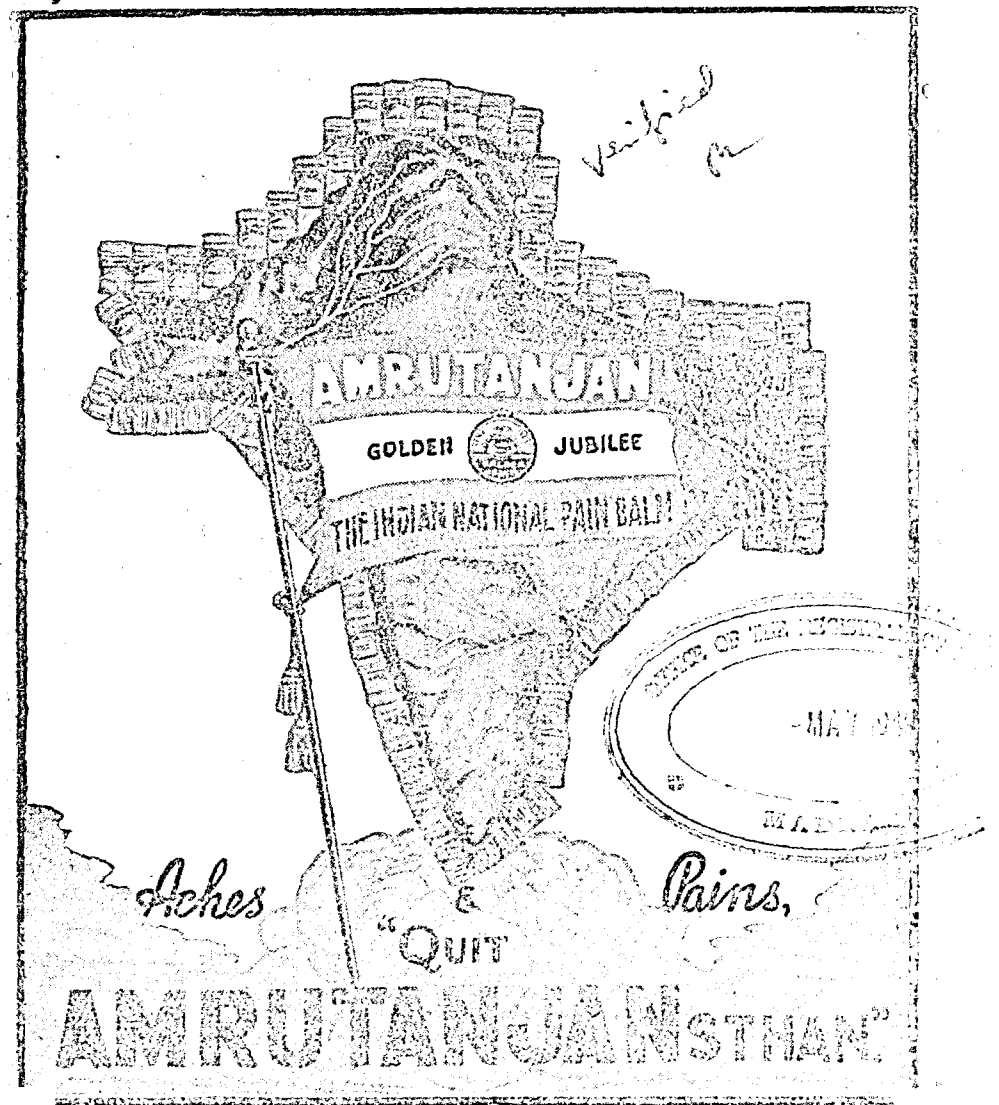




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SWATANTRA

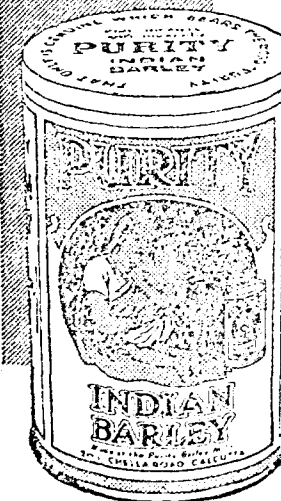
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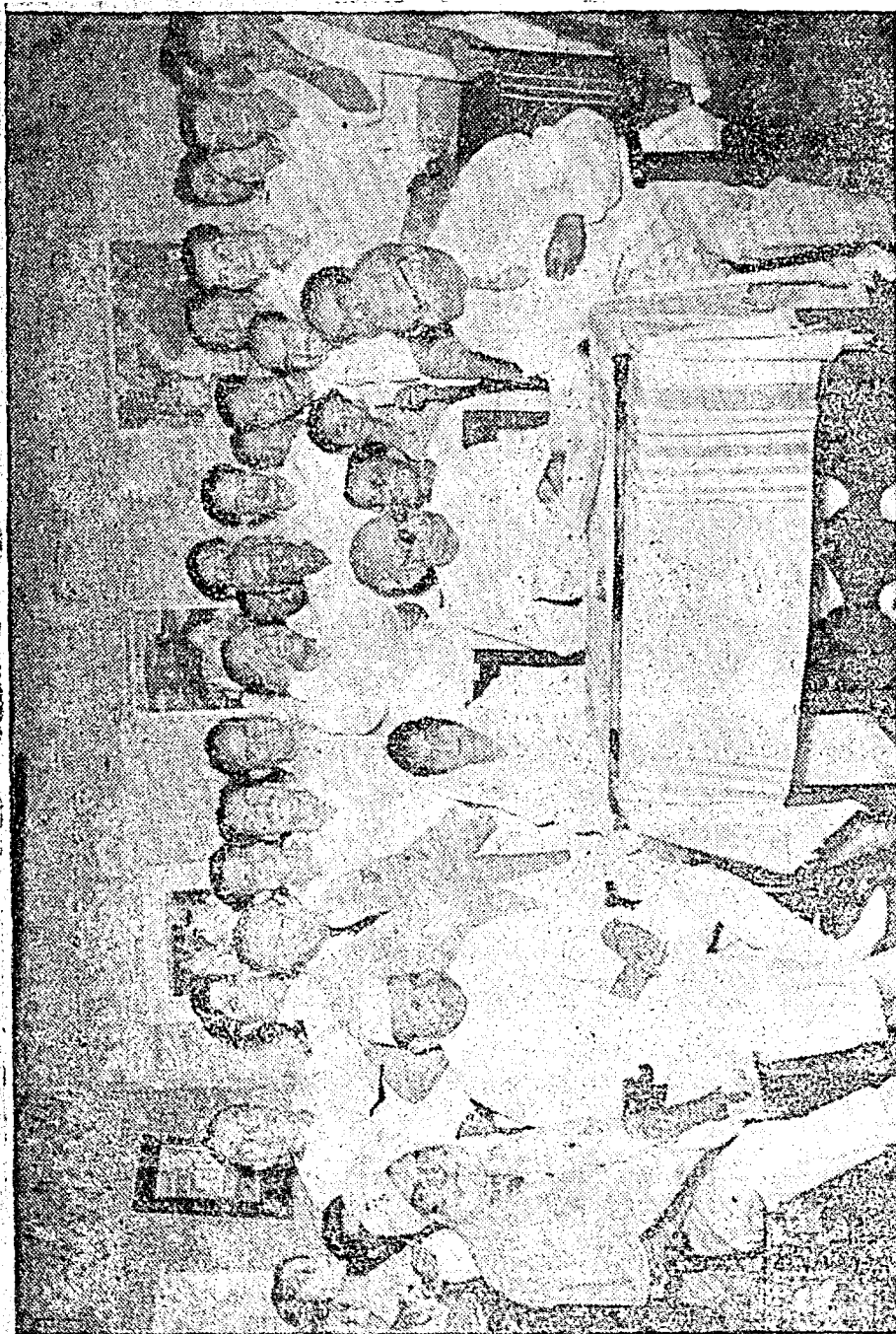
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His Excellency Shri C. Rajagopalachari opening an exhibition of paintings by the members of the Progressive Painters Association, Madras, held in New Delhi. On the right of the Governor-General is Rajakumari Amrit Kaur and on the left is Sir Usha Nath Sen, President of the All-India Fine Arts and Crafts Society who sponsored the exhibition.

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 13

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

WHO IS WHO ?

"WHO is Mr. Prakasam to say that

I should not include this or that person in my Cabinet?" This question was put by the Madras Premier, Sri P. S. Kumaraswami Raja, to a Press Conference addressed by him on Wednesday. He should have put the question to himself when he sought the co-operation of Sri Prakasam to form a broad-based Ministry. Co-operation entails assessment of the worths and characters of the persons with whom one is invited to co-operate, and if in such assessment Sri Prakasam felt that the records of some of the persons included in the Ministry were questionable, that they shed no credit on it, and had to be properly examined and scrutinised, he was in reason entitled to say so. Sri Raja's theory that in the matter of representation in the Cabinet, he was being generous in not making any distinction between those who voted for his leadership and those who voted against, reveals an unfortunate conception which forebodes a far from happy atmosphere during the continuance of his regime. Self-advertisements of generosity are rarely convincing. One can be generous with something that belongs to oneself, such as property. In generosity there is the implication of a gift in excess of the deserts of the receiver. While it is undoubtedly true that some of the Ministers of the Raja Cabinet are so far below the normal calibre of qualified holders of the office, that their choice is understandable only as an expression of the generosity of the Premier, we have grave doubts about the propriety of

such a sentiment being allowed to determine the composition of the Ministry. Only such Ministers as owe their seats to their own competence and not the grace of the Premier are the really worthwhile Ministers. The group mentality which the Premier condemned with his tongue comes into play when the worthwhile are ignored in favour of the inferior out of the mistaken notion that to reward the giver of a vote at an election is "duty" and to give his due to the withholder of a vote is "generosity."

There is an element of comicality in the Premier's reference to his Cabinet in possessive terms. If anything has become crystal clear since his election as leader, it is the fact that the dominating voice in the choice of Ministers for his Cabinet has been that of anybody but his own. His initial announcement of intention to form a broad-based Ministry synchronised with Sri Kamaraj's desire at the time. Sri Kamaraj pulled the strings and the Premier danced to tunes of his setting. As an apostle of broad-basedness backed by the Premier's authority Sri Kamaraj met Dr. Subbaroyan and between the two it was agreed that there should be a composite Ministry with the two opposing sides at the leadership election contributing Ministers in the respective proportions of the votes polled by them. The scene then shifted to Delhi where Kamaraj's plans came up against a dead wall of hostility erected by the Congress Secretary, Sri Kala Venkat Rao. With the Congress President tamely acquiescing, Kala insisted that no member of Sri

rakasam's group in the party should on any account be admitted to the ministry. Had the Premier any consistent attitude regarding his own importance in the scheme of Ministry-making, he should have asked, then, Who is Mr. Kala Venkat Rao to say that I should not include this or that person in my Cabinet?" But Kala got the better of Kamaraj, and in response to the situation that had arisen, the Premier followed Kamaraj with a similar capitulation.

The next phase in the negotiations was taken up by efforts to persuade Dr. Subbaroyan to give up Sri Prakasam and enter the Ministry with nominees of his own choice limited to Tamil legislators. The Premier who now makes so pompous a pretence of refusing to recognise groups was prepared to recognise Dr. Subbaroyan's group but not Sri Prakasam's. To the credit of Dr. Subbaroyan it must be said that he resisted all temptations and inducements placed before him with a firmness that has brought elevation to the besmirched and intrigue-ridden annals of our provincial politics. Those who have shown themselves capable of resisting the lures of ministerial office when the opportunity to step into it smiled on them, have been very few in the Madras Legislature. The general habit has been one of scramble for Ministerships, and it is an open secret that in successive leadership elections the votes of legislators were influenced, and loyalties purchased, with promises of Ministerships, or one kind or other of personal advantage. In the initial years of our post-freedom era, the fatal fascination for ministerial office has played ducks and drakes with the characters and standards of behaviour of Congress politicians, especially legislators. In this atmosphere of blatant self-seeking, Dr. Subbaroyan's example of steadfast adherence to a consistent code of political action has greatly enhanced his own prestige and improved the promise of worthier standards in our public life.

It will be seen that the titular leader of the Congress Legislature Party had to nullify himself under pressure of a veto from Sri Kala Venkat Rao, and was forced into a plight that prevented him from implementing his own commitments about the constitution of a broad-based Ministry. The underlying reasons for Sri Kala Venkat Rao's anti-Prakasam animus are worth careful study by all who wish to extricate the province out of the mess into which it has sunk. Sri Prakasam is the real leader of the people of the Andhra districts. The Andhra Ministers who have ousted him from government are comparatively insignificant figures if importance is to be measured by popularity and the esteem and affection of people. There is disequilibrium in the Andhra area owing to the elimination from the Ministry of the most towering of its leaders, which is comparable only to the disequilibrium that would be witnessed throughout the country if Pandit Nehru, for instance were to be supplanted at the Centre by Dr. Pattabhi or Sri Kala. All the power of the Andhra Ministers is therefore being constantly utilised to strengthen a party of their own as protection against Sri Prakasam's influence, and standards of common citizenship have been wrecked by the shameless application of State power to devices for group strengthening. The Kala group feel that if the armour of State power on which they depend for protection against Sri Prakasam's dominance admits of any chink through which he can get a hold on any share of it, they would have no chance of survival and would be politically undone. Sri Kumaraswami Raja's leadership is tied to the tail of an Andhra group that dare not let go its hold on office because it has nothing else with which to commend itself. Is it this fatal truth that has prompted him to say that people did not care whether A, B or C was Minister. If so, they certainly cannot be expected to care whether Sri Kumaraswami Raja was Premier or how soon he ceased to be one.

Sotto Voce

They Are What We Make Them



FOR the first time in the history of the Indian High Courts a Judge has been removed from office for judicial misconduct. This may come as a great shock to the conscience of the community; greater perhaps than England might feel if such a thing were to occur there, though we took from her our judicial system with its traditions and taboos. The independence and incorruptibility of Britain's Judges was not established in a day. In the long and bitter struggle between Parliament and the Crown the Judges were often involved, and not always to their advantage or credit. The Star Chamber, Bacon and Bloody Jeffries represent the bar sinister in the pedigree of British justice.

Not all the Judges that ever sat in the Indian High Courts have been paragons of virtue either; there was Sir Elijah Impey, for instance. But in the history of British rule fiction has played as important a role as it ever did in the evolution of Hindu Law. The sacredness of the judicial office was a notion that was carefully inculcated in the public mind by the early administrators. This was done partly as a matter of policy, to provide emotional relief from the frustration of a fallen people, partly as a necessary curb on the notorious venality of their own underlings, both indigenous and imported. And, unlike the British whose attitude towards their own institutions is strictly pragmatic, we adopted the quasi-divinity of the judiciary with a naive enthusiasm which has on the whole justified itself.

Most of the ideas that we have borrowed wholesale from Britain and

applied with unthinking fervour have served us anything but well. Take, for example, our pathetic faith in the party system of "ins and outs" or the amusing codes of propriety and chivalry. In exalting the judiciary, however, we were but following our own national bent. Of the Ministers of Dasaratha it was said that none of them would hesitate to inflict the severest penalties on the proved miscreant, be it his own son. And Manu Chola of legendary fame similarly upheld the honour of the Tamil country.

And that reminds me that the King was, in the old days, not only "the source of justice" but very often its dispenser as well. And his Ministers also participated in the judicial function. The formal separation of the judiciary from the executive, which is so characteristic a feature of the British system, was rarely known in the ancient world. It is a safeguard which is indispensable in a polity founded on the eternal flux which we call public opinion. Our forefathers, to whom a system of checks and balances was not unknown, feared however to debilitate justice by putting it in a compartment. The King, the Minister and the Judge could all declare the law but could not create it. Their duty was to discover Dharma.

Till about four decades ago the highest public office to which an Indian could rise in British India was that of a High Court Judge. But in the States, the highest executive post, the Dewanship, was open to him. And the judges could and did make as excellent administrators as the administrators judges, when opportunity came their way. They displayed alike

a wide knowledge of human nature as well as a passion for justice, deep sympathy as well as a wise understanding of the limits of human action, and above all a keen consciousness of the fallibility of human judgments and of the sovereign power of Time.

We have today many judges of the highest calibre just as we have many able administrators. But few will pretend that the average in either case is as high as it used to be. It may be that there are far too many of them. It may be, too, that from the point of view of acquisition of money and power, other and more attractive careers have been opened out in our generation to men of talent. Whatever the explanation, the lowering of standards and morale is general. And in no sphere has this

been more marked than among the wielders of political power. You cannot expect the judiciary alone to be exempt from the general weakness.

Where mere cleverness passes for wisdom and unscrupulousness for statesmanship, where the public good is too often identified with the entrenching of a party in power or the pampering of a particular section, the sap begins to turn. The law will command the instinctive respect of the people only when there is stability and continuity in the social order which it expresses. When the executive usurps the function of the judiciary it does something more than dishonour a constitutional convention; it makes the judges cynical. Justice decays where *hubris* rules.

VIGNESWARA

Professor Raymond Weaver of Columbia thinks he has a born philosopher in his Freshman English class this year. On an examination paper the lad in question wrote, "Socrates was a famous Greek who went around giving people fine advice. They poisoned him."—BENNETT CERF.

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SIDELIGHTS :

Corrupt influence is itself the perennial spring of all prodigality, and of all disorder; it loads us more than millions of debt; takes away vigour from our arms, wisdom from our councils, and every shadow of authority and credit from the most venerable parts of our constitution.—BURKE.

IT is stated by THE MAIL that "it is stated in Ministerial circles that the charges made by Mr. Prakasam against seven Ministers in a memorandum he gave to the Premier to be forwarded to the Congress High Command are over one and a half year old." As though, if a charge is made against a Minister, it is to be considered to have been satisfactorily dealt with, if time passes after it is made. THE MAIL goes on to say, further,

"Those charges were inquired into by the then Congress President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, who finding them baseless in the light of the explanation submitted by the Ministers, directed the charges to be filed.

"When the Deputy Prime Minister of India, Sardar Patel, recently visited Madras, the Ministers drew his attention to Mr. Prakasam's repetition of the charges, he seemed to have asked them not to worry.

"It is further stated that the charges are flimsy and on personal grounds.

"The Ministers have now held out a challenge to Mr. Prakasam to make the charges public and prove them, the Ministers being prepared to face the consequences.

"Would Mr. Prakasam accept the challenge, was the question they asked."

If the charges are "flimsy and made on personal grounds," how comes it that the maker of such flimsy charges on personal grounds is considered a fit person to be negotiated with about the formation of the Ministry? The "challenge" to Mr. Prakasam to make the charges public and prove them is worthy of honourable Ministers. It is very commendable of them to be "prepared to face the consequences." But what is meant by being "prepared to face the consequences?" The historic Belcher who, as it turned out, was guilty only of having accepted some whisky and a few entertainments

from parties on whom he conferred favours, is an example in the recent past of a Minister who faced the consequences of the charges against him. How did he demonstrate his preparedness to face the consequences? Not by sticking to the vantage position of ministerial office, but by divesting himself of it even while the enquiry into his record was proceeding, so that it may be conducted as in the case of any ordinary citizen without the possibility of State power being turned into a shield in his defence. Says Keith: "In the interests of sound administration, it is plain that a Minister should never have any commercial dealing of a kind which may give rise to the suggestion that he is preferring personal advantage to State interest." Why did the great Dalton abdicate his position as Chancellor of the Exchequer? Of his integrity and honesty there was no question. But he had committed an indiscretion in divulging a budget secret. The minutes in advance of the time fixed for its authorised publication. Those minutes were sufficient in a physical sense for a commercial dealing preferring personal advantage to State interest. Just because the possibility of misappropriation of official power was there, though nobody ever dreamed of its probability, the Minister concerned paid the penalty of his indiscretion and honoured the dignity of his high office by voluntarily vacating it.

For showing undue favour to a brother, from the Bench, a High Court Judge has been dismissed by the Governor-General. There is need of similar promptitude of punishment for deviations from rectitude in the case of other wielders of State power besides Judges, in particular, Ministers. Concern for the credit of the Congress organisation is apt to make the top leaders reluctant to have recourse to drastic measures involving the washing of dirty linen before the public gaze. No weakness could be more fatal for the future of our aspiring republic. There have been Ministers with shady administrative records who have ruined the popular goodwill

for the Congress, and the refuge being afforded to them is pulling the prestige of the whole organisation down to a lower level every day. It is to be hoped that Ministers will not be allowed to make light of the charges against themselves by pleading that they are old charges. There is nothing that will not become old if allowed to grow.

Constitutionally Sri Prakasam is on unassailable ground in having made his charges against the Ministers to the accredited leaders of the Congress Party. The report that the charges have been found baseless, emanating now from the very "circles" against whom they have been made, is a one-sided report that will not command much credence, nor will it enhance the credit of the Minister or Ministers responsible for passing such a report on to a newspaper. The fact remains that to this day no intimation of any decision on his charges has been received by Sri Prakasam. Recently he complained to the Congress President about the inordinate delay that had been allowed to take place in respect of the disposal of his charges. He was told by the Congress President that he had ordered a "preliminary investigation," whatever that may mean.

I read in the INDIAN EXPRESS just now a reference by "a spokesman of the Ministry" to my comments in this column last week on the grant of a loan of Rs. 10 lakhs by the Madras Government to the Sudarsan Oil Mills. The spokesman says that the Government had sanctioned grants to the tune of Rs. 67 lakhs to many concerns and "it would be seen therefore that grants were not made to one concern." Congratulations! If the spokesman's object was to make the public rejoice that all the Rs. 67 lakhs were not given to one firm packed with the Finance Minister's relatives, I must say he has fulfilled his task very efficiently. Equal consolation cannot be derived however from his argument that "most of the things attributed to

the Ministers related to their normal acts done in the course of their administrative work" or that statutory bodies that are allegedly independent exist for making recommendations about the distribution of State funds for the aid of industry. In the case of the dismissed High Court Judge referred to above, it may also be said that the things attributed to him related to normal acts done in the course of administrative work. Anyhow it is a remarkable accident that all the independence of the statutory bodies supposed to be making their recommendations in the public interest should result in so much profit to relatives of the Finance Minister. For example, when the Marina Canteen was handed over by the Government to the Corporation, the Corporation leased it for a song to the brother-in-law of the Finance Minister. When the Councillors of the Corporation questioned the Commissioner why tenders were not called, he answered on the floor of the Council that the Government had prescribed, as a condition of the transfer, that the concern should be viewed not as a profit-yielding one but as a model institution. It is gratifying that the idea of affording an amenity to beach-goers of the city in rejection of all commercial motives should have been accepted and acted upon by the Corporation, but such an idea does not seem to have found favour with the Corporation's lessee who has been veritably minting gold. It would appear that the charges in the Marina Canteen are the highest in the city, higher than even the charges at the posh Connemara. I am told by a friend who gave a party at the Canteen to the Environmental Hygiene Committee, Government of India, that flies swarmed so much on the dishes that the Chairman exclaimed, "Behold! the members of the Hygiene Committee are eating flies!" The host made a complaint on the insanitariness of the arrangements to the Health authorities of the Corporation, but though months have passed, conditions seem to remain very much the same.—SAKA.

The eyes are among the first organs of the body to start development in the human embryo, according to the Better Vision Institute. At a very early stage the two retinas are seen as a pair of dimples on that area which is destined eventually to become the forebrain.

UPSURGE OF COMMUNALISM IN MADRAS

By "R. S."

THE Centre's policy is not reflected in the administration of Madras. The latter is a unit of a secular State. Why should she believe in castes and sub-castes? At the helm of affairs is the Congress Ministry. Congressmen have sworn to fight communalism; they are believers in inter-communal unity. But how can those who promote disunity among Hindus be believers in Hindu-Muslim or Hindu-Christian unity? The Centre—which should foster true nationalism in the land—does not recognise any distinction between sub-sects among Hindus. It recently abolished class composition in the Army based on fixed percentages so as to eliminate communal and class differences in the Army and to make it representative of all India. Recruitment is now open to all and none will be denied the opportunity of serving in it. Recruitment to civil jobs is made on the results of competitive examinations but 12½ per cent of the vacancies are reserved for candidates belonging to scheduled castes. When recruitment is not made on the basis of such examinations, Hindus including Jains but excluding scheduled castes are given 60 per cent of the jobs; scheduled castes 16·2½ per cent; Muslims 13·1½ per cent; and the remaining 10 per cent is reserved for other communities. Promotions are made on considerations of seniority or merit. The Centre in short seeks to do away with caste and communal distinctions. The Madras Government agree with this principle but say that it does not apply to them, as they do not consider it wise to abolish the existing system. They have no regrets for clinging to the Communal G.Os.

A comparative study between Madras and the other provinces offers some sharp contrasts. The latter seek to eradicate communalism. In Bombay, a fixed percentage of seats both in the services and in colleges are reserved for scheduled castes and backward communities. But the decision to reserve 10 per cent of the seats in medical colleges for Muslims seems to be an act of doubtful statesmanship. In West Bengal, the Education Minister recently expressed his Government's determination to do away with communalism in the educational field. About the time Mr. Gopala Reddi was replying to a Muslim M.L.A. in the Madras Assembly about recruitment of Muslims to the provincial police, the Home Minister of C. P., while supplying information to a member who wanted to know the

number of deputy superintendents of police recruited during the last year and how many of them were Brahmins and how many non-Brahmins said the Government did not maintain a record of officers' castes and opined that if he replied to the second half of the question it would smack of communalism. Later the Premier announced the Government's decision to make recruitment to all posts carrying a salary of Rs. 30 or more on the basis of competitive examinations. In U. P. and Bihar recruitment is made on such a basis. In East Punjab a decision on this question has not so far been arrived at but Giani Kartar Singh—at that time a Minister—justified on the floor of the Assembly the policy of reservation in services for Sikhs on the ground that in Madras, the question of communal representation in the services had been posed. Some of the provinces no doubt discriminate against Hindus of other provinces but even they do not divide Hindus of their own province into artificial groups. Events outside Madras have made no impression within its borders. Application of the principle of communal representation is undemocratic and wholly inconsistent with the Charter of Independence.

What are the difficulties in the way of accepting the directives of the Centre? The policy of dividing Hindus into Brahmins and Non-Brahmins paid good dividends to the British but now it merely gives rise to jealousy among Non-Brahmins. Cries like "a Government of Reddis for Reddis" or that Malayalees were dominating a certain department were frequently heard during the budget session of the Assembly. All these are mere variations of the old cry of Muslims that Hindus were taking up all the jobs and of the Hindu cry that Muslims were over-represented in the services. Communalism is a game at which two can play. A Harijan M.L.A. said that he did not want the communal G.Os. at all as their goal was to eradicate all distinctions based on caste and community but if it was followed 50 per cent of the jobs should be given to backward classes, 20 per cent to Harijans and the remaining should go to the advanced classes. A Muslim M.L.A. from Malabar demanded better representation for Moplas as they formed a third of the total Muslim population of the province. The problem of fixing quotas for sub-castes, areas and interests will not be easy of solution. The communal-minded rulers are now hoist with their own

petard. Unless a bold decision to revoke the G. Os. is taken, the province will sink further into the communal bog and the G.Os. will perpetuate themselves.

What are the causes for this Brahmin-Non-Brahmin feeling producing over many years tension between the two in spite of so many valuable friendships? That Government should offer more avenues for employment and open more schools and colleges is true; but all these are long-term plans which should benefit all communities, not merely one. The immediate need is to put down subversive movements. That those who are so few in numbers should have done so well in studies and in services invites the wrath of others.

The demand for fixing quotas for backward classes, to prevent Non-Brahmins getting all posts, voiced in the Assembly, highlights the need for scrapping the G.Os. It shows that the avowed object—to give representation to communities other than the Brahmin—has not been achieved; that only a few advanced Non-Brahmin communities are at present prospering and that others are silently nursing a grievance. It was also suggested that certain officials were communal-minded; that in Salem district a particular department was manned by members of a particular community; that in Guntur district, all revenue officials from the Collector downwards were all Naidus. It is significant that these accusations were not made by Brahmins. The G.Os. merely help to generate hatred among Hindus. A member observed significantly that there was more unity among Hindus and Muslims than among Hindus themselves. Again a Muslim M.L.A. warned the Government that unless the G.Os. were withdrawn, the Ministry could not expect the "happy co-operation" of Muslims.

The argument that the G.Os. are kept alive in order to grant equality of opportunity to all will not deceive anyone. The idea of recruiting to public services on the basis of competitive examinations is gaining ground everyday. It eliminates chances of discrimination and favouritism in making appointments. The success of democracy depends on a carefully chosen permanent service without any reference to one's caste, creed or community. The fittest should get the jobs. Sardar Patel often says that the able and worthy will get the reward. In fact even if the jobs are unequally distributed among the various communities, it will not cause any hardship to anyone, if only the officers work in a selfless, non-partisan spirit. There should be a wide field for selection. The Government should attract talent from wherever it is available, without fixing its gaze on members of this community or that.

This can be achieved only under a system of recruitment through competi-

tive examinations. Even here two important conditions have to be fulfilled: (1) The personnel of the Services Commission should be chosen on grounds of merit without caring for extraneous considerations like giving representation to various areas, interests and communities. (2) Those who top the list in the examination alone should be appointed to service; not to recruit those who are placed high in the result sheet but to take those who are placed lower in pursuance of the principle of maintaining communal proportions in the services is highly unfortunate and wholly to be condemned. It defeats the very object of holding such examinations. In the public interest, it is essential that a person should be appointed to the post for which he is most suitable. The province will be the loser if an application is eliminated in the first instance on the ground that the applicant is a Brahmin or a Muslim. Sec. 266 (1) of the 1935 Act lays down that it shall be the duty of the Provincial Public Service Commission to conduct examinations for the appointments to the services of the Province. Sec. 286 (1) of the Draft Constitution of 1948 lays down the same principle. Has any such examination been conducted by the Madras Commission for recruiting deputy collectors, district munsiffs, etc.? What ought to be done by the Commission through examinations is being done on the basis of G.Os. which are communal in character. So long as recruitment is made on this basis the very object of setting up a Commission to draw out the best men will be defeated.

The decision not to hold competitive examinations is not based on any specific reason except the fear that Brahmins will get into all the posts. There is absolutely no warrant for this assumption. Even if the fear be well-founded, there is no reason why a Government should regard success of Brahmins as contrary to the interests of other communities. The only way to be able to rise above the handicap of backwardness is to compete on terms of healthy rivalry with the more advanced communities. It is really in the interests of the backward communities to introduce this system.

The system of recruitment through interviews has been proved to be not fool-proof against corruption. Mr. Gopinath Srivatsava, when he was Chairman of the U. P. Public Service Commission, complained that now-a-days most of the candidates bring "chits" from big guns with a view to unduly influence the Commission. Experts on the subject agree that the system of interviews is not a reliable system.

That the Centre does not believe in rationing jobs on the basis of a community's numerical strength is evidenced by the fact that the Parsis who are less than one lakh in India out of some 95 crores,

enjoy very high representation in services to an extent not warranted by their numbers. Numerous posts like Governors, Ambassadors, Judges, have been filled by them. The services should attract men of the finest type. The Government can hope to inculcate in the minds of the people the real spirit of secularism only if they revoke the G.Os. It will make for the closer integration of the various communities. If they are not revoked, the Government too cannot hope to make much headway, because the policy of readjusting the communal ratio in services while it may ensure better representation for a few communities, will not lead to an increase in efficiency. People who suffer by the application of the rule to them smart under a sense of injustice; for in the upshot men with merit can play a lesser part in the affairs of the Government than their intrinsic gifts entitle them to expect.

It is shocking to learn that the Dravida Khazagam is thirsting for the blood of Brahmins and Aryans, that its propaganda has intensified of late and that Brahmin women are jeered at and spat upon. If these small incidents pile up there will be the inevitable showdown, for flames of violence do not take long to spread to other places. We saw the result of unbridled preaching of hatred in the Punjab, Bengal and South Africa. If the present anti-Brahmin trend is not checked, there is bound to develop ever-recurring crises accentuated by the separatist activities of communal bodies to the detriment of the best interests of the Province. To the extent the hands of the Government are strengthened by inter-communal unity, the better it will be able to perform its task. Mr. Gopala Reddi admitted that the Khazagam was indulging in inflammatory writings and speeches against certain communities in the province. He held out an assurance that "if they come within the four corners of the law, they will be booked." It is the duty of the Government to intervene and put down the mischief before it assumes more serious and terrifying proportions. It is no less the duty of the Centre to intervene as it did in other places to suppress moves designed to achieve disintegration of the country. It should not close its eyes to this menace nor fail to apply the right remedy in time. The upsurge of communalism in Madras is attributable directly to the aggressive propaganda of the Black Shirts whose policy appeals to one's basic instinct of jealousy. The Government should extirpate the roots of the plot and bring to book the principal men who are behind the organisation.

This problem holds out a great challenge to India as the preachings of the Khazagam violate every concept of secu-

larism, fanning as they do flames of sectarian passion to perpetuate discord and to offer incitement to violence. The Dominion Parliament has already resolved that in the secular State of India, no communal organisation indulging in political activities will be tolerated. If this menace is not checked in time, disaffection will spread throughout the country and Government will lose control over the situation.

The indignation naturally felt by Brahmins should not keep them from investigating points at which they have been at fault. No doubt the differences that have been created between the various communities in the last few years were not their work. Anyway further recrimination will be of no avail. They should stop harping on the theme that by means of the G.Os., the Government is out to exterminate them. They should seek no more than equal opportunity with others to serve the State, with absolutely no desire to dominate. It was revealed in the Assembly that from this community, 400 clerks in excess of the numbers prescribed for them were recruited; 43 per cent of seats in arts colleges were filled by them; that 13 out of 41 sub-inspectors of police recruited recently were Brahmins; that in the Local Fund Accounts, 36 out of 50 inspectors were Brahmins. It also transpires that in the year 1947-48, in arts colleges 34.9 per cent of seats were filled by them; in engineering colleges 21.4 per cent; in medical colleges 18 per cent; in agricultural colleges 25.6 per cent; and in veterinary 51.1 per cent. To say that they are being refused admission to educational institutions does not accord with facts as set out above. Brahmins should not swamp their claim for justice by this sort of propaganda. It is for revocation of communal G.Os. that they should strive, not with a view to gaining materially thereby but because when recruitment is made on communal lines the officers cannot have that detachment so essential to holders of high offices. Moreover, it is anomalous to consider provincial services from a narrow angle of caste and sub-caste, with all the attendant evils of inter-caste jealousies. Sectional interests should not be allowed to influence the Government's policy. Communal considerations should not embarrass or unduly influence permanent servants in the discharge of their duties.

The Government is a trustee for all the people; the latter are the assets of the State. The State should encourage those who have merit so that those who are at present backward may also feel stimulated to emulate them. It is the duty of the Government to ameliorate the condition of the backward without suppressing and injuring others in the process.

THE CHANGING FACE OF GERMANY

THE fruits of defeat are bitter indeed, as Germany is finding to her bitter cost. She has not only been divided and dissected, but her territory has been reduced. Pre-war Germany was the most populous state in Europe except for the Soviet Union, with common frontiers with nine states—Denmark, Poland, Lithuania, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Switzerland, France, Belgium and Holland. In the Baltic region it was in close contact with Sweden, Finland, Estonia and Latvia. It must now be galling for the Nazis who hoped to conquer the world and spread the glory of the German Empire to all four corners of the earth, to see a portion of their own country sliced off and given away as a gift almost to somebody else. Such is the unpredictable fortune of war. German resentment at this manhandling of their beloved Fatherland is undeniable, but many of them are learning not to lament the inevitable.

Certain "rectifications" or "adjustments" as they were called were made in the frontiers of Germany last week. They have been made three years late, for they were to have followed the implementation of decisions taken on Germany in 1945 at Potsdam. These frontier adjustments come under the general heading of "reparations." The Potsdam agreement laid down that "payment of reparations should leave enough resources to enable the German people to subsist without external assistance," and that such payments should be made within two years. The Russians were to collect, in addition to what they got from the division of Germany, 15% of the "surplus" industrial equipment in Western Germany paying for it in food, coal, etc., as also 10% of other equipment from the Allied zones. But the programme for deliveries of industrial plant was hardly started before it was stopped, because it had suddenly occurred to the Western Allies that if the most important German plants were dismantled and taken away, Germany would never be able to support herself independently but would for years

and years remain a millstone round their necks. So they gently evaded the demands of Russia for Ruhr plant and announced that for the nonce they had stopped all dismantling because their moral conscience would not allow them to strip any country, however ignominiously defeated, of all means of its subsistence. The natural corollary of this change in plan was that the rebuilding of German economy came to a stop. With the problems of dismantling and frontier changes still unsettled, it was impossible to calculate what the population of the new Germany would be nor to what extent it could support itself.

As relations between the Russians and the three Occupation Powers grew less and less cordial, it was tacitly agreed that the Soviet Union should meet Polish claims out of its share of Germany and the Western Allies the claims of France, Belgium and other countries out of their zones. (France, it may be recalled, was not present at the Potsdam Conference and the establishment of a French zone in Germany came much later). But this question was postponed till after the peace conference on Germany when all the four powers were "to prepare for the eventual reconstruction of German political life on a democratic basis." Then came the blockade and the prospects of a unified political life for Germany receded further and further. As for a German peace treaty, even the most optimistic began to have gloomy forebodings. Under the circum-



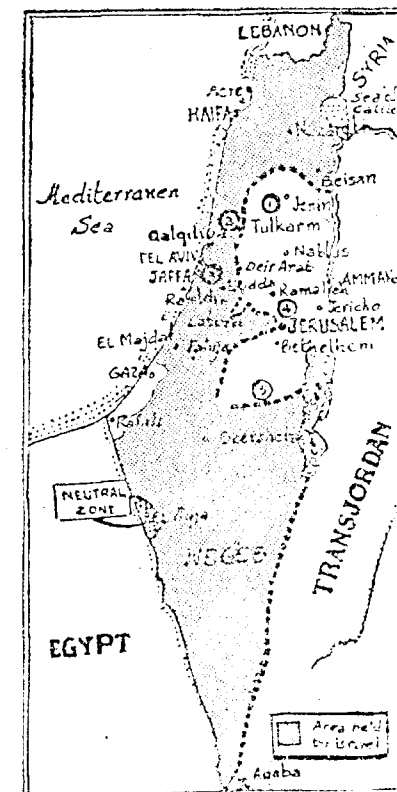
stances, the Allies felt there was no justification for postponing the question of "reparations" any longer.

About the end of March, the Western Occupation authorities announced that thirty-one minor changes would be made along the frontier between Germany and the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxemburg and France which would affect an area of 52 square miles and 13,500 people. Exact limits, they said, would be fixed by commissions after local inquiry and examination. Immediately, the Netherlands Parliament passed a bill for the annexation of 25 sq. miles of German land. The Belgian Cabinet simultaneously accepted the "provisional adjustments of the West German frontier," the area for the possession of which they were negotiating, comprising the strip of land opposite Monschau.

Only a few of the thirty-one changes have been made so far and even they are considered "provisional." Though the changes, according to the Western Allies, involve "no appreciable loss to the German economy" and could "be regarded as desirable to eliminate local anomalies," there is no doubt the Germans are not viewing these new moves kindly. If these "adjustments" had been made immediately after the close of the war, they would have been overshadowed by the bitter disillusionment which had overwhelmed Germany at the shock of defeat. But the German people have seen their country divided, their industry tampered with and heard the vocally declared purpose of the Western Allies to keep Germany down at all costs. This, combined with the cutting off of German territory for distribution to countries with whom they have little in common, has roused a furore of indignation which has been rendered not entirely unjustifiable by the non-chalance with which the Allies have set about the task. The Germans have not been properly told of these changes, much less asked. The Allies have given no adequate reasons for this annexation. Of course they have explained that these changes are far short of the original demands that had been made—Holland alone had asked for 675 sq. miles of German territory—but they have not bothered to make clear why such distribution of land should have

been made at all when the countries concerned could have been compensated in some other way. The Atlantic Charter which laid down that they were to "seek no aggrandizement territorial or other," has obviously been shelved like many another treaty before—when emergencies called for compromise. But there is such a thing as being even a victor with dignity. And if the Germans are ever to be made to understand the Western concept of democracy, it is certainly not in this way, by placing thousands of their brethren in the uncomfortable and humiliating position of being disowned by their Fatherland and adopted by a nation with whose customs and laws and government they are completely unfamiliar.

The frontiers of the new state of



The dotted line indicates the demarcation set forth in the agreement and the numbered circles show the sectors under dispute.

Israel are slowly taking shape. The armistice agreement which was signed

between Israel and Trans-Jordan on April 3 set up demarcation lines for each sector in the Holy Land where there had been fighting. The preamble to the agreement provides that "no aggressive action by the armed forces—land, sea or air—of either party shall be undertaken, planned or threatened against the people or the armed forces of the other" and warns that the armistice be accepted as an "indispensable step toward the liquidation of armed conflict and the restoration of peace in Palestine." The main clause in the agreement divides the territory under dispute into four sectors (Deir Arab, Jerusalem, Hebron-Dead Sea, Dead Sea-South Palestine) and specified the demarcation lines to be established "within ten days from the date on which this agreement is signed."

In compensation for Israeli acquisition of the important road between Tulkam and Qalqiliya, the Israeli Government has promised to pay to the Trans-Jordan Government "the cost of constructing 20 kilometers of first-class new road." Since demarcation lines cut through villages and small localities, it has also been promised that wherever such villages were affected by the lines, the inhabitants "shall be protected in their full rights of residence, property and freedom."

Trans-Jordan is to accept all responsibility for the Iraqi forces in Palestine. The military forces of Israel and Trans-Jordan are to be limited to "defensive forces only in the areas extending ten kilometres from each side of the demarcation lines" except where geographical considerations make this impracticable. The strength of these forces is to be subject to periodical review with a view to reducing them still further by mutual agreement. A special committee is to be appointed to see that important arrangements and agreements are not tampered with, as for instance, "free movement of traffic on all vital roads," the resumption of the "normal functioning of the cultural and humanitarian institutions on Mount Scopus," the use of the Mount of Olives cemetery and free access to all holy places. A two-party commission under the U.N. Chief of Staff is

to supervise the implementation of the armistice directives and its members are to be afforded freedom of movement and access in all the areas covered by the agreement.

The agreement leaves unsolved the problem of Jerusalem which along with Nazareth and Bethelhem is being considered for international control. It is not very easy to understand or sympathise with the fuss that is being made about the Holy City because it is neither an industrial centre nor has it any other material attractions. Its value lies only in its traditions, in the myth and symbolism in which it has been wrapped up for centuries. Jerusalem is really two cities in one. There is the old city whose population is mostly Arab with a sprinkling of Moslem and Christian, containing all the places of historical and religious significance; and the new city, larger than the old, more sophisticated, with parks and modern buildings, Government offices and banks. The greater part of the population is Jewish.

So far in the history of Palestine, all who took upon themselves the unenviable task of making peace between its hostile populations, have unanimously recommended international status for Jerusalem. From the Peel Commission down to Bernadotte, it has been the same. The Jews are willing to accept international control for the old city but not the new which they claim for their own, which claim they have substantiated by letting their first Constituent Assembly meet in it. Similarly, the Arabs profess not to care what happens to the new city as long as they can retain their hold on old Jerusalem. Thus the bickering has gone on and all that the peace commissions and armistice conventions have been able to do is to suggest a solution but not implement it. They have been up against a stone wall as far as that was concerned. But it is heartening to note that the parties are relaxing their grim, uncompromising attitude somewhat. Israel is thawing and Arab belligerence is disappearing. Perhaps when they have cooled down entirely they will realise that international status is not the best but the only practicable solution for Jerusalem—SANTHA.

SHE HAD NO CHOICE

By S. Anantaram

VAIKUNTA Mudaliar was sitting on a comfortable sofa in the nicely furnished drawing room of his bungalow. A latest copy of the Illustrated Weekly was in his hands and he idly scanned the pages. If one looked at him one would form the impression that he did not have a care in this world. But his intimate friends knew that there was one little thing that he very much desired and that was to get a title—at least a Dewan Bahadur—that should adorn his locally famous name. It looked as though even this little want would be satisfied sooner than later. Was it a small sum that he spent on parties and dinners to reasonably important persons who could help him? If the money was not spent with some deep motive, then, Mudaliar should have developed a new trait in his character. If one asked him what was his policy in life he would unhesitatingly say that it was to make hay while the sun shone. To share the wealth and power there was no Mrs. Mudaliar. That unfortunate lady left this world little imagining that if she continued to live she could see so much wealth and enjoy so much power. There was a son who was doing his college in Madras. Several people offered their help to Mudaliar in choosing a suitable partner in life to fill the place left by his late but now forgotten wife. He had not made up his mind but still toyed with the idea.

Mudaliar heard footsteps behind him.

"Who is there?" he demanded.

"It's me, sir, Munisami" Mudaliar heard and turned to face his chauffeur.

"What do you want? I told you that there was plenty of work today and that you should come early. And you come so late," Mudaliar barked.

"Excuse me, sir. I am not feeling well today. I have fever. I came to request you to give me two days'

leave," said Munisami in a trembling voice. It was pouring cats and dogs outside and his clothes were wet.

"That can't be done. You seemed to have suddenly developed fever because there is so much work to do. Eh? Pretence. Get out and bring the car round," Mudaliar ordered. The Governor was to visit the city in a few days and Mudaliar had to see several persons in that connection. Then, how could he give a couple of days off to Munisami?

"Sir," Munisami begged.

"Don't waste my time. I have told you already that I can't give you leave. Haven't I?"

"Yes, sir," replied Munisami and left the room. He felt angry and confused. The temperature was slowly rising and his head weighed heavily. He remembered what Minakshi, his wife, told him in the morning.

"Look here, Munia, you have fever. Don't go to work today. We shall send word to Mudaliar. You will be all right in a couple of days," she said. And what did he reply?

"It won't look nice if I stay away. Let me go and get leave for two days."

"I don't like your going in this rain and cold. Let me go and tell Mudaliar."

"You don't bother, Minu. Let me go. You will see that I come back soon." Munisami replied.

Without paying any heed to Minakshi's protests and caring little for the fever and the pouring rain, he went out with his torn umbrella. He knew that his master was not particularly a kind hearted soul but seeing his condition, Munisami thought, Mudaliar would grant him leave. He realised too late that he thought wrongly.

Cursing his fate Munisami brought the car round to the front and blew the horn. Mudaliar got up and after adjusting his dress came out. The rains continued. Munisami shivered. Mudaliar got into the car. Munisami

started the engine and the car shot out. He felt weary and his hands shook but he struggled bravely and negotiated the traffic. He had half a mind to tell Mudaliar that he was too ill to drive the car safely but his determination not to ask his master for another favour, kept him on. Mudaliar had a very busy day. He went from place to place. He lunched with one of his friends. Munisami too felt hungry but he did not feel like going in search of food. Mudaliar might want the car any moment.

It was five in the evening when Munisami got the order to drive home. On the way the car met with an accident which shook Mudaliar to the core and completely unnerved him. When Munisami started the car he felt his whole body burning and his hands shook on the steering wheel. His feet were unsteady on the pedal and his head ached to the point of splitting. His vision was blurred. He didn't feel confident to go on further but kept on, biting his lips. Faintly he saw a bullock cart coming in the opposite direction at a slow pace. He automatically blew the horn. Apparently the cartman was sleeping and the cart kept on to the middle of the road. The car came nearer and still the cart did not give side. Munisami, with all his might, swerved the car to the left to avoid a collision. He was too late to see the ditch on the side of the road and before he could turn the car, the front wheels had slid into the ditch and the car stopped with a bump. Mudaliar was thrown out from his seat and he gave out such a cry that one might think that he was falling from the top of a cliff. Munisami stopped the engine and with an effort, got out. With the help of a few labourers, who had by this time, collected round the car, he got the car out.

"You fool. You idiot. Don't you know how to drive a car? Reckless. That is what it is. You are unfit to handle a car. I won't be surprised if you are drunk," shouted Mudaliar when he recovered from the shock.

Munisami did not reply. Silently he got into the car and started the engine. The car moved forward with an initial jerk. He felt angry at what Mudaliar had said. Mudaliar continued his abuse and Munisami did not

utter a word. The bungalow was reached without any further incident. Mudaliar got down with great relief. He wanted to say something but thought better and went inside.

Munisami parked the car in the garage and lay down by its side. He did not remember further.

When he opened his eyes it was pitch dark in the garage. Far away he heard the clock strike ten.

"Munia, Munia," he heard the voice of his wife, Minakshi.

"Here I am," he responded as loudly as he could.

The door opened. The next moment the electric light blinded his eyes.

"How do you feel, Munia," anxiously asked Minakshi and came running to him. Munisami looked at her affectionately. A smile flickered on his lips. He tried to get up, but failed. Minakshi sat down by his side and taking his head on her lap felt his forehead. It was burning. Munisami closed his eyes.

"Look at me, Munia. It's me, Minu. Don't you recognise me? How do you feel now?" Her voice faltered.

"Minu, Minu," he cried feebly and grabbed her hands. Minakshi burst into tears.

Thangavel, who was the personal servant of Mudaliar and a great friend of Munisami, seeing the light in the garage at such a late hour and hearing voices inside, came in. He saw Munisami lying with his head on the lap of Minakshi who was weeping. Thangavel helped Minakshi to take Munisami home and put him to bed. Then, he ran to get a doctor.

II

The next morning Mudaliar was ready to go out. But the car was not ready since Munisami had not turned up. Mudaliar was furious. It was ten in the morning and still there was no sign of Munisami. Mudaliar had to attend an important meeting at 10-30 and he did not particularly want to be late. He walked up and down impatiently.

"Thangavel!" he shouted. "Has that fellow Munisami turned up?"

Thangavel entered saying, "No, sir." He paused and continued, "He is laid up with fever since yesterday. Poor fellow."

"Confound him. Yesterday he nearly killed me by his rash driving and today he has stayed away from work, let him now stay out for good. I have finished with him," Mudaliar shouted. He thought for a moment and took the telephone. He dialed a number and called, "Is that the New Garage? This is Vaikunta Mudaliar speaking. I want a chauffeur urgently. My fellow hasn't turned up and I am dismissing him. Yes, yes. You will send one. Please hurry up. Thanks." Mudaliar replaced the receiver and murmured, "This will teach him a lesson." Thangavel opened his mouth to say something but seeing the temper in which Mudaliar was, he withdrew quietly.

In a few minutes the chauffeur from the New Garage reported for duty. In about ten minutes Mudaliar reached the meeting where it was decided to start a fund and appoint a committee to welcome the Governor. Mudaliar promised a thousand and became one of the members of the committee. He was almost sure that a Dewan Bahadurship was on its way.

Mudaliar returned home happy. With a satisfied air he sat down and lighted a cigarette. He was not to enjoy the peace much longer because Thangavel entered and announced, "Our Munisami's wife, Minakshi, has come. She requests that she may be allowed to see you, sir."

"Send her out. And tell her that I have dismissed Munisami from service since yesterday," Mudaliar shouted and sucked at the cigarette furiously.

Thangavel lingered on. His eyes were a little tear-stained. All the servants loved Munisami and Thangavel was his best friend.

"Please, sir. Don't do that. He is a poor man and an honest man. He is seriously ill. What will he do if you dismiss him?"

"You get out and send that woman away," ordered Mudaliar.

Thangavel hesitated and then said, "It is so distressing to see her like this, sir. Please see her for a minute."

Mudaliar thought for a moment and replied, "All right. Send her in. I may as well pay her Munisami's dues."

Minakshi came in with hesitating steps and saluted Mudaliar. There was fear in her eyes.

"What do you want?"

"Munian is seriously ill since yesterday, sir. The doctor says it is double pneumonia. I am very afraid, sir. We have no money. I have come to beg you for some money, sir" Minakshi said between tears.

"I have nothing to do with Munisami. I have dismissed him from service since yesterday. After deducting what he owes me, he is entitled to five rupees. Here is the money. Take it and tell him that he need not come here any more" Mudaliar pronounced judgment and extended a five rupee note.

Minakshi felt that thunder had struck her. She could not believe her ears. For a moment she was speechless. Then, "Please don't do that, sir. I beg of you. Munian is so harmless and he works like a devil. We are poor and have no other place to go to if you send us out. Please don't say that you have dismissed him. Please." She wept and touched Mudaliar's feet.

"Leave me and get out," Mudaliar shrieked and flung the five rupee note before her. Then he turned and went inside.

"Please, don't do that. Please. Please." Minakshi cried. Mudaliar went up the stairs.

"Have you no heart? You are a devil. Devil," Minakshi burst out. Mudaliar heard the words and winced a little.

Thangavel who was watching the scene approached her and comforted her. "Minakshi, don't worry. There is God. He will take care of everything. Please don't cry. I have about four rupees. Take these also. I will come and see Munian in the evening." Thangavel felt a lump in his throat. He picked up the five rupee note and gave it to her along with four more rupees which he took from his pocket. She received the money silently and still sobbing.

"He is a devil. A demon. What is the use of all his money? He can't take it when he goes to the grave. Heartless devil. I shall go, Thangavel. You are so good and kind. God bless you," Minakshi said and went out slowly.

III

"Sir," murmured Thangavel who was polishing the brass or at least appeared to do so.

"Now, what do you want?" snapped Mudaliar who was reading the newspaper.

"Nothing, sir. Our Munisami died yesterday in the hospital. Poor fellow."

"Is that so? What do you want me to do about it?"

"Nothing, sir. I just mentioned."

"All right. Now get to work," replied Mudaliar and resumed his paper.

Thangavel again started polishing. After a while he said softly, "Sir."

"What is it this time? Get out."

"Yes, sir. What will happen to Minakshi, sir. I am worried about that poor girl."

"How do I know? Don't waste my time," ordered Mudaliar.

"Yes, sir. But—She will be very grateful if she is given some work here," Thangavel slowly introduced the subject.

"If ever that woman steps inside the compound of this house, you will get the sack. Is that clear? Now leave me alone," Mudaliar gave his decision and resumed his reading.

Thangavel shuddered and quietly slipped out.

IV

"What is all this about Minakshi. Thangavel? How can she sink so low? It's a shame," remarked Vellayan who was Mudaliar's gardener.

"Yes. It's a shame. But what to do? I pleaded with her several times to go and plead with Mudaliar and beg him for a job, but she wouldn't hear. She calls him a devil that killed her husband and says that she won't so much as look at him. For six months she tried several other places for a job but couldn't get one. But I never dreamt that she would do like this at last," said Thangavel.

"Whatever it may be, Thangavel, her action is revolting."

"What is the remedy? She can't starve," defended Thangavel and heaved a deep sigh.

V

The beautiful Buick of Mudaliar glided smoothly over the tarred road,

carrying its owner. His destination lay through a street inhabited by prostitutes. The car suddenly stopped in the middle of this street.

"What is the matter, Kesava?"

"Something seems to be wrong with the engine, sir," replied the new chauffeur and got down to examine the engine. Mudaliar also followed him. At that moment a door in the opposite house opened and a girl put her head out. Mudaliar thought that she was pretty and dressed nicely. At the back of his head he had a feeling that he had seen her somewhere before.

"Are't you coming in?" enquired the girl sweetly. Mudaliar was taken aback. He did not understand.

"Don't be afraid. Please come in," invited the girl again. The next moment her face changed. Her eyes suddenly became red. Her lips quivered.

"Are't you Minakshi? Munisami's wife? Why have you stooped to this?" Mudaliar had by this time placed her and her profession.

"All thanks to you. Have't you killed my Munian? I don't want any of your pity. You murderer," she screamed and slammed the door.

Mudaliar got into the car bewildered. He was upset. He imagined that the ghost of Munisami rose before him and shouted, "Murderer! You have ruined my Minu." Mudaliar shuddered and shook himself. He ordered the car back home.

That night he did not sleep well.

VI

The next day a telegram arrived. It announced that Mudaliar had become a Dewan Bahadur. He shouted with joy and made preparations for a grand party and to meet people who might call to congratulate him. The events of the previous day were forgotten as though they happened in a dream. Why should he worry about poor Minakshi?

But two miles away Minakshi carried on her trade to make a living.

THE FOOD MUDDLE

By U. K. OZA

THE Government of India and the Ministry of Food have approached the basic problem of food from an entirely wrong angle. The problem has been approached, studied and attempted to be solved during the past in Secretariat files and University Hall statistics. It has got to be approached in the fields, studied in the villages and attempted to be solved in close contact with unsophisticated farmers and hard-hit consumers.

The solution of our food problem lies in our 700,000 villages. The village must be made an agricultural unit. The village panchayat must own collectively and co-operatively all the land attached to it. The village must be statutorily compelled to place seventy per cent of its agricultural land under food crop. The Provinces and the States have been pretending to do this ever since 1944. But they have seldom been sincere about it.

The Food Grains Policy Committee suggested a Central Land Reclamation Board of seven directors with only one agriculturist amongst them and with a capital of 50 crores. Sri Jairam Das has already told us that he is being provided with no money for his schemes. Mr. V. K. R. V. Rao in a minority report urged that reclamation work should be undertaken by provincial Governments in consultation with farmers' co-operatives.

He wrote:—"The lines taken for dealing with the problem almost entirely overlook the importance of creating the necessary psychology among the peasants and agricultural workers on whom depends in the last resort the success of food production drives. I am convinced that increasing food production is not merely or even mainly the task of experienced administrators or well qualified technical experts. It is essentially the task of making the farmer feel that he must produce more. Agriculture is one of those branches of economic activity where better personal attention, more sustained effort and greater enthusiasm on the part of the farmer can pay dividends in any country; it is particularly important in India, where

there are so many difficulties in the way of providing the farmer with the scientific and mechanical aids that his opposite numbers in other countries can get. The only way to do this is to make the Indian farmer feel that by producing food he is not only earning a living but is performing a vital national task."

With the merger of the States with the Union of India we still have our 700,000 villages. If each village on the average brings only one acre more under cultivation each year, we should have 700,000 acres of new land food crop. In three years we may easily have 21 lakhs of acres under the plough. What is required is that each village and each farmer must be restored to the traditional Indian consciousness that both together are the feeders, the *annadata* of the nation; that the peasant and not the sarkar, is the real *Mabap*.

Instead of reclaiming uncultivated and uncultivable land which is very costly the villages should be asked to have their own programme of local reclamation. The reclamation of already cultivated but weed-and-Kans-infested land should be given priority. "This will only cost Rs. 40 per acre," says Dr. Rao. "No extra expenditure is required by way of preparing the reclaimed land for cultivation, as the land is already being cultivated, people are living there, and no special anti-malaria control operations are necessary. One deep ploughing of such land results in an increase in its productivity. It is therefore an operation eminently fitted for being taken up as a part of short-range food production policy. Moreover such an increase in the yield per acre leads to an increase in the income per cultivator and therefore has the result of raising the standard of living of the farming population of India."

Mr. Valjee Govindjee Desai wrote in "Harijan" during the lifetime of Mahatma Gandhi warning the nation of the disadvantages of artificial manure and chemical fertilisers. An experiment made by the late Ram-

In ancient Egypt the figure one was represented by a vertical line, 10 by a horseshoe, 100 by a corkscrew, 10,000 by a pointing finger, 100,000 by a jumping frog, and 1,000,000 by a man with an astonished look on his face!

inhaji Jhala of Nawanagar State in a small village called Kharachiya consisted of intensive collection of local manure and conservation in cement-floor pit-stores. To quote the late Rana Ramsinhaji: "Village sweepers were told to collect all the manure of the village, dung, debris and refuse and take it outside the village. Every farmer was ordered similarly to carry whatever manure he had there. When the day's collection was made, the whole lot was consigned to the pit-store from which the manure was distributed according to individual requirements by the panchayat during the season." It may be noted that the use of manure as fuel has not yet been prohibited in rural India. If this is forbidden and urban manure supplied to rural areas, crop yield may be substantially increased.

The Food Minister complained in Parliament that "Unless big irrigation works were executed and the country was put on a more dependable water supply, and the acreage under cultivation greatly increased to meet the needs of growing population, the present position will continue." Practical-minded men however fall back on well-irrigation. These take the form of tube wells, stone-walled or concrete-wall wells, Kutch artesian wells, tanks with earthen beds and tanks with concrete beds. Regarding tube wells Sir P. M. Khareghat observes, "In the past an iron was forced down by hand power till a water bearing strata was reached. It is now possible to obtain power-operated boring rigs. But there are few men who know how to operate them properly. Hence there is considerable delay and little progress." He mentions that foreign firms could do it, but "there is in high quarters a reluctance to entrust work to foreign firms nor are those in charge prepared to admit their lack of competence. *So nothing happens for months and years, and the people must do without the food which would have been available had these tube wells been constructed.*"

I am tempted to refer to the small Kharachiya experiment made by the

late Rana Ramsinhaji Jhala. The tank had an earthen bed in 1940. Water soaked in, and dried during the year. A plan for concrete beds "five hands long, five hands broad and a hand and a half deep was prepared. Five hundred such beds were planted in the tank bottom in addition to five hundred five beds planted by a grant of annas eight per bed to private cultivators." Jhalaji observes: "In 1944 water, which used to dry up in January, was available till the middle of May." He proposed to extend the plan for one year more and to build up the overflow tunnel with granite or concrete walls.

Jairamdass complained that the Provincial Governments were lax in the matter of food procurement from farmers and that there was very little sense of sacrifice. He quoted procurement percentages of provinces. Unfortunately all is not well with our procurement policy. We allow too little to the farmer for his annual upkeep and we offer no substitute foods for such grain as we may not have. The difficulties experienced in procurement are due to smallness of holdings, indebtedness and the high price of non-agricultural goods.

The Government of Bombay have banned the export of minor food-grains. But this is not enough. The substitution of groundnut *chappaties* long urged by the Kolhapur Christian Mission who have made experiments in this regard should be seriously taken up for adoption in prisons, in Government guest houses, in students' hostels, in public kitchens and in licensed hotels and eating houses run by private agencies. The substitution of *math* for gram and *math* flour for gram *besan*, also of *kodri* and *vanti* for rice should be encouraged.

For immediate betterment of the food position all agricultural indebtedness must be removed, the farmer must be given better seed and manure and an equitable deal in taxation. He must be recognised as *the life giver of the nation*. Above all it must be remembered that the farmer cannot be coerced or bullied.

SOIL CONSERVATION IN THE UNITED STATES

By MARION SANDERS

EVER since man first tilled the soil, he has recognized his dependence on the earth. Yet only in recent times has he begun to consider soil a precious and even a scarce natural resource. Methods of agriculture which were introduced in the United States by successive generations of immigrants were patterned almost entirely after the methods of northern and central Europe. These methods, sound enough in those regions, led to disastrous results in the United States which is subject to violent winds, cloudbursts, frequent thunderstorms, heavy snows, and wide ranges of temperature. The violence of the climate called, in fact, for a new kind of agriculture which has since been developed by American agricultural scientists. This new agriculture has made it possible to arrest erosion completely and control floods and water loss to a very great extent. It is a highly productive agriculture and is well suited to other sections of the world.

