," etc. Today the people are crying aloud for food and cloth. Again the Government promises to give them posters. But are the people likely to be satisfied?

The publicity campaign which has been started with official fanfare will succeed or fail, not because of the effectiveness or otherwise of posters, films or radio broadcasts, but because of the basic Governmental policies which this publicity is aimed to "sell." If the people are satisfied with these policies, they will pay attention to your publicity, even if it is poor. If they are, not, then you know the fate of the war-time posters of the so-called National War Front. Generally a red stain of *pan* spitting used to mark the contemptuous reaction of the public. Some of the posters issued by our own Government have begun to be adorned in a similar manner!

And so if Governmental publicity does not bring satisfactory results, it is not necessarily the fault of the Information Officers, Publicity Officers, "Journalists," copy-writers, poster artists, radio commentators and film-makers who by the hundreds, are employed by the Government to do publicity. May be, the "goods" they are trying to advertise have no market value!

NEWSREELS OR HISTORICALS?

Sometimes, of course, it can happen that a good product is badly advertised. Or not advertised at all.

Take, for instance, the handling of the Kashmir question by Government's film propaganda department.

It was in October 1947 that the raiders overran the Kashmir valley and the Government of India rushed troops to defend the liberties of the people of Kashmir. It was the first action undertaken by the army of free India. The cause was just and inspiring. How did the Government publicise it?

For the first few months the Government which, even then, owned dozens of movie cameras and tons of cine equipment sent no official cinematographers to record the memorable battle. It was left to the limited resources of private enterprise to make some hurried newsreels, one of which "The Kashmir Story" was acquired by the Government of India and shown both in India and abroad—several months afterwards.

Then tens of thousands of feet of films were exposed by army cameramen—and the first time it was flashed on the screen was now, a few weeks ago, FOURTEEN MONTHS AFTER THE START OF HOSTILITIES. Indeed, it was so late that, in view of the Cease-fire it had to be withdrawn!

The documentary unit of the Government of India arrived in Kashmir in April, 1948. The one-reel short that it made on the patriotic self-defence organisations of Kashmir HAS NOT YET BEEN RELEASED.

Or, take the example of the film record of the Independence Day—August 15, 1947. One year later, it was decided to incorporate it in "A Year Of Freedom" and release it with shots of the second Independence Day. The newsreel became a documentary, the documentary became a historical—and even that has not been shown!

The Government does not seem to have grasped the simple idea that a newsreel is NEWS, that a topical film can be shown with any advantage only when it is TOPICAL—not months or years later when the Honourable Minister, the Secretary, the Under-Secretaries, the Deputy Secretaries, the Joint Secretaries and even the Superintendents and clerks of the Information Department have okayed it!

Millions, literally, are being spent by the Government on film publi-

city. The cine-going public can judge what value, if any at all, we are getting for this colossal amount. It is not that the people who are in charge of the department are incompetent. But, helpless as they are in grip of the New Delhi redtape stranglehold, they haven't had a chance to prove their competence. And so they are reduced to producing newsreels entirely devoted to one single speech of the Deputy Prime Minister, a filmic incongruity which caused the audience in more than one cinema to walk out!

Films, whether features or documentaries, are made by film-makers and they are made in studios or on location. They are not made by clerks (even if they are called by some other more impressive name) in Secretariat offices. The sooner the Government realizes that the more tax-payers' money will be saved.

SOUTH COMES NORTH

Talking about films, it is interesting to note that, with the release of *Chandralekha*, the monopoly of the Bombay and Calcutta producers in the Hindustani film market has at last been challenged both in story content and artistic subtlety. The film leaves much to be desired; it is keyed to the lowest common denominator of the average cinegoer's intelligence—which, as you know, is that of a thirteen-year-old! Its locale is Ruritarian and fantastic, bearing no relevance to any known country or culture; and melodrama is served with the trowel of coincidence. And yet, with all that, it sets standards of lavish production value and technical excellence which Bombay producers will take years to equal, much less to excel.

The traffic in films between the South and the North, so far, was one-sided. While, Hindustani films from the North were shown all over the South, the Tamil and Telugu producers found their products barred from the vast film market above the Vindhyas. By dubbing his spectacular *Chandralekha* in Hindustani, Producer Vasan has veritably conquered a new territory and opened the way for his other confreres in the South Indian film industry. The promise of keen competition that this offers can only lead to general

improvement in artistic and technical standards.

And yet the event is of more than filmic significance. The film is a vehicle of cultural exchange. In that exchange so far the South was only at the receiving end. Now it has an opportunity to enrich the cultural life of the cinegoing masses by offering them the rich heritage of art—specially music and dancing—that is the special glory of South Indian culture. But, for that, films artistically superior to *Chandralekha* will have to be produced. For, after all, we have at least a few cinegoers whose mental age is more than thirteen years.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

While reading Howard Fast's *THE UNVANQUISHED—A Novel Of The American Revolution*—(Modern Library, 95 cents), one is inevitably reminded of the irony of it that he should have been hauled up before the notorious Un-American Activities Committee. For there is nothing more American—in the good, the noble, the beautiful sense of that word—than Howard Fast's series of historical novels. Through such masterpieces of inspired fiction as *FREEDOM ROAD* (a beautifully moving and tragic record of the Negro's fight for his rights, immediately after the great emancipation), *CITIZEN TOM PAINE*, the warm, living, vibrant portrait of one of the great architects of American independence and *THE LAST FRONTIER*, the thrilling and tragic saga of the American 'Indians' in their last great stand against Whiteman's encroachment, Fast has recreated and vivified some of the finest traditions of American history. *THE UNVANQUISHED* is in the same great series and presents a masterfully drawn picture of General Washington, as he evolved through the impact of the freedom struggle into his final, historical greatness. Here we see a finely-etched character, not as something static, but something living, acting, reacting, moulding others and being moulded by persons and events. It is a new view not only of history but also of human character. And as we read it, it is not only Washington is revealed to us as an intimate, living person, but the entire perspective of the American

fight for freedom in which a fox-hunter became the architect of a free nation and non-descript rabble was transformed into the great army of liberty. If authors like Fast are being indicted for being Un-American, it shouldn't be long before the very shades of Washington and Tom Paine and Lincoln are hauled up for being Un-American!

STRAWS IN THE WIND

"VIENNA: 'Black Hunters', a Nazi underground organisation is operating in Innsbruck, helping convicted war criminals to escape, says the Soviet army newspaper here. The paper adds that the headquarters and the funds of the 'Black Hunters' are in Madrid where former Nazi Government banks had made deposits."—Free Press.

"WASHINGTON: The Atlantic Pact was criticised by James P. Warburg who was Financial Adviser to the London Economic Conference, 1933, and Deputy Director of the Overseas Branch of the Office of War Information from 1942 to 1944. Mr. Warburg said that the Atlantic Pact was merely a preparation for an atom war which is tacitly assumed in the U. S. to be inevitable."—Free Press.

"NEW YORK: The highest terms ever offered for an oil concession in

the Middle East have been drawn up between independent American oil interests and King Ibn Saud of Arabia. . . . King Ibn Saud will receive an initial 'bonus' of 2,875,000 dollars. . . ."—Times of India and Daily Telegraph.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"NEW DELHI: Three white-haired members—each well over sixty—vigorously protested against Government taking any interest in developing the tea market. Tea, they said, was injurious to health. . . . Mr. Ramnarain Singh said amidst laughter that tea drinking was habit-forming just like opium-eating."—Parliament report.

"BENARES: Mr. M. Ananthasayana Ayyangar, Deputy Speaker of the Indian Parliament, said here that he was against the proposed Hindu Code Bill, as it aimed at the 'destruction' of the joint Hindu family system which, he said, was the nucleus of Socialist society."—A.P.I.

"AMRITSAR: A batch of students demonstrated in front of the Hindu College when the Premier Dr. Gopichand Bhargava was attending a tea party given by the Governing Body of the College. The demonstrators urged the Premier not to attend the party and 'thereby prevent the waste of students' money.'—A.P.I.

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy Peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love. Where there is injury, pardon. Where there is doubt, faith. Where there is despair, hope. Where there is darkness, light. Where there is sadness, joy. O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood, as to understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to Eternal life.—Prayer by St. Francis of Assisi.

* * *
A new television device, which it is claimed can "read" a book 50 miles away, has been perfected by a London firm.

This device, a form of television known as telemetering, is the outcome of experiments conducted by Dr. Hareforth, Research Director of a London firm.

By this, planes would be able to land and take off in inky darkness. Another use for this device would be in the field of medicine where hundreds of students could watch an operation taking place at a hospital remote from the lecture room.—London Press Service.

THE WORLD BANK AND INDIA

by BHARADWAJ

THE fact that an exploratory mission of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development is at present on a tour of this country, examining the general economic conditions in India and studying the various projects taken on hand by the Provincial and Central Governments, should stimulate wider public interest in the two Bretton Woods institutions in which India has an honoured place. The fortuitous circumstance of the Soviet Union's boycott—in view of the State control of foreign trade and exchange and currency in the Soviet Union the Bretton Woods institutions do not have the same value for the Soviet Union as they have for other countries—of the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank has made India one of the Big Five of both the institutions. She ranks fifth in the amount of subscriptions contributed by the member countries to the shares of the two institutions and by virtue of this fact she is one of the five countries entitled to a permanent seat on the Executive Directorates of the two bodies. The other four are: the United States, the United Kingdom, China and France. Naturally the United States is far and away the biggest member of the Fund and Bank contributing more than a third of their capital. What effect the present events in China will have on that country's membership is unpredictable at the moment. It may be pointed out, however, that the high position allotted to China in the two bodies was more for political reasons—in consideration of China's part in the war against Japan—than out of consideration for her economic importance in world trade at the moment. China has in fact been exempted from the clauses of the Bretton Woods Acts prescribing that a certain percentage of the members' subscriptions should be paid in gold or American dollars. The chances are that India may come to occupy an even more significant place in the World Bank and Fund in the coming years than she does today.

India has provided 400 million dollars to the Monetary Fund towards her quota, 27.53 million in gold (at \$35 an ounce) and the remainder in Indian rupees (Rs. 123.234 crores). India's subscription to the World Bank is an equal amount of which she has paid 2 per cent (\$8 million) in gold and 18 per cent in rupees. The remaining 80 per cent (as in the case of every other member) is subject to call to meet obligations of the Bank and has to be paid (at the option of the member) in gold, U. S. dollars or the currency required to discharge the obligations of the Bank for the purpose of which the call is made. India has already made use of the services of the Monetary Fund for buying dollars to meet her dollar deficit. Upto the end of October 31, 1948, India had purchased dollars to the tune of 44.1 million from the Fund. The Fund's transactions during 1947 and 1948 definitely show that it is one of the most promising international institutions set up since the end of World War II.

This article, however, is more concerned with the International Bank. The Bank's record up-to-date is one of "solid if modest achievement," in the words of the Bank's third annual report for the year ending August 31, 1948. In the early months of its inception the Bank naturally had to feel its way and it was not before the spring and summer of 1947 that the Bank made its first loans—four loans—to France, the Netherlands, Denmark, and Luxembourg, countries which had suffered heavy destruction during the war. These loans, coming as they did after the end of UNRRA, were extremely timely and helped the four European countries to maintain the necessary volume of imports and avert a sudden drop in production which might have led to grave results. It was evident, however, that the scale of European requirements called for funds far beyond anything the Bank could muster—its loans in 1947 amounted to 497 million dollars. Then came the Marshall Plan and the pro-

mise of billions of American money for the European Reconstruction Programme. The E.R.P. has for the moment greatly reduced the claims of European countries on the World Bank and countries like India might feel thankful to it for enabling the Bank to turn its attention more towards the needs of backward and undeveloped countries in the East. For there was a natural fear when the Bank was founded that it might become purely an agency for financing European rehabilitation. The Bank's authorities have missed no possible occasion to correct this impression. Thus, the Bank's annual report for 1947-48 observes: "The Bank's continued interest in assisting European recovery has not prevented a definite increase in its activities in other parts of the world during the past year; in fact, the problems of the Bank's under-developed member countries are more and more occupying the major portion of the Bank's attention and, in the long run, they will undoubtedly constitute the Bank's primary concern." That is a very heartening statement and there is no need to doubt the bonafides of those in charge of the administration of the Bank. The Bank is fully conscious of the needs of the underdeveloped countries and their claims on it for assistance. The Bank is aware of the wide disparity in per capita incomes between the United States, Britain, and the West European countries on the one side and the bulk of the underdeveloped countries on the other.

The Bank's report cautions that development of the underdeveloped countries is a process to be measured in decades rather than years. "Some of the difficulties involved are inherent in the fact of underdevelopment; others arise out of the special strains of the war and the post-war period; still others result from local conditions peculiar to particular countries." The difficulties faced by the underdeveloped countries are listed as follows by the Bank report; lack of capital, which to a considerable extent must come from outside; shortage of technical and managerial personnel; economic instability due to inflation; lack of a sound programme of development; low level of education; and finally unsettled political conditions

which restrain not only foreign investment but also domestic savings.

These problems, says the report, directly affect the Bank's operations in the development field. Up to the end of September 1948, the Bank had granted only one loan for development, \$16 million in all to Chile for hydro-electric projects and import of agricultural machinery, but nothing from this had been disbursed during the period. It is stated, however, that several other development loans are in an advanced stage of negotiation and discussions are in progress with regard to projects in many different countries. India is the first country in Asia to be visited by a delegation from the Bank and she is perhaps in a better position to qualify for a substantial loan from the Bank for her development projects than most other countries in this part of the world.

The Bank as the custodian of international funds is extremely careful in making advances to member countries. Prior to the grant of a loan the Bank seeks to satisfy itself that the projects for which funds are sought are sound and deserve high priority, that the applicant has no other means of raising the requisite funds on reasonable terms, that the finances of the borrowing country are soundly administered and that it will be able to repay the loan according to schedule. As the Bank gains experience with the passage of time, there can be no doubt that many countries, particularly the smaller ones, will increasingly look to its expert staff for advice on the pattern of their economic development, the choice of suitable projects, and even the healthy ordering of their finances. The Bank's advisory functions may become at least as important as its financial functions.

The purpose of the Bank's mission now touring India is to study the different projects under execution as well as those in an advanced stage of planning and also to discuss the general economic and financial situation in the country. No loan application has yet been made by India, although the figure of \$300 million has been mentioned as the probable amount which India might seek. If the Bank grants a loan for that amount it would be the biggest loan yet

vanced by the Bank to any one country—the largest amount so far lent being \$250 million to France. Besides the amount received from its members towards their share contributions, the Bank's lendable resources include what it can raise by the issue of its own bonds or by guaranteeing bonds issued by member countries. The Bank's loanable funds at the end of August 1948 amounted to \$992,500,000 of which \$635,000,000 came from the United States' subscription, \$250,000,000 from the proceeds of two bond issues of the Bank in the United States, and \$4,000,000 in Swiss francs by the sale of bonds to the Bank for International Settlements, Basle. Out of the total of \$992,500,000, funds amounting to \$497 million have been committed under loans advanced up to the end of August, 1948. The Bank has thus uncommitted resources to the extent of about \$475 million. As yet it has had no need to approach the American market for more funds. The bonds issued so far are ten-year 2½ per cent bonds (due on July 15, 1957) for \$100,000,000, twenty-five-year 2½ per cent bonds (due in 1972) for \$150,000,000 and 2½ per cent Swiss franc bonds due in 1953-54 for 17,000,000 Swiss francs. The borrowing European countries are charged 3½ per cent on their loans in addition to the commission of 1 per cent, from which amounts are set aside as a special reserve for meeting obligations of the Bank created by borrowing or guaranteeing loans.

In deciding the final terms of the loan India will have to consider the advantages of short-term or long-term borrowing. From the terms of the loans to Chile it would appear that more favourable terms may be expected in the case of a short-term loan. Incidentally it may be noted that the Chilean loans are to be advanced to two public corporations, the loans being guaranteed by the Chilean Government. One of the loans is for hydro-electric development (\$13.5 million) and carries an interest of 3½ per cent (20 years) besides the 1 per cent commission. The other loan—\$2.5 million for purchase of agricultural machinery—is for 6½ years and bears 2½ per cent interest besides the commission.

Indian authorities will doubtless examine the feasibility of taking

"MY HUSBAND"



Smt. S. Nandini.

Ajit Pictures' "MY HUSBAND" now running to packed houses at Sagar and Select brings to the screen the Ideal Home—India's glorious heritage of family traditions and culture. It is a gripping story spun round three pairs—a devoted wife and her wayward husband, a dreamy poet and his matter-of-fact wife, a comrade and a girl who believes in free love. This picture was first produced in Gujarathi and was very popular. The Tamil version stars S. Balachandrar, S. Nandhini, V. Chellam and a host of talented artists. S. Balachandrar himself has ably directed this picture.

different loans for different purposes with terms relating to interest and period of repayment appropriate for each purpose. There have been no authoritative statements so far as to the purposes for which loans might be sought apart from the Food Minister's statement that loans would be sought for buying tractors, agricultural machinery and tubewells sinking equipment in connection with the land reclamation and grow-more-food schemes. There have been press

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 Truman Doctrine."

The editorial entitled 'the Truman Doctrine' which appeared in *Swatantra* of January 15, has been read with interest and considerable surprise.... The unstudied use of such terms as 'satellites under the Marshall Plan,' 'Greece under the jack-boots of an army of hired mercenaries', 'Japan a preserve of American plots, etc.', not only denies the facts, but shows a remarkable lack of understanding of American motives for international co-operation and assistance to freedom-loving democratic nations who are maintaining, or struggling to maintain, their own sovereignty.....

'The Marshall millions' are not important in their monetary value alone, but more for the spirit and practice of co-operation and self-help of the European nations who of their own volition are participating.