In 18th and 19th century America, the need for soil conservation was not readily apparent. An undeveloped continent of virgin soil stretching west to the Pacific Ocean was an invitation to move on as land wore out, to cut down forests, to rob the fertile prairies of their protective sod and leave more and more of the land exposed in open ploughed fields. In some sections, notably the south-east, the damage was aggravated by an economy long based on single-crop agriculture—chiefly cotton or tobacco. Soil here was not only eroded but depleted of its vital organic components. One of the major accomplishments of the modern soil conservation programme has been the rehabilitation of the once impoverished south-east into a region of diversified farming where agricultural income has more than tripled in the last decade.

Early in the 20th century the whole problem of the nation's natural resources, including the soil, began to be

a subject of serious public concern. In 1897, President Theodore Roosevelt began an investigation of water resources, and the next year he called a conference of state governors which resulted in the formation of a National Conservation Commission. This body made the first national inventory of natural resources and advocated an extensive programme of conservation with emphasis at the outset chiefly on forests and water resources.

A landmark of the modern soil conservation programme was the publication in 1928 by the United States Department of Agriculture of a report "Soil Erosion A National Menace." Shortly after its publication, Congress authorized the establishment of regional soil erosion experiment stations. In 1933 a Federal Soil Erosion Service was established. Its programme was launched on a demonstration basis; work areas were set up usually in a watershed area, covering anywhere from 15,000 to 100,000 acres, and the Government conservation experts invited the co-operation of the farmers. The vast majority of farmers immediately recognized the soundness of the Government's proposals.

The small, experimental Soil Erosion Service has grown into a vast organization serving American farmers in every section of the country. Today 3,000,000 American farmers and ranchers—more than 60 per cent of the farming population—are actively participating in the soil conservation programme or are now setting up their concrete plans for action. By June 30, 1948, almost 120,000,000 acres of the nation's farms and ranches had been treated for soil conservation, and another 74,000,000 acres had received detailed study and planning for conservation treatment. Where conservation methods have been installed, agricultural yields have commonly increased 30 to 100 per cent.

The year 1937 was a milestone in the progress of the modern soil conservation programme in the United

If the total span of life on earth is plotted on a 24-hour clock, where one minute equals 1,660,000 years, historic man has been on Earth but half a second; fishes for over three and a half hours.

states. The preceding few years had witnessed a tremendous increase in soil and land research and the inauguration of widespread conservation measures in many sections of the country. But these had been carried on largely upon the initiative of the Federal Government. It was not recognized that in order to make real progress on the scale needed, responsibility and initiative must come from local communities themselves. Accordingly, President Franklin D. Roosevelt transmitted a model Soil Conservation Districts Act to the governors of all the states and recommended that state laws be enacted which would permit the creation of Soil Conservation Districts where they were needed. Such laws were subsequently adopted by all 48 states, and there are now more than 2,000 such districts embracing more than 75 per cent of America's farmland.

The way in which these districts are established typifies the philosophy of the entire conservation programme. For example, a group of farmers in Georgia decides that action is needed to halt erosion and increase the productivity of their land. They meet informally to discuss the problem and to prepare and sign a petition. This petition is considered by the state soil conservation committee at public hearings in various parts of the community where anyone affected has a chance to express his opinion. Guided by this testimony, the committee decides a district is needed; it then defines the boundaries of the proposed district.

After reasonable notice has been given in the press and through public announcements, a referendum is held at which all the farmers of the area vote on the proposal. If a majority votes against creation of a district, the matter is ended until another petition is submitted. But if, as experience has shown is infinitely more likely, the proposal is approved, a soil conservation district is established. It is administered by five supervisors, two of whom are appointed in most states by the state committee and three of whom are elected by the farmers of the district. In other states, all five supervisors are elected by the farmers. The soil conservation district which has now been set up is a

government body. As a practical matter, it will probably rely almost entirely on the voluntary co-operation of the farmers in the area. However, if stronger measures are needed—for example, to secure the compliance of a recalcitrant farmer—the district has authority in most states to adopt and enforce conservation ordinances concerning land usage and practices. The laws themselves must first, however, be approved by a majority of the farmers of the district, voting in a referendum.

The first step taken by the supervisors, when a district has been created, is to call in the technicians of the Soil Conservation Service for advice on what needs to be done and for assistance in getting it done. At the outset, the experts make a complete physical land survey of the whole area; subsequently they make a plan in full detail for each farm involved. The Soil Conservation Service has broadly divided all land into eight classes or types. Class one includes very good land that can be cultivated safely with ordinary good farming methods; class two is good land which needs only easily applied conservation methods; class three can be used for crops in rotation but needs intensive conservation treatment. Land of class four is best suited to pasture and hay but can be cultivated occasionally if handled with great care. Land not suited for cultivation because of steepness, stoniness, shallow soil depth, wetness or susceptibility to severe erosion is included in classes five, six and seven. These lands are best suited to grass or trees, with class six requiring more careful management of grazing or forestry than class five. Class seven land can be used for forestry or grazing if handled with great care. Class eight consists of land such as marshes, deserts, rough cliffs and mountains. Such land is unfit for cultivation, grazing or forestry but may be valuable for wildlife, recreation or watershed protection.

In the development of a soil conservation plan for an individual farm, the farmer and technician go over the farm and study the kind of land they have to deal with in each field, pasture and woodlot. The farmer tells the technician what kind of farming

he wants to do—what crops he prefers to grow, what livestock he has or wants, what machinery he has. The technician points out what the land is capable of doing and what needs to be done to check erosion, control water or conserve it in the soil, and keep the land of each field productive. Together they decide which field to use for crops and where the pasture, meadows and woods should be.

Then the technician and the farmer plan the crop rotations and estimate how much fertilizer or lime will be needed for each field. They decide which fields to cultivate on the contour and where to strip crop or terrace. They determine which fields need to be drained and where to build farm ponds and grassed waterways. They decide which pastures need to be fertilized or reseeded and then work out a proper grazing programme. They plan how to manage the woodlots. They may make special plans for food and shelter for wildlife. And they determine how much livestock the farm will carry under the new system and plan a livestock programme to fit the cropping programmes. Then they plan how and when the farmer will make each of the changes in land use and install the conservation measures. When all the details are agreed upon, they are put in a written plan that includes a simple farm map. This plan then becomes the basis for a co-operative agreement between the farmer and his soil conservation district. This applies whether the farmer is an owner or is a tenant.

By June 1943, some of the accomplishments of America's conservation programme included more than 500,000 miles of terracing; more than 7,700,000 acres of cover crops, more than 7,500,000 acres of newly seeded pasture and range; more than 100,000 farm and ranch ponds built; more than 2,800,000 acres of farm drainage completed. Under the provisions of the Agricultural Conservation Act of 1936, the government pays farmers approximately one-fourth or one-third of the cost of installing some of the needed conservation measures. Similarly, the government has supplied the trees for the shelter belt, or protective tree-planting, a pro-

gramme which is of importance in the most extensive unwooded area of the country, the Great Plains. Planting of the trees and their care is the responsibility of the local farmers. Some indication of the scope of this undertaking is the fact that in the Great Plains region, since 1934, about 295,000,000 trees have been planted, constituting a shelter belt 25,200 miles long and approximately five rods wide. In addition to the shelter belt plantings of the Great Plains, another 350,000,000 trees have been planted by farmers in soil conservation districts since 1937. The Soil Conservation Service and other government agencies furnished about half of these tree seedlings. The remainder were purchased by farmers from commercial nurseries.

Another important Government contribution is the continuous and intensive research carried on in the laboratory and in the field. Such scientific work is promptly related to its actual application on the land. For the prime function of the trained and experienced technicians who make up the Soil Conservation Service staff is to go out on the land and help the farmer apply the techniques of conservation to his own farm. During the past 15 years, the Soil Conservation Service has gathered together a staff of more than 11,000 soil conservation technicians.

The knowledge and skill that have accumulated over the years are continuously being shared with other nations. Some 49 countries of the world are today carrying on soil conservation programmes patterned to some extent after that of the United States. In the six years from 1942 to 1948 the United States Soil Conservation Service was visited by 429 scientists and government officials from 63 foreign countries. The Chief of the Service, Dr. Hugh H. Bennett, takes great satisfaction in the international scope of the agency's work, for he has long recognised that the problems of the soil are global. "In the long run," he says, "the overwhelming urge of mankind for survival will dictate that every remaining productive acre be handled in such a way that it will continue to produce indefinitely. The real substance of peace still resides in productive land."
—USIS.

INDIA'S ABORIGINALS: THE BHILS

By V. RAGHAVIAH

(Secretary, Akila Bharatiya Adim Jati Sevak Sangh)

ONE of the most ancient of Aboriginal India's martial tribes are the Bhils of Western India. In Rajasthan alone, they number nearly a million. Safely entrenched in the rugged, barren, mountainous part of Mewar commonly known as Bhilwada, they are very zealous of their freedom and rarely allow it to be encroached upon. Full of steep hills and rocks scarcely can you find in it a patch of plain country where large-scale agriculture can be restored to.

Encouraged by custom and patronised by the ruling chiefs the Bhils collect their own tolls even today from every pedestrian, cart or beast. The only exceptions are the State Congressmen whom they adore, the Mussalmans whom they tolerate, and the Rajputs whom they fear. It often happens that a man will have to pay this illegal toll nearly at a dozen

scabbard which he calls his "talwar." Left to himself the Bhil is quite a peaceful being. His monotonous



tedium is often relieved by the chase of the big game which is by no means scarce in the densely wooded jungle of Mewar. The Bhil maiden is undoubtedly a beauty of a high order.

Strong, muscular, simple, round-faced, she follows her husband at every stage of his daily occupation and cheers him up with her melodious song, naive humour and never-failing smile. She has a flair for bead strings and silver armlets which she wears in plenty on her hands and feet. Red and dark green are her favourite colours and no effort is spared to display them in the rather cumbersome adjustment of her daily attire.

She is very industrious, stands any amount of strain and is game for any contingency. She is no believer in false modesty and observes no purdah. The Bhil youths are brave and sturdy fighters and the Rajasthan Government has not spared any pains

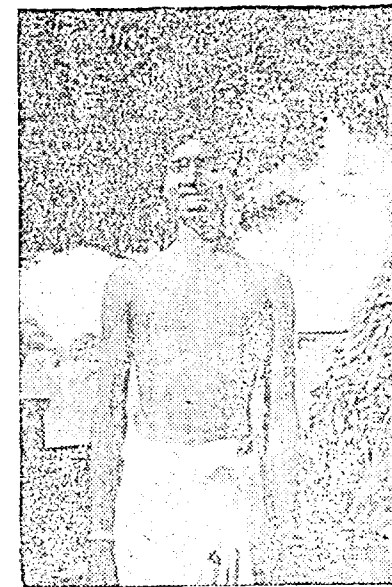
to recruit young Bhils to the police and the army.

The Bhils were once under the grip of the Criminal Tribes Act. But owing to the sheer impossibility of enforcing the demeaning provisions of this monstrous Act, the Government of Rajasthan repealed it and has succeeded in the better enforcement of law and order by entrusting it to the Bhil policeman. From all accounts it is clear that the Government had no reason to regret this step.

The Bhils always fought bravely on the side of the Ranas of Mewar in their heroic battles against the Moghul emperors. Their rare marksmanship in using the bow and arrow and the easy mobility of their war manoeuvres put the heavily armoured Moghul armies under a great disadvantage. The steep hill slopes, the fearful ravines and the almost insurmountable ruggedness of the terrain were play and pastime to the denizens of these hills and continue to be so even today.

With all their great virtues the Bhils are a neglected and impoverished people in modern Rajasthan. The rulers ignore him; the civilised frown

on him and the politicians utilise him. It is getting clearer to the Bhil that



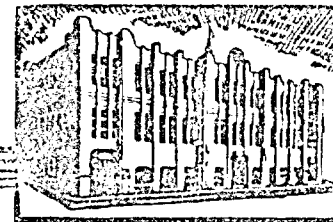
the freedom that Congress India has won has not been yet vouchsafed to Tribal India yet.



places within the thirty mile length of the Bhil land. No Bhil leaves his house without carrying his sword sheathed in his beautifully bedecked

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THE SHORT STORY AND INDIAN JOURNALS

By Prof. P. R. KRISHNASWAMI

THE recent conference of journalists in Madras was concerned only with the politics of their professional existence. A separate conference may perhaps be convened to consider the literary side of their profession. Reporting, news-editing, interviewing and leader-writing are separate arts which may well be discussed with a view to elucidating the best ideas so far known on the subjects. Such conferences may serve to take stock from time to time of the progress achieved in the fulfilment of new ideas in Indian journals. The short story is another attractive art for consideration, especially as it represents an almost unexplored region.

It was observed long ago that every person in the world has enough material in his or her own personal experience to make at least one novel. Once a person has acquired the power to transmute ordinary occurrences into the short story, there can be no limit to the number of stories which may be produced. In English literature the short story appeared later than other forms and was definitely recognisable in the eighteenth century, though with its besetting fault of an obtrusive moral stuck into it. The story and the moral were properly fused only in the nineteenth century. Some of the great novelists like Scott, Dickens, Trollope, Meredith, and Stevenson have been among the writers of short stories but the Americans have excelled the English in the art. Irving, Hawthorne, Poe and Bret Harte represent the Americans. "Rip Van Winkle" is a popular story which has added a word to the language. The stories of Hawthorne are among the most beautiful, for the delicacy and idealisation of moral sentiments. "The Threefold Destiny" tells us of an ambitious young man who went abroad for ten years to find, on his return home, that all he aspired to awaited him at home. The loyal girl at home proves the heroine of his dreams, the privilege of teaching at the village school the royal honour,

and the cultivation of his paternal land the promised treasure-trove. "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" is the story of a magical transformation as in Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," concluding with the observation that it will be folly to go back to youth after we have grown to old age. We meet with a different creation in Poe's work which revels in mystery and horror. Hawthorne is the Wordsworth of the short story while Poe is its Coleridge. Poe's story "The Fall of the House of Usher" tells us of its last representatives, the twins brother and sister. The long-ailing sister ails and dies. The brother immures her in the family vault, but she appears without later and embraces her brother, only to send him to death. Bret Harte has a weird charm, as when he tells in "Miggles" the story of a beautiful girl who retires to a lonely house, to be able to nurse for the rest of her life, a lover of hers struck down by paralysis. The short story concentrates on a single idea, to achieve a single effect. The unity is like that of a classical drama.

There can be no defining of what is the appropriate material for a short story. Whatever is told aptly is good material. A striking incident of life becomes a story, and topical allusions make a good hit. The premium demanded by house-owners of their prospective tenants, the humours of the ration-shop, or the game of forming popular ministries may constitute the basis of present day short story. The love interest is however more absorbing than all other topics. But this love interest must observe strict decorum in India. The Indian stories conclude usually with marriage, and the most adventurous type is the story of the young man surprised to find the choice of his parents being the same as the girl he has already loved—a theme as old as Sheridan's "The Rivals." I read in the pages of "Swatantra" a few months ago a story entitled "An Experience in Frustration," the author of which was veiled

in the obscurity of "S. N." Two of the sentences in the story are worth quoting here: "Sex obsession has dulled men's and women's minds—they all condemn publicly, and yet they are consumed by desires. Why shouldn't there be liaisons, if promiscuous births and disease could be avoided?" The difference between English and French writers lies in the moral restriction observed by the English and the total lack of it in the French. But it is the French who are the greatest short-story writers with Guy de Maupassant towering over them all. Maupassant's creed seems to be formulated in his story "Grandmother's Wisdom" in which the grandmother states: "You marry for social reasons, and marriage is a chain—a chain of which every family is a link. You only marry once, little one, but you can love twenty times. Marriage is a law, but love is an instinct, driving us to right and left. And instinct will win, in every case, because it comes from God." Earlier than the French the Italians developed the short story and Bocaccio's Decameron offers a famous example.

Rabindranath Tagore has left us excellent short stories, often making a satirical comment on social evils but always preserving a poetical quality. "The Vision," "My Lord the Baby," "Home-Coming," "Living or Dead" and "Victory" may be cited as among his masterpieces. "The Vision" tells us of Kumo whose husband, a medical student, presumes to treat her eyes, and serves to destroy their sight. Full of remorse, he keeps by her, to compensate for the loss of her sight. Later on however he succumbs to the suggestion of an aunt that he should re-marry, but the bride who arrives, actually marries Kumo's brother, to the relief of all. Husband and wife are happy once again. The words of the husband in reply to the wife's expostulation are notable: "You are awful as my God. I cannot live my every-day life with you. I want a woman—just an ordinary woman whom I can be free to chide and coax and pet and scold." "The Home-Coming" is the sublimest revelation of the tragic depths of boy-life. The most intense effects of horror are produced in "Living or Dead." The widow Kadambini who is left as dead on the

cremation ground comes home after various adventures, but is unable to convince her people that she is living. In despair she commits suicide falling into a well. "By dying Kadambini had given proofs that she was not dead."

The stories of "Kusika" published in Madras forty years ago had too much of the "reforming" purpose in them to be good art. "S.V.V." has provided much enjoyable yarn, derived of his experiences in the criminal courts of North Arcot. Hilton Brown filled many a column of the newspaper with sketches inspired by his magisterial experiences. E. K. Narayan has also produced many a delicate sketch of recognisable scenes of life.

Rajaji, our present Governor-General, has produced a number of short stories in Tamil. Though he expressed his unwillingness to let them be translated into English, one collection seems to have been rendered into English in recent years. Rajaji is interested chiefly in the uplift of the Harijan in his stories and this purpose may become too prominent in them. A very successful story is "Devanai," an honest woman reduced to degradation and misery. She is a weaver who turns a charwoman, by the force of circumstances. When this also becomes difficult she migrates to the city to become a factory hand and receives disgraceful treatment from the overseer. An unscrupulous woman offers her shelter to deliver her illegitimate child and she escapes next to beg in the streets. Excess of pathos is the defect of the Indian story.

The vernacular journals have probably shown greater enterprise than the English publications. Realistic sketches of the middle and the lower middle class have frequently appeared in the Tamil journals. But their appeal must be necessarily restricted. They cannot have the richness and variety we look for in the best specimens. George Meredith said that humour is not possible in a society where the two sexes do not meet on a footing of equality. The lack of short stories in India may be attributed to the numerous handicaps of the social structure here. It has to be remodelled on new lines, by the

demolition of false barriers erected now. Society has to be welded together and a new joy created from the sense of belonging to that society. Are we going to avail ourselves of our political independence, to re-build our social structure, so as to realise and develop the best of our creative powers? Ellen Roy and Sibnarayan Ray have urged, in their book, "In Man's Own Image," the spread of education and democratic living, to counteract the concentration of social

power in a few. Shahid Pravin, writing on "Woman, marriage and morals," has pleaded for the compulsory employment of all adult women, as the means of setting right the ill-balanced relations between the sexes at present. These ideas must be given serious consideration if the best interests of the country are dear to us. Like literature, the short story reflects the national life, and unless that national life grows into richness, the art of the short story cannot progress.

RANI LAKSHMIBAI OF JHANSI

By RAMSINGH RAWAL

"SHE was the bravest and the best man on the side of the mutineers." This is how Sir Hugh Rose, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, arrayed against the revolutionaries in 1857, described Maharani Lakshmibai of Jhansi, the heroine of the 1857 Revolution.

Rani Lakshmibai was born on the 15th June 1834 A.D. at Bithor, the seat of the Peshwas, to Moropant Tambe and Shrimati Bhagirathibai. She was named Manubai. The astrologers predicted that she would live for ever in the history of India. Her companion in childhood was Nana Saheb. From her younger days, she learnt the art of fighting. The saga of Durgavati and that of Shivaji thrilled her from her early days. When she was twenty, she was married to Gangadhar Rao, Raja of Jhansi. Unfortunately, however, Gangadhar died two years later, leaving Manubai, who had been renamed Lakshmibai according to Hindu custom, a childless widow.

At this time, the kingdom of Jhansi was not in the bad books of the British overlords. So, the Rani decided to adopt a son. But Dalhousie, the Governor-General of the time, opposed her action in accordance with his policy of grabbing as many areas as he could. The Rani's request was turned down and the State of Jhansi was amalgamated with the British domains. The Rani was granted a pension! She however decided to adopt the child, and on a

particular day the necessary ceremony was performed.

Even after the "accession," the Rani's attitude towards the British remained cordial. But the British were always suspicious of her. They were planning to achieve something which they believed they could not as long as there were Rani Lakshmibai of Jhansi, Nana Saheb, Tantia Tope, and their like in India. On the other hand, revolutionaries like Tantia, Nana, and Lakshmibai found that with them the whole country could not tolerate the hateful rule of aliens. Preparations for an armed rebellion were therefore on their way. The masses were ready, and so were the Indian troops of the British territorial army.

Lakshmibai, who had been brought up in the revolutionary atmosphere desired to play her part in the freedom battle, but she did not approve the policy of certain leaders of the struggle. There were three schools of thought in the struggle. The first one, to which Nana Saheb, Tantia Tope, Lakshmibai, Nawab of Banda, Kunwar Singh, and the last Mughal Emperor Bahadurshah belonged, wanted to expel the British out of India and to establish their lost Swarajya. The second one aimed at the destruction of the British and their collaborators and the establishment of a People's Raj. The third one consisted of opportunists. One of the chieftains belonging to the third group, Sardar Nathe Khan besieged



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the Jhansi Fort and demanded from the Rani a ransom of seven lakhs of rupees. The Rani was short of funds, as everything had been appropriated by the British. However she collected all her ornaments and managed to pay him one lakh of rupees. The traitor Nathe Khan then joined hands with the British and charged the Rani with being a rebel.

The British wanted an excuse; and they got it. Their attitude towards Jhansi became openly hostile. The British-inspired traitors, Sadashiv Rao of Khandesh and Nathe Khan invaded Jhansi. But the Rani was not to be taken by surprise. She was ready to face any eventuality. She led her people into the battle-field. Clad in saffron-coloured sari, with a bejewelled red cap on her head and sword in her hand, she was seen on the top of the fort. She inspired her men with her heroism:—"Give up my Jhansi? I will not! Let him try to take who dares! *Meri Jhansi doongi nahin!*"

The traitors were beaten back. The British had to ask for help from England. On 16th September 1857 Sir Hugh Rose arrived to lead the British forces against Jhansi. He sent a message to the Rani to surrender. She replied that she would fight rather than surrender.

When the Rani was fighting the British she received the bitter news of the defeat of Tantia Tope. This was disheartening. And now the British

threw more forces against Jhansi. Jhansi was ravaged but the Rani was still adamant. As long as she had a sword, she said, she would not allow Jhansi to be enslaved by foreigners. She and her band of warriors made their way to Bhander in Gwalior State. From there, she proceeded to Kalpi, where a conference of all the revolutionary leaders was held. Here she met Nana Saheb. At Kalpi a battle ensued, but the revolutionaries lost. The revolutionaries then trekked to Gwalior and Nana Saheb, with the support of the people, secured control of the Gwalior fort in spite of the fact that Jayjirao Scindia of Gwalior was an ally of the British. The control was however shortlived on account of the treachery of Dinker Rao, the Diwan, who joined with the British. Nana Saheb and Rani Lakshmibai had to leave!

But the Rani of Jhansi was not daunted. She started training a new army. But before she could complete her preparations she was attacked by the numerically superior troops of Colonel Smith. She fought very bravely and though she was encircled, she carved her way through with her sword.

She was however pursued by two tommies. On the bank of a streamlet, when she was alone, they attacked her. She fought them, but was mortally wounded in her head. The Great Fighter for the freedom of India died in action.

WOMAN

Women have more strength in their looks, than we have in our laws; and more power by their tears, than we have by our arguments.
—SAVILLE.

Women never truly command, till they have given their promise to obey; and they are never in more danger of being made slaves, than when the men are at their feet.—FARQUHAR.

Men at most differ as heaven and earth; but women, worst and best, as heaven and hell.—TENNYSON.

There are three classes into which all old women are divided: first, that dear old soul; second, that old woman; and third, that old witch.
—COLERIDGE.

A woman's heart, like the moon, is always changing but there is always a man in it.—PUNCH.

No one knows like a woman how to say things which are at once gentle and deep.—VICTOR HUGO.

THE GENIUS OF MAYAKOVSKY

By K. RAGHAVENDRA RAO

RUSSIAN literature of the post-Revolution period is a subject of fierce controversy. It appears to be impossible for one to be impartial when discussing it. One is compelled to take sides. Especially for people who have been trained on Western lines of thought, the new conception of literature, practised and preached in the Soviet Union, is very bewildering. One confronts a whole set of new values. Their contention that all literature is essentially political propaganda, is not easily acceptable to those who are not Communists. However, one cannot ignore the achievements of the Soviet Union in the field of literature. Mayakovsky is the most fascinating figure that has appeared on the modern Russian literary scene. Of him, Stalin has said, "He was and is the most talented poet of our Socialist epoch and indifference to his memory is crime."

As one takes a glance at the picture of Mayakovsky, one is impressed by his deep and fiery eyes. Easily the tallest poet in the world (he was over seven feet tall), with his penetrating eyes, high forehead and sallow face, he looks the very incarnation of energy. He was born in 1893, in Bagdadi village, Georgia. His father was a forest ranger. His parents were very well off. Mayakovsky first read Marx in 1907. In 1908, he joined the local Bolshevik Party. He was twice arrested and he spent his days in prison very usefully indeed. He read Shakespeare, Byron and Tolstoy. Later, when his genius was recognised and duly honoured by the new Soviet Republic, he undertook very extensive travels abroad. He has recorded his impressions in his travel note books. In 1930, Mayakovsky committed suicide, plunging the whole nation into sorrow. The actual causes for this strange action of Mayakovsky are shrouded in mystery. It is believed that he fell a victim to the RAPP (Union of Soviet Proletariat) writes Clique.

Mayakovsky's earliest poem of any significance is "A cloud in Trousers," written in 1915. This poem is deeply personal and it records his disappoint-

ment in love with a girl called Marya. The following lines reveal the depth of his suffering:

Mother! I can't sing
In the church of my heart, the
choir is on fire.
The opening of this poem reveals his egotism and youthful arrogance. He says,

Of grandfatherly gentleness
I'm devoid
There's not a grey hair in my
soul!
Thundering the world with the
might of my voice,
I go by—handsome
Twenty-two year old.

Even in this early poem, he identified himself with the suffering millions and with the voice of a prophet, he sings,

And I amongst you—am its
prophet,
Wherever pain is—there am I;
On every single tear that's shed
I myself am crucified.

Mayakovsky was the leader of a group of young writers, called The Futurists. This group is characterised by its profound faith in Communism and a somewhat contemptuous attitude towards the older writers. Mayakovsky's attitude towards traditional literature can be understood from the following lines,

Of pages
Palace
Love
And lilac blooms?
If such as you
Are the creators,
Then I spit upon all art.

In 1917, with his characteristic vigour, he expressed his revolutionary zeal.

Beat on the street the march of
rebellion,
Sweeping over the heads of the
proud;
We, the flood of a second deluge,
Shall wake the world like a burst-
ing cloud.

Mayakovsky gives a vivid picture of his prophetic vision of the great Communist paradise, in a play called "Mystery Bouffe," written in 1918. The

clean who are the bourgeoisie and the unclean who are the proletariat, leave the earth, together. They first reach Hell. The unclean conquer Hell and leave it to the clean. Then the unclean, alone, reach Heaven, which they find very dull. They return to earth where the Communist paradise has been established. The private ownership of property has been abolished. There are no more capitalists. So, the workers sing with supreme joy.

The sunbeams we shall tie
In radiant brooms and sweep
The clouds from the sky
With electricity.

We shall make honey-sweet the
rivers of the world
The streets of earth we'll pave
with radiant stars.

The greatest, perhaps the only
source of all his poetry, is his almost
fanatical faith in Communism. His
faith in it is the most dominant trait
in his character.

I hurl myself into Communism
From the heights of poetry above,
Because, without it,
For me
There is no love.

Mayakovsky was not always concerned with his prophetic mission. There were moments when he forgot that he was the official singer of Communism and wrote light, humorous verses. One such is "Re conference". This piece, it seems, pleased Lenin very much. The poet, here, satirises the craze for conferences which was in vogue in the early days of the Soviet Republic. On one occasion, the poet is puzzled to notice that

People are sitting in halves
Heavens above! Where're their
other halves gone?

But a clerk comes to his rescue and explains the mystery—thus: "They are in two conferences at the same time." The poet's dislike of the conferences becomes so intense that he wishes for,

Oh for just
One more conference
Regarding the eradication of all
conferences!

He made no secret of his opinion of contemporary Russian literature. He frankly described it as a "monotonous landscape." Another of his well-known poems is "Jubilee," written on the occasion of the Pushkin Jubilee. In it,

he addresses Pushkin's statue, without any trace of humility. But his greatest poem which is also one of the greatest poems in Russian literature is a poetical biography of Lenin, written in 1924. It is entitled "Vladimir Ilyich Lenin." This poem is grand in conception. Mayakovsky's genius which is more suited for epic poetry than lyrical poetry, finds its consummate expression in this poem. He also throws in some of his own personal comments on Lenin's achievements. For sheer descriptive power, it is unsurpassable. Here is a passage in which Lenin's prophetic power is described

He grasped the earth whole,
All at one go,
Saw that which lay hidden
In time.

Here is another passage about Lenin's coffin. It has a truly epic grandeur.

Over all the earth
The sleepless winds blow
But nohow
Rebelling,
Can one reach the conclusion.
That this coffin
In frosty
Room-burrowed Moscow
Is the son and father
Of Revolution.

In 1930, in the year of his death, Mayakovsky wrote a poem entitled "At the Top of My Voice," in which he confesses a very significant fact. He sacrificed his instinct for the sake of his faith in Communism. What can be more pathetic than these lines?

But I master'd myself,
And crushed underfoot
The throat of my own songs

Mayakovsky was not a seeker of beauty or truth in his poetry. He was a fierce crusader. He desired with all his heart that the "pen might equal the gun." He preferred the violent poetry of revolution to the kind of poetry which endeavours to discover philosophical truth or capture the elusive essence of beauty. He has summed up admirably his literary activity in the following words: "And twenty years of my literary work has actually been a literary boxing match in the best sense of the word." To those who read him without any prejudice his poetry offers a great experience. It has power and vigour. It occasionally has beauty too.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

THERE has been trouble of many kinds in Calcutta recently. There have been terrorist coups, mob stonethrowing and police firing. The metropolis of Eastern India seems to be in the grip of a wave of violence.

What is even more disturbing, however, is the report of several acts of mob frenzy not aimed at the police but against poor vagrants and destitutes. According to a report:

"A frenzied mob in Budge Budge, 17 miles from Calcutta, beat to death yesterday a beggar woman on suspicion that she was a child kidnapper.

This is the second such case to occur in one week in Calcutta and its suburbs. On Tuesday last, a person who appeared to be a mendicant was stoned to death (and many more such homeless persons seriously injured) in the Shyam Bazar area of the city on similar suspicion.

Eleven arrests were made in Budge Budge in connection with the death of the woman.

The city's Police Commissioner, at a press conference, however stated that only six cases of kidnapping had taken place in the last six months and that there was no evidence of any organised gang of child-lifters in Calcutta."

This report should be a warning to the Government as well as leaders of public opinion. The two murders by mobs in Calcutta are symptomatic of a dangerous malady.

Consider the facts, as stated in the report.

As the Police Commissioner explained, there were ONLY SIX cases of child-kidnapping in the last six months which is, no doubt, deplorable but certainly does not indicate an abnormal incidence of such crimes, for a huge city like Calcutta with its teeming population of six millions.

There is no evidence to show that the "frenzied mob" included parents of the kidnapped children who might be forgiven if grief over their loss made them forget all canons of law as well as humanity.

Nor was there any evidence that the man and the woman murdered (or any of the others who were

stoned and wounded) were really guilty of child-kidnapping—or of any other crime except their unkempt, poverty-stricken appearance.

The mob, in both cases, not only took the law into its hands—a serious enough matter—but also killed two human beings (including a woman) on the merest suspicion.

There was no immediate or strong enough provocation (much less justification) for this "mob frenzy."

The mob seems to have taken part in the outrage as a sport or an adventure, or perhaps an outlet for suppressed and perverted emotions. What happened in Calcutta was "lynching"—the blood sport of ignorant, race-obsessed, violent mobs in the southern states of U.S.A. In this case the victims were not Negroes but, happened to be beggars and mendicants.

And so, with plastics and coloured comics, we have imported the lynch law, too, from America.

We Indians have been traditionally tolerant of beggars.

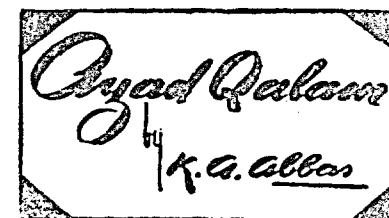
We Indians are supposed to be polite and chivalrous in our attitude towards women.

We Indians are supposed to be votaries of Ahimsa—many millions of us are averse even to killing monkeys, mice, cockroaches or even lice.

And yet the same Indians beat to death a poor, helpless woman and an old mendicant—against neither of whom was there any ground for violent hatred, except a vague suspicion (proved utterly wrong) that some beggars were involved in kidnapping of children.

This incidence of mob violence in Calcutta, though it had no inter-communal significance, does not seem unconnected with the wave of violence, murder and bestial sadism that swept over parts of India and Pakistan at the time of the Partition.

Sadism and lust for violence are contagious diseases, and it is apparent that the malady is on the increase. The manifestations, whether on the large scale as in the inter-commu-



nal massacres, or on the small scale as in the recent mob murders in Calcutta, are alarming enough to require an investigation into the psychological and sociological causes which produce such acts of inhumanity.

Human life is sacred—whether it is a beggar woman or a mass of demonstrators or members of the opposite community. Neither the police nor the communal fanatics nor lynching mobs have the right to take human life—unless it is in strict accordance with the laws of crime and punishment. The Rule of the Law can be observed only where the sanctity of human life is respected.

SHANGHAI SHANGHAI-ED!

John Gunther who has a flair for picturesque phrases described Shanghai as a "complex political ulcer on the face of China" which demanded "a brief section by itself" (i.e. in his *Inside Asia*). What it demanded even more urgently than "a brief section" was a surgical incision and the armies of Chinese Communists seem to be doing just that as the lancets of their spear-heads begin to prod into this complex ulcer.

"Shanghai, the sixth largest city in the world, with almost 4,000,000 population in 1939," wrote Gunther, ten years ago, "is the chief mart of Chinese trade, a splendid refuge for tax-dodgers, and the seat of the worst slums, the most grisly factories, some of the handsomest country clubs, and the finest night life in the world. In Shanghai, 29,000 dead bodies are picked off the streets in an average year. And in Shanghai is a restaurant where dinner may cost £150."

Visiting this strange, exciting and baffling city, at about the same time (summer of 1938), I remember to have found it a peculiar conglomeration of all the vices of the East and the West—opium dens and night clubs, taxis and taxi-dancers, rickshaws and medicine men, Western capitalism and Eastern feudalism, American go-getterism and Chinese fatalism. In the melting pot of Shanghai were to be found adventurers and profiteers and spies from all parts of the world, White Russians, French wine merchants, German Jew refugees, British businessmen, Pathan and Sikh policemen and watchmen from India, American capitalists, Chinese warlords and

Japanese agents. In the same evening you could see the ancient Chinese opera (munching your food as the show went on) and dance to the latest jazzy tunes in a night club. There was money in tax-free Shanghai, adventure and excitement, an exotic, colourful exciting atmosphere.

And to make the paradox complete, just around the cosmopolitan "international settlement," there was a war going on, and at night, while sleeping in an American style hotel, one could hear shelling and machine-gunning. Sometimes, by mistake, a bomb or two dropped in the "settlement" area, too, and lent an additional spice of danger to the exciting business of living in Shanghai.

END OF EXTRA-TERRITORIALITY

Of all cities in the world, Shanghai had the most unique triple administration. The International Settlement (with a population of over a million) was governed by a Municipal Council, nominated by and responsible to the Consuls General of the Great Powers—which, in effect, meant the British. On this council were both Chinese and Japanese—though a couple of miles away from the settlement they were officially at war. The French Concession was, for all practical purposes, a part of France. And, surrounding the International Settlement, the "Chinese City" was a part of the Republic—then besieged, and later occupied, by Japan.

British, American, Italian and Japanese troops policed the different sectors into which the Settlement was divided. The Japanese turned their sectors into Japanese territory and even wanted to occupy the whole settlement but stayed their hands for fear of provoking Britain and America—till Pearl Harbour cured Japan of any such inhibitions and the Flag Of the Rising Sun went up on Shanghai, too!

Sixty per cent of total Chinese industry was (and perhaps still is) in Shanghai, 41.5 per cent of China's total customs revenues came through this port. But most of the business was in foreign hands—the Harpoons, Ezras, Shamoons, Elis, Kadoories, Sir Victor Sassoon, some of whom are well known in India. Gas, water works and trams were owned by the British;

electricity, power and telephones by Americans.

This was the result of the rights of "extra-territoriality" which the Great Powers had forced China to concede to them. Shanghai was, and remained for many decades, the happy hunting ground of European and American financiers and businessmen, exploiters and adventurers.

The Kuomintang resented this extra-territoriality, (and during the war even Chiang talked of ending the special rights of foreigners) but never had enough guts to push the Great Powers out. With the sweeping success of the Red armies, however, the foreign-dominated Shanghai seems doomed. The ulcer is being pricked and one may expect it to ooze out a lot of puss and bad blood, before the new China's relations with foreign powers are restored to normal health.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

With the emergence of India as an independent power, considerable interest is being taken in our Government's foreign policy, and the several pamphlets that have been written and published on this theme reflect this public interest. "THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE INDIAN UNION," by Professor S. V. Puntambekar of the Nagpur University (Padma Publications, Bombay 1, Price: Rs. 2) is more exhaustive and informative than some other similar pamphlets, inasmuch as the Professor also reviews the geographical, historical and geo-political background of the foreign policy. It is notable, however, that he ignores the vital economic aspect of the matter. It is this lapse, perhaps, which prompts him to advise India's close association with the Anglo-American bloc, forgetting the economic interests of British imperialism and America's Dollar expansionism which would use India as a field for exploitation. The Professor is contemptuous of the "idealism" of those who advocate India's neutrality—"I am, therefore, an advocate of alliances with powers like England, and opponent of a policy of neutrality"—but he himself seems to naively believe in having "allies like Great Britain and the U.S.A. who would help us against aggressors" without going into the basic economic motives of these two countries. Professor Puntambekar makes several

references to Pakistan's aggression in Kashmir, which he rightly regards as a warning and a challenge. It is strange, therefore, that he has chosen to ignore the by no means pro-Indian attitude taken by Britain and U.S.A.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"PRETORIA: An increase in the number of lunatics is reported from South Africa."

"NEW YORK: Twenty-two leading churchmen and theologians have issued a statement declaring that the Atlantic Pact means 'continuance of the cold war in a divided world.'"

"LONDON: Top-secret indoor naval exercises giving a preview of 'atom A3' war-fare opened at Greenwich Naval College, London, before the most important peacetime gathering of British Commonwealth and American Service Chiefs ever assembled in Britain. The exercises, known as Operation 'Trident' and due to last five days are being held behind heavily guarded doors surrounded by more security measure than prevailed on many war-time occasions. Only the barest outline has been divulged publicly of what some 400 or more high ranking officers, scientists and 'back room boys' will hear and see in a series of lectures and demonstrations dealing with the future defence of the British Commonwealth and its ability to wage war."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"BOMBAY: May Day—the day of workers' solidarity—was separately celebrated by the Communist Party, the Socialist Party, the Forward Bloc, the Mazdoor Trotskyist Party and other Left parties.

"NEW DELHI: Wholesale prices in India recorded a slight decline of 0.1 per cent during the week ended April 9, 1949 and the index which stood at 371.0 (Base: year ended Aug. 1939-100) was 0.2 per cent higher as compared with the corresponding week of last month and 7 per cent more than that of a year ago.

"NEW DELHI: India is expected to receive 471,000 tons of foodgrains from abroad, including 286,500 tons of wheat and 95,200 tons of rice, during the 30 days ending May 20."

FUTURE OF ITALY'S LOST COLONIES

By **WICKHAM STEED**

(Former Editor of London "TIMES")

The future of Italy's former colonies is now being discussed by the United Nations. Describing the problem as one of the toughest questions that has faced the U. N. Assembly, Wickham Steed recalls how these colonies came under Italian rule and how Italy lost them through the megalomaniac dream of Mussolini who set out to create a new "Roman Empire."

FEW tougher questions have come before the Assembly of the United Nations than that of the treatment of Italy's former colonies. It is not a question to be settled in the light of past history alone. Nor can it be decided solely in accordance with the alleged but problematical wishes of the inhabitants, be they Somalis, Eritreans or Arabs.

The Allies—mainly British and Commonwealth troops—in the war of 1939-45 who conquered Italian Somaliland, Eritrea, Cyrenaica and Tripolitania and helped the Emperor of Abyssinia to regain his country and his throne have a special right to be heard. But has post-Fascist Italy, now a signatory of the Atlantic Pact and an important member of a Western European Union, no claim to argue that the sins of Mussolini and his Black Shirts ought not in equity to be visited upon her? Can she not make out a plausible case in favour of the assignment to her, as a trustee for the United Nations, of some portions of her pre-Fascist Colonial Empire?

Nor are these the only considerations. The world is not yet so peaceful that the strategy of eventual defence against aggressive war can be entirely ignored. Were it not so the Atlantic Pact would hardly have come into being. Now the control of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica might conceivably become a factor in the defensive strategy of Western Europe and the Middle East; and Britain in particular is bound by a formal undertaking to the Senussi Arabs of Cyrenaica that they shall not again be subjected to Italian rule. On the whole, and with the history of Italian colonial enterprise present in my mind, I find it difficult to adopt any

hard and fast principle as a guide to decision.

BRITISH VIEW

Roughly, the settlement most favoured in London would be the return of Italian Somaliland to Italian trusteeship; it would link all Eritrea, except the western province, with Abyssinia; it would give Britain the trusteeship of Cyrenaica, and the disposal of Tripolitania would be left on one side for the time being for further consideration.

I do not think that the inhabitants of any of these regions will be fit for "independence" within a calculable future, strongly though I feel that their welfare must be the first consideration in any system of government that may be devised for them. Italian Somaliland was, I believe, administered quite as well as were British and French Somaliland between 1905 and 1940. There is no reason to suppose that an Italian trusteeship would be unwelcome to the inhabitants.

In Cyrenaica, and to a lesser extent in Tripolitania, Italian rule became detestable especially under the lieutenants of Mussolini. It was in Cyrenaica that the "butcher" Graziani earned his name by sending Senussi chieftains up in aeroplanes and casting them out over their villages. Such memories live long in Arab minds; and Britain is under a moral bond not to permit the return of Italian rule in any shape or form. In Tripolitania the position may be different, although the persistence there of Fascist tendencies among the Italian settlers renders some caution expedient even in regard to the assignment to Italy of a share in an international trusteeship.

No man with a knowledge of modern European history can suppose that any allocation of former Italian territories will be regarded by Italy without heartburnings. Ever since her unification in 1870, Italy has aspired to colonial possessions. Until 1881 she looked upon Tunisia as her predestined inheritance. The French, prompted by Bismarck, who wished to estrange Italy from France, took it instead. Italian resentment drove Italy a year later into an anti-French alliance with Austria and Germany. France took her revenge by helping Abyssinia to defeat Italy in 1896.

Italian hopes were then centred on the Turkish provinces of Tripoli and Cyrenaica, and led up to the Italo-Turkish war of 1911-12. The Balkan States took advantage of it to ally themselves against the Turks whom they defeated severely in the First Balkan War of 1912. Out of Austrian alarm at the Serbian victory over

Turkey in that war, and over Bulgaria in the Second Balkan War of 1913, grew the resolve of Austria to crush Serbia at all costs in 1914. Thus the Italian seizure of Tripoli was among the indirect causes of World War I.

The Italian desire for colonies was not inspired solely by "imperialism." It sprang also from the search for a solution of Italy's gravest problem—how to find room for the increasing surplus of her population. Only a partial solution was found. Then Mussolini aimed at the creation of a new "Roman Empire" by the conquest of Tunisia and Egypt in addition to Abyssinia. This megalomaniac dream cost Italy all her colonies. But the fundamental Italian problem remains. Drastic land reform in Italy may help to solve it in time. Yet it is a problem to which the United Nations should pay some heed during the debates on the future of the former Italian colonies.

ALL INDIA FINE ARTS AND CRAFTS SOCIETY

NEXT to the A.I.R. building in Parliament Street, New Delhi, stands the permanent home of the All-India Fine Arts and Crafts Society, the central organisation of Arts and Crafts in India. You will always find in this hall some sort of exhibitions of fine arts going on and also a number of people either entering the hall or coming out. The Society which was founded in 1931 in New Delhi has today over 1,000 members, and almost all the practising artists of India are

connected with the Society. As far back as 1932, 1933 and 1934 exhibitions of Indian paintings were sponsored by the Society in France and England. In Calcutta, Bombay, Hyderabad and in other important art centres of the country the Society has organised exhibitions of works of Indian artists. In 1946, was held in New Delhi for the first time an International Contemporary Art Exhibition opened by Lord Wavell, the then Viceroy of India. Visi-



BEGGING BUDDHA

—By Ramendranath Chakravarty

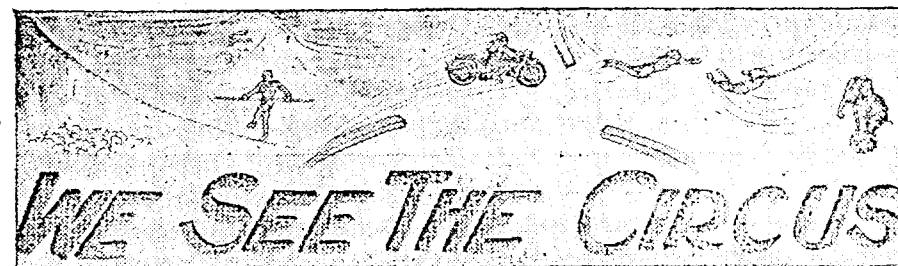
tors witnessed for the first time in India original canvases by master artists of the present day in England, France and America. In 1947 this exhibition was followed by the Contemporary Inter-Asian Art Exhibition organised by the Society in co-operation with the Indian Council of World Affairs along with the Inter-Asian Relations Conference. Ten members of the Asiatic countries sent their exhibits. Today the Society is holding either in the form of group shows or one-man exhibitions or on an All-India basis, near about 20 exhibitions a year. In response to the move of the Society, an exhibition of Indian paintings will be opened in October, in the United States. An exhibition of Indian paintings will also be opened in August this year at Kabul on the invitation of our Ambassador, His Excellency Mr. Roop Chand and the Ministry of External Affairs. Preparations for the collection of the exhibits have already started and the Travelling Art Exhibition sponsored by the Society which is now in Madras will form the nucleus for the bigger exhibitions in Kabul and America. The Society feels that regional bodies should be established in the different Provinces and States who will be responsible for the preliminary selection of exhibits for Indian art exhibitions in foreign lands. In Madras, with the help and co-operation of the Progressive Painters' Association, a regional committee has been set up with the Hon'ble Mr. P. V. Rajamannar, Chief Justice of the Madras High Court as President, Mr. D. P. Roy Chowdhury, the celebrated artist and Principal, Government School of Arts and Crafts, Madras, as Chairman and Mr. K. C. S. Pannikker as Convenor.

One of the chief aims of the Society is to establish a National Art Gallery for contemporary art at the Capital and art galleries in all Provinces. The Government of India have already approved a plan submitted by the Society for the National Art Gallery and a token grant of Rs. 25,000 has been sanctioned towards the building fund. In this gallery of modern art will be housed contemporary paintings and sculptures. It will also provide rooms for current exhibitions,

lectures, demonstrations and for Central School of Arts and Crafts.

In recognition of the services of the Central Association in the field of art and crafts, the Government of India has nominated two responsible officers to the Council and Working Committee of the organisation. One of them Mr. K. R. K. Menon, Secretary to the Ministry of Finance, Government of India, is the Chairman of the Society. The other, Mr. Kirpal Deputy Education Officer, Government of India, is the Vice-Chairman. The President of the Society is Sir Ushash Sen, Chairman of the Indian Red Cross Society. Amongst the Vice-Presidents of the Society are men like Mr. D. P. Roy Chowdhury of Madras Mr. Rathindranath Tagore of Bengal and amongst members Mr. R. N. Chakravathy, Principal, Government School of Arts, Calcutta, Dr. Stella Kramrisch of Calcutta, Mr. Mukandilal from U. P., Sardar Thakur Singh of East Punjab, Mr. N. M. Kelkar from Bombay and a number of well-known artists and art critics.

The Society has not confined its activities only to exhibition and lectures but publishes an 'Art News,' a monthly bulletin of arts and crafts giving details of art activities in the country. Apart from these monthly bulletins, 'Roopa-Lekha,' an illustrated art journal, is also being published by the Society. The magazine is edited by top-ranking artists like Dr. J. H. Cousins, Dr. Motichandra, Mr. N. C. Mehta, Dr. Stella Kramrisch, Dr. N. P. Chakravathi. The Managing Editor is the well-known artist and art critic, Sri Barada Ukil, the Hon. General Secretary of the Society. Contributors to the journal include Mr. O. C. Ganguli, Dr. Harnam Gecetz and Mr. Mukandilal. Eminent personages of India like Sir Mirza Ismail, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Ayyar, H. E. Sir Maharaj Singh, Governor of Bombay, Sir H. P. Modi, Governor of U. P. Sir Cowasjee Jehangir, Mr. N. R. Sircar, Mr. G. D. Birla, Sir Padampet Singhania and a number of others are closely connected with the organisation. Heads of Government and other public men have lent their support to the activities of the Society from time to time. His Excellency the Governor-General, Sir C. Rajagopalachari, is the Patron-in-chief of the Society.



By S. R.

"THERE is a circus in town," said my husband.

"Don't tell me," I said absently, intent on counting the clothes which had come from the wash, "that such things still exist. I thought they had long ago become anachronisms."

"Apparently not. This one has a lion in it, in fact, a couple of them."

"I suppose we will have to take Khus one of these days," I said. Khus is short for Kasturi, thirteen, thin and lanky. My daughter.

"Oh, I suppose so," said my husband. "But it will be boring. Couldn't you....."

"You took the words right out of my mouth," I said brightly. "I couldn't possibly come anywhere this week."

"Either we both go," said my husband grimly, "or we don't go at all."

"Perhaps Khus wouldn't like to go," I suggested hopefully.

But of course she would, I thought. After all, she is a little girl. That was where I was wrong, as I discovered later. I had left her in a smart convent boarding school at Delhi not liking to upset her lessons when my husband was suddenly transferred to Madras. And here she was for her summer vacation, looking and talking like no one I had ever known in all my life—no little girl at any rate. She had grown tall and thin and moved with an odd awkward grace—rather like a young animal and her thoughts were unformed but as colourful as those of a woman with a past. Khus at thirteen was as different from Khus at twelve as night from day.

She came in at my husband's call a few minutes later with 'Monte Cristo' in her hand and a look of dreamy melancholy on her face.

"Oh, hello," she said.

"Would you like to go to a circus, Khus?" asked my husband.

"A real circus," I said with as much cheerfulness as I could muster, "with lions and tigers and chimpanzees in it."

"There are no chimpanzees in this one," said my husband unimaginatively.

"I only mentioned them," I said, annoyed, "and they might be there, how do you know? I once saw a circus in which there were live alligators."

"It couldn't have been alligators," argued my husband. "It must have been hippopotami."

"It certainly wasn't hippopotami," I said, my confusion deepening, "and anyway, they can't live outside water."

"We won't discuss that," said my husband pompously to cover his defeat. "The question is, would Khus like to go?"

Khus looked at my face for a moment and then shrugged elegantly.

"O. K." she said.

We had ice cream on the way. Entirely for Khus's sake, of course. I am not inordinately fond of it myself. But Khus was preoccupied and while she was only half way through hers, I finished mine. Then just to keep the poor kid company, my husband and I each had another.

It was while I was deep in my second that Khus said: "I have seen the Circus of Life."

"What?"

"I said I have seen the Circus of Life."

"Was it amusing?" asked my husband.

"What on earth do you mean, Khus?" I asked as newer and newer shades of meaning occurred to me.

"It said life was a circus and there were all sorts of poses in it."

"What said life was a circus?"

"The book."

"What book?"

"Life—you know, the magazine."

"I see."

"It is the name of a ballet. The Circus of Life. Isn't it a marvellous title? And there were dozens and dozens of poses in it."

We drove to the circus with me talking with forced gaiety about all the circuses I had seen as a little girl avoiding all references to animals out of consideration for my husband.

"You are quiet, Khus," said my husband glancing at the corner of the back seat in which she had settled herself.

"She must be excited," I said, "over seeing her first circus."

"Not at all," said Khus politely, "I was thinking of the Count of Monte Cristo."

Soon the circus tent came in sight with a huge poster planted in front of it proclaiming the prowess of the lion in the performance. Beside the rampant creature stood a fat man in a bemedalled black coat and a pair of fashionable spectacles.

We must have taken more time over the ice cream than we had thought, for the bell was just ringing for the circus to begin, when we threaded our way through variously disposed legs and knees and ankles to our seats. Khus immediately launched into a highly personal conversation with a little girl who sat next to her, a girl perhaps a year younger than Khus and as fat as a bun. They told each other their names, their father's names and their mother's names, what schools they went to and who were their best friends right through the first act of the circus.

"Khus," I whispered, "you are not seeing the circus."

Khus cast a fleeting glance at the girl in the ring who was standing on a roller and twirling three balls at the same time.

"That is nothing," she said indifferently. "Anybody can do that. There is a boy I know who can twirl five."

The performer now placed a small stool on the roller and balancing herself on it slowly bent backwards till her hands touched the stool. The roller rolled alarmingly. It rolled right over to the edge of the platform.

"Oh, she is going to fall," I said, my heart thumping. I had seen a girl fall like that long, long ago. Somebody had carelessly let a horse come into the ring—or perhaps it was a camel—while she was doing her act and the animal had boisterously charged straight at the platform, upsetting the girl, roller, stool and all. Fortunately, she was not hurt, somebody having caught her as she fell.

"She really must not wear that dress," said Khus. "It doesn't suit her black hair."

I caught up my thoughts and looked at the girl more closely. Her hair was black, her skin light brown and her lips a gash of red. Her blouse was of sky-blue satin and her knickers orange. It really was an atrocious combination.

The clown came into the ring and started his antics. He mimicked the manager, he mimicked the lion tamer, a railway ticket collector and started on a well-known film-star. He strutted about the stage swinging his hips in the most extravagant manner and lisping a trite film-tune. I held my sides and laughed and laughed.

"Does he think he is funny?" said Khus glowering.

"You mean you don't like it?" I asked, amazed.

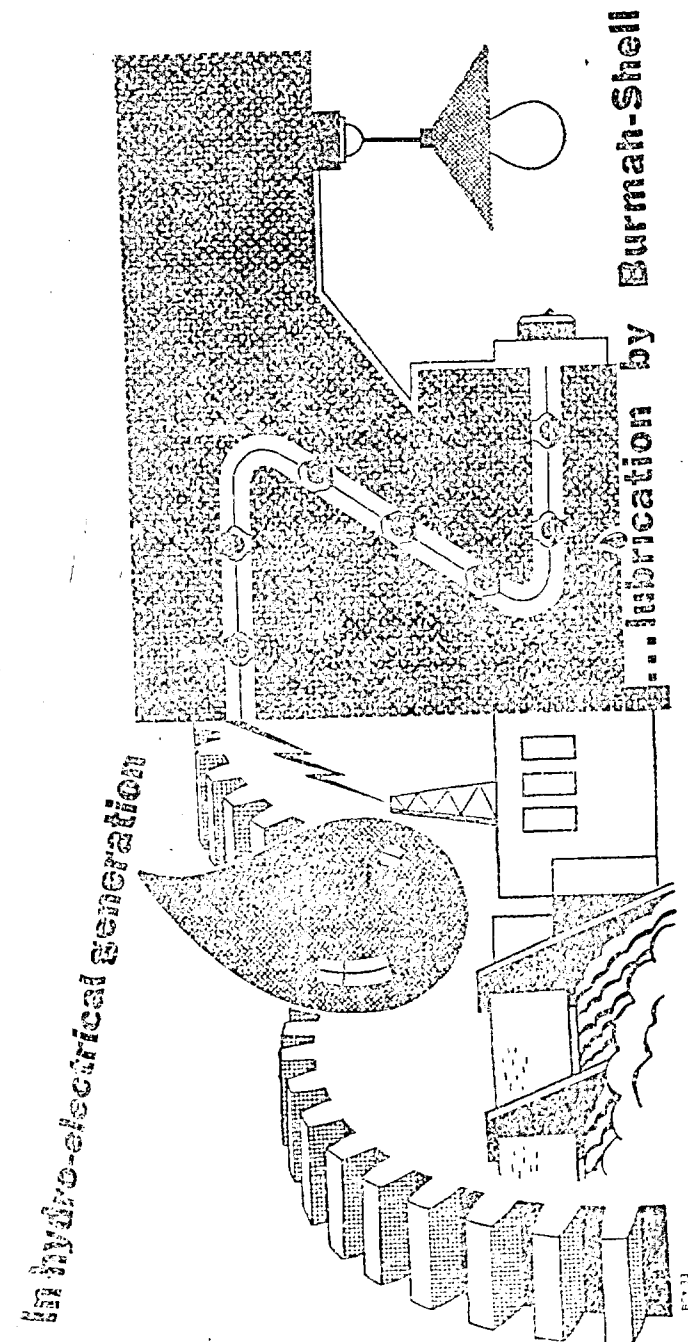
"She thinks it is cheap and vulgar," said my husband.

"Does she think a clown ought to be dressed in a dinner suit?" I asked with an attempt at sarcasm.

"That would be a good idea, wouldn't it?" said Khus reacting as usual in an unexpected manner. "A man dressed formally saying the most scandalously informal things! I think it would be wonderful!"

The circus was now in full swing. The elephants had come and done their little tricks, followed by the horses. For fully a quarter of an hour the ring was a confusion of flying manes, equestriennes in colourful dresses and the sound of hooves. It left one rather breathless. Then the dogs came on dressed in red and blue costumes cut to figure.

"Oh, aren't they lovely?" gushed the woman sitting in the seat in front of us. She clapped her hands with little moans of delight as the little canines solemnly walked on their hind feet, then walked on their fore feet, pulled



tiny rickshaws and danced to tunes played by the rustic seven-piece orchestra. I remember when I was a little girl I went to a circus where there was a monkey which could walk a tight rope, could handle a needle and thread like a veteran seamstress and put on its clothes without making a single mistake. And at another circus I remember seeing a rat which did the most impossible things. It bit the cat.

The clown was on all fours now, a big green patch on his trouser seats showing, walking and barking like a dog. The dogs jumped over him and one of them settled himself on his head. He brushed it off and then started a mock fight with it, with the audience yelling themselves hoarse with delight.

"This is funnier than anything I have seen," said the woman in front wiping her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Mother," said Khus loudly and clearly, "why don't the—what is it called?—the SPCA look into this? They ought to, don't you think?"

"I beg your pardon?" said the woman.

"I was just telling my mother," said Khus with ineffable gentleness, "that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals must do something about preventing this sort of exhibition."

The woman looked at Khus and then turned to me.

"What is the matter with her?" she asked.

"I don't know what you mean," I said hotly.

"My little girl," began my husband in a dignified manner, "only meant that it seemed cruel on the animals to tie them up and teach them to do little tricks like this when they ought to be allowed to wander about freely."

"Cruel!" said the woman incredulously. "You must be mad! Why, they looked better fed than any dogs I have seen in all my life."

"Yes," said Khus sweetly, "but did you notice not one of them barked?"

The bell rang for the interval.

"Shall we go out for some fresh air?" I asked.

"I don't think we can," explained my husband. "The seats aren't num-

bered and they might be taken by somebody else."

A man went by carrying drinks. My husband called him.

"For Khus," he explained unnecessarily.

"No, thank you, Father," Khus said promptly.

"But aren't you thirsty?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "but I don't want to take any drink prepared with Buckingham Canal water."

The man with the drinks stood waiting and just so as not to disappoint him my husband and I each had a drink.

"I won't be surprised if there were cholera germs in it," said Khus darkly.

Immediately after the interval came the cyclists—half a dozen girls in tight-fitting costumes. They did practically everything with the cycles except ride on them in the normal manner. They rode on one wheel, they sat on the handle-bars, they stood on their heads on the seats and pedalled with their hands. A little girl aged about eight climbed on the backs of the cyclists and balanced herself on her head. Then she stood on their heads. She swung from their arms. She sat on the pedals. She jumped from one moving cycle to another like a little monkey.

"Poor girl!" said Khus applauding her heartily.

"Don't you think she is good?" I asked her, surprised.

"Oh, yes" said Khus, "but there is no future in it for her, is there?"

Now a great silence descended upon the audience as nets were slung out for the flying trapeze act. Everyone held their breath.

"I once saw a trapeze act," said the woman in front, "where the girl who was doing the act, fell down and broke every bone in her body."

"Did she die?" asked Khus.

"Of course," said the woman. "You don't think people live after having their bones broken, do you?"

"I think so," said Khus. "I read of a soldier in a magazine who was wounded in the war and who had eighteen bones broken inside him and is still living."

"Do you let her read magazines like that?" the woman asked me indignantly.

"I don't let her not do anything," I said wearily, "but she does everything all the same."

"I believe in discipline," said the woman pursing her lips.

"Do you know," said Khus maliciously, "some psychologists are beginning to think that discipline and suppression mean the same thing?"

The man who was going to do the motor-cycle jump came into the ring and bowed with a flourish. He was dressed in khaki and wore thick dark gloves.

"I saw him outside before we came in," confided Khus in a whisper.

"Oh!"

"He was talking to a girl. He tied up her shoe-laces for her."

"Oh!"

The motor-cycle which was being driven round the ring apparently to be warmed up, suddenly spluttered and stopped.

"I think it is the carburettor," said my husband.

"Carburettor my eye!" said Khus promptly. "He is just showing off. He wants to keep us excited, that is all."

"Sh!" said the woman in the front row, throwing a furious glance at Khus.

"Khus," I said a little apprehensively, "I do think you do talk too much."

"Shouldn't I, Mother?"

"No, not too much."

"But my physiology teacher said it was better to say what you want to say than swallow it and develop a complex."

With a roar of machine, the motorcyclist made his jump and landed safely on the opposite platform with all his bones intact.

"My goodness," I said, "that was a dangerous jump."

"Dangerous" scoffed Khus. "That is child's play compared to some of the things they do in Hollywood. Why, they have people who are paid to run their cars straight into running trains for the smashes in the pictures. This is flea-bite."

The tight-rope walker came next. As she stood poised on the rope, a parasol in one hand and a hand-bag in the other, Khus examined her critically, her head on one side like a little bird.

"I wouldn't like to be a performer in a circus when I grow up," she said finally.

"Why not?" asked my husband, amused. "It has its own thrills, I am sure."

"I am sure," drawled Khus, "but look what it does to the women. They get fat where they oughtn't to."

"No fear of that for you, young lady," said my husband laughing. "You are thin as a skeleton."

Khus looked at me obliquely. It was a disconcertingly mature glance.

"My gym teacher says I have delicate bones," she said, "and will grow up to have a nice figure, if I don't ruin myself with chocolates first."

It was a great relief when the bell announced the end of the performance. The women in front shot a parting scathing glance at Khus and another pitying one at me and walked out.

"You were rude to her, Khus," I said.

"She is frustrated," said Khus coolly, "that is what is the matter with her."

On our way home, the unpredictable child suddenly stopped the car.

"What is the matter now?" asked my husband.

"We are not going home for dinner, are we?" said Khus. "Let us have dinner outside."

"But Khus," I remonstrated, "I have prepared such a nice dinner at home. It will all be wasted. We will go out for dinner tomorrow."

"To-morrow?" wailed Khus. "Why, tomorrow I might be myself with yesterday's seven thousand years! Would you like it, Mother, if I died with my wishes unfulfilled?"

Later that night, as I was putting away the clothes which had come from the wash into the respective shelves in the wardrobe, I heard Khus talking to her father.

"It was nice, wasn't it?" asked my husband.

"Which? The dinner or the circus?"

"The circus."

"I didn't fall in love with it," said Khus, "but Mother had a good time, and that's the important thing isn't it?"

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.

Congress and Elections

The recent defeat of the Congress candidate at the Bombay Legislative Assembly by-election gives a glimpse of the workings of the Congress Parliamentary Board.

The fair name of Pandit Nehru was dragged down into the party squabbles. Was it with a full awareness of the stock of Panditji's prestige that Sardar Patel made the following admission in his Benares speech? (as reported by A.P.I.) "Sardar Patel asked what would happen to India if Pandit Nehru resigned. It would be like the eclipse of the moon. It was the moon and not the minor stars which shed lustre on the earth. We, the minor stars, twinkle on the firmament. But it is the moon which lights the earth."

No political party can live on past glory and if the Congress is not to suffer such shocks, it would do well to nominate men of high standing and character to the legislatures.

N. R. SUBRAMANIAN

Bombay.

The Kala-Pattabhi Combination

Sentimental Andhras who were jubilant over the election of Dr. Pattabhi to the Presidentship of the Congress are now disillusioned and disappointed on realising his political incapacity, insincerity, and the unauthorised sacrifices he is prepared to make at the expense of Andhras. To gloat over the election of Dr. Pattabhi as Congress President simply because he was an Andhra was narrow-minded. Dr. Pattabhi lacks the essential qualities of a good leader. It is only his intellectual versatility that has kept him as a public figure. He is too business-minded to convey the assurance of integrity which is the backbone of a public career. He cannot tackle current problems with any approach to success. The other day when he addressed a public meeting at Rajahmundry, I strained my ears to hear him speak on any single problem of the day. But I was disappointed because he dealt with those that were already solved, like the integration of the States, and evaded the result like the formation of Andhra Province. On this, the most embarrassing of all problems for the Doctor, he merely said that people should trust the leaders for its solution. And he went on from the beginning to the end with the same old stereotyped references to Gandhian ideology.

Dr. Pattabhi and Mr. Kala Venkatarao have been engaging themselves in a com-

mon scheme of political self-aggrandisement. You see evidence of this in the elevation of Kala to the Secretaryship of the Congress. It was the first instance of the Doctor's misuse of his Presidential power, accompanied as it was by a studied neglect of Sri Prakasam who went out of the way to help him to the Presidentship. With the elevation of Kala to the Secretaryship of the Congress all hopes of non-partisan behaviour on the part of Dr. Pattabhi in his capacity as Congress President were dashed to the ground.

The Pattabhi-Kala combination at the Centre, though ineffective at present, may prove to be dangerous in the long run. They are now building up their own party for which they do not hesitate to sacrifice the interests of the Andhras, though pretending to be great protagonists of the Andhra Province. Their combination is dangerous for another reason also. Both are extreme examples of Congress democracy, as practised lately in Madras. The essence of this Congress democracy is that the Government exists not for the people, but for those who govern and their favourites; it is neither of the people nor by the people nor for the people; it is of the leaders, by the leaders and for the leaders! Public opinion and public agitations never ruffle the obdurate spirit of Congress leaders in office; much less do they force them into changing their policies and actions; public opinion has no bearing on governmental decisions and policies. If public opinion on a particular issue happens to be contrary to the opinions of these leaders, the agitation is declared anti-national! Mr. Venkatarao is a classic example of this sort of Congress democracy.

The same Congress democracy is responsible for all the delay in the creation of the Andhra Province. If the Congress bosses were sensible democrats, they would have conceded the demand for a separate Andhra Province long ago. But power has brought about mysterious changes over Congress leaders. They have come to deliberately disparage and disregard public opinion. To treat the insistent demand for Andhra Province as something contemptible is the very negation of democracy. Some Andhra leaders themselves have added new difficulties and actually stood as stumbling blocks to the creation of the Andhra Province. But for the part played by Dr. Pattabhi and Sri Kala Venkatarao, the formation of Andhra Province would have taken place by 1st April, 1948. The Andhra Province was offered at that time quite unconditionally. Sri Prakasam returned from

Delhi jubilant with Nehru's promise to the effect that the Andhra Province would be formed by 1st April, 1948 with Madras as its temporary capital pending the decision of the Boundary Commission to be appointed afterwards.

Dr. Pattabhi now has the cheek to recommend that Andhras should relinquish their claim to Madras City and has given his consent to the immediate formation of the Andhra Province on that condition. We are not told on what basis the Nehru-Patel-Pattabhi Committee has fixed Madras City as the price for the Andhra Province.

K. S. SUBRAHMANYAM.

Rajahmundry.

Water Famine

It is to be regretted that the City Corporation has not succeeded in solving the problem of water supply. They may have so many solutions in their brains, but that cannot be a consolation to the parched and thirsty city dwellers.

The population has increased during the last 10 years and there is no hope that the people who have made the city their home will return to their villages. The Corporation can carry on their big schemes of water supply during leisure time; but for the present they should concentrate on immediate relief for the suffering masses. The sight, at the water taps, of crowds of people with pitchers

in their hands exchanging words, sometimes blows also, for water, is extremely sad and depressing.

Bathing is indispensable in this hot season; but due to water scarcity this has become a luxury to the masses. If this position continues for long, epidemics are sure to break out with disastrous consequences. Even sea water is sufficient, but this is not available in the interior. The beach is so open that very few people make use of it for bath. In cities like Bombay the beach is walled, but in Madras it is maintained untidily and carelessly. The Corporation will be doing a great service if some bathing ghats are constructed at important centres like Triplicane and Mylapore.

The pipe water is hardly sufficient for drinking and cooking. For washing and other purposes, it will be sufficient if sea water is made available through special pipes and stored in tanks at important centres. Distribution through lorries can be effected from these tanks easily and conveniently.

It is reported that the Corporation has cleaned 14,000 wells in the city; but apparently it has mended matters very little. If wells or tanks are constructed on the shore within one furlong from the sea, the water will not only be fairly good but plentiful. If a chain of such wells are dug along the 11 miles of coast of Madras, and if this water is made availa-

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Philip C. Jessup, first U.S. Ambassador-at-large, appointed by President Truman to represent the United States before foreign governments and in conferences on major international problems. He will also be a chief negotiator for the United States in the United Nations.

ble after usual purification, it will go a long way to overcome the present deficiency. Sea water contains 34/1000 of salt; but this water will not be so thick filtered, as it is, by the sands. If supply can be increased, by bringing water from the neighbouring rivers like Kistna in boats, this is also worth attempting to tide over the present crisis.

P. SEKHARAN NAIR.

Fear Complex Of Brahmins

The article entitled "Ugly Word" by Sri S. Parthasarathi (SWATANTRA, March 26) correctly diagnoses the disease in Madras politics. It prescribes the right cure for the poison of communalism. Readiness to own one's fault and honest endeavour to forget and forgive, these alone can change the prevalent atmosphere in politics stinking with dirt. It pays least at this juncture to apportion blame to anyone. All are equally guilty. Hence it is advisable to give less publicity to this disgraceful problem of communalism by talking less about it. It would be a creditable performance if the really educated and cultured desisted from indulging in unnecessary wordy warfare and mud-slinging. It would be a very useful creative step of good-will to open a new chapter of love at any cost—the Gandhian way of winning over a thoroughly misled and poisoned people to the right path of truth. The task seems hopelessly difficult at this moment, with

passions high-strung and emotions excited. But it is high time it were attempted.

This problem would have been solved easily if at least the Brahmins, considered to be cultured and spiritually strong, had remained unruffled by mischievous propaganda. But they too have shown weakness for words and act like an infuriated bull at the flourishing of a red rag. This only diminishes the sympathy which innumerable neutrals and friends entertain for them. The Brahmins seem to have developed a fear-complex quite unbecoming of them, with all their spiritual strength. Brave hearts which withstood mightier forces and worse dangers with greater faith in truth, now quiver before a simple breeze of communal passion. One cannot but feel ashamed at such loss of self-confidence and exhibition of a helpless attitude through press and platform, day in and day out. Even the Madras Legislative Assembly has become a hotbed of communal exuberance. One wonders whether these serve any purpose other than further embittering the strained feelings of two artificial classes of a community which once lived in praiseworthy peace and harmony.

It is sad that Madras which had won universal admiration for wisdom and intelligence, should now be a scene of perpetual communal wrangling and party feuds. It is not too late to mend false steps. The new Ministry should unequivocally declare itself opposed to communalism in any form as did our beloved Prime Minister of India.

New Delhi.

C. A. MENON.

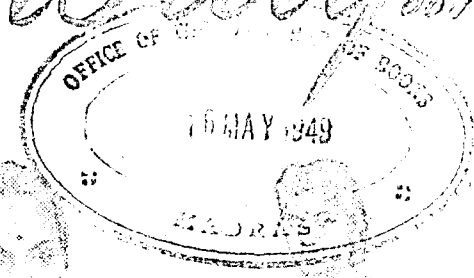
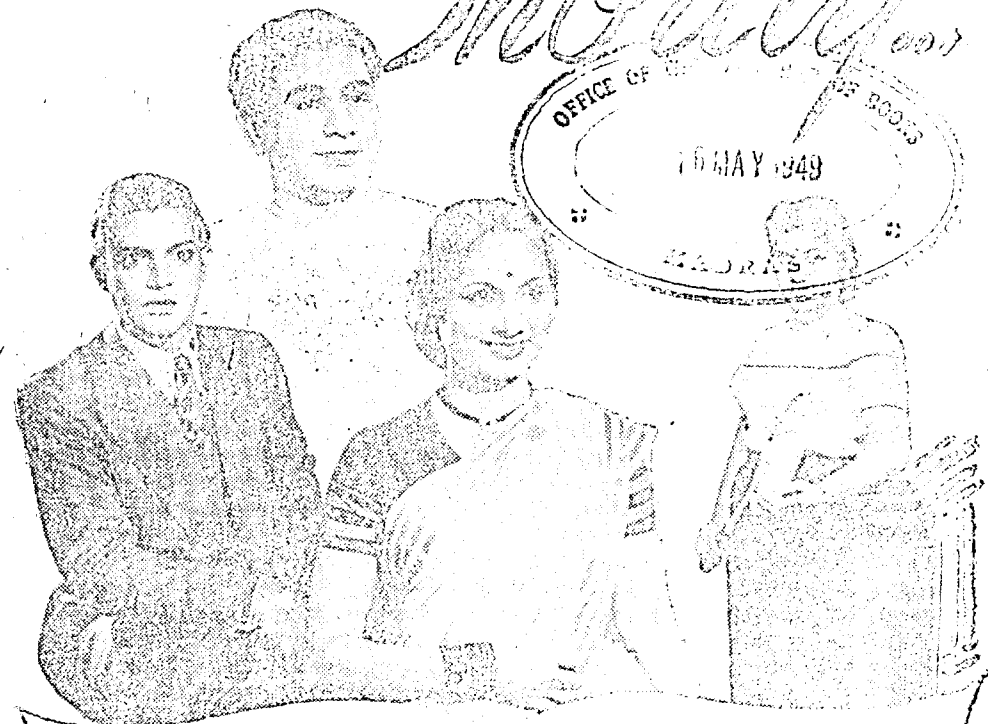
Cranky Administration

The Local Administration Department run by Minister Chandramouli Chowdari superseded the Municipal Council of Tenali in his home district of Guntur. Consequently, it passed an order on March 21, 1949 posting Mr. Subbiah Chowdari, Municipal Commissioner of Kurnool as Special Officer of Tenali Municipality. Five days later it issued telegraphic orders cancelling the posting. After two more days it passed a third order rescinding the previous one and confirming the original posting. On 31st March Mr. Subbiah Chowdari handed over charge to Mr. Desiah Chowdari, Municipal Health Officer, prior to his departure to Tenali.

Formerly, the District Boards had gained notoriety for such cranky administration, particularly in respect of the miserable elementary school teachers of both sexes who used to be tossed from one end of the district to the other according to the whims and fancies of the President and his party-men. Now, the popular Ministers have converted the Secretariat into a glorified District Board Office.

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

COMMUNISTS AND THE REST

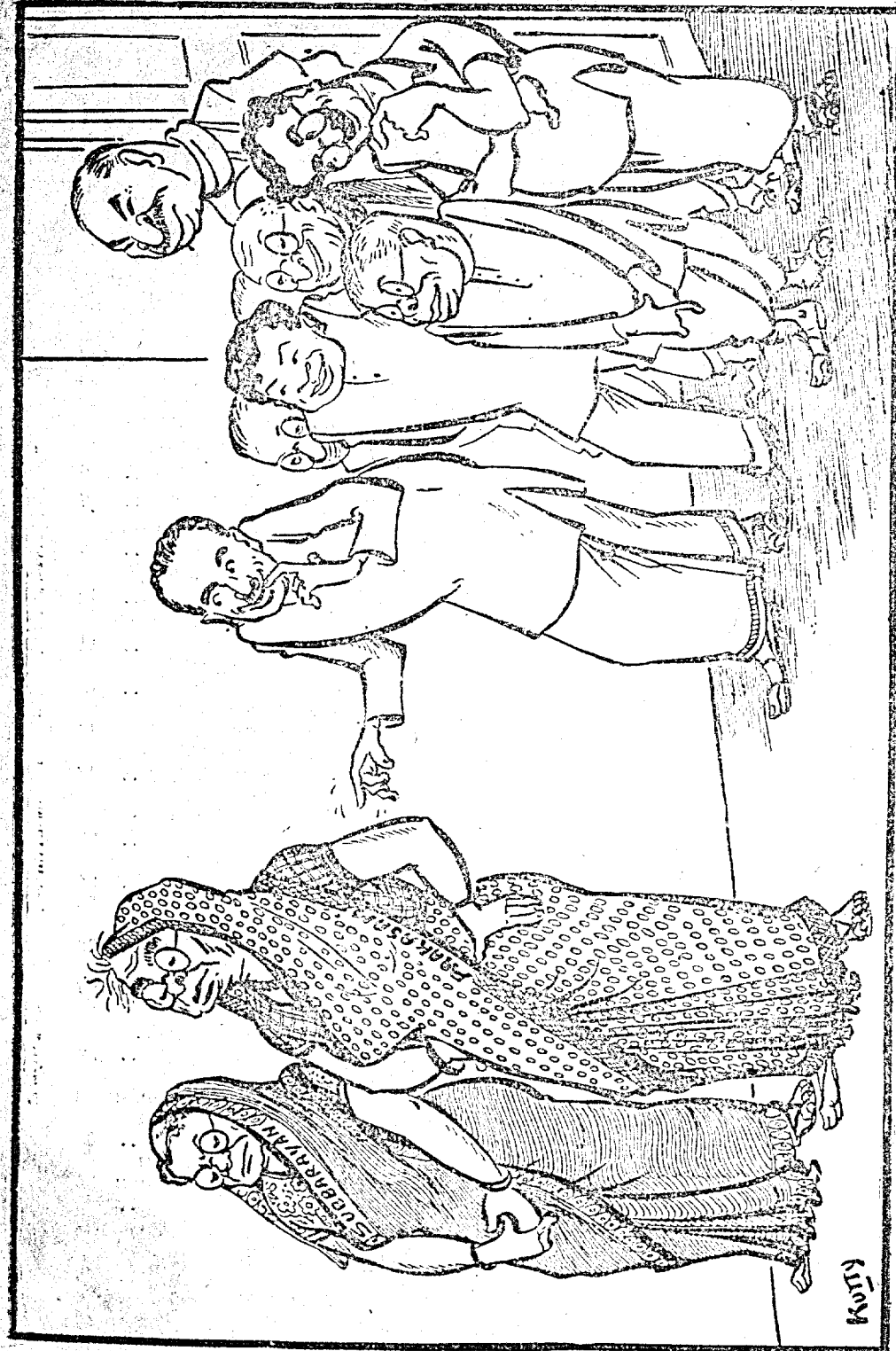
IT would be unfortunate if the tragic events of the last week in Malaya should serve as no more than a fresh argument for the critics of Pandit Nehru's Commonwealth formula, or an occasion for nationalists to be righteously indignant. Yet there has been little evidence that the deaths of Ganapathy and Veerasenan have caused in India any mental repercussions beyond the limits of the two kinds of reaction mentioned above, limits set by nationalist sentiment.

It is true that Ganapathy's execution, carried out in disregard of representations by the Indian Government, is in painful contrast to the recent description of the Commonwealth as an association "co-operating in the pursuit of peace, liberty and progress." But in pointing to the unfair treatment of Indian nationals in other Commonwealth countries, the critics of India's participation in the Commonwealth are pointing out nothing new. The dispute with South Africa is still unresolved, and Pandit Nehru was not unaware of its implications when he agreed to the formula of Commonwealth association devised at London. In defending it, the chief point repeatedly made by the Prime Minister is that it leaves each member-nation fully sovereign in both internal and external affairs. Specifically, this means that India can pursue her own independent foreign policy and is left free, as she wishes to be, from commitment to the Atlantic Pact and other alliances that have been or may be entered into by other members of the Commonwealth. Membership of the Commonwealth on

the basis of sovereignty gives us this advantage—but nothing more. On the same basis, other members also, like South Africa and Britain, continue to be fully as sovereign as ever. The Commonwealth is a tenuous and insubstantial association, not a federation whose members can demand of each other, as of right, adherence to a common code of political standards. No such code formally exists. Strictly speaking, therefore, the Malayan incidents should be charged not to the Commonwealth but to the Colonial Office of the British Government which bears the ultimate responsibility for the administration of Malaya. All that India can do on behalf of her nationals in Malaya is to appeal to the better conscience of the British Government—and the opportunity effectively to do so is the more, not less, because of our association with Britain in the Commonwealth. If suasion proves fruitless, we can seek such redress as may be had from the U.N.O., as we are doing in the case of South Africa.

So much for the reaction—not quite logical, as we think—against the Commonwealth idea, which has been evident, especially in Left-wing political circles, as a result of the events in Malaya. The more general nationalist reaction of shock and indignation, genuine and justified though it is, also seems to us not to go deep enough. The tendency has been to regard Ganapathy and Veerasenan simply as Indians who fell victims to the iron hand of a foreign imperialism. So they were. But we think the circumstances of their death call for much more than a simple nationalist

"BARKIS IS WILLIN": Madras Politics as visualised by Shankar in—SHANKAR'S WEEKLY.



reaction. For, the same brutality which led to their death might well occur here, in our midst. It is, in fact, right now in evidence in India—only, in a lesser degree.

Ganapathy and Veerasenan met with their sudden death because they participated, or were suspected of participating, in a violent political insurrection against the prevailing authority in Malaya. In a final interview with Mr. J. A. Phivy, the Indian Government's Representative in Malaya, Ganapathy is said to have disclaimed any advocacy on his part of violent action. "I believe in Communism," he is reported to have said, "as the only salvation for labour to get its rights, but I am definitely against violence of any kind." It is not a pleasant task to examine the sincerity of the final declaration of a doomed man; but the fact has to be faced that both Ganapathy and Veerasenan were prominent leaders of the Pan-Malayan Federation of Trade Unions, a Communist-led organisation which fully endorses the present Communist policy, all over South-East Asia, of unqualified opposition, including violent revolt, against the prevailing non-Communist Governments in this region. It is for their association with this violent movement of insurrection that the two Indian youths have paid with their lives at the hands of a regime whose only answer to the insurrection is the use of even more brutal suppression.

It is right that we should be moved by this tragic spectacle, and should condemn the harshness of the British colonial regime. But to see it in Malaya and to ignore the same spectacle as it exists here among us is to betray moral blindness. In India, too, the Communists have placed themselves in deadly opposition to the Government and would, if they can, launch an insurrection. In dealing with them, our Government cannot claim that they have acted very differently from the British regime in Malaya. Our provincial administrations have taken to themselves powers which are incompatible with the claim that we

are a democracy. Members of opposition parties in India can be and are detained indefinitely without trial. In clashes with the police, scores of Indian Communists and their followers have been shot to death, just as Veerasenan was in Malaya. We have a law in this province which makes it a punishable offence for a mother to feed her son if he happens to be wanted by the police. Given the attitude of mind behind this law, it is not a long step to prescribe (as they have done in Malaya, and enforced in the case of Ganapathy) the penalty of death for the bare offence of being in possession of arms.

In the matter of harsh laws against the Communists, the difference between India and Malaya is only one of degree. That is why we find ourselves unable to endorse without qualification the moral indignation expressed by many Congress leaders at the events in Malaya. These leaders, we have to point out, have had no qualms about meting out the same kind of rough justice to local Communists.

By their hatred cult, bigotry and violence, Communists all over the world have turned almost all non-Communists into anti-Communists. In the process, the danger has emerged not only of vested interests covering their defence of privilege with the flag of anti-Communism, but also of even the liberal segment of non-Communist opinion being infected with what it dislikes most in the Communists—hatred, intolerance, and the temptation to take the short cut of violently suppressing the political opponent.

The closed mind and the clenched fist go together in the case of the Communists, but not in their case only. In the present acute conflict between the Communists and the Rest, we are all in danger of becoming morally thick-sighted. Those who believe in democracy, among whom the rulers of both Britain and India would like to be counted, have to guard themselves constantly against this danger.

Sotto Voce

Fifty-seventh Country



IT all looks like a lost scene from *The Mikado*. The entire body of Pakistan editors baying in chorus calls for the blood of poor B., one of their own number. And he, not to be outdone in courtesy, blames it all on his Correspondent at New Delhi, but at the same time confesses his own laches with a fervour which no victim of Stalinist Russia's periodical "treason" trials has excelled. A dozen named and other unnamed papers have, with admirable economy, pooled their polemical resources to produce a "joint" editorial denouncing what they make no bones about calling "treasonable" conduct. The erring paper, on the other hand, has with lavish expansiveness made expiation twice over, devoting an editorial to recantation and a personal note by the Editor solemnly disowning his Correspondent.

That "joint" editorial vastly intrigues me. It would, of course, be preposterous to harbour for a moment the thought that it may have been a command performance. To suggest that would be to cast an unmerited slur on the Pakistani press which has needed no inducement from outside to stoke up its chauvinism. In fact the Government of Pakistan has not been intransigent enough for *Dawn*. The idea of a "joint" editorial was very probably Altaf Hussain's particular brain-wave. In any case it is a disconcerting commentary on that self-disciplining of which we hear so much these days as a cure-all for editorial irresponsibility.

The accused Editor's offence is that he published a story from his New Delhi Correspondent to the effect that some understanding pointing to the

partition of Kashmir had been, according to private advices, reached between Mr. Nehru and Mr. Liaqat Ali Khan at London. The "joint" editorial convicts him of "a grave breach of the fundamental ethics of journalism," because "the lack of authenticity of the report" is "self-confessed." It is not the first time that a newspaper publishes a report based on "private advices." If every item of news had to be okayed by some Secretariat underling at Karachi newspapers might as well shut up shop and leave the official *Gazette* in secure and undisputed possession. And *Dawn* leading the crusade for journalistic ethics seems very much like Satan rebuking sin.

But they seem to have sized up their quarry pretty well. He had no heart for an argument on what he was only too anxious to agree with them, was a minor issue. Regarded as a story based on mere speculation, he said, it was not worth the space that had been wasted on it. Unfortunately it had gone in when he and his senior assistants had not been looking, and it had cost much more than space. It had made his paper the cat's-paw of India's designing propagandists. In addition to this personal explanation, the paper carried an editorial in which it threw its Correspondent to the wolves with solemn ceremonial.

You may ask, "How did they find out that the story was a fabrication?" They did it by a piece of *a priori* reasoning of which Pooh-Bah might have been proud. It was apparently considered superfluous to ask the Correspondent what he had to say in his defence—incidentally, a tribute to Pakistan's unerring sense of journa-

listic ethics. For it was sun-clear, as the offending Editor in his *mea culpa* put it, that "in no circumstances would the Prime Minister of Pakistan imperil the safety of Pakistan and the fate of his Ministry by an action which could well have been construed as treason."

So that is that. When Liaqat Ali Khan himself must (according to his admirers) tremble for his job if by giving room for the suspicion that he was so much as considering partition of Kashmir he were to provoke the patriots of Pakistan, no wonder that a mere newspaper should tremble for its head. Its own confreres have, with a natural softness for an erring brother, asked for its temporary suspension, when they might well have demanded its summary liquidation. And he for his part has done his best

to atone by proclaiming his firm belief that in the event of a plebiscite Kashmir would join Pakistan.

My father used to speak of a neighbouring village as "the fifty-seventh country," to denote its unblest uniqueness in many ways which he did not approve. The implied reference was to the traditional description of the known world as comprising fifty-six kingdoms. When the time comes for the Purana of our age to be written Pakistan will assuredly qualify for the title. That, when all is said and done, is the affair of its people. What we have to guard against is the insidious temptation to follow her in her spectacular vagaries. We have too many crypto-fascists among us crying 'Treason!' on any or no provocation. *Purda* is alien to Hindusthan.

VIGNESWARA.

One reason why women are forbidden to preach the gospel is, that they would persuade without argument and reprove without giving offence.—J. NEWTON.

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C. R. SRINIVASAN: AN APPRECIATION

By AN EDITOR

BOSWELL felt that, had Dr. Johnson written his own life the world would have probably had the most perfect example of biography ever written. I feel the same way about C. R. Srinivasan. To write about one whose conversion of the quill into a brush was almost perfect, is no easy task.

C. R. S. entered the editorial office of the *Svadesamitran* in the days when vernacular journalism was floating helplessly in the backwaters. He showed the world how Tamil has a power of its own, no inferior to English. His being a student of Sanskrit, instead of impeding his Tamil, actually embellished it. Though his articles are generously sprinkled with Sanskrit words, they merely serve to set off the Tamil.

The semicolon is regarded by many as an unnecessary mark of punctuation. "Why that cross breed between the full-stop and the comma" ask the perplexed infant grammarians of today. It is not often used, and when used, it is abused. But C.R.S. uses the semicolon profusely, appropriately and well. An article by him can be readily identified by the short pithy statements strung together by well-employed semi-colons. Brevity, which is the soul of wit, in his case is the soul of thought itself. He does not believe in waste, not even of words. He believes in hitting the nail right on its head, only he makes sure it is the head of the nail and not somebody's finger.

There is another quality in C. R. Srinivasan which modern writers, craving madly for a 'racy' style would do well to observe. In his articles, especially the pen-portraits, C. R. S. has revealed the art of saying unpleasant things in a pleasant way. The value of his criticism lies in the way the language adjusts the level of the meaning to the understanding of the reader and I know there are victims of his literary genius who to this day, believe those sketches to be flatter-

ingly complimentary! This ability to tell the truth without being offensive is an enviable journalistic asset C.R.S. has never written anything openly actionable though his pen is potent and effective.

C.R.S. is no garrulous gas-pot. As he has himself said about the late Sir P. S. Sivaswami Iyer, 'The well-filled vessel does not spill,' and C. R. Srinivasan is no empty vessel. It is a difficult art to learn, to let the other man talk, talk freely and without reserve and not let the thread snap by incautious intrusion. Monosyllabic replies serve to express his consent or dissent during conversation. This does not mean that he is always silent. When he stands on a public platform to deliver an address, he can talk and extremely well too. Unlike most other editors whose capacity begins and ends with their finger tips, C. R. Srinivasan has also a bilingual gift for public speaking. His utterances whether in public or in private are not spontaneous, each sentence is the result of deep deliberation, and each word stated to express values. C.R.S. never says or does anything in haste to repent at leisure. He is not a slave to his emotions; he is their master.

Quite a business-magnate himself, C. R. Srinivasan has a remarkable grip over affairs apparently the sole monopoly of the men of trade and commerce. His ability to expound these intricate matters in a simple way to the lay people is noteworthy. In a Radio talk sometime ago, he drew aside the misty veil that surrounded the question of inflation, rendering it comprehensible to the man in the street.

Knowledge is proud because it knows so much. Wisdom is humble because it knows so little. This subtle distinction between knowledge and wisdom is clearly illustrated in the case of C. R. Srinivasan. In spite of all he knows, in spite of all he has done, and in spite of all he may yet accomplish, he is a humble man.

It can never be said of C. R. Srinivasan that he rose to eminence due to the helping hands of friends or relations in power. His intrinsic ability is responsible for what he is today. His recent election to the Presidential Chair of the All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference is acclaimed by many as a recognition long overdue to vernacular journalism. This unfortunately implies that he was rewarded because of his being the editor of a vernacular newspaper. It is not so. No provincial or linguistic considera-

tions are responsible for this election. It is the reward of the editors in India to one who struggled hard in journalism, vernacular though it may be. It is the prize obtained on his personal merit. For does the rising Sun ever fail to reach the zenith?

With his initials standing as it were for Calmness, Rectitude and Strength, C. R. S. has done much for his country and more for journalism. C. R. Srinivasan will be sixty this November, though he does not look it at all.

AMARNATH "IN THE DOCK"

By V. P. RAMAN

THE porochial Bumble in Dickens asked Oliver to 'bow to the Board.' The Presidential De Mello of today commands our Lala Amarnath to do the same to the Board of Control for Cricket in India. Or rather he is surprised that Lala did not do so.

Thirteen years ago, the self-same Amarnath was found guilty of 'ill-mannered and rude conduct in the presence of the Captain, but only in a private place.' During these years, the old boy has evidently been developing the technique, indications of which were seen in 1936. For, today, Amarnath is faced with a charge-sheet as long as a chimpanzee's tail, which includes the good old charge of indiscipline flavoured with other charges equally juicy, if less important. The Board met once, wrote a few letters, issued a press statement and has evidently called it a day, after suspending one of India's great cricketers. A mild agitation for giving Amarnath a chance to defend himself has been suppressed by citing an unheard of cricket precedent in England, whereby the M.C.C. does not give a hearing to the player against whom it takes disciplinary action. This is jolly nice of the M.C.C., and it is to be hoped that our aping of English treatment of cricketers would not conveniently stop with this alone.

One of the many interesting charges against Amarnath is that he did not 'collect' his team at two important

functions. Poor kids! Fancy leaving babies like Mankad and Hazare unattended and 'uncollected.' Should India's skipper also be a baby sitter to collect and feed his kid-cricketers? Lala is also charged with having 'deprived the Indian team of organized net-practice.' During the recent Madras test, I saw how many of the members were really anxious to have net-practice. In fact, Amarnath was one of the few players that came out in the mornings for a knock. The rest were lying comfortably in the M.C.C. pavilion with all its attendant attractions. No purpose would have been served by Lala's early arrival on the grounds unless it be to help the groundsmen.

Yet another accusation against India's skipper is that he accepted a 'private purse' for Rs. 5,000 without the permission of the Board. This tempts us to question the authority of the Board to impose such a restriction on our cricketers' private affairs. If India applauds its great players and gives tokens of its appreciation to them, must the prior consent of the Board be obtained? It sounds silly.

Amarnath, it must be admitted, could have ventilated his grievances before the Board in private without publicly airing them through the press. Nevertheless the Board's haste in suspending him without trying to bridge the breach is as ill-advised and unwise as the Captain's act itself.

SET-BACK ON CAPITOL HILL

By S. R.

THE game little man from Missouri who won the United States' presidential election mostly on the strength of what the newspapers called (when they had recovered from the shock of his surprise victory) his "warm, friendly, homespun" appeal to the American people, suffered his first major defeat in the U.S. House of Representatives on May 3 when a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats passed a bill to retain the main provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act, after knocking down the President's bill of repeal flat on its back on the floor of the House. It was his first major defeat, but there had been a few others since the 81st Congress session began in January. In the course of a single day in March, for instance, while the President basked in the Key West sunshine, the House unequivocally rejected three issues which had been introduced by the President—the Civil Rights issue which had been damned for weeks by the Dixiecrats' filibuster; the question of the continuation of Federal rent controls; and the nomination of a personal friend of his for the chairmanship of the National Security Resources Board.

President Truman's Labour Bill provided for the repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act (passed in 1947 by the 80th Congress) and the re-enactment with a few necessary modifications of the Wagner Act (Passed in 1935 by the democratic-controlled 74th Congress). It was one of the main items on the bill of fare which he promised to the people during his election campaign last year, and into it he had put four months of hard study of Labour problems and consultation with the heads of all departments of administration.

The bill which was the subject of a 15 weeks-long drag-out fight in the House, opposed four important clauses of the Taft-Hartley Act. On the question of "paralysis strikes," the bill abolished the provision made in the Taft-Hartley Act for obtaining an 80-day court injunction to delay or prevent strikes which "imperil national health or safety," and substi-

tuted the maintenance of the status quo for thirty days while the President called upon mediators to make a settlement, on the plea that injunctions only embittered labour-management relations.

The Administration Bill also did away with the ban on the closed shop which was one of the provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act, with the argument that collective bargaining was a privilege of the labour classes and that the Government had no right to interfere with it.

The bill also killed the provision in the Act which called for "non-communist affidavits" from all leaders of labour unions, besides restoring the prosecuting powers of the National Labour Relations Board which had been transferred in the Act to a General Counsel.

The causes for the President's inglorious defeat are not far to seek. It is true that in the 81st Congress, both in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, the Democrats form the majority party, but every item on the New Deal on which the President had based his election campaign, is a controversial issue over which there are sharp differences not only between the Democrats and the opposition groups but inside the Democrats' bloc itself. The Southern Democrats have been from the outset uncompromising anti-New Dealers. They had supported the Taft-Hartley Act in 1947. They hold, by virtue of seniority alone, most of the memberships and chairmanships of the various committees like the Senate Appropriations Committee, the House Rules Committee, etc. And precedent has only too clearly shown that they never hesitate to join hands with the Republicans on some contentious legislative issues like fiscal matters and labour relations. The Roosevelt regime had often been plagued by the oscillations of the Southern Democrats. And President Truman had had enough warning of such fluctuations of fidelity on the part of the Southern Democrats even before his investiture when they coalesced with the Republicans in denying tax exemption on

tickets sold for the Presidential inauguration festivities.

Southern loyalty, being then such an elusive and undependable article, it might be said Mr. Truman made hardly any effort at all to keep his southern colleagues from straying outside his camp. This, combined with the bitterness and wrangling over the filibuster with which the Southerners had quite successfully killed the civil rights issue, divided the ranks of Democrats even more. The Republicans had a good handle for their attack in the fact that President Truman himself had invoked the provisions of the Act three or four times in the last two or three years.

Perhaps another reason also could be mentioned. The very weakness which lost Dewey the presidency caused the Democrats to stumble at almost their first hurdle—overconfidence. Arthur Knock of *The New York Times* wrote recently of Truman's "expanding self-assurance" and his obvious belief that "he is right and all opponents are wrong, spiritually and factually." He and his immediate adherents not only put too much faith in the mere weight of numbers of the democratic members in the Congress but acted arbitrarily in restricting the hearings on the Administration Repeal Bill and trying to push it through in non-stop Congressional hearings from 9-30 a.m. to 10 p.m. in the Senate Labour Committee. The Administration spokesman, Maurice J. Tobin, helped in the downfall by ducking the challenges which the Republicans threw at him during the debate. And Mr. William Green's (President of the AFL) indictment of the Taft-Hartley Act as "impractical, unworkable and destructive of the common elemental rights of labour" fell rather flat in face of the fact, fresh in the memories of all, that it was a provision of this very Act which stopped John Lewis's mine workers' strike in 1948.

The motives of the Republicans are transparent enough. They have already laid extensive plans for the Congressional re-elections in 1950. They have not so far settled a positive programme of action. Their programme is purely negative in character. They are out to oppose the

Truman Administration and hinder legislation. A Republican leader explained his party's position clearly when he said: "As a minority party we must play an opportunistic role. We don't have the votes to put over a programme of our own. We can, however, play a positive role when the measures we favour also have the backing of enough Democrats to put them across. But if we have to draw up a programme of our own at this time, and put the label Republican on it, we would be making a partisan issue which would discourage some of our Democratic friends." If the Republicans succeed in solidly allying themselves with the Dixiecrats, Truman might be the President but the administration of the United States will be in the hands of the Republicans. Which situation would only lead to confusion and suspension of legislation thereby injuring the people's interests. A healthy opposition is like tonic to a government but a churlish opposition which is not above vindictively exploiting the fissiparous tendencies in the Administration it is opposing is more than an inconvenience. It is a positive menace for the smooth functioning of the governmental machine.

There is no doubt that outside Capitol Hill, Mr. Truman's personal popularity is still undiminished. But he should take care to see that this popularity is balanced inside by closer relations with the echelons of his Congress. At the Jefferson-Jackson dinner in Washington he said, referring to the "special interests" who were blocking the New Deal: "There are no full-page ads on our side. In fact, all we have on our side is the people. Thank God for that." But a Congress, even one in which the people ardently believe, cannot carry on as a good governing body as long as it is being torn by internal irritations and the push and pull of various interests. "A body which cannot govern itself," said Henry Cabot Lodge in 1893 at the time of the 53rd Congress, "will not long hold the respect of the people who have chosen it to govern the country." This warning seems singularly apt in the present setting of the United States Congress.

PRAGUE IN SPRING

By K. C. RAGHAVAN

I came to Prague in early spring. The air was still chilly, the roads and buildings bleak and grey, the trees bare and ribbed. A fine haze lay over the city in spite of a wintry sun that struggled with the gloom. In this cheerless atmosphere the baroque domes and towers seemed awe-inspiring and heavy with the aura of their past.

But in a fortnight how changed the scene was. The city seemed to have burst into the joy and laughter that is Spring. Outside the birds sang, and along the roads and in the parks and gardens one met a profusion of flowers in Bacchanalian riot. Not our exotic, heavily perfumed, tropical creations, but light-hearted, pale, powdery and delicately-conceived; greenish-white apple blossoms, pink cherry blossoms, long strands of Golden Rain and hundreds of others. Almost overnight the trees had burst into leaf, and on the walls of houses the ivy had turned from dirty brown to emerald. The Vltava river had changed from a slow, turgid, grim, icy current to laughing, glittering, dancing waves, and the sun blazed down on the city from a vacuously but sky.

Prague or Praha, capital of the Czechoslovak Republic, has its origins lost in the mists of antiquity. Situated, like ancient Rome, on seven hills, the city lies on both banks of the

Vltava river, a tributary of the Elbe. A plausible theory is that Prague

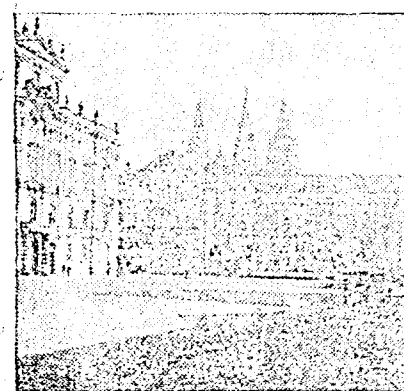


St. Nicholas' church, a masterpiece of Prague Baroque style, built in 1707

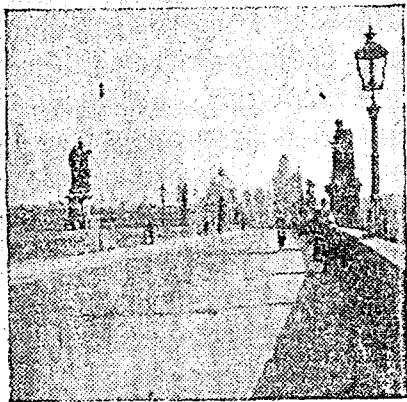
derives its name from Indo-European sources, and, probably, is connected with the Sanskrit word *Paragaya*, meaning "place of meeting." Prague, for centuries, was capital of Bohemia. The Hradcany Castle which looms over the whole city like a palace in a fairy tale, was constructed in the 9th century, and for more than a thousand years was the abode of the ancient kings of Bohemia. Today it is the official residence of the President of the Republic.

Prague, situated as it is in the heart of Europe, has always been the vortex of the whirlpool of Central European wars and battles. As the megalomaniac ambitions of European autocrats and dictators grew more Continental the importance of Czechoslovakia and its capital Prague became apparent. It was Bismarck who said, "Whoever possesses Bohemia, controls the destiny of Europe," and it was Hitler who revealed the truth of these words.

Prague is acclaimed by some as the most beautiful city in Europe. It is a treasure-house of Central European architecture and art. It is remarkable how much has survived the holocaust of war. The State has kept national monuments in a remarkable



The Hradcany Palace, dating back to the 9th century; today official residence of the President



Charles Bridge, oldest and most beautiful bridge in Prague

state of preservation, and has even a special ministry assigned solely to the care of historical and artistic relics. One could not help wishing that we in India would see as enthusiastically to the preservation of the memorials of our past. Prague is indebted to Charles IV, the greatest king of Bohemia and Holy Roman Emperor, for much of her beauty and fame. By his efforts famous architects, renowned artists and sculptors, and craftsmen from all over Europe were assembled to make Prague "The Treasury of the Empire."

To-day Prague is a vast, sprawling capital of about a million souls. Looking down from the Hradcany heights, as far as the horizon, one sees greenish domes, chastely beautiful Gothic spires, clean-cut, renaissance palaces and belvederes, Hapsburg mansions, ultra-modern, ferro-concrete offices and flats, and the bridges across the Vltava, ranging in design from semi-suspension to the unique, world-famous Charles Bridge, dating back to the 14th century, with groups of statues along the parapets. The palaces, the castles, the monuments, seem to live a life of their own, as impersonal as the mountains, devoid of any trace of the supremacy of man over material. Then, one also sees the chimneys flying streamers of smoke, grey, industrial works, green parks, observatories, steel look-out towers stabbing the sky and giant sports-stadiums—all contributing a modernistic beauty, and somehow

blending it with the tragic splendour of the past.

Prague has not suffered much at the hands of the Germans during the six-year occupation. Here and there one sees occasional traces of vandalism and damage, caused mostly during the Czech national uprising in 1945. Among these are the destruction of the Old Town Hall and its famous astronomical clock dating back to the 12th century, and the desecration of the Unknown Warrior's tomb.

To be convinced that Prague can still rank with other up-to-date cities of the 20th century, one need only stand on an evening by the parapet of the National Museum, at the head of the Wenceslas Square, in the heart of the New Town. A century ago this was the Horse Market. To-day, at dusk, seeing the flashing neon signs zig-zagging the gloaming, and watching the crowds walk briskly past the huge shops, with gay, red trams and noisy cars wending their way through the maze, guided by the flicking traffic lights, one is amazed how businesslike Prague is, under all its antique charms. There is no small-town atmosphere in the big blocks of flats, the shops and offices, the hundreds of parked cars, the *kavarnas* or cafes, the broad roads and the melee that swirls and tosses on the asphalt pavements. Prague, one then recognises, is not a forgotten city in a state of decadence, but a living centre of European industry and commerce, and European intellectual life and culture.



The Gottwald Esplanade which runs along the east bank of the Vltava River

SPOTLIGHT

SPAIN—STORY OF A COURTSHIP

THE United Nations Political Committee passed on May 7 a resolution giving member states full freedom of action in their diplomatic relations with Spain. Britain, while hotly denying Russian accusations that she was seeking an alliance with Spain, voted against a Polish demand for sanctions against Spain and abstained from a 4-power resolution asking for the right of the member Governments to appoint ambassadors to Madrid.

The American delegate, waxing indignant over the allegation that his country was trying to secure air or naval bases in this dictator-held country, opposed a Polish resolution calling for a ban on export of arms to Spain.

The situation is fairly clear. The United States and Britain are taking the first steps towards bringing Spain into the Western orbit. The preliminary feelers for such an alliance were put out even last year when various officials and non-officials from America began casually drifting into Spain and making statements indicating pleasant surprise at the conditions they found there and at the kind of man who with his holy triumvirate of the Falange, the Army and Church holds 24 million people together in a relentless dictatorship. Senator Gurney of South Dakota, Chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, said some very nice things about Franco and indicated that he would be glad of his friendship. After all, "it is not up to us," he said, "to tell countries what kind of a government they ought to have." Mr. Eric Johnston said it was "perfect nonsense" that the United States and Spain did not preserve normal diplomatic relations.

This raised the expected hue and cry from some conservative quarters, among them Mr. Salvador de Madariaga who wrote an open letter to Mr. Marshall in the *Manchester Guardian* in which he said:

"Beware of your realists, Mr. Secretary. They are still thinking in terms of obsolete weapons such

as rockets and atom bombs, forgetting the most up-to-date and potent (if the oldest) explosive there is—the human heart... By condemning Franco Spain you will conquer the heart of the millions of Europeans who have been taught to distrust American motives. But if you will lead a crusade against a totalitarian East from a West the most strategic territory of which is ruled by a totalitarian state, the heart of the workers and of the soldiers will remain empty and cold, and the issue—whether by the golden or by the iron way—can only end in disaster."

The Christian Science Monitor said scathingly that there was something morally degrading about the emergency which demanded that the Western nations should suddenly make a partner of "a dictator who was so recently aligned with Germany and Japan." *The Manchester Guardian*, in an editorial, stated unequivocally that any "deal" with General Franco would certainly split mass opinion in America, Britain and France.

When the Western Union was formed, Russia and her Central European satellites prepared themselves to say in as caustic a tone as they knew how that so-called democracy was aligning itself with Fascism against Communism, in case Britain invited Spain to join the alliance. The Marshall Aid Programme also, they were certain, would eventually take in Spain. Even Generalissimo Franco prepared himself with inner jubilation to accept an offer of aid with outward reluctance. When asked by a *Daily Telegraph* correspondent whether he would welcome an invitation to join the ERP, "What do you suppose?" he said. "If there are eight hungry men on a desert island and a ship bringing food for seven of them, imagine the sentiment of the eighth. Well, we in Spain happen to be that eighth man." When the invitation failed to materialise, it was like a slap in the face to the dictator.

As other alliances have followed Western Union culminating in the

Atlantic Pact, a certain tenseness has become apparent both in General Franco and in the Western leaders. The Spanish dictator has far too much common sense not to realise that it would be physically impossible for him to keep away from another world war if it ever should come. There is a Spanish saying that "neutrality is for those who can enforce it and not for those who merely wish it." But Spain's army of 300,000 is woefully ill-equipped and inadequate in numbers to deal with highly mechanised modern forces. She needs arms and technical personnel. She needs trucks, railway sleepers, pill boxes, airplane spare parts, coal and fuel. She needs radar and precision equipment. But Franco has the shrewdness also to decide that if the West desires to help she will have to pay for it. He will not be overwhelmed by gratitude at being rescued from his position as a political outcast and admitted into the comity of democratic nations. It will be a hard bargain indeed that the West will have to drive with him. "Whatever agreements might be reached..." he said sometime ago, "Spanish national sentiment could never accept the position of being regarded as a merely colonial base."

There is no doubt either about American eagerness to make an ally of Spain. But even General Franco does not deceive himself that Western interest in his country is kindled by anything except its strategic position. It is at the juncture of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic with harbours on both coasts. The Pyrennees are a natural fortification in the north. Spain has also a foothold in North Africa and the Castilian Plateau is a propitiously situated air base. Moreover, Spain is a close ally of Portugal, the possessor of the Azores Islands which America hopes to use as a foot-hold to cross into Europe. From Madrid now drift reports that Spain has demanded of Portugal by virtue of the Iberian Treaty of 1943 that she should not join the Atlantic Pact unless she herself participated in it.

How and when the denouement will come is unpredictable. It is fairly clear that neither Britain nor the

U.S.A.—more especially Britain—is going to find in Franco a congenial companion, not to mention the severe internal repercussions that might follow any alliance with him in all the Marshall Aid countries. America perhaps can salve her conscience by saying in the words of Sagittarius.

"Yet, though thy portrait I
retouch,
Respectable senior,
I could not love thee, chum, so
much
Loathed I not Stalin more."

Some people even in England are beginning to forget novelist H. E. Bates' inspired sketch of present day Spain:

"Padlocked coal truck, children crying for bread, shops full of the richest silks, handbags, jewels and dresses, laughterless people, armed guards at travel agencies, six shillings a day for bread, censorship, corruption, a smell in the air of the barbarism of the Middle Ages, fantastic bribes for seats on trains—this is the regime, priest-ridden and dictator-bound, that still *revers* the German army, the spirit of Facism and the ghost of Hitler."

In a recent House of Commons debate, Mr. W. Teeling went so far as to say, with reference to Spain that after all, there was "such a thing as Christianity and forgiveness." Where forgiveness comes in is not quite understandable, but if this large-hearted attitude is adopted by all nations towards all nations, we would have neither pacts nor wars.

It is quite probable that Franco would be required by the West to compromise a little on his dictatorship by coming to some kind of understanding with monarchists and Republicans, but if he proves too adamant and persistent in sticking to his present position, one can always argue that if Western nations are willing to have ambassadors in Moscow and dealings with Russia, why not with Spain? And moreover, the United States is friendly enough with Argentina. What is the difference? If the worst should happen, canny politicians can always stop conservative grumbings and protests by asking them which they would prefer. War on an alliance with Spain?—SANTHA.

MAO TSE-TUNG: IS HE A LENIN OR A TITO?

By M. N. ROY

(M. N. Roy is that mysterious personality who figured in revolutions all over the world. He was Special Representative of the Communist International in China to advise Mao Tse-Tung.)

ONE hundred years ago, Karl Marx imagined the spectre of Communism stalking over Europe. It became a reality after the Russian Revolution. The Communist movement in Europe reached the high water-mark when, on the downfall of Hitler, the victorious Red Army stood on the line from Trieste to Leubeck. The rest of Europe was either frightened by the shadow of the coming revolution cast ahead, or heartened by the early advent of the Liberator.

Four years have passed since then, and Communism in Europe seems to be on the decline. But in the meantime, its progress in Asia had been spectacular. There, the Red Star has reached the zenith. Having overrun the whole of China down to the Yangtse, the Communist armies are bypassing the great watery barrier. With the eyes of the world fixed upon the events in Nanking and Shanghai, the Communists are stealing into the South-Western Province of Yunnan, which borders on Burma as well as Indo-China. Both these countries, being in a state of chaos, will be easy prey to Communism, victorious in China, based directly upon the great power and vast resources of the proletarian Fatherland. The man of destiny is Mao Tse-Tung, whose legendary figure looms on the horizon of Asia as the spectre of Communism personified.

In the past Mao was called the Lenin of China, not of course by any orthodox Communist, for whom it would be a sacrilege to believe that the sole prophet of the only God could ever have an equal. The romantic leader of Chinese Communism, who revived it after the tragedy of the Canton Commune by interpreting it in the native tradition of the Taiping Revolt, attracted enterprising journalists from Europe and America. Their

fertile imagination and facile pens wove a fascinating legend. Mao was the hero, approximating, if not excelling, Lenin. A man of unostentatious arrogance, he allowed himself to be lionised internationally by fascinated females and exuberant fellow-travellers; but the proverbial Chinese cunning, call it wisdom if you please, counselled reserve. So, Mao remained an enigma, which has fostered the illusion that he may rather be the Tito of China than the Lenin of the East.

Having known Lenin as well as Mao, both from close quarters, and in critical moments of history, I can say that there is not much in common between the two. Mao has had a more adventurous life since the cautious conservatism of his peasant parentage offered him no protection in the days of the triumphant counter-revolution of 1923-29. But intellectually he reaches nowhere near Lenin's collieries nor is his personality as striking. One was lovable; the other may be laudable.

The fact that Mao always insisted upon reconciling his professed Communist faith with the Chinese realities as he understood them, may make him more comparable to Tito. Whatever may be the logical development of his unorthodox, nationalist temperament, as yet there is no factual evidence in support of the expectation that, like Tito, he will eventually revolt against dictation from Moscow. But if he ever found himself in a situation wherein non-conformism offered greater advantage than orthodoxy, he would be more likely to prefer the path of practical wisdom than to be very particular about theoretical consistency. Mao is not a dreamer, but a practical politician; and as such he is typically Chinese. So long as Communism can be combined with

his idea of the Chinese reality, he will retain his faith in Communism; if ever the two will conflict, Mao may be the Tito of China. I venture this opinion in the light of the earlier days of Mao's career and his subsequent reaction to contingencies.

I met him first in the hectic days of the summer of 1927. He was not yet counted amongst the top leaders of the Communist Party. He had never been to Moscow, and did not care to take the trouble of coming to see the special representative of the Communist International, when I spent several weeks on the trek from Canton to Changsha, the capital of the "Rice Bowl" province (Hunan), where Mao stood at the head of a powerful peasant movement. As such he was a man of decisive importance in the critical period of the revolution.

The Fifth Congress of the Communist Party of China held at Hankow in May 1927 was to make a fateful decision—about the future of its relation with the Kuomintang. The latter was already split in two warring factions. The question of relation with the one headed by Chiang Kai-shek had been settled by Chiang. He had begun his fierce offensive against the Communists. The issue, therefore, was the relation with the so-called Left Kuomintang and its government at Hankow, which included two Communists; one of them was the veteran Tan Ping-san, who was also a member of the Political Bureau of the Kuomintang.

The National Government had promised agrarian reform; on the basis of that promise, the Communists had mobilised the peasant masses under the banner of the Kuomintang. The whole South China up to the Yangtse having been brought under nationalist control by the end of 1926, Communists active in the countryside demanded some measure of agrarian reform, which they had promised to the peasantry.

Peasant revolt is a tradition of Chinese history; there always have existed all manner of mediaeval secret peasant organisations, particularly since the Taiping Rebellion. The advancing nationalist army having driven the old-time military rulers out of the Southern Provinces, those parts

were swept by a peasant movement led by Communists, but under the banner of the Kuomintang. The Nationalist Government must implement its promise. It declined on the plea, that the national revolution was not yet complete, social revolution must wait. In the Provinces occupied by Chiang Kai-shek's army violent suppression of the peasant movement had begun. The Left Nationalist Government of Hankow was also moving in that direction. Should the Communists still support it, or lead the agrarian revolution at the risk of breaking up the united front with the Kuomintang?

Mao Tse-Tung was the Chairman of the All-China Federation of Peasant Unions, which was affiliated to the Kuomintang. He must have a big say in the discussion of the crucial issue. But he kept away until the Party Congress met.

A resolution to the effect that the Party of the proletariat must lead the developing agrarian revolution was endorsed by the Executive Committee of the Communist Party. Mao was a member of the Committee, but did not attend its meetings on the eve of the Party Congress. The then leader of the Party, Chen Tu-hsiu, backed up by the Russian Adviser Borodin, opposed the resolution which I, as the representative of the Communist International, sponsored. The opposition thesis was that the revolution must be broadened before it was deepened; the nationalist army must reach Peking; in the meantime, peace must be maintained at all costs in the territories occupied by it. To support the demand of the peasantry meant precipitating civil war, because the landowning class would oppose, and the officers of the nationalist army came from that class. The united national front would break up. The majority of the Communist leaders held this view, which was contrary to the instructions of the International.

On my threatening to place the resolution before the Party Congress, even if the leaders rejected it, the Executive Committee reluctantly gave in. Mao even did not attend the Party Congress, which was to settle the vital but controversial issue. He wrote a letter asking the delegates

to throw out the resolution sponsored by the Representative of the Communist International. Chen Tu-hsiu personally opposed it. Borodin pulled wires from behind the scene; he held the purse-string. Yet by a big majority the Congress endorsed the resolution. Most of the delegates came from the country-side; they knew the mood of the peasantry.

Immediately after the Communist Party Congress, civil war broke out; in the key Province of Hunan, peasants started taking possession of the land, and the nationalist army rushed to the aid of the landlords. A detachment mutinied against the Hankow Government. On the demand of the Provincial authorities, the Left Nationalist Government decided that the Communist Minister of Agriculture, Tan Ping-san, should go to Hunan and check the peasant movement. That was a bitter pill, and many of the members of the Communist Executive hesitated to go so far.

At that juncture, Mao came to Hankow and I met him for the first time. It was after midnight; we were in the midst of a heated discussion in the Polit-Bureau of the Communist Party. Borodin himself was present, sitting next to me. A tall man with swarthy broad face, longish straight hair thrown back on a high forehead, walked in, calmly but haughtily. Everybody looked up. Chen Tu-hsiu was speaking to expound once again his famous thesis on broadening and deepening the revolution. He stopped. "Mao Tse-Tung," Borodin whispered in my ear. Ah, that is the mystery man, who had the guts to evade seeing the Special Representative of the Communist International. My first impulse was to go up to greet him. But he was forbidding; did not take any notice of me, nor, for that matter even of the all-powerful Borodin. We two foreigners looked at each other; Borodin remarked, in an undertone, "A hard nut to crack; typically Chinese." Mao exchanged a few whispered words with Chen Tu-hsiu, and started making a speech. He had not taken a seat on entering.

Revolutions are known to produce great orators. Their absence in China struck me. Even the most popular platform men spoke in a shrill, jerky voice. Perhaps it is due to the language;



Mao Tse-Tung

age; or the culture? Oratory, of the hypnotic variety, is extravagance of language; it does not harmonise with the slowness of dignity. Classical Chinese calligraphy is to paint syllables. The traditional manner of writing seems to influence the speech. In any case, the Chinese revolution, until 1927, had not produced its Danton or Trotsky.

So, as an indifferent speaker, Mao was not an exception. But he had a rather pleasant voice, and did not appear to be given to gesticulation, a very popular platform performance in revolutionary China. Neither Borodin nor myself understood Chinese. But it was evident that the speech was addressed to me. Chen Tu-hsiu and his supporters were visibly elated. From a running translation, I could gather that the President of the Peasant Federation was endorsing Chen's thesis, on the authority of his first-hand experience. "How could foreigners have any idea of the Chinese reality? I am coming straight from Hunan; irresponsible members of the Communist Party are misleading the peasantry. We must not develop social revolution in the villages and weaken the rear of the nationalist army. The Party Congress has made a grave mistake. Its resolution must remain in abeyance."

That was the burden of a speech delivered in a couple of hours. It was nearing dawn. I suggested that Mao should meet me later in the morning to discuss the matter further. No, he

could not live comfortably in Hankow, when the peasant masses were suffering; he must return to Hunan immediately, and demanded a prompt decision. The Communist Minister of Agriculture must follow him to check the "excesses of the peasant movement."

He left as abruptly as he had come. A man who evidently knew what he wanted and was not to be deflected, neither by reason nor by authority—born to be a dictator. His appearance reminded me of the legendary figure of the Taiping Wang—the "Emperor" of the insurgent peasantry. I believe that Mao imagined himself re-enacting that legendary role, and has built up his personality on that model. For twenty years, he has been leading a movement which bears much similarity with the German Peasant Revolt of the sixteenth century, and also with the Taiping Rebellion which took place in China three hundred years later. His prototype in European history was von Sieckingen, a feudal nobleman who believed himself to be the natural leader of the peasantry, and later on acting under the pressure of circumstances, was carried away by the fascination for adventure.

It is a curious accident of history that the first "Soviet Republic" Mao founded in 1930 with the collaboration of Chu Teh (who commanded a deserters' regiment) was situated in the mountainous region where the Taiping movement had also originated. He alone knows whether it was an accident or a conscious choice. Trying to escape the wrath of triumphant counter-revolution, he founded refuge in the mountains. The memory of the fact that the Taiping Wang had started his romantic career just from that place might have been powerfully suggestive and shaped Mao's future life. The epic march from the far South to the remote North-western

corner of the vast country must have been "like flowing water and floating clouds." That is how legend describes the movement of insurgent peasantry. The Taiping rebels were so described.

Until he finally established himself on the Mongolian border as Taiping Wang II, for four years, Mao had acted in defiance of the resolutions and directions of the Communist Party headquarters at Shanghai. From 1929 to 1934 the Communist Party of China pursued a pure proletarian policy. But in the mountain fastness of the original "Soviet Republic," Mao refused to act according to the thesis that the agrarian revolution must be brought under proletarian hegemony. Only when the epic march brought him within the reach and under the patronage of the Russians, Mao began to talk like a Communist, and a National Communist at that. Since then, he may have taken some lessons in Marxism. He has certainly learned to play the dictator, and in that role also the Taiping Wang, I believe, is his ideal.

The background, character and personality of Mao may give a clue to the shape of things in a Communist China. But, though the figurehead, he may not be the sole arbiter of the country's destiny. There will be no democracy to wield any control. It will be a dictatorship with the new label of "People's democracy." But there are other dictators; one of them, at any rate, may prove to be more powerful than Mao Tse-tung. He is Chou En-lai, the boss of the Communist Party, also with a chequered career. If Mao is the Lenin of China, then Chou En-lai may well be the Stalin. But there still remains the chance of Mao playing Tito; though it is a slim chance, not because of any orthodox scruple on the part of Mao but for the very considerable reason that Chu Teh controls the army.

In this age of criticism and self-consciousness, a special sort of courage is needed in order to do constructive thinking. The intelligence of the time is sharply analytical, often to the extent of dissolving all the subtleties of human conviction, making even its good seem pointless and unnecessary. We hear, endlessly, that the business of the responsible individual is to learn, not "what," but "how," to think, and while the value of this rule cannot be gainsaid, there are times when the content of thought is at least as important as the method of thinking. In any event, the vitality of thought arises from its substance, and not from its form.—ANANAS.

THE THREE FACES OF CHINESE COMMUNISM

By ANDREW ROTH

In this article from Peiping, Andrew Roth points out that it is the harnessing together of the triple forces of Marxism, agrarian unrest and nationalism that gives Chinese Communism its tremendous momentum and distinctive character.)

THERE has been a great deal of controversy over the character of the Chinese Communist movement now moving into the leadership of the world's most populous nation. Much of it is unnecessary, arising from gazing at only one face of a triple-headed movement. Thus, some observers charge that the Communist leaders are riding to power on a purely Stalinist steed, with its reins held in Moscow. Others state that the Communists have simply harnessed their chariot to the force of agrarian revolt. A few underline the fact that the Communists have been moved forward in large part by the tremendous pulling power of nationalism.