Greece has also been struggling for its autonomy, and any 'paid mercenaries' are more realistically the guerrilla enemies of the legally constituted Greek Government. With no American combat troops in Greece, the military aid has been on an advisory level and in the supply of material.

The occupation of Japan, the result of agreement with other nations who defeated that country in its aggressive war against democracy, is openly working toward the rehabilitation of this former power of Asia so that it will have stability, no longer will be a drain on American resources (now at the rate of one million dollars daily) and will be a supplier of goods and equipment so greatly needed in the rest of Asia. Business delegations from countries other than America—including India—have not found it a "close preserve."

The role of the United States in South East Asia has been that of a nation encouraging peoples in their quest for independence. This outspoken interest is in evidence from the establishment of independence for the Philippines, to the ambassadorial recognition of India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon, and including full support to the U. N. Security Council's efforts in respect to Indonesia, as well as those of India in the present conference in New Delhi. These facts deny the 'silent backing of the imperiums of the old order' as does the domestic and diplomatic history of America itself.

Lastly, Mr. Marshall's resignation, after several previous attempts on his part to

do so, was for reasons of ill-health, completely opposite to a dismissal. Mr. Acheson is known for his agreement with the policies of frankness of Mr. Byrnes and support of European and Asian recovery. He may be counted upon to carry on Mr. Marshall's policies.

An elaborated reply to the points you have raised is enclosed for your information in view of *Swatantra's* importance in the field of Indian journalism.

STANLEY R. CHARTRAND,
Public Affairs Officer,
U. S. I. S., Madras.

(We have also received a good deal of 'background material' referred to in the last paragraph above; but it is too long for publication, and evidently it is not intended for publication.)

Except in regard to one point to which we shall make an appropriate reference later on, all the others raised in the course of Mr. Chartrand's communication are not questions of fact, but of interpretation. A realistic approach to current politics must necessarily seem harsh. The present division of the world into two opposing blocs has inevitably relegated a great number of countries to the position of satellites on both sides. If therefore Greece was described as a 'satellite, it is in accordance with facts. That mercenaries are found on the other side does not cancel out the mercenaries on our side. Mr. Chartrand admits that he is supporting mercenaries, albeit indirectly. To supply material and offer advice in military matters to one side in a civil war may be a way of working for peace; but history shows that it is not an infallible way. If a Cease-fire order could be enforced in Greece as it has been in Kashmir or Palestine, it would be a more appealing gesture in the interests of humanity and of America's liberal policies. We need not remind Mr. Chartrand that Anglo-American policy in regard to Greece has been assailed with extreme bitterness by many progressive journals even in Great Britain.

We spoke of Japan being a 'close preserve' of America in the political sense. General MacArthur's powers, deriving from the plenitude of those vested in the American President, transcend those of Archon, Rex Imperator and Fuehrer combined. Murmurs have been heard against this state of affairs both from Australia and from England. If trends in American opinion could be

reports that the World Bank's assistance might be sought also for buying locomotives. It is surprising that there has been no mention so far of seeking World Bank loan funds for buying ships and shipbuilding machinery. The country has spent crores during the past few years on shipping freights for food imports and purchase of ships for importing foodgrains would substantially reduce the drain of foreign exchange involved in largescale food imports. The need to acquire ships as expeditiously as possible is emphasised by the fact that according to the Food Minister's estimate India will have to import at least four million tons of food grains to tide over the shortage this year. The Shipping Policy Committee, reporting more than two years ago, urged that it was essential to have a nucleus of Indian-owned ships for bringing food imports from foreign countries other than Burma in as much as there was a likelihood of food imports being necessary for some years to come. It is needless to say that after the present emergency is past these ships could be employed on the ocean shipping service which India must build up if she is to occupy her rightful place in the world of shipping.

It may be pointed out in this connection that the International Bank has already recognised the purchase of ships as one of the valid objects for which loans might be sought from the Bank. In July last year the Bank advanced to four Dutch shipping companies \$12 million to finance the entire purchase price of six ships. These ships were pur-

chased from an American company to be operated as cargo liners. It may be mentioned that France has also used portions of her loan for purchasing tankers, cargo vessels and other ships. The terms of the loan to the Dutch companies have been favourable. Besides the commission of 1 per cent and a service charge of one-sixteenth per cent, the loans bear an interest of 2½ per cent and are repayable in 20 equal half-yearly instalments.

It is to be hoped the Government of India, in choosing schemes to be financed by International Bank loans, will have due regard to their short-term utility from the point of view of combating the inflationary situation in India, increasing the supplies of consumer goods, reducing the pressure on foreign exchange and adding to the productive capacity of the country. It is perhaps needless to utter the warning that loan funds should not be frittered away on the import of equipment which might become useless after a short period. In connection with the land reclamation scheme, for instance, there is a danger that thousands of tractors might be got which might speed up the pace of land reclamation in the next five or ten years, but might be mostly useless at the end of the period. The Bank's experts will doubtless examine all these aspects before the final terms of the loan to India are settled. It is a gratifying feature of the Bank's administration that at every stage of the use of a loan the Bank sees to it that loan funds are used only for the purpose for which they were granted.

FIRST FASTER-THAN-SOUND TEST-FLIGHTS SUCCESSFUL IN U.S.

The Bell X-1, first airplane in the United States to fly faster than the speed of sound, took off recently from the ground under its own power for the first time, attaining an altitude of 23,000 feet in 1 minute 40 seconds after engine start. The flight was made at the Muroc, California, base of the United States Air Force.

The X-1 is reported to fly "hundreds of miles" faster than the speed of sound. Sound travels at 763 miles an hour at sea level, but is somewhat slower at high altitudes. Designed and built in the United States, the craft is part of a co-operative Government-industry programme to explore the problems of flight at subsonic, transsonic, and supersonic speeds. Research equipment carried by the X-1 weighs 526 pounds.—USIS.

trusted, there is reason for the view that General MacArthur is in favour of a more pronounced pro-Japanese attitude, primarily to offset the impending liquidation of nationalist China! Can it be denied that there is a Chinese puzzle?

The whole tenor of our leader was a plea for a reorientation of American policy in the direction of more liberal and more outright support to the struggling people of the East still under colonial rule. We thankfully acknowledge America's generous espousal of our cause in recent years. But, it is the bare fact that the revived aggression of the Dutch, and the state of undeclared war in French Indo-China, could be halted with a nod from President Truman. Negotiations over Indonesia are being so protracted as to promote pessimism about the chance of a just and honourable settlement. Because no overt action has yet been devised against the aggressors, we fear that America may give silent backing to the imperiums in the Far East.

Lastly, we stand corrected on a question of fact. We accept the correction that Mr. Marshall resigned, and that he was not dismissed. Only the timing of his resignation was not free from ambiguity.—Ed. S.)

Muslims in the Indian Union

The brilliance of the leading article "In my end is the beginning" in your issue of 9th January was marred by the statement that 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." The second half of your verdict is as untrue as the first is true. The number of Muslims in Government service has shrunk because of the trek of all educated Muslims and Muslim officials to Pakistan and because of the revocation of the undemocratic practice of granting weightages. The latter should not be construed as an anti-Muslim drive. It was done not in a vindictive or retaliatory spirit but just to give merit the place it deserves in our scheme of things. In pre-partition days Muslims were recruited in large numbers without any reference to merit just to fill up the quota assigned to them. But now they are not denied opportunity of entry into the services if they can satisfy the test of eligibility on grounds of merit. If Muslims are not receiving treatment which is more than generous, it is because the other Dominion has failed to play fair with Hindus and so India has to provide for all including those who have come from Pakistan. The fact is, our Ministers who are Gandhiji's followers do not want to sacrifice safety of the State at the altar of theories propounded by him

which do not lend themselves to practical application because of the difficulties inherent in them. Even if so applied they would entail serious consequences to the nation. For example, he wanted to scrap the security services. Not only have the Government decided to strengthen them but a good many men belonging to these services are detailed for guarding the bungalows of Ministers and of some high officials. Police and military are posted for patrol duties at all important localities of the metropolis. The result of not checking visitors was so tragically demonstrated twice in the fateful January of 1948. He wanted India to be fair to her minorities irrespective of what Pakistan does with her Hindu minority. But how can our Ministers turn a deaf ear to the demands of Indians whose goodwill they must secure specially at a time when general elections are in the offing? Thus Muslims enjoyed a majority in the U. P. police till 1947. Hindu opinion wanted that they should cease to be in a majority. Now Muslim police officials in the U. P.—whose number has shrunk—have ceased to be useful because they dare not step into the countryside. Moreover, the possibility of sabotage cannot be excluded.

In the matter of representation in the services, relief, rehabilitation and resettlement of Muslim evacuees, civil and religious liberties, Muslims themselves will vouch that they have received a fair deal. The big brother who promised them protection has not failed in this either: witness, nipping in the bud of the R.S.S. activities, which are designed to set up a Hindu State in India, where Muslims will fare as well as Hindus have done in Pakistan. Maybe because of the tragic happenings in the recent past, the true nature of secularism has not been grasped by many, some of whom have been guided by communal prejudice. As time rolls on, it will become clear to one and all.

K. SRINIVASAN, M.

New Delhi.

Historical Records Committee

The Government of Madras have constituted with effect from December 1948, a permanent regional committee for the survey of historical records in the province. The work of the committee will be to retrieve valuable manuscript records from private custody and arrange for their preservation. The committee is said to be composed of persons representing the institutions interested in the subject, with Dewan Bahadur C. S. Srinivasachariar as convenor.

The rescue and preservation of historical records are matters of public interest. Instead of appointing a committee for

the purpose in secret, as it were, and leaving it to a private correspondent to announce it to the public, it would have been better if the Madras Government had consulted educated public opinion and then proceeded to concert measures

It is stated that the committee is composed of persons interested in the rescue of historical records. Mr. George Kurian and Dr. R. Bhaskaran are said to be the representatives of the Madras Geographical Society and the Institute of Public Administration respectively on the committee. One fails to understand the reason for including in the Historical Records Committee the representatives of the two institutions mentioned above. Of the three manuscript libraries represented in the committee, the Tirupati and Adyar libraries have no historical records in their manuscript collection; the Tanjore Saraswati Mahal contains, of course, a few Modi manuscripts; but this is more due to the early connection of the library with the Tanjore Maharatta royal family than to any interest evinced by the library authorities in the collection and the preservation of historical records. It is curious that the Madras Government have not considered the Government Oriental Manuscripts Library, one of the biggest manuscript libraries in India, which is not only the oldest institution of its kind but also contains a large collection of historical records, as worthy of being represented in this committee. It is surprising that such an old institution should have been left out of account.

Attention must be drawn to another interesting fact about the committee. According to the correspondent's report, this committee has been appointed for the survey of the historical records in the whole province. The committee, as it is constituted at present, is not competent to carry on the work entrusted to it; for it is a Tamil-cum-Malayali committee. The Government of Madras seem to have forgotten that Madras is not exclusively a Tamil and Malayalam province. Besides the Tamil and Malayalam districts there are one Kanada and eleven Andhra districts in the province. The inclusion of Mr. P. V. Ramanujaswamy is an apology for representation. There are many manuscript libraries and institutions in the Andhra districts which are actively engaged in the collection and preservation of historical records. To mention only a few, the Andhra Sahitya Parishad of Cocanada, the Gautami Library and the Andhra Historical Research Society of Rajahmundry and the Tikkana Pustaka Bhandagaram of Nellore have greater claims to be represented in the committee than the Madras Geographical Society or the Madras Institute of Public Administration. Again, how is it that there is no representative of the Andhra University in the committee whereas the

Madras and Annamalai Universities have each one representative on it.

If the Government are really anxious to rescue the historical records, they must reconsider the personnel announced and choose members on a wider basis representing all parts of the province.

A LOVER OF HISTORICAL RECORDS.

The Basic Problem

The crisis that is brewing, is fraught with grave consequences for the future of industrial prosperity. And so the basic problem is to bring about, by necessary legislation, an equitable distribution of wealth, before any scheme for industrialisation and more production could fructify. The accredited leaders of the nation should implement their pledged word by nationalising the basic industries after the manner of the British labour party. Production for profit, which is the law of capitalist production, should be replaced by production for utility, which is the maxim of common welfare.

Economists and publicists have expressed deep dissatisfaction at the half-hearted measures undertaken by the Government to fight inflation. There seems to be a remarkable self-complacency on the part of the men in power at a time of grave economic crisis which threatens the very livelihood of millions of poverty-stricken people. The distribution of wealth at present is notoriously unequal; and its repercussions are destructive of all civilized values. In the pregnant words of Mathew Arnold, "Our inequality materializes our upper classes, vulgarizes our middle class and brutalises our lower." The inexorable law of history is that whenever Reform fails to solve the political and economic problems of great multitudes of oppressed humanity, the inevitable remedy is Revolution. Failure to break up an outmoded economic order based on colonial slavery had catastrophic results in China and South-East Asia which offer historic lessons to the present rulers of India. There is truth in the words of Harold J. Laski who says, "The nineteenth century preached the doctrine that the ballot box was the high road to the realisation of social good. The twentieth century seems not unlikely to urge that violence is the true midwife of radical betterment."

M. P. R. REDDY.

Casteless and Classless Society

The Congress at its Jaipur session, adopted a resolution expressing its firm determination to fight communalism in any shape or form and promising to establish a casteless and classless society. The resolution was marvellously worded.

But much depends upon the way and the speed in which it is translated into action. If the Congress really wants to establish such a society, it is up to it to give the necessary impetus and promote a desire among the people to have such a society. Now that the Congress is in power this is not possible by mere public orations. Admittedly, there has been a diarchy between the Congress and its Provincial and Central Governments. Of this, no other proof is necessary than the resignation of Acharya Kripalani. There is no meaning in the Congress saying one thing and its Governments following the opposite. For instance, the Central Government have abolished "casteism" in the matter of recruitment to State services. This is a right step in the right direction, and has been followed by some Provinces. But Madras has followed an independent policy. Our Omandurians have been allowed the maximum autonomy in this respect. They have proudly extended sub-communalism (as SAKA aptly described) from Government services to public institutions, schools, colleges, poly-technic workshops and the like. Communal G. Os. are on the increase. By their reactionary policy the Madras Government are responsible for the present gulf between Brahmins and non-Brahmins. This was condemned by no less a person than the Prime Minister of India, Pandit Nehru, when he last visited Madras. Mr. K. G. Mashruwala, now Editor, *Harijan* has also criticised this policy equally emphatically. In spite of all this, the Ministers of Education and Public Health, have defended this policy as "communal justice" and not "communalism." It is the duty of the Congress High Command, more especially the President Dr. Pattabhi Seetharamiah, to evolve a radical policy in consonance with the Congress resolution and get it implemented ungrudgingly by all the Provincial Governments and the Central Government. In the absence of such concrete action, the resolution serves no good purpose. It will be a mockery.

S. V. SURYANARAYANA.

Vizianagram.

A Case Of Unconcionable Taxation

It is time publicity is given to the grave situation in which the rate-payers of Mangalore are placed by reason of the hurried and sudden introduction of the tax on vacant lands at Rs. 10 for every 320 square yards which works out at Rs. 360 per year per acre, while Government assessment is Re. 1-4-0 per acre. Apart from the question of the *ultra vires* character of the taxation which was introduced without the required statutory notice being given, and the exorbitant

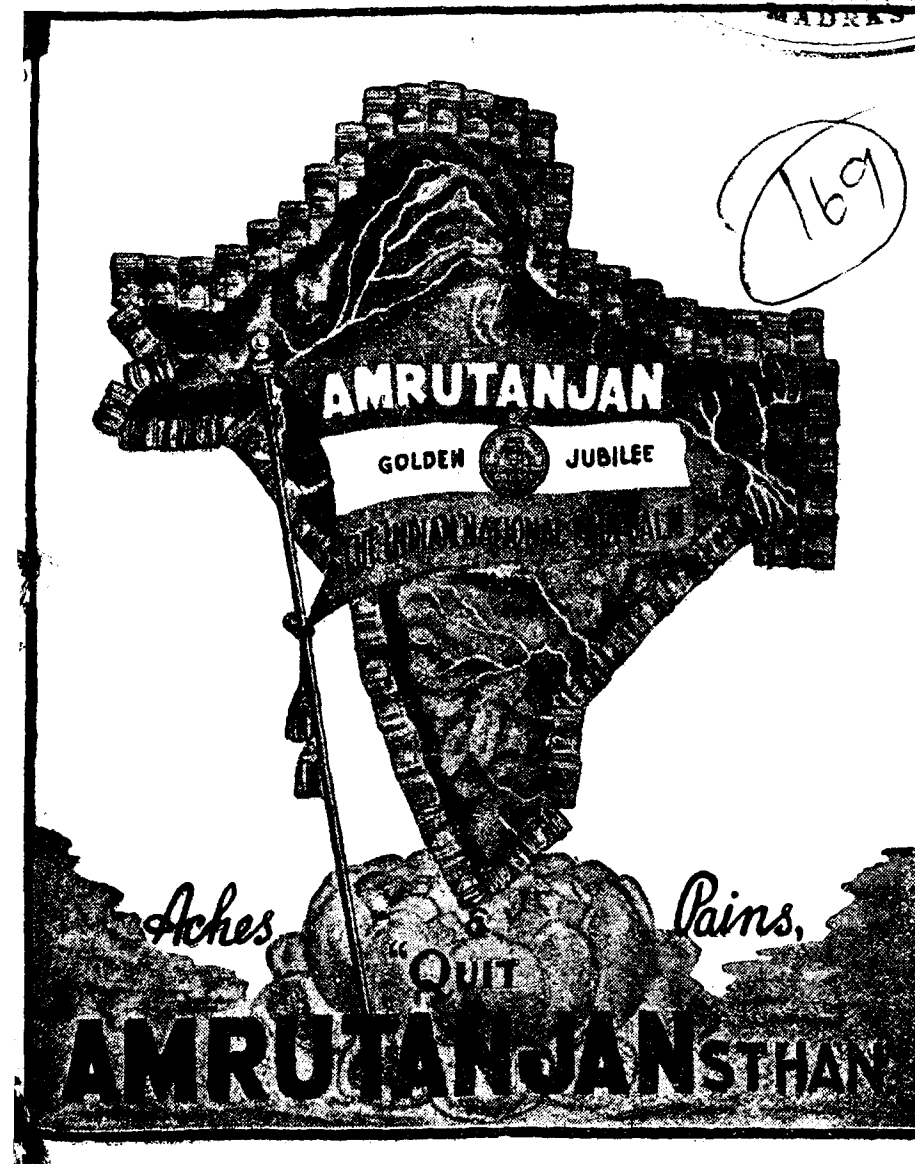
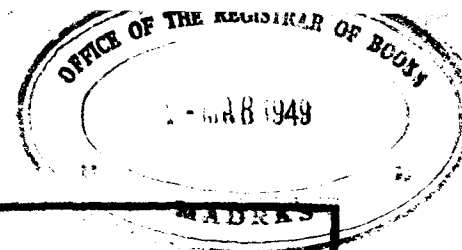
nature of the tax which far exceeds the income of the land assessed (contrary to the authorisation in the Municipalities Act which provides only for a portion of the income to be imposed as tax) and apart from the question of the terrain of the lands in Mangalore with its hills, steep slopes, and low marshy swamps, which makes the application of such a tax inadvisable, the assessing authorities have been grossly negligent and have indiscriminately taxed lands which are not vacant at all. Their only guide was a list of vacant lands prepared about the year 1900 and all lands which were shown as vacant therein have been taxed though most of them have since been built upon. It is doubtful whether an appeal to the Council would be of any use since appeals are allowed only in the case of a general revision made after special notice and not otherwise. No special notice has been given in this case and if it is held that notice is not required, an appeal also is invalid and the poor rate-payer is left without any remedy but an expensive suit in a civil court. Will the authorities please look into the matter and come to the rescue of the hard pressed tax-payer who is called upon to pay a double tax, once for buildings and land appurtenant thereto and now again this heavy penal tax for the land because of the indifference of taxing officers who do not care to verify whether the land shown as vacant in their age-old lists still continues to be vacant?