In fact, after two months in Communist China itself, I am strongly impressed with the fact that it is the harnessing together of all three—Marxism, agrarian revolt and nationalism—that gives Chinese Communism its tremendous momentum and distinctive character.

THE BASIC PULL

The explosive force of agrarian revolt provides the main motive power for the Communists. For a century there have been sporadic revolts against conditions in the tens of thousands of rural villages which house eighty per cent of China's population. In these villages a small minority of landlords and rich peasants have held political power and waxed rich without labour by holding the greater part of the land and renting it out for fifty to sixty per cent of the crop and extending loans at usurious interest. The tenants and poor peasants, with insufficient or no land, have had to toil unceasingly to keep abreast of the rents and interest. Usually unable to eat adequately, they have had insufficient to purchase the good seed, implements, cattle and fertilizer needed to maintain a high level of productivity.

Through agrarian reforms the Communists have harnessed the accumulated frustration of the many-millioned peasant mass. Land has been taken from the non-labouring landlords and rich peasants and given to the tenants and poor peasants in plots roughly equal to the middle peasants in the neighbourhood. These middle peasants have been left undisturbed and even the landlords and rich peasants have been left in possession of a similar plot to till themselves. Usurious interests have been scaled down.

In exchange for these reforms the Communists have expected the peasants to volunteer for the "People's Liberation Army" or to support it through grain taxes or contributions of shoes, carts and animals. In the main the peasants have responded well, partly because they are resigned to government exactions, partly out of thankfulness for the land reforms.

MILITANT NATIONALISM

Side by side with these agrarian reforms, which move the rural millions, has been the appeal of nationalism, which brings a considerable section of the students, intellectuals and city middle classes to the Communist band-wagon. In Peiping, for example, virtually the entire student body had swung over to the Communists even before they arrived.

One has only to observe wall slogans painted all over Peiping to see the heavy emphasis placed on nationalism. Roughly three-quarters of them attack the Kuomintang for "selling" China to the "American imperialists" who are in turn accused of "rebuilding Japan" and attempting to turn China into a colony by various "invasions" of China's sovereignty. The Kuomintang is now attacked more because of its subservience to the U. S. than for its other misdeeds.

In present-day China it is difficult to overestimate the power of nationalism which ranges from devoted patriotism to arrant chauvinism. It has matured in the last century of struggle against the semi-colonial privileges imposed by the western nations on China. The result is that virtually all politically conscious segments of the population are hypersensitive to any slur on China's sovereignty and vulnerable to any nationalist appeal.

During the last half century, Chinese nationalism has always directed its enmity against the principal foreign power meddling in Chinese affairs. Today the U. S. has inherited the mantle previously worn by Japan and before that by Britain. Every Chinese child knows that the Kuomintang would have collapsed long ago without American help. There are palpable material evidences of American influence in virtually every wayside market: American uniforms, boots, tins and other goods sold as U. S. Army surplus, stolen from U.S. Army stores, or contributed by UNRRA. The Communist army's automotive transport consist overwhelmingly of American trucks and jeeps captured from the Kuomintang. Even their summer uniforms are made of similarly-captured American uniform cloth.

Helping the inept Kuomintang has earned the U.S. much nationalist antagonism. In order to increase the effectiveness of the economic and military aid given to China, the U. S. has insisted on the right to specify and supervise its distribution. The Chinese feel that the U.S. has also used the aid programme to pry economic concessions out of the Kuomintang Government, such as easing up foreign trade restrictions and opening up China's inland waters to American shipping. The Chinese are also bitterly opposed to the U.S. programme to revive Japan, concerning which they have exaggerated but understandable fears.

Strangely enough, the Soviets, whose diplomacy has been so heavy-handed in many parts of the world, have played a careful game in China. The active period of their China policy was largely limited to 1945 when they secured their Siberian flank

by acquiring rights to the naval base of Port Arthur, the warm port of Darien and the Russian-built trans-Manchuria railway through the Sino-Soviet treaty. This, together with the stripping of almost two billion dollars worth of Japanese installations in Manchurian plants and permitting Chinese Communist troops in Manchuria to "find" large stores of Japanese arms, apparently fulfilled the Russians' immediate strategic objectives. The Soviets presumably decided that their long-range objective of denying China to the U. S. as a base for an attack on Siberia was best left to the Chinese Communists. The Soviets have apparently learned from their 1923-27 experience that the Chinese Communists would be hurt, rather than helped, by any evidence of Soviet help or intervention.

In the Peiping-Tientsin area to which my observations were restricted, there have been few indications of Soviet influence. There were some fifteen Russian mechanics in the tank unit of General Lin Piao's army, but these were presumably recruited from the Chinese-speaking Russians who have resided in China since shortly after 1917. There were a few Soviet trucks in the motorised section of Lin Piao's army but these were vastly outnumbered by captured American equipment and kept discreetly in the background. All the trucks were probably moving mostly on Soviet gasoline supplied in exchange for Manchurian grain.

If the Soviets have been going against the grain of Chinese nationalism by intervening in Chinese affairs beyond trade and their treaty rights, it has occurred in Manchuria. However, recent and substantiated information about Sino-Soviet relations there is unobtainable, largely because of the strict security regulations which have been in force there since July 1947. Besides, the impact of Russian influence in Manchuria is lessened in the remainder of China by the "silence" policy of the Chinese Communist publications. An examination of backfiles of the Hongkong-based *China Digest* will show that while they talk of Japanese and Kuomintang damage to Manchurian ma-

chinery, they never even allude to Soviet removals.

THE IDEOLOGICAL LINK

Chinese Marxism has both moulded the forces of nationalism and agrarian revolt and been moulded by them. Its policies have been substantially modified by two decades of work in the Chinese countryside but despite this the Chinese Communist Party is unquestionably an orthodox Communist Party of the Leninist-Stalinist variety. Like the others, it considers the survival of the U.S.S.R. as an almost indispensable condition for its own survival. Like them it follows the dictum, "Moscow can do no wrong." It is a highly disciplined organisation in a country in which family discipline is virtually the only type discernible. The China Communist Party is governed from the top. This is apparent from the number of questions which lower officials have to refer to superior authorities and their frequent ignorance of the reasoning behind the decisions. Thus, when the foreign correspondents were silenced in February, a half-dozen lower-level Communists had a half-dozen hypo-

thetical explanations, but it was clear nobody knew for sure precisely why the leadership had taken this step.

In the foreign field, the Communists have been willing to view the world through Moscow-tinted glasses. Almost all their foreign news despatches carry a Tass credit-line. The tendency to accept Moscow's vitriolic attacks on America and its allies has been strengthened by the U.S. policy of spending billions to buy the obliteration of the Chinese Communists.

Edgar Snow has suggested that since the Chinese and Yugoslav Communists are the only two parties to have carved out their own armies and administrations virtually without Moscow's help, Mao Tse-Tung may well follow Tito's path. It is too early to judge conclusively as to whether Communist China's course will diverge from that of the U.S.S.R. But at present it is clear that in China—unlike Yugoslavia—America's large scale-support for the Kuomintang and American insensitivity about Chinese nationalism has pushed China Moscow-ward as much as it was pulled there by the ideological link of the Chinese Communist Party.

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MINISTRY-MAKING IN MADRAS

By Dr. K. B. MENON

(Secretary, Socialist Party, Madras)

THE Congress Legislature Party in the Madras Assembly met on the last day of March and elected a new leader. The very same day Mr. O. P. Ramaswami Reddiar resigned and handed over charge to Mr. P. S. Kumaraswami Raja, the newly elected leader of the party in the Legislature. A full month has rolled by and the Ministry is still in the process of making. No definite decisions have been taken, no final selections have been made and the administration of the Province is left in an extremely undesirable and unhealthy condition. When the situation is so fluid and so uncertain, work is hampered, efficiency is impaired and the status and prestige of the Government is lowered. People with important and urgent business are left guessing as to whom they should go to. Ministers when they are not sure of their portfolios feel no sense of responsibility and give all kinds of evasive answers when the public approach them with their problems. Numerous pressing issues that cannot wait turn up almost every day for final disposal by the Ministers. They are held up or are unsatisfactorily handled in the absence of the permanent incumbent. The important Industries portfolio, for example, was with Mr. Sitarama Reddi and when Mr. Perumalswami Reddiar was sworn in, the Industries portfolio was shunted on to him. Departmental heads and staff get lukewarm when they discover that no particular purpose is served by their hurrying papers. The very sight of the accumulating pile of papers on the Minister's desk cools all ardour for work. The uncertainty, confusion and delay in Ministry-making thus holds up all work, breeds an atmosphere of indolence, causes serious inconvenience to the public, leads to waste of public money and loss of Government's prestige and ultimately ends in all-round degeneration and demoralisation.

The Madras Ministry has no reputation for stability. The Prakasam Ministry survived hardly fourteen months before it was overthrown. The way in which and the conditions under which it was displaced completely demoralised public life in the Province. Only one Minister, Mr. Bhaktavatsalam, has been a common factor in all the three Ministries so far formed. One would wonder whether one should congratulate Mr. Bhaktavatsalam or not on his unique achievement. Madras has made and unmade three Premiers and about fifty Ministers. They are large enough in number to form a Retired Ministers' Association. The Association's future will be assured when a favourable final decision is taken on the recruitment of Deputy Ministers.

Sister provinces of Bombay, U. P., Bihar and Orissa should serve as object lessons for Madras. Premier Kher of Bombay has been in that seat since 1937, when Congress replaced the notorious Interim Ministry. The United Provinces has known no other Premier than Mr. Govind Vallabh Pant. It is human weakness, and perhaps not very bad at that, to stick to persons one is used to work with and consequently changes in the Ministries in the above mentioned Provinces have not been numerous or frequent. Changes are necessary and contribute to efficiency when they are made for sufficient objective reasons but when new Ministers are recruited or old ones dropped as unwanted luggage purely for personal reasons, the public is left guessing. That is what has gone on and what is going on in Madras. Politics in Madras seem to pivot on personalities. There are numerous groups within the Congress Legislature Party based on personalities. Even the Cabinet is not free from it. The Congress organisation in the Province is riddled with it.

Another characteristic feature of Madras ministerial elections has been the return of non-entities, persons un-

known to name and fame, persons who are not known to people or who have had no experience in public life. When Mr. O. P. Ramaswami Reddiar displaced the versatile Prakasam, the public of the Province was flabbergasted. Mr. Reddiar is a man of sterling character but he lacks administrative experience and political acumen. It was no less a surprise when the Legislature Party announced the name of Mr. Kumaraswami Raja as Premier. They are both honourable men. No one disputes that. What about them as Premiers, as custodians of the fate and fortunes of 45 million souls in the Province? The same story is repeated in the selection of Ministers. Mr. Parameswaran and Mr. Perumalswami Reddiar and Mr. Sanjeeva Reddi in the new Ministry are all absolutely raw recruits. Dr. Gurubatham and Mr. Daniel Thomas

in the old Omandur Ministry were also raw. These are very significant facts. They are indicative of the stress and strain of the struggle for power inside the party. When top men are unable to agree among themselves they compromise on harmless third persons. Lifting unknown men from the limbo of oblivion to the giddy heights of a Cabinet position does not reflect credit or exhibit judgment. The mild rebuke administered by Sardar Patel when he recently visited Madras does not seem to have had any effect. Ministry-making has become a pastime of a few Congress politicians who are not even in the Legislature. Political bosses more than the elected members of the Legislature seem to hold the destiny of this Province in their hands. That smacks of Tanmiyan Hall.

THE OLD MAN AND THE ASS

This is a translation of an editorial in 'Svadesamitran' on Madras ministerial affairs:

THE Prime Minister of our province has thrown up his hands. He said he was going to broaden the base of the Ministry; he said he was going to reform the Ministry so as to command the confidence of the public; he said he was not going to allow the group mentality to develop any further. His words were sweet as sugar; his assurances however have not extended to action. The way it has ended reminds one of the story of the old man who led his ass to the market.

What is the reason? We are afraid he did not possess the measure of freedom that he claimed to have. He had to look for favour both above and below. There were many obligations he had to accommodate. Conflict of duties put him in an embarrassing position. At the very start he had knocked into his own eyes. The Ministers he chose did not give him strength; and they would not allow him to seek strength elsewhere. There were interminable talks; even for these talks he had to wait on others' convenience. Those interrupted talks did not yield results; and the final talk resulted in a break down.

This is not right; nor fair discharge of responsibilities shouldered. It is

the people of the province who are affected. Sorely tried at many ends they have strained and struggled to see shore and safety. Surely these depressed and despairing men should not be treated as pawns in the game. Congress did not gather strength that way; and that is not the way either to hold the strength gathered by service and sacrifice. The Central Board of the Congress can no longer afford to keep aloof. It is its duty to intervene. Those who exercise power today were elected to the Assembly on the warranty of the Congress.

Further, complaints are voiced against those occupying seats of authority. Whatever the truth, the complaints reveal an undesirable state of things. They provide one more reason for intervention. If the administration is to command confidence, those who hold office should inspire confidence in their integrity. Once the impression prevails that there is none to take notice and call to account, even quarters which have not yielded to temptation yet, will progressively lose their restraining influence. This is not a matter which can admit delay. The Congress Board must save its honour.

MADRAS CITY AND ANDHRA PROVINCE

By K. S. VENKATARAMANI

THE report of the Congress sub-committee on linguistic provinces is a thoughtful and practical-minded document. I am in agreement with it except for its decision regarding Madras City. I have long pleaded for making Bombay and Madras a province or sub-province of its own, as this measure of isolation is necessary to correct the mistakes and set right the twists in our provincial history since the advent of British power. While the report recommends that Bombay should be created into a province of its own, the grounds stated for dealing differently with Madras carry no conviction at all. Bombay is richer than Madras, but this is quantitative and warrants no separate treatment. Historically the evolution of both the cities under an alien political and economic power is the same, confounding to a large extent the traditions of homogeneous growth on indigenous lines in each province. They have worked out a pattern of life of their own as commercial, cosmopolitan centres of life, Bombay focussing the South-East Asia, though still in its initial stages. Madras and Bombay are the creations of the energy, talent and adventure of men who co-operated in service with the British Raj. Let them have a kingdom of their own, work and rejoice in its development on special lines enriching the national pattern.

To make Madras the capital of the Tamil land is fraught with the greatest peril for the proper development and genius of the Tamils. Not only that, by so making it the capital of the Tamils, you make it an apple of discord for the Andhras and give them legitimate grounds for conflict and agitation. Further, Madras lies in a corner of the Tamil land, geographically, politically, economically and culturally. There could be no vigorous growth on racy lines of Tamil culture and life when the heart is located in the toe or thumb of the

body politic. In a sub-tropical climate, our political genius from time immemorial always located the capital at least 50 miles away from the sea and now and then when our prosperity reached top limits with extensive foreign trade, we had an emporium as an annexe to the capital, in the sea coast.

So all these vital considerations urge that Madras like Bombay should be made a sub-province of its own with a decent hinterland area: (I suggest Chingleput in the south, Peonamalle and Tiruvellore on the west and Ponneri on the north). Tamils should build a new city on sound lines as their capital either on the beautiful uplands between Tanjore and Trichy or between Madura and Dindigal. Any one of these two is our proper centre from every point of view. I am in favour of the Andhras selecting Hyderabad or Warangal ultimately as their capital when the inter-related problem of Indian States and linguistic provinces is satisfactorily settled. Meanwhile Bezwada or Rajahmundry. In any event, no delay.

This vital amendment to the report of the sub-committee should be secured as a basis of consent of both Andhras and Tamils, failing which the committee itself should declare it. The Andhra province should become very early an implemented reality. If you unravel successfully the first tangled knot, the other knots would unravel themselves. When we meet with our fresh legislatures under the new constitution, this fundamental clarity of position is required to implement even the best of plans.

I hope and pray that the "vested interests" of Madras City will be cheerfully prepared to make these initial sacrifices for the benefit of the country as I feel sure that in the long run these sacrifices themselves will prove a real investment for our health, wealth and wisdom, and progress on all sides.

RIGHT TO DISMISS HIGH COURT JUDGES

By T. VISWANADHAM, M.L.A.

THE case of Mr. Shiva Prasad Sinha, Judge of the Allahabad High Court, who has been removed from office by the Governor-General of India under Section 220 2(b) of the Government of India Act gives satisfaction in the sense that wrongs done even in high quarters, are set right, but it raises questions of far-reaching importance. The case is the first of its kind in India and there seem to be no prescribed rules of procedure.

The Section runs as follows:

"220—(2) Every judge of a High Court shall be appointed by the Governor-General and shall hold office until he attains the age of sixty years:

Provided that (a)....

(b) a judge may be removed from his office by the Governor-General on the ground of misbehaviour or of infirmity of mind or body, if the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, on reference being made to them, report that the judge ought on any such ground to be removed;

(c)....."

On this, the question of interpretation of the words "On reference being made to them" arises. By whom is the reference to be made? Is it by an aggrieved party who was a litigant before the judge? Is it by the Chief Justice of the Court in which the judge is holding his office? Or is it by the Government of the province in which the judge is functioning? Or is it by the Governor-General? In the Act before adaptation in August 1947, the reference was to be made by His Majesty. The facts which go to prove the "misbehaviour" evidently shall have to be proved either by the record or by oral testimony or both. Therefore the complaint must originate either on the petition of an aggrieved party or by others who have by law possession of records of the case which by themselves would establish the "misbehaviour."

The report of the Federal Court does not disclose as to how the case started; but it does tell us that "On July 20, 1948 a reference was made by the Governor-General of India under Section 220 2(b), by forwarding a

petition of the Government of the United Provinces containing certain charges against Mr. Justice Shiva Prasad."

Under Section 220 2(b), the Governor-General is the authority to remove a judge from office, on a report by the Judicial Committee (Federal Court now). In the present case the complainant is the Government of the United Provinces. The Governor-General is the supreme authority to come to a judicial decision whether, on the facts and contents of the report of the Federal Court, the judge should be removed from office or not. If so, the Governor-General should have nothing to do with the enquiry portion or proof or otherwise of the charges against the accused judge.

But we are told that "The Governor-General filed affidavits in support of the various facts and allegations contained in the petition." How could he do this and why should he do this? What could be his knowledge in the matter? What is the position of the Governor-General, in case the Federal Court totally disbelieved the contents of the affidavits? Reversing the position, will the Federal Court, speaking from a practical point of view, be in a position to come to an independent judgment when the Governor-General, the final authority to dispose of the matter and the supreme Head of the entire Government of the country, comes himself with affidavits "in support" of the charges against the other side? Does not justice suffer by virtue of the procedure adopted?

I venture to think, that the Governor-General should have been content to forward the complaint of the Government of the United Provinces to the Federal Court for report and the Federal Court should have made its enquiry and report without calling for or receiving affidavits from the Governor-General. There being no rules prescribed under Section 220, the case proceeded in the way it did. And this should not form a precedent. For, if Governments built on party

lines begin to lodge complaints and if the Governor-General should by filing affidavits as regards facts proving the charges, combine in himself the functions of prosecutor and judge, unexpected results are bound to follow and the independence of courts will in the long run be undermined.

I would therefore suggest that rules might be framed somewhat as follows:

(1) Where a party is aggrieved by the "misbehaviour" of a judge, he might apply to the Government of his Province to take action under Section 226.

(2) On receipt of such an application the Government shall, in consultation with the Chief Justice of the concerned High Court and on being satisfied that there is a prima facie case, move the Governor-General under Section 220.

(3) The Governor-General shall, on such complaint, refer the complaint to the Federal Court for enquiry and report; but shall not communicate any remark or comment on the merits or otherwise of the case.

(4) The Federal Court shall call upon the complaining Government to prove its charges and give a fair opportunity to the judge against whom the complaint has been laid to cross-examine the Government on the documents and oral testimony adduced by the Govern-

ment and then make its report.

(5) The Governor-General shall, after a perusal of the report, pass such orders as he thinks fit.

The provision in the Draft Constitution regarding the removal of Judges is embodied in Section 103 and 194. After the preliminary stages of enquiry, a further stage of presentation of an address by the Parliament supported by two-thirds majority is provided for. This removes the President far away from involving himself in the enquiry. But the provision of a two-thirds majority in a Legislature running on party basis, may produce unforeseen results and bad judges may remain firm in their seats while good judges that do not play to the tune of the party in power having a two-thirds majority in the House, may easily be ousted from office. The Constituent Assembly will have to consider deeply the implications of this clause. A provision for a contingency would be an invitation for the contingency to arise. I would rather have the present provision embodying the substance of the rules indicated by me.

PANCHAYAT REFORM, ONLY A MENACE IN DISGUISE

By Dr. N. VENKATARAMANAYYA, M.A., Ph.D.

IN a press note published on 1st May, 1949, the Government of Madras thus explain the idea underlying the panchayat legislation which they propose to sponsor in the near future:

"The idea underlying the proposed village panchayat legislation is the development of village panchayat into self-contained and self-governing units of local administration invested with large and practically independent powers in all matters relating to village life and village economy, minimising outside control to the least limit consistent with efficiency and integrity in working."

The idea underlying the reform is, no doubt, excellent, and provided the conditions of our village life are favourable for its working, the era of real democratic government in our villages may be said to be fast approaching. Our villages would then be small republics, where the government of the people would actually be carried on by the people themselves in their own interests. The conditions of our villages, however, are far from favourable to the introduction of panchayat reform. The political life in the villages is closely bound up with their economic organization and it is not possible to divorce the one from the other and deal with each separately without reference to the other. Ours is not an industrial but an agricultural country whose national wealth consists more or less exclusively of land. Therefore, the land is regarded as the most important and valuable form of wealth, and its possession is prized above all other things. The place of capitalists and captains of industry who play such a prominent part in the economic and political life of other countries is taken by landowners in ours; and they dominate our countryside to such an extent that there is no room for the existence in our villages of people whose interests clash with those of the landlords. Take, for instance, the Telugu country. Here the land is practically owned by three classes of

people, the Rajas or Kshatriyas in the Vizagapatam and the Godavary districts, the Kammas in Krishna and Guntur, and the Reddis in Nellore and the Ceded Districts. Of these the Reddis are the richest and the most influential. Their thirst for land is insatiable. Thanks to the conditions created by the World War, the prices of food grains have increased more than tenfold, bringing enormous profits to the landowners. Much of this money is utilised for increasing the extent of their landed estates; and a good deal is invested in mining and other industries where profits are high. As a consequence, our rich landowners have become richer, and they use wealth and position to strengthen their hold upon the economic and political life of our villages.

Now, most of the land in our villages is owned by three or four landowners. Instances are not wanting where the bulk of the land of a village or even two or three adjacent villages is owned by a single landlord. These landowners, though they pretend that they are farmers and cultivators, are not tillers of the soil; they are not accustomed to manual labour. They employ a foreman and a staff of agricultural labourers drawn usually from the Harijans, to cultivate their land. Occasionally they might venture out of their houses for the purposes of inspection, but the activities of the landlords are not confined to the management of their estates. One of their important diversions is money lending. Though here and there one might come across a landlord running a banking institution, the majority of them prefer to lend money to their fellow-villagers or are inhabitants of the villages in their immediate neighbourhood, mostly on the pledge of land, and charge any rate of interest from 12 per cent upwards. Their victims are usually the owners of small holdings, who become more and more involved in debt on account of their inability to pay and the consequent accumulation of com-

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pound interest. One can form a rough idea of the moneylending activities of the landowners and the severity with which they foreclose their mortgages and take possession of the land of the small holders, by a study of the law suits that come before our law courts. The landowners are also well known for their activities in the blackmarket. They have plenty of money which they spend liberally in obtaining permits. Instances can be cited of landowners who amassed enormous fortunes by means of licenses for distribution of commodities.

As a result of these conditions the landowners have gradually made themselves masters of our villages over which their sway is absolute. No villager dares to set himself against the mighty landlord, for the least manifestation of independence on his part is sure to bring upon his head condign punishment. Indeed, the landlord is the autocrat of the village: he is law unto himself. He could abuse, assault and even kill; and no villager can dream of bringing him to book; for, it would be impossible for him and his people to live in the village any longer afterwards. In these circumstances, the village panchayat legislation proposed by the Government is bound to produce results which are incompatible with democratic ideals. The village panchayat boards will become tools in the hands of landlords instead of representative bodies of the people of the village.

Some of the features of the proposed panchayat legislation which, in the existing state of affairs, are likely to increase the power of the landlords may be noticed here. It is proposed to free the panchayat boards from all outside control and make them virtually independent. Under Madras Act XIV of 1920 the panchayats are controlled by the district boards.

"Under this Act the village panchayats have been placed under the control of the district boards and their presidents who have the power not only to intervene in the more important matters of administration but also to interfere in the day-to-day administration of the panchayats."

"It was felt that what was needed was legislation which would render village panchayats independent of control, consistent with a certain degree of administrative efficiency. In fact they should be wholly autonomous."

This would invest the landowners with absolute powers to manage the affairs of the new panchayat boards pretty much as they like and the officers of the Government would be powerless to check their autocratic ways. Another important point which calls for attention is the rejection of the principle of reservation. This is indeed a thoroughly democratic step and would not have called for comment under ordinary circumstances. But when a Government which swears by the principle of communal representation in season and out of season goes out of its way to reject it in the village panchayat boards, one is impelled to examine the motive underlying it. It is no love of democracy that has influenced the Government to discard the principle of reservation but a desire to shut out the minor communities such as Muslims, Christians and above all the Harijans, whose economic interests are diametrically opposed to those of the landowning class. After centuries of exploitation, the Harijans have become conscious of their own importance in village life and they are no longer content to remain the oppressed and the down-trodden. This does not suit the higher classes, especially the landowners; and our Government which is totally under the control of landowners and capitalists, is naturally desirous of preventing them from having any share in the administration of our villages.

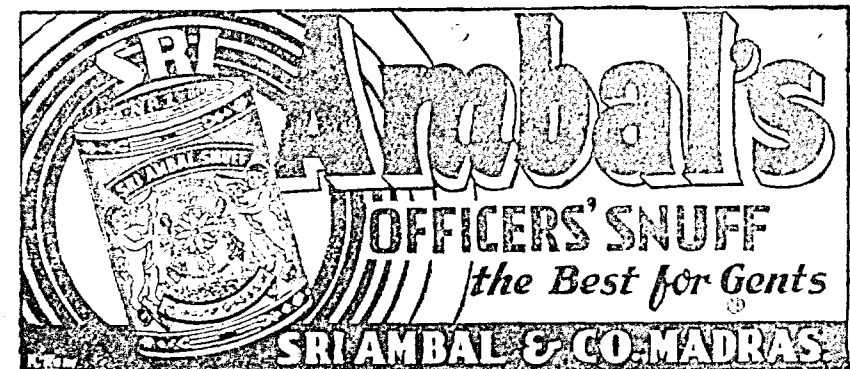
The Government of Madras are attempting to put the cart before the horse with regards the panchayat legislation. They should have first proceeded with land reform; they should have passed the necessary legislation for breaking up the big landed estates, and distributed the land on a more equitable basis. Mere redistribution of land does not remedy the evil permanently. New lands preventing the alienation of land and the formation once again of big landed estates must be simultaneously made to create the necessary atmosphere for

the development of the panchayat boards.

A land reform of the type suggested here is not inconceivable. The rights of landowners are not more sacrosanct than those of the zamindars. They are an exotic product of the British administration in a truer sense than zamindars. To understand this point clearly, it is necessary to have an idea of the tenure under which land was held in former times. The land then belonged to the king; and people took it on lease from him agreeing to give him as tax a portion of the paddy in the case of wet lands or a stipulated sum of money in the case of dry lands including sugarcane plantations, coconut groves, betel leaf and market gardens, etc. The land in every village was held by all the villagers in common. The head of each family had a separate holding for cultivation, so that no family was left without its bit of land. Moreover, all the land in the village was divided and distributed according to the Visabadi system which prevented the growth of economic inequalities in the village. To give an equal opportunity for all the families in the village to enjoy the fruits of the best, middling and common lands, they were redistributed among the village people once in every two or three years. The urs and the sabhas which played such an important part in the rural administration of ancient South India were constituted on the basis of this land tenure. As the Muslim conquerors showed no inclination to interfere with the local administrative institutions of the people whom they conquered, they continued intact until the advent of the British. When

the East India Company acquired domination in the South and made themselves masters of the peninsula, they reorganized the administration with a view to increasing the revenue of their new possessions. In lieu of a share in the produce, they demanded cash payment. They abolished the old system of land tenure, because they believed that it created no interest in the cultivator to improve his farm and increase its productivity. To stimulate the self-interest of the cultivator and induce him to put forward his best efforts in enhancing the yielding capacity of his land, the East India Company introduced the Ryotwari system under which the bulk of the land in South India is held today. Since under this system land is regarded practically as the property of the holder, and as there are no legal impediments to obstruct free alienation, large landed estates came into existence; and an aristocracy of landowners soon made its appearance.

It is thus clear that the landowners who dominate our political life now are largely the creation of the British. If the Government are genuinely interested in the development of village panchayats into self-contained and self-governing units, if they are desirous of making our villages cradles of democracy, they must first abolish the landed estates in the same way as they are abolishing the zamindari, and create the necessary atmosphere for the development of the panchayat boards. Until that is first done, the proposed panchayat legislation will only strengthen the hands of the landed capitalists, enormously.



LIFE IN PORTUGUESE AND FRENCH INDIA

By MILDRED H. NORONHA

ONLY those who have visited Goa, with its ruined churches and colonial types of mansions, or drunk of the wines of Damao, or rambled in the bazaars of Pondicherry once filled with the silks and perfumes of France, will have experienced the exotic and unprogressive atmosphere of the foreign possessions in India, where life follows the pattern of a dim and distant past.

France and Portugal have hitherto maintained but an indifferent interest in their remote Indian territories. There is nevertheless a definite Portuguese culture in Goa which has been absorbed by the indigenous population, so that one might sometimes say they are more Portuguese than Indian. Pondicherry, on the other hand is South Indian. Rich Tamilian merchants with diamonds in their ears still wear their simple 'dhoties,' and have no wish to emulate their rulers in dress or mode of living. Instead, the influence of the great Ashram in Pondicherry has aroused in many of the French people a keen interest in Indian philosophy.

The history of Goa is as old and colourful as the story of the great Portuguese adventurers and seamen who, in the 15th century, sailed by the Cape Of Good Hope in search of eastern silks and spices and to wrest the trade from the Mahomedans. They were followed by fervent missionaries such as St. Francis Xavier and others who planted the Cross on the site of Goa and traversed the whole coast of India converting the population and bestowing on them Portuguese names which they maintain to the present day.

Goa consists of many sections—there is the capital Nova Goa or Panjim, Margao and Old Goa, bestrewn with ancient churches, in one of which reposes the centuries-old body of Goa's special saint, St. Francis Xavier. Old Goa is practically abandoned. Popular tradition is that it has been cursed since the religious orders were abolished when the church and state

were separated in 1911—the water is said to be polluted. Actually, a series of epidemics in the early seventeenth century, due to the bad sanitation, led to the abandonment of the old city. During the periodic expositions of the body of St. Francis Xavier, Old Goa awakens to a new life. Thousands of visitors pour in every day to pay homage to the saint and the neighbourhood of the churches becomes like the grounds of a fair. Stalls are erected as well as other temporary structures which serve as restaurants and even dwelling-places for pilgrims. Men wear their black Sunday suits (Every Goan, however poor, possesses a suit of black serge or alpaca, to be used on Good Fridays and special occasions) and the women their gaily-coloured, often gaudily-flashy dresses. Black veils of net or lace take the place of hats—another custom which is essentially Portuguese. Side by side with religious fervour and telling of beads there is plenty of drinking and merry-making. Wine is cheap and singing and dancing are in the blood of the people, who, in days of long ago, loved, married and intermarried with Albuquerque's Portuguese seamen. Albuquerque and his successors encouraged these marriages. It was not easy in those days to transport armies in sailing boats to guard and defend Portuguese factories in India. Therefore these empire-builders sought to bind the people to them through ties of religion and blood. Christians were given preferential treatment and special protection in the Fort in case of attack. This resulted in a large part of the population being converted to Christianity. Goa, today, is more than 50 per cent Roman Catholic. Christianity has effected some change in the people, but the deeply-rooted caste distinctions have withstood the test of time and now tend to become emphasised more and more. Christians, like the Hindus, observe rigidly the dictates of caste in their marriages. The four castes, Brahmins, Charados, Vaisyas

and Sudras, do not intermarry. In spite of the upper classes maintaining the purity of their race, however, one may see among all classes and sections a distinct Portuguese facial type. A large percentage of the Goans belong to the Sudra caste and work as domestic servants in Bombay or as stewards on the ships. Many migrate to Africa—both Portuguese and British East Africa. They return periodically to Goa, with the reputation of having 'made much money.' The greater part of Goa's population earn their living out of Goa—mainly in British India. This is one of the strong arguments in favour of their merging with the Union, for in spite of being foreign subjects, they enjoy many of the privileges that are accorded to Indians by birth.

The higher strata of Goan society have adopted a very westernized mode of living. In Panjim and Margao may be seen fine, old-fashioned mansions where the inhabitants live like the Portuguese grandees of old. They speak Portuguese among themselves and not the local dialect Konkani, which they use only when addressing servants. Girls are reared like hot-house flowers and taught social graces, embroidery and music. Career women are not encouraged in Goa itself! When a girl is old enough, a suitable 'match' is made for her and money is often the primary consideration. Dowries rise into thousands.

Weddings and festivals are celebrated with much merry-making and feasting. Carnival days, the days preceding Lent, which are not observed by the Catholics in India, are kept up in Goa in true continental tradition. Goans, in spite of their social caste system have completely relinquished old Hindu prejudices with regard to food. They have their own peculiar dishes and delicacies and have a particular liking for pork meat. No special dinner is complete without the serving of 'serpathel'—a dish made of pork and cooked with the blood of the pig, so that it becomes black in colour. They also have a variety of sweets, 'Bebinca,' 'Pao-de-lo,' and 'Aranhas,' all very delicious to the taste.

Life in the other Portuguese towns of Damao and Diu, follows more or less the same pattern as in Goa. There

is, however, even greater poverty in Damao. Apart from the businessmen who deal in wines, the people of Damao are starving. There is no cow-slaughter in the town. Beef is brought in sometimes by Muslims from the surrounding districts. Mutton can be had only on certain days and there is no fresh fish worth mentioning. One has to fall back on ducks, chickens and the inevitable pigling which wanders all over the town. Many of the Christians subsist on a meagre diet of rice (when obtainable) and salt-fish. The visitor to Damao is therefore exploited and has to pay exorbitant rates for articles of food and to servants.

On being asked why something is not done to develop the country and to better the lot of the people, the Portuguese authorities will murmur the same platitude. "The people are lazy." And so the Portuguese towns continue to sleep as they have done for centuries. The people starve, salaries and wages are low; but they manage to observe their 'festas' and carnivals and the majority care little for momentous political changes.

Diu has a large proportion of Gujaratis in its population. Other elements include, besides Christians, Parsees, Mahomedans and descendants—those with a mixture of Portuguese blood in them.

All Goans are greatly attached to Goa and they make it a point to visit it periodically. In the month of May, particularly, thousands of Goans who work in India return to their homeland for a holiday—to visit aged parents or to look to their property. This is the season for camping by the seaside. 'Calangute' Beach is the Riviera of Goa. In the romantic setting of the sea and coconut palms, to the music of violins and guitars, much match-making is carried on. There is very strict chaperonage. Unmarried girls never move around without an escort. Besides wine, quantities of sweet toddy are consumed, which serve as appetizers for hot fish curries, pickled sausages and other 'national' dishes. At nights they dance to the latest jazz music—most Goans are experts in western dancing—or, when the mood comes upon them they revel in the performance of their most popular

country dance, "the Mando," with much clapping of hands and thumping of feet. Konkani folk songs have recently become very popular. They are not unlike Hawaiian airs and express the spirit of a similar easy-going, pleasure-loving people.

In Goa, one sees a mixture of religiousness and superficiality. Roman Catholicism has survived in spite of many set-backs, including the expulsion of the clergy at the time of the revolution in Portugal. Until recently, younger sons in a family were encouraged to become priests and two-thirds of the ancestral wealth and property were given to the eldest son. Religious observances are rigidly adhered to. Yet brother despises brother according to caste, a great emphasis is placed on the hoarding of wealth and the retaining of money within the family, high positions are of more significance than worthy men, and a dowry more important than the right wife.

French India presents a striking contrast to the Portuguese possessions. Here is seen no imposition of a foreign culture. The population of the French settlements is almost wholly Hindu. Very few French people have chosen to settle in the 'strange and mysterious' East. The town has a foreign atmosphere with its parallel streets, all bearing French names, its unusual system of artesian wells and the usage of the French language.

Still, the people are essentially Indian and live and dress like Indians. In recent years many improvements have been made in Pondicherry. At the entrance to the town as one lands from the Pier, is a fine statue of Dupleix, surmounted by ancient, beautifully-carved stone pillars, taken from a demolished Hindu temple. The roads in the main sections of the town are good and there are many fine buildings, hospitals, colleges and hotels. Educated Tamilians speak French very well and college girls have even acquired the high-pitched voices and mincing accents of elegant French ladies.

An enduring link between France and India is the deep-rooted philosophy which is the heritage of both peoples. The Aurobindo Ashram in Pondicherry, begun at the commencement of the century by one of India's greatest sages and intellectuals, has expanded rapidly. A large section of the town is occupied by the various buildings of the Ashram. The Ashramites include people of all castes, nationalities and religions. The spirit of the Ashram pervades Pondicherry.

To a Free India, the foreign possessions are both a danger and a threat, for obvious reasons. The old pattern of life will change. Already, many Goans have re-adopted the Indian costume. In French India, fewer readjustments are necessary.—N.P.S. (Copyright).

NEWSPAPERS AND DUTY

A news story is made objective by reporting both sides of a controversy. An editorial is objective by weighing both sides of a controversy with a broad perspective and a deep understanding before deciding which side to fight for. Editorially a newspaper should be objective only as to purpose. Once it has determined what is right in a given issue, it should pull no punches.—CANHAM, Editor, Christian Science Monitor.

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As a matter of fact, we all feel that we desire our country to act up to the highest standard, not so much because it will be most profitable to us in the long run, but because we want to feel that we are part of an honourable, upright, chivalrous, generous nation. No one likes to hear his country spoken of as having done a treacherous thing or taken a mean advantage. A form of statecraft may be defended on the strictly utilitarian ground of what will be for the greatest immediate advantage of the State, and this consideration theoretically may perhaps produce the same results, if carried out with great wisdom and great circumspection, as the simpler method of trying to do the right and generous and honourable thing; but it is much more likely to lead the nation into error and disaster.—LORD CECIL.

THE GREAT BARRIER

I am writing this in a train, on my way to the South.

In this round world of relativity, what is North, and what is South? Birabal, the jester philosopher of Akbar's court, defined East and West as "Too far East is West, and too far West is East." That master of paradox might also have said that "Too far South is North, and too far North is South."

Some place is "in the South" only in relation to some place north of it. To the Kashmiri, even Delhi is "South," while to the Travancoreans, even Mysore is "North." Hyderabad is "Far North" to a man in Madura, while it is "Far South" to a man in Mathura. (That reminds me that, according to a new historical theory of Dravidian migration, in Madras presidency Madura is but a southern incarnation of Mathura in U.P., having been founded by the ancient Mathura-ites, after their epic two thousand mile 'Long March' to the South, necessitated by the relentless pressure of the Aryan invasion). Throughout the history of India, the direction of invasion and migration has always been: North to South. The process was reversed only in post-freedom India when the epic invasion of New Delhi by the Malayalee Menons took place. The South is settling the scores of history!

Even relatively speaking, there is nothing to the south of where I am going. And it would almost appear that I am going there, just to be able to write that. For I am on my way to Cape Camorin—the southern-most point on the map of India!

THE GREAT BARRIER

During the two centuries of British imperialist domination, while the natural process of integration and synthesis was arrested, many barriers were created—artificial and arbitrary barriers between community and community, between language and language, and between one province and another. The biggest of these barriers has stood between the North and the South,

casting a shadow of ignorance and prejudice on either side. The appalling extent of misconception about the other side would have been comic if it were not so disgraceful.

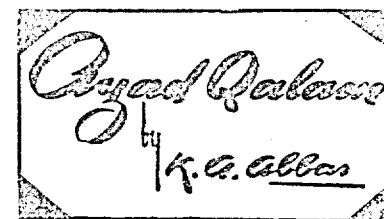
Thanks to the foreign system of education (aimed at production of clerks), even our intelligentsia knows little about the history, culture and arts of our own country. The educated Indian has read more of Shakespeare than Kalidasa, more of Tennyson than Tulsidas, he knows more about the French impressionists than the painters of Ajanta, more about Epstein than about the sculptors of Ellora; more about waltz and tango than about *Kathak* and *Bharat Natyam*.

While the general ignorance of our cultural traditions is bad—and shameful—enough, the complete black-out of South Indian life, culture, literature and arts from the mental horizon of an average North Indian is something shocking. London, Paris and New York seem nearer to Lucknow and Delhi than Madras and Tanjore!

The North Indians are so ignorant about the South that many of them believe that all South Indians speak a language called "Madrasi." About the great languages and literatures of Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam and Kannada, most of them have not the faintest idea. The better-than-average university student in the North who might be able to speak learnedly about English, French, American and Chinese literatures would not be able to name one single writer or poet of Tamil or Malayalam. Through books and films he might be familiar with the dreamy waltz and the fiery tango, but he is not likely to know any thing about *Kathakali* or *Bharat Natyam*. I must confess that, as a college student in Aligarh fifteen years ago, I did not know whether *Kathakali* was

a dance or a disease—like *Kala Azar*. And, in my ignorance, I was by no means an exception.

Added to ignorance is also prejudice, partly if not wholly born out of the history taught



to us in schools according to which, pushed back by the "superior" and civilised Aryans, the original (and allegedly barbaric) Dravidian inhabitants retired to the South. Since these history books were written (under Brahminic-British influence), Mohenjodaro has been discovered but the average North Indian still continues to believe that civilisation was brought to India by the Aryans and that before that there was complete cultural darkness in this country. In the imagination of the superiority-bitten Northerner, the South Indian is equated not with the Governor-General but with a stenographer. Quite a few labour under the impression that culture and civilisation end with the Vindhya's and below them lies benighted South.

THE SOUTH INDIAN—FACT AND LEGEND

Ignorance, prejudice, "Aryan arrogance" and the historical accident that, for many centuries the capital of India has been in the North have combined to produce a series of legends and misconceptions about the people of the South.

It is generally believed, for instance, that all South Indians are "black like coal"—while the darkest South Indian is not darker than the (likewise) sun-burnt peasants of Eastern U. P., a good many South Indians are wheat-complexioned, and quite a few are as fair as the fairest Panjabi or Kashmiri.

Then it is believed that the South is still caste-ridden, that untouchability is still so rigorously enforced in the South that a low-caste man cannot walk on the same road as a Brahmin, while the truth is that, thanks to the efforts of Gandhiji, Rajaji and other reformers, every temple in the South is open today for Harijans and even the staunchest Brahmins are losing their ancient caste-consciousness. It is a legal offence to refuse admission to a restaurant or eating house to any one because of his caste, and only the other day the owner of a big restaurant in Madras was sentenced for refusing admission to a Harijan.

The main industry of the South is the manufacture of clerks and stenographers who are then exported to the secretariat in New Delhi and other provincial capitals, not to mention

business houses and newspaper offices in Bombay and Calcutta! This legend was invented by the North Indian secretariat employees who could not compete with the more diligent, more hard-working, more conscientious South Indians with their better knowledge of English. The typical South Indian is no more a clerk than the typical Bengali is a Babu or a typical Lucknow-wallah is an impecunious *nawab*. The South Indians are peasants, poets, artists and architects, administrators and dancers, doctors, lawyers, mill workers, teachers, scholars, shop-keepers. Also some of them are clerks and stenographers—and very competent ones.

Another legend about the South Indians is that they are incorrigible vegetarians while, I have found, that barring the Brahmins (who are only three per cent), the majority of them are not averse to meat-eating. The pontifical, piety-stricken Brahmin is far from an average South Indian.

Finally, there is no such person as a South Indian—except, in the negative sense of *not being a North Indian!* In the South there are Tamilians, Malayalm-speaking Keralites, Telugu-speaking Andhras, the Kannada-speaking Mysoreans—but no South Indians!

Each of these linguistic and cultural groups is not only homogeneous but acutely and militantly conscious of its separate identity and traditions. Group loyalties, historical hostilities, caste antagonisms, cultural differences and growing class conflicts cut across the geographical unity of the peninsula which we call South India. It is only in its component parts and their inter-relations that we can study and understand the South.

SOUTH LEARNS HINDUSTANI

On their part, the South Indians, too, are as insular and complacent—though, perhaps, not so ignorant—as the North Indians.

The freedom struggle, however, created traditions which give to South Indians a sense of unity with the rest of India. Tamilians and Malayalees, Andhras and Kannadas are all familiar, for instance, with the slogan, *Inqilab Zindabad*... even as they are familiar with the names of Gandhi and Nehru, Patel and Azad, Jaya-

prakash and Aruna. Through Congress work, thousands of South Indians have come into contact with the political and cultural life and personalities of the North.

As a part of the national movement, the knowledge of Hindustani has been slowly but surely spreading in the South. The Gandhian Congressites have rendered a great service in this respect, but so far as the common people are concerned the Hindustani film has been their greatest teacher. Cinemas in the smallest towns and remotest villages show Hindustani films and, through the glamour of stars and the appeal of songs, the people get familiar with the language.

There is a bitter anti-Hindustani movement carried on by a small but vigorous group of ultra-sensitive Dravidian patriots who are afraid of "Hindi imperialism" as a new form of Aryan invasion and Brahminic domination. But, on the whole, the South is cheerfully reconciled to learning Hindustani and, in course of time, may acquire as great proficiency in it as once it did in English.

Through translations of the works of Hindustani writers, published in periodicals (specially in Malayalam), a growing number of educated people in the South are beginning to be familiar with the literatures of the North; but it is only a beginning and the mass of them are still as ignorant about Nirala and Pant, Josh and Krishenchander as the North Indians are ignorant of Bharati and Vallathol.

REMOVE THE BARRIERS

The North-South alienation was understandable in the dim past when communications were still undeveloped, and the Vindhya's represented a formidable barrier. The British administration imposed an artificial and superficial unity, and the roads and railways brought the North and South nearer. But it was only the national struggle which evolved a sense of political cohesion—symbolised today in the persons of the South Indian Rajagopalachariar and the North Indian Nehru heading the Indian state.

What we need, however, is more than administrative or political unity. We need *unity of the people*—based on mutual understanding and an

active contact and exchange between the cultures and languages of the North and the South.

In our schools and universities students must learn more about the different cultures and literatures of India than of Europe. Our magazines and periodicals must devote more space to translations from Indian languages than from English and European languages. We ought to have courses for the comparative study of Indian literatures. Students from the North must be afforded facilities to travel in the South; students from the South should be brought North on study tours. There ought to be an exchange of students between the various universities.

The barriers between the South and North should be removed; the Vindhya's of ignorance and prejudice must be crossed. We must travel to the Cape not only in space but also in the more important dimension of the mind and the spirit.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

LONDON: Speaking in House of Commons, Mr. Woodrow Wyatt (Lab.) said Britain's only possible policy was to be as friendly as possible with the Communists in China. "If not we shall lose our entire trade in China, as well as Hong Kong and Malaya."

Mr. Richard Butler, winding up for the Opposition, said Hong Kong must be defended at all costs. Hong Kong depended not so much on the brigades which the Minister was mustering, but on the mobilisation of all Britain's diplomatic and strategic resources and the bringing together of the nations in the Far East in much the same way as they had been brought together in the West.—Reuter.

NEW YORK: Shrimati Vijaya-lakshmi lunched with the British Minister, Mr. Hector McNeill. "We are cousins now," she remarked.—Hindu special correspondent.

ROME: Welcoming the London decision on India's future in the Commonwealth, Dr. Malan, the South African Prime Minister, said: "A new era in Commonwealth relations which I am convinced will bind its members even more closely together on all matters of common concern, has been opened.—Reuter.

NO GREATER LOVE

By Mrs. M. Suryanarayanan

A small group of us sat out in the open terrace of the Stone House. Amala, Meena, Chitra Roy, Bina and lastly my honoured self were the group. I think it was the imp Meenu who suggested I sing. My rich voice was the one compensation God had given me for all the other drawbacks in life—hence I was but too ready to how off. All the latest film hits and then one or two classics I sang and felt myself transported to another region altogether. Meenu's mocking voice brought me back to the earth.

"Our ugly duckling may not be able to book a man down here, but she certainly can sing like a *kokil*." Her golden voice might trap a philandering angel!" she observed caustically. I was humiliated even though this was not the first time I had been called this—so I lashed out furiously.

"Better to be an ugly duckling with brains, my child, than take one's degree in the compartment system" I knocked.

This was Meenu's second effort, for she had failed last year—she was keenly conscious of this, for we who had been her juniors were now her class-mates. A soft hand stole into mine. "Never mind, Alamu—they are thoughtless—let us go to our room" said my chum and room-mate Amala.

I wonder if there is anything more cruel in this world than the careless tongue of a spiteful girl. We had some specimens of this brand in our college. They would not spare even a dear friend if they could raise a laugh and gain repute as a wit. I was a tall lanky creature with an affliction of a nose. This monstrosity won for me the title of "Roman General." Amala was the college beauty and our friendship provoked them into calling us "The Beauty and the Beast."

Amala came from Bengal—she was a girl of moods. She would be the life and soul of a gay madcap lot one day—the next day would find her

wandering alone in the college grounds. Youthful admirers she had in plenty, but they were discouraged by her impartial friendliness to all—no one could tell who the favoured one was; she seemed to have plenty of money, but the only relative who came to see her was an old curmudgeon of an uncle—a typical Bengalee Babu with his booming voice and flowing *jubba*.

One evening when we two were alone in our room, Amala asked me casually "Alamu, your mother lives in Madras, doesn't she? Why doesn't she come to see you?" My face flushed and I evaded an answer by calling out to a mutual friend who passed by just then in the verandah.

How could I tell this rich girl that I was ashamed of my mother—that my mother was a municipal nurse who educated me on her meagre earnings. Ever since I joined college, I had felt an aversion to my sophisticated friends here knowing or even seeing my work-worn mother. They might mock me and laugh at her—this fear had made me ask my mother not to seek me out in college. Later that night, when we were alone again, I in turn asked, "Amala, you have not told me anything about your parents."

Amala's eyes looked dreamy as though they saw a vision. "Alamu, my father died last year. My mother is up in the North. Oh! Alamu. I will see my mother next Friday and be with her for the week-end. I am so happy. I just can't think of all the things we will do together." With a pang, my thoughts rushed to my mother—poor thing prematurely aged by nights of vigil and hard work. Had I ever taken her into my scheme of life?

"Amala, you are more excited at the prospect of meeting your mother than you usually are at a proposed meeting with one of your swains," I teased. Her eyes filled. "Alamu, your mother

has been with you always—hence you cannot understand what it is to yearn for a mother's love and company" she said.

I was silent with guilty remorse for the casual way in which I had treated my mother. She earned me—I had never appreciated or felt thankful to her for it. I had taken it for granted that she should do so. My awakened conscience kept me awake through the night.

Next Thursday was Convocation Day. On Wednesday our College Day would come off. This happy day would be celebrated by us with a public entertainment and a feast. We were all busy with rehearsals. Amala was the heroine in the Hindi play. Wednesday came. The show began. For the Hindi play, I stood in the wings to prompt and sing with Amala—her voice was sweet but weak. The play was a stupendous success. As the Kalinga maiden at Asoka's court Amala was superb. Every one congratulated her. The Principal was proud of this star pupil and introduced her to the big wigs present there. Grease paint and lip stick were washed off. We assembled for dinner. A lot of chaffing went on. Chitra Roy called out to Amala from the far end of the hall. "Amala, your acting was marvellous. You have upheld the Bengalee tradition." I turned to Amala. "What does she mean? Can't others act?" I asked. Before she could reply, the impetuous Meena broke out. "Shut up. Chitra—Bengalee tradition, my foot. What of the Andhra tradition? What of the Tamil tradition? Don't talk big, my girl. Our people too can act."

"Sour grapes, Meena, the Andhras and the Tamils haven't a single good stage actress between them, though they might have cinema stars in plenty. We Bengalees are highly emotional. We lead there. Shailaja—the great stage star is our pride. Save your breath, my dear, you cannot refute facts." Chitra went on in one breath. I turned to Amala and was surprised to see her eyes shining and moist, a look of pride on her face. "Amal, I never knew you were so proud and provincial," I told her.

"Alamu, come to our room. I will tell you something. This is a proud moment in my life" she said in a soft

tone. I was greatly intrigued and waited eagerly for bed time. Amala came in, surrounded by a host of girls. At last we were left alone. Without a word she opened her box and took out a packet enclosed in a piece of silk. Reverently she opened it and took out a photograph. I took it from her—it was a cabinet size photo of a woman. A heart-shaped face—wistful eyes—a perfect rose bud of a mouth—curls falling in a cluster at the temple shading the brows. Where had I seen this face before? Puzzled, I lifted my questioning eyes to Amala and gasped. Why—the photo—it was Amala herself—a more mature Amala—with the sorrow of a suffering world in her long-lashed eyes.

"Alamu. Can't you guess? It is my mother—Shailaja the star of Bengal!" she explained with a happy and proud air.

"Amala, why did you keep this from me all this time? We have been friends for two years and still you kept mum" I reproached.

"Alamu, it isn't my fault. It was my promise to her which kept me silent. We haven't seen each other for sixteen years now" she said sadly.

"What do you mean? Have you taken leave of your senses, or are you just indulging in the gentle art of leg-pulling" I asked hotly.

"Alamu, truth is at times stranger than fiction."

"Amala, tell me everything" I begged.

"Alamu, have you ever heard the name Satish Chandra Bhattacharya?" she asked.

"I haven't been a student of this university for nearly three years for nothing. Of course, I have heard of him. Isn't he a great scientist who died a year ago?"

"He was my father. The world knew him as a great scientist. My mother knew him as an unforgiving husband—and I, Alamu, knew him as a disciplinarian father." She stopped.

"My father came from a caste-ridden Brahmin family. My mother, a Brahmin too, was from the more liberal-minded U.P. They met as students in England and married there. For a short spell love triumphed over inherited traditions of conservatism. They came back to

India. My mother, a high souled, accomplished woman, was shut up along with my father's relatives, in his family house. My father thought of her position as his wife, the wife of the head of the Bhattacharya family—my mother yearned in vain for an independent life—she thought of her carefree girlhood in the U.P. and stormed futilely against their vegetable existence. I was born—four years passed. During this time my father made great strides in his research work but my mother was growing desperate. At this time, Fate stepped in and dealt the cards. An aunt of my mother's came to live in Calcutta. They were highly fashionable people and my father detested their free and easy ways, but he couldn't in reason object to my mother's going there often, for they were her relatives. One evening, they had some private theatricals there. It was not hard to persuade my gay, high spirited mother to take part in them. She was as clever as she was beautiful, hence was given the heroine's role, while one of her cousin's friends, a professional actor, took the male lead. In the midst of the play my father came there to take my mother home. No one noticed his coming. He saw my mother acting with the professional, and returned home alone. The next morning my mother came but the door was shut in her face. From the window of my room I saw her standing there, tears streaming down her face. My father never spoke of her—they said she was dead. But to my love-filled heart, she was alive. Years passed. The war broke out—and I was sent to study here. Before I came, my father called me and told me the truth. He bade me never to see or correspond with her. I thought that my mother had been treated cruelly for a trivial thing, but I couldn't go against my father. He died last year. His death set me free. I write to her but see her I cannot, till I am of age, for I would forfeit my father's wealth. My mother has bade me wait till I am of age. The long wait is over."

I was moved. This girl was only as old as myself, yet she had a depth of feeling which I had never had. How

criminally careless I had been? How many times must my snobbishness and indifference have hurt my mother? I thought of this and could not sleep. The next day, Convocation Day, was a holiday for us. The post came. We crowded eagerly round the postman. Amala had a letter. We went to a far off nook in the gardens—Amala opened the cover and out fell a cheque—a cheque for ten thousand. My eyes very nearly popped out with surprise at so much money and that as a birthday present. Amala read through her letter and gave it to me. With a feeling of reverence I read.

"Amala, my well beloved child,—Twenty four hours after you get this I will be with you—but I cannot let your birthday pass by without a token of love from me. My darling, you have been born again for me. From tomorrow I shall be able to call you my child. Your father kept you from me—the law upheld him in it but that law cannot come between us now. You will be free to stand up to anything—even the majesty of the law. My darling, when you become a mother yourself, you will be able to understand a little the grief of a mother who, living, has been forced to be dead to her only child."

I gave the letter back silently to her—the tears streamed down unheeding—I fell face downwards in Amala's lap and sobbed.

"Alamu, why this grief?" she asked.

"Amala, I am a sinner. I too have a mother. I did not know how precious she was till I read your mother's letter" I explained tearfully.

"Alamu, come. Wipe your tears. Let us go to your mother. You were thoughtless but have a long life ahead of you in which you can make up to her." We went that noon, to my mother. What Amala said was true. A mother always forgives. My mother of whom I had been ashamed, shamed me by her nobility. She made little of my silly vanities and sent me back with a lightened heart. Today I had realised what a mother meant. Tomorrow, Amala would know what a mother's sheltering arms were. The world does not hold a greater love than that of a mother, I told myself when I went to bed that night.

SIDELIGHTS :

Error is not a fault of our knowledge, but a mistake of our judgment giving assent to that which is not true. —LOCKE.

I invite the attention of readers of SWATANTRA to a letter published in this issue in which Sri R. Suryanarayana Rao M.L.C., deals with my comments on the grant of a loan of Rs. 10 lakhs by the Madras Government to the Sudarsan Oil Mills. He concludes his letter with these words:

SAKA goes into hysterics and suggests this as a fit case for an anti-corruption tribunal. He is also audacious enough to say "Belcher was an angel of rectitude compared to some of the abusers of public funds for private ends that still flourish as Ministers in our midst." Can there be greater misrepresentation of facts and what appears to be purposeful twisting of them? Let your readers judge.

It does not seem to be generally realised that when a tribunal was set up to enquire into the allegations against Mr. Belcher and others, Mr. Belcher held as honoured a position as any of the honourable Ministers whose cause Sri Suryanarayana Rao has now espoused so spiritedly. Legally considered, there was not a shred of compelling data justifying the appointment of the tribunal. At the outset, Sir Hartley Shawcross, Attorney-General, made it quite clear that he was not there "to make a case against anybody, still less to defend anybody." He added:

"This was a fact-finding tribunal. It was an enquiry into allegations of corruption involving persons in the public service. These allegations had been the subject of searching investigation by the police after which the Director of Public Prosecutions had reported that there was at present not sufficient evidence to support any prosecution in relation to the matters which were the subject of enquiry."

If so, why should the tribunal have been set up at all? The Attorney-General answered:

"The tribunal was enquiring into allegations of corruption, not perhaps in the strict sense in which the term was defined in the Prevention of Corrup-

tion Acts, but corruption in the broader sense generally understood by the public. The public rightly expected a high standard from those who, whether as Ministers or officials, were servants of the Crown. They must not only be incorruptible; they must manifestly present the appearance of being insusceptible to corruption."

Elaborating the argument further in his concluding address, the Attorney-General said:

"The standards of rectitude and integrity and propriety in public life are very high standards. They are perhaps much above the standards which we impose on ourselves in our private affairs and in the ordinary life and commerce of the time. But they are standards to be jealously protected and to the maintenance of which, perhaps, sometimes individuals have in some senses to be sacrificed for errors which might seem comparatively insignificant in other occupations and in other circumstances, because on the maintenance of these rightly very high standards depends in a very large measure both the respect and the confidence which people place in the parliamentary system of government, and also, perhaps, the general standards of conduct and honesty in the country as a whole."

"If in the end, in any particular any Minister or any public man is found to have fallen short of these high standards, that is a matter which affects every political party and every citizen—and every party and every citizen suffers for it."

As every party and every citizen suffers for it when any Minister falls short of high standards, allegations against Ministers should not be disposed of by an *ad hoc* committee without judicial powers appointed by the Congress President or any political party. When the Congress President chose as his Secretary Sri Kala Venkata Rao, the leader of one of the factions in the Ministry seriously involved in the allegations, he stamped himself with a partisan character. While denouncing groups in the Assembly he blew the breath of life into one such group identified as his own. Without access to files noth-

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ng can be proved against any Minister. The occasion calls for a judicial tribunal with power to summon witnesses and access to files and not a party committee of the Congress President's choice. Intervention should come not politically, or in the style of a party move, but administratively from the Government of India.

Mr. Belcher did not wait for the finding of the tribunal which might have been in his favour and need not have gone necessarily against him. (Remember that the police were averse to the prosecution.) He resigned as soon as he had completed his evidence. In his letter of resignation he denied having been influenced in any way by any gift, but admitted that his acceptance of gifts was incompatible with the maintenance of the high respect for Ministers which was an essential part of his country's political life and that his conduct had been indiscreet. *The Times* warmly commended him on his voluntary departure into the wilderness. Referring to the obligations he had incurred, it wrote, "To incur such obligations is incompatible with the

position of a Minister of the Crown. On that the national code of political morality is clear; and Mr. Belcher has—to his credit—frankly acknowledged its binding force." Is there to be no similar acknowledgement of the binding force of any code of political morality in the case of our Madras Ministers?

Now, therefore, when Sri Suryanarayana Rao asks me "Is it fair to debar a concern from assistance merely because some or all the directors happen to be the near relatives of one of the Hon'ble Ministers," I am not horrified by the unfairness of it. Our provincial Ministers have not shown themselves to be saints. Very few will be impressed by the suggestion that unbeknown to the Ministers, and despite the rigours of their rectitude and neutrality, rich benefits found their way into the pockets of their relatives propelled thereto by the vigilance of impartial and independent technical bodies. If men are corrupt, the labels pasted on their foreheads can provide little comfort to their victims. Statutoriness as such is no conclusive antidote to abuse of power.—SAKA.

MR. MAUGHAM DECLARES HIMSELF

In one way and another I have used in my writings pretty well everything that has happened to me in the course of my life. Sometimes an experience of my own has provided me with an idea and all I have had to do is to invent the incidents to illustrate it. More often I have taken persons I know, either slightly or intimately, and used them as the foundation for characters of my own invention. To tell the truth, fact and fiction are so intermingled in my work that now, looking back, I can hardly distinguish one from the other.

In my twenties the critics said I was brutal, in my thirties they said I was flippant, in my forties they said I was cynical and in my fifties they said I was competent, and then in my sixties they said I was superficial. I have gone my own way, with a shrug of the shoulders, following the path I have traced, trying with my work to fill out the pattern of life that I have made for myself.

At the start I told you that I had used in my writings pretty well everything that has happened to me in the course of my life. It has been a long and varied one. (Mr. Maugham is 75). I think I have learned a little something about human nature and I have tried to tell others what I know as truthfully and honestly as I could. The public you—have been very kind to me, but sooner or later we must part. I hope we shall part good friends.—W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

ORIGIN OF GOVERNORSHIP OF FORT ST. GEORGE

By N. PARTHASARATHY, M.A.

THOUGH everybody is familiar with the office of the Governor, many are not aware of its accidental nature of its origin. It used to be said that "Trade follows the Flag," but in the case of India, the Flag has followed the Trade. The story of the foundation of Fort St. George is an interesting one. The East India Company was established purely as a commercial association with its head office in London, and its employees in India were men with business qualifications appointed to carry on the Company's trade. The qualifications, however, meant little in practice. The Nawab of Arcot's employees, professional musicians and even hairdressers all came under the comprehensive title of a merchant. The prime concern of the Company's Agent was the making of good bargains on the Company's behalf—and sometimes on his own—getting the best prices for European broadcloth and brocades, and buying as cheaply as possible Indian muslins and calicoes and natural produce for exportation to London where they were sold at a large profit. Any fighting in which the Company's servants were engaged was merely incidental to the pursuit of business.

When the English found that their enterprises at Masulipatam and Armagum were unprofitable owing to the hostile policy of the local rulers they sought a more favourable site, as the East India Company's very existence depended on the profits of its trade. Fort St. George was founded by Sir Francis Day. Madras is historically the earliest of the three presidencies. The life-and-death struggle between the English and the French made it the most important of the presidencies. As such, Madras was a model to the other two, and the institutions originally established at Madras were later copied by them.

Throughout the history of British India, the Governor occupied a pivotal position in the administrative edifice. He had almost autocratic powers and was responsible for the administration

of the presidency in the last resort. Like many other British Indian institutions, the Governor's office originated in the effort made by the British to provide for a particular exigency.

When the British established a trading factory at Madras which later developed into a fortified settlement, the Company appointed an Agent who was made the head of the trading factory. When a fairly large number of Europeans and Indians were attracted to the settlement by the profitableness of the trade, the need for a sort of ordered government arose, as also for a proper judicial authority to settle the disputes arising out of trade-relationships. The Agent was the final arbiter in the affairs concerning the Company and its settlement. He was assisted by a council. The judicial machinery set up by the Company later became an imperfect agency in the determination of disputes. The complicated nature of English law made its application vague and indefinite. In fact, as one writer observed, "there was only one crime which could be tried at Madras without legal uncertainty. That was piracy." Naturally enough many an awkward situation arose each demanding a separate solution. One such situation was instrumental in the creation of the office of the Governor of Fort St. George.

About 1665 a Madras slave girl came by a violent death at the hands of her European mistress Mrs. Ascentia Dawes by name, who was accused of a capital crime. Uncertain of their powers the Agent and Council asked for instructions from England. In their letter of 7 March 1666 the Court of Directors replied that very soon advice and orders would be issued as to how to proceed with the accused and others that might have been accessory to the crime and "how to prosecute such persons in the future that shall commit the like horrid actions within the limits of our Fort and Towne of Madras."

After deliberation the Company resolved that under the authority given by the charter of 1661, the Agent at Madrasapatnam should be created the Governor with judicial power to try this and similar cases. A despatch dated 10th March 1666 addressed to the "Governor and counsell of Fort St. George" is not only of documentary value but is a sample of the English that was in vogue at that time. The Company wrote as follows: "Having received from you an account of the cruel Act laid to the charge of Mrs. Dawes upon one of her slaves, wee thought it our duty that the law might have its due proceedings in that case upon her. For that end wee searched our charter, wherein wee find that the respective Agents and counsell established by us in any of the Fortes, Townes etc. have power to execute judgement, in all causes civil and criminall. Nevertheless for our and your satisfaction herein wee thought fitt not only to advise with his Majestie's learned counsell upon the clause in our charter which gives such power butt also to make our addresses unto his Majestie for his special allowance and directions, as you will perceive. . . . wee have herewith sent you. And to the end wee might more exactly persue the words of our charter, wee have thought fitt to constitute you Governor of our Towne and Forte where the Fact was

committed, as well as Agent, and to appoint you a counsell under our Seale, which together with some instructions and directions how to proceed in the Trial of this woman, . . . wee have likewise herewith sent you." This letter reached Madras during Agent Winter's usurpation, but it was intended for Foxcroft who must therefore be regarded as the first of the long line of Governors that has continued to this day.

The transformation of the Agent of the trading settlement at Fort St. George into the Governor, may be taken to have also marked the transformation of the Company from a purely commercial organisation into a governing body or ruling class. Truly may it be said that the year 1666 (the year in which the office of the Governor was constituted) marked the birth of British rule in India. No longer did "broken linen-drappers and other cracked tradesmen" rule Madras. A definite system of courts was evolved and the Governor was made the keystone of the whole system. The powers of the Governor were great and many. The all-powerful position of the Governor later led to friction between him and the Mayor's Court. This struggle between the executive (as represented by the Governor) and the judiciary went on for a long time.

NEW HOUSE FOR NEW PARLIAMENT

THE rebuilding of the House of Commons Chamber, destroyed by German bombs on May 10, 1941, is proceeding apace. It is hoped that members of the new Parliament in autumn next year will be able to meet in the completed Chamber. The work began in May 1947 and the foundation stone was laid last May.

Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, architect of the new Commons, has described the whole work as "progressing satisfactorily."

From many corners of British lands has been sent, or is being sent, some valued product to be moulded into the fabric or furnishing. Britain

herself supplies the stone—fine, yellowish limestone from Clipsham and Hollywell in Rutland, her smallest county, and Portland Stone from Dorset. As raw material, 115,000 cubic feet of Clipsham stone will be used for the main fabric and 50,000 cubic feet of Portland Stone for the rebuilding of the cloisters.

From the wooded English counties of Shropshire, Hereford, Worcester and Stafford have come the fine oak logs for the interior of the Commons. Trees two-and-a-half centuries old have been felled and seasoned for the purpose. Wood has also come from North Queensland, Australia—17

crates of black bean timber to make the Speaker's Chair. From the same State has come 30,000 square feet of walnut for the flooring of the Commons. Timber has come, too, from Canada, which has given a table in white oak. From the forests of South Africa have come Stinkwood for chairs for the Clerk of the Ways and Means Committee and for the two Clerks of the House. Four tables and chairs in the Division Lobbies are being made from specially chosen Nigerian timber.

The dressing and carving of the stone is in the hands of skilled masons two of whom, in their late seventies, have given a lifetime to their craft. The archway from the Chamber to the Lobby—named "Churchill Arch" in honour of the wartime leader of Parliament—is built

partly of the new stone and partly of stone from the bombed Commons.

Mr. Creech Jones, the present Colonial Secretary,—or his successor after the General Election—will dip his pen into a massive inkpot made from 50 ounces of silver sent by Fiji. British Guiana has sent cigarette boxes and ashtrays made of bauxite, oxydised in old gold colour.

Practical gifts which will be constantly within the sight of members, should any debate prove tedious, are two wall clocks from Northern Ireland, built to the design of Sir Giles. The Speaker recently accepted these on behalf of the House, and also a small timing clock for the Clerk's table.

"Almost a replica of the old," is how Sir Giles describes the rising Chamber.

Statistics recently released show that Air India aircraft were responsible for one-third of the total mileage flown by internal airlines during 1948, and transported one-third of the total number of passengers. The following are the relevant figures; Miles flown: 4,600,000; Passengers carried: 119,700. This record was achieved without a single fatal accident, and 100 per cent regularity of scheduled services was maintained.

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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.

"Spoils Of Patronage"

Being one of the many who appreciate and applaud those who expose persons in authority "whose hands are dripping with the spoils of patronage both public and private," I read with interest the observations of SAKA under the heading Sidelights in your issue of 30th April. How I wish his observations were based on facts. I am not concerned about the title of the concern Sudarsan and how it is derived. I take it also the relationship SAKA ascribes to the different directors of the concern is correct. But may I ask, is it fair to debar a concern from assistance merely because some of all the directors happen to be the near relatives of one of the Hon'ble Ministers? I may recall to you that the Vanaspathi industry was sponsored by the Madras Government during the Adviser regime and the location of factories on a regional basis was settled long ago. Having sponsored the industry, it is up to the Government to assist it in all possible ways. State aid is one of the recognised forms of assistance and to receive it or give it cannot be considered as part of "spoils of patronage," simply because one of the Ministers of Government is or was interested in the concern. Then again, SAKA is not evidently aware of the stringent conditions imposed when State aid is given. The land, buildings and machinery already purchased, the additional land and machinery to be purchased and the additional buildings to be constructed with the loan are all to be hypothecated to the Government as security. The entire proceeds of the loan are to be utilised for the completion of the factory. In the case of the loan granted to the Sudarsan Oil Mills, there is another safeguard which I understand is not common to the other State aid loans. The loan will be disbursed in five instalments. The Director of Industries and Commerce is empowered to disburse the instalments as and when required by the firm for payment for the additional land and machinery purchased or the buildings constructed by them on production of the bills for the plant and machinery ordered or buildings constructed. Therefore, the insinuation contained in "No industry has been actually started yet with the State loan of Rs. 10 lakhs granted to the Sudarsan Oil Mills. The loan was to cover the purchase of machinery, ordered but not received yet," is unwarranted. Moreover, there are many more oil and other factories in the province which are in receipt of aid of

similar magnitude and also perhaps on less stringent terms. How is it this fact has escaped the notice of the ever-vigilant SAKA? Then again, SAKA is wrong in saying the rate of interest under the State aid to industries scheme is 3 per cent. The rate of interest charged is 5 per cent and the penalty rate levied is 7½ per cent for non-payment of instalments on due dates. SAKA is amazed that the Government could not give information regarding latest dividend available. How can an industry which has not yet gone into production and whose capital requirements have yet to be satisfied declare a dividend? If Rs. 59 was available it must be the amount of interest on share capital which was invested and was utilised only to the extent necessary.

May I also invite the attention of SAKA and your readers to the provisions of the Madras State Aid to Industries Act and the rules framed under it. The Government cannot grant loans unless the application is recommended by the Board of Industries, a body constituted under the Act. Then again, under Section 9 of the Act no loan shall be granted of an amount exceeding 50 per cent of the net value of the assets of the industrial business or enterprise and of any other property offered as collateral security for the loan, after deducting in both cases existing encumbrances. There are other conditions imposed by the statute and the rules which make it irksome to go in for State aid unless the enterprise is forced to do so. That is the reason why though the Act was enacted in 1923, very few industries have sought State aid and the aid given has been inconsequential. This fact was particularly noticed by the Industrial Planning Committee which recommended radical amendments of the Act.

SAKA goes into hysterics and suggests this as a fit case for an anti-corruption tribunal. He is also audacious enough to say "Belcher was an angel of rectitude compared to some of the abusers of public funds for private ends that still flourish as Ministers in our midst." Can there be greater misrepresentation of facts and what appears to be purposeful twisting of them? Let your readers judge.

R. SURYANARAYANA RAO, M.L.C.

Bharata Natyam, Prasad and Fabri
One may understand 'Bharata Natyam' as dance in accordance with the injunctions laid down in the 'Bharata Sastra' with regard to the gesture language of

the hands, expressive movements of the body to convey the classified emotions and time keeping with the feet to the pattern of the 'tala.' Mr. Prasad almost equates Bharata Natyam with solo-dance, but there seems to be no insistence anywhere that Bharata Natyam should be a solo affair. In the South, the classic land of temples, the tradition of Bharata Natyam was kept alive by the 'devadasi' who danced in the dimly lit corridors of the temples to please the deities—as surely as her modern counterpart loves the glare of the foot-lights and the applause of the gentlemen of the Press. But at a later age, the devadasi seems to have transferred her affections from the gods to the aristocratic rajas and the merchant princes who were great patrons of the arts, especially when allied with feminine graces and allurements of sex, and whose status and prestige were measured in direct proportion to the attainments of their concubines. At that time the highlight of their entertainments and darbars was Bharata Natyam; and solo dances by their proteges were more appropriate to the select gathering of connoisseurs, and in a measure the tradition of Bharata Natyam as solo-dance continues to this day. But with the awakening of popular interest in dance, there is a marked preference for the multi-membered dance numbers and folk-art. This has led to the revival of the art of 'Kuchipudi' and 'Kathakali' dances wherein the dancers definitely employ the technique of the Bharata Natya Sastra, with local variations, and whose dance interpretations of the episodes from Bhagavatam are often of the nature of ballet.

If Mr. Prasad can assure us that the deluge is not yet in sight, a lesser individual may hazard the guess that the future of Bharata Natyam is not bound up with solo-dance. The Foreigner versus 'Nationalist' controversy is irrelevant as surely as 'Indian mind' is an indefinite quantity. If an Indian can appreciate Shakespeare, why not Fabri criticise Bharata Natyam?

W. BHARATA RAO.

Berhampur (Ganjam).

Abuse Of Power

It is reported that the Madras Government have passed an order to the effect that lands will not be given to those political sufferers who are not loyal to the Congress. This is an abuse of power. To discriminate between Congress political sufferers and other political sufferers and to deny the latter a common State benefit is the height of injustice. In such a case, what is essentially rewarded is loyalty to the Congress, whether real or formal or even bogus, and not real suffering as such. To think that those who have

remained loyal to the Congress alone are deserving political sufferers is sheer arrogance. On the other hand, it can be held that loyalty to the Congress disqualifies the candidate to a free gift of land because the anti-social activities in which the so-called political sufferer belonging to the Congress may have been indulging under the lenience of Ministers would, morally speaking, cancel his claim to the free gift of land by the State based on past suffering. Loyalty to the country and the welfare of the people rather than loyalty to the Congress would be a more equitable and sensible condition for the free gift of land by the State to the political sufferer.

K. S. SUBRAHMANYAM.

Rajahmundry.

A Devil Of A Rule

I am a poorly paid headmaster of a Corporation school. The devil of the "distance rule" has already devoured my

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four increments of Rs. 2 a year. This rule requires the head-teacher of a Corporation school (and not any other school) to live within four furlongs of the school. Whenever he is transferred the head-teacher (even if he has a house of his own) should change his abode also. Is this possible in Madras? Even sub-inspectors of police are not forced to live near their stations. Why should the Corporation head-teachers alone (and no other head-teachers of any other management) suffer from this agonising rule? Is there none to plead for us?

"AFFLICTED HEADMASTER."

Conduct Of Ministers

The facts revealed in the two issues of SWATANTRA of April 20 and May 7 with reference to the State aid to the Sudarsan Oil Mills and the leasing of the Marina Canteen and the reply to the former by a "spokesman of the Ministry" which is in the nature of a confession and avoidance, raise questions of constitutional propriety and public morality which need careful scrutiny and clear exposition at the hands of competent authorities.

As the President of this year's Congress has ordered an enquiry into the charges made against some of the Ministers of the Madras Government, it will do well for the public as well as for those who may be charged with the task of such an 'enquiry' to know the well known rules laid down by a famous statesman on a historic occasion in England. Mr. Asquith the then Prime Minister of England laid down the following rules in the course of his classic speech delivered in the famous Marconic debate in the House of Commons when the report of the tribunal presided over by Lord Halsbury, which was appointed to enquire into the charges made against Sir Rufus Isaacs (afterwards Lord Reading) and Lloyd charge with reference to their purchase of shares in one of the Marconic companies, was taken into consideration:

Ministers ought not to enter into any transaction whereby their private pecuniary interests might conceivably come into conflict with the public duty.

No Minister is justified, under any circumstances, in using official information, information that has come to him as a Minister, for his own private profit or for that of his friends.

No Minister ought to allow or put himself in a position to be tempted to use his official influence in support of any scheme, or in furtherance of any control, in regard to which he has an undisclosed private interest.

Ministers should scrupulously avoid speculative investments in securities as to which from their position and their special means of early or confidential information, they have, or may have,

an advantage over other people in anticipating market charges.

One cannot expect the Ministers alone who are to a great extent creatures of their environment, to set a good example. It behoves the members of the legislatures not to misuse their position as such members for private gains, and the public too has a responsibility of its own in not seeking and compelling their representatives to seek the favours of the Ministers for their private ends. After all the people get the kind of Ministers they deserve.

N. RAMANATHA IYER.

Chingleput.

Directive Principles Of State Policy

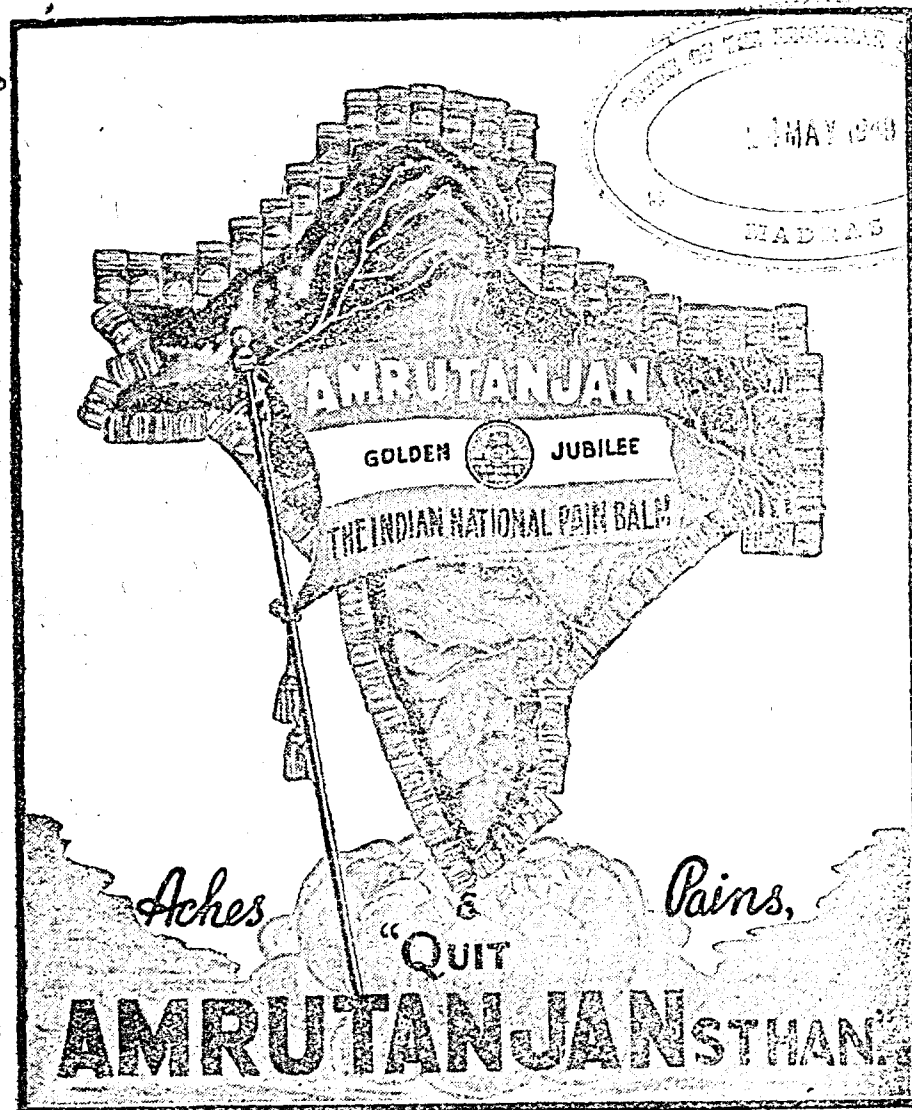
The directive principles of State policy are not enforceable by any court. They confer no legal rights or remedies. None the less they are fundamental in the governance of the country and it should be the duty of the State to apply these principles in making laws. The list of these principles is indeed impressive.

Certain laudable principles of State policy with respect to (1) securing adequate means of livelihood to all (2) ownership and control of the material resources of the community, (3) decentralisation of wealth and production, (4) equality in remuneration to both sexes, (5) strength and health of workers and (6) protection of children against exploitation and abandonment are enunciated. Right, to work, to education and to public assistance in case of unemployment, old age, sickness and disablement is recognised. Provision for just and human conditions of work and maternity relief, living wage, uniform civil code, free primary education, promotion of education and economic interests of scheduled castes and other weaker sections find a place.

The State is also expected to raise the level of nutrition and the standard of living and to improve the public health. There is also an obligation on the part of the State to protect, preserve and maintain monuments, places and objects of national importance. But nothing is said about the family, save a vague mention of maternity benefits. The omission is deplorable. It goes against the conviction and tradition of the people of India. In this connection one may profitably read Article 41 of the Eire's Constitution. It reads: "The State recognises the family as the natural, primary and fundamental unit group of society and as a moral institution possessing inalienable rights antecedent and superior to all positive law. The State therefore guarantees to protect the family in its constitution and authority, as the necessary basis of social order and as indispensable to the welfare of the Nation and the State."

P. RAJESWARA RAO.

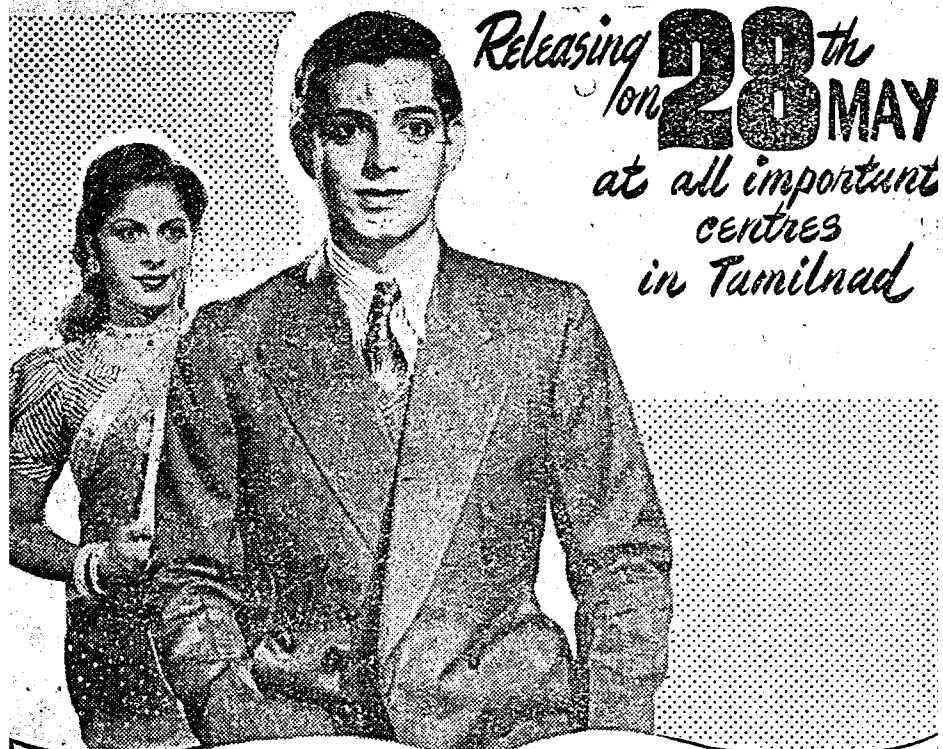
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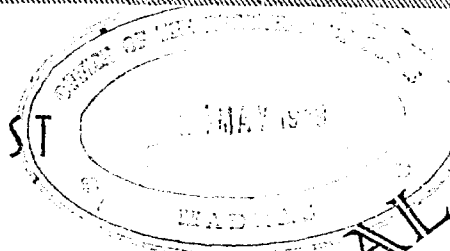
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AN ACT OF FAITH

RACIAL relations formed the subject of a recent debate in the House of Commons, soon after the Commonwealth Prime Ministers had successfully concluded their meeting at London. Reginald Sorensen, Labour M. P. and a good friend of India, referred during the debate to a Letter to the Editor which had appeared in a South African newspaper. The correspondent held that a photograph, which the newspaper had carried, of Pandit Nehru and Dr. Malan sitting side by side while in Britain "must be a lie because Dr. Malan would never tolerate association with an Indian." Mr. Sorensen was deeply pained at the mentality represented by this letter.

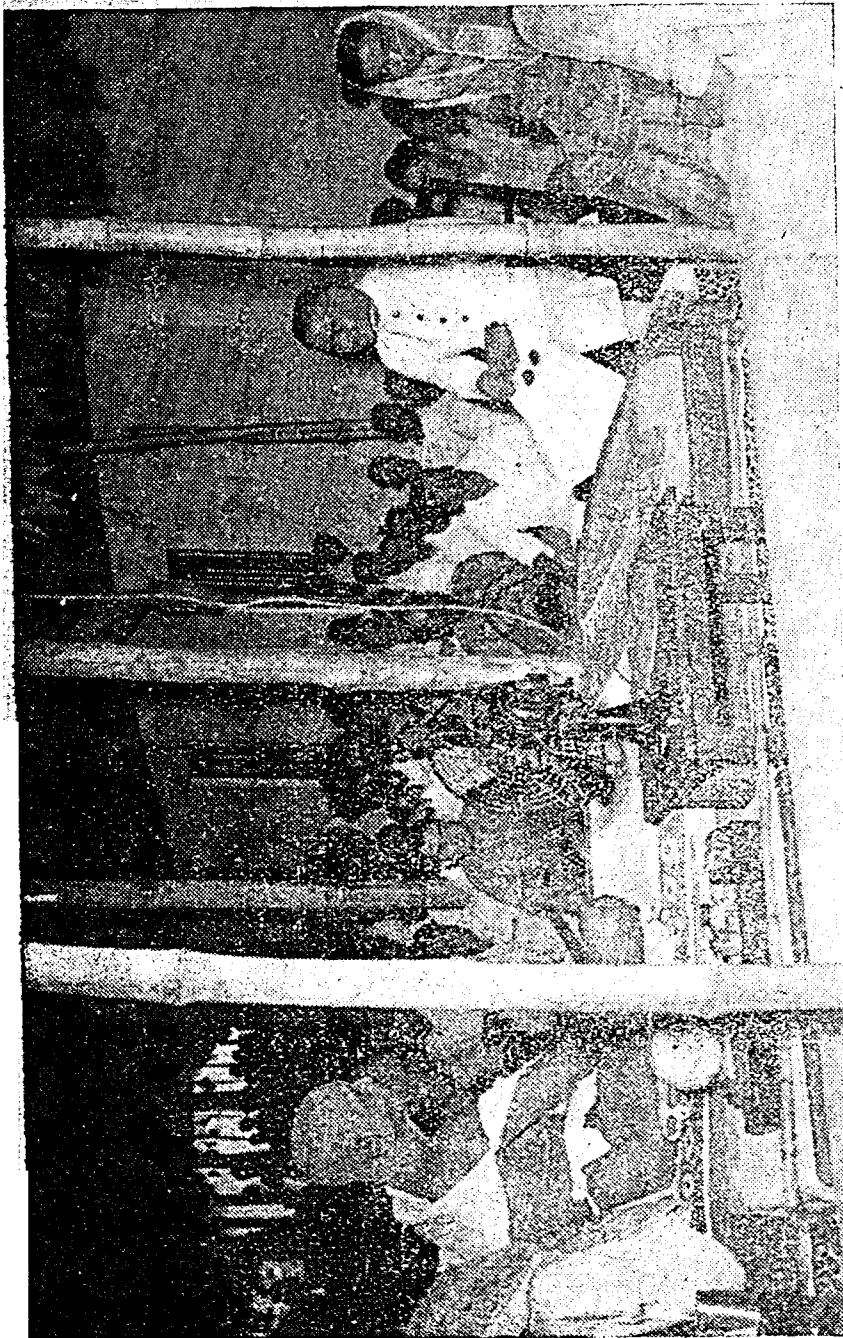
We wonder how members of the Indian Constituent Assembly felt when they heard Maulana Hazrat Mohani speak, the other day, in criticism of the Commonwealth agreement negotiated by Pandit Nehru. The Maulana, it is reported, said that he felt ashamed when he read that Pandit Nehru had, at London, contacted Mr. Churchill and Dr. Malan "who were born enemies of India." Whatever the merits of the Commonwealth agreement (and only the future acts, according as they show wisdom or folly, of a number of nations including India, will really determine the value of that agreement) we must confess to a feeling of regret that Maulana Mohani should have made this particular remark. It seems to us to betray a mentality not very different from that of the South African white quoted by Mr. Sorensen.

So much of the futility of the discussions in the General Assembly and

the various subsidiary committees of the U.N.O. arises precisely from this habit of ascribing an irredeemable perversity to political opponents. In the debates between spokesmen of the blocs, no conversion is hoped for or attempted; it is, naturally, never effected. The Communist spokesmen shatter the very basis of any useful discussion by denying sincerity to the Western nations who claim that they, too, desire peace and the promotion of democracy and social justice. Ferocious denunciation of the other side, and extreme self-righteousness, inevitably mark all Soviet talk. Nor is there evidence that the Communist criticism of even very real defects leads to any heart-searching on the part of the Western nations. There are only retaliatory attacks on the defects of Communism. Thus the U.N.O., instead of facilitating a meeting of minds, has largely become—for no fault of the organisation itself—a forum for the clash of closed minds.

With this grim warning before us, it should be evident that the high aim of world peace and understanding which Pandit Nehru has set for India is unlikely to be realised if we should regard any individual or nation as a "born enemy of India" presumably destined to die as such. It was by refusing so to regard the British rulers, and by treating them as perfectible men who would respond to reason and moral force, that Gandhiji gave our national movement its distinctive character and international prestige. Yet most of the criticisms now levelled against the

H. E. the Governor of Madras and H. H. the Maharani at the ashram of Sri Ramana Maharshi at Tiruvannamalai on the 14th of this month.



Commonwealth agreement seem to spring from an ingrained distrust and dislike of Britain. This is expressed not least in the tendency to ascribe to the British Government an exaggerated anti-Indian bias. For instance, about South Africa at which the accusing finger is most often pointed, it seems to be forgotten that Britain is really powerless to enforce any policy on the Government of that Dominion. Dr. Malan's Nationalist Party, now in power there, has been only less uncertain than India in its attitude to the Commonwealth, and any serious 'interference' in South African affairs might possibly make the present Government declare for a Republic without any tie with the Commonwealth. For Malaya, to which also critics make frequent reference, the British Government does bear full responsibility. But even here, the just charge against colonial exploitation and repressive laws seems to have been mixed up with the fear, not borne out by available evidence, that Indian nationals in Malaya are being specially marked out for harsh treatment. As we sought to point out last week, Ganapathy was executed not because he was an Indian but because he was, like many others similarly executed, associated with a violent insurrection. This does not, of course, mitigate the brutality of the death sentence passed on a man whose conviction was on the sole count that he was in illegal possession of arms. In seeking to prevent such incidents in future, and in general to promote the interests of Indians in Malaya and other British colonies, our membership of the Commonwealth will, surely, strengthen our influence with Britain rather than lessen it.

Pandit Nehru has testified to the willingness and capacity of Commonwealth statesmen today for sincere mutual co-operation. What appealed to him greatly in London, he has said, was not merely the honourable and right solution reached, but the manner in which it was done. "The conference was a very good example of

various countries adjusting their differences and considering all difficult problems without passion and prejudice. If all other countries bring to bear the same approach to the consideration of world problems, fear and distrust will soon disappear." The contrast with the present atmosphere in the U.N.O. will be easily noticed.

What Pandit Nehru asks of the country now is something much less than the act of faith which Gandhiji wanted under the vastly more difficult conditions of British rule. All that the Prime Minister proposed, and which the Constituent Assembly has accepted, is that the country should join an experiment in international co-operation (terminable at will) which does not abridge our sovereignty and which will probably bring us material benefits in the fields of industrial and scientific development. The fear has been expressed that Russia will not like it. She will not. Neither do France and Holland like India for her stand on the question of colonies. It is entirely up to Indian statesmanship to pursue an independent foreign policy, uninfluenced by the fear of offending either bloc, and to the extent permitted by our resources, material and diplomatic.

True, Or Untrue ?

THE MAIL dated May 18 contains the following:

"We do not know what the 'charges' are against some of the Ministers. We do not know what explanations the Ministers have given to such 'charges,' and in fact Dr. Rajendra Prasad does not know what the 'charges' are."

So observed the Premier, Mr. P. S. Kumaraswamy Raja today at his weekly Press conference at the Secretariat. What had been published in some papers as charges was 100 per cent. not true, if he might say so.

The INDIAN EXPRESS dated May 4 contained the following:

May 3: The so-called charges against the Ministers referred to by Mr. Prakasam in his Press statement yesterday were baseless and unfounded, said a

spokesman of the Ministry in an interview today. He expressed surprise that Mr. Prakasam should talk of charges again and again when the whole matter was enquired into by Dr. Rajendra Prasad and finally lodged after obtaining the explanation of the Ministers.

THE HINDU dated May 15 contained the following question and answer, the questioner being V. V. Prasad of *Central Features*, New Delhi:

Question: You are personally stated to have gone into some charges against Ministers in Madras. What are the results of your investigation?

Dr. Rajendra Prasad: I did not go into the charges. I referred them to the Ministers concerned. The Ministers sent in their replies. When those papers were received, I could not go into them because I was ill. I then ceased to be Congress President.

According to the spokesman of the Madras Ministry, "the whole matter (of the charges) was enquired into by Dr. Rajendra Prasad and finally lodged"; according to Dr. Rajendra Prasad, he "did not go into the charges"; according to the Premier Sri Kumaraswamy Raja, "Dr. Rajendra Prasad does not know what the charges are". As not going into the charges is not the same thing as not knowing them, what if Dr. Rajendra Prasad, or someone with a tolerable respect for the intelligence of Dr. Rajendra Prasad, were to claim that he "does know what the charges are"? Apparently such a claim will have to be dismissed as "not true" in the light of the truth shed by our Premier.

Sotto Voce

Vintage Virtues



THE Government of India are said to be devoting serious attention to the problem of rehabilitation of the Princes. In one sense it must be easier to tackle than that of the toddy-tappers, for instance, as the number of distressed persons involved is much smaller. But, in another, it may be regarded as more urgent. The toddy-tappers, having made noisy demonstrations in one or two places, are perforce quiet, because in a land of chronic unemployment a few more or less don't seem to make noisy difference to the public apathy. But the Princes have ways of making themselves heard.

My grandmother used to make my flesh creep by an addition to the

Ramayana story which, so far as I know, is not to be found in any of the extant versions. One night in Ayodhya Sri Rama and Sita were pleasantly going over their recollections of their exile, when Sita with her artless simplicity expressed admiration for Ravana's immense prowess. Thereupon the royal couple were startled to hear right under their couch a subterranean rumble which was unmistakably like the ten-headed demon's multitudinous voice muttering imprecations. And Sri Rama, according to my grandmother, informed Sita that even a mere thought in their minds might have the power to call back something of that dread puissance. The Princely Order is now hardly more than an uneasy ghost; and yet it may be wise to lay it.

But I doubt whether the Princes can be broken in to Democracy by being given jobs. Some of them may make admirable Heads of Provinces. Others might make better ambassadors than some of the parvenus who are today adding to the gaiety of nations. But a scene I saw thirty years ago rises up like a spectre whenever I hear Princes and Democracy mentioned together. A crack cricket team had come from the North in which a Ruler and one of his employees were both prominent players. When of an evening the former was "taking the air" on the Marina reclining negligently in his limousine the assembled fans were shocked to find the other star doing homage in traditional style by placing his head beneath the princely toes.

I am not suggesting that the Princes may not adapt themselves to changed conditions. Some of them are born politicians, more astute than many of the professionals. And others may, beneath the princely veneer, be just as unprincipled careerists as any that are to be found among those less well-born. Forty years ago a Hindu who had changed his faith wished to marry off his only daughter to any young man from his old community who would take her. But, though he held out a tempting bait of fifty thousand rupees as dowry, no one, not even the resolute penniless youth who worked his way through school and begged his meal, would so much as look at the offer. That kind of pride is now very much at a discount.

But breeding is still a vintage virtue. Our Indian nobility, like nobility the world over, has a contribution to make to the maintenance of a balanced and healthy social tradition. If only we knew how to make use of it. Britain, the home of Democracy,

has still its House of Lords. True, while it is being continually replenished by retired ironmongers, the Percys and the De Veres are as systematically marrying into the Rothschilds or running away with cinema actresses. But the idea of a "Lord" is still potent. And the Americans, who affect to despise it, have their Boston Brahmins.

The intolerable burden of self-consciousness rarely afflicts the scion of a hierarchy. The Hindu king was so completely imbued with the traditional faith in the sacredness of his office that he was rarely confused by the limelight. There was a significant juxtaposition in this morning's paper of two news items. The Governor-General who came all the way to Tiruvannamalai to take part in a ceremony in honour of Sri Ramana Maharshi left the place without calling on the sage; the Maharaja of Bhavnagar and the Maharanee, who accompanied him, paid a visit to the Ashram.

There may have been perfectly cogent reasons for Mr. Rajagopalachari's self-denial—a sense of delicacy, a desire to spare the Maharshi, who is not in the best of health, all avoidable strain, the rigours of etiquette, and so on. I am only concerned to point out that when the Governor of the Province, who is in his own right a Prince, went to pay his respects to the saint the public took it as a matter of course. If C. R. had gone to the Ashram he and the Maharshi would probably have been mobbed by a crowd of noisy admirers. The republican Mr. Nehru has accepted Britain's hereditary king as the symbol of the Commonwealth. Could we not make better use of the symbols we have?

VIGHNESWARA

"When one has the State in view, one is working for oneself. The good of the one makes the glory of the other. When the State is happy, eminent and powerful, he who is the cause thereof is covered with glory, and as a consequence has a right to enjoy all that is most agreeable in life in a greater degree than his subjects in proportion to his position and theirs."—LOUIS XIV, king of France in the 18th cen.

SIDELIGHTS :

If ever this free people, if this government itself is ever utterly demoralised, it will come from this incessant human wriggle and struggle for office, which is but a way to live without work.
—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

AS General Secretary of the Congress, Sri Kala Venkata Rao does not seem to have proved himself an asset to that national organisation. "Are we being asked to approve of this shame and disgrace?" writes the *National Herald* of Lucknow in indignant protest at a recent act of his in the capacity of Secretary. It would appear that the budget of the Cawnpore City Congress Committee runs into Rs. 90,000 a year and Sri Venkata Rao has invested with the imprimatur of the A.-I.C.C. the claim of the President of the Committee to collect funds from the city millowners. The *National Herald* writes:

Why the City Congress should require Rs. 90,000 a year passes our comprehension. To call the collection made by the City Congress from the millowners a levy may seem an exaggeration. But does it matter whether it is called a levy, a loot, a friendly extortion or bloodless surgery? When the City Congress President says that the millowners "being the wealthiest section of the community are approached to contribute liberally towards Congress funds" and that the "local Congress Committee has reason to feel grateful to the millowners for the spontaneous response which they always extend to it, both normally and in times of emergency," he is using obsequious language, forgetting that gratitude is not one-sided but two-sided. Does he mean to say that the millowners would not feel equally grateful to the Congress for any "spontaneous response" both normally and in times of emergency? Is the Congress to be grateful to the Singhanias and the Singhanias not to be grateful to the Congress? The City Congress President may have been emboldened by the national example of the industrialists' contribution to the Gandhi National Memorial Fund and we leave it to our leaders to say how far they have set an example or given a warning. For if every City Congress Committee is to follow the example and if every City Congress President thinks he is a Rajendra Prasad, Sardar Patel or Caesar's wife, Congress reputation will be mud. The risk of maintaining

the Congress as a multi-class organisation is great enough; it is nothing compared to the risk of allowing that organisation to be financed by a powerful class, now in the dock. If the Congress wants to stand convincingly for honesty in policy and action, in small as well as in big matters, it should see that it is not forced to oblige a powerful section of the people by being obliged. But in Cawnpore millowners have been raised to the level of the common man and Tilak Hall is being converted into Tammany Hall. Are we being asked to approve of this shame and disgrace?

Before he became Congress Secretary, Sri Kala Venkata Rao was the pivotal figure of the most factious element in the Madras Ministry. The choice of such a person as Congress Secretary was unfortunate. It has served to pack the Secretariat of the Congress organisation with the atmosphere of cliques. The oppressive influence of it still continues to act as a blight on the freedom of action of the leader of the Madras Congress Legislature Party. In the parliamentary system of government the privilege of choosing Ministers belongs to the leader of the majority party in the legislature who himself assumes the office of Premier. If the leadership is effective the choice is finished in a few hours. It is a sign of the ineffectiveness of the prevailing leadership that days have passed into weeks and weeks are passing into months, and yet there is no sign of the Premier having mastered enough of resolution to get through the first essential preliminary of his task, the completion of the Cabinet. The longer the completion of the Ministry is delayed, the more pitiable the spectacle of the helplessness of the leader, the more demoralising the atmosphere of drift, the more formidable the impression of wirepulling forces from behind spoiling the power and prestige of the office.

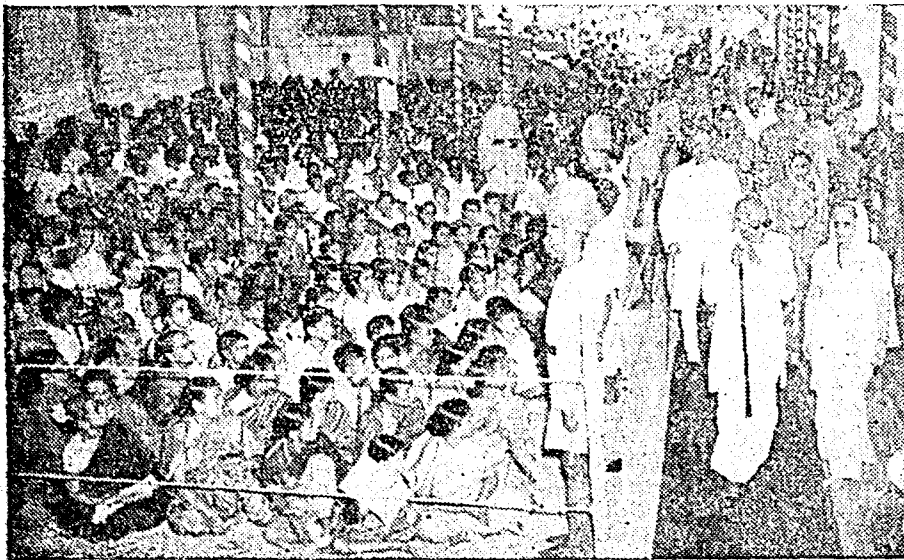
Sri Rajendra Prasad declared to an interviewer this week, "I can say that there is corruption on a large scale among Ministers and Government officials." Part of the corruption is no doubt due to the exhaustion of the

dealistic impetus which for so many years impelled Congress leaders to paths of sacrifice. Some of them apparently feel now that the time has come for them to pluck from the tree of freedom the fruit of the privations endured in the past. Choice leadership uncorrupted by the prevailing opportunism is not wholly lacking, however. But it is not able to make itself felt as it no longer contends for mastery on level ground. The centre of political gravity has passed on to the legislatures. At the time of the last elections, in the full flush of pride at the overwhelming preponderance of the Congress as a popular institution, the dispensers of the Congress tickets were far from conscientious in their choice of candidates. It was a common slogan then that any stick with the Congress badge on would win the election. Naturally, therefore, many legislators were returned who were no better than sticks for any public purpose. Momentous debates in the Madras Legislature are nowadays not infrequently greeted by half-empty benches. There are legislators who

have never once opened their lips, nor made any contribution to the study of any single question. The money spent on these out of public funds represents a waste.

Such legislators, worthless from a public standpoint, have made a good business out of their votes. The "corruption on a large scale among Ministers" spoken of by Dr. Rajendra Prasad is due to the achievement of ministerial positions by persons who have to pay heavily for keeping them, having little public support to fall back upon. In the Andhra area, in particular, State power in the hands of Ministers is mortgaged to party backers, and impartial standards are fast disappearing from the administration. In the adroit use of public assets for group aggrandisement there are few who can hold a candle to Sri Kala Venkata Rao. In the wake of his elevation as Congress Secretary, the technique of partisan zest has to some extent replaced the detachment of earlier days in the working of that great national organisation.—SAKA.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT TIRUVANNAMALAI



H. E. C. Rajagopalachariar declared open the Pathalalingam Cave in the famous Tiruvannamalai Temple on Saturday last before a large gathering including H. H. The Maharajah of Bhavanagar, Maharani and others. Photo shows Their Excellencies arriving at the temple being escorted by Mrs. Frene Talayarkhan.

SECULARISING RELIGION

By S. PARTHASARATHY

RAMAN had become my unfailing companion during the brief weekend sojourns to Swami Anuananda's Asramam. He had become transformed into an ardent and reverent admirer of Swamiji. On this recent visit, the Swamiji received us with a quizzical look. It made us somewhat uneasy in his presence. But he soon cleaned the air when with a broad smile, he posed the question: "So you have secularised religion?" Without pausing for an answer, he proceeded: "During the last few weeks, I have been reading some interesting items of news in your dailies. There was a Valmiki day where the products of your universities reminded the hearers of the greatness of Valmiki. There was a Lord Buddha day, where men with political backgrounds spoke of his greatness. There was a Gita day, where an eminent lawyer spoke about the need to modernise the eternal truths taught there. On the top of it all, you got the Governor-General of India 'to declare open' the Pathalalingam temple. To afford to the people such glimpses of the obvious are truly great acts. If spiritual ideas are thus going to overtake our politicians and intellectual men, it is time that an enterprising publisher brought out some smatter books on such subjects for their benefit.

"It sounded apocryphal when I heard it years ago—how an uncle of mine went on a pilgrimage to Benares accompanied by friends and relations. And how, on arriving at the bathing ghat, he took a sample of the water of Ganges in the hollow of his hand, gave it a penetrating look and a deep sniff and then announced to the members of his party that he did not propose to bathe as the holy waters were not sufficiently clean for him. Your beloved Rajaji who opened the Pathalalingam temple—where I presume a marble tablet perpetuating his and the donor's name has been erected—I hear, left Tiruvannamalai without seeing Maharishi who was at but a stone's throw from the place where he made a speech containing a short tribute to the Maharishi. He sought to assure his admirers by his

explanation for the interview that he granted to the leader of self-respecters on the sacred occasion. I am sure that he did not similarly seek to assure the leader of self-respecters by his omission to pay his respects to the Maharishi.

"In the tribute that he paid to Maharishi, there was a delicate hint of personal dissociation with the quality of Maharishi's greatness. 'Maharishi,' he said, 'had made India great in his own way. When Swami Vivekananda spoke to the western world in the nineties of the last century, he said: 'Asia produce giants in spirituality even as the Occident produces giants in politics and science. These spiritual giants seek to give to the whole world the vision of the Supreme, to lay bare before men the secrets of human nature, and to tear away the veil, as it were, that divides the real from the apparent man. Therein lies the strength that has made us invincible through hundreds of years of oppression and invasion and foreign tyranny. The nation (India) lives today and in that nation, even in the days of her direst disaster, spiritual giants have never failed to arise.' How true were those words! Today, with our moral character at the lowest ebb and with our questioning of the very existence of the Divine, we still have such giants. There is Sri Anandamayi in the North, there is Sri Aurobindo in the East, there is Sri Ramana Maharishi in the South, and there is Sri Ramdass in the West. They make India great not in their own ways, but in the one and only true way.

"When Pandit Nehru visited England recently, he took the opportunity to call on George Bernard Shaw. Bernard Shaw is undoubtedly one of the world's greatest thinkers and it was indeed a rare thought that took Nehru to Shaw. But such similar thoughts do not come to our politicians in this country. There was a South Indian, great in his own way, who was always questioning me about the motor and rail routes that he should take to visit the Ramana-

sramam. He never made the visit. There is a popular notion that until people have decided to do away with worldly affairs, they should not approach the presence of these men for fear of being compelled to abjure material life. There are others who think that these Yogins will strip their minds naked and reveal all the evil in them. Nothing can be farther from the truth. For these men are interested if at all in seeing only the divine in the people before them. They can if they choose shower the gifts of Silence and of the Ego-less state on those who seek them. But you may ask 'Are they welcome gifts to our jabbering politicians? Is it possible to be a successful politician without being garrulous and vain?' Let the world decide the question. I do not desire such successful politicians.

"In the olden days, our rulers and their ministers frequently sought the company of spiritual giants and received their blessings and guidance to enable them to discharge their duties to the people and to the country satisfactorily. Your Governor-General often counsels people to be full of tolerance and love to men whom you think to be your opponents in the political and religious spheres. Your new Premier says that he has recognised the need of the people for a good and efficient government. How

are these objectives to be attained? You cannot preach tolerance and love successfully unless they come from your heart and reach other hearts. You cannot ensure good government, unless you choose as ministers men who are good and efficient.

"In the whirligig of political intrigues and material ambitions, how can you expect men to stick to abstract ideals of tolerance, love and good government. There must be some influence stronger than mere wishful thinking to keep them bound to such ideals. Mahatma Gandhi had demonstrated how he can approach the hearts of men and how he can mix spiritualism and politics and how he can separate religion and bigotry. Men like Maharishi achieve the same result in a different and more enduring way. They are capable of yielding correct guidance silently and without even the recipient being aware of the source.

"It is good that our people have begun to take an interest in the lives of these great men. But spirituality should not be cultivated because it is fashionable to profess it or because it adds spice to conversation in the drawing rooms. In the absence of a true yearning for spiritual life, one should sheer away from it. I do not mind if your politicians secularise the State, but let them not attempt to secularise God and religion."

Napoleon had the faculty, when he chose, of creating a fool's paradise for himself. In the Russian campaign he had, for example ordered his marshals to operate with armies which he knew had ceased to exist. When they remonstrated he simply replied, "why rob me of my calm?" When the Allies invaded France he professed to rely greatly on the army of Marshal MacDonald. "Would you like," said the Marshal to Beugnot "to review my army? It will not take you long. It consists of myself and my chief of staff. Our supplies are four straw chairs and a plank table."—Lord Rosebery in "Napoleon—The Last Phase."

I never make the mistake of arguing with people for whose opinion I have no respect.—GIBBON.

The fundamental cause of trouble in the world today is that the stupid are cocksure while the intelligent are full of doubt.—BERTRAND RUSSELL.

The essence of courage is not that your heart should not quake, but that nobody else should know that it does.—E. F. BENSON.

How much lies in laughter: the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

KERALA, THE LAND OF COCONUTS

CAPE COMORIN: I travelled fifteen hundred miles in this hot weather and came here, impelled by the sentimental desire to stand on the southern-most edge of India, and to take a dip in the sea 'where three oceans meet'.

Many others, great men and small men, have come here in the past, drawn by much the same idea. Swami Vivekananda lived here for some time and is reputed to have meditated on one of the rocks that lie half-submerged in the sea, just beyond land's end. Gandhiji, too, came here and is said to have performed the opening ceremony of the Vivekananda Library. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, inveterate wanderer, came to the Cape and found it "amazingly peaceful," as he has recorded in his Autobiography.

Lesser men come here by the dozen every day, some to stay for just one day and night (to see the sunset and the sunrise), others like me to make a longer stay. It is amazingly peaceful here and, as I type these lines, the only sounds I can hear (beside the rattling of the typewriter) is the surf beating on the half-mile long rocky beach that represents the southern-most point on the map of India.

There is something fascinating—and also frightening—in the idea that our vast country, tapering down to a narrow beach, finally merges into the sea at this point and, as we look southwards, beyond it there is no India.

THE END AND THE BEGINNING

This is where India ends. Also this is where India begins. It depends on one's point of view, and on one's mood. In the evening one can walk down half a mile to the western extremity of the beach and be saddened by watching the orange ball of the sun sinking in the Arabian Sea. Or one can get up early in the morning and walk two furlongs to the east and be heartened to see the same sun emerging

from the Bay of Bengal. The drama of death and rebirth is daily enacted here.

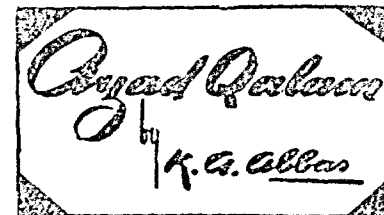
There is hardly any population here—just a temple, a hotel for tourists, a P.W.D. Rest House, a sleepy post office and a police post, and not even enough permanent residents to form a village. The land is rocky or sandy and nothing much is grown here except some palms and some other hardy species of trees. It appears as if all the fertility of India was exhausted by the time it reached this southern-most edge. But there is mineral wealth in the sea and in the sands that are washed ashore in these parts including precious chemicals like monosite which are required for production of atomic energy.

This is where India ends—with all her wealth and poverty, her glory and her shame, her problems and politics, communities and controversies. The road which (connected by other roads) starts from as far north as Srinagar in Kashmir finally reaches its journey's end here and literally disappears into the sea. 'From Kashmir To Cape Comorin'—at last the orator's phrase assumes the shape of reality.

This is where India ends—and Cape Comorin is a salutary reminder that even the largest country extends only up to its extremities, beyond which lies the sea of oblivion. The vast stretch of the Gangetic plain, extending from Delhi to Calcutta, is likely to give illusions of greatness which this barren narrow tip of India does much to remove, and thus to restore a balanced perspective of our country.

KEEP OUT!

This is where India begins—with all her differences of caste, creed and language; with all her troubles and conflicts, all her political, economic and social problems. No sooner you turn your back to the sea and look inwards, upwards, you are face to face with



India and the differences that divide one Indian from another. You are not allowed to forget them even here where India ends!

A few yards from the edge of the beach, India greets you in the form of some sign-boards which stand near the entrance to the compound that encloses the southernmost tip of the Cape.

In no less than eight languages (Malayalam, Tamil, Telugu, Hindi, Gujarati, Marathi, Canarese and Urdu) you are warned that: **ADMISSION IS RESTRICTED TO PERSONS WHO PROFESS THE HINDU RELIGION.** Indians who happen to be Muslims, Christians, Parsees, Sikhs, Agnostics and Atheists, **KEEP OUT!**

A similar sign-board is posted at the temple of Kanya Kumari (the Virgin Goddess after whom the Cape is named, "Comorin" being a European corruption of "Kumari") and, indeed, at all the temples in South India. But this compound does not enclose a temple but ground that is hallowed in a different sense, hallowed because it represents the unique extremity of our country; and therefore, significant and sacred for every patriot—be he Hindu or non-Hindu. (*Khak-e-watan ka mujh ko har zarra devata hai*—Every particle of the earth of my motherland is sacred to me, sang Iqbal).

This is not temple land but another sign-board informs you how the non-Hindus came to be kept out of it. It reads:

"It is hereby notified with the sanction of His Highness the Maharaja (of Travancore) that the lands lying to the south of the Cape Comorin temple and the Mathru and Pithru theerathams, the Bathing Ghats and stone mandapam attached there and surrounding places on the beach are declared as the sanketham of the Cape Comorin temple."

I am writing this to explain why, after travelling fifteen hundred miles in this hot weather, I have not been able to carry out my sentimental desire to stand at the southernmost edge of India and to take a dip in the sea where three oceans meet—because in the **SECULAR REPUBLIC** of India a Maharaja has still got the power to

declare certain citizens of India 'untouchables' in respect of such significant bits of their country as the Cape Comorin.

MINORITY PROBLEM

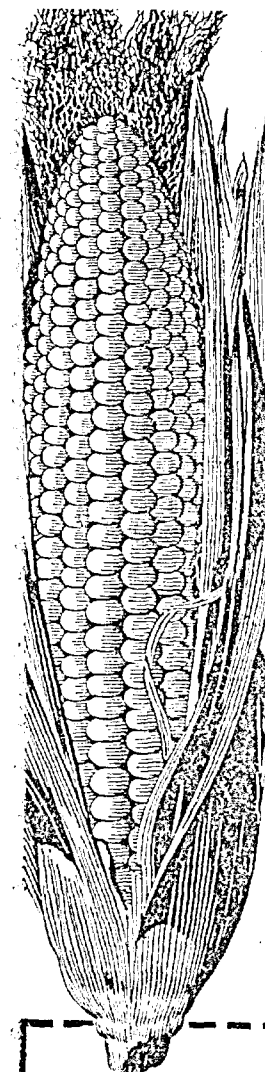
And so let us turn our back to the Cape and face the problems and paradoxes, conflicts and controversies of this country of ours. There is no escape from them beyond the Comorin and, inevitably, one must turn back, and inwards.

Six miles from the Cape is the beautiful thousand-year old temple of Suchindaram. Its exterior is adorned by some of the finest and most intricate stone carvings, I have ever seen, and a signboard which reads: **ADMISSION IS RESTRICTED TO PERSONS WHO PROFESS THE HINDU RELIGION.** Incidentally, in its compound is an enormous temple cart (it requires over a thousand men to drag it at festival time) which is exquisitely carved with figures in amorous postures which would never, never pass the morality standards of our Morarjibhai and the Bombay Board of Film Censors!

For some miles around Suchindaram lie the southern talukas of the Travancore State which abound in paddy fields and the Tamil problem of Travancore. The State, along with Cochin (with which it is shortly to be merged) and the Malabar districts of Madras Presidency, forms a part of the Malayalam-speaking area of Kerala which patriotic Keralites wish to see united into one administrative unit. But there are half a million (or more, as some Tamilians claim) inhabiting parts of Travancore especially the southern talukas around the Cape where they are in an overwhelming majority who demand union with the adjoining Tamil Nad of the Madras Presidency.

And thus by the time we have travelled a dozen miles from the Cape and reached Nagarkoil (literally 'Snake Temple'), we are in the midst of what is not only a bitter and fierce controversy but a lingual feud which threatens to transform this otherwise peaceful area into a potential Sudetenland or Pakistan. Only a week or two ago, a regular Satyagraha campaign had been launched by the Tamilians who are organised under their own 'Travancore Tamil Nad Con-

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ress Committee'; copies of the Travancore State Gazette and 'Travancore Information' and postal stamps of the State were being publicly and symbolically burnt; and the leaders of the T.T.N.C.C. (sounds dynamite-like) were under arrest. It was only through the intervention of Sri Amaraaj Nadar, the President of the Tamil Nad Congress Committee, who came from Madras, that the Satyagraha was withdrawn and the leaders released.

But the problem is far from solved. There is general bitterness, an accumulation of legitimate and imagined grievances that all minorities inevitably accumulate, a virulent anti-Malayalee campaign in the Tamil press of this area, charges of Malayalees' planning the extermination of Tamilians (which are fantastic) and the allegation that the Tamil-speaking area has suffered from neglect and will continue to thus suffer if it is retained in the Malayalee-speaking Kerala (which is perhaps true).

The problem is further complicated by the fact that (free from the picturesque but agriculturally unproductive backwaters and forests which abound in other parts of Travancore) this area is the 'rice granary' of Travancore and, without it, the State (which is already a deficit area in the matter of food) would almost starve. That is why the Travancoreans are so reluctant to let these talukas be merged with Tamil Nad. I don't see any reason, however, why an amicable settlement cannot be arrived at by which the Tamilians get their self-determination and the Malayalees get their rice!

A GREAT POET

But from Nagarkoil you can take a bus and escape the din of the Malayalee-Tamil controversy and, in the midst of a vast expanse of green paddy fields, come to the village of Putheri and call on Desika Vinayakam Pillai who is not only the greatest living Tamil poet but one of the truly great poets of modern India. At the age of 74, suffering from asthma and eczema, his mind is still as active as ever and he can discuss politics, literature, archaeology, history, mythology or philology, being a scholar with an astonishing range of interests. He has written several volumes of original

verses as well as translated "Light of Asia" and "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam"—both in Tamil verse.

Talking to him, one is conscious of being in contact with a real seer who has not lost touch with the modern world and is equally at home talking about the poetry of Kamban (Tamil poet of the 12th century who wrote Ramayana in Tamil) and the rights and wrongs of linguistic provinces. Which brings us back to the whirlpool of the Malayalam-Tamil controversy, from which we were trying to escape.

And so we take the road back to Trivandrum, through thickly clustered palms and plantains and lush tropical vegetation. This is Kerala—the land of coconuts—and we take a closer look at it next week.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

CAPE TOWN: A Bill has been moved in the South African Parliament to prohibit marriages between European and non-European Christians.

BERLIN: The British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Ernest Bevin, said here today that the "clouds are lifting" and that when the Council of Foreign Ministers met in Paris on May 23 it would be to decide "the basis of a final peace settlement."—P. T. I.—Reuter.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

BOMBAY: Gokulchand Morarka, a millionaire mill-owner of Bombay, was sentenced to six months' R. I. and fined Rs. 1,000 by Mr. K. J. Khambata, Presidency Magistrate, who found him guilty of a charge of offering a bribe of rupees one lakh to Inspector Miranda of the Anti-Corruption Branch of the city police.

NEW DELHI: The Working Committee of the All-India Hindu Mahasabha has decided to observe May 28, the birthday of Mr. Savarkar, as the "Hindu Mahasabha Day" when public meetings would be held all over the country to explain the new programme of the Mahasabha. This day will also witness an intensive campaign for enrollment of membership.

Sri Ramnandan Misra, the Socialist leader, who is now on a tour of Tamil Nadu and Kerala, will be returning to Madras on the 26th instant and will be staying the day here, at Woodlands.

MADRAS MINISTERS AND THE CONGRESS ENQUIRY

By Dr. N. VENKATARAMANAYYA, M.A., Ph.D.

THERE is something phoney about the manner in which the Congress authorities are proceeding to enquire into the charges levelled against Madras Ministers by some members of the Madras legislature. Though the charges were made soon after the formation of the Omandur Ministry, the public were not aware of them until recently, and they would have still remained ignorant had it not been for the controversy going on in the Madras press about the formation of the Madras Cabinet. The matter was first casually referred to by Mr. T. Prakasam in a memorandum which he handed over to Mr. P. S. Kumaraswami Raja, the present Madras Premier, to be forwarded to the Congress Parliamentary Board. It is stated there that Mr. Raja included in his Cabinet seven Ministers of the Omandur Cabinet with charges pending against them. These charges were published in a section of our press; and some of them are, indeed, serious in character and demand enquiry. It is interesting that our present Premier found persons against whom such charges had been levelled, worthy to be included in his Cabinet. These Ministers should not have accepted the offer of the Premier until exonerated. Though Mr. Kumaraswami Raja has denied all knowledge of these charges at the time he chose his colleagues, Mr. Bhaktavatsalam, one of the prominent members of his Cabinet, has admitted that the charges against the Ministers had been there for some time. How long these charges had been pending against these Ministers, he does not, however, make clear. But Mr. Kala Venkata Rao, ex-Revenue Minister of Madras and the present General Secretary of the Congress has thrown some welcome light on the matter in a statement published in the press on 9th May. "The All-India Congress Committee office," he says, "has on file some complaints made by seven Madras legislators about 18 months

ago. The then Congress President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, called for an explanation by the Ministers and comprehensive replies were received in the A.-I.C.C. office some months ago." The leisurely manner in which this matter is dealt with by the A.-I.C.C. Secretariat serves as a sad commentary on its efficiency. Why the Congress President and his Secretaries allowed 18 long months to pass without arriving at any decision on this matter is far from clear. Dr. Rajendra Prasad did not obviously dispose of the charges as a section of the pro-ministerial Madras press would have us believe, "for, according to the General Secretary of the Congress, some of the Madras Ministers made an oral representation to the Congress President, Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, requesting him to examine the complaints and their replies and give the decision of the Parliamentary Board." If Dr. Rajendra Prasad had really come to a decision on this matter, as is alleged in the Madras pro-ministerial press, the Ministers complained against would not have requested the present President of the Congress, Dr. Pattabhi, to rake up a matter which had already been decided in their favour. One of the Ministers complained against by the seven legislators is Mr. Kala Venkata Rao himself. It is very probably at his instance that the Congress President has ordered a preliminary enquiry. Though the President is not disposed to take the public into his confidence and divulge how and by whom this enquiry is to be conducted, the General Secretary of the Congress has indicated the lines on which it is expected to be carried on. Perhaps the Congress President will examine the complaints and the replies of the Ministers, as stated by Mr. Kala Venkata Rao, the General Secretary of the Congress. Mr. Bhaktavatsalam, an erstwhile colleague of Mr. Venkata Rao, who appears to have an inkling of the working of the mind of the Congress President, also believes that

the enquiry might be by examining the 'charges' and other relevant matter and not necessarily by personal contact.