U. C. SUBRAMANYA BHATT.

Mangalore.

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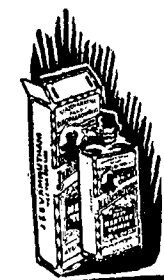
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T.S. BALIAH
M.N. NAMBIAR
D.D. ALASUBRAMANIAM
PULIMOTAI & OTHERS

STORY & DIALOGUE:
C.N. ANNATHURAI

DIRECTION:
A.S.A. SAMY

SONGS:
UDUMALAI NARAYANA KAVI

FROM TO DAY at

BANGALORE.....	SUPER & SHREE STAR
TRICHY.....	CARNATIC
COIMBATORE.....	ORIENTAL
SALEM.....	RAJA
KUMBakonam.....	SUNDARAM
MAYAVARAM.....	NATARAJA
KARAIKUDI.....	SAIBASA
VELLORE.....	MUTHAYA
TIRUPPULIYUR.....	KRISHNA
CHIDAMBARAM.....	RATNA
PONDICHERY.....	AZHAKADIA
MAGARFOIL.....	LAKEHMI
QUILON.....	JOS
TRICHUR.....	PADMANAB
SHENCOTTAM.....	

SHORTLY AT: MADRAS CENTRAL
TIRUPPULIYUR, TANGORE, VIRUDHACHARI
PUDUCHOTTAI, TRIVANDRUM AND
MADURAI

STUDIO CENTRAL

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 3

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

DELHI CHALO!

My box I am packing,

My boss I am sacking,

To far off New Delhi I go.

The Department of Supply

To which I shall apply

Is Dharmaraja's ship, you know.

With plates o' rice and sambar,

A cot to stretch my lumbar,

In some Madras Eating House,

I'm safe for the duration:

Th' House collects th' due ration;

And then,—slink home like a mouse.

M. S. K.

SARDAR PATEL

IN his two days' visit to Madras Sardar Patel covered, in the meetings he addressed, practically every topic of major importance calling for the concern of Government and the people. With a railway strike in the offing, it was natural that he should pay special attention to a clarification of Government's policy towards labour. The Deputy Prime Minister's treatment of the subject was distinguished by a sense of perspective not easy to retain in the midst of a threatening crisis like the present. Ordinarily the bane of Governments is their tendency to yield to pressure. Groups capable of exerting greater pressure than others get the better of the Government. While the pressure groups are favoured, those left out form a vast seething mass of neglected humanity supplying with their misery and discontents a basis of revolution and challenge for the dislocation of the whole of the existing order. The Congress movement that displaced the British Government had as its spearhead of attack the monopolists of the favour of that Government. Sardar Patel has warned railwaymen to beware of provoking forces impossible of being later controlled in consequence of their too acquisitive pursuit of prosperity on sectional lines. He put himself in the position of a champion of the masses as against exacting power groups seeking advantages for themselves at the expense of the general prosperity. He did not spare the capitalists either. He made the sensitive among

them squirm with his denunciation of their rapacity, their blackmarketing and their tax-evasion. But he accorded them an honoured place in the structure of the national economy as producers of wealth for general distribution. He warned the Communists and the R. S. S. against violence but assured them protection and welcome if they eschewed violence and remained loyal to the constitution. He administered a well-merited rebuke to Ministers on their involvement in petty aims to the detriment of the public welfare. He advised Congressmen to beware of cheap anti-social tactics in pursuit of popularity, and Professor Ranga in particular would do well to pay heed to his very severe strictures on the misguided policy of putting up prices at the present juncture. Sardar Patel was unsparing in his condemnation of journals and movements preaching hatred and advocating violence and he seemed to think that the Ministers of our Provincial Government had failed in their duty of promoting a proper atmosphere of goodwill and co-operation in the area in their charge.

The Deputy Prime Minister's utterances during the week have somewhat undone his reputation as the iron man. Those that heard him have been given glimpses of a reverent disciple of the Mahatma, of intense loyalty to his departed Master not incapable of mild sentiment and soft feeling under an exterior of tough hard-headed realism. The difficulties of the past year that he depicted have for the time being

saving face should rise to this paltry bait. If B. C. G. is a boon to the afflicted we should not grudge to pay for it; if, on the contrary, it is harmful, it can hardly be a recommendation in its favour that we get it free. Why seek to effect an uneasy compromise between cash and kindness?

Far be it from me to suggest that the young who are to be inoculated after their guardians are made to sign on the dotted line are being offered up as sacrifice to the Goddess of Research. The serried phalanx of official experts shouts with one voice, "B. C. G. has long passed the experimental stage. There is authoritative world opinion to say it is quite safe." Unfortunately there is equally authoritative opinion to say the contrary. And where doctors differ it is not for the bureaucrat to impose his ignorant *ipse dixit*; it is the elementary duty of the State to see that the public is not exposed to unknown and incalculable risks.

The ancient brotherhood of the pestle and the mortar has always sought to shoo off the layman whenever he looked like venturing too near their arcana. But it is the sign of democratic maturity not to be bamboozled by specialists. They are prone to suffer from the effects of mental skip-distance. They see the scientific problem as it exists at the moment with terrifying clarity. They see, too, into the far distance with the theorist's serene certitude. But they cannot see the interim with its half-lights and all too human doubts. B. C. G.'s advocates are dazzled by its success in Scandinavia. That its efficacy or even harmlessness in Indian conditions has not been established beyond a peradventure is a fact which they impatiently brush aside

because they wish to take Heaven at a bound.

I refuse to be intimidated by the insolence of statistical generalisations. 80 per cent of the urban population is infested with T. B., we are told. Some years ago the Rockefeller Foundation warred on hookworm on the assumption that 90 per cent of the people of South India entertained that insidious enemy in their bowels. And many doctor friends have told me that practically cent per cent of Mylaporeans (and Triplicanites for that matter) are potential victims of filariasis. Luckily the commonsense of the community has been proof against panic and nothing untoward has happened. If we had to inoculate ourselves against every actual and possible menace that scientific ingenuity or imagination could discover, life would not be worth living.

The credulity of your expert is something incredible. He sniffs at the superstition of the poor villager who sacrifices to his broken-nosed gods when small-pox visits the locality. But the gods, unlike the scientific quacks, can never be found out; they do not make the mistake of saying, "I will cure you or you shall have your money back." Medical science is a vast graveyard of defunct theories and debunked nostrums. And yet the pretenders come jostling upon each other's heels in endless procession. *may* be one of the marked 80 per cent. But I would prefer to lie low on the offchance of being overlooked by the busy Reaper, rather than offer my neck to his scythe from the fond belief that I had the power to blunt its edge.

VIGNESWAR

Attempts have been made to apply this method to tuberculosis and other diseases, with little success. A weakened form of the tubercle bacillus, called the Bacille Calmette-Guerin (B.C.G.) after its inventors, is given by mouth to new-born children to protect them against tuberculosis. The mortality of children in tuberculous families treated this way is said to have been reduced to one-eighth in France. On the other hand a number of children at Lubeck in Germany, were killed when they were given virulent bacilli by mistake. At any rate, very few doctors in this country will use the B.C.G.—J. B. S. HALDANE, in "Science Advances," Page 143.

SIDELIGHTS :

There are a good many real miseries in life that we cannot help smiling at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles and not dimples.
—O. W. HOLMES.

STRONG disapproval is expressed by a correspondent who calls himself Sonny, in the Letters Section this week, over recent comments in these columns on the Governor-General's fondness for certain prominent Justicite leaders. Sonny wants the Governor-General to be treated like the king in the British constitution and placed reverentially above all controversies. It is a very sensible suggestion. What makes it hard of adoption is the incessant deviation from the non-committalness of constitutional kingship of modern times that His Excellency has set up as a standard for himself. A king should have no tongue in public except to the extent prescribed or permitted as a State duty by his Ministers. Monarchy of the constitutional pattern has survived the status of sovereignty and lapsed into a reality of imprisonment none the less irksome for all the show and affluence and gilded pomp mixed up with it. The plain truth of the matter is that C. R. is not made for such an office. Moulana Abul Kalam Azad would have filled it with masterly appropriateness. His regal mien, his delight in magnificence, his special gift of reproducing the atmosphere of courts, his immunity from restless hunger for intellectual self-assertion, his genius for relaxation and acceptance of the pleasant as a complete substitute for the important, mark him out as the ideal choice for the Governor-Generalship, not to speak of the symbolic value of his personality for emphasising the vigorously proclaimed secular character of our new State.

C. R.'s talents are those of the propagandist and the administrator. During all the years of struggle for political power it was a conserved aspiration of his to utilise the opportunities of government for executive

planning on cherished lines. Honour without power such as pertains to the Governor-Generalship, knocked the bottom from the dream of a lifetime. His defects are not those of understanding or character, but of lack of cheerful adjustment to the privations of a thwarted will. He is quite aware of the need of detachment to overcome the discomforts of the disequilibrium of his position. But the vitality of the active politician in him, and the momentum of it, have not proved propitious for any settled habit of spiritual resignation. There has been much intellectual comprehension of theoretical culture side by side with practical excursions into the forbidden field of controversial politics. Placed on a king's pedestal, his yearning is for the excitement of the hustings, and with all his mighty self-control, he cannot outlive the commoner's impulse of sending out fraternal greetings to the winner of a municipal mayoral election.

It might be a revenge of goodwill throttled by the inhibitions of august office that His Excellency the Governor-General should be found so frequently trying to hand over favours to prominent opponents of the Congress against whom he had fought for years in the past. "Sonny" misinterprets the position in apologising for the pro-British record of these beneficiaries of C. R. The relations of Congress leaders with individuals in the past under foreign domination should not affect our treatment of them now, if the benefit of freedom is to be passed on equally to all. It is the communalists that cannot claim a similar indulgence. All old political sins are washed by freedom. But communalism is a menace to freedom as it does not accept absolutely the principle that justice must be done to all. Whether they shout their slogans openly as black shirts or flourish furtively under the Congress banner, the communalists with their hatred-charged cults threaten dissipation of the power of the State

and disintegration of its unity, and it was the Governor-General's singling out of reputed communalists for important positions that was unfortunate and called for comment.

Desabhakta Konda Venkatapayya's eightyfourth birthday falls this week. Before the infirmity of advancing age forced him into retirement, he was a great figure in the public life of Andhra Desa. Andhra leaders have been unlucky in that they could never get into close relations with the Mahatma and win his confidence as C. R. did in Tamil Nadu, Sardar Patel in Gujerat, Babu Rajendra Prasad in Bihar. But Desabhakta was an exception. He could not however utilise the political value of the

Mahatma's goodwill for the consolidation of his own influence into effective provincial leadership. He lacked energy and tenacity of purpose and organisational skill for achieving such a result. Apart from conformity to Gandhian injunctions of non-co-operation, his greatest work lay in the social and humanitarian field rather than the political, and most of it was spasmodic and not continuous. Liable on occasions to violent fits of temper, he was capable of self-torturing moods of contrition which repaired the resentments he caused before they could harden into enmity. He will be remembered as a kind and well-intentioned man of warm patriotic impulses who failed to rise to the top level of leadership because he lacked the tough fibre needed for it.—SAKA.

★What the Chinese need is neither Nationalism nor Communism but a political renaissance and a social and economic re-birth.....says MR. M. N. ROY.

CHOICE BEFORE THE CHINESE

MR. M. N. ROY is undoubtedly among the choice spirits of the age. I have no doubt in my mind that if he had obtained power in any country of the world during the past twenty years or so, he would have been just as bad as any dictator. Fortunately, we have been spared that catastrophe. By nature a reflective person, M. N. Roy has been furiously thinking away at Dehra Dun during the past few years. He has come to some extremely desirable conclusions, and he is now one with Shakespeare when the latter says that a man in power is an angry ape. I believe that if M. N. Roy is now placed in a position of power, his philosophic lucubrations would succeed in preventing him from becoming just another angry ape. This is a remarkable achievement.

When I saw M. N. Roy the other day, I was struck—as anyone would be—by the clarity of his vision. I can only think of Bertrand Russell as a similar thinker.

I give here an account of my interview with him, which—thanks to the presence of a Chinese Correspondent—was mostly about China.

"If the Chinese Communists sweep the whole of China, that will have a tremendous effect throughout the world. But I think that the Communists will stop at the Yangtse River, and this will have no particular effect even on the rest of Asia," declared Mr. M. N. Roy.

M. N. Roy figured in the Chinese Revolution over twenty years ago as Representative of the Communist International in China. He left the Communist International on account of differences. His book "Revolution and Counter-revolution in China" is regarded as an authority on the subject.

Question: How does Communist administration compare with Chiang's regime?

M. N. Roy: I cannot tell you first hand. But their administration is

much less corrupt than Chiang's regime. There is a certain amount of idealism and will to act in emergencies. It is also true that money-lending and ownership of land are tolerated on a limited scale provisionally, as Mao Tse Tung admitted repeatedly.

Question: Is it a fact that Chinese Communists are Chinese first and Communist only afterwards?

Answer: That is not true. It is a two-faced policy. As regards their attitude towards imperialism, they are nationalists. When it comes to their own country as against Russia, like all other Communists they are internationalists in the sense that they put Russia before their country.

Question: What will happen if the Communists are able to establish their Government over China?

Answer: Suppose Communists have taken the whole of China and that you have a Communist Government in China; suppose also that there is a Communist Government in Burma; there will be quarrels about Yunnan between China and Burma. In the Eastern European countries there have been such quarrels as between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria and Italy. They have come to power not as proletarian parties but as nationalists in all these Eastern European countries. They have, therefore, to tackle their internal problems from a national point of view. Cominform had to be created in order to control those quarrels. The parties in Asia are so far away at present that they do not come into contact with each other directly. But once there is a Communist Government, in Burma, you may have fights between Burma and India also.

All armies in China are mercenary armies. That is the Chinese tradition. There is a large section of rural unemployed who joined the army. They are let loose so that they may live on the land.

(From Our Delhi Correspondent)

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They can now establish a Communist Government in some areas. But after two or three years the Chinese people would find that the promises of the Chinese Communists are not fulfilled. By then the romanticism about them would disappear. In the meanwhile Chiang Kai-shek would have been armed by the Americans. It would not be possible by them to create a strong Central Government in China. To keep things in flux, the civil war is being perpetrated.

Neither Chiang's Government nor Communist Government would be able to bring about any solution to the problem of China. A short term solution of China is almost impossible. What is wanted is a new form of social organisation and economic and political renaissance. It may take two generations before it can produce any result. Any effort to decentralise immediately will not work either. There is at present a peculiar social disintegration going on in China.

Any Government that tries to establish peaceful conditions in China must do it with some understanding with Communists. But America does not like any coalition with the Communists. The present crisis cannot be stopped except by the establishment of a Government which will include Communists.

Without co-operation from the Communists there can be no approach to the Chinese problem. The alternative is Russo-American war.

The people who will fight the Communists will rally round Chiang. The Communists may even have some kind of understanding with Chiang. Chiang has at present agreed practically to China becoming an American protectorate. Dr. Sun Fo has said that unless America helped them, they would settle with the Communists.

WHAT AMERICA WANTS

The Truman doctrine, of course, can be applied only as long as there is some kind of a Government in China which is non-Communist. Then they can say that there was a democratic Government fighting the Communists, and that America was therefore going to help democracy. But

the Communists are there: you cannot avoid including them in the Government. This is to go back to Sun-Yat Sen's idea. Then, by education and by work one should be able to change the mentality of the people. As long as the country has these two ideologies of Nationalism and Communism, you cannot avoid war.

Question: Is there no way of stopping the third world war?