In some Telugu newspapers, it is stated that the Congress President has appointed Mr. Sankar Rao Deo, one of the Congress Secretaries, to enquire into the matter. If this is true, it is indeed unfortunate; for, Mr. Deo is a colleague of Mr. Kala Venkata Rao, one of the persons whose conduct is the subject of the enquiry. Moreover, Mr. Deo does not possess the necessary detachment of mind to conduct the enquiry in a strictly dispassionate and impartial manner.

The method of enquiry adopted by the Congress President is far from satisfactory, and it is not at all likely to allay public suspicion. To begin with, the Madras legislators as well as the rank and file of the Congress bureaucracy are the servants of the Congress Party. Their attitude would have been correct, if every subject of the Indian Union is a Congressman. Though the Congress is without doubt the biggest political party, it is by no means the whole nation. Large masses of people still do not owe allegiance to the Congress, they do not accept its ideology and approve of its policies. By accepting office, the Ministers, like all the other employees of the State, have become public servants. They are responsible not only to their party but also to all the people of the Indian Union. It is not therefore just to treat the matter as a party question and deal with it accordingly. The complaining legislators should have sent their complaint not to the Congress President but to the Government of India.

Another important reason why the enquiry should not be held under the auspices of the Congress Party is the position and the influence of the personalities involved. One of the Ministers complained against is Mr. Kala Venkata Rao, the ex-Revenue Minister of Madras and the present General Secretary of the Congress. Before his selection as Secretary, Mr. Kala Venkata Rao was one of the staunch henchmen of Dr. Pattabhi the

present President of the Congress. The services of Mr. Venkata Rao to Dr. Pattabhi during the Congress presidential election cannot be easily underrated. It was mainly through his instrumentality that the President of the Tamil Nadu Congress Committee lent his wholehearted support to the Doctor's candidature. The Doctor did not forget his friends. He rewarded them adequately. Mr. Venkata Rao got the General Secretaryship of the Congress; and the President of the Tamil Nadu Congress Committee found a place in the Working Committee of the Congress. The other Ministers against whom charges are levelled are leaders of important groups in the Madras Legislature Congress Party. They are persons of considerable influence in Congress circles. It is doubtful whether under these circumstances any enquiry conducted by the Congress President or the Congress High Command can be dispassionate and impartial. Even if they transcend their limitations and hold the scales of justice evenly, it won't be easy for them to dispel the feelings of suspicion that have crept into the minds of the people.

The only reasonable course which the Congress can adopt in the matter is to appoint a judicial committee under the presidentship of the Chief Justice of the Federal Court to enquire into the matter. It is advisable, in appointing the personnel of the committee, to avoid South Indians completely as their views are likely to be coloured by personal prejudices and local animosities. The appointment of a judicial committee is imperatively necessary to inspire confidence in the minds of the people. The high traditions of administration established by the British seem to have departed with them. The cry of bribery and corruption is heard everywhere. People are rapidly losing their faith in the impartiality, integrity and justice of the Government. It is high time that the Congress Government woke up to its responsibilities and concerted measures for reviving the faith of the people in the Government.

Abuse is often of service. There is nothing so dangerous to an author as silence. His name, like a shuttlecock, must be beat backward and forward, or it falls to the ground.—DR. JOHNSON.

STRANGER THAN FICTION THE STORY OF ANTON TREBETSCH-LINCOLN

By R. H. SMITH

HAD you been standing in the debarcation enclosure at Tempelhof Aerodrome in Berlin on a chill night in late Autumn, 1936, you could not have failed to note the muffled, saturnine figure who stepped off the plane from Geneva. Your disbelieving gaze would have followed him as he walked slowly across the runway to enter the large Mercedes car, with swastika flags on its fenders and a little army of salaaming Nazi officials clustered around it, in attitudes as puzzled as your own.

For the passenger from Geneva dressed in long Tibetan furs, with a yak-trimmed, conical hat was an Hungarian-born Buddhist monk from Lhasa, known as "Master Kung"—in real life, the mysterious Anton Trebetsch-Lincoln, ex-Member of Parliament, behind the scenes adviser to Amanullah, the ill-fated Amir of Afghanistan, World War I spy extraordinary, and most recently, abbot of a monastery in a remote fastness of North China. *He had come to Berlin to convert Adolf Hitler to the religion of the Buddha!*

Bits and snatches of the story of Trebetsch-Lincoln had crept into the foreign office files of half a dozen European States, and of many of the countries of Asia, long before that night at Tempelhof Aerodrome. Pieced together from the police records of most of the capitals of the world, they combine to make a legend of intrigue and high adventure that shames the pages of Oppenheim and Ambler. Yet, the story is fact, and incredible as it sounds, has woven itself deeply into the pages of contemporary history in refreshing disproof of the theory that principles of economics, rather than brazen personalities, are the exclusive fashioners of world events.

It all began in an obscure village in Central Hungary, no one is able to say exactly how long ago. Rough estimates place the date of "Master Kung's" birth somewhere in the late eighties of the last century. He was christened Anton Trebetsch-Lincoln out of his father's passionate admiration for the American Civil War President. As

a boy, young Anton roamed the hillsides near Budapest, seeking such innocent adventure as was to be found in the quiet pastoral life of rural Europe a half century ago.

Eventually about the age of 15, he forsook the parental fireside to seek his fortune in the great cities. One by one, he drifted aimlessly through Vienna, Berlin, Paris, until finally he landed a small job in London. He remained and prospered. A decade later he moved to a quiet country town near London, where, "through the seduction of his manner and a well considered generosity," he was readily admitted to the cheerful and sung society of English suburbandom.

He became, in time, such a favourite that he was nominated by his adopted countrymen to represent their constituency in Parliament. He won the ensuing election and once again returned to the active life he had so long and quietly hungered for.

Came 1914 and the war with Germany. Came also the debut of Trebetsch-Lincoln as an international figure. The latter event was effected through the visit to his London apartment of a stranger sometime in August 1915. The stranger introduced himself as a former attache at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy and offered Trebetsch-Lincoln £5,000 in return for his services as an espionage agent for the Central Powers in their war against his adopted motherland. Because little is known about the personal character of Trebetsch-Lincoln, it is difficult to assign the motive which prompted him to accept. Whether lured by the promise of a sizable reward, or by the prospect of fresh adventure, he took the money and embarked upon his fabulous career, the final chapter of which remains even now unwritten.

All during the remainder of World War I, he trafficked in the high military secrets of his adopted country, earning fantastic sums, and a reputation among espionage circles for daring and great skill. He remained, on the surface, a respected Member of Parliament, moving in the highest

ircles, an intimate of Mr. Lloyd George and Winston Churchill.

But it didn't last. At the close of the war, with most of his dirty work done, he made a minor slip and was discovered. His detection was on a relatively minor count when compared to his activities as a master spy, but one that was sufficiently "aromatic" to get him impeached from Parliament and exiled for life from the United Kingdom.

He travelled through Europe on his ill-gotten gains, stopping briefly in the northern capitals before finally settling down on the south coast of France. At Monte Carlo he again insinuated himself into the highest social circles, and was a frequent guest, under an assumed name, of visiting kings and merchant princes. He played tennis with Gustav of Sweden, hobnobbed with cinema and turf celebrities, and opened his own villa where he entertained as lavishly as his new found friends.

It was on the Cote d'Azur that he made the acquaintance of the bon-vivant and wit, Amanullah, Amir of Afghanistan. The Muslim monarch and his pretty, emancipated wife were on their return journey to Kabul from a world tour. By what wiles few would be able to say, Trebetsch-Lincoln got himself invited to join Amanullah's retinue, Afghanistan-bound. In Kabul he became unofficial adviser and companion to the Amir.

In Amanullah's absence, however, intrigue and jealousy had gripped his court. Prompted by his uncle and brothers, who plotted against his rule from the plush safety of an Italian villa, *agents provocateur* in the guise of outraged mullahs had been sent scampering into the wild Afghan hill-country with photographs of the Queen in low-cut evening gowns worn at a score of European dinner parties during the royal tour. The photos enraged the Amir's conservative Muslim subjects, and with their backing a *coup d'etat* was plotted.

In Kabul, Trebetsch-Lincoln, still the master-spy, got wind of the plot, and warned his boss barely in time for the royal pair to effect a successful escape by motor-car and aeroplane to Iran. Trebetsch-Lincoln resolved to stay behind, however, and continue his Asiatic travels. Disguised as a Pathan merchant from Peshawar, he

managed a leisurately escape across north-west Afghanistan into India.

He was next heard of in Lhasa, the snow-bound, virtually inaccessible capital of the Dalai Lamas of Tibet. Although he was known by British and Russian intelligence agents as a European, he affected the dress and customs of a Tibetan nobleman, and rose to high rank as a personal confidant of the Dalai Lama, living for a while in the *Potala*, that vast citadel which has looked down from the heights of Lhasa upon a thousand panoramic years of Tibetan history, and which is itself, a treasure-house of antiquities.

Trebetsch-Lincoln became a serious student of Tibetan Buddhism and was sent to represent the Potala community of monks at a religious conclave at Peking, from where, instead of returning to Tibet, he founded a world association of Buddhists which embraced members in Tokio, Bangkok, Calcutta, London, Berlin and New York. It was in the capacity of religious revivalist that he arranged the 1936 interview with Hitler.

Obviously Der Fuhrer didn't bite. Whether Hitler, the Buddhist, would have behaved himself differently than Hitler, the power politician, is a subject upon which I do not feel equipped to speculate.

From Berlin, "Master Kung" went to Tokyo to try the same conversion tactics with Hirohito and, according to John Nesbitt, the American Journalist, did succeed in becoming something of a close adviser to the Jap. Emperor. At any rate, it is known that Trebetsch-Lincoln remained in Tokyo close to Imperial circles until Pearl Harbour. Then he vanished.

Where did he go? What has happened to him? These are questions which have been answered in a thousand different ways by traders and merchants, diplomatic attaches and foreign correspondents, off and on during the nearly ten years since he was last seen. The fact is that today the whereabouts of Anton Trebetsch-Lincoln, mystery-man of two continents, are entirely unknown. Perhaps he has returned to Tibet, or may be to that tiny village in Central Hungary from whence he began his strange life of wanderlust and adventure so many forgotten years ago. Perhaps? But no one knows.

LUIS MUNOZ MARIN-PUERTO RICO'S POPULAR GOVERNOR

THE adjective "popular" has special significance when applied to Puerto Rico's new governor, Luis Munoz Marin. He is the first Puerto Rican Chief Executive to be elected to office by popular vote.

Furthermore, his election was not simply a personal triumph. Through it the majority of Puerto Rico's two million inhabitants stamped their approval of Munoz Marin's position as interpreter of their popular aspirations concerning evolution toward complete self-government.

The election itself, it will be recalled, came about as the result of United States Congressional action providing that from 1948 on Puerto Ricans were to have control of the executive as well as the legislative power in the island.

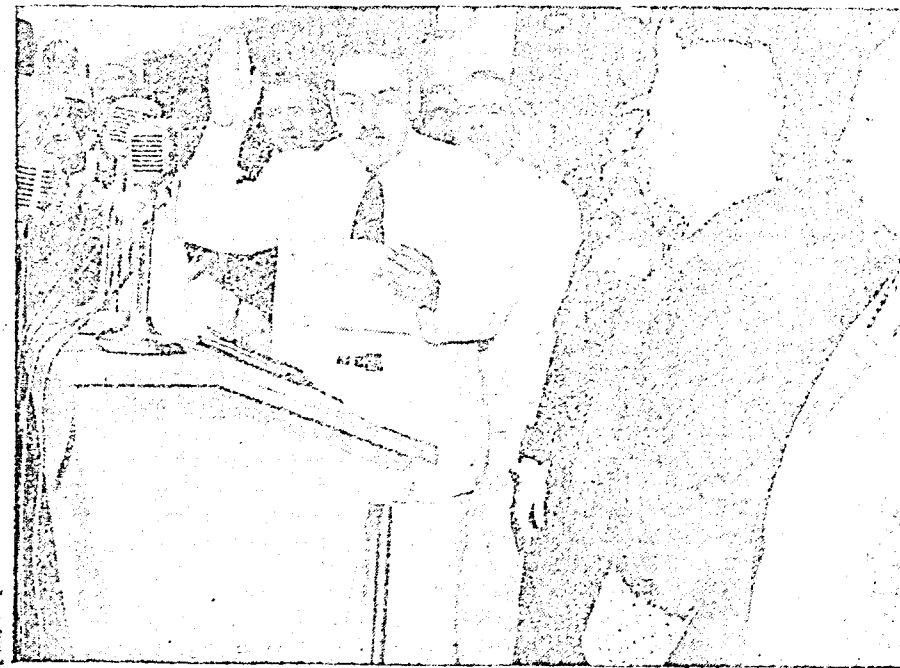
Since 1900, Puerto Rico's governors had been appointed by the U. S. President. The last so appointed was Jesus T. Pinero, a native Puerto Rican.

Before that, for four centuries following Columbus' discovery of the Caribbean island, Puerto Rico's destiny was in the hands of captains-general appointed by the Spanish throne.

Puerto Rico was ceded to the United States in 1898, under terms of the Treaty of Paris ending the Spanish-American war.

After two years of military rule, a civilian government was established in 1900 with the passage of the First Organic Act. This law also provided for popular election of representatives to the Lower House of the island's Legislature.

Soon afterward the Puerto Rican people were also granted the power to elect a Resident Commissioner, who sits in the U. S. House of Representatives in Washington as a non-voting representative of the islanders and has full authority to introduce and comment on legislation and to partici-



The Governor takes the oath of office administered by the Chief Justice

pate as a member of Congressional committees.

Since 1917, when the U.S. Congress passed the present Organic Act, Puerto Rico has had a fully elective bicameral legislature. The same act granted United States citizenship to Puerto Ricans.

In 1947 the Organic Act was amended to authorize the election of a native governor and to give him authority to appoint all members of his cabinet except the Auditor. The latter post, now held by Rafael de J. Cordero, a native of the island, is subject to appointment by the U. S. President. Members of the Puerto Rican Supreme Court, all of whom at present are natives of the island, also are appointed by the U. S. Chief Executive.

The election campaign for the governorship began on August 15, 1948, when three Puerto Rican political parties nominated their candidates. The nominations were made at mass meetings in Parque Sixto Escobar in San Juan, the island's capital.

Eighty per cent of all eligible voters, men and women, participated in the voting, which took place on November 2, 1948.

The future political status of the island was a major campaign issue. Of the three contending parties, one asked the people to vote in favour of immediate incorporation as a full-fledged state of the United States. The second advocated complete independence.

On election day the people gave a decisive 62 per cent majority of their votes to Munoz Marin's Popular Democratic Party, which advocated no drastic change in the present political set-up and placed major emphasis on full local self-government and economic development.

During the past fifty years Puerto Rico has received large-scale economic aid from the United States Government. However, due to the island's small size (it is only 100 miles long and 35 wide), its lack of natural resources—including an almost total absence of mineral deposits—and its large population, Puerto Rico's economic situation is a chronically difficult one.

Munoz Marin once summed the problem up as follows:

"Puerto Rico has the most favourable economic situation in the world relative to the most prosperous market and the one most coveted by all countries, which is the market of the United States.

"It is favourable over that of all the independent countries because, in addition to other factors, its products do not pay a single cent of duty upon entry into the United States. It is also favourable over any of the 48 states of the United States, because Puerto Rico does not pay a single cent of tax to the Federal Treasury of the United States, while the inhabitants of each state pay many millions of dollars every year in taxes to the Treasury of the United States."

Posing the rhetorical question of why, then, was there still poverty in Puerto Rico, despite the progress which has been made and in spite of the enormous effort of recent years, he said:

"The answer is clear: Because notwithstanding its favourable relationship with the greatest market in the world, the condition of Puerto Rico is in its very nature an extremely unfavourable and difficult one.

"Puerto Rico is a very small island with a great many people. Puerto Rico has little land and a great many people. Every year there are more people, but there is not more land."

The solution, according to Munoz Marin and the programme of his Popular Democratic Party, lies in increased Puerto Rican production, through improved agriculture and industrialization.

Munoz Marin believes agricultural and industrial production must be speeded up to keep pace with the rapidly increasing population. In a memorandum on Puerto Rican economic conditions, he stated:

"This difficult, but by no means impossible, economic objective is being pursued by the present government of Puerto Rico not only by extending education and health services, but by taking the initiative in agricultural and industrial development."

He pointed out that the Industrial Development Company, a Puerto Rican public corporation established in 1942, is helping private investors to

establish new industries and is establishing some itself as a stimulus to private investors.

Another public agency, the Agricultural Development Company, is developing new crops and encouraging farmers to use them in producing a more diversified agriculture of high yield. Puerto Rico's main agricultural income is now derived from sugar.

There is also a Development Bank, a third public corporation, which makes long-term investment loans that the private banks of Puerto Rico cannot handle.

These and other activities are bringing about steady improvement in the island's economy. However, Munoz Marin has repeatedly emphasized to his people that there is no easy road to economic well-being. His confidence in ultimate success, and belief that only persevering toil can achieve it, is symbolized in the slogan of his party, "Jalda Arriba," an expression used by the Puerto Rican farmer which, roughly translated, means "Climb Upward."

Luis Munoz Marin is the son of Luiz Munoz Rivera, one of the most revered figures in the island's political history.

The son spent a great deal of time in the United States as a young man. After graduating from Harvard University, he went to live in New York's Greenwich Village, where he made a living as a poet and writer.

Returning to Puerto Rico, he entered politics and finally organized and brought to power the Popular Democratic Party. As active head of that party, and as president of the Puerto Rican Senate, he has been credited with fathering and personally championing most of the island's progressive legislation since 1936.

A huge man, with a sagging black mustache, raven hair and contemplative eyes, Munoz Marin is said to have an inexhaustible reserve of patience and tolerance.

Two of his greatest political assets are his reputation for sincerity and his simplicity of manner. Recently, a

prominent writer, after meeting the new Governor of Puerto Rico, said:

"He looks like a farmer on a Saturday afternoon visit to the country store."

That description is the kind that pleases Munoz Marin, because throughout his political career he has fought to improve the living standard of Puerto Rican farmers and provide them with the time and purchasing power to make many visits to the country store.

A source of much gratification to Munoz Marin was the fact that on January 2, 1949, the day of his inauguration, Caonillas Dam was dedicated. Located in the hills of Puerto Rico, the dam is called the "hub" of a modern electric power system in the island. Costing about ten million dollars, it created a water reservoir with a storage capacity of 50,000 acre-feet. The project is already providing electricity for 160,000 residential, commercial and industrial customers in Puerto Rico.

Also under way is a building programme, sanctioned by the U.S. Federal Housing Administration, involving use of \$60,000,000 for new residences; and almost \$20,000,000 for commercial buildings, including factories and industrial plants.

One of the chief projects under this programme is a 10,000-home community on a 760-acre tract at Puerto Nuevo, on the outskirts of San Juan. Importance of these housing plans is self-evident in view of the fact that the Puerto Rican population has increased from 900,000 to approximately 2,100,000 in less than 50 years.

To facilitate communication with the rest of the world, Puerto Rico is building a \$12,000,000 international airport at Isla Verde. The insular government is furnishing more than \$7,000,000 for the air terminal and the United States Government has granted \$5,000,000 for the project. With runways 8,000 feet long, permitting plane operations at the rate of 50 takeoffs and landings per hour, Isla Verde is planned as an international airport comparable to that at Miami, Florida.—USIS.

Failure is not falling down. It is remaining there when you have fallen.—SIR ABE BAILEY.

CHIANG'S "COME-BACK"

By ANDREW ROTH

THE current offensive of the Chinese Communists promises to amputate large chunks of Kuomintang territory, add tens of millions to the two hundred million people already under their rule, and deal punishing blows to the long-staggering KMT. Preliminary victories, such as the unopposed seizure of Nanking, indicate that the Communists may succeed in fragmenting KMT China.

But it is not likely to be the "final conflict" for China. The million men in the Communists' offensive army can certainly knife through their immediate Kuomintang opponents, who are far inferior in numbers and fighting ability. But the main Communist armies are a thousand miles from the Southern China border and three thousand miles from China's inner Asian frontier. When the present offensive grinds to a halt—from exhaustion of men, food reserves and munitions—the Communists will still have to contend with at least a rump Kuomintang Government in Formosa and parts of South-east China and the warlords of Western China.

This looming necessity to shift again from military to political warfare underlines the importance of China's recent three-month "strange interlude"—the period between Chiang Kai-shek's "retirement" on January 21 and the Communists' resumed offensive on April 21. This badly misunderstood period did much to clarify the alignments within the KMT and the attitude of the Communists. It also helps to explain the Gimo's "return" to power.

CHIANG'S "RETIREMENT"

When stubborn Chiang Kai-shek reluctantly "retired" from the Presidency in favour of Li Tsung-jen on January 21st, he was retreating before the overwhelming desire of the people for peace, widespread criticism of his catastrophic military leadership, and the prodding of certain KMT circles who felt that they could make a "deal" or at least gain a considerable breathing space through negotiating with the Communists.

From the outset it was clear that the Gimo's "retirement" to the small town of Chikow in his native Chekiang was merely a strategic withdrawal behind the curtain, not a yielding of power. He retained his position as Director-General of the Kuomintang. Before he withdrew he appointed trusted subordinates to key posts in South and East China, the logical place for a last-ditch fight against the Communists. Tang En-po, an incredibly corrupt, reactionary and ineffective general but loyal Chiang man was made commander of the key Shanghai-Nanking garrison area. Similarly, strong Chiang supporters were appointed to political, military and secret police positions in Formosa, Chekiang, Fukien and Kwangtung. Almost all of the Government's small horde of specie and its airforce was transferred to Formosa and nearby ports. Immediately after the Gimo left, the Army Chief of Staff is reported to have wired area commanders; "President left Nanking... with full advance preparations... The international scene is full of changes and we have every guarantee for victory. We are all disciples and subordinates of the Gimo and should keep the troops well in hand."

Chiang's wire-pulling power was indicated by the traffic to his rural retreat. During the first weeks two special planes shuttled back and forth bearing part of the "retired" Gimo's messages. Then a powerful transmitter was sent to Chikow from Nanking. He kept in constant contact with the National Defence Ministry, giving detailed instructions. Thus, the February 8 decision to abandon Tsingtao was made on his order. This threatened the extinction of besieged Taiyuan, which had been supplied by air from Tsingtao, and General Yen Hsi-shan, Taiyuan commander, had to fly to Chikow to have the order reversed.

HIS BASIC STRATEGY

Chiang's basic strategy may be summarized as follows: it is impossible to deal with or compromise with the Communists, therefore every effort must be made to fight them, above

ground or underground. In fighting, withdrawal should be toward the South-east, and the final retreat to the island of Formosa (Taiwan). An underground is to be left behind to make trouble for the Reds. The Gimo is said to expect that conditions will show an improvement right after the Reds take over because of the cessation of military expenses but then will deteriorate because of Communist inexperience in running the country. He anticipates that World War III will break out within two years and, with U.S. help, it will be relatively easy for him to invade the mainland from Formosa. This invasion, he thinks, will be aided by mass unrest, stirred up by a KMT underground.

General Li Tsung-jen, to whom Chiang turned over the title of office Acting President in January, represents another trend of thinking in the Kuomintang. He and General Pai Chung-hsi, who together form the "Kwangsi clique" have long been the Gimo's opponents. They revolted against him in 1933 and 1935 and last year Li won the office of Vice President against the Gimo's candidate, Sun Fo.

ANOTHER TREND: STOOP TO CONQUER

Li's viewpoint is that the forces of Chinese conservatism represented by the Kuomintang have a greater chance to survive by joining the Communists, even as junior partners, than by fighting them. He felt also that it is important to effect political reforms and to make peace gestures toward the Communists in order to win the sympathy of the peace-hungry people and cut the ground out from under the Communists. In this tactic, Acting President Li had the support of the U.S. Embassy, whose basic strategy has been to secure the "crossing over" of as large a section of the KMT possible, to secure fulcrum for influence within the future, Communist-dominated China.

Acting President Li was never in a position to attempt to carry out his strategy because he has never had enough control of the Government apparatus. An excellent example is President Li's proclamation that political prisoners would be released and the hated KMT secret police would be disbanded. The measure he undertook to establish himself as a bona

fide liberal in the eyes of the public and the Communists, with whom he wanted to negotiate. Immediately, public attention was focussed on the Formosa detention place of Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, who has been under arrest since 1937 as a result of the Sian Incident in which he kidnapped Chiang Kai-shek to persuade him to fight the Japanese. However, Chiang Hsueh-liang was not released because he was in the custody of the secret police who take orders only from the Gimo himself, and the Gimo obviously said "No!". No political prisoners have been released in Shanghai or anywhere else where the Gimo's writ still runs. In effect, therefore, Li's flexible conservatism could not go beyond the limits set by Chiang's diehard reactionaries. This was shown conclusively when a Nanking editor was jailed and his paper banned for suggesting that Chiang leave the country and stop meddling in politics.

The Kuomintang's split personality was dramatized by the physical split in the Government which resulted when former Premier Sun Fo took part of the Government to Canton. Sun Fo, an egregiously corrupt opportunist, is now one of the diehard reactionaries around the Gimo. He decamped to pull the Government into his line of thinking—that the Government should withdraw itself and the three fighting services to the South-east to fight a last-ditch fight there while awaiting rescue in the form of the outbreak of World War III. It is significant that Sun Fo visited Chiang at Chikow before deciding to move to Canton.

The resignation of Sun Fo in March and his replacement as Premier by General Ho Ying-chin—who returned the seat of the Government to Nanking—represented a partial healing in the rift between the two contending parties in the Kuomintang. Ho Ying-chin, former Defence Minister and Chief of Staff and leader of the dominant "Whampoa clique" of generals, is an old-style reactionary whose pro-Japanese and anti-Communist actions are well known to all who have read modern Chinese history. His choice as Premier is understood to have been made by Chiang himself from a list of four names

submitted to him by acting President Li Tsung-jen.

STRENGTHENING THE MILITARY

But whatever differences there may have been within the KMT over the best strategy for preserving the status quo in China, there was no disagreement on the need for strengthening and reorganizing the Kuomintang army. Actually, many observers felt Chiang was willing to let Li Tsung-jen act as a "peace front" because protracted peace negotiations would give more time to organize a last-ditch resistance.

Frantic efforts were made to expand the army from the little more than one million to which Communists had reduced it. This was done under cover of "reducing" the army from 6,300,000. But this figure was simply the number of men still carried on the payrolls by avaricious KMT generals.

Despite energetic efforts to expand its war potentials, the KMT could not swim against the stream. The mass

desire for peace flared into spontaneous peace councils and anti-conscription movements. In Fukien enraged villagers beat up conscription officials.

Instead of growing, the KMT war machinery went downhill with increasing speed. A rash of defections which had been spreading through the Army infected the Air Force and Navy. Almost every week another plane or two went over to the Communists despite the fact that many families of Air Force personnel have been kept as virtual hostages in Formosa. Small defections in the Navy were climaxed by the desertion of the British-built cruiser "Chung-king," the pride of the Navy. Although the Kuomintang Air Force has apparently sunk it in the Communist port of Hulutao, its desertion was a major blow to morale and significant of the sinking state of KMT military fortunes.

WORLD FORUM OF YOUTH

INTERESTING addresses by the British Prime Minister, the Duke of Edinburgh and Mr. Anthony Eden were delivered to 5,500 children in the Albert Hall, London, in connection with the World Forum of Youth, sponsored and organised by the *Daily Mail*, in conjunction with the Council for Education in World Citizenship. In addition to the children, the meeting was attended by about 600 adults, including headmasters and head mistresses.

Mr. Attlee, who said that three contributions which Britain could make to the modern world were tolerance, the practical spirit and a sense of continuity, concluded his speech by saying:

"We, here, believe that there are absolute values. We do not believe that you can substitute for these values concepts dictated by reasons of state. Truth and justice, mercy and liberty are not to be perverted into what a dictator or a ruling caste consider to be the national interest. They stand above nationality, party or creed. They form the basis for the relationship between man and man and between nation and nation.

"If we are to make our modern civilization a success, if we are to preserve the world from the ruin that threatens it, it is our duty to assert the supremacy of the moral law. Whatever our differences here may be, religious or political, except for an inconsiderable minority, we in Britain believe in the validity of the moral values on which our civilization has been built up.

"As I see it, the problem of democracy is to ensure that the will of the majority prevails without infringing the rights of minorities to express their opinions and to seek to change opinion and convert the majority. The problem of liberty is how to give the greatest freedom to the individual without impairing the unity of the whole and without preventing the exercise by the community of its common will. We have, I believe, achieved a great measure of success in this country in the solution of both these problems, but to maintain this success needs a constant watchfulness."

Mr. Attlee observed that tolerance was the one thing essential for the practice of freedom and democracy. "If you wish to see the exercise of this virtue at its best you cannot do better than study the practice of members of the House of Commons. Without the spirit of tolerance, our parliamentary system would not work. It is the will to make it work and the recognition of the things that unite as well as the things that divide that make it almost flexible and an effective instrument of democracy. This spirit of tolerance is exhibited in other fields including labour relations."

CHOICE BEFORE THE WORLD

The Duke of Edinburgh told the meeting that the world was facing a very grave crisis, the reason for which was very simple—that distance was no longer a matter of miles but of hours. "History," he said, "has shown that people can live peacefully close together and now, whether we like it or not, we are close neighbours of the world.

"The choice before us is quite simple. It is either destruction of the world or a peaceful world society and it is up to us to make the choice. We can choose to disregard our neighbours, treat them as foreigners and as potential enemies, but on the other hand, we can choose to understand our neighbours and treat them as individuals. That is what we are doing here today."

COMMONWEALTH'S CONTRIBUTION

Mr. Anthony Eden, who spoke of the special contribution the British Commonwealth could make to "the world we want," said that in this association of free nations all were wholly independent and no compulsion was ever brought to bear by any one member upon another. "Without boasting we can claim that our Commonwealth is the one wholly successful experiment in international co-operation of what mankind has ever seen," declared Mr. Eden. First among the influences that united us was a sense of tolerance, the hallmark of civilization. Then there was the practice of good faith to one another which was the basis of all true comradeship, whether in political or private life. Finally, there was adaptability, which was not

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weakness but a sense of respect for the thoughts and feelings of others.

"It is sometimes said that the British have a talent for compromise and it is true that we quite happily make arrangements among ourselves which anyone else would probably think illogical and extraordinary. But these arrangements work. They are possible

only because each member of the Commonwealth holds that the others are all entitled to their views. We of the Commonwealth believe that a greater power for good can be wielded by States acting freely together than by any other means. We have learned to live in friendship one with another."

NEW ANTIFILARIASIS DRUG DISCOVERY BY AMERICAN SCIENTISTS

FROM the United States comes the development of a new drug which holds promise of effectively combating filariasis, centuries-old "scourge of the tropics." This disease is prevalent in parts of Africa and Asia and, to a lesser extent, in Middle and South America and Oceania.

Called Hetrazan, the new drug represents the culmination of experimental work begun during World War II by researchers of the Lederle Laboratories at Pearl River, New York. More than 1,000 different chemical compounds were tested before they evolved Diethylcarbamazine, the technical name for Hetrazan.

Filariasis is characterized by huge swellings of the legs and frequently other parts of the body. After running its course over a period of years, it results in elephantiasis, which is manifested by extremely thick legs covered with heavy, leathery skin.

HOW FILARIASIS IS CAUSED

Adult worms living in the human lymphatic system cause filariasis. Each worm regularly produces thousands of embryos, called microfilariae, which circulate in the blood of the infected person. When this person is bitten by a mosquito, some of the microfilariae are sucked in by the insect. Later, the mosquito may bite another, possibly noninfected human, thus spreading the disease.

In the course of biting, the mosquito deposits a number of microfilariae on the skin. These tiny worms then penetrate the skin of the new victim, infecting him with the disease. These mature into adult worms,

which in turn produce their embryos, and the whole cycle begins anew.

Hetrazan, one of a family of complex compounds known as piperazines, breaks the cycle by ridding an infected person's bloodstream of microfilariae, or worm larvae.

For medicinal use, Hetrazan has the advantage of being in the form of a white, aspirin-sized tablet easily taken by mouth, the researchers say. Furthermore, it apparently produces no bad side-effects in the patient, even after prolonged use.

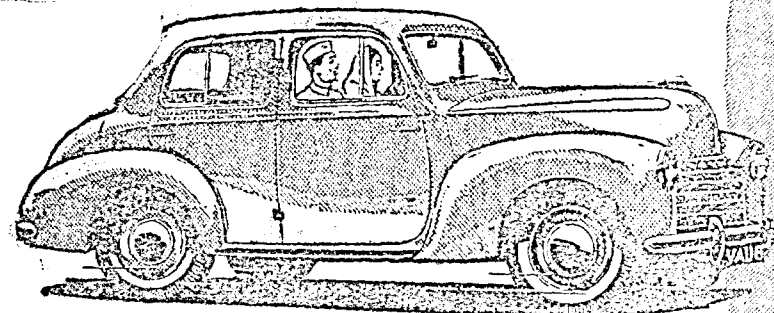
RESULTS OF LABORATORY TESTS

After laboratory tests with cotton rats, hamsters, mice, and other animals had shown excellent results, Hetrazan was tested on a group of persons in Puerto Rico known to have filariasis. After several days of treatment, 75 per cent of the patients were free of microfilariae in the bloodstream.

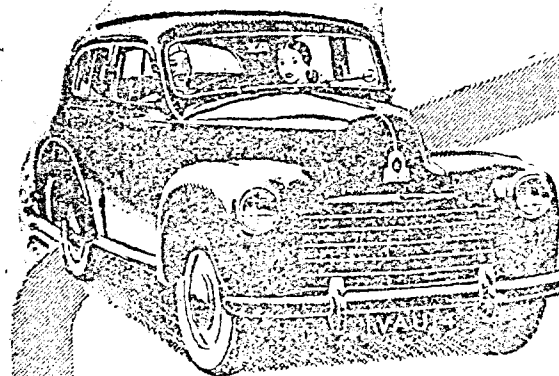
Successful results also were obtained in British Guiana, where 96 per cent of 222 patients tested were microfilariae-free after treatment. Few cases of recurrence of the disease were noted, even for as long as a year after treatment stopped.

Since the first tests of Hetrazan on humans, many investigations involving thousands of patients have been made by Lederle researchers. Currently, a treatment programme is being conducted among all 14,000 inhabitants of one of the Virgin Islands. Many Governments also are conducting experiments with Hetrazan in an effort to free their own populations, and finally the tropical world, of the disease.

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DR. LILLIAN MOLLER GILBRETH

DR. Lillian Moller Gilbreth, 70, an active management engineer, the mother of 12 children and the grand-



mother of 18, holds the title "Woman of the Year" in the United States. The choice was made in 1948 by the American Women's Association in a national polling of 50 women's groups. The Association makes the award annually for eminent achievement. Dr. Gilbreth's selection was based largely on her work in "discovering, recognising and formulating the laws of human motion which in industry are accepted today as fundamental."

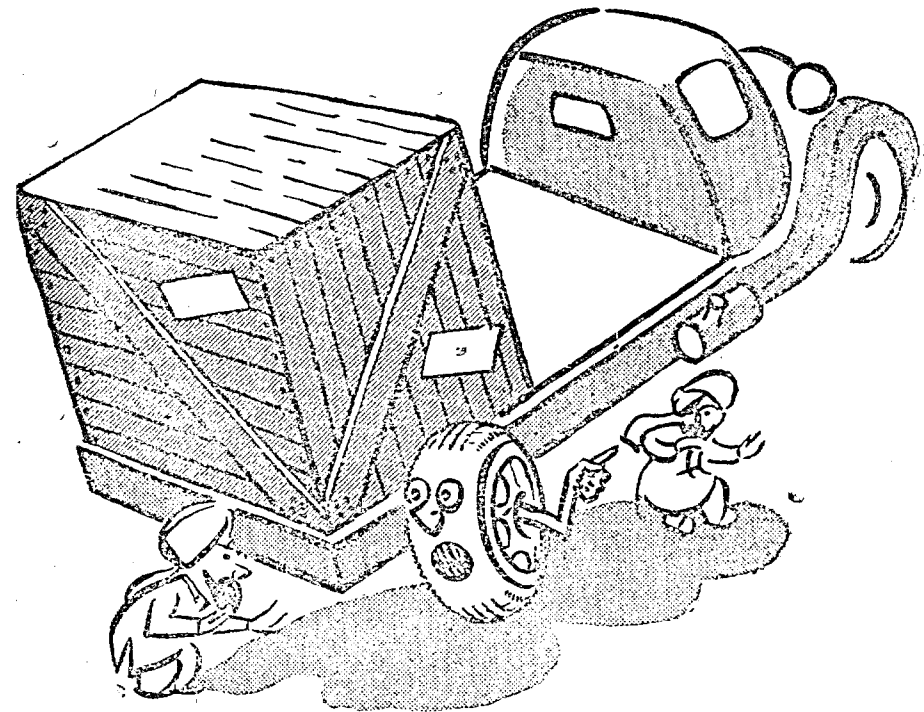
The present United States "Woman of the Year" has specialized in the relationship between workers and their machines, and in applying time- and energy-saving techniques to work of all types. She improved the lot of many American housewives by introducing work-simplification methods into the home and kitchen.

Dr. Gilbreth is president of Gilbreth, Inc., consulting management engineers, a concern that she and her husband, the late Dr. Frank B. Gilbreth, established many years ago. Together they are credited with pioneering in the field of scientific management and with launching the science of "motion study." The firm served as efficiency experts for many major industrial plants in the United

States, Britain and Germany from 1910 to 1924.

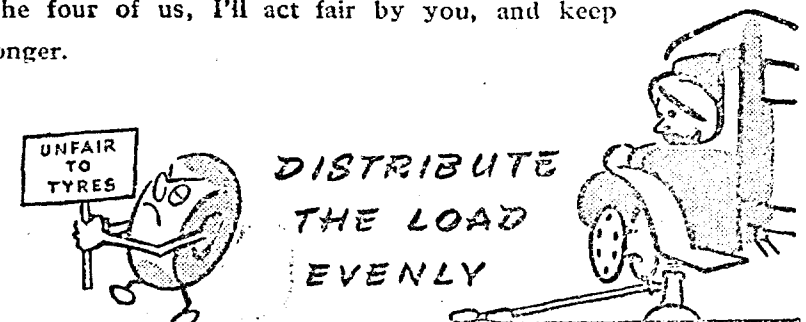
The Gilbreths devised a method of analyzing motion that they called the "Therblig" system, Gilbreth spelled backward with one letter transposed. A Therblig stood for a unit of motion or thought, and there were 17 of them. They classified the processes of activity such as "search," "find," and "grasp." These provided the all-time basis for work simplification. When the Gilbreths made a motion study they broke each operation down into a Therblig and tried to reduce the time for performing it. This motion-study system was first applied only toward making industrial jobs easier, but in more recent years, Dr. Lillian Gilbreth has applied it to housework and to rehabilitating disabled or semi-disabled persons. She was largely responsible for planning a kitchen for women suffering from heart trouble. The kitchen requires no unusual or high-priced materials and for the most part can be made by hand. By first setting up the kitchen in miniature with scale models and working with a wire figure scaled to the person's size, the kitchen may be especially adapted to any individual. The heart kitchen emphasizes functional storage utensils should be placed at the center of first use. Thus near the sink where vegetables are prepared, storage places for everything needed in this process—peeling and cutting utensils, strainers, sauce pans and vegetables which don't need refrigeration—are located. Things most often used are situated where neither stooping nor stretching is required to obtain them. The kitchen takes much drudgery out of the housewife's work. It may be a life-saver for women with heart ailments and it offers great advantages to those who are healthy.

Dr. Gilbreth, who lives in Montclair, New Jersey, and her large family have been in the news in the United States recently because of a newly published book, "Cheaper by the Dozen," which was written by two of her children—Frank Gilbreth, Jr.,



FAIR SHARES.

I'm proud of my strength, but you can't expect me to do all the work, while my front colleagues get off lightly. If you'll just see that the load is carried fair and square between the four of us, I'll act fair by you, and keep running longer.



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and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey. The book tells the story of Gilbreth family life until the death of the father. It was selected by one of the large monthly book clubs and was digested in a popular women's magazine.

"Mother came from Oakland, California," wrote the children. "She met dad in Boston while she was en route to Europe on one of those well-chaperoned tours for fashionable young ladies of the nineties."

"Mother was Phi Beta Kappa and a psychology graduate of the University of California. In those days women who were scholars were viewed with some suspicion. When mother and dad were married, an Oakland paper said, 'Although a graduate of the University of California, the bride is nonetheless an extremely attractive young woman.'"

After their wedding, according to Mrs. Gilbreth, she and her husband "decided: (1) To have a family of six boys and six girls; (2) To establish a family council, so that the children would be born into a plan for participating in family life; and (3) To try out all the methods and devices of effective work that my husband had discovered in his many years of diversified industrial experience."

They followed the plan with considerable precision. The success of their experiment was tested after the sudden death of Dr. Frank Gilbreth in 1924 just before he was scheduled to make a lecture trip abroad. The youngest Gilbreth child was then little more than two years old. A family council was called to determine what course to take in the future. They considered an easy way out, according to her children's account—to go to California and live with Dr. Gilbreth's parents.

"There is another alternative," their mother told them, "but it hinges on your being able to take care of yourselves. And it would involve some sacrifices from all of us. So I want you to make the decision. I can go ahead with your father's work. We can keep the office open here...but, we would have to live very simply. Still we could be together....Do you want to try it? Can you run the house and take care of things until I get back?"

When asked, "Get back from where?" she told them:

"If you want to try it, I'm going on that boat tomorrow; the one your father planned to take. He had the tickets. I'm going to give those speeches in London and Prague. I think that's the way your father would want it. But the decision is up to you."

The Gilbreth children made the decision and their mother gave the lectures. Their ability to run the large household enabled their mother to keep Gilbreth, Inc. going.

While she was having and caring for her large family, as well as helping her husband, Lillian Gilbreth earned her doctor's degree from Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1915. Following her husband's death she was granted honorary degrees by eight universities. In 1935 she became professor of management at Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana, and from 1941 to 1943 chairman of the department of personnel relations at Newark College of Engineering in New Jersey. During World War II, she was a consultant for the United States Office of War Information, worked with the United States War Man-power Commission, and was a member of the Civilian Defence Committee of New Jersey. She was a member of the New Jersey State Board of Regents for four years.

Lillian Gilbreth continues active. Several times a year, she lectures at Purdue University where she still is professor emeritus of industrial engineering and does advisory work. She attends a class in work-simplification at Columbia University, New York City. The course, which she was instrumental in having added to the curriculum, is given for institute management people and for representatives of agencies who work with handicapped people.

Books she has written include "Psychology of Management," "Time Study," "Fatigue Study" (co-author with her husband), "Applied Motion Study for the Handicapped," "The Homemaker and Her Job," "Living with Our Children," (co-author with Edna Yost), "Normal Lives for the Disabled," (co-author with Alice Rice Cook), "The Foreman and Manpower Management," and numerous papers on education, management, psychology and research.

SPOTLIGHT

MALAYA AND SOCIALIST BRITAIN

IT may be true, technically speaking, that the British Government were powerless, as they claim, to prevent the execution of Ganapathy in Malaya, though the country is a British Protectorate. The prerogative of mercy, we are told, lay in this case with the Ruler of Selangor, one of the nine States which, together with the former Settlements of Malacca and Penang, constitute the Malayan Federation. But this disclaimer of responsibility carries little conviction. The Rulers of the Malayan States exist on the sufferance of the British power, and their policies can be decisively influenced, for good or ill, by Britain.

The British Government's attitude has, however, the saving grace of being neutral. The Colonial Office has neither approved nor disapproved the withholding of mercy by the Ruler of Selangor. But now comes the news that, in the opinion of the Malayan Federal Government, the decision taken by the Ruler was right. The Government spokesman, Sir Alexander Newbould, has also disclosed that Ganapathy was the 62nd person hanged under the emergency regulations.

This is a sad colonial record for the Socialist Government of Britain. And it contrasts strangely with its record in certain other countries, notably India. This divergence does not seem to arise wholly from the different circumstances prevailing in India and Malaya at the end of the war, when the Labour Party came into power. It seems rather to be an instance of the ambivalence that has marked the Labour Government's colonial policy as much as their over-all foreign policy. One trend, realistically accepting the physical and psychological realities of the post-war world, has sought to substitute free and friendly relationship for forcible dominion. It has worked itself out successfully in India. The other trend, which seeks to retain the old

colonial advantages by force, is the one predominantly at work in Malaya—with unfortunate results both for the local population and for Britain's prestige.

There will be general agreement that it would have been almost impossible to put through in Malaya a transfer of power such as was effected in India. The Hindu-Muslim division impeded the political negotiations in India at every turn, and nearly threatened to bring down in disaster the finally agreed arrangements. A similar problem, even more complicated, afflicts Malaya. There it is a three-cornered internal tussle. The 50,850 sq. miles of the peninsula are peopled by nearly five million Malays, Chinese and Indians. The racial distribution, according to the 1947 census is, roughly: Malays 44%; Chinese 39%; and Indians 11%. (Of the Indians, the major part are from the Tamil districts, the rest from Andhra and Malabar). Not only do the three racial elements of the population lack a common social tradition, the overwhelming majority of them remain in a very backward state. They have not yet generated a political leadership sufficiently mature and organised to be able to take over and administer the country. Britain could reasonably claim that Malaya, at the end of the war, was not yet ready for complete self-government.

The truth of that claim remains, though there were other and more potent reasons for Britain's anxiety to retain her rule over Malaya. Pre-war Malaya had been one of the most profitable parts of Britain's colonial empire. It produced a half of the world's rubber supply and one-third of the world's tin requirements. If the standard of living of its people was low, it was better than in many neighbouring countries. There was no lack of employment and rice was available in plenty. All this was changed by the war. Though there was not much destruction, estates

and machinery fell into decay. Social disintegration was acute, and there was terrible underfeeding during the Japanese occupation. The cost of living today is estimated to be nearly five times higher than pre-war, with rice in short supply. But Malaya has not lost its importance for Britain. Leaving alone the strategic value of the peninsula in any future war, in Britain's present battle against dollar scarcity, the rubber and tin exports of Malaya play a vital part.

It is precisely in this task of restoring the old Malayan economy that the British administration has come up against difficulties. The war heightened the political consciousness of the people, placing arms in the hands of considerable numbers of them—including the small but vigorous Malayan Communist Party. After the surrender of Japan, the British Military Administration tried to demobilise and disarm the anti-Japanese squads, mostly Communist-led. But a large quantity of arms remained with their owners who have made uninhibited use of them. The violent bands fall in the main into two classes: the desperadoes who have taken to dacoity as an easy way of making a living in these hard days; and the Communists who, after the Communist Congress held at Calcutta in February 1948, launched a violent political insurrection.

Thus it is a difficult post-war situation which the Labour Government has had to face in Malaya. Transferring power on the Indian pattern was out of the question. But it need not at all have followed that a strong-armed policy in defence of the planters and miners was the only alternative. There is a vast middle ground between the voluntary liquidation of empire and the harsh regime which prevails in Malaya. This middle ground the British Government has left largely unexplored.

How can Ganapathy's execution, for the mere offence of possessing arms, be regarded as other than terroristic? Ganapathy had been a prominent leader, and for some time President, of the Pan-Malayan Federation of Trade Unions. Now the Malayan Government has a strong case against the activities of the Federation. The Awbrey-Dalley Report on the working of trade unions in Malaya has

endorsed the Government's charges against the Federation, and recommended a firm policy against the irresponsible and violent methods of the Communists who dominate the Federation. But it recommended firmness, not brutality, and suggested many positive reforms (which the Government has not yet initiated) as the ultimate cure for Malaya's social ills and unrest.

Appointed for the purpose by the Secretary of State for Colonies in January 1948, S. S. Awbrey, M.P., and F. W. Dalley, two British trade unionists of long and varied experience, investigated labour conditions in Malaya and submitted their Report last June. Their verdict on the Communist-controlled Pan-Malayan Federation of Trade Unions and the Singapore Federation of Trade Unions was: "They were not and are not genuine Federations of democratically governed organisations, having a readily recognisable common occupational or industrial interest; rather are their affiliated units in many cases mere branches of dominating central organisation claiming power without responsibility. To put it in another way, the 'Federations' were first formed, and the constituent parts, the 'Unions,' followed after."

The Report charges the leaders of the Pan-Malayan Federation of Trade Unions with irresponsibly fomenting strikes, using methods of intimidation against both workers and employers, and collecting exorbitant levies from the constituent unions for spreading the Federation's subversive propaganda and activities. The authors of the Report claim that they came to these conclusions only after scrutinising all evidence carefully: "We have been at some pains to get at the truth as, at the outset, we were sceptical of the charges made against the Malayan Communist Party and the Federations." The initial scepticism, they explain, was a necessary precaution against the tendency in many quarters to dub all movements for reform and progress as 'Communist.'

While supporting the policy of deporting those convicted of criminal violence—"we do not see how else the public can be protected against these criminal activities"—the Report goes on to suggest reforms. It has high praise for the work done by the

British trade unionist John Brazier, is Trade Union Adviser. His function is to help and advise all workers who may want to organise themselves into sound democratic Unions. The value of such guidance will be evident if it is remembered that adult illiteracy prevails to an appalling extent in Malaya and therefore the funds and activities of trade unions may be easily manipulated by a small but educated political minority. The Adviser also helps the Government with suggestions for facilitating the registration of trade unions and encouraging their legitimate activities. But the administration does not seem to care greatly for Mr. Brazier's services. Woodrow Wyatt, Labour M.P., writing on his recent Malayan tour, says: "They (the officials) do not like trade unions, and they do not know how

they work. To them, the one official who is really helping Britain in Malaya, John Brazier, is a menace to good order and a threat to White prestige."

In addition to a mass campaign of "trade union education," the Awbrey-Dalley Report lists other basic reforms necessary for alleviating the living conditions of Malaya's population. Among these is the need to bring down the cost of living; increase the supply and fair distribution of rice; introduce sickness insurance and other social services... the familiar and admirable Socialist programme. Set against this humane cure for incipient Communism, the policy behind the execution of Ganapathy seems so cruel and unnecessary. —(G. N. S.)

We are all inclined to judge ourselves by our ideals; others by their acts.—HAROLD NICOLSON. **

No great genius was ever without some mixture of madness; nor can anything grand or superior to the voice of common mortals be spoken except by the agitated soul.—ARISTOTLE.

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MY HUSBAND GOES TO MARKET

By S. R.

I whisked the blanket off my five-year old daughter as she stretched herself, rolled this side and that and sleepily rubbed her eyes.

"What is today?" I demanded.

"Monday."

"No, yesterday was Monday. Try again."

"Friday."

"Wrong again. Tuesday."

"Tuesday."

I was teaching her the names of the days, you see, and I preferred this way to sitting her on a chair and making her repeat names by rote.

My husband came out into the verandah as I was folding the blanket. He stood looking at me for a moment.

"I shall go to the market hereafter," he announced, "and get the vegetables."

If he had said he was going on a pleasure trip to the moon in the weekend, I could hardly have been more surprised. Because if there is one thing he hates, it is working about the house. Whenever I read in a book about the husband who hangs up the pictures in the rooms, cleans the light shades, takes care of the baby during kitchen-time and picks up odd bits of paper lying about, I say to myself something must be wrong with mine. But then I hear my neighbour's husband berating his wife over trifles, bawling at her for buttons and cuff-links and making a mountain out of missing shoe-laces and banging the front door when leaving for office and I say to myself, thank goodness for small mercies.

"Is it showing?"

"What?"

"You know what."

"No, but you ought not to go jostling among crowds early in the morning when you are feeling so sick."

"I shall go once a week," said my husband. "I shall go every Friday."

"That would be quite enough."

"I shall take Raman," he added.

"Yes," I said, "he can carry the bags."

That was on Tuesday.

On Wednesday it rained in the evening.

"I hope it won't rain on Friday morning," said my husband.

"You could take an umbrella if it did," I said.

"I will look ridiculous," said my husband with unnecessary warmth, "carrying an umbrella in one hand and the bags in the other."

"But you are not going to carry the bags," I pointed out. "Raman will carry them."

"All the same," he said, "everything about me will proclaim a visit to the market."

"I don't see how it is so humiliating to get our own vegetables from the market," I said.

"I didn't say it was humiliating."

"You implied it."

Thursday morning dawned clear and bright.

"Is it today Father is going to the market?" Prema wanted to know.

"No," I said, "it is tomorrow."

"Are you really going, Father?"

"Yes."

"To buy vegetables?"

"Yes, of course," said my husband shortly, "and now go and play. You mustn't ask so many questions."

"But you will never get there in time," she said incorrigibly, laughing. "You get up at seven. Mother used to get up so early and come back before you get up."

My husband looked at me.

"When do I have to get up?"

"Oh, about six," I said.

"Alright," he said intriguingly, "I will get up at six and go to market, if it kills me."

An uncomfortable silence hung between us like a tightly-drawn wire all morning. And then Prema's friend from the next house, Balu, drifted in as my husband was putting the final touches to his toilet preparatory to going to office.

"My father is going to the market tomorrow," Prema confided to him drawing him into the dressing room and pointing out with a surreptitious finger the martyr who, she evidently felt, had dedicated himself to all sorts of new and dreadful things.

"What for?" asked Balu.

"To buy vegetables."

"My Father never goes to market," pronounced Balu. "My Mother buys the vegetables."

"My Mother used to," said Prema defensively, "but now she doesn't."

"Why?" asked Balu turning and looking me up and down with a child's detached curiosity. "Is she sick?"

I put a firm hand on the shoulder of each and propelled them out of the room.

"Little children shouldn't talk so much," I said sternly.

"I don't think it is good for the children," said my husband in his best psycho-analytic manner, "to be told so often what to do and what not to do. It might give them a complex."

"Would you rather," I said, "they had continued their discussion?"

"Why not? What was wrong?"

"Well, surely, I am not sick! How was Prema going to explain that?"

"You could have told her she was going to have a little brother soon."

"Who would arrive in the doctor's

black box with the address tied round his neck, I dare say!"

"You needn't have flown into a rage," said my husband righteously, "just because that little boy said his mother never allowed his father to go to market."

"He said no such thing," I said. "I heard him distinctly. And if it comes to that I know who allows anyone to do anything in that house."

"I hate gossip," said my husband.

"Yes," I said, stung, "all gossip except what you talk with that foul friend of yours who invites himself to this house every evening for coffee!"

"He doesn't," said my husband raising his voice. "I invite him. And he is not foul. What do you mean by foul? I thought you liked him."

"Everytime I give him coffee," I said, getting hysterical, "I have wished it was hemlock."

My husband sat down and looked at me.

"At this rate," he said bitterly, "our son is sure to be a homicide."

"Don't say son," I said. "It might be a daughter."

"I hope it is a son" said my husband. "I said don't go on saying that you hope it will be a boy."

"Why not?"

"Suppose it is a girl?"

"Well and good. I am not going to commit suicide because of that!"

"All this wishing isn't good for the child and you know it."

"I suppose," said my husband, red in the face with suppressed laughter, "you are thinking of the Well of Loneliness."

"Never mind," I said feeling cross, "what I was thinking of."

There was a pause.

"I know why you are so nervy," said my husband gently. "It is because you are troubled by your conscience."

"My conscience!" I said, startled. "Indeed! What is on my conscience, do you suppose?"

"Well, your pride is refusing to let you admit to yourself that it is really very nice of me to offer to go to the market."

DMITROV IN DISGRACE

By M. N. ROY

"What I can't understand," said my husband relinquishing his slippers, "is why the police don't do something about not allowing females to run the market."

"There is blood on your shirt," said Prema.

"That is not blood," said my husband with a sideways glance at me. "It is tomatoes."

"Oh!"

"There is a female there, a tall elephantine sort of person whom I have just escorted to the police station. I have filed a charge against her for rudeness and using abusive language."

"What did she do?"

"Do? She used the vilest language to me and called me names. Isn't that enough?"

"But what happened?" I said getting impatient. "Surely she didn't start abusing you as soon as you appeared?"

"I asked her the price of brinjals. She was just arranging her stuff and so I waited there patiently for ten minutes. I asked her again at the end of the time and she said would I certainly buy. I said, of course if the prices were reasonable. She said the brinjals were twelve annas a viss. I refused to pay her that. It is swindling."

"How much did you bargain for?"

"Six annas. One of my friends told me a couple of weeks ago he had bought some brinjals at six annas."

"That," I said gently, "was two weeks ago."

"You mean to say the prices might have gone up since then?"

"They change every day. But that is beside the point. What did she say then?"

"Say! She turned on me like a fury. She said she had known after one look at my face that I wasn't the sort who bought anything. She said my picking up a quarrel with her over the price was a bad omen and that

if she had a bad day and ruined herself it would all be my fault. She made the most fantastic accusations."

"Well?"

"And then the creature at the stall next to hers joined the argument. By the time her husband came we were in a regular fray."

"You mean to say you stood in the open market and fought with these people? Why didn't you just come away?"

"What! And leave them to make fun and jeer at me as a coward!"

"But who threw the tomatoes, Father?" asked Prema.

"That woman's son. And he tore my bag. I boxed his ears for that."

"Did you buy anything at all?" said I looking in despair at the bags.

"Oh, yes," said Raman who was all this while standing quietly in the background. "Master bought these." And plunging his hand into one of the bags he displayed proudly—a bunch of coriander leaves and six chillies.

"And then you all marched to the police station, I suppose?" I said too overwhelmed even to laugh.

"Yes."

"Along the public road?"

"Well, I didn't slink along as if I had done something to be ashamed of."

"What did they say at the police station?"

"They said I had to come again tomorrow at eleven—which means I suppose I have to take leave tomorrow—and appear before the magistrate. I have sued that woman for abusive language and defamation of character. And do you know what she has done? The astonishing creature has asked for damages for one busy morning wasted."

"How much?"

"Fifteen rupees."

"I think she will win," I said.

"Thanks," said my husband.

WHILE speculating about the cause of Tito's excommunication, it was suggested by some well informed circles that his aspiration to succeed Stalin as the leader of World Communism displeased the Russian heir-apparents and heir-presumptives. It remains doubtful if the plausible hypothesis will ever be verified. Meanwhile, this much can be said that there is no reason why the leadership of the Communist International should be a perpetual Russian monopoly, and therefore it would be quite legitimate for a non-Russian Communist to aspire for the honour, provided that he possessed the requisite power as well as qualification. In the post-war years, Tito was the only non-Russian Communist qualified to be the pretender. Judged by qualification, Togliatti might have a greater claim; but he was not yet in power, and his chances were already on the decline. The other possibility, Thorez, is to be ruled out on both the accounts.

But there is another aspect of the situation: the leadership of World Communism can be separated from the head of the Russian State only in theory so very abstract as to rule out the possibility of practice. Therefore, one who aspires for the one, implicitly threatens the position of the other. Of course, the idea of any non-Russian Communist replacing Stalin during his life-time is fantastic; but a struggle for supremacy between the two, somewhat analogous to the struggle between the Pope and the Emperor in the Middle-Ages, might take place after Stalin's death. Therefore, it could be imagined how Russians standing next to Stalin might not only be displeased, but worried by Tito's possible aspiration to the leadership of World Communism. And in that case, a desire on their part to pull down the pretender could not be ruled out. It may be recollected that the attack on Tito was led by Zhdanov, who was at that time the most probable heir-presumptive of Stalin.

Apart from the hypothetical jealousy of the Russian pretenders to the leadership of World Communism, there was another rival who had obvious reason to engineer Tito's downfall. He was Georgi Dimitrov, who had previously held the highest position in the Communist hierarchy, though not on his own merit. Himself a creation of the Russians, Dimitrov would hardly dare crossing their will. But he naturally desired to be the tallest Communist outside Russia. Bulgaria was too small a country to give him the requisite power. (The Communists think exclusively in

terms of power). As the head of a Federation of the Balkan States, he would grow in stature. But the idea of a Bal-



kan Federation is old, traditionally associated with parochial resistance to imperialist Pan-Slavism. Having exploited nationalism for their own purposes, the Russians would not perpetuate the tradition in the form of political organisation. So, they put their foot down on Dimitrov's ambition; and he swallowed the rebuff as a discipline Communist.

But the idea revived by him could not be disciplined into silence. Except for the leaders indoctrinated in Russia, Communism in the Balkans is nationalist painted red, and the leaders themselves are often compelled to give in to the pressure of the prevailing atmosphere. So Dimitrov knuckled down under the whip cracked in Moscow, but for the idea of Balkan Federation and also for other sins of omission and commission, he was taken to task, and excommunicated for no recanting.

Dimitrov came victorious out of the struggle for supremacy in the non-Russian Communist world. But the victory seems to have been very ephemeral. While he excommunicated rival still holds his position against Russian-engineered intrigues, economic boycott and military threats, Dimitrov goes on an indefinite

Since all things have been said by men of sense, the only novelty is—to condense.—PHOCAS.

It is better a man should be abused than forgotten.—Dr. Johnson.

Moral indignation is jealousy with a halo.—H. G. WELLS.

period of leave for some sudden illness. Dmitrov's quiet departure from the Balkan scene, preceded by the arrest of his foremost lieutenant and the unostentatious transfer of the premiership to his opponent, have caused a mild surprise. Though carried out with the least possible noise, it is nothing short of a palace revolution. If the dramatised hero of the notorious Reichstag fire trial was really ill, some shadow of sadness would be cast upon the Communist world, and there would be some stir of anxiety. It can be safely assumed that the report of his illness is false; he has incurred the displeasure of the Russians; and they cannot afford to risk the possibility of revolt of another veteran of World Communism, while Tito still holds out. Therefore, instead of the weapon of public censure, unsuccessfully used against Tito, a quiet removal in time has been preferred in the case of Dmitrov. Tito's example might encourage others.

Dmitrov is in disgrace. That is a fact which most probably will attract little attention. What caused his downfall may also be never known, although there is enough evidence to the effect that it is a sequel to Tito's hitherto successful defiance. To inflame the violent passion of Macedonian parochialism has been a part of the Russian effort to break Tito's resistance. But it is playing with fire; there are Macedonians not only in Yugoslavia, but also in Bulgaria and the Communist-controlled part of Greece. Therefore, the Russians are compelled to advocate the creation of a Macedonian State at the cost of all the three, as a counter-move to Tito's having sponsored the same plan with the object of weakening Bulgaria and Communist Greece. General Markos as well as Dmitrov must have opposed the plan, although the creation of a Macedonian State was a part of Dmitrov's idea of Balkan Federation. But then, he was to be the head of the whole Federation, which would allow as much autonomy to the constituent units as the U.S.S.R. Consequently, both had to go; Markos, who did not enjoy much prestige, was removed first. Dmitrov followed.

So ends the career of a man who leaped into prominence in the early thirties, to be the General Secretary of the Communist International and hold that high position in the Communist hierarchy until the Comintern was dissolved. The Comintern has since been replaced by the Cominform; nevertheless Dmitrov is "Cominterned," as many a greater Communist previously was. Non-Russian Communist opposition leaders are treated more mercifully than the sons of the soil. They are invited to Moscow on one or another pretext and are not allowed to go back. The more important of them are given nominal

positions in some secondary institution, and practically thrown into the scrap-heap of wasted human material. This crafty method of liquidating opposition leaders came to be known as "Cominternment." The house—Hotel Lux—allotted for the purpose, used to be called the "Museum of Revolution." One of the innumerable pointed witticisms credited to Karl Radek was that everybody of any importance in the history of the Communist movement was to be found there, including Marx—of course, his disembodied spirit. Once upon a time, Dmitrov lived in the Hotel Lux while serving his apprenticeship for a subsequent career.

I remember his first appearance there. It was some time in 1924. The failure of the second German revolution was followed by several counter-revolutionary coups in Eastern Europe. The overthrow of the Bulgarian peasant leader Stambulsky from office was one of them. The few Communists of the time supported the Peasant Party. Stambulsky having declined to risk a civil war when the entire army went with Tsankov, the Communists tried to capture power through insurrection. It was localised, and provoked a widespread massacre in the countryside. One of the leaders of the adventure, Dmitrov, managed to flee, and reach Moscow to report. One Dr. Popov was Bulgarian delegate on the Executive Committee of the putsch and persuaded the Executive Committee of the Comintern (ECCI) to endorse his view. Dmitrov found a place in the Museum of Revolution.

On his first appearance behind the wings of the stage which he was to dominate with all the footlights turned upon him, he was his real self—an uncouth country cousin—a burly peasant with a shock of grisly hair. He could speak no language except his mother-tongue, although its being very much akin to the Russian, he soon picked it up. His mind was no more polished than his exterior; but that regrettable shortcoming was his title to be the representative of his people. Dmitrov therefore began as a natural leader of his people, and as the personification of the latter's backwardness, fell with the European sophistication of Dr. Popov who had learned Marxism in a German University.

If sincerity is a virtue, it may also breed the vice of fanaticism. Dmitrov's sincere belief that the Bulgarian peasants were pining for a bloodbath which they got thanks to his leadership, disputed Dr. Popov's honesty; and before long, suspected of being an agent provocateur, he disappeared mysteriously. A short period of apprenticeship thus qualified Dmitrov to find a corner in the Communist underworld.

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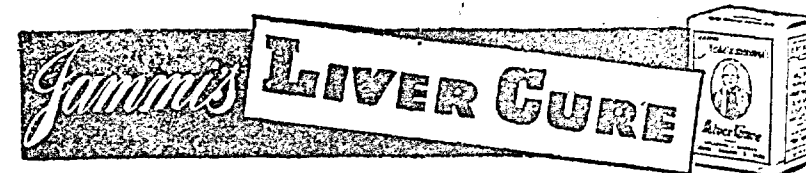
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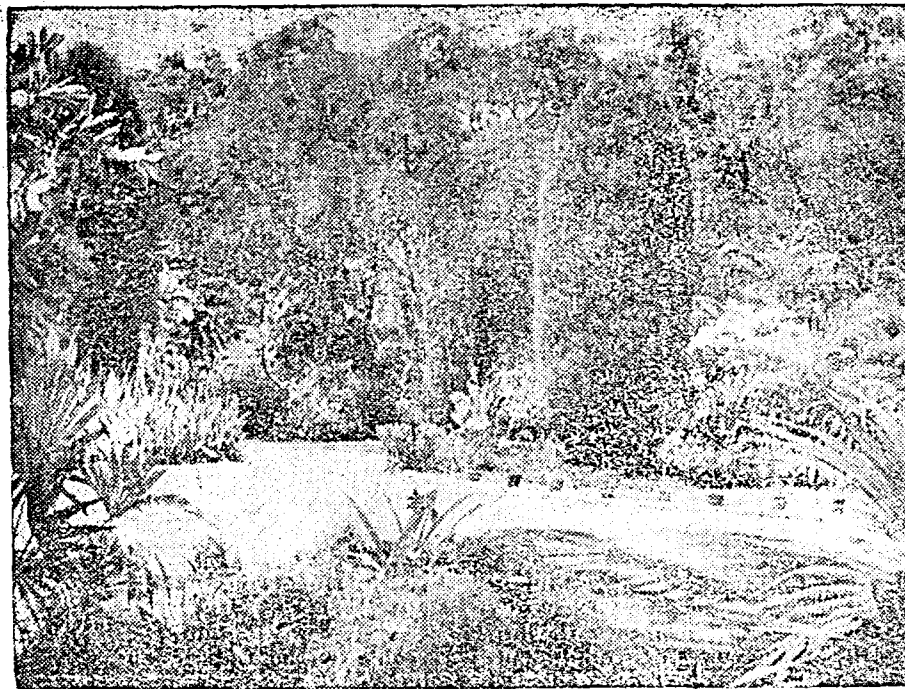


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A WALK IN A GARDEN



(By SWATANTRA Reporter)

THERE is a man in Madras who is that rare being, a genuine and real horticulturist. I don't, mean a gardener. Roget's Thesaurus explains "horticulture" as the "economy or management of plants." A horticulturist is then one who "manages" plants. Well, that is exactly what I mean.

Mr. Indra Sen whose garden in the Gemini Studios was awarded the first prize in the recent Madras Garden Competition is unlike anyone associated with plant, herb, tree, shrub, bush or creeper I had ever met before. I had always imagined a gardener was someone old and stooped and bent, never anybody less than sixty-five, who shuffled along the wilderness one called one's garden pulling out a weed here and a weed there and remaining a part of the discreet background when one showed one's friends round the outer precincts of one's house. He would have a small grandchild whom he carried on his shoulders when he visited the master of the

house on Deepavali morning. He did nothing much and his occasional perambulations round the verdurous disorder which shut out the house from the outside world, deceived nobody. But he rendered many small services for the sons and daughters of the house, like carrying small notes to their friends, going down the well to fish up the silver tumbler that the baby son had inadvertently thrown into it and such like. Invariably he explained in great detail the reason for the lack of fruits or flowers on the trees and plants, but the fact remained all the same that one never felt justified to boast of one's garden to one's friends. It was usually a picture of genteel poverty and faded respectability and everyone, including the gardener, was content to let it remain so.

Mr. Indra Sen is neither stooped nor bowed and he has a good many years to work off indeed to reach sixty-five. He is tall and rather mas-

sive with a round face and a mop of black hair who could at the unkindest estimate be not more than forty. In fact, he looks rather like a lovable drawing master with a sense of humour. What is unusual in him is not that he loves the flowers and plants and trees he tends but that he believes in them. He not only expects flowers to bloom and trees to grow where and when he wants them to do so but he feels personally hurt when they don't do so. But for all that, his love for his garden, it seemed to me, had also a passionless quality about it.

"I don't know why everyone thinks there can't be a garden without a lawn," he said. "Look at this. It has no lawn. In fact, I think a lawn spoils the very purpose of a garden."

Most people thought, he said, that a garden was something like a background for the house, like the gold in which the diamond is set. But a garden, according to Mr. Sen, was an entity by itself with a separate existence. It was almost like a foil to the house. The hard stone and cement structure built by man standing side

by side with the cool, shady, labyrinthine structure built by God's trees.

"That is why," said Mr. Sen, "I feel lawn defeats the very purpose of a garden. You can't spend a lazy, cool afternoon on a lawn. But you can spend a cool afternoon any day of even the hottest summer in this garden of mine."

Mr. Sen's garden is not really a garden. It is an experiment in gardening. It is in two parts—one which sprawls all over the studios and winds its serpentine way between the buildings, up walls, round cisterns or stands as isolated islands of greenery all over the place. The other part is the circumscribed mass of garden standing at the entrance. It is a small garden and there is no delicacy about it, no daintiness or fastidiousness. It is like a well-tended wood. One got at once an impression of massiveness, of heaviness, of density. As if every leaf and twig in it had been hewn out of rock. But in incongruous combination was its coolness, its freshness, its colourfulness and variety.

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This garden, it seemed to me, was the final result of dozens of experiments in horticulture. Everything about the place proclaimed it. There were plants in pots buried in the ground, slung to the branches of trees, embedded in rocks. A smooth red path twisted and turned among the trees, now rising, now falling, now leading to a small bridge or a pool with lotuses. And from the thick green foliage all around peeped out flowers of every description, yellow, blue and red and heliotrope. There was a freshness about the place but at the same time an impression that everything had been ordered, arranged, managed and subdued. It was a miniature park. There were coconut trees which had been felled and then supported up in a horizontal position by poles and made to grow sideways. There was a tree whose trunk was coiled like a snake.

"I am going to turn that one," said Mr. Sen pointing to another, "into a mongoose."

There was something else too. The garden presented a constantly-changing picture as we shifted our position from one angle of view to another. But the impression of density remained. It had obviously been designed not only to serve as a cool refuge on warm afternoons but with an eye on availability for use in a cinema production. It was not the sort of place one could relax in—in spite of Mr. Sen's claim that one could spend a whole afternoon in it and forget one was outdoors—nor was it the sort of place where one could have a cosy party with a few friends. It was too cramped for one thing. There was hardly any level place, for another. The path was either sloping down or ascending, or worse twisting itself between or around trees. The trouble was that too many effects had been aimed at in a limited area and hence the resultant impression of overcrowding and closeness.

The other part of the garden was as exotic and erratic as a child's imagination. There were creepers which

covered the outside walls of a whole studio like a thick green blanket; there were creepers whose long, thin stems grew down from the roof attaining a pretty curtailed perfection. Another creeper clustered in dark green profusion over a doorway.

"That creeper," explained Mr. Sen proudly, "is better than these herbageous curtains people use during summer time. This absorbs the heat and light. That only cools the air which passes through it."

Grafting, I discovered, was Mr. Indra Sen's forte. He is as particular about it and takes as much pains over it and derives as much joy out of it as a father out of the marriages of his daughters. I saw a dozen instances in which a plant was "fixed in" or "run up" another. They stood all over the place, the incongruous parents of a coming hybrid generation. There were innumerable potted plants, tall, short, trimmed and untrimmed, flowery and non-flowery. There were arches which could be kept green throughout the year by a process known as "renewal." The garden had the beauty not of naturalness untampered with but of a luxuriance carefully tempered into seeming unruliness and trimmed to an outward voluptuousness. The freedom of growth of the plants was restricted, one felt, but within those bounds, very often by no means narrow, they took infinite liberties. In fact, the plants were encouraged to take liberties. Mr. Sen stood guard over them like a fond parent, indulgent, proud and ready to help in case of mishap. His handling of the plants themselves was characteristic. It had a touch of familiarity, as if he was aware of all their foibles, fancies and weaknesses and knew all the ups and downs of their past history. He is not merely a man interested in gardening. He is a gardener, florist, cultivator, sower, backwoodsman and forester all in one and his garden, richly deserving of a prize, reflects an imagination, restrained yet capricious and full of surprises and novelties.

This story was once circulated in Moscow: Stalin proposed that the Comintern announce itself dissolved. Another member of the Politburo asked, "But who will believe it?" Stalin replied "The Intellectuals."

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.

"Spoils Of Patronage"

I am no politician. Nor do I cherish any political ambitions. My field of public service lies far beyond party, communal, linguistic and other such considerations. For, one may rightly ask what has health work to do with these unhealthy features that mar Madras public life. As such, I owe an apology for giving my views on this quasi-political affair.

The other day, I met Sri R. Suryanarayana Rao, M.L.C., (who has defended the Ministers' action in a letter to you) at a social function. He was formerly connected with the Servants of India Society from which he must have imbibed the lofty ideals of Gokhale. Knowing as I did all this and also something about the circumstances which led to his severing his connections with that society, I was naturally curious to find out why he was all ablaze with fury when SAKA drew public attention to certain actions of the Madras Ministry. In the course of our conversation, Sri Suryanarayana Rao revealed to me that he had seen the files whence it was sun-clear to him that the Ministers were in the right and SAKA in the wrong. This chat was in the presence of two members of the Civil Service, who stood looking on apparently thunderstruck at the revelation that he had access to the official files! After that chat, I am tempted to present to the public my views on the multi-faced question. It must however be clear that I am not interested in either the Ministers or SAKA. I only want that right should be done and wrong eschewed.

The official records which Sri Suryanarayana Rao has admittedly seen must have been shown to him by the Minister or Ministers concerned. It is too much to expect a highhanded action like the exhibition of confidential official files to non-official scrutiny, to take place below ministerial levels. This leads one to wonder whether the popular Ministers concerned have no more respect for the oath of secrecy they took on the eve of their assumption of office, than they have for the sweet promises they made to the public before and after their elevation to the ministerial gadis.

I fail to see what stood in the way of the Ministers themselves coming forward with a statement refuting SAKA, instead of leaving it to a friendly legislator nominated to the Legislative Council, to defend their actions. This would have been more honourable. The concluding portions of

Sri Suryanarayana Rao's letter show him to be violently prejudiced in favour of the Ministers. He has shown himself to be an interested advocate and not an impartial judge on the affair. Hence, his letter is calculated more to defend the Ministers than to lay bare the facts of the case to the public.

Years ago, we had occasion to see a famous Premier of Madras actually going out of the way to prevent his friends and relatives obtaining any benefit, even if such a benefit was just, well-deserved or perfectly legitimate. He called it the 'penalty' which his friends or relatives had to pay for having him as the Premier! Today, unfortunately, the position seems just the reverse.

Sri Suryanarayana Rao, with all his internal knowledge of the affairs of our administration, has not revealed in his letter whether the concerned Ministers have recorded anywhere in the files that the directors of the Oil Mills are related to any of them. If the Hon'ble Ministers have not made that fact a secret, then SAKA is indeed blame-worthy. For, all other conditions being satisfied, there is no reason why the Oil Mills should not obtain State aid, provided the relationship of the directors to the Minister was made clear on record. This ought to be ascertained by anybody in authority choosing to probe into the matter any further.

SAKA cannot hope to rectify the present Ministry or secure a better one by such revelations. He should have known that charges, though not public, have been made against past Ministers too. Charges are also being made against those in power today. If the present ferment of Madras politics continues no future Ministry too, would go untarred. SAKA should continue to maintain the high level of his latest SIDELIGHTS and make it clear to all that he is not interested in accusing or praising particular individuals. Policies and not Ministers should be the target for his pen. He should make it abundantly clear that his sole object is to purge the Congress of all undesirable elements, whoever these may be. SAKA'S SIDELIGHTS should serve to make our Ministers control their petty though human feelings and lay down personalities outside the portals of Fort St. George.

"The pressure of public opinion is like the pressure of the atmosphere; you can't see it—but, all the same, it is sixteen pounds to the square inch."

—J. R. LOWELL.

A. V. RAMAN.

Madras.

II

It has caused no small surprise to find Mr. Suryanarayana Rao entering a vigorous defence of the grant of Government loan of ten lakhs to the Sudarsan Mills. Mr. Rao naively asks, "Is it fair to debar a concern from assistance merely because some or all the directors happen to be the near relatives of one of the Hon'ble Ministers?" and goes on in the same strain to observe "State aid is one of the recognised forms of assistance and to receive it or give it cannot be considered as part of 'spoils of patronage' simply because one of the Ministers is or was interested in the concern." The voice of enlightened democracy would certainly refuse the answer Mr. Rao is eagerly seeking for.

Whatever be the collective responsibility of the Government in the matter on hand, be it remembered, the potent voice in matters pecuniary is that of the Finance Minister, and it is the latter who was a director of the Mills in question. Broad wholesome principles designed to ensure purity in public administration, cannot, I am afraid, be easily brought home to Mr. Rao, when one finds him in a mood to condone similar diversion of State funds even to concerns in which the Ministers have interest de facto and de jure in present.

The grant in question being claimed to have been sanctioned by the Ministry as a whole, the entire Ministry headed by the corruption-hunter Mr. Omandur Reddiar, more than the Finance Minister, should be made responsible for the violation involved of the sound principles governing public conduct.

Mr. Rao's letter betrays the source of the defence also. It looks as if we are hearing the voice of the Finance Minister and the former Minister for Industries. Information pertaining to matters in the secret files of the Government seems to have trickled down to Mr. Rao. The Minister who was advisedly reticent on the floor of the Assembly seems to be speaking through Mr. Rao. The other day Mr. Gopala Reddi was sermonising to the Secretariat staff to see that there was no leakage of official information. It looks

"The really frightening thing about modern war is not the destruction it causes, even if that involves our civilisation itself. It is not that men and women suffer—suffering is an essential feature of the world and human life is always being destroyed by natural causes, often in tragic circumstances. The frightening thing is that with modern scientific weapons the sense of responsibility is so weakened and the imagination so dulled that men do by indirect means what they could never bring themselves to do directly, and so make themselves the voluntary agents of indiscriminate massacre."—Dr. ALEXANDER WOOD.

as if the Ministers are privileged to volunteer secret information if it would serve their personal ends, despite the oaths of secrecy they had taken on assumption of office.

K. N. PAUL.

Madura.

III

The public cannot accept the view that because the Advisers' regime sponsored the Vanaspati industry, the Madras Ministry should go to its aid. The people gave the Congress a mandate to implement its election manifesto and not to ditto the line of the Advisers' regime.

The State Aid to Industries Act was meant for helping cottage and the like Industries and this was affirmed by the Industrial Planning Committee of which Mr. R. S. Rao was a member.

One can safely assert that the authorities did not strictly comply with the rules of the Act and the simple recording of evidence from objectors as required by the Act was also not done in some cases. The least that can be done to restore public confidence is to submit the whole episode to an impartial tribunal.

While the Ministry pleaded paucity of funds for many an essential reform, the way State funds were distributed to Oil Mills and the like cast a reflection on the bonafides of these transactions and the readers are grateful to SAKA for bringing to light these matters, though they may be unpalatable to the persons concerned and their friends.

T. B. MOORTHY.

Kalahasti.

Trains To Vizag

With reference to a letter appearing in SWATANTRA of 12-2-1949, entitled "No local goes to Vizag," from 1-4-1949 the previous passenger trains each way between Ellore and Cocanada have been extended to run between Ellore and Waltair with connections between Samalkot and Cocanada.

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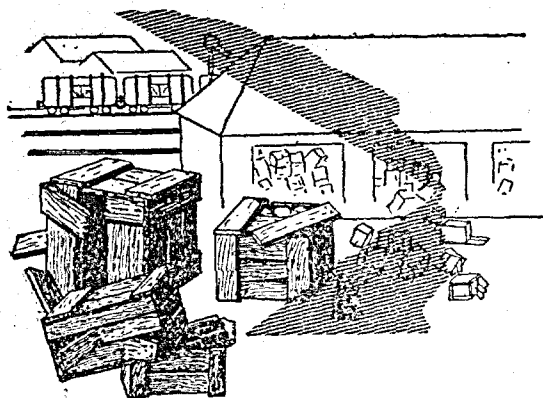
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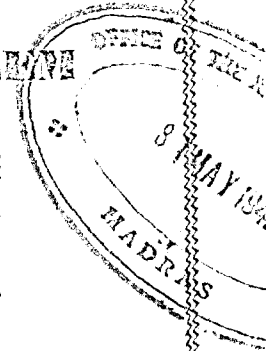
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Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, U. S. war-time Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet, who has just been appointed Plebiscite Administrator for Jammu and Kashmir with U. N. Secretary-General Trygve Lie. —Courtesy—P. G. Krishnayya's Service,

SWATANTRA

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

CORRUPTION IN HIGH PLACES

PANDIT Jawaharlal Nehru is reported to have characterised the allegations of corruption against Ministers that have found publicity in the press as exaggerated. Master of words as he is, he could not have employed a more unhappy word. A thing is said to be exaggerated when a little of it is made to appear bigger than it is. Exaggeration does not imply denial. Just the reverse of it. It implies an admission as to the existence of the thing indicated, qualified by dissent as to the extent to which it is indicated. A certain mental attitude of condonation enters as an ingredient into the content of the condition described as exaggerated. Pandit Nehru's description of the corruption as exaggerated is unfortunate, for the reason that not even a little of it can be considered with indifference or approval, least of all by the head of the country's administration pledged to strive for the welfare of its people. Can a drop of poison be dismissed for its littleness as something not worth a doctor's attention?

Pandit Nehru is an admirer of British institutions and his love of them has been not a little responsible for the decision to join the Commonwealth which he has commended for the approval of the people of India. In the packed atmosphere of the New Delhi Parliament at present, consisting not of the elected representatives of the people, but of hand-picked nominees of the leaders at the top, there is scarcely any command of the latter that will fail to pass muster. Criticism or opposition does not function on independent lines, but only to the extent permitted by the

leaders. All the greater, therefore, the responsibility of the leaders to do the thinking aright for their followers as they commandeer their votes into a pool of power for unfettered exercise of authority. It will not do to advertise the glamour of the Commonwealth while paying no heed to the concepts of integrity in administration that have imparted to its leading member its attribute of leadership in the practice of democracy. Mr. Attlee the British Prime Minister is a shining example to the world of firm crusading against any form of administrative corruption and in the midst of the suppressed storm evoked over Pandit Nehru's committal of the country to membership of the Commonwealth, it will be at least some gain if the inspiration of such an example is not completely lost on the leaders at the helm in the Government of India. In the recent investigation in Britain into the conduct of Ministers and high Government officials, the allegations of corruption were found to be grossly exaggerated. Nothing more incriminating was found against Mr. Belcher than that he had accepted entertainments and received a few whiskey bottles as presents from parties to whom he had rendered favours in his capacity as Minister, and nothing at all was found against any of the others whose official acts were subjected to scrutiny. The investigation itself was set afoot after the police had made a searching enquiry and pronounced themselves against prosecution for lack of data. The Belcher episode is a testimony to the high rectitude of the democratic leadership of Britain well versed in the

art of combining power with introspection and aware of the fatal danger of compromising with corruption on the score of the exaggeration of critics as to its extent and magnitude.

Just as Mr. Attlee's stature was raised and the credit of Britain's internal administration enhanced as a result of the Belcher enquiry, a contrary effect is produced by Pandit Nehru's different attitude in a situation calling for even more anxious concern if not sterner action. Pandit Nehru is not merely respected but adored, and the affection in which he is held by vast multitudes of people seems to be proof against all disillusionments based on accurate appraisal of the credit and debit sides of his administration. Few of the provincial Ministers enjoy a similar immunity. It is no exaggeration to say that they have thoroughly failed the people. They have not added to their stock of credit since they came to power. They used power less for public benefit than for their own. Standards of government have deteriorated. Economic conditions have become worse than before. The prestige of the Congress has gone down. People everywhere have begun to compare the present regime with the past to the discredit of the former. Revulsion of feeling against the Congress is on the upsurge, and it is only the momentum of past loyalty that is maintaining the Congress Ministers in power. The ease of the present that is being purchased by the refusal of leaders like Pandit Nehru to face facts is only hastening the day of complete dethronement of the Congress not merely from the support but even from the respect and tolerance of the bulk of people in the country.

The Third Assembly

THE attitude of most of the delegates at the beginning of the third session of the United Nations General Assembly was one of scepticism and misgiving. The last session at Paris which had been wound up in Decem-

ber had achieved, after eleven ineffectual weeks of wrangling, exactly—nothing.

What the delegates could not surely have been unaware of however, when they met again at Flushing Meadows was that there had been a slight change in the atmosphere since December. The snow had thawed somewhat in the ubiquitous "cold war." Belligerency had not abated but was showing a just perceptible tendency to abate. The Middle East was beginning to settle down to peace—passive and quiescent, it is true, but peace nevertheless. The Atlantic Pact had been signed at Washington only the previous day, quite definitely an ace in the Western hand.

What is it that has really been achieved at Flushing Meadows this time? The one absolute achievement has been in respect of Palestine and the Assembly may bask in the reflected glory of Dr. Ralph Bunche, the Mediator, though the actual negotiations have been held outside of the Assembly and the seeds of the peace had been sown at the Paris session.

But its other achievements have been quite meagre. It has served a subpoena on Bulgaria and Hungary demanding an answer to the accusation made by the Western bloc that the persecutions and trials of Cardinal Mindszenty and the other defenders of the Christian religion were an infringement not only of the Balkan peace treaties but of the UN Charter of Human Rights. But judging by the grimness and violence with which the Soviet bloc argued its case, it is most unlikely that it would spare the time or energy to answer the Western charges. The Assembly has also suggested to the Big Powers that they ought to do something about the veto which was holding up progress in every direction. And it has taken the preliminary steps towards creating a small internal police force.

Much has been made of the Assembly's decision on the Italian colonies. But the value of the Assembly decisions is only negative in

character. They are commendable only in so far as they have not returned the colonies to Italy. The status quo continues more or less.

So, after all additions and subtractions have been made, it would seem that the Third Assembly has not accomplished much more than what its predecessor at Paris had done. And yet the over-all international situation seems definitely brighter. The Berlin deadlock is in the process of being resolved and the Foreign Ministers have met. In Indonesia, it seems as if Dutch bellicosity is at last giving in under massed world condemnation.

It was just a fortunate coincidence that all these hopeful signs should have appeared when the Assembly was in sitting. But the Third Assembly was no more responsible for them than she was for her apparent failure at Paris. The real credit for the improvement of the political situation on the whole is due to the much-maligned Paris session. Less was achieved at that session than at any other time, but more speeches were made, more desks were thumped and more throats made hoarse. It served as an auditorium for the ventilation of grievances and the projection of

accusations which had been kept bottled up since the last year or two of the war. The present slackening of East-West tension is traceable to the working off of steam in which one and all indulged in at the Paris session. It precipitated the Atlantic Pact which in turn created a propitious atmosphere for the holding of the Third Assembly. It didn't achieve peace, but it certainly helped to kindle a desire for peace. It helped to make clear to each party where it stood with the other and from that to direct negotiation was but an inevitable step.

The Second and Third Assemblies together should convince all thinking people that the only function that the General Assembly as it is now constituted, could perform is to act as a safety-valve for the rancour and acrimony of nations, and that it cannot be expected to maintain peace unfailingly, much less make it. "There is not a single government in the world today," said Mr. W. N. Ewer in a broadcast over the B.B.C. a few weeks ago, "which relies for its security on the existence of the UN." That is but too true.

Sotto Voce

Thoughts On Washing Day



INDIA has a soap industry of rather minute proportions, by world standards. The annual production is two hundred thousand tons. But the internal consumption barely exceeds half the quantity, leaving the balance to be exported or get mouldy in the godowns. Our soap manufacturers are understandably indignant that a foreign firm should have been given a license to set up a plant here. But

the planners will probably reply, "Oh, but a civilised country can't be content with this ridiculously low consumption. Our people are on the march, and no mistake, and in the next few years they will be clamouring for more soap. We must prepare betimes."

An annual consumption of less than one pound per capita is certainly not much, if we remember that it includes

soaps of every description, toilet and washing, and soaps for dogs and horses as well as for men and women. If cleanliness is next to godliness then we are very far indeed from Heaven. That particular thought may not perhaps disturb the complacency of our advanced youth; but they cannot but worry that India should fail miserably in this elementary test of progress. It is all very well to say that your grandfather and grandmother were able to keep themselves clean with such primitive aids as soapnut and turmeric. But they didn't live in the twentieth century.

They had not to attend office in the sweltering heat of summer swathed from head to foot in garments of various degrees of discomfort. The clinging body odour by which you can spot the man who sits on an office stool defies the detergent properties of roots, nuts and herbs. It has to be masked by a heavy barrage of perfumes, the louder the better. And the clothes are hardly easier to wash than the bodies. They are so many, so full of folds, creases and hitches and so unfamiliar with water that drastic chemical treatment is required to restore to these crumpled and soiled togs their starched impudence.

The dhoti is simpler, cheaper and more hygienic; with its habitual users every day is washing day. But when once in a while an unconventional person dares to consult his own convenience, the prudes of both sexes are up in arms. Women who as a matter of fashion affect the lowest of low sleeves are unspeakably scandalised to find a legislator boasting that he has not a shirt to his back. The six cubit "upper" which he folds about his shoulders like a togaed Roman oppresses them with nightmare visions of the paunch which its unstitched informality might reveal. No Victorian madam was more shocked by the mention of the ungenteel leg.

We are such slaves of words that when public opinion has prescribed a uniform and dubbed it 'decent' it requires more than mortal courage to

repudiate it. And if it is "good business" in the bargain commonsense has not an earthly chance. In persuading you to rig yourself up in European style in a land where sweat and toil are our common lot, not only the haberdasher but the soapmaker, the perfumer and the skin specialist have a vested interest. No wonder that civilisation should be seen as in its essence the multiplication of arbitrary cravings and their illusory satisfaction. Sisyphus's curse is the advertiser's paradise.

The irony of it is that, while the assembly lines are strained to breaking point, our memory of the simple delights which our fathers knew is merely sketchy. And our children are growing up in blissful ignorance that there was once a whole order of happiness which no money can buy. While nutrition experts talk of a pound of milk as the minimum a child must have, the ubiquitous coffee habit has made cow's milk even more of a rarity in the villages than in the towns. And cocoanut oil is so much in demand with the soap-makers and the manufacturers of explosives that the tender cocoanut is become an all but unattainable luxury. And yet in Bengal, with unbelievable extravagance, they drink the milk and throw away the delicious kernel!

A worldly wise aunt of mine used to divide mankind into two classes, "those who eat their butter and smear their ash on their bodies, and those who eat the ash and smear the butter." That has always seemed to me a very neat summing up of what civilisation is trying to do to us. Unfortunately man cannot live on ash, masterfully swallow it as he may; while butter, splashed to rouse the enemy's envy, may merely serve to sweeten carrion for the all-devouring worm. Pingala the courtesan, her patience and the best part of the night worn out with waiting for custom on the door-step, went to bed exclaiming, "with the Eternal Lover seated in my heart, what a fool I was to waste my time on the city's tramps!" And she slept the sleep of the just.

VIGHNESWARA.

SIDELIGHTS : :

Never confide your secrets to paper; it is like throwing a stone in the air, you do not know where it may fall.
—CALDERON.

IN a Letter to the Editor Sri R.

Suryanarayana Rao denies having seen the official file in connection with the grant of a loan of Rs. 10 lakhs to the Sudarsan Oil Mills, as alleged by Sri A. V. Raman last week. The text of Sri Suryanarayana Rao's letter is given below, word for word:

I regret very much that Sri A. V. Raman should have in defence of SAKA quoted what took place in a casual talk at a social function and also dragged into the controversy two distinguished members of the Civil Service who chanced to be standing with us at the time. I do not want to follow his steps and state how I was drawn into the discussion and what took place. Suffice it to say that I never mentioned I had seen the file relating to the affair. I reminded him of the procedure which ought to be equally known to Sri Raman. The fact that Sri Raman himself says that with all my internal knowledge of the affairs of administration I had not revealed whether the concerned Ministers had recorded anywhere in the files that the Directors of the Oil Mills are related to any of them is proof of my incompetence to throw any light on the question posed. How could I when I have no internal knowledge and when I can have no access to files. What I wrote in my letter is based on facts which, whoever chooses to know, are available to the public. I concede, as I told Sri Raman, a principle is involved in the matter and therefore I entered the controversy. I do not hold any brief for any of the Ministers. It is presumptuous to do so.

I do not want to go into personal references made to me such as my being a nominated legislator and so on. Nor do I propose to answer the allegation that I am "violently prejudiced in favour of the Ministers." No purpose is served by carrying on controversies on personal matters which are not germane to the points at issue.

On the contents of the letter being conveyed to Sri A. V. Raman, he sent the following rejoinder:

"There are some men who continue to astonish and please the world even in the support of a bad cause. They

are mighty in their fallacies and beautiful in their errors."—S. SMITH.

I made it clear in my letter that I was not interested in either the Ministers or SAKA. Still Sri R. Suryanarayana Rao persists that my letter was in defence of SAKA. All looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

Sri Suryanarayana Rao regrets that I should have made public what took place 'in a casual talk at a social function.' It is not infrequently that at 'social functions' matters of public importance are also discussed among the concerned persons, aside it may be, as in this case. His revelation at a 'social function' that he had 'seen the file' was not in confidence. I affirm that he did reveal this fact *inter alia* in a small group of persons including two Civil servants. Sri R. S. Rao now chooses to say that he never mentioned that he had seen the file regarding the affair. I put it to him, how was it that he said and said twice that the 'Notes file' on the subject ended with the initials B. G. R. He took pains to impress on us his intimate internal knowledge of the file. He explained at some length that the file came to the Minister in the usual course of official business, that he simply initialled on the 'Notes file' and that he did not make any comments at all. Did Sri Suryanarayana Rao draw these details from his imagination without having had access to the official records?

I have faithfully summarised what he did say to us. I leave it to the public to judge for themselves who is adhering to the truth and who is not. If he had reflected a little he would have understood the implication in my letter. The implication was that he did not reveal whether or not the Minister had recorded in the file the relationship between him and the Directors of the Oil Mills concerned, for the simple reason that no such recording was made; indeed, had it been made, doubtless Sri Suryanarayana Rao would have hastened to make this fact public as it would be a trump card as it were, to prove the bona fides of the Minister.

Thus Sri R. S. Rao's arguments and conclusions regarding my references to his internal knowledge of the affair are illogical, to say the least of it. My reference to his being a nominated M.L.C. is quite germane to the points at issue. From the standpoint of public interest, I had a definite purpose in view in making such a personal

reference. If an elected member had come forward to support the standards of public conduct set up by Sri R. S. Rao, it is open to the constituency to demand his resignation and challenge him to stand for re-election on this single clear issue. The public have no such check over a nominated member of the Legislative Council. Even the authority which nominated him has no legal right to demand his resignation. Voluntary resignation is of course out of question in these cases.

Leaving aside, for the time being, what he did tell us, what about the 'internal evidence' available in his letter from which one could draw the obvious inference that he had access to the file. The letters which were published along with mine in **SWATANTRA** show how outsiders understand Sri R. S. Rao's role in the matter. That is what really counts.

Enough has been published to enable readers of **SWATANTRA** to come to their own conclusion as to whether Sri Suryanarayana Rao did or did not have access to the official files. No further correspondence on this particular point will be published hereafter. The official tradition of permanent Civil Servants is very strict over observance of secrecy regarding the contents of files passing through them. Non-official leaders are apt to be garrulous on occasions when permanent Civil Servants might be disposed to regard reticence as an ingredient of rectitude and even of honour. No sooner did our Premier alight from his plane from his journey back from Dehra Dun, than he lost no time in divulging what happened in the A.-I.C.C. session, planned and conducted as a secret session though it was. The delight that the Premier took in isolating himself from "the other side" stamped him a partisan disqualified to hold the scales evenly in the conflicts rampant and brewing in the Congress Legislature Party of the province. But apart from the descent into faction it is the open publication by the Premier of the

supposed secret proceedings of the A.-I.C.C. that is instructive and interesting. An indulgence like this, taken as a matter of course by the leader of a ruling political party, would have horrified any member of the permanent service and would be regarded by him as a gross misdemeanour.

Secretiveness has its uses in statecraft. Untimely publication can spoil at times just and efficient handling of momentous administrative issues. But the permanent burial of ministerial decisions in inaccessible files may very well be an incentive to nepotistic attitudes. As, in any case, the highest among the holders of ministerial office have shown themselves incapable of observing pledges of secrecy, it would be a good rule if for a fee to cover expenses official files were to be made available to members of the public on application. No Minister will dare to divert public funds for the benefit of his relatives and favourites or otherwise abuse his power deliberately if there is the possibility of the connected files seeing the light of day in some not very distant future.

Information has been given out by the Premier that Sri Shankar Rao Deo may come to Madras to enquire into the allegations against the Ministers. It is scarcely a happy choice. Ministerial corruption is not an exclusive concern of the Congress Party alone. All parties are equally interested in it. Not a party investigator with well-known group affiliations of his own, but a judicial tribunal with power to call for files and summon witnesses, and commanding public confidence as being wholly unconnected with this or that group, is what the occasion calls for, especially as the wielders of power in our midst have made no secret of their anxiety to make light of the allegations and write them down before enquiry.—**SAKA.**

The very fact that some cities in Europe still subsist has become a kind of miracle which adds tacitly to the emotion of the traveller in them. The Frenchman travelling in England feels not only that this country was for long years the fortress of Europe, not utterly defeated so long as we remained, but that the physical survival of nine-tenths of London is a victory over chaos. The immunity of Paris from destruction has the strength to the English visitor of far more than material presence.—**STEPHEN SPENDER.**

INFORMATION—THE GREAT ENABLING FREEDOM

By **R. J. CRUIKSHANK**

(Editor, the "News Chronicle," London)

Mr. Cruikshank was the U. K. delegate to the Sub-Commission on Freedom of Information of the U. N. Human Rights Commission in 1947. A director of the London newspaper company of *Daily News Limited*, he was from 1923 to 1936 U. S. correspondent of the "News Chronicle." Until 1941 he was editor of the "Star," and from 1941 until 1945 Director of the American Division of Britain's Ministry of Information. He was Deputy Director-General of British Information Services in the U.S.A. in 1941 and 1942.

THERE is a sense in which the most effective vindication of Freedom of Information is achieved by concentrating on the other freedoms that it serves.

Perhaps an editor who has lived his life in the service of the Press can say this more appropriately than anyone else. He becomes increasingly aware of the paradox, that the more one isolates freedom of the Press and of Information, the more vulnerable it becomes to its enemies. Adapting the language of the philosophers, it is a state of becoming, not of being. It is a relationship, not an absolute. Its glory is that it is a means, even more than an end.

At the banquets of the English Whig Party a century and more ago this toast used to be pledged: "The Liberty of the Press—'tis like the air we breathe—while we have it we cannot die." That, I think, made the point simply and forcibly. This particular liberty is an atmosphere without which the other fundamental liberties of mankind cannot live and flourish. Denied its oxygen, they die.

The old fighters for human rights knew this instinctively. When Milton made his magnificent plea for uncensored printing, he was not demanding the right to satisfy personal grudges in type, to be rude in public to political or ecclesiastical authority. He was seeking to forge an eternal instrument against tyranny, which itself is the eternal enemy of the spirit of man.

When liberal-minded men in the 18th century supported John Wilkes, a political adventurer, against the

King and the Government, they were not simply defending the rights of a scamp to print scurrilities. They saw



R. J. Cruikshank

this rather shoddy creature as the accidental champion of a freedom and a truth beyond his own grasp, and probably beyond his comprehension. They saw that if a rascally fellow like Wilkes were gagged when he attacked the follies of a high-minded, wrong-headed King, then it wasn't rascality that was in jeopardy, but virtue itself. For if what we believe to be error is forcibly suppressed by the State, then what we know to be truth has no assurance of protection or of survival.

EXPONENT AND PRINCIPLE
Many people in Wilkes' day were apt to confuse the moral fallibility of the

exponent with the moral splendour of the principle. Many people still do. In truth, it might well be argued that in these high matters of freedom, it is the least sympathetic cases that should always be taken as the test cases before the bar of everlasting justice. To adapt Voltaire, it may be only those opinions with which a man violently disagrees that are worth his dying for. In the vindication of justice it is even more important to defend the poacher than the poet.

Again, when a century or so ago there was an agitation in Britain to reduce the heavy duties on paper, the public-spirited men and women who took part in it were not thinking of making newspapers cheap in order that an industry might enjoy the benefits of mass production. They were anxious to sweep away these Taxes on knowledge, as they called them, in order that ordinary individuals who could not afford sixpence for *The Times* or fivepence for the *Daily News* might know what was happening in the world, and so better equipped to serve it as citizens.

Those who have taken part in international discussions on freedom of information find there are many earnest characters who seem to suffer from the intellectual confusions of King George III, against whom Wilkes pitted himself. Some of the arguments I have heard concerning the Press and the radio uncannily resemble those used by the King's Ministers in the 18th century debates over Wilkes and his paper, the *North Briton*. "Of course," they say, "you want an unfettered licence of expression in order to push your own particular propaganda or serve the interests of your masters." Then these critics cite the example of some dishonest journalist or some irresponsible piece of writing and believe they have thus triumphantly disposed of the whole mighty issue of freedom.

JOHN STUART MILL

After Milton, the finest exponent of liberty in the English language is John Stuart Mill. Now one of the subtlest of Mill's arguments is that the suppression of error harms the truth itself; that by denying a man's right to know all that can be said on all sides he is robbed of the exercise of

free will. That, in turn, enfeebles society, for a democratic order must be based on the free will of the individual.

These are hard teachings to master, and they usually have to be learned afresh by each new generation. But it is part of the enduring testimony of the British tradition that truth does gain strength from its conflict with error, and that men and women grow to their full stature through the exercise of the choice between good and evil. Where the media of information, newspapers, radio, books and films, are free, a hundred tongues proclaiming a hundred doctrines are audible. It is surely only necessary to point to the appalling tragedy which engulfed the German people to illustrate what happens when the media are not free.

Freedom for the writer to see for himself, to tell his story and present his conclusions, is not a special privilege extended to a favoured guild. It is an inalienable right of the ordinary citizen. It is for him a way of attaining the just society. Liberty of information is the great Enabling Freedom, the franchise of the mind. "Tis as the air we breathe—while we have it we cannot die."

In this world we should always try to learn what we can from our enemies. Certainly no despot has been in any doubt that freedom of the Press and information is the Enabling Freedom. Whenever a dictator has seized power, his first acts have been to muzzle the Press and capture the radio stations. The regimenting of books and films comes a little later. The dictator knows that when the great critical apparatus of opinion and ideas is dismantled, the way is then clear for the destruction of all the essential freedoms of mankind, of speech, of assembly, of election, of religion. This is surely the right context in which to put freedom of information.

Under the inspiration of the late President Roosevelt we have come to speak of certain "of" freedoms and certain "from" freedoms. There is for example, freedom "of" religion; while there is freedom "from" fear. Cannot we think of information as the "for" freedom, as the protector and the guide of modern man to the full heritage of the other freedoms?

THE NAWABS OF THE CARNATIC

By L. N. GUBIL

THE history of the Carnatic is closely inter-twined with the struggle of the English and the French for mastery in South India. The rise of the English to power in Madras begins with the building of Fort St. George, which is so called because it was completed on St. George's Day in the year 1640. The site for the Fort was acquired for the Raja of Chandragiri, a descendant of the last ruling family of the Empire of Vijayanagar, which was then rapidly crumbling to pieces. About seven years after the foundation of Fort St. George, the Sultan of Golconda became the overlord of Madras. But the Moghul Emperor Aurangzeb defeated the King of Hyderabad. The Nawab Anwaruddin was an ally of the English and after his death in 1740, there arose a dispute over the succession. The English at Madras and the French at Pondicherry, who were competing for power, supported rival claimants to the Nawabship. In the course of the struggle which followed, Mahomed Ali, the ally of the English (called Walajah) came out successful with the help of Clive and became the Nawab. Some time later, the Nawab gave up his subordinate alliance with Hyderabad. Walajah was recognised as an independent prince in alliance with the King of Great Britain.

The Nawab had many enemies in his capital at Arcot and he thought that the safest place for him to settle was Fort St. George. Permission was also granted to him to settle there. Later on, this was given up and the Nawab acquired a private property in Chepauk, where he built a palace with the aid of an English architect about the year 1768. Here, the Nawab lived with his wives, dependants and bodyguard. The palace structure consisted of two blocks, and today these buildings are in the hands of the Department of Industries and Co-operation and the Board of Revenue. There was also a huge compound enclosing within its bounds the Court of

Justice, Sepoy's barracks, quarters for slaves, stable lines, and a few tanks. The main entrance was a massive arched gate-way at the end of the Walajah Road.

The Nawab Walajah was treated with great respect by the Court of Directors and King George III was in friendly correspondence with him. The Royal letters from England were conveyed to the Nawab's palace with great ceremony on the back of an elephant followed by the Governor and Council and the troops. King George III and his Queen sent their portraits bearing their autographs to Walajah in 1769 and in return the Nawab sent his own portrait to His Majesty with some clothes and attar or the oil of roses. The Nawab wrote in one of his letters as follows: "My inability to obtain the satisfaction of seeing your Majesty's Royal Person which I so much desire is the reason that I have your Majesty's happy picture night and day before me endeavouring to console myself therewith by imagining that I have thereby the honour of being in your Majesty's presence. I have sent to your Majesty the picture of myself and children together with a few clothes and some attar, flattering myself that the clothes may have the honour of serving for handkerchiefs for Her Majesty and humbly hoping that the picture may have that of being affixed in your Majesty's Royal Sight."

The chief cause which brought about the ruin of the Nawab was his extravagant private expenditure which necessitated the borrowing of large sums of money. In May 1770 the Nawab entertained Governor Palk and his Councilors, one of whom was Warren Hastings. He gave them liberal presents—the Governor receiving 2,000 pagodas and Hastings 1,500 pagodas. He drifted more and more into debt and made assignments of his revenues to his English money-lenders till the revenues of almost the whole of his dominions were in the hands of his creditors, the chief of

whom were obviously the English. His loans always bore high rates of interest. The East India Company even tried to reduce the interest payable to the Nawab's creditors to 10 per cent. Notwithstanding this, the Nawab's debts were heavy. These debts radically affected his relations with the Company, enabled him to exercise a pernicious influence over the Madras Council most members of which were his creditors, and to put undue coercion on the Raja of Tanjore. He claimed tribute from Tanjore, but payment was refused—the Nawab prevailed upon the English to send a force against the Raja who was defeated and Tanjore was captured. In 1776 Lord Pigot, the Governor of Madras restored Tanjore to its Raja. But Walajah and his English creditors like Benfield, who had lent him huge sums were opposed to the restoration of Tanjore to its Raja. A serious rupture began between the Governor and his Council, as a result of which Lord Pigot was arrested and kept in confinement by the party which gained the upper hand. The Madras Governor then died in prison.

The wars of Hyder Ali and Tipu Sultan compelled the Nawab to assign the revenues of the Carnatic to the Company at the end of 1781, but a few months afterwards he wanted to regain control of them. Lord Macartney who became Governor of Madras in 1781, was invited by the Nawab to his palace where he was presented a huge sum of money amounting to £30,000. The Governor was, however, eager to maintain a high standard of official morality and wished to stop the practice of officers receiving presents from Indian Princes. He firmly refused to accept the huge present with the assurance that the refusal would not affect his duty to the Nawab. Macartney refused to allow the Nawab to resume control

over the Carnatic revenues. The relations between the two became strained. Finally the Company relinquished the Nawab's assignment accepting in its place the offer of an annual contribution.

Nawab Walajah died in 1795 and his successor Umdah-ul-Umarh was equally incompetent and extravagant and allowed his revenues to be swallowed by his creditors, who were mostly the corrupt English servants of the East India Company. Lord Hotart, the Governor of Madras, tried to impose harsher conditions on the Nawab and to compel him to cede in perpetuity several districts. The Nawab declined the proposal. Meanwhile, Tipu Sultan was killed while defending his capital and among his papers were discovered letters from Mahomal Ali and Umdah-ul-Umarah which were declared by the Governor to establish their treachery towards the English. It was resolved to assume the entire civil and military control of the Carnatic. When Umdah-ul-Umarah died in 1801, the British troops occupied the Chempauk Palace. The son of the deceased Nawab rejected the terms offered to him and the control of the Carnatic passed into the hands of the East India Company. The last Nawab died in 1855 leaving no child and the Carnatic then lapsed to the British.

The palace property was placed under a receiver for settlement of the Nawab's debts. The land and building were bought in auction by the Government. The nearest relative of the last Nawab was recognised as the Prince of Arcot and was given a palace to reside in and a pension for his expenses. The Prince of Arcot is now the Premier Muslim Nobleman of this province. He is the descendant of a dynasty of Nawabs who ruled over the Carnatic which formed the major portion of the modern Madras Province.

NEW ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS DRUG

The discoverer of streptomycin in the United States has found a new drug that shows promise of being better than streptomycin in combating certain types of tuberculosis and other diseases. The new drug, an antibiotic, is called neomycin.

Dr. Salman A. Waksman, head of the Department of Microbiology at Rutgers University (New Jersey), obtained neomycin from the same type of mold-like organisms in the soil from which he produced streptomycin in 1943.

Waksman and his associates at the Rutgers laboratory, as well as private American pharmaceutical firms, are now conducting further tests. Neomycin's exact chemical make-up is not yet known, although early research shows it differs considerably from streptomycin.

REBIRTH OF HOLLAND AFTER THE WAR

By R. M. CHALLA

THIS article wouldn't have appeared in "SWATANTRA", for its author wouldn't have lived to write it, had it not been for his very narrow escape from being knocked down by a motor car while crossing a street in The Hague. You see, in this country (and in most of the Continental countries) they drive right. It is not so easy as one might imagine to forget the habit in India where we drive left. And the 4 day lesson I have learnt in Switzerland I have unlearned after 12 days in England.

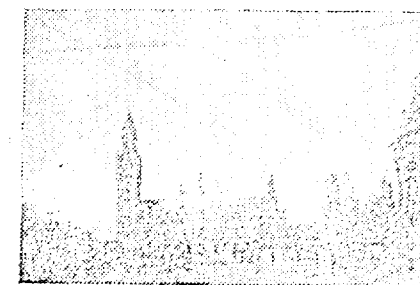
Fortunately for me, the day of my arrival in Holland coincided with her Liberation Day (from the Nazis). It was their National Holiday and a day of jubilation. Walking in the night along the sparkling streets with symmetrical rows of trees in the middle illuminated by multi-coloured lights and finding men and women singing and dancing everywhere, a foreign visitor finds himself amazed. Four years ago on this day a new Holland was born. That day marked for them a real re-birth from the life in death they were leading under the Nazis for five years.

And so out of the ashes left by the Germans a new lovely Holland was created by the Dutch, partly through their own hard efforts and partly through the help rendered by the kindly British, American and Canadian Allies. Everywhere you find new houses and hotels with the most modern comforts and the popular new American cars, the Buick, the Studebaker, the Ford etc., because all their old cars were taken away by the Nazis. Here they have a great love for the Americans. Most of the movies they exhibit are American. And I believe Holland is the only country on the Continent where English is spoken more than French.

Coming from England one cannot help noticing the difference between that old country and this newly rebuilt one. In England the hotels are costly and uncomfortable and the food scarce and ugly; in Holland the hotels are rather cheap and luxurious and

the food is plentiful and delicious. In England life is too much commercialized. The real lives and homes of the people are inartistic. In Holland the people lead a more leisurely life. Even the poorest of their residential houses are decorated inside with works of art and are surrounded by little gardens. English women appear to be self-conscious compared to the Dutch women. The only similarity between these two countries is their rather regular bad weather. To do justice to England, the landscape you view from the trains is perhaps the greenest and loveliest in the world.

Everywhere in Europe they have tulips. But nowhere else in the world are they so lovely as in Holland. Travelling from that quaint old university town Leyden to Haarlem where you have a beautiful Frans Hals museum, you watch those tulip fields from your train as if they were colourful seas of loveliness. Flower-growing is one of the national industries because the people will buy flowers from the farmers in their love for beauty.



The Peace Palace In The Hague

Though Amsterdam is known as the Capital of Holland, it is in The Hague that the Parliament assembles. The Parliament buildings are as old and majestic as those of London. The Queen Juliana's Palace is situated here though she mostly lives in the country. And here it is that that magnificent piece of architecture, the Peace Palace lies in which the International Court of Justice meets. From

the outside, it looks like an ordinary building of the type of the Madras Central Station, but inside, the architecture, the sculpture, the paintings, the tapestries, the mosaics, the vases, even the very chairs are all exquisite. Though the main contributor of means for the erection of the building was the American millionaire, Carnegie, almost all nations of the world vied with each other in contributing the best of their art and wealth for its interior decoration. It took 6 years (1907-13) to build. The effort of about 6 million people from almost all over the world went into its making. It was meant to signify the beauty of peace the world needed, but ironically enough, one year after its completion the Great World War Number One broke out. Some of the masterpieces of art in the Palace of Peace were the contributions of the Germans and the Japanese. A huge vase presented by an Ex-Czar of Russia is worth travelling thousands of miles to see. The garden around this place is a veritable Elysium. Our Taj Mahal is charming to look at from the outside, but I think no other building in the world has the rich glory of the Peace Palace of the Hague.

The capital of the Netherlands, Amsterdam, has a population of about a million which is nearly 10% of the whole country. Every town in Holland has a lovely canal passing through the heart of it and a great art museum, but in Amsterdam there are 17 main canals besides their branches dividing its main streets and one of the World's largest art museums, the Rijks (National) Museum with its Rembrandt masterpieces. This was the city of that immortal artist, Rembrandt, whose old home still remains intact. On the green in the middle of the streets you find two places where flags fly half-mast in sad remembrance of the spots where many innocent Dutch were shot by the Nazis. In this city I had a pleasant surprise in finding a statuette of Gandhiji on sale for 6 guilders (about Rs. 10) in a fashionable shop. Very few Indians visit Holland as they do Switzerland, Italy and France.

The third most important town of Holland, Arnhem, is the garden-city of

the country. It is situated on the banks of the Rhine, only 10 miles from the Garman border. This is the historic town where that famous battle between the German invaders and the First Airborne Division took place when thousands of British and Polish heroes sacrificed their lives for Holland. The re-building of this town is a perfect example of Holland's wonderful rebirth. In 1945, only 145 undamaged buildings were remaining out of the 28,000 before the war. Today this town is almost again its former self but still you see the ruins of gigantic churches and towers which give you a heart-rending picture of what once it was like.

It is in the villages that the real Dutch, the fishermen and sailors, live. It is a great delight to see the men and women in the villages in their national costumes and wooden shoes. The women look beautiful. The village of Volendam with a population of 5,000 is all Roman Catholic, and the Isle of Marken with a population of 15,000 is all Protestant. The men in these places live by fishing and plying the boats for the tourists and the women by selling their curios to the visitors. These people mostly live on the tourists and the tourist finds these are among the most interesting spots he could visit anywhere in the world.

The industries of Holland are fishing, ship-building and the manufacture of scientific apparatus. The country is self-sufficient in everything, thanks to the Marshall Aid and is even able to export some foodstuffs. This is perhaps the best settled country in Europe after the war. Unlike in France it has a stable Government and there is no Communist menace here. Holland hasn't got any ancient culture or literature of world renown but its art with such masters as Rembrandt and Steen, is of the greatest quality. Many of the Dutch have large interests in Indonesia. Their wealth will be greatly affected if they give up Indonesia. Their argument that the Indonesians are incapable of ruling themselves is the same old argument which imperialists have used all over the world.

THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS' ALTERNATIVES

By ANDREW ROTH

THE Chinese Communists were ready to attack as soon as their surrender terms were rejected because Communist leaders never trusted the Kuomintang's peace overtures. Typical of their suspicions was Mao Tse-tung's remark: "Their mouths are reading aloud the Communists' eight terms, their hands are shielding the war criminals, their eyes are looking toward the United States and their feet are walking in the direction of Canton."

Nevertheless, the Communists were compelled to talk peace because they could not ignore the peace hunger of the great majority of Chinese. These peace talks did not interfere with their military plans because, when they reached the North bank of the Yangtze after the great victory at Hsuechow, they had temporarily exhausted their offensive potentialities. At bottom Communist strength is based on dribbles of food and manpower from tens of thousands of villages, brought forward mostly by animal-drawn carts. Usually they have needed about three months to recoup after each two-month offensive. In this case it was needed also to recruit and train administrators to take over the complex administrations of Nanking, Shanghai and other expected prizes.

BASIS OF PEACE PARLEYS

The Communists entered negotiations with the following convictions: 1. We have the military strength to knock out the Kuomintang and consolidate China before the end of 1949. 2. Virtually all of the Kuomintang leaders are leaders of the semi-feudal *status quo* and therefore very few can accept willingly the overthrow of that *status quo* which the Communists' victory represents. 3. Some of these Kuomintang leaders—particularly those around Li Tsung-jen—are closely linked with the U. S. and might try, with American support, to "sneak into the revolutionary camp to form an opposition in order to preserve the reactionary forces and

disrupt the forces of revolution." 4. The Kuomintang wants peace negotiations as a "breathing space" for defence preparations and in the hope that a shift in American policy will bring them wholesale U. S. aid.

These beliefs resulted in Mao Tse-tung's proclaiming his famous "Eight Conditions" for peace on January 14. In these he agreed to talk peace on the formidable conditions that virtually all the top Kuomintang leaders be tried as "war criminals" and be excluded from a future Communist-led coalition government and army as "reactionaries." Furthermore, he stipulated Communist absorption of the KMT armies, cancellation of the KMT-devised construction, confiscation of the wealth of the Kungs, Soongs, Chiangs and Chens, agrarian reforms, and the end of "treacherous treaties" with the U. S. Only this way, the Communists argued, could they rid China of agrarian feudalism, subservience to the U. S. and the squeeze of the KMT capitalists. The conditions clearly envisaged a Communist-dominated political and social revolution within China and its reorientation toward the Soviet Union.

LI ACCEPTS

In the miasma of editorials on China it is frequently forgotten that Acting President Li *accepted these eight points as the basis of peace talks*. His strategy was to spend a long time arguing, thus gaining necessary time for strengthening positions. He hoped that he could qualify the KMT's acceptance with a long string of "ifs" and "buts". He counted on the Communists' economic difficulties and on the widespread popular desire for peace to aid in modifying the Communist terms. The basic objective was to secure a "reasonable" peace which would leave the KMT in *de facto* control of South China, even if the Communists got top posts in a coalition government.

This compromise idea was not acceptable to a majority of the top KMT people whose viewpoint was

formulated in a directive by the die-hard-controlled KMT propaganda department on March 31st, the eve of negotiations: "We must not acknowledge that our present defeat is the final defeat of the anti-Communist struggle in China. The anti-Communist struggle in China is only a part or a link in the world anti-Communist struggle... Therefore our defeat today is only a ripple in the course of the general world struggle... Only our own dejection and capitulation to the Communist Party will spell our final defeat." The directive promised to "carry on the struggle unremittingly" even after all China was under Communist control. On the surface the KMT diehards asked for "equal and honorable" peace terms, i.e. for the Communists to stop fighting them. Li, angered by this mentality, warned the Legislative Assembly against being used as "tools by those attempting to sabotage the peace talks." The Communists were acrid. "No talk of equality is allowed at all between the traitorous war criminals and the revolutionary people," they snapped. "In China today there can be only one kind of peace: this is the peace in which the counter-revolutionary elements surrender to the people's revolutionary forces."

From the outset the Communists attempted to get the flexible conservatives around Li to abandon the die-hard reactionaries around Chiang. They commented bitterly that chief negotiator Chang Chih-chung visited the Gimo in Chikow just before taking off for the peace talks in Peiping. Just as the peace negotiators took off from Nanking on April 1st a student demonstration was attacked with students killed and injured. The Communist radio crackled that this "Nanking massacre" showed the Li government "was absolutely incapable of keeping Chiang Kai-shek and his sworn confederates under control, even within the gates of its capital." They got another chance when Chiang-supporting General Tang En-po arrested two peace-supporting legislators. And again when the Gimo refused to let Acting President Li have silver to pay his troops.

THE OFFER

In addition to these negative underlinings of the ways in which the

Chiang supporters were hampering Li, the Communists made some positive appeals. On April 1st, the day the peace delegation flew to Peiping, former KMT General Fu Tso-yi, who had surrendered Peiping peacefully to the Communists, sent out a telegram proclaiming his support for the Communists and urging "all KMT military and government personnel with patriotic feelings" to follow his lead. This created quite a sensation since Fu is considered one of the best of the KMT generals.

Mao Tse-tung, commenting on this, said that this was "very good and should be welcomed" and that Communists would show clemency to other former "war criminals" who "earnestly repent and really show it with deeds." In negotiations in Peiping Mao made it clear that if Li split with Chiang and turned over whatever he could of military and political supremacy, he could become a junior partner in the Communist-led coalition. Specifically, the Communists promised a three-way split of the new government, with the Communists on top with a third of the seats and Mao as Chairman, with Communist-approved Kuomintang leaders taking another third of the seats (with Li Tsung-jen as Vice-Chairman) and Communist-approved "democratic personalities" taking the remaining third "with Marshal Li Chi-sen of the 'Kuomintang Revolutionary Committee' as second Vice-Chairman. A new People's Consultative Council would be convened to draw up a new constitution, principles for abrogating "national betrayal" treaties and others of the "eight conditions."

All this was made conditional on permitting the Communists to cross the Yangtze peacefully to "reorganize" Kuomintang army units into the Communists' Army. It was known on both sides that the KMT army could not prevent such a crossing. Furthermore, that while Li had control of the 200,000 troops in the Hankow region under his partner Pai Chung-hsi he could not control the 300,000 troops of Chiang-supporter Tang En-po in the Nanking-Shanghai area. Therefore the question hinged on whether Li and Pai were willing to go along with the Com-

munist and allow them to cross the Yangtze to fight Tang En-po.

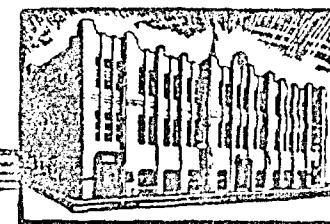
After two delays, the Communists finally demanded an answer by April 20th. A meeting of the 11-men KMT committee empowered to decide met on its eve and wrangled long into the night. Li reportedly favoured accepting the Communists' terms and is supposed to have argued: "We cannot fight the Communists. If we do, we are completely finished. If we accept their terms, may be we can save something." The diehard opposition was led by Chiang-supporter Chang Chun, who had just returned from conferring with the Gimo. In the final vote Li's position was supported only by Pai Chung-hsi and one or two others. The Communists' surrender terms were turned down, with the Kuomintang complaining plaintively that "it reads more like a verdict handed down to a criminal than a peace agreement." Furthermore, they complained, if they had accepted, the "existing social structure" would "undergo a thorough upheaval." On April 21st the Communists attacked and began taking KMT China apart.