Answer: The third world war has already started. Who is fighting in China but Americans and Russians? If Russians do not support Northern China they cannot fight. Chiang can do nothing without American aid. Both America and Russia have been manoeuvring for positions in different parts of the world. Unless one of them gains a decisive advantage, the third world war will not openly start. If it comes to an open war with America the war may break out in Turkey, Greece and everywhere. America will then use the atom bomb.

The one hopeful feature is that although both parties are preparing for war, neither of them really wants it. Neither Marshall nor Stalin wants war. That is because both of them are soldiers. They are now playing a game of bluff. Some day or other if the bluff is called, the war will break out. I do not therefore say that the world is deliberately moving to a third world war. On the contrary all the parties are trying to avoid war. But there is a war hysteria.

If there are a large number of people in various countries who drive the point home that no problem can be solved by armed conflict, then war could be avoided. In other words, if public opinion can grow in every country which will oppose the extinction of humanity as a whole, the third world war can be prevented. I believe that most probably it is going to be prevented because another war is simply unthinkable.

THE GOLDEN MEAN

Question: Would you say that the Western Union in Europe can help avert world war?

Answer: Yes. It could help very much. There are in the British La-

bour Party two distinct tendencies at the present time. The first is to think that it would be impossible for them to do without American help. The second is towards a strong French-British understanding—Bevin represents this—which is gaining ground. By 1952 the latter expect to be independent of Marshall Aid. If that tendency gains ground, then you will have a strong group which will not either have *laissez faire* capitalism or regimented communism. That is the only guarantee against a third world war. Taking a long-term view I am quite hopeful of an organisation being formed which is not either exclusively capitalist or exclusively communist.

Question: Is it advantageous or disadvantageous for India to remain within the Commonwealth?

Answer: It depends on which India is referred to. Most probably it will be advantageous for the Indian Government now. India could have remained within the Commonwealth to the advantage of the people of India in an entirely different manner. Commonwealth as at present understood is more a formality. It will break up anyhow. The British Empire, as it was decomposing, could have become a Socialist Union. If India remained in that kind of Commonwealth, Indian economy might have been built up more or less like the kind of economy which Britain is building up. Now, of course, India will most probably develop on the basis of free enterprise, under American patronage.

If Britain and France, as the two leading nations of Europe build up a system of economy which is partly socialist and partly capitalist, India with her economy of free enterprise will not find it convenient to remain in the British Commonwealth. In view of the economic structure of Britain, she will have either to be the centre of a world market, or will simply have to go down altogether and become just a small semi-agrarian, self-contained country. The latter alternative is practically excluded. Britain will have to be either (1) an appendage of America, or (2) take the lead along with France in building up in Europe and an organi-

sation which is not exclusively capitalist. The second alternative will not suit the present rulers of India. They are all for free enterprise of the American type.

Question: What effect will an American loan have on India?

Answer: It will not be advantageous to India. It will be advantageous to the Indian Government and the party which is ruling India, because they will be able to consolidate their position. That is the difference between India and other countries in Asia. India is the only country in East Asia with a stable Government. This is the outcome of two-hundred years of British rule. They gave you a Central Government, which never existed before.

Question: What are the possibilities of India going Communist? What is the future of Communism in Asia?

Answer: India will not go Communist because there is an established Government here. Pakistan too will not go Communist.

The Asian brand of Communism is not Communism. There is no large-enough industrial working class. There is no proletariat, which is essential for Communist revolution. In Eastern Europe, where too there was no large industrial working class, they got power as nationalists, and without any revolution. But the Communists have no Government of their own in South-East Asia.

In Asia any kind of banditry and organised violence is called Communism. In Malaya they are going on killing Chinese and it is called Communism.

The role of Communists as liberators from Imperialism has become obsolete except partially in countries like Indo-China and the Netherlands East Indies. In India they are placed in a difficult position. Now they will have to act like real Communists. If they become real Communists they will lose support of the middle classes who were the source of their strength. Communism became fashionable because of middle class support, and the middle classes supported Communism because Communists were ultra-nationalists.

Today in South-East Asia, the people are no longer being exploited

by investment of capital owned by Britain. Most of the stocks of the British companies in Malaya have been sold to the Americans. The British are only commission-agents. Overseas British investment no longer exists in Malaya.

• Question: How long do you think the Congress Government will continue in office in view of their present economic and other policies?

Answer: There is no prospect of any Government except Congress Government for the next fifteen to twenty years. They are in a vicious circle, because they have to spend so much money on the army. They have to do certain things to keep up the national spirit, and the ideal of creating spectacular military strength and a big army and to be a great power appeals to nationalists' vanity. In this situation, Communism might have some appeal, but it will not succeed.

Question: How do you explain the dissatisfaction of the industrialists with the present Government?

Answer: Capital is not shy. They are only blackmailing this Govern-

ment so that they may get more concessions.

Question: Have there been any fundamental changes in your ideas during the past twenty years? Is there any meeting ground between your ideas and those of Mahatma Gandhi?

Answer: The thesis entitled 'New Humanism' is two years old. There has been no fundamental change in my ideas; there has been, of course, development and growth. The Mahatma's outlook on life is religious, mine is rational. The foundation of his view of life is faith and the foundation of my view of life is knowledge. I do not mean, of course, that Mahatma's is bad and mine is good.

Honestly religious people, like Gandhi, have very good ideas and very good intentions. But good ideas and aspirations can be attained only by man's own efforts. The starting point of the religious man is somewhere else outside man. It therefore places a great drawback on human endeavour. Mahatma Gandhi pursued the same ideal of humanism as we are pursuing, but our ways of achieving those ideals are different.

SIAM PLAYS "MUSICAL CHAIRS"

by ANDREW ROTH

WHILE the whole political structure of Asia is swaying under the impact of Communist victories in China, Siam's ruling group is playing the political equivalent of "musical chairs."

It might be considered natural that Siam should be suffering a political crisis since it is in the centre of strife-torn South-east Asia. However, Siamese politics has little relation to the economic and political struggles which convulse most of Asia. Siamese politics most resembles the battles between cliques which characterize musical comedy versions of Latin American Republics.

"There are not more than two hundred people in Siam who take a serious interest in politics," is the reluctant estimate of one of Siam's shrewdest diplomatic observers. This narrow circle is due largely to Siam's being a rich, rice-surplus country which is comparatively thinly populated. Thus, the peasant masses have never moved into political action by starvation. Siam is the only country in South-east Asia which has escaped colonial status and therefore there has never been the stimulus of nationalist agitation to arouse a widespread interest in politics. Furthermore, Siam's commercial middle class consists overwhelmingly of immigrant Chinese who have been pre-occupied with money-making and whose political interests have been monopolized largely by the recurrent crisis in China. Consequently, only a thin layer of professionals, aristocrats, and army officers have been involved in Siam's political life.

Clique politics is frequently characteristic of countries newly emerged from feudalism. Even today, when visiting some of Siam's aristocrats—such as Princess Poon, the granddaughter of King Mongkhut, the King of "Anna and the King of Siam"—one is startled to find their servants crawling around on their knees, as a feudal mark of respect. This is one reminder of the fact that until sixteen years ago Siam was one of the last two absolute monarchies on the

face of the earth (the other being Japan). The Siamese have been accustomed to accepting orders from above instead of thinking politically for themselves.

During the past sixteen years virtually all the seats of authority have been restricted to a group of less than one hundred persons known as "the Promoters" from the fact that they promoted the coup of 1932 which overthrew absolutism and established a constitutional monarchy. Although in most countries such movements have been produced by the discontent of large segments of the population, in Siam it was the product of a small group of intellectuals led by Pridi Phanomyong (also known as Luang Pradit)—formerly Premier of Siam—and a group of army officers among whom was Pibul Songgram, now Premier.

Siamese politics has been likened to a game of "musical chairs" because with scarcely any exceptions the scramble for the chief seats of authority has been restricted to the charmed circle of "Promoters." Of course, some of the circle are more to the left and some are toward the right. Pridi, for example, is an intellectual in outlook, a democrat in politics, a socialist in economics and has tended to favour the Western democracies in foreign affairs. Marshal Pibul, on the other hand, is a militarist in outlook, authoritarian in tendency and, until their defeat, favoured the Axis powers.

However, despite these marked differences and the bitter rivalry between these two leading personalities, they both exhibit a certain loyalty to the charmed circle of "Promoters." In all of the coups and counter-coups not one of the "Promoters" has ever been shot by any of the others. Before the war, while Marshal Pibul, as Premier, was accommodating himself to the rise of the Axis powers, he used Pridi as his Foreign Minister. During the war, although Pibul, after some pressure from the Japanese, declared war on the Allies and, within limits, was collaborating with the Japanese, he interposed no objections

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when Pridi undertook to collaborate with the Allies. Pridi reciprocated at the war's end. Though Pibul sat in a war criminal's cell for several months he was released on a technicality!

Although they will never go so far as to shed the blood of another clique within the magic circle of "Promoters" they will go to amazing extents in inter-clique rivalry. Thus, although Marshal Pibul has told ambassadors that he doesn't think Pridi was responsible for the death of the King in July 1946, Pibul's henchmen were busy concocting evidence, and conducting a trial whose purpose was to show that Pridi plotted the King's death. To them the truth about the King's death was less important than the advantage gained by smearing an opponent with murdering a very popular young king.

Similarly the division of the world into pro-Soviet and anti-Soviet blocs is seen by the cabal around Marshal Pibul not as a momentous political issue but as another means of securing advantages for their clique. Thus, they have been smearing all the Marshal's opponents as "Communists" and depicting themselves as "anti-Communists" hoping to win approval and support for the Pibul regime from Britain and America.

Thus the attempted counter-coup of October first has been labelled "an attempted Communist uprising" by Pibul's supporters and their journalistic allies. In Siam no one takes this seriously because it was clearly another battle of the cliques within the charmed circle. In this case the better-educated career officers on the

army's General Staff allied themselves with the Pridi clique and the Khuang Aphaiwongse clique to throw out Marshal Pibul and his section of corrupt army supporters. The musical comedy character of this clique rivalry is indicated by the manner in which news of the coup leaked out. The Siamese are very superstitious and as October first—the date set for the coup—approached, numbers of young army officers went to fortune-tellers asking, "What will happen to me on October first?" Some of the fortune-tellers tipped Pibul's police. When Pibul interviewed the frustrated coup-leaders after their arrest, he gave them each a box of cigarettes and a bottle of *mekong* (whiskey) before sending them to jail. Two of the lawyers arrested for treason in this same coup were let out on bail to continue to serve as defence counsel in the King's murder case!

For Pibul and Pridi the aim of this battle of cliques is to place themselves in power. Each one thinks of himself as the only one who knows what is best for Siam. But neither of them has had the patience to build popular political organizations in support of their programmes. Instead they have surrounded themselves with supporters many of whom are sycophants and hangers-on who are interested primarily in getting their fingers in the public till. Corruption is rife among the supporters of both, but Marshal Pibul seems to have a special genius for gathering around him dubious supporters, including military-fascists and wholesale larcenists.

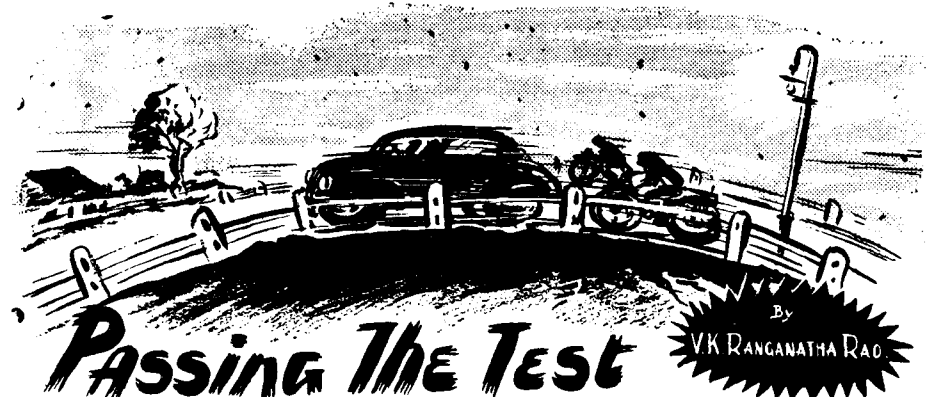
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"Now Hareesh," said Suseela playfully. "Spare your vows. Suppose you would be taken at your word?"

Hareesh sturdily declared that he desired nothing better. She shook her head.

"Well, when you have really been through fire and water, ask me again—that is, if you are not too scorched or too wet," she added with a mischievous laugh; and leaving him, ran lightly up the steps and disappeared through the doors into her luxurious home.

Hareesh walked slowly back to his car, thinking how unlucky he was to have been born in such prosaic times. He drove aimlessly for sometime and as the evening was sultry, he pulled up at a restaurant to get a cool drink for himself. He placed the bill and a five rupee note on the counter and lighting a cigarette waited for the change. The manager turned the note over a couple of times and looked at Hareesh queerly. He called a burly looking man sitting at the other end of the room sipping coffee for his opinion of the note.

"Looks like a bad one," said the stranger studying Hareesh with considerable interest.

"Nonsense," exclaimed the latter. "Still, here is another, if you are in any doubt about it."

The man who had pronounced his opinion of the first note exchanged a quick look with the manager. Hareesh noticed it.

"Do you mean to say there is anything wrong with that one?" he asked irritably.

"No, that's all right," said the manager and handed him the change.

Hareesh was preparing to mount into his car, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder. Turning, he saw the burly

individual who had been in the restaurant with him.

"I am detective Wilkins of the Criminal Investigation Department and I arrest you for uttering counterfeit notes," said the man sharply, moving between him and the car.

"I don't care a hang who you are or where you come from," began Hareesh, who was rapidly losing his temper. "Get out of my way!"

In reply the detective gave a whistle, and two men came quickly round from the back of the restaurant.

"Now," he said. "Will you drive me to the station quietly, or....?" and he glanced at his men.

Hareesh saw that further argument would be useless. "Well, if you want a lift as far as the station, you can have one," he snapped, "and I shall be obliged if you will kindly explain this tomfoolery as we go along."

"That's better," remarked the detective, seating himself beside Hareesh. "I thought you weren't a fool, though trying two wrong ones one on top of the other, was a bit too much."

"You mean to tell me that both those notes were bad," exclaimed Hareesh indignantly.

"Same quality as the others you have got on you, I expect" was the shrewd reply.

The man was evidently quite serious. Hareesh stared at him speechless with surprise and anger.

"You actually mean to accuse me of passing bad money?" he demanded at last.

"You will find it more than a case of accuse when we get to the station, I reckon," replied the detective grimly.

Hareesh suddenly stopped the car. "What if I refuse to go?" he asked.

"Don't be a fool" replied the other with a backward jerk of his head.

Hareesh looked behind. Two men on motor-bicycles were following the car—the two who had come from the back of the restaurant. He said nothing more till they were nearing the station, when he observed: "It may interest you to know that my name is Hareesh Chandra Upadhaya, and that my father is the Minister of Finance, and a prominent Congressman."

Mr. Wilkins grinned exasperatingly, but he was a little surprised when the superintendent confirmed the prisoner's identity. The superintendent himself was still more surprised; but there was no doubt the notes were counterfeit, and, unfortunately, a good many of the same sort had recently been put into circulation. He presumed Mr. Hareesh would have no objection to saying where he got them?

"Not the slightest," said Hareesh promptly. "I.....," he stopped suddenly, and asked: "You say that a lot of exactly the same sort have got about lately?"

"Any amount of them."

"And you are sure they all come from the same source?"

"Certain," replied the superintendent. "If you can help us in tracing them, Mr. Hareesh, we shall be greatly indebted to you, and I am sure Mr. Wilkins will be only too happy to apologise for any trouble he has put you to."

A horrible suspicion had entered Hareesh's mind, and he hesitated for a moment. Then he said, "At present I am afraid I cannot tell you how the notes came into my possession."

"In that case, Mr. Upadhaya," said the superintendent, "I shall have no option but to detain you. If you would like me to send word to your father, or...."

"No, thank you. Of course I know you must do your duty."

Hareesh hastily scribbled a few lines, saying that business would prevent him from returning home till the next day, and then left to himself, he sat down and tried to think the matter out.

II

When he had called at "Sukha Nivas" that afternoon to take Suseela for a drive, he had suddenly discovered that he had no money on him except a hundred rupee note and had asked Dr. Dwarakanath, the father of Suseela, if he could change it. Remarking that it was lucky he had just been to the bank, Dr. Dwarakanath at once put his hand into his pocket and gave him the change, all in five rupee notes. There had been no occasion to use any of the money until he had stopped at the restaurant on his way back. Therefore either the bank had issued counterfeit notes or....but the other alternative was equally preposterous! However, assuming for the sake of argument that

Dr. Dwarakanath was responsible for the notes, it followed that he must also be responsible for the other bad money which had got about—in fact that Dr. Dwarakanath was a forger of bank notes.

The most obvious way out of the difficulty, and an easy one, was to tell the police how the notes had come into his possession, and so refer the matter to Dwarakanath, and let him settle it with them. If he were innocent, no harm would be done. But on the other hand supposing—supposing he were not innocent? What then?

The thought of Suseela who adored her father rushed into his mind. He could not say one word to bring disgrace upon her; and yet if he remained silent, his own position would be....what? If he made no defence, he practically admitted that he was guilty of this horrible offence.

Suddenly there flashed in on these reflections the memory of one evening, almost forgotten, when after saying good-night to Suseela, Hareesh had passed through the shrubbery on his way to the gate, and seeing a light in the little laboratory which Dr. Dwarakanath had had built, glanced in at the window. The occupant of the library with his back to the window was holding what looked like a note in each hand to the light and comparing them. On hearing the sound of footsteps at the window, he had turned round in alarm. The light had been instantly switched off, and the place plunged into darkness. If Dr. Dwarakanath was only engaged in the harmless chemical experiments which he sometimes talked about, why should Hareesh's appearance have caused such alarm? There seemed only one explanation.

The thought that anything he said might throw suspicion on Suseela's father kept Hareesh's lips sealed when he was brought before the magistrate the next day and there being no defence, he was formally committed for trial. Bail was granted, however, and for the time Hareesh was a free man. Hareesh's father had been informed of the charge against his son. The old man was utterly astounded at the charge, and alarmed and disgusted at his son's obstinate silence.

Hareesh's first impulse was to go straight to Dr. Dwarakanath and have the matter out with him; but on second thoughts he decided that such a course would not be advisable, since he felt sure that all his movements would be carefully watched by the police.

Hareesh's father used every means he could think of to get some explanation from his son; but threats, arguments, and entreaties all failed.

III

Hareesh's greatest ordeal was when Suseela came to see him. If he loved

her as much as he said, she argued, surely for her sake, if for no other reason, he would disprove the odious charge against him. Had he not often said that her happiness was, and always would be, his first consideration?

"It is of no use, Suseela," Hareesh said at last. "I cannot do as you ask."

"But why?"

"I cannot explain why."

"Then I had better go," said the girl. "Your vows of a day or two since," she went on indignantly, "that you would do anything, everything for me—what are they worth? I will go at once—I am sorry I came."

"Yes," said Hareesh slowly. "I think it would be best for you to go."

"Oh!" Suseela turned swiftly, and half involuntarily held out her hands to him. "You do not mean it, Hareesh—surely you do not mean it?"

But the pleading in her eyes met with no response. He did not answer.

"I beg your pardon for asking the question," she said at last, in a cold voice. "But will you at least tell me that you are not guilty of this thing?"

How he longed to take her in his arms and tell her all, but the thought of what the consequences might be steered him again.

"You will excuse me if I do not," he said moving towards the door. "Discussing the matter further will only mean pain to both of us."

"Then you will not tell me even that?"

"I cannot."

"Good-bye then," Suseela bowed stiffly and left him.

Hareesh felt miserable.

A few days after this interview, Hareesh was walking along the road over which he had driven Suseela on that fateful evening when he noticed a figure, which seemed familiar, coming towards him. As the man drew near, Hareesh recognised the detective who had arrested him. Mr. Wilkins was smiling genially to himself as he perused a bundle of letters. Directly he saw Hareesh he crossed over to him.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Hareesh!" he said holding out his hand.

The young man deliberately put his hands into his pocket and walked on. He was in no mood to respond to friendly advances from such a quarter.

The detective however refused to be repulsed. "Come, Mr. Hareesh," he persisted, "Don't bear malice. It is part of a detective's trade to suspect everybody, and really, you know, you did not go out of your way to help me in the least. Still I am only too pleased to apologise and

admit that I made a mistake, and I am very glad to be the first to tell you so."

"What do you mean?" snapped Hareesh.

"Well, we have got the real culprit—indeed a whole batch of them—but my man arrested the chief of them at "Sukha Nivas" this morning. He has entirely exonerated you, and we have got evidence enough for a dozen convictions. If you care to come round to the court with me—"

But with a muttered exclamation which sounded like a malediction upon detectives in general and upon Mr. Wilkins in particular, Hareesh Chandra Upadhaya swung round and started running.

When Hareesh came to the lane which led to "Sukha Nivas," he stopped for a moment and strove to collect his wits. So, in spite of all he had gone through, Dr. Dwarakanath had been found out, arrested, and—Suseela! what must she be suffering at that moment! He must see her at once; and yet he felt almost afraid to meet her. Perhaps she had gone with her father—Hareesh could imagine her refusing to leave him. Still, he would go up; the servants would know.

He felt surprised somehow that the house looked just the same as usual, and hesitated a moment before ringing.

"Miss Suseela? Yes sir, she is having tea in the garden."

Having tea in the garden! And her father in prison! what did it all mean?

Suseela looked up as his shadow fell across the grass.

"I heard the news, and came up at once," he began. "Oh, Suseela, I would sooner have died a hundred deaths than this should have happened."

The girl looked puzzled. "Well, of course it is a nuisance," she said; "but you seem to take it really too seriously."

"Then—then you knew?" he stammered.

"I knew nothing, thanks mostly to you. And I must say, Mr. Hareesh, that I think you might have saved your friends—to say nothing of the police—a great deal of trouble and anxiety if you had said at once where the notes had come from."

"Surely you know, Suseela, for whose sake I kept silence."

"Surely not for Devaraj's?" she replied.

"Devaraj? what has he got to do with it?"

"I thought you said you had heard the news," replied Suseela, gazing at him in surprise.

"I heard that the police had been here this morning and arrested—" he paused.

"Yes?" she queried. "Arrested Devaraj—Well?"

"Devaraj?" gasped Hareesh. "The doctor's laboratory assistant and driver?"

"Yes—who else?" said Suseela calmly. "He turns out to have been an awful character, and to have taken this place because of its quietness. He has actually been in the habit of using papa's laboratory at night for making the bad notes, and—"

Hareesh sat up with a sudden exclamation. On the night when he had looked into the laboratory, he had certainly not seen the occupant's face distinctly, taking it for granted that only the doctor would be in the place at that hour.

Suseela went on: "Well, when father changed that note for you, do you remember leaving the money on the table for a minute while you came out with me to look at the chest of drawers which father had purchased in the auction? Devaraj has confessed that he changed the notes then, putting counterfeit five rupee notes for those father had given you. Why do you stare so? Did you think it was I—or Papa?" she asked laughing.

"Yes, I did" said Hareesh simply.

Suseela gasped. "You thought my father—father was a forger of spurious notes?" she asked in horrified tones.

"Yes" repeated Hareesh shamefacedly.

The girl looked at him indignantly, angrily. Then slowly the truth began to dawn on her.

"And you said nothing and were prepared to—to go through everything for his sake!"

She looked up at him quickly, but did not answer.

"Suseela," he said passionately, taking her hands in his, "surely you know that I would have done what I could—for your sake, my dearest. I love you so...."

Still she did not speak, but bending down kissed him. Hareesh had passed the test.

The fine old gentleman was beside himself in gratitude. "Splendid, young man!" he cried. "When you rescued my daughter from the river you must have had no idea of the danger you were placing yourself in."

"There wasn't any," shrugged the hero. "There wasn't any. I am a champion swimmer, and I am already married."—*Ireland's Own*.

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AN EXPERIMENT IN HIGHER EDUCATION

by WILLIAM NELSON

EVERY June, thousands of young American men and women receive baccalaureate degrees. These represent the successful completion of the undergraduate college course—usually four years long—in which two and a half million young people are now matriculated. Historically the college curriculum was planned to prepare students for the learned professions. Today, however, the vast majority of those enrolled does not contemplate these traditional careers. This fact has stirred educators to a fundamental questioning of the college programme. Just how, they ask, should these four years be spent to benefit both the student and the community in which he will live?

American educators have arrived at no single answer. Some contend that the primary function of the college is to prepare the student for a specific vocation. Others believe its most important task is to introduce him to cultural traditions, to bring him into contact with the thoughts of great minds, both ancient and modern. Still others emphasize the study of life today and of those aspects of man's environment and civilization likely to affect the student directly.

One of the most clearly defined efforts to bridge the gap between scholarly and vocational experience is the programme of Antioch College. A small, privately endowed institution in the midwestern state of Ohio, Antioch in 1921 abandoned the conventional instructional pattern, and adopted a new programme with three broad objectives in view: to develop individual students to their full potentialities and prepare them to lead satisfying lives; to provide society with an educated personnel for major and specialized responsibilities, who may serve as intelligent citizens from whom leadership may come; and to maintain the cultural heritage and seek for new additions to knowledge.

That Antioch should make a radical departure from accepted academic

methods was not inconsistent with its tradition of progressive thought and action. Founded in 1853, its first president was Horace Mann, one of the great pioneers in American education. In most areas, it was advanced for its day. It admitted students without discrimination because of sex, color, or religion. Women became members of Antioch's faculty and enjoyed academic status equal to their male colleagues. After Mann's death, a succession of undistinguished Antioch presidents made no further contributions. The student body dwindled and in 1920 few Americans even knew the name of Antioch.

Today Antioch is famous throughout the country. Its enrollment is not very large—up to 1130—(1948-49) but these are selected from over three to ten times as many applicants. Antioch's reputation rests chiefly on its application of the "work-study" plan, and on its effective student-faculty community government. Both of these ideas were brought to the college by Arthur E. Morgan, who later became the first chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority (and is now in India as a member of the University Education Commission appointed by the Nehru Government).

Morgan felt that, ideally, education was preparation for life. In his view, after college, the student works for his living; chooses his community's leaders or leads the community himself; reads, goes to theater, and plays tennis; entertains and inspires his fellows or is inspired and entertained by them. His college experience should prepare him for such things, by containing them in the curriculum in concentrated form. Morgan also believed that one learns best by doing: this is the germ of the Antioch work-study plan.

Antioch students spend more than half of their college course like college students elsewhere in the United States: listening to lectures, studying text-books, engaging in discussions

with their teachers and their fellows. The Antioch course lasts five years instead of the usual four. Every two or three months, half the Antioch students leave their academic pursuits and go off to work. The jobs they fill are of infinite variety: they teach at kindergartens, act as guides in museums, assist nurses, work in government bureaus, sell in department stores; and they work at these tasks under the same terms as their fellow employees. Then their places are taken by other Antioch students who have been attending lectures at college during their absence, and they return to their classrooms. A few months later, they either go back to the jobs they had previously filled or take up new ones, perhaps of an entirely different kind.

The decision as to what kind of job the student takes is the result of a combination of elements: the student's preference, his faculty counselor's judgment as to which job would best serve his educational needs and the jobs available. The first few placements are made with a view to letting the student try different kinds of work and to further his personal development. A shy person may deliberately be given work as a receptionist, or assisting with children at nursery schools. As the student acquires more experience and chooses his occupational field, job experiences are usually aimed at letting him see different aspects of the field and gaining some basic skill in it. The college itself finds most of the jobs, usually with employers who are accustomed to co-operation with the Antioch plan; sometimes the student finds work himself. In the five years during which they are registered at Antioch, students spend 90 weeks working at jobs away from the college.

The Antioch student who knows early in his college career what he wants to do after he leaves school gains much from the work-study plan; the gain is even greater for the student who has no definite vocational plans. How properly to choose one's life work is a question that has long troubled American educators. They are convinced that until it is solved, human waste is inevitable. At Antioch, if a girl wavers between

medical and teaching careers, she is permitted to try both. She cannot experiment as a full-fledged physician, but she can serve as nurse's aide in a hospital, or clerk in a surgeon's office. She is too young to teach a secondary school class, but she can assist in a school library or help to supervise a children's playground. What she learns about these jobs and what her supervisors learn about her will constitute excellent evidence as to which career she should follow. If the student has not as yet expressed a preference for any career, Antioch tries to provide him with jobs in as wide a variety of fields as possible. The best proof of the effectiveness of the method is that, by the time of their graduation, 95 out of each 100 Antioch students have made clear-cut decisions as to what their life work is to be.

The employers who accept student-workers under the Antioch plan appear to be satisfied, too. This is surprising, for after two or three months, just as a student has learned his duties, he leaves the work and returns to college, to be replaced by a new worker who must be taught the job routine from the beginning. But the time spent in training these young college students appears to be repaid by their eagerness to learn and by the fact that they later make important contributions to the industry. Three-quarters of all Antioch graduates, in fact, leave college to take permanent positions with firms who employ Antioch student-workers.

The value of the Antioch work-study scheme goes beyond its specific usefulness in vocational selection and training. All those American educators who have considered themselves "progressive" from the time of Horace Mann to those of the present day have emphasized the importance of teaching not the mind alone but the whole person. Granted that an individual has read the classics, that he can converse intelligently and write lucidly, that he has passed his apprenticeship in the vocation of his choice, can it be assumed that he is an educated man? Not, say these educators, until he can take his place with other men in a free society. And he cannot take that place until he has lived in such a society and knows it well.

To the required courses, Antioch curriculum adds concentrated study in a special field of the student's choice. Usually, this speciality is related to the vocation which he has decided upon. Including time spent in outside jobs, about one third to one half of a student's five years at Antioch is devoted to his field of concentration, and one half to two-thirds to general education.

An additional element in Antioch's programme for producing well rounded human beings is the corporate entity called "Community Government." Everyone connected with the college, either as student or faculty member, is considered a citizen of the Antioch community and is entitled to a single vote. Community Government owns the college bookstore, plans picnics and dances, gives each person a subscription to student publications, entitles him to use athletic equipment, organizes intramural competitions in a variety of sports, and, in general, governs all those aspects of college life not directly related to academic study. Analogous organizations may be found in almost all American colleges; that at Antioch is one of the most fully developed.

Each student's progress in his studies on the campus, in his work outside of it, and in his participation in the group activities of the school community is checked by a series of examinations, and by reports submitted by the student, his teachers, and his employers. The emphasis is not on grades. The purpose of all the exa-

minations and reports is rather to find out what remains to be done to round out the student's education. At the end of his five years, he submits an essay in the course of which he sums up what he has gained from his studies at Antioch and how he plans to make use of those studies after he leaves.

The Antioch programme, now in its 26th year, has wielded wide influence in the American educational scene. It must be noted, however, that it has had its critics. Some educators feel that the required academic course skims too superficially over the field of knowledge; others assert that the alternation of work and study destroys the continuity required both for good work and for good study; still others object to the fact that the Antioch course requires a full year more than other college courses and that a young person of 23 should be taking his part in the world's work, not merely experimenting with it. But despite these objections, the work-study plan has been adopted by 75 American colleges, and hundreds of teachers and administrators, many from foreign countries, visit Antioch every year to see the plan practically applied.

Antioch College has sometimes been referred to as a "pilot plant" in American education. Many teachers feel that its sound educational ideas may profitably be applied not only to other colleges but to elementary and secondary education as well.—USIS.

SIDE-LIGHT ON RUSSIA

A U. S. Naval Attache stationed in Moscow during the war tells the following story to illustrate the Russians' love of exactness:

Official business took him on an airplane trip. The weather was bad, but his pilot like many other Russian flight officers, seemed to distrust instruments and preferred to fly by landmark. He flew only a few hundred feet above the ground, just topping some of the hills along the route.

Suddenly the passenger felt a tremendous jolt. The plane had struck something! But it kept going and the pilot managed to land safely in a near-by field. Investigation revealed that a wing had clipped a train which reached the top of a hill as the plane flew past.

Questioned at the local police station, the Russian pilot protested stoutly that it was not his fault. To prove it, he reached into an inside pocket of his blouse and produced a railroad timetable.

"See," he said, pointing triumphantly to an entry. "The train was 15 minutes late."—L. S. Edson.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



*"Would that my daughter were
married to a middle farmer
With five acres of farm land
And a fourth of an acre in wood;
No borrowing, no lending,
Both ends meeting;
Visiting the temple by turns—
Someone must stay at home—
Going to heaven sooner or later—
What a happy life!
What a happy life!"*

SO sang the Japanese farmer over his plough years ago, at the beginning of this century when the shadow of even the first world war had not fallen over the face of Europe. Now he does not sing at all. With an impassive face which only his gods can read, he goes about his tasks, unsmilingly. There are no farmers with five acres of land who can wed his daughter, nor has he temples to visit. But he does not complain. It is not in his nature. To whom can he complain? To the Emperor who is a figure-head? To the reigning Occupation authorities who are resolved to change his life and that of all his countrymen radically and fundamentally? So, he does not complain. But a lassitude is forming like a crust around his soul.

Yes, American occupation of Japan hasn't been much of a success at all. It is possible the people,—the young especially—have assumed the trappings of the new ideology which they are being taught, but their fundamental nature remains unchanged. The change is too quick for them. The new "civilisation" is too big a jump. By their very nature, they favour evolution. This is revolution and no nonsense about it.

American occupation started well. There is no doubt about that. Its results spread over the country like the false flush of health which high fever brings. There was so much to do. It was like discovering a new

country. With pioneers' zeal, the Americans set about their task, cleaning up the cobwebs of superstition and tradition, dusting off moth-eaten shelves, age-old gods, making the people more human, the Emperor less divine. The people, obsessed by the terror of Hiroshima and Nagasaki took to their new lessons with an eagerness and hope almost pathetic to see. The improvement was so quick and so overwhelming, that the U. S. State Department, suddenly remembering that it had been decided at Potsdam to kill all latent power of aggression in the Japanese, asked itself unhappily: How are we going to keep Japan down? Now they ask themselves equally unhappily: How are we going to keep her up? The United States is getting concerned about her own safety and finding the Mantle of Elijah she had donned three years ago too heavy for her.

THE POTSDAM POSTULATION

The Potsdam Declaration said: "There must be eliminated for all time the authority and influence of those who have deceived and misled the people of Japan into embarking on world conquest (and)...irresponsible militarism" only permitting the country "to maintain such industries as will sustain her economy but not those which would enable her to rearm." So the immediate task became demilitarization, to make it impossible for Japan to go to war for a long, long time. The war had destroyed half her industrial equipment. Her merchant fleet was gone. The morale of the people was below zero. They had lost Formosa, Manchuria and Korea. The work of disarmament was easy.

The next step that the Occupation Authorities felt obliged to take was to introduce reform. Reform in administration, in Education, in Labour, in Land, in every activity, social and

governmental, so to speak. It was a bold and revolutionary step.

They started with the land. There are eighty million Japanese packed in four small islands—which geographically comprise Japan now, HONSHU, HOKKAIDO, KYUSHU and SHIKOKU. Seventy-five per cent of this land is rugged mountain. The cultivable land is only 15 million acres, and before occupation by the U. S. the land system was based on the feudal type which treated the peasant as something a little worse than a beast, a thing which should "neither live nor die." In December 1945, General MacArthur, Head of the Occupation Authorities, directed that measures be taken "to insure that those who till the soil of Japan shall have a more equal opportunity to enjoy the fruits of their labour" so as to "remove economic obstacles to the revival and strengthening of democratic tendencies...and destroy the economic bondage which has enslaved the Japanese farmer to centuries of feudal oppression." In quick succession the Government passed the Land Reform Law and the Governmental Adjustment Law and others. In December 1946, the peasants and farmers of 11,000 villages in Japan went to the polls to vote in the representatives who were to implement the reforms. The land was to be sold to the Government for subsequent resale to the tenants. There was to be no absentee landlordism or arbitrary verbal agreement between owner and tenant. The reform was not without opposition. There was bitter criticism from, among others, the Homma clan, one of the biggest landholders in Japan. Some of the intelligentsia did not take kindly either to the new solution for their age-long problem of "too many people on too little land." But even this reform cannot, according to all estimates, make Japan self-sufficient. The increase in Japan's population comes to a million a year. Food from the U. S. occupied more than half of all imports into the country even last year.

"WE, THE JAPANESE PEOPLE..."

In November 1946, the old Meiji constitution was shelved and six months later, the Japanese formulated their new constitution. "We,

the Japanese people...do proclaim that sovereign power resides with the people and do firmly establish this constitution. Government is a sacred trust of the people, the authority for which is derived from the people, the powers of which are exercised by the representatives of the people." There was to be universal suffrage, limited monarchy, parliamentary government. It was a long step from the Emperor system.

The Labour Department came in for reformation next, through the Labour Union Law and Labour Standards Act and other statutes. A furore was caused when the right of government servants to strike, was checked. Strike legislation rested on the proverbial injunction: "There is no right to strike against the public safety, for anybody, anywhere, anytime."

The new "6-3-3" system introduced in the schools was based on the American pattern—six years in primary school, 3 in middle school and 3 in high school. A national library on the model of the U. S. Library of Congress was planned.

During the two years, while their new leaders worked with missionary zeal over their project of democratisation of the people, the economy of Japan slowly slipped from bad to worse. In May 1947, Mr. Dean Acheson, then Under-Secretary of State, issued a frantic exhortation to the MacArthur Administration to push ahead with the "reconstruction" of Japan. It was not a job which could be done overnight. But the Occupation Authorities set to the task with characteristic and unthinking haste. Their basic object was to "permit a wider distribution of income and of ownership of the means of production and trade" and to "encourage the development within Japan of economic ways and institutions of a type that will contribute to the growth of peaceful and democratic forces." They dissolved the holdings of the Zaibatsu family—who controlled most of the banks, ships and factories in the country. They created the Holding Company Liquidation Commission and passed anti-monopoly and de-concentration laws. But even after a year's good work the economic condition remained as unpromising

as before. Japan's commercial footholds in Asia had been lost and so were her overseas possessions. Even before the war, Japan was importing about 20 per cent of her food and exporting in return goods manufactured in the country. Now not only had her output of home manufacture gone down but she had to import in addition to food, raw materials for her industry. That the salvation for the economy of Japan lay in reviving her trade, was realised only as late as last year, and with great reluctance and hesitation, Japan was allowed to resume trade relations with some of the British Commonwealth countries. But the decentralization of industry and the purge of industrialists which economic reform implied stand in the way even now of a quicker and surer rehabilitation. And side by side with the deteriorating economic situation, the Occupation Authorities had to grapple with the problem of inflation. The Governments of Premiers Higashi-Kuni and Shidehara merely sat by with folded hands and blamed the inflationary spiral in prices on the muddle which the occupationists had made of Japanese economy. Premier Katayama's Social Democratic cabinet was the first to make even an attempt to check it. The answer, of course, lay in improving Japanese production and restoring to her the markets overseas. It is now being felt as Mr. William Draper, Secretary of the Army Department said, that Japanese exports must multiply "to almost seven times the present level before they can pay for food and raw materials necessary to provide a tolerable standard of living for the Japanese nation."

THE IMPETUOUS SAVIOURS

Conflicting purposes in policy and unreasonable haste have been at the root of American failure in Japan. Japan had to be disarmed and demilitarized, she had to be made unfit and incapable of going to war for at least a century to come. Her industry and trade were not to be encouraged too much, but she had to be economically independent. The democratic constitution was to include a bill of rights but the right to strike was to be drastically curtailed. The masses were to have

the four freedoms but they were to be safeguarded from communism. These three years of probation have done Japan no good at all. In their attempts to save the country from extremes, politically and economically, what the United States has really achieved is to turn the people into a dependant, vacillating multitude, ready to be swayed by talk, and quite willing to be tempted into folly. The traditions of Japanese civilisation have been successfully pulled out but the giant oaks of democracy have not yet risen in their place. The very language has been modified. There is loss of confidence and attendant upon it a fear for security and a moral slackness which are the sure signs of disintegration in a people. Japanese political and social life have been replete with the most notorious scandals during the past year. The Showa Denko scandal involving corruption in cabinet circles in the Hitoshi Ashida ministry was the most recent. The age-old shackles which bound the individual to the family and the State have been cut but the average Japanese endowed with his new rights and new liberty is slowly drifting into appreciation of the communistic way of life which seems to promise him a heaven of security, stability and safety.

In religious education, the Japanese have been set adrift in chaos. Mr. Robert Root, an American newsman who visited Japan recently, discloses some alarming facts. "Three years after the war," he reveals, "the ideological vacuum in Japan remains to be filled. Three major religions and Communism are competing to do the job." Shinto, in its "chauvinistic forms" is dead but shrine Shinto "is very much alive," and Shintoists "are trying to create a strong religious institution by uniting support behind their 110,000 shrines." Communism is making headway. In the recent elections to the Lower House conducted after the dissolution of the Parliament by Premier Shigeru Yoshida, it was found the Communists had got 31 seats more than they had in the last elections. The Communistic "gospel of material salvation" commends itself

to the millions of destitute Japanese "who find it harder and harder to endure hunger and cold as the occupation drags on." Two and a half million Bibles have been sold, it is true, and numberless religious study-groups instituted, but it is being felt by quite a few that the continuing interest in Christianity is not sincere, "that it is fashionable to kowtow to democracy and Christianity because of the occupation." The Japanese have also exposed the fiction that the U. S. was trying to create that it was really the Japanese themselves who were running their affairs. The U. S. tried to bring too much of change in Japan in too short a time and the result is a division in the peoples. There are the people who have unresistingly yielded outwardly to their conquerors, letting resentment lie dormant in their souls. There is the younger generation which has garnished itself with the embellishments of democracy unthinkingly and superficially, because it promised freedom from restraint and one could do just

as one pleased. Neither party can be trusted.

The United States is just realising that far from being an asset, Japan is a liability which is costing her more than 300 million dollars a year. She is not in a position to shake her off. Japan would crumble and collapse and prove a dangerous cess-pool. The spate of surprise and horror and incredulousness which followed the recent rumours of withdrawal of the occupation authorities from Japan, proves only too clearly that the whole world is only too aware what a burden Japan is developing into. And though the rumours were hotly denied, the fact remains that the promise of easy settlement and change with which the Occupation started, has proved a mirage. General MacArthur in a speech made on the third anniversary of Japan's capitulation, hailed Japan as "an oasis of calm in a troubled and turbulent universe." The calm, it is now feared, like the trance-like impassivity of the face of the Japanese, is deceptive.

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ADVENTUROUS JOURNALISM

THE CENTENARY OF W. T. STEAD

by Prof. P. R. KRISHNASWAMI

THE Press has been called the Fourth Estate. It is a power in the land with immense possibilities for good or for evil. The importance of the Press in India all these years lay in its use for propaganda against British rule, in favour of securing self-government. It was the English journalists in India who set the example for fierce political agitation. The Ilbert Bill caused an unprecedented commotion in the eighties of the last century. The lesson of the European protest was not lost upon the country. The Indian National Congress came into existence soon after, and the Indian press carried on its attack on British rule incessantly, till the 15th August 1947. The British official winced under the lashes of the Indian press. He either steeled himself into habitual indifference to it, or exploded bitterly against it at frequent intervals. A typical official, Sir Murray Hammick, who was a member of the Madras Government, tried to wreak his vengeance on the press, when he sat on the Royal Public Services Commission. When the late Mr. S. Kasturiranga Aiyangar, Editor of *The Hindu*, appeared as a witness, Sir Murray twitted him over the manner of his editing his newspaper. Mr. Aiyangar promptly retorted by telling him that he was not there to learn from him about how a newspaper should be edited. When the press expressed its dissatisfaction over the way the war news (First War) was purveyed to the public, the Government arranged, at its own expense, for the editors being taken to the war-fronts to see things for themselves.

There are two ways of conducting newspapers and journals, the mercenary and the adventurous. We are too familiar with the mercenary way. Editors study carefully the way the wind blows, and regulate their comments accordingly, so as not to get into trouble, of sedition or libel, and also to derive profit, by exploiting the circumstances as best as possible. There have been exceptional editors

who have taken risks and exposed institutions and individuals, guilty of anti-social acts. In recent years the editor of a Madras journal fell a victim to murder, because he cast aspersions successively on personalities of this province. Personal chastisement is always to be feared by editors who venture attacks on persons. A well-known story is on record that an editor of the *Times* (London) was whipped in his room by an officer whose character had been commented on adversely in the newspaper.

Apparently, if no great risks are taken, startling results are not also achieved. The story of William Thomas Stead, who was born exactly a hundred years ago, illustrates strikingly a career of great adventure in journalism. Descended of a Yorkshire farmer stock, Stead started his journalistic life by contributing to the "Northern Echo" in 1870 and the next year he was appointed editor of the paper. He married in 1873. From 1876 to 1879 he carried on, in support of Gladstone, an agitation against Turkey over the Bulgarian atrocities. In 1880 he was chosen to be Assistant Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, under John Morley. He became Editor in 1883 when Morley was elected to Parliament. With Milner as lieutenant, Stead inaugurated in the year of his assuming the editorship, the "new journalism" with programmes of daring and unconventional methods.

A prominent action of Stead's was the inducing of the Government to send General Gordon on his fatal journey to Khartoum. Gordon had been at the time actually intending to resign from the army. It is interesting to hear the cynical Lytton-Strachey tell us that it was from the *Pall Mall Gazette* that the impulsion which projected Gordon into a blaze of publicity finally came. "Mr. Stead, its enterprising editor, went down to Southampton the day after Gordon's arrival there, and obtained an interview. Now when he was in the mood—after a little b. and s., especially—

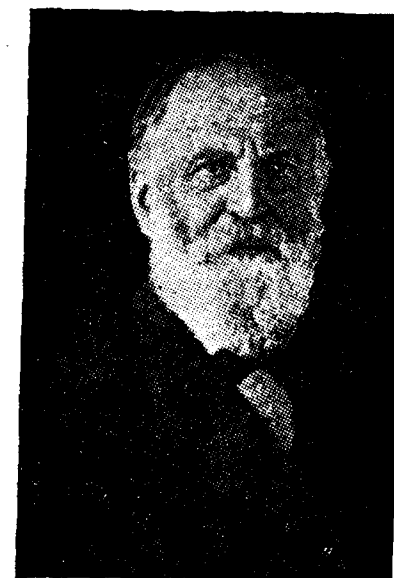
no one was more capable than Gordon, with his facile speech and his free-and-easy manners, of furnishing good copy for a journalist. The interview, copious and pointed, was published next day in the most prominent part of the paper, together with a leading article, demanding that the General should be immediately despatched to Khartoum with the widest powers." Mr. Stead's interview appeared on the afternoon of January 9 and the next morning Lord Granville telegraphed to Sir Evelyn Baring proposing that Gordon's services should be utilised in Egypt, though Baring had already rejected the proposal once.

Another time Stead compelled the First Lord of the Admiralty to ask for a further grant of three and a half millions for strengthening the navy. An important measure of social reform was carried out as a result of Stead's agitation, which exposed criminal vice, under the heading, *The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon*. Obviously he told spicy stories for his purpose, making sensational copy for newspapers, and the Philistines of Fleet Street scorned him as guilty of pornography. Stead's exposures earned him imprisonment for three months. Stead took this with fortitude and self-confidence. John Morley has recorded in his "Recollections:"

Jan.—Went to see Stead in his prison at Holloway for the last time. He was in a strangely exalted mood. "As I was taking my exercise this morning in the prison yard," he said, "I asked myself who was the man of most importance now alive. I could only find one answer—the prisoner in this cell."

As a result of Stead's activities the age of consent was raised to sixteen, and leading men and women of the time applauded him, like Mrs. Fawcett, Cardinal Manning, Lord Shaftesbury and Dr. Temple, Bishop of London.

The most reputed venture of Stead was the "Review of Reviews" founded in Jan. 1890. This was a "digest" as we know at the present day, but with what a difference! The arrival of the Review of Reviews, month after month, was a great event in the remotest parts of the English-speaking world, eagerly expected and eagerly devoured. The editorial comments, terse, daring and caustic, were a monthly treat. One issue re-told a



W. T. Stead

long story of George V's early adventures in love, when he was not the heir-apparent yet. He had married, the story said, secretly a seaman's daughter and begotten children and they all lived in obscurity. Another issue extracted the smuttiest narratives told in Lady Cadogan's "Recollections" which involved royal and aristocratic personages in libidinous practices brought to light for the first time.

Stead was a staunch friend of the Indian struggle for freedom, and he was nearly presiding over a session of the Indian National Congress. He opposed the Boer war and championed the cause of peace, though earlier he had supported Cecil Rhodes. It was to attend a Peace Conference that he was sailing in the *Titanic*, on her maiden voyage to New York, when the ship was destroyed by a floating iceberg and the passengers perished. Stead was last seen helping women and children to escape, though he himself was drowned soon after.

The memory of Stead may serve to recall to us another great journalist who died in the year of Stead's death, 1912. Henry du pre Labouchere, of French descent, was born in 1831. On point of the romantic quality of his life, few excel Labouchere. A born rebel against constituted authority,

he ran up 6,000 pounds of debt at Cambridge where he studied. At twenty-one he was sent to South America where his family had abundant commercial interests. He roamed about in Mexico and accompanied for a time a circus girl through strange places. His family rescued him into the diplomatic service and he was ten years an attache at Washington. He served later at Munich, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Constantinople and other places. He was known for insubordination in the service and gambling was his great vice. When he was appointed to Buenos Aires, he wanted to be allowed to perform his duties from Baden-Baden and he was forthwith dismissed, in 1864.

Inheriting a large fortune he turned to a political career. He was elected to Parliament in 1865 but unseated, on a petition, in 1867. He regained his seat only in 1880. He made his mark now as a journalist. He founded *Truth*, the most sensational personal journal in England, in 1876. The public admired it and felt grateful for its exposure of fraudulent enterprises in the country. The exposure led to numerous law-suits, in most of which Labouchere won. The journal became so well advertised that the editor did not mind the irrecoverable costs of the suits amounting to scores of thousands of pounds.

In 1880 Labouchere became Bradlaugh's colleague in Parliament for Northampton, and he remained there for 25 years. The Whigs were his pet aversion. He respected Gladstone publicly but mocked his fervour and mystifications privately. "He did not object," he once said, "to Gladstone's always having the ace of trumps up his sleeve but only to his pretence that God had put it there."

Between 1880 and 1885 Labouchere worked for an all-radical Government. Irish Home Rule owed a great



Labouchere

deal to him, but he was unrewarded in the Liberal Government of 1892-95, because Victoria objected to the Editor of *Truth*. Lord Rosebery equally refused to make him Ambassador at Washington. Labouchere had a great share of distinction and notoriety in English politics for many years. When he supported peace during the South African War he was mobbed at Northampton. He withdrew from Parliament at the end of 1905 and lived the rest of his life near Florence.

It is acknowledged that Stead wielded the greatest individual influence of his time. According to John Morley, "His extraordinary vigour and spirit made other people seem wet blankets, sluggish, creatures of moral defaultance." Stead and Labouchere were Titans in their time. Will journalists grow to their stature again, refusing to remain as pigmies and worms?

On the fifth avenue bus, a lady passenger was making a pest of herself. Every five minutes she'd ask the conductor, "Have we come to Riverside Drive yet?" She was getting on his nerves, but he kept his temper. Finally, she cried, "How will I know when we come to Riverside Drive?"

He couldn't resist that. "By the big smile on my face, lady, by the big smile on my face."

THE NEW MIDDLE EAST: BRITAIN'S DILEMMA

by DAVID MARTIN

OUT of the fighting in Palestine and out of the negotiations to end it a new Middle East is emerging. There can be no doubt that the presence of seven-hundred thousand Jews, compactly settled in their victorious young State and equipped with western technique, will make itself felt more and more as a most powerful influence in the Arab world and perhaps beyond.

In spite of Mr. Bevin's belated recognition of Ben Gurion's Government, it has appeared in recent weeks, almost as if Britain was more anxious to frustrate the growth of Israel than were the Arabs themselves. Britain does not want any strong power or State to come into being close to her strategic life lines, be it Arab or Jewish. Her hostile attitude towards Israel today is a logical extension of traditional devices which, in other days, have been used, for instance, against Egypt. A glance at British diplomacy in the past is sufficient to prove the point: there is the "Tangier Statute" which forbids Spain to fortify Morocco (and to overawe the Gibraltar Straits); Britain's pro-Italian policy is conditional on Italy not building a strong navy and is converted into its opposite as soon as she does; Britain is opposed to the emerging of any Government in Greece potentially independent of London, and her policy is one of "non-intervention" in Spain where Britain did not support the Spanish Republic for fear that it might prove less open to "guidance" than the, in other ways unwelcome, Franco regime.

Although Israel is weak in absolute terms, she is strong strategically; she has already proved that she could overrun the Suez Canal zone but for the presence of British troops. In a third world war her intervention in this area could be decisive. In the recent past Britain has, to her own advantage, taken note of the fact. Jewish units proved valuable to her when the Middle East had to

be turned into an anti-German redoubt—far more valuable than any Arab contribution—and at one time British co-operation with the now feared *Haganah* went far enough to allow for the appearance of *Haganah* units of German-Jewish origin behind the Nazi lines in German uniforms.

As long as the Arab countries of the Middle East thought that England, in her weakened post-war state, was still stronger than Israel in Palestine and less dangerous to their own aspirations because centred further away, they seemed willing to use Britain against Zionists. But these two conditions have changed or are changing. The Jewish armies (using, in the Negev, tactics first demonstrated by Wavell against the Italians) have routed four Arab armies and halted a fifth. More important still, the recognition is gaining ground from Riad to Cairo that Chaim Weizmann or Ben Gurion may, in the long run, prove more valuable neighbours than troops sent by orders of Mr. Bevin and Mr. Attlee.

In itself, the latter development is not entirely new. Even while the first world war was still raging Weizmann had concluded an accord with the Emir Feisal and, earlier still, the Zionist founder-father Theodor Herzl had negotiated with the Ottoman Government for the equivalent of a Balfour doctrine. Certainly, Jews and Arabs have memories of a period in the history of each people when they reached a joint flowering of their civilisations in the days of Maimonides and the Caliphs of Cordoba. Ishmael and Israel are brothers.

In Palestine the Jews have succeeded in raising the standard of living of the Arabs considerably; the expectation of life of an Arab in Nablus is 18 years more than of an Arab in, say, Amman. And there is that in Jewish Palestine which draws it closer to its neighbour: it is also nationalist and struggling to free itself from great-power tutelage. As

long as the land-owning *Effendi* classes, who more than anything feared the evolution of Zionism with its socialist tendencies imbibed from revolutionary Eastern European origins, had the decisive voice, England was the most desirable ally. But the middle-classes are replacing the feudal aristocracy, especially in Syria and Egypt, and they have more to hope than to fear from an Israel that will never be able to exploit the Arab world economically but which might be able to supply many of the needs for their own further advancement.

Put in a different way, Israel, having shown itself not easy to be conquered, may be used by the Arabs against England to better purpose than Britain is now trying to use the Arabs against Israel. It is of great significance that Britain is more and more exclusively falling back on the services of King Abdullah who needs outside support more than any other Arab ruler. It must, however, be uncomfortably clear to Whitehall that, if the Jews manage to come to terms with their other opponents, Abdullah cannot by himself stand out for long.

Palestine, and this must count heavily in the long run, is weak in primary resources, with the exception of potash reserves in the Dead Sea. But she has an exceedingly virile population with strong ties binding her to such industrially growing countries as Poland and Czechoslovakia, as also with the U.S.S.R. in the last analysis, and she can provide capital and technical "know-how" to her neighbours. Such a contribution could have the result still further to reduce drastically British influence in this vital area. Last but not least there is the example of successful defiance she has set; an Egypt that has made a sincere peace with Israel over the heads of the British and against their pressure will be far less ready to compromise with Britain in questions such as that of the Sudan.

In drawing together the nationalist States and movements of the Middle East on the basis of a more real co-operation than the Arab League has been able to provide, and in the exclusion through such unity of big-power hegemony, Israel could render much service to the cause of peace and of Asian emancipation.

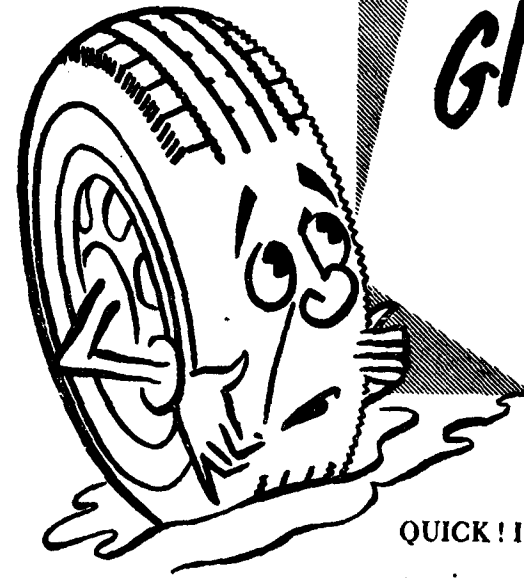
Whether she will do so depends only in part on her own leaders who, hitherto, have not shown themselves bunglers in the chancellery and on the battlefield and who, we assume, are realists enough to appreciate the supreme importance of Arab friendship.

What, then, does it depend upon? Largely on whether America believes in the possibility of an independent, friendly Israel or whether she fears that Israel must become an ally of the Soviet Union rather than a two-way buffer. Until now, making fullest use of the East-West split, the Government in Tel Aviv has managed to convince Washington that Israeli independence—the relative independence of a small but vigorous country—is in America's best interests. But, on the assumption that a sincere, lasting Anglo-Jewish accord is almost impossible in the near future in the face of Mr. Bevin's hostility and miscalculations, it is not difficult to imagine the kind of argument British diplomats are now urging on the U.S.A. State Department.

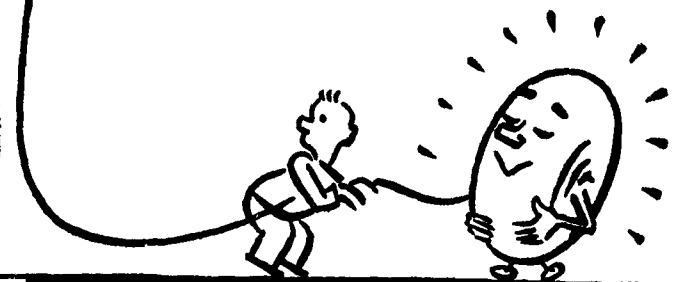
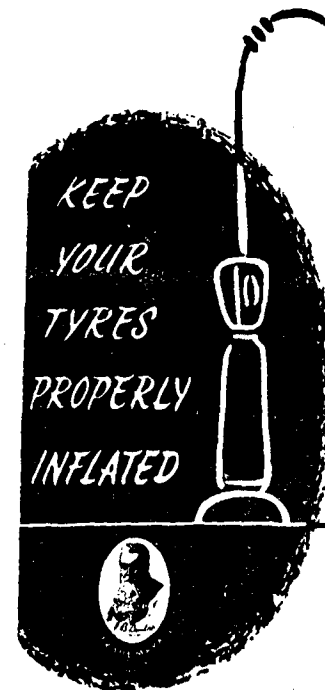
"Your communications with Turkey," they are probably saying, "run through Palestine. Turkey is your advance bastion—the only reasonably secure one—against Russia and the Baku oil wells. Only from Turkey would you have some hope of disrupting a Soviet advance into your own oil sphere. As to ourselves, we have half made up our mind that our own life-lines must be defended in Africa and no longer on the Suez Canal. But how can you take any risks in Palestine? In the long run the Arabs will need you more than the leftist inclined Jews, on whom you cannot rely."

If this argument bears fruit in the way it is intended, Britain, as a re-instated defender of American strategic interests, may serve her own designs better than she is doing now in association with those forces of the Arab world who have had their day.

In the end, very much will depend on the attitude of countries such as India. If they conceive their interests, and use their influence aright, Israel can be assisted to assume such a position on the western flank of Asia as will benefit the whole of the continent.



QUICK! I can feel an attack of underinflation coming on and it might be fatal. You see, I'm really only a container for air, and there's an exact amount of air I should hold—specified in pounds pressure—to carry a given load. Too much—and I can't hold it. Too little—and all sorts of unpleasant things happen to me.



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WANTED: A LITERARY TRIBUNAL

How many books did you read last year?
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know why Indian authors starve?

THE starving author has at last found someone to plead his cause—and no less a person than the Prime Minister Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru!

In an article on the national language, which, he made clear, he was writing "not as Prime Minister but as an author" he forcefully drew attention to the miserable economic condition of authors, specially those writing books in the Indian languages.

SERIES OF BEST-SELLERS

Author Nehru himself, we know, has not always had a very fair deal from publishers. If he had been more strict and business-like in his dealings with them he should have earned a great deal of money from his books at least four of which are best-sellers, and not only in India but also abroad. His *Letters To A Daughter*, being an intelligent school girl's guide to the history of human evolution, is prescribed reading in many schools and will always be in demand. His *Autobiography* and *Glimpses Of World History* both have been published in India, England and the U. S. A., and been translated in several Indian languages. I know that "*Meri Kahani*" (as the *Autobiography* was called in its Urdu version) was extremely popular, though unfortunately several thousand copies of a fresh edition went up in flames when the publishing house of the Jamia Millia in Delhi was burnt-down during the communal riots of August 1947 and, as a result, the book is out of print now.

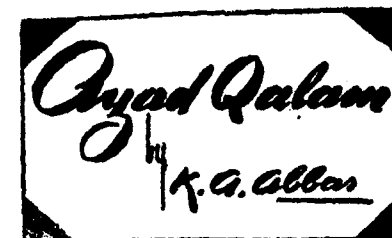
His latest *Discovery Of India*, of course, has had the most phenomenal reception which any book has ever had in India. The advance orders were so large that two editions (of 5,000 copies each, I believe) were sold out

before publication. Since then, I think, several more editions have been exhausted, in spite of the fact that the British and American editions also were sold in India.

"A SCANDAL AND A DISGRACE!"

His success, as an author, is the exception that proves the rule of authors being generally impecunious. In the beginning he might have been cheated of his royalties by some publisher, and I think he lost a good deal of money when Bodley Head collapsed, but since then no publisher can dare to deal with this particular author as authors in general are treated! It is all the more gratifying, therefore, that he should have voiced such a strong protest on behalf of his less fortunate brother authors. This is how he wound up the article to which I have referred:

"May I put in a word for authors, more especially for authors in Hindi and Urdu? It has pained me greatly to see how some of our best and most promising authors have suffered at the hands of publishers and have often been exploited by them. While journalists flourish, the real author of talent has little chance. I know of cases where publishers have bought up the copyright of books in Hindi for a mere song, because the poor author was starving and had no other choice. These publishers managed to make a good deal of money out of those books, and yet the author continued to starve. I think this is a scandal and a public disgrace.....It is a foolish policy, even from the publishers' point of view, to kill the author or to prevent him from doing worthwhile work. But from a national point of view this question is even more important, and it is up to the nation to see to it, that our authors of talent have opportunity to do good work."



I propose the following names for this Committee:—

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru
(Chairman).
Mahadevi Varma (Hindi).
Mulk Raj Anand (English).
Krishenchander (Urdu).
Mama Warerkar (Marathi).
K. M. Munshi (Gujerati).
Sawar Gurbakhsh Singh
(Punjabi).

And, of course, there should be one representative each for Bengali, Tamil, Telugu, Kannada, Malayalam, etc. Now that Author Nehru has taken up the fight on behalf of the authors, the Prime Minister must see to it that something concrete and practical is done about it.

BUY MORE BOOKS

Ultimately, however, the authors will really come into their own and get their due when the public demand for their books is substantially increased. Even the most honest publisher cannot ensure decent returns to an author if the average sales of a book do not exceed a thousand copies in a whole year—and that, in most cases, is an optimistic expectation.

The spread of literacy and increase in the purchasing power of the people are necessary to give a real boost to the book market in India. For that we have to wait. But even as it is, I am afraid many more people can and should buy books than they do at present.

The few who do buy books go in for English and American publications, contemptuously ignoring even the best books by Indian authors published in India. An Indian author attracts their attention only

if his book is published in English—or if he happens to be a Minister of India. As for books in Indian languages most English educated book-buyers are not even aware that any books are published in their mother tongues.

This combination of snobbery and inferiority complex has infected the book-sellers, too, and Indian publications are dumped in some corner-like untouchables—while foreign books are given maximum display. The bigger book-sellers, of course do not stock any books in the "Vernaculars" of the "natives." And, at least in Bombay, there is not even one properly-organised and decently displayed shop to which one could go for Hindi, Urdu, Gujarati and Marathi books.

I put these questions to many students of the Allahabad University (and got extremely disappointing replies). Now the readers of this column can put these questions to themselves: How many books did you read last year? How many did you buy? Of these how many were published in India? How many were in an Indian language? How much money did you spend on books and how much on the cinema?

Don't send me the answers, please keep them to yourselves. But now you know why Indian authors starve, why so many of them are forced to drift into non-literary professions, why of those who stick to authorship many become nervous physical wrecks, suffering from frustration, and why more and better books are not being written and published in India!

Even at the risk of being accused of boosting my own trade I give you a slogan: **IF YOU WANT BETTER BOOKS, BUY MORE BOOKS!**

BOOK OF THE WEEK
TWELVE MILLION BLACK VOICES
(A Folk History of The Negro In The United States Of America) by Richard Wright (Lindsay Drummond Ltd., London, 15 shillings) is a statement of objective, historic reality written with poetic feeling and lyricism which raises it to the level of a little classic. That it is written by a Negro saves it from patronage and condescension which might have crept into a white man's style; that the author happens to be a humanist and socialist saves it from self-pity or aggressive chauvinism; that the author is a man of the stature of Richard Wright (famous for his *Native Son* and *Black Boy*) assures an engrossing narrative and a powerfully stimulating book.

In the combination of picturesque words and 147 eloquent photographs, *Twelve Million Black Voices* tells the 300-year old story of the Negro in America—the 'plunder' of human bodies on the African coast, the slave

traffic, the bonded life on the Southern plantations, the illusion of freedom after the Civil War, the exploitation and the lynchings, the trek northwards and the impact of industry and urban life. The story is told not so much in terms of dates and events as in terms of developing human behaviour, never losing sight of the historical perspective and the economic background. It ends on a note not of false optimism but of understanding of the forces that are resolving, and must resolve the distinctions of class, creed AND COLOUR, in the upsurge of the mute millions, white and black. Says Wright:

"The differences between black folk and white folk are not of blood or colour, and the ties that bind us are deeper than those that separate us. The common road of hope that we all have travelled has brought us into a stronger kinship than any words, laws, or legal claims. . . . We (the Negroes) are with the new tide. We stand at the cross roads. We watch each new procession. The hot wires carry urgent appeals. Print compels us. Men are moving! And we shall be with them. . . ."

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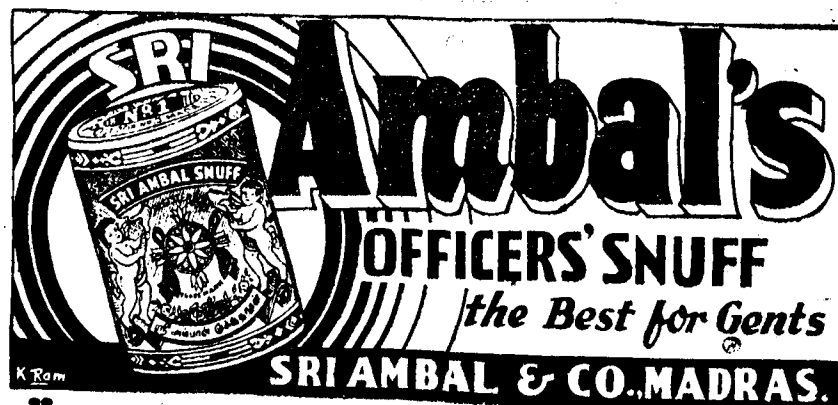
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LENIN IN TAMIL*

by MANJERI S. ISVARAN

THERE is such a voluminous literature about Lenin that to add howsoever little to it would be an act of supererogation. However, I think I would be within my bounds if I mention two books that have been issued in Tamil about this greatest leader of the working class of the world. One is a biographical study of Lenin; the other stories about Lenin that have the simplicity and charm to hold "children from play and old men from the chimney-corner." Mr. Vai Govindan and Mr. A. L. Natarajan, publishers respectively of these volumes, have made history in Tamil publishing both in matter and manner of production. They are still young and their quick rise to fame in the publishing field could unhesitatingly be compared to Blackwell's and Victor Gollancz's in England.

Mr. Ramanathan has touched the life of Lenin at many angles; but as is usual in many biographies he does not give undue importance to family affairs, which if he had done would have taken away much of the intensity of his method—the portrayal of Lenin as the leader of a new type, the creator of revolution, and the redeemer of Russia. He has included a small sheaf of letters from the many that Lenin wrote to his family—the letters here are mostly to his mother—for with his mother "Lenin shared all joys and gave her unflagging moral support—a support she sorely needed, for life in tsarist Russia was hard for this family, which had dedicated itself heart and soul to the people's cause." Mr. Ramanathan ignites sparks in his prose, often it gathers a whirlwind velocity.

Stories about Lenin is a little masterpiece. Mr. Ranganathan has not achieved a simpler, sweeter, and more luminous prose than in this

slim volume of translation. Each story moves softly to the sound of its own muted music. Before your eyes stands Lenin, a man of illimitable charms, a reservoir of human understanding, enjoying the simple pleasures of life with the profound heartiness of a plain man.

"We wonder at Gandhi," writes Mr. Ranganathan in the course of his introduction; "praise him, bow unto him; worship him like a god. Why? Because he is a Mahatma. Time and again he has repudiated this title, still he is a Mahatma. And for our heroic worship we need a Mahatma. The people of Russia wonder at Lenin; praise him; bow unto him; worship him like a god. Nevertheless, to them Lenin is Comrade Lenin. For their heroic worship they only want a friend—a comrade. For, they belong to a new state of mankind a state created by Lenin."

To paint the portrait of this revolutionary intellectual whose speech was so widely integrated with his personality is no easy task. He was simple, but the simple is often imponderable. In the words of Maxim Gorky: "He was as simple and straightforward as everything he said. His heroism is surrounded by no glittering halo. His was that heroism, which Russia knows so well....the unassuming austere life of self-sacrifice...his unshakable belief in the possibility of social justice on earth. Vladimir Lenin is dead. But the inheritors of his thought and will are alive. They live and carry on their work more triumphantly than anyone in the history of mankind... There is no force which can put out the torch which Lenin raised aloft in the stifling darkness of a mad world."

The earth never forgets.

- * 1. Lenin Pirandam, by R. Ramanathan (Shakti Karyalayam, Madras).
2. Lenin Charitra Kathaikal, translated into Tamil by T. J. Ranganathan from Stories about Lenin by A. Kononov (Pudumai Patippakam, Ltd., Karaikudi.)

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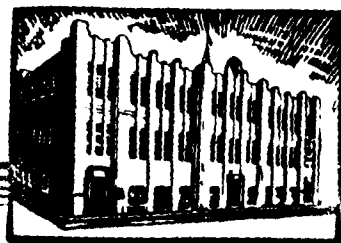
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MY TRAVAIL WITH A HOUSE

by BHIKKU

TO own a house of your own with a patch of garden is a dream and a passion with most, since the days when man ceased to wander upon the face of the earth in search of pastures for his flock. In a world where everything is transitory a piece of land and a house register an illusion of permanency not given to other possessions. There is a reverberating everlastingness in the copper plate deeds of gifts of land by kings in olden days which premise with "As long as the sun and moon last.....". In youth when the eye sees allure everywhere and the heart senses romance round every corner this hunger for solidity and stability is in the unperceived subconscious, but it is astounding how suddenly one slips from the twenties into forties and fifties by the lying calendar without ever feeling the shoals of the incline. A house and a piece of land would seem to be a buckler and a sword even against the inevitable day when you will be called hence. Having said all that, I have come to consider that it is a wise and beneficent dispensation of providence that to ninety and nine in a hundred owning a house remains ever a fantasy. For as colours that are unseen are the most gorgeous and music that is unheard is the sweetest, dreams have to remain unrealised to retain their glamour. It should have been that kindly providence had turned her blind eye on me—or was it that I nudged her too much—when she abandoned me to be the one in that hundred who did come upon the fruition of that dream. For a spurt of insurances outlived and provident fund turned improvident gave a poignant interest to a rumour that a dwelling house opposite to an old friend's place was in the market. Its diminutive height, leaky roof, peeling walls and narrow staircase—all of which and many other defects sedulously pointed out by the tenant in occupation—were counter-balanced by its central situation, as the owner was not slow to press upon me, propping up his fancy price with

a final 'If only you give away the front room for a shop you would be fully assured of good interest on the outlay.' That probably did it or may be my extra feeling of vagrancy in the metropolis or the house's location opposite to my friend's place or the old lady's hankering after a dwelling from which she need only step across to buy her groceries.

The very first impediment was the aforesaid tenant, for thanks to the Japanese aborted invasion and clamping down of rents at the then level, he had come to consider it a just reward for good deeds in past births, as by sub-letting a fraction he was able to live more than rent-free. It took me a year of steady pressure through a lawyer, followed by an appeal to the rent-controller to get the place. Here again that jade, providence, gave me a long rope, for I couldn't have obtained possession but for chancing to possess that unlikely complex of qualifications, which alone entitle an owner to step into his place apart from the negligible factor of parting with his life's savings in its behalf. In the satisfaction of occupying my nest, I over looked such trifles as unpaid rents and lighting charges for months.

When buying the place a year ago, I had firmly told myself and such of my friends as had suggested alterations that I would not be foolish enough to meddle with a livable house, where two families had thrived and multiplied for a number of years until conditions in the building industry improved vastly. I really had no notion as to the details of the adverse conditions nor of the factors that are likely to improve such conditions in any foreseeable future. I had such grand talk steps up one's self-esteem whatever its effect on others. But this complacency couldn't endure, for the next rain soaked the kitchen and the bed-room, every sizable visitor who panted up to see me would remark on the staircase and my sister who is the severest critic expatiated on all the unmentionable defects in the bath rooms and in the plumbing. Also that

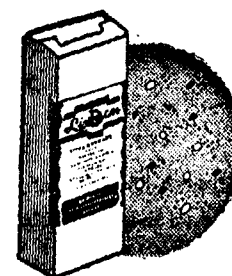
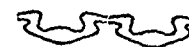
possible addition to my income by conversion of the front room into a shop was a secret allure that grew with thinking. I was in this nebulous pliant state when I became a prey to the plausible words of a well meaning engineer friend whose natty effects and architectural short-cuts were an amazement to many. He evinced great interest in the problem of renovating my old-world affair into a neat modern thing, with a facade that would captivate any shopman. He was airy about costs as usual and although he wouldn't pin himself to any finalities mentioned so reasonable figure as a likely limit and was so enthusiastic about finding nearly all the timber and double the quantity of bricks necessary for the alterations from the over plus material from the portions to be pulled down, that giving a 50 per cent margin for possible slips, I threw away such rudimentary sense that still acted as a break on my visions. I stepped into the jungle which is the playground of 'nature red in tooth and claw,' of cataclysmic forces of diminutive supply and excessive demand, of forms, plans, applications, license fees, permits and interminable waitings for interviews with tin gods of various degrees and kinds entrenched behind peons and files, viewing the non-official world in general with a tolerant and patient antipathy. My application to the municipality for license to build took two months and eleven personal visits and a row with a clerk before it obtained approval. An amendment to this plan remains still peremptory although 3 months have passed and the work is done. May be it is my meek worship of legality in my commerce with authority of any kind that is to blame. So avers at least my architectural friend in his impatience. Delays and thwartings were transparently and sedulously fostered by petty officialdom with a view to palm grease but apart from the question of cost and ethics, a shrinking delicacy forbade this messy remedy. Armed with the municipal sanction, I made my obeisance to the different controllers, of cement, iron, etcetera, altogether another weary month of

trappings and cheeky clerks and smirking peons.

By and bye the demure front of the dwelling house took on shape and a snappy business-like appearance. Although still doubtful of his superlatives, the stock of my architect friend rose with me, since thus far his performance was not sizably beyond the reach of arithmetic. I was elated and felt that there was no call to be so jumpy about finance. I had not until then trodden on his artistic corns nor come across his propensity for engineering improvisation which involved violent and revolutionary changes of plans entailing demolition of more and more portions of my home and their reconstruction. His artistry and skill were alright. The fault no doubt was in my purse and the cement and steel controller. And that plethora of bricks that was to have entirely covered my requirements went into the air as what was had was only rubble in a thick mass of mud and one stupendous problem was how and where to remove this artificial hill. It occupied the backyard and invaded the bathroom and the kitchen leaving little elbow room for the carpenter or the masons to stock their material and use them. It was while doing the staircase that I had a head-on collision with my adviser, when he posited for the first time that it was not possible to re-roof with tiles and that the whole of the area should be terraced! The fear came into me for the first time, that whatever the artistry of my friend's handiwork, the result may have to be mortgaged beyond redemption. The wood from the old structure was useful only for struts and scrap work. Burma had gone off the civilized map and its teak shot up in price. The carpenter, called upon to negotiate with lesser material and manipulate with the old timber, left in disgust. The cement gave out. How to get at this commodity with the lengthening demands and how to vary the beggary with the controller so as not to utterly belie plausibility became a burden. My life was one of continued alarms, of stretched nerves, forlorn hopes and ready despair, in a thralldom of appeasement of this

new aristocracy humourously still denominated as workmen and maitries. My endeavour lay in bond to a multitude of trifles: the sand cartmen's susceptibility to Newmoon days, the brick carts not being held up for municipal dues, the lime merchant not forgetting to bring his box measure, of the mason's mother-in-law not worsening in health in the cold wave. And one day there was a royal fight between the master carpenter and his assistant. Each was an artist in epithets and the crowd that collected applauded according as the fertility of language of the one or the other caught their imagination, until the police intervened. On another I made a faux-pas with the plumber, not knowing

his sensibility to a sister-in-law's demise. My consciousness of a world beyond my immediate purpose has become so narrowed that I seem to see it only through the key hole of a prison of alarms, adjustments and penny-pinching anxieties, the days being frittered and fretted away in absurd details. The vision of a completed home and of a gracious unharassed living recede farther and farther as the days wear on to weekly settlement of wages and the weeks weave into months of attenuating bank balances. I look back with yearning to my homeless care-free days. Blessed are the tenants, for they toil not, neither do they spin and yet are the inheritors of the kingdom of houses.



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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.

Need For New Outlook

It is with some surprise and not a little pain that I read the comments of SAKA in *Swatantra* dated 12th February 1949. While *Swatantra* has won a reputation as a fair and independent organ of public opinion, Saka is noted for his shrewdness and inside knowledge of political affairs. In the circumstances the comments of SAKA on Sri C. Rajagopalachari, Sri R. K. Shanmukham Chetty and Sir A. Ramaswami Mudaliar are hardly just or generous. Sri C. Rajagopalachari as Governor-General of India is the head of the State, and is an exalted personage. He deserves to be treated with great deference by the press and the public. There is profound political wisdom behind the British political axiom 'The King can do no wrong,' and Sri C. Rajagopalachari occupies the place of the King in the Indian State. To portray the head of the State as a cheap politician and wire-puller, and Sri Chetty and Sir Arcot, in effect, as job-hunters, is undignified, to say the least. To have been pro-British when the British ruled over India is an offence in the estimation of SAKA. This raises the knotty problem of the policy, in its various stages, of a subject people under foreign domination. We passed through autocracy to a policy of association with Government, and then to responsive co-operation, and finally to thorough going non-cooperation and victory. What has SAKA to say about the prize-boys of the British Government who now hold high positions of trust and responsibility in the Government of India? I shall refrain from mentioning the very large number of Indian High Court judges and eminent Indian lawyers who administered British laws in India.

SAKA forgets that Sri Chetty and Sir Arcot are men with great administrative experience and Sri Chetty is unequalled in India for his profound grasp of Indian finance vis-a-vis world finance. We have not a plethora of such men in India today and Congressmen in power are just now learning the intricacies of the art of administration. SAKA complains that the Governor-General tries to make friends of enemies. The Congress wrested independence not for the party but for the people and every available talent ought to be mobilised for the business of the government of this great country. Remembering the various political, social and economic forces leavening the country today, and the present internal turmoil in the surrounding Asian countries,

it will be a delusion to suppose that we have settled down to stable government after the sudden departure of the British from India. Our Governor-General is not a child in politics and our Prime Minister is undoubtedly the greatest Indian after Gandhiji. To suggest that one outwits the other in patronage that the governance of India is a game of wits, betrays lack of grasp of the fundamentals of the Indian political situation today.

SAKA has not shaken off the unhappy outlook on men and matters sedulously fostered during the days of the foreign rule. We have been victims of the mischief or poison of foreign rule. It infected all of us in varying degrees. As a free nation it is time that we developed restraint, and generous, healthy attitudes towards each other and deal with each other on a higher plane, remembering that our culture and civilisation is now being salvaged after it had been very nearly destroyed by a thousand years of Muslim and British rule.

'SONNY.'

Madras Endowments Bill

The promoters of the Madras Endowments Bill are certainly not endowed with foresight. At a time when the feeling that the Congress is making a Cinderella of Hinduism, is gaining ground in the country, to the obvious advantage of certain interested parties, the Madras Government should not allow their zeal to outrun their discretion. No doubt there is need for a thorough overhaul of the affairs of many of our temples, mutts and charitable institutions. But the remedy suggested in this Bill would appear to be worse than the disease.

To ensure correct procedure in the temples and mutts, both as to the rites and observances and as to the proper accounting of the incomes and expenditures, the Government can take adequate measures by appointing a superintending cum audit agency for each assorted group of temples and mutts. A central committee may be formed consisting of learned and eminent men with judicial experience to advise the Government on matters where irregularities and shortcomings are discovered in the affairs of particular religious institutions. After proper enquiry, the Government can deal drastically with those cases to the warranted extent.

Reforms like temple entry, removal of untouchability, etc., are acts of wisdom. But measures like the contemplated Bill are measures of unwisdom. Religion cannot and should not be made the sport of the Governments of the day.

In the temples, the staff which attends to the routine rites and observances, may be selected after graduation in staff colleges conducted at suitable centres by eminent religious teachers. The Government can give suitable grants to such recruiting centres. This mode of selection would ensure that the religious duties in temples are performed in a most befitting manner, by the most proper persons.

Thus, there are a hundred different ways of achieving the reformation desired by the Minister concerned, without having to traverse through the troubled waters of controversy. But, pray, let him not preen himself as God's own mountebank and do things which lie outside his competence and propriety. Let not our politicians aspire for spiritual leadership. First let them fulfil the legitimate work allotted to them, to the satisfaction of the greatest number of the governed.

P. N. SAMPATH.

Nellore.

Unpaid Teachers

The staff of the two elementary aided schools in Isukapalli and Repalli have not yet received their salaries for July, August and September 1948. Some teachers are actually half starved. Their awkward position is beyond description. I appeal to the leaders to take up the case of these teachers.

M. V. G.

Repalli.

Common Man Fed Up

The discussions on the present economic crisis of India remind us of the story of the six blind men of Hindusthan. Some speak of the 'strike of capital'; some of the 'crisis of confidence.' Some refer to the recalcitrant attitude of labour in the supreme task of combating the crisis. Still others point out that a 'moral crisis' has overtaken our country as well as the world. The latest in the field has been 'The Eastern Economist' emphasising that the decline in production is due not so much to unwillingness of capital to participate in industry as to the absence of it in the requisite quantity. It is probable that truth does not exclusively reside in any one of these diagnoses but pervades every one of them.

But the members of the Central Gov-

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unsatisfactory level of production is due to the insufficiency of incentive to our capitalists and industrialists. The pronouncements of the Ministers seem to betray an anxiety to humour the latter. Sardar Patel's reference to the burden of taxation under which according to him the capitalists are groaning has drawn a chorus of criticism as an instance of misplaced sympathy. The speech of John Matthai at the meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce at Calcutta some time back as well as the recent addresses of Pardit Nehru and Dr. Syamaprasad Mukherjee at the meeting of the Central Advisory Council of Industries indicate that the opinion of the Central Cabinet is fairly unanimous on the necessity of affording 'relief' to the capitalist and 'security' to the industrialist. The forthcoming budget is expected to give a concrete expression to the assurances conveyed to the capitalists so far.

The efforts of the Prime Minister and his lieutenants are directed to the re-orientation or rather the retracing of the industrial policy of the Government announced in April last year. The Government were willing to strike but afraid to wound and the Industrial Policy Statement represented an attempt at recon-

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 collation of the conflicting views on the question of nationalisation. The Government bit off more than they could chew by setting before themselves the task of securing fair return to capital, adequate wages to labour and reasonable prices to the consumer. It was evident even then that success could not crown any of these laudable objectives.

In the course of his address to the Central Advisory Council of Industries, Pandit Nehru pointed out that the economic problems of India were not impossible of solution in as much as we have in abundance necessary resources, both material and human, and made a fervent appeal to capital and labour to sink their differences and to co-operate with each other in the duty of increasing production. He advised the industrialists not to feel panicky on account of the speeches of politicians and members of the government and assured them that no Government could lay down policies to which it would adhere in all its strength. Such statements as these may be calculated to remove the fears of the industrialists; but will they not increase the doubts of the common man? If Governments do not contemplate the implementation of the announcements of its Ministers how can they have anything more than an entertainment-value? No wonder that neither industrialists nor labour leaders take the appeals of the members of the Government seriously.

Measures to combat inflation have proved equally futile. The two-fold programme for the attack on inflation, viz., reducing the quantity of money in circulation and increasing production, has proved a tame affair. In this the Government had to humour not capital and labour alone but some of the provincial Governments as well.

The result is that the condition of the common man has remained as deplorable as ever. He is neither interested in the diagnosis of the economic ills nor in the announcements of economic policy. He is interested in a solid and substantial relief in the form of reduced prices and better living conditions. It is an undisputed fact that the common man is fed up with pious platitudes and is sorely disappointed at the policy of vacillation and indecision on the part of the Government.

We often read of the success of this conference and that. The 'success' of the recent conference on Indonesia is an indication of how much easier it is to indulge in lofty idealism than to face practical realities more aggressively facing the country. If the Central Government exhibits half as much grit and determination in tackling the economic problems as in dealing with political

issues, the well-being of the common man would be assured.

K. SANYASIAH.

Bhimavaram.

From Pillar to Post

I took the evening train at Bellary on February 1 last for Kurnool via Guntakal and Dronachalam. At Guntakal, where I had to change the train, the waiting passengers (including myself) boarded the Bezvada Passenger soon after it was formed on the platform. After ten minutes had elapsed, a (M.S.M.) railway official came to the compartment (of which I was one of the occupants), scrawled the words "Reserved for females" on its door with a piece of chalk, shouted to the passengers to "clear out" and departed. It is needless to state that the passengers, many of whom had much luggage with them, had to undergo great difficulty in squeezing themselves and their belongings elsewhere in the train which, as usual was crowded. At Dronachalam I had to change over to the Secunderabad train where also a confrere of the Guntakal man acted similarly, compelling the poor passengers to seek refuge in another crowded compartment. But to their utter dismay, some other railwayman made his appearance at that compartment too and warned its occupants to clear out at Kurnool where the armed guards would get into it.

Some experienced travellers among the passengers averred that this kind of "reservation for females" was a mere ruse adopted by certain railway officials on all the railways to provide comfortable accommodation to a favoured party, the writing with the chalk on the door being rubbed off at convenience. Granting, however, that this business of writing with the chalk involving ejection of passengers from the compartment was bona fide, it is, to say the least, scandalous that steps to reserve accommodation should be taken after the formation or arrival (as the case might be) of a train on the platform and its occupation by passengers. Either suitable indication boards must be put up on the compartments or authorised reservation cards attached to the door so that passengers might be warned of occupancy.

Kurnool.

"HAVA."

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