This reversion to military warfare did not obliterate politics. The two leading liberal Kuomintang negotiators, Chang Chih-chung and Shao Li-tze decided to stay in Peiping apparently throwing in their lot with the Communists. Immediately after the Communists' offensive opened Acting President Li and Premier Ho Ying-chin flew to Hangchow to confer with the "retired" Gimo. Li, his policy defeated, wanted to resign but the Gimo was unwilling to let him escape from the official family. Instead the Gimo transferred all power to Premier Ho Ying-chin, leaving Li with just the title of Acting President.

Li hurried back to Nanking, having just enough time to pack his bag before the Communists marched in. His plane took off, supposedly for Canton but actually he ordered it course set for Kweilin, in his home bailiwick of Kwangsi. Pai Chung-hsi with his 200,000 troops, is also retreating in that direction. On their own terrain, Li and Pai apparently feel they can make a deal with Communists and leave Chiang Kai-shek and Ho Ying-chin to batter their stubborn heads against the conquering Communists.

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NEHRU'S BURMA POLICY

By BAROO

AMID the spate of news and comment engendered by the constitutional formula that Prime Minister Nehru has brought back from London, a little piece of news has gone by almost un-noticed. India has agreed to go to Burma's help. Britain, Pakistan and Ceylon have made similar decisions, and a standing committee of the ambassadors of the four powers had been set up in Rangoon to consider how best Thakin Nu can be placed firmly in the saddle. Sub-committee composed of the advisers and secretaries to the ambassadors have been charged with working out the details of schemes of help, so that there is the least possible delay in implementing them.

Considering that this is the first occasion on which we have intervened directly in the affairs of a foreign country, the news has received surprisingly little publicity. There is absolutely no public opinion at the back of this policy; nor has any attempt been made by Government to explain it. Why should there be so much mystery attached to our actions in Burma? What is there about our Burmese policy that will not stand the light of day? What are the motive springs of this policy?

I wish Pandit Nehru had taken us into his confidence over this matter, for many people are beginning to suspect that our action in Burma is the thin edge of the wedge of imperialism. Intelligent observers feel that if Government's Burmese policy is not reversed at any early date, we will soon find ourselves engaged in a venture that will more than smack of imperialism towards a weaker neighbour, and will also mean our own subservience to Anglo-American plans. They are inclined to believe that agreement over a common policy to be adopted towards the growing communist menace in South East Asia was the main achievement of the Commonwealth Conference and that by subscribing to it, Pandit Nehru has committed India to side with the Anglo-American bloc.

This is a serious charge, and what is more, it is substantiated by evidence both direct and indirect. Although the Ministry of External Affairs has thus far said nothing to explain its Burma policy, an official of the Indian Embassy in Rangoon is reported to have said: "India wants peace among her neighbours. That is perfectly natural. But the assumption that India has ulterior motives in joining the aid programme is stupid and wicked. India has asserted repeatedly that she is a champion of peace...she has no territorial ambitions" (New Delhi Statesman dated 18th May, 1949). The official also pointed out that "*Indian aid to Burma was part of an overall Commonwealth decision to help restore law and order in strife-torn Burma*".

It is good to know, if not first-hand from the Foreign Minister, then at least from an Embassy spokesman in Rangoon, that India has no "ulterior motives," and no "territorial ambitions"; that she is a "champion of peace" and "wants peace among her neighbours." But do not these phrases sound sickeningly familiar to the ear? Have we not heard them uttered hundreds of times by aggressors and imperialists throughout the ages? And are we fallen so low that within two years of gaining our own freedom, such as it is, we have begun to use these clichés to veil an act of open intervention? It is hard to believe that such things can happen with Pandit Nehru, of all men, at the helm of the nation's affairs. Nehru, who was always the first to cry out against imperialism and colonialism in whatever garb they might be, and wherever they might be. Has he forgotten his own magnificent stand over China, over Abyssinia, over Spain?

We must of course remember that it is not Burma we are helping—as the Prime Minister might chivalrously want us to believe—but Thakin Nu. It is not as if we are going to help a small and neighbouring country to stand on its feet, but a factional Gov-

ernment that is fighting for its very existence. We are, to put it bluntly, taking sides in an internal Burmese quarrel. And since the side we are taking is the same as that of the Commonwealth and America and since the opposite side is supposed to be Communist, we are, in effect, involving ourselves in power politics—the very evil against which Nehru has spoken so often. Can there be a greater tragedy than this?

Interference in the affairs of another country (or help to it, if you prefer diplomatic language) is of course not unthinkable, but it can be justified only on the ground that the intervening nation's highest interests would be otherwise imperilled. Does this criterion fit the present case? The very fact that we are not intervening by ourselves, but in conjunction with three other countries, proves that the interests involved are not exclusively Indian, but are common to all the four powers and in fact to all the members of the Commonwealth, if the Rangoon Embassy spokesman is to be believed. It is therefore not for ensuring rice imports that we are acting (as a naive earlier message would have us believe), nor for safeguarding the rights of Indians in Burma. It is for securing the interests of the Commonwealth and therefore of the Anglo-American bloc that we are acting. But our policy could still be justified if it were shown that the interests of the Anglo-Americans in South-East Asia are identical with the highest interests of our own State.

The aims of the Anglo-Americans in South-East Asia are too obvious to deserve mention. They are the same as anywhere else in the world. Only, recent events in China have added a note of urgency to them. With the Yangtze crossed and Chiang as good as gone, with Viet Minh still alive and kicking, with Burma's Red and White Flag Communists ranged on the side of the Karens, and with the Malayan insurrection still uncontrolled, immediate action is needed if even Singapore is to be saved. That is the way the United States and the Colonial powers and the English-speaking Dominions look at the Asian situation, and it is easy to understand that from their point of view it is good policy to bolster up

Thakin Nu against the rebels. But do the highest interests of India demand a similar policy from our own Government?

It is a little difficult for a layman to answer this question. On the face of it, the advance of the Communist tide right up to our Eastern borders would in no way imperil our existence. Particularly if we remain true to our professed policy of steering a course between the power blocs. But of course our Government is supposed to know better. It has information to which we have no access. It might have very good reasons for keeping its next-door neighbour free from the Red contagion, for Communist methods are said to be very ruthless, very unscrupulous indeed. It may be that India's safety (or rather India's peace and her present rulers' safety) are not compatible with a Communist Burma. If that is so, then the Government's policy in Burma is logical and wise. But if India's continued peaceful existence is possible alongside a Red Burma, then Government's policy is unwise and dangerous, for in that case it is involving us in Big Power rivalries and therefore war.

Of course, the Government, which is in full possession of the facts must be left free to decide what is best for us. But we have a right to demand that it should make its decisions carefully, and once they have been made, to make them public so that people know what's what. But here, in this Rangoon affair, the Government has taken far-reaching decisions and entered into serious commitments without as much as making a single statement on its motives.

I, for one, have less quarrel with Nehru over his Burma policy than over the self-deluding manner in which he is pursuing it. Why not face the facts and be bold about them? After all, if he sincerely feels that it is best for India to stem the Communist tide outside her own borders, why not make a clean breast of it, and openly, instead of secretly, align himself on the side of the Anglo-Americans? It is going to do nobody any good if he, and with him, thousands of others continue to believe that we are following a non-committal, non-partisan international policy while, in fact, we have already

joined the anti-Soviet forces for all practical purposes.

Power corrupts, but Nehru is not corrupt. His is the tragedy of a man who is gullible because of the goodness of his heart, and who lacks a real grip on affairs because all his life he has never had his feet firmly on the ground while his head has always been in the clouds. Above all, he has vanities of his own. He has a weakness for international conferences. The New Delhi Conference on Burma, coming as it did so soon after the successful Indonesian Conference, and boosted as it was by the press of our own and certain other countries, was the first step towards the *fait accompli* we are faced with today. Thakin Nu's eleventh hour visits to Nehru and Liaquat Ali Khan are proof that Burma constituted one of the most if not the most important subject discussed in London. Certainly, from the point of view of all participating countries except India, the decision over Burma was the most important outcome of the Conference. History alone will say whose personal triumph the Conference was; Nehru's, who achieved the republican compromise he asked for, or Attlee's who secured Nehru's alignment in the anti-Soviet bloc without his suspecting it!

I have great admiration for British diplomacy. It is infinitely adaptable, thoroughly hard-headed, and always ready to sacrifice matters of form for the least little gain in substance. The British quit Burma to prevent being kicked out. They still had important interests there and watched carefully how these were treated. When the self-styled Marxist Government at Rangoon nationalised without compensation the Irrawady Flotilla Company, British agents like Campbell and Tulloch incited the Karens to rebellion. And when the Communists—the real Communists besides whom Thakin Nu was as dependable as Franco—joined the Karens, British policy took another graceful somersault and engaged to support the repentant Prime Minister with the begging bowl. India came in handy as a respectable intermediary, and a

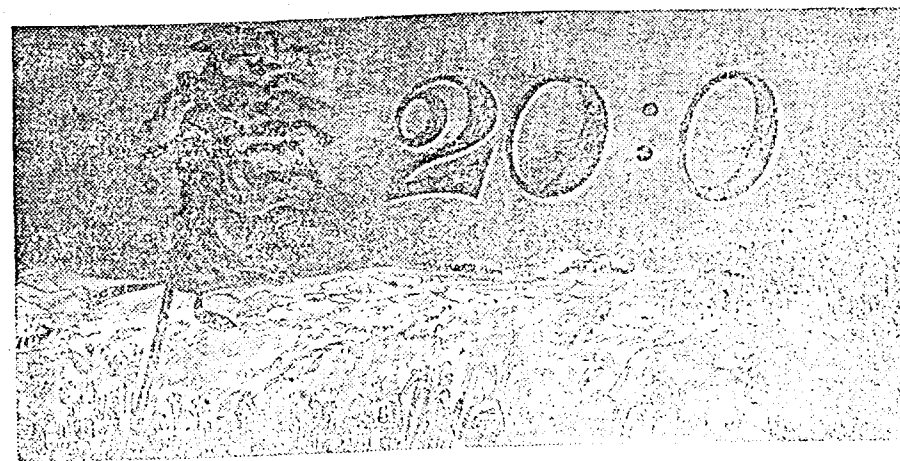
means of saving Thakin Nu's face.

Britain never had a good name among the Burmese. But India did, and goodwill for her was never so great in Burma as immediately after the achievement of (the short-lived) Burmese freedom. But look how soon we have dissipated that goodwill. I quote again from the Rangoon despatch in the *New Delhi Statesman* of the 18th: "Reports that Burmese rebels are threatening reprisals against Indians in their territory because of the part India is playing in the Commonwealth effort to restore normalcy in Burma, are officially discredited here. It was said that rebels in Communist-dominated areas of Western Burma had written to the Indian Embassy here threatening to kill Indians if India sent arms and ammunition to the Burmese Government."

Such is the pass to which a self-deluding Foreign Minister has led us. Within two years of our becoming "independent," we are actively helping in bringing a neighbouring country back under the colonial yoke; for a Thakin Nu placed firmly in the saddle by means of foreign aid will be nothing else but a British stooge. But freedom, like peace, is indivisible. By helping to re-enslave Burma, we will re-enslave ourselves. With every passing day we will be drawn deeper and deeper into the Anglo-American orbit. That is a prospect bad enough, but consider what will happen if Anglo-American schemes in Burma fail, as they have failed on a much larger scale in China. We will then have an implacable enemy at the gate and in fighting it, we will give ourselves up to the anti-Soviet forces unreservedly, and be re-colonised.

Even now it is not too late to cry halt to the unthinking, suicidal policy that Nehru has chosen for us. But will he have the courage to reverse his decisions and let go of the Commonwealth coat-tails? Or will he allow his aristocratic pride to get the better of him, and sink deeper and deeper into the mire of imperialism? History will judge him by his actions during these critical weeks.

"If nothing may be published but what civil authority shall have previously approved, power must always be the standard of truth."
—DR. JOHNSON



Original Story in Tamil
By T. J. RANGANATHAN

Rendered by
MANJERI S. ISVARAN

THE knocks at the door came loudly, incessantly,—a veritable devil's tattoo, and a voice inquired:

"Who is in? Is everybody deaf?"

It was the house of Kripa, the Karnam of Vellathoor. Kripa was at the moment comfortably seated on an ornate wooden plank in a corner of the kitchen and narrating to his wife and her handsome sister a vivid account of a great adventure that once befell him. He was annoyed at the interruption and muttering a curse under his breath moved towards the door, still muttering: "Whoever the fool might be, I shall teach him what it is to disturb people in their private talk."

But when he opened the door and confronted the stranger outside, his anger gave place to instant astonishment. Tall and sturdy and in khaki uniform the stranger stood like a monolith. And at a quick glance Kripa knew that he was a sepoy, perhaps an ex-sepoy. And he wondered: "What has a sepoy got to do with me!"

"Are you the Karnam of this village?" the sepoy asked, throwing out his chest with military pride and twirling the ends of his exuberant moustache.

Kripa nodded in the affirmative.

"I have come to you on business." (This with a solemnness more than was necessary.)

"It goes without saying," said Kripa, who had by now collected himself

and seen through the swagger of his interlocutor.

Whereupon the sepoy began a chronicle, so autobiographical, that Kripa was surprised at this sudden intimacy—a Karnam and a soldier were so wide apart in every detail of their lives: one saw the world reflected in the inkdrop at the tip of the pen, the other through the barrel of a rifle! His village was in the far-off North. His recruitment to the military took place within the precincts of the Central Jail, Trichinopoly. He became a prisoner, because in Golapalle some years ago, the police out of sheer malice had implicated him in an assault case which had ended in his conviction. Before he had served his sentence, it was for two years, the Great War broke out: the German War, that was how he would like to call it, though he had only gone to Mesopotamia and was never given (really an insult to his valour) to see what a German would be like. And in Mesopotamia he had displayed the martial spirit of his race; he had now returned to his motherland, victorious and proud.

The benign Government of Madras wanted to do something for these men who had helped in their own humble way for the establishment of peace on earth and goodwill among humankind. Its gratitude took the shape of a plan, a plan which would enable all the disbanded soldiers to turn landholders straightway, causing at the same time

the change of many tracts classified as waste and belonging to nobody into arable holdings and incidentally enhance the revenues to the Government. The plan was talked of as the assignment of Government lands to ex-sepoys. This aroused a poetic aspiration in many an ex-sepoy to become a quiet tiller of the soil. And in his case, here his voice took on a tender note. The plough was ever his dream celestial; he knew there were many plots of land languishing for the hand of a soldier returning from the wars; Vellathoor had somehow caught his fancy: there was such witchery in its name: he seemed to hear the babble of bright waters and the laughter of the romping wind in it.

"I am quite new to your village," said Ranabir, for that was the name of the quondam sepoy, "and I have come to you for advice and aid in this matter. Before I draft my application I have to select some good plot assignable. I want you to select it for me."

"Good," assented the Karnam very obligingly. He then went into the house and returned almost immediately, bearing some huge books in his hands. Having laid them on the *Pial* he went in again and came back carrying more. This imposing exercise of going in and coming out was performed by him exactly a dozen times. At last he sat by the pile of tomes he had so carefully erected, and coughed a satisfying throatful. He next took out of a rusty case his brass-rimmed spectacles and began to polish the glasses with a piece of chamols. And with his optical power strengthened to perfection he peered into the volumes, one after another, flipping the pages with a dexterous finger and softly humming the while. It took him nearly three quarters of an hour to complete the volumes. "Yes," he said at last, lifting his head and reflecting in an impressive manner.

"Have you made the selection?" asked the sepoy, eagerly.

"Of course," replied the Karnam in a drawl, which culminated in a prolonged yawn and a patting of the mouth.

"Well?" nodded the sepoy, awaiting further information on the point.

But the Karnam instead of revealing the discovery he had made began the task of conveying the books back

into the house in batches of twos and threes. Ranabir had seen bigger acts and greater men than a Karnam carrying books, such as the mysterious inside of a goal, a swearing corporal, and bloody battlefields. But nothing had been so puzzling to his martial brain as the elusiveness of the man before him. He wondered whether he was standing on his head or on his heels, he was that dazed.

The Karnam finished his work. He stood by the threshold, firmly clutching the knob of the door with one hand and planting the other at his waist. For a while he looked curiously at his visitor and then said, "Well."

"What do you mean, Well?" asked the sepoy excitedly, whose patience was of a quality not above the plastersaint's.

"Nothing," replied the Karnam with apparent calmness; "but I thought you knew the custom that is usually observed in these parts. I don't blame you, honestly I don't. We, poor Karnams, can't afford to oblige others, especially persons like you. That's all."

Even Ranabir came to understand the 'custom.' He pulled out his purse and drew from it a currency note, crisp and unsmudged, and containing a promise to the bearer, on demand at any office of issue, a payment of five rupees. Putting the note into the Karnam's hands, Ranabir said: "If you revenue officers treat us, military men, in this way, what then shall we do? Don't class me with people who know nothing of the might and worth of a Karnam. I know the Collector himself is powerless to do anything when the Karnam wills it otherwise."

Kripa was immensely flattered. "Just a minute," he said, and disappearing into the house was back again, holding a slip of paper. On it was written in block letters: '20: 0.' "This is the plot of land," he said, pointing to the writing, "the plot that is most richly soiled in the whole of this village. Apply for it. But don't tell anybody that I gave you the tip."

And scarcely had the sepoy with the bit of paper reposing securely in his pocket vanished from his sight when Kripa burst out laughing uproariously: "Serve him right, the rascally priest!"

Subdivision O of Field No. 20 in Vellathoor was a Government waste

land. Aundyappa Pusari, the village priest, was in possession of it for many years. Till lately he had been in the habit of sharing a part of the produce from the land with the Karnam. The year before there was some misunderstanding between the two and as a result the priest denied the Karnam his usual share. Kripa was happy beyond words that he was even with the priest now as he had set up a sepoy to apply for the same plot of land. He exulted at the thought of Aundyappa on the fret. Ha ha ha ha! It was a sight for the gods to see him snivelling, the very gods whom he so ardently worshipped.

Some months passed. Ranabir was a frequent visitor to Vellathoor. Once he wanted to see the spot that was his dream all the day and all the night. But Kripa advised him not to do any such thing before matters were shipshape. Meanwhile the priest had known the author of the mischief; he now approached certain mutual friends to bring about a rapprochement between himself and the Karnam. Simultaneously, the news that a sepoy was going to get some land assigned to him in their village, probably with the intention of settling in their midst, spread among the inhabitants of Vellathoor. A few even took a fancy to know the lively details of the soldiering career of Ranabir-nath. And Ranabir was delightfully accommodating.

His military training had begun at the Trichinopoly cantonment. But the training given here had ended at the point based on the assumption that our sepoy attacks the opponent, that the opponent retreats in confusion, and that our sepoy drives him further and further back with many more sustained attacks. But in the battlefield of the Tigris Valley, the opponent was not amenable to the arrangement implied in the Trichi training. Instead of retreating as soon as he was attacked by our sepoy, the antagonist had resisted and returned blow for blow and something more; it had been a new experience for Ranabir in warfare and he felt that there was an unaccountable pleasure in the safety of a retreat.

"What of it?" he would proudly ask; "our Corporal himself has told us many a time that the hardest of all the daring military manoeuvres is the trick of retreating in time. But

those fellows are mere brutes, I tell you. They don't know a jot about the technique of modern warfare, I am not sure whether they know how to dig trenches even. What could you do, I ask, when they bear down upon you like a waggon-load of scared buffaloes? Let them come here to Trichi and fight us. Ugh! Those desolate plains and bottomless valleys are the most horrible places in the world. They know the geography of their country to a dent and a stone. Today it would be a level plain with not a drop of water anywhere in sight and we would be tempted to encamp there. Overnight in the place of the plain is a lake in full floods. And we have to swim and not to fight. Look at the absurdity of it all! And more than everything they are fellows who deal in black magic. On many a night were we tormented by spooks of the underworld. The biggest and the blackest of all was the devil that rose from the very bowels of the earth and towered to the sky. Oh, it was terrible, terrible! But in spite of it all We won the battle."

When Ranabir thus retailed his war memories the busy-bodies of the village perfected the art of carrying tales to the priest about the sepoy and to the sepoy about the priest. And priest and sepoy cursed, laughed, and swore at each other invisibly.

Affairs soon came to a head. Aundyappa climbed down from his high pedestal and called and saw the Karnam. And he went with the proper offerings, sufficient to make up the arrears of the previous year's *mamool*, also an appreciable earnest for the current year.

"That's all right," said the Karnam, looking slyly at the priest: "but the matter is beyond me now. It but remains for the sepoy to sign the agreement. All else has been settled. He's coming to see the land tomorrow. But let me assure you that I bear no grudge against you. Whatever may have caused the strain in our relationship, I cannot forget that we two belong to the same village...."

"I know that," Aundyappa cut short the sentiments impatiently: "I want you to do me just one favour. Just one. You said that the sepoy is coming to see the plot tomorrow. Well, take him there after sunset. No, not during the day. I don't like him butting in when my men are at work."

"Nothing wrong, I suppose?" asked Kripa, hesitating awhile.

"Nothing," assured the priest; "but everything will go wrong if you take him during the day."

"But he may like to see the land he is going to own in the course of the day, in the broad sunlight; he may even insist upon it," rejoined the Karnam. "The desire is but natural."

"He can't," snapped the priest, "he shan't. He's not so brainy as you to entertain any doubt. You must detain him till after midnight even, you can do it." And he smiled understandingly.

On the afternoon of the morrow the sepoy arrived punctually at the Karnam's at the appointed hour. The Karnam was sitting on the *pial* with a huge register lying open in front of him.

"Shall we start?" the sepoy asked, rubbing his palms in anticipatory delight.

Kripa looked very grave through his spectacles. "Excuse me," he said, apologetically, "can't we postpone it for tomorrow? You see I am preparing an urgent report which I have to despatch this very night."

"Doesn't matter. I shall wait till you finish it," the sepoy replied.

"I am afraid I won't be able to finish it before sunset, and..."

"Even if it be after midnight," Ranabir broke in defiantly, "I'm determined to see the plot today."

He sat firmly, with a leg riding majestically over the other while the Karnam was busily bent over the register before him.

The full moon was high in the sky when Kripa and Ranabir started toward the plot of land, accompanied by the two *vettis* of the village.

The sepoy was lost in thoughts and dreams so pleasant that he seemed to forget the presence of the Karnam by his side; he regarded the land he was going to possess as something more than a patch of earth; to him it had a shape and complexion, a motion and a spirit, and he felt every fibre of his body weeded to it. It would not be hostile like the soldiers he had fought; it would soothe his need; he would grow with it and would be merged in its being.

"Didn't you say it is wet land," he suddenly asked his companion.

"Yes," was the reply.

"What can you cultivate on it?"

Paddy alone or groundnut too? Suppose I plant the whole field with jasmine and rose and convert it into a beautiful flower garden, wouldn't it be both precious and profitable?"

The Karnam thought that the sepoy was having a touch of the moon and was about to answer his queer question when he stumbled against a little bush. The *vettis* looked very concerned and rushed forward to help him to his feet. "Don't bother," said the Karnam, and sitting up twitched his legs mildly.

The sepoy stood beside, thoughtful and remote.

"Is it still a long way off from here?" he asked, breaking the momentary silence.

Kripa sat where he was and answered without rising:

"We have come very near it. Look east. Don't you see a banyan yonder? It stands on a mound, windswept and dry. Just to the left of it, within twenty yards, your 20: 0 lies."

Scarcely had the words died on his lips when a strange thing happened. Ranabir looked into the moonlight space before him. The next instant he jumped, spun a few steps fantastically, then scurried away yelling wildly: "The Mesopotamia devil! Oh, it's there! There, on the very spot! It moves! Come, come away, the place is accursed, haunted..."

Over the cauldron of a cloud the moon leered like a witch. The stars burnt like wills-o'-the-wisp. The night wind soughed like a soul in perdition.

"Haunted... haunt... hau... ha...!" The sepoy's voice trailed and died away beyond the belt of mango trees and the winding canal.

The bewildered Karnam rose precipitately to his feet. He called the sepoy aloud by his war-famous name, he bawled and hallooed, but echo answered ominously. He was nowhere in sight.

Kripa looked toward where 20: 0 lay. There he saw something to astound him too.

The moon smiled radiantly. The stars winked their golden eyes. The night wind played a melodious lyre. And there was the little noiseless noise among the leaves and over all the hum of silence.

And between the smiling moon and the watchers rose a black column, and

something waved and fluttered in the wind.

"What is it?" Kripa asked the *vettis*. "Have you seen it there before?"

They had not.

Kripa resolved to see it from closer quarters. And the three walked toward the object, curiosity getting better over their momentary panic.

A tall bamboo pole with a large

black flag made of innumerable tatters of cloth stood in the centre of 20: 0.

"Aundy is a clever rogue!" exclaimed Kripa and burst into a loud laugh.

The two *vettis* stood by him looking mutely at him, and then at the flag that continued to flutter darkly in the wind.

COMMUNISM IN HYDERABAD

(From A Correspondent)

COMMUNISM in Hyderabad is a real problem facing the Military administration and the Government of India today. This ideology which has taken a deep root in the Andhra districts of Nalgonda and Warangal is not an artificial flare-up. It is a spontaneous growth. It is a movement of the masses. It is the product of the century-old feudal autocracy coupled with the Nizam's tyranny which crushed the middle-class, the back-bone of society in every country.

In Hyderabad today, there is no middle-class. A man is either a big landlord, often styling himself a 'Deshmukh,' or a pauper.

The growth of political consciousness among the masses was reflected at the historic Andhra Conference at Bhongir more than a decade ago where the Left-wing Congress group led by the Communist leader Ravi Narayana Reddy won a pyrrhic victory. Soon there was a ban on the Communists in the State driving the party underground.

In the months preceding the police action, the Hyderabad State Congress launched direct action and in the border areas Congress volunteers and the Communist workers were comrades in arms. Suddenly, the Nizam lifted the ban on the Communist Party with the sinister object of effecting an alliance between the Razakars and the Communists. Though there were allegations that the Communists, as a result of this move, became the henchmen of the Razakar regime, there are indications that this alliance was fully utilised by the Communists to smuggle arms and ammunition to the border areas

where the Congress guerilla squads were active.

During the police action, in the middle of September last year, there was practically no Government to maintain law and order. Congress volunteers came out in the open and directly assisted the troops. But the Communists who were not sure of fair treatment at the hands of the Government of India slowly receded and concentrated themselves in hundreds of villages in the two districts of Nalgonda and Warangal. All the while, the Razakars who were either retreating before the advancing troops or capitulating to them voluntarily surrendered to the Communists their arms—hundreds of 303 rifles and Mark V guns which were supplied in plenty by Sydney Cotton (popularly known as "Gun Cotton" in Hyderabad).

Within a week after the police action, before the Indian police and troops could understand the topography of the interior parts of the State, the Communists wrought a havoc the like of which no eye had seen and no heart could conceive.

They razed the palatial mansions of the Deshmukhs to the ground. The landlords were driven out of the villages and the lands were freely distributed among the tillers of the soil. Communist leaders could within a very short period entrench themselves in the hearts of several thousands of villagers. They were hailed by the erstwhile down-trodden and oppressed peasantry as their "saviours". "Here are the men," they rejoiced, "who gave food to the hungry and lands to the landless."

For about four months, from the middle of September last to the middle of January this year, the Communists held complete sway over the two districts. They asked the villagers not to pay land revenue and enforced laws and regulations of their own. Shakuntala and Saroja were the two prominent Communist women leaders.

They divided themselves into several *dalams* or groups each one of which was placed under a local leader. Their programme and method of propaganda were indeed very attractive to the poverty-stricken folk.

Here is a specimen of the Communist propaganda among the villagers: The *dalam* leader establishes his headquarters at a central place where villagers throng every day. He asks them a series of questions and elicits answers from them. He points to a cow and asks: "Who feeds that cow? And who milks that cow?" "We" comes the prompt reply from the villagers. The climax is reached when the leader asks "Who drinks the

milk?" to which the rural folk reply with one voice "the Deshmukh." In this way, the Communists succeed in inflaming the people against the landlords.

"Who lays the foundations for that bungalow, who lays the bricks and who builds it?" asks a Communist leader pointing to a big building in the village. The inevitable reply is "we." But to the question "who occupies the house and who enjoys the fruits of your labour?" the reply is "Dorailu" (meaning the big landlord).

The Communist leader thus succeeds in impressing upon his hearers the reasonableness of destroying the Deshmukh's house.

In the work of destruction, the Communists had been adopting a systematic pattern. All the costly furniture, rafters, windows and doors would be removed and distributed among the inhabitants of the village. Later, a hay stack would be put on the mansion and set fire to with kerosene oil—the villagers doubtless playing a predominant role in the "bon-fire."

AMAZING ECONOMIC RECOVERY OF FRANCE

By K. C. RAGHAVAN

ONE of the most welcome events in post-war Europe is the amazing economic recovery of France. Hardly eighteen months ago France lay practically inert, crippled by strikes, weak cabinets, semi-starvation, dissatisfaction, cynicism and dejection. To-day, the nation is emerging dynamically from the gloom which surrounded her during the early post-war years, and is making her presence felt once more as a deciding and important factor in European politics. Hope, faith and zeal have replaced the hopeless desperation that once was reflected in the eyes of Frenchmen. France, once again, is assuming the reins of Continental leadership. Already, she is described as the third great power on whom the success of the Atlantic Pact must depend, and some of her more enthusiastic admirers predict the day when France, free from labour troubles and from inflation, will raise her standard of living and her industrial output and wealth, to equal that of the United States. France, they say, has the resources and ingenuity to do so.

This amazing economic metamorphosis of the French scene can be directly traced to the vitalizing aid of the European Recovery Programme. The sane use of American funds and the steadfast and resolute pursuit of long-term planning, in spite of the many political upheavals, has enabled France not only to pick herself out of the gutter, but to be able now to reach for the stars. The French recognize and are grateful for this generous American help, and have shown themselves, now, as willing allies and partners in the Western Union plan for economic prosperity and international safety. Paris has become once again the fountain-head of neo-European political, cultural and intellectual thought, with its strong, inevitable streak of Americanism. Illustrative of the new attitude of the French towards the United States, is the wave of emotional regret that has swept over Parisian journalists, diplo-

matists and officials, at the retirement of Mr. Jefferson Caffery, American Ambassador to France. Mr. Caffery is openly cynical of the Communist campaign for peace, and has played an important part in U. S.-French economic relations. The Atlantic Pact has been described as a fitting termination for his mission in France.

In October 1944 France was still a battlefield. In the words of Mr. Caffery, who was then thrown into the whirlpool of French life: "Industrial production was virtually at a standstill; France's transport was crippled; her stocks of fuel and food were exhausted; her bridges were blown up; her population was dispersed; her families scattered. The foundation of France's society, of her economy, and her political fabric were shaken to the core." The state of things grew from bad to worse. The winter of '47-'48 saw the grim spectre of starvation and a state of semi-civil-war threatened all France. The failure of the 1947 harvest added to the misery of the French people. The bread ration dropped to 200 grammes (7 ounces) a day—less than it ever was during the German occupation! Spring 1948 saw France with depleted dollar resources, unable to pay for the imported industrial raw materials necessary to run her factories on. European Recovery Aid came just in time. France was given preferential treatment, as the whole question of the future of European prosperity was hinged on the stability of French economy.

To-day, France is in a happy position in troubled Europe. Bread and other foodstuffs are no longer rationed and French industry has come into the forefront. French genius in invention and industrial planning has revealed an exceptionally high standard. Experts, for example, were surprised at the performance of French civil and military planes at the International Aviation Exhibition recently held at Paris, which compares favour-

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rably with that of the latest American and British types. Last month, French steel production set an all-time record by surpassing the 1929 level. The bottom of the once-flourishing French blackmarket in American dollars has fallen out. As a last nail in the coffin of the illegal exchange, which fluctuated recently within a few francs of the legal rates, the Government has raised the latter to a more favourable figure. The cost of living has fallen 5.5 per cent in the past 3 months, and the French tourist trade is expecting a boom, bringing in precious dollars.

An example of the rapid recovery of French industry is seen in the Economic Co-operation Administration report on French rail-roads. The report says: "After the war, French railroads were grave-yards of torn-up tracks, charred depots and twisted steel. Bombs destroyed more than 45,000 kilometres (32,000 miles) of railway lines. More than 100 stations were reduced to rubble. Eighty per cent of France's steam locomotives, 35 per cent of her freight cars and almost all of her passenger cars were either blown up or taken by the Germans." To combat this state of affairs the French Government set aside 20,000 million francs for the rehabilitation of the railways. To-day the transport system has reached the peak of pre-war efficiency, and in many aspects, has surpassed it.

Courageous Governmental measures have enabled increase in revenue, decrease in expenditure and waste, and finally, the suppression of all dangerous inflationary spirals. Prices have tended to stabilize themselves with the improved situation, and the purchasing power of currency has been guaranteed. Indicative of the new position in present-day France, whose cost of living is still 17 times that of pre-war days, is a welcome fall of food prices, which have dropped 9 per cent since January 1949. France, today, is in the midst of a long-term plan of reconstruction and investment which seeks to put her economy on a sound basis in three years' time. The whole of Europe watches her progress and seeks to learn from the results of her great experiment.

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COMMONWEALTH VERSUS COMMONSENSE

By G. S. BHARGAVA

AT the press conference in New Delhi after the London Conference decision Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, when asked how he proposed to deal with the Socialists who would oppose the Commonwealth link, is reported to have replied that he would attribute a good deal of commonsense to them. But unluckily for us in this matter of association with the Commonwealth commonsense is on the opposite side and not with the authors of the newfangled idea. To the dispassionate mind the paradox strikes immediately. It is proclaimed from housetops that remaining in the Commonwealth does not in any way alter the position of India in world politics, and that India is free to pursue her own foreign policy as if she had nothing to do with the Commonwealth. Then, it is pertinent to ask, why at all has this association been agreed upon? If it does not deflect us from our original path of "neutrality" and is not going to help Great Britain in any way more than what we had intended to on August 15, 1947, why then, should there be this link at all? All countries who want to be friendly with England and even those who have cast their lot with her in international politics have not and are not going to join the Commonwealth. Surely France, the Netherlands and even tiny Luxemburg are not going to be members of the Commonwealth, though they are quite friendly with England and America. Secondly, Burma and Eire who have snapped their Commonwealth link are not enemies of England nor are they satellites of Stalin. An aerielly vulnerable island like England cannot afford to have an enemy in Eire in these days of aerial warfare. Yet only recently Eire was allowed to walk out of the Commonwealth, lock, stock and barrel.

So it is obviously untrue that this association with the Commonwealth is not going to alter our position internationally, unless our position has been already what it is going to be hereafter. None of the Congress

leaders who have been commending the new formula have cared to explain its positive advantages (1) for ourselves, (2) for England, and (3) for world peace and prosperity for which our foreign policy is supposed to stand. Such a silence only shrouds the issue in greater suspicion and gives colour to all sorts of rumours afloat. Our leaders should have taken us, who will have to fight and die tomorrow if and when another war breaks out, a little into confidence and told us plainly whether militarily or financially this alliance is going to help us, and if so to what extent and what the commitments that go with it are going to be. Mr. Kala Venkata Rao, Secretary of the Congress Party enumerated a number of gains which will accrue from this association, including an opportunity to draw more liberally on our sterling assets but people who know more about the sterling balances and the nature of Indo-British agreement on their dispensation discount such glib talk.

While Congress leaders have been unable to figure out a single positive advantage from this Commonwealth wedlock, numerous glaring disadvantages can be pointed out. Now with the signing of the Atlantic Pact the world is virtually divided into two warring camps. Both sides are carrying on huge preparations for what seems the inevitable conflict and are striving their utmost to enlist as many supporters as possible. In this gloomy, explosive atmosphere only those nations and peoples who are striking an effective neutral attitude comprise the silver lining. They are the reservoirs of goodwill and fellow feeling which, if released in time, can prevent the world conflagration. Till today, our Foreign Minister, who is a world figure commanding great respect in both the rival camps, has been thinking in terms of neutrality. In spite of our lack of military power and financial leadership, that neutrality had given us a position of vantage over the quarrelling Big Four. Such a neutrality when it was effective and

genuine would have been a fit weapon for winning the peace. Only recently, Mr. Gromyko, the Russian delegate at the U. N. Security Council, cited our country as an independent supporter of the Russian proposal on the future of Italian colonies. That means, in spite of her backwardness in financial and military matters, India's voice, whenever it is raised in defence of justice and fair-play, has been commanding attention. But that will be a thing of the past now when India takes place in the councils of that world body as a permanent member of the Commonwealth. Then we cannot blame Russia if she views our foreign policy with suspicion, if she doubts our bonafides altogether. It will be our own doing if Moscow treats Pandit Nehru, till now the hero of Indian renaissance, on a par with Clement Attlee and Harry Truman. Already, it is not without significance that our ambassador in Moscow had no audience at all with Generalissimo Stalin during the one year of her stay there. Edgar Snow in his "Pattern of Soviet Power" describes the ominous portents of Stalin's refusal to see Chiang's emissary.

The unique position which we have been occupying in international politics is gone with a bang. From a middle of the road course, we have drifted, slowly but steadily, into one of the war camps. The message of universal peace and co-operation which the Father of our Nation has given us and of which all of us, including Pandit Nehru, have been so proud will now be forgotten in the din of war preparations and the bustle of power politics.

The favourite theme of the Congress leaders is that this Commonwealth link does not cripple our Republican status, that the King is only a symbol of free and equal association and that the ambassadorial and other appointments will be made in the name of the President of our Republic and not that of the King. It is small satisfaction for the man-in-the-street whether an ambassador or a High Court Judge gets his appointment order with the King's insignia or the President's signature. But the commonman's concern is whether he will have to shed his blood in a war by which his country is not going to gain anything, whether he will have to further tighten

his belt and pay more taxes to keep the mad armaments' race going, and whether his fellow-workers will have to run the factories day and night for war production. The soldiers who fight and die at the battle-fronts, the workers who toil to produce more and the commoners who finance military expeditions at the expense of two square meals a day are not interested whether the King is a symbol or a reality, whether their country is called a Republic or a Dominion and whether the letter of the Objectives' Resolution of the Constituent Assembly is legalistically adhered to or not. The sensible citizens of India, who are already dismayed at the failure of their leaders to carry out boldly their past promises and who are distressed at the ever-tightening grip of the capitalists over their country's economy are not bothered by legalistic and high-sounding phrases and catchwords, which have been there down from the days of the Westminster Statute but are worried whether this period of vital reconstruction of the country will be spent away in unnecessary engagements in power politics. They are only concerned with the repercussions of the act on their lives and living, and judged by that standard this cannot but be called a Great Betrayal of the commonman. Instead of explaining away their action, let Congress leaders ponder over the problem once more and say to themselves honestly whether this step is in conformity with the spirit of their Complete Independence stand of the last two decades. It is not from a sentimental or emotional point of view that they must look at the matter but from a practical corner of vision.

Speaking at Madras recently, Dr. Rajendra Prasad stated that the Constituent Assembly as it is constituted has no electoral sanction to pass the Hindu Code Bill. If it is so in the case of the Hindu Code Bill it is more so in this vital matter of our destiny. An indirectly composed body like the present Constituent Assembly cannot represent the people on these important questions. Congress was returned to power in 1946 not because it accepted the Commonwealth link but because it stood fore square for Complete Independence or Purna Swaraj. So the democratic procedure should be

to conduct the general elections on this issue of Commonwealth association and then let the new Parliament take the final decision on the matter.

There is still one more point which Sardar Patel has evaded in his press conference. When asked whether the new Commonwealth set-up allowed the growth of a Fascist State inside it, he simply said that he saw no possibility for it. But even an Englishman like the editor of the "New Statesman and Nation" was obliged to admit that this precedent should not be taken advantage of by Dr. Malan of South Africa to build up a national Fascist State of his heart's desire in that country. Even Birla's *Hindustan Times* could not overlook such a possibility though it was not worried by it. But as Indians, let us imagine the future of our countrymen in South Africa under such an eventuality (and also remember Sardar Patel's assurance that this Commonwealth link does not make the position of our nationals in other countries worse than at present). Then the greatest irony will be that India and South Africa will be of the same Commonwealth family.

The politically conscious among our countrymen see even greater danger in this declaration. The Deputy Prime Minister has often alluded to the recent happenings in South East Asia and China and warned us to beware of it. But Congress leaders in Government have either totally ignored the moral of China or are puzzled out of their wits by those occurrences. Otherwise what is their antidote to a Communist insurrection? Do not a *status quo* economy and a berth inside the Anglo-American war camp mean running into Communist hands and giving them a handle to disrupt our infant state? Is not this decision a signal to dormant forces of disruption that the die has been cast and the tocsin sounded for a systematic division of the country into Anglo-American and Soviet war camps? In the inevitable tug-of-war between the Government casting its lot with the Anglo-Saxons and the agents of Russia pulling the other side, independent, freedom-loving, democratic Indians will suffer a lot. They must assert themselves here and now or allow themselves to be wiped out by fanaticism on one side and power lust on the other.



Mr. Srinaman in Rajarajeswari's "Navajeevanam."

KERALA, OLD AND NEW

TRIVANDRUM: Kerala, the would-be province comprising Travancore, Cochin and the Malabar division of the Madras Presidency, is supposed to have had a miraculous origin, far back in the dim mythological past.

On the stage of the Trivandrum Town Hall I saw the well-known Kathakali dancer, Chandrasekharan, dancing his original composition, *Keralol Pathi* (Birth of Kerala) which balletizes the legend in exquisitely eloquent dance movements and *mudras*.

According to the legend, Maharshi Parshuram was determined to avenge the murder of his father at the hands of a tyrant Kshatriya King, Kartiya Veeryarjuna, by exterminating the entire princely order of Kshatriyas. One by one he defeated them in battle and killed them. Inevitably he was guilty of many excesses and was later smitten by remorse at the destruction and bloodshed he had caused. How to atone for his sins? He would like to appease the gods and his conscience by distributing land to the landless Brahmins. But there was no land to be found that he could distribute. He had to create land. So he threw his *parasu* (battle axe) in the sea, and, lo and behold, the waters receded where it fell and new land emerged from the sea. This land is Kerala, a narrow strip lying between the Arabian Sea and the Western Ghats.

This is only a legend but it does, perhaps, contain an element of geographical truth because the hundreds of inlets, lagoons, backwaters and lowlands that criss-cross the entire coastal region in Travancore and Cochin do indicate that many, many thousand years ago, this land did emerge out of a receding sea.

Parshuram's sociological and humanitarian motive, however, has remained unfulfilled. The land which was salvaged from the sea specifically for the sake of the landless peasants has been grabbed by Jenmies (zamindars) and estate-owners. The peasants, all over Kerala,

are still landless, waiting for another Parshuram!

ANCIENT DEMOCRACY

The land of Kerala, stretching from the southern-most tip of India at Cape Comorin to the north where the Bombay Presidency touches Malabar, has received its name from the most distinctive and characteristic product of its soil... *Keral* or Coconut. It is the land of coconut palms. The name of the language (which has kept the Keralites culturally unified, though living for several hundred years in three separate administrative units) is even more appropriate. 'Malayalam' signifies hills and waves, an ideal name for the language of a people who live between the sea and the hills.

The people of Kerala have inherited a fertile land and a rich cultural tradition. The legends of their past are keenly cherished by the proud Malayalees and serve as a common, unifying factor between the Malayalam-speaking people of Travancore, Cochin and Malabar.

Onam, the famous harvest festival of the Malayalees, revives the memory of the great and the good King Mahabali who ruled over the land in the "golden era" of Kerala. According to the legends, there was real "Ram Raj" during Mahabali's reign; there were no thefts or robberies, because there was no starvation and no poverty. Every one was prosperous and contented. Hearing of the generosity of Mahabali and wanting to test it, the god Vishnu came down to the earth in the guise of Vamana (Dwarf) and asked the king if he would grant a favour. He asked for just "three feet of land." Mahabali who had plenty of land to spare told him to take as much land as he wanted, but Vamana insisted on just "three feet of land." When the good monarch

asked him to measure the area he wanted, the dwarfish mendicant began to increase in size so that his head was in the clouds and the whole of Kerala was not more than "two feet" of his. "Where is land

for my third foot?", he demanded and the generous king, determined to redeem his pledge, offered his head instead. So the gigantic foot came down upon his venerable head and pushed him down into the earth. On every Onam, Mahabali is supposed to return to the earth to see how it goes with the people of his beloved Kerala, and so every one is expected to dress in his finest, to decorate his home and generally to enjoy himself so that the visitor from the heavens should feel happy that his people were still prosperous and gay—which, actually, they are far from being. Taken literally, the legend might be meaningless but if Mahabali is taken to symbolize the prosperity and gay spirit that were Kerala's in the days gone by, then Onam acquires an altogether rational significance, specially because it synchronizes with the season of the harvest.

The latest archaeological researches have shown that, much before the Aryans arrived in India with their much vaunted civilisation, the Dravidian South, including Kerala was already culturally developed. Agriculture was flourishing, there were towns and ports, and sailors from the south were venturing forth far and wide 'across the black waters.' Curiously enough the agricultural implements of ancient Kerala, and certain forms of snake-worship, bear a strong resemblance to similar forms that prevailed in ancient Egypt, suggesting a 'land bridge' or maritime contact between these two seats of ancient civilisation.

What is much more interesting and significant, however, is the historical discovery that about four thousand years ago Kerala was ruled on an elective basis. It was a primitive form of republic which was governed not by hereditary monarchs but by an elected 'Perumal' whose term of office extended to twelve years.

"FERTILE IN MEN"—AND MENONS

Modern Kerala is no less interesting than its past.

There is a phrase in Persian... "*mardum khez*"... which is almost impossible to translate in any other language. I do not know if it has any parallel in Malayalam. But it applies to Kerala with great aptness. Literally it means "fertile in men". i.e. productive of distinguished, eminent and

great men. Kerala is peculiarly "fertile in men"—and Men-ons!

The Menons—V. P., K. P. S., V. K. Krishna—who run the Government of India are not the only distinguished products of Kerala. There are Menons and Pillais and Nairs who have made their mark in many different fields of national activity—two of the Malayalee Menons, for instance, are the Secretaries of the Indian Socialist Party!

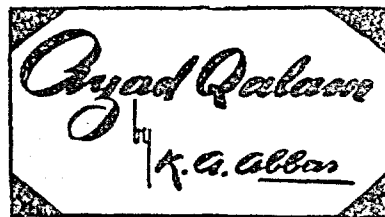
Some other well-known Malayalees or Keralites are: Pothan Joseph the editor; Shankar the cartoonist (whose real name, believe it or not, is Illikkulam Shankar Pillai!); K. M. Panikar, author and diplomat, now Indian Ambassador in China (who once used to write under the pen-name of 'Kerala Putra'); Vallathol, the greatest living Malayalam poet and one of the poet-laureates of Madras. Ravi Varma, the famous painter, was a Malayalee, too!

Kathakali, of course, is the national dance art of Kerala and its greatest exponents like Guru Shankaran Namboodiri, Gopinath and Chandrasekharan are all Malayalees.

It is unfortunate—but was perhaps inevitable—that so far Kerala has been exporting most of its best brains. The stultifying, backwaterish atmosphere of feudal states was hardly conducive to the making of brilliant careers and, therefore, the 'promising' Malayalee youths always looked towards Bombay or New Delhi for the first chance of migration. Now that United Kerala is assuming shape, it is hoped that Malayalee talent will choose to stay at home and build a progressive and prosperous Kerala.

A PEOPLE'S POET

Young Malayalee intellectuals are proud of their veteran poet, Vallathol, but complain that often his progressive ideology gets clouded over by feudal traditionalism. The rank of poet-laureate (and the stipend that accompanies it) that the Madras Government has granted to him seems to have alienated much of his youthful following. Even his son told me that the old man is drifting away from his previous ideals and convictions. But no one denies or can deny Vallathol's contribution to the development of modern Malayalee poetry and also to the preservation of



the art of Kathakali in his Kerala Kala Mandalam.

The poet who still inspires the young and progressive writers and intellectuals of Kerala has been dead for some years. He Kumaran Asan, from all accounts a remarkable man and a remarkable poet, gifted not only with rare lyrical expression but also with a social awareness much ahead of his times.

Kumaran Asan was born in the 'low caste' Idava community, the son of a poor man, who had not only to fight against high caste prejudices but also had to suffer a series of humiliations which were deliberately heaped on him by his contemporaries who were outraged by the fact that an outcaste had dared to step into the temple of literature. Despite poverty and all manner of opposition, Kumaran Asan won recognition for his poetry which was both beautiful and vital, because it was inspired by the life around him. His many vignettes-in-verse which portrayed the life of the poor and the underprivileged in vivid detail are still regarded as models both of good and progressive poetry.

Before he died he had become sufficiently famous to be invited along with other eminent litterateurs, by the Maharaja on the occasion of some function in the palace. But when the high-caste dignitaries saw the humble Idava poet sitting down to dinner with them, they walked out in protest.

Kumaran Asan's most famous and sensational poem is a long piece describing how a Moplah (Muslim) revolutionary escaped from Malabar and took refuge in the house of the daughter of a Namboodiri Brahmin, how they fell in love and the girl was prepared to cast aside the taboos of many thousand years to marry him, but his love for her prevented him from taking any step that would ruin her life. It is a romantic saga but highly coloured by a (for that time) revolutionary attitude to life and love. Its publication brought the wrath of the entire orthodoxy on the head of the poor poet who had to flee for his life.

The young progressive writers of Kerala are carrying on the tradition of Kumaran Asan. There is Thakazhi Swasankra Pillai, for instance, who,

at 36, has earned the title of "Gorky of Kerala" and whose novels and short stories are marked by a literary vigour and social realism which is missing from current literature in several other languages. Of all literary forms, the short story is the most developed in Malayalam. Besides Thakazhi, there are several other young men—and at least one woman—who are producing excellent short stories in their language.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

CANBERRA: The Federal Labour Party (in power) has given Mr. Arthur Calwell, Australian Immigration Minister, full powers to draft legislation that would enable the Government to deport EVERY Asian in Australia.—P.T.I.—Reuter.

ROME: The Italian Socialist Party has passed a resolution pledging leftwing support to the regained leadership of Sgr. Pietro Nenni, who said that the Party's policy would be to back the Communists but without fusion.—P.T.I.—Reuter.

DACCA: For the first time since the emergence of the Pakistan state an official Muslim League candidate has been defeated in a bye-election to the East Bengal legislature.

PESHAWAR: A parallel provincial Muslim League has been formed in the Frontier province.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

RATLAM: Three persons, including an old labourer, were beaten mercilessly and hanged from trees till death by local mobs here on suspicion that these persons were child kidnappers.—U.P.I.

CALICUT: Ten bottles of brandy concealed in jackfruit were discovered by the Station Master of Mankapa a few miles from here.

CHICACOLE: Dr. A. L. Narayana, presiding over the 93rd anniversary of the Municipal High School, Chicacole, hoisted the National flag. He said that the three colours of the flag represented Wealth, Culture and Power (Lakshmi, Saraswati and Parvathi).—Madras Paper.

BOMBAY: Currency notes of the value of Rs. 21,700 and gold worth Rs. 1,000 were recovered from a bird's cage by the Customs staff here.

MADRAS: The third Progressive Brahmins' Conference will be held here on July 1 and 2.

ETHEL MANNIN REPLIES:

(In the issue of SWATANTRA dated April 16, was published an article by Mrs. Santha Rungachary giving her impression of the novelist Ethel Mannin who visited Madras about the first week of April. We are here-under publishing a letter from Ethel Mannin in reply to that article, as also a letter written by Mr. H. C. Miller to the novelist in answer to her letter to SWATANTRA of which she sent him a carbon copy.... Ed. S)

Letter 1

May 12, 1949.

To the Editor,

SWATANTRA.

Dear Sir,

I have belatedly seen your issue of April 16th with its article about myself which would be impertinent were it not so silly. I will deal with the points as they arise in the article. Your contributor wants to know why I didn't 'sit down' when I addressed the meeting of journalists; the answer is that apart from it being usual to stand when addressing a meeting I like to see beyond the front row of my audience and an audience likes to see the speaker; there being no platform and I being short, it was necessary to raise myself on my toes with the support of the table in order that I might both see and be seen. Your contributor heads his article with a quotation from my *Confessions* which, as I pointed out at the meeting, was written when I was 28 and I am now 43; it was published in 1929 and it is now 1949. If I had never troubled myself about the 'commonplace' I would hardly have written my stories of ordinary working and lower middleclass people, as in *Venetian Blinds*, *Lucifer and the Child*, *Rose and Sylvie*, *Julie*, etc. The listeners at the meeting were far from 'speechless'; they responded keenly to my invitation to ask questions. I do not judge a nation's literature by its guide-books; the discussion was journalism. I am not Mrs. Mannin. I am married to Reginald Reynolds. I did elaborate what I meant by anarchism; I instanced the practical experiment of it in Spain during the Civil War. Your contributor was quite welcome to put any further questions. Anarchism is not the philosophy of individualism but of Kropotkin's Mutual Aid. None of the 'revolutionaries' (sic) your contributor lists (Plato, Pultarch, Hobbes, Bacon, Wells, Priestly, James Hilton) preached or preach any 'agglomeration' of tenets and doctrines of anarchist philosophy. (This is a really astonishing statement for a journalist of any nationality to make!) Your contributor seems to overlook the fact that Israel is only in existence today because of British imperialism. Zionism was backed by British bayonets—and today by American dollars. A true communism is, of its essence, democratic and non-imperialist. My 'inexplicable' aversion to 'the Israeli cause' is because I distinguish, and always have done, between an imperialist and a liberating nationalism. I oppose Zionist nationalism as I opposed Nazi nationalism; I support

Arab nationalism as I supported Indian nationalism. Again, there was nothing to prevent your contributor questioning me on this at the time. I do not wish to break anyone's head—not even the writer of this ridiculous article. I am a convinced pacifist and I did not compare myself with Aldous Huxley as a writer; I made this point very emphatically at the meeting, for I regard Huxley as our most brilliant writer, a great scholar and a great intellectual out-topping all of us. I merely said that my mental and spiritual development had followed along similar lines—I said this in reply to a direct question about my development, a question I found a little embarrassing but did my best to deal with when asked to. Huxley is a great deal more than a satirist, as his *Perennial Philosophy* indicates. The comparison with Evelyn Waugh is ridiculous—as ridiculous as comparing my novel *Everyman a Stranger* with Somerset Maugham's *Moon and Sixpence*. Maugham's great novel is based on the life of the painter Gauguin; by *Everyman* is a study of an unpleasant yellow press journalist and his ultimate spiritual redemption through love of someone worthless but for whom he makes the supreme sacrifice of his life. Your contributor's suggestion that I have a contempt for human love is inconsistent with his quoting of my *confessions* in which I assert the importance of love in human life. His suggestion that my characters walk and talk 'secure in the knowledge that at the end of the walk stand a room and a bed' is unsupported by the facts. My novel *Late Have I Loved Thee* was a study in love in the religious sense—the hero renounces physical love; in *Darkness*, *My Bride*, *Rose and Sylvie*, *Lucifer and the Child* there is no love-story; the last two are child-studies as in *Linda Shawn*. But on the one hand your contributor asserts there is always a bed in the offing in my books and on the other hand accuses me of finding love 'bourgeois'! If he wants a love-story, he will find it in my novel *The Dark Forest* which is the story of a passionate love between a soldier of an occupying army and a woman of the occupied country. Those two knew the agony of impending parting which your contributor contends my characters never know. His assertion that I am capable of "little tenderness" is both impertinent and stupid, since he does not know me, but this point is something I am content to leave to my husband and daughter and to intimate friends... it can hardly be decided by an Indian

journalist unknown to me and who has seen me once at a meeting and once at a dinner party and who is obviously smarting under my criticism that the general standard of Indian journalism is low...and this present article hardly proves me wrong! Since you have seen fit to publish that article I trust you will extend to me the courtesy of publishing this air-mail letter.

Yours very truly,
ETHEL MANNIN.

P.S. The out-of-focus enlarged snapshot of me you publish on your cover was one of a series of snaps taken on an outing my daughter and I made with an English journalist on the staff of an Indian newspaper. He did not do me the courtesy of asking me whether I minded it being published. It is quite amusing but the use to which it has been put indicates that one is never safe with journalists of any nationality...a fact I have now filed 'for future reference.'

ETHEL MANNIN.

London.

Letter II

Mr. Miller's Letter To Ethel Mannin
Dear Ethel:

Since you refuse to accept my assurance that I had nothing whatever to do with the publication in "Swatantra" of my photograph of you and that it was printed without my knowledge there is really very little else I can say. A friend asked me for a copy of the photograph and, of course, I gave it him. It was, I believe, through him that it reached "Swatantra." If I had been asked permission I would gladly have given it and I confess I would never have dreamed that you yourself would have objected. Your suggestion that I received payment for the photograph from the editor of "Swatantra" is not only painful to me but unjust and, of course, quite untrue. It would seem that journalists are not the only people who forget their ethics.

You have told me, more than once, that when you met me in Madras you liked me. You remind me of it again in the unsigned note with which you enclose a copy of the letter you have written to "Swatantra." Being liked, or disliked for that matter, is not a new experience for me. The fact that in this case it was Ethel Mannin who liked me gives me, I assure you, no additional cause for rejoicing.

Professional immorality of journalists, particularly Indian ones, seems to be your pet obsession. I am not sure that your reference to me in the post-script of your letter to "Swatantra" is not actionable but, being a pacifist in more ways than one, I choose to let it pass. Indian journalism may be of a low standard though I should not have thought it good mannered to have said that to Indian journalists, and it may be that, in a fairly long association with them I also have

forgotten the ethics of my profession. On the other hand it may be that I have imbibed some of that disconcert for Western conventions which is a characteristic of my Indian friends and which I find wholly delightful. If your intention, in touring India, was in part to learn something of Indian ways and manners I can only consider the effort on rendering your letter to "Swatantra," as having been wholly unprofitable.

It is not my business to reply to the remarks in your letter to "Swatantra" concerning the article on you which appeared in the issue of April 16th. I am confident that the very able and charming young lady who wrote that article will do so quite adequately*. I must say, however, that I do not like your adjectives. If the article was, as you say, "Silly," "stupid," "ridiculous" and "impertinent" it is difficult to see why you thought it merited a reply. And as an advertisement which I take it to be, the list of your books contained in the letter, does not at all impress me. There has been a lot of talk about ethics. I cannot think you either ethical or even good-mannered to make such a fuss about the publication in a small magazine of your photograph and of a perfectly well-intentioned article by the charming people whose hospitality you once enjoyed.

Finally will you allow me to hope that this harsh correspondence, for my part most reluctantly written, will not mark the conclusion of what I had expected to be a friendship interesting and valuable to us both?

Yours Sincerely,

H. C. MILLER

P. S. Following your example I am sending a copy of this letter to the editor of "Swatantra" with permission to publish it.

*I am afraid, Mr. Miller, your confidence in me is misplaced. I not only do not intend to reply to Ethel Mannin's letter, but I shall try very hard to forget she ever wrote it at all. The tone of the letter is disagreeable and acrimonious and only reflects the writer's childish disappointment and annoyance at not having received undiluted praise wherever she went. It was obvious from her impressions that she took criticism badly, but I had hoped that maturity of thought and outlook combined with not inconsiderable literary success, had given her either enough poise to shrug off unpleasant criticism or enough vanity and self-complacency to dismiss with contempt people who, she feels, have not understood her properly. I hope she will let you remind her, if this subject should crop up again of Bentley's excellent maxim that "no man was ever written out of a reputation but by himself."

SANTHA

JOGJAKARTA JITTERS

By VALENTINE STAFF

(The writer of this article is a New Zealand journalist who has been in the Indies for eight months. He has just returned from Jogjakarta.)

THE Dutch captain on the plane from Batavia to Semarang had black sunglasses and a chimpanzee belly. A pistol and a long bladed knife were pendant from the leather belt strained around his middle. He looked and acted tough. He was almost six feet and towered over the slender limbed Indonesians at this central Java airfield. He could, I thought, have beaten them together two at a time, like a bandsman clashing cymbals. Yet he went around armed in the manner of the frontier. He was, it proved, a walking example of why the Dutch act the way they do in Indonesia, of the Jogjakarta jitters.

I saw the jitters first in the way the Dutch army rushed through the streets of the occupied capital of the Indonesian republic in speeding trucks, tanks, clanking Bren carriers and armoured cars.

As soon as it started to get light at 6 a.m., the curfew siren swung into about twenty ugly crescendos, ending on a long, penetrating sigh. It sounded across Jogja again at 7 p.m., when darkness seeped into the town. There was no electricity for most Indonesians because the supply had been cut off by the Dutch. But in the main hotel, which used to be the Merdeka ("Freedom"), but was promptly labelled "Grand Hotel" when the Hollanders moved in, lights blazed, radios blared and typewriters rattled so loudly that nervous Netherlanders kept mistaking their clatter for machinegun fire.

I saw how far gone the individual Dutch were as soon as I began to talk to them. The swaggering lieutenant who drove me through the streets pulled the jeep to a screeching stop as a coffin came slowly into sight. As it passed, with a single soldier sitting behind the caisson the lieutenant leapt from his jeep and stood rigidly at the salute. He climbed back muttering nervously: "These people are so treacherous.... They shoot you

in the back. They haven't the courage to show proper fight."

A tall Dutch major had his mind full of his days in a German prison camp—like most of his comrades. He described the manner in which the Dutch in Holland treated the Nazis with contempt, the way the Germans were ignored on the streets. "It was dreadful, dreadful," he shuddered. He told me that the army public relations officer was not at the Jogja airfield to meet me because he had been shot through the head "and we think we are going to lose him." He brooded long and silently over the situation and at last he said: "I like this land,—but I do not like the people."

Limp Dutch soldiers, clad in a motley of American, British and Australian uniforms lounged around the streets, heavily armed. They walked in pairs even in daylight. At night the "occupation" of Jogjakarta was turned over to tank patrols while the Dutch stayed tightly around their different posts. The nightly crackle of sniper fire sometimes mounted to sharp climaxes with Bren guns and even the rattle of Vickers.

The Dutch troops were on their usual poor diet, with rice and bread the most prominent items. They had little leave, less entertainment. Their outlook could hardly be improved by the attitude of the people toward them. Driving into the city I smiled at the bedraggled Javanese along the road. They hardly bothered to stare back. In the big market the Indonesian vendors turned away from me—a European. Only two small boys in the heart of the town could be tricked into making any sign of friendliness.

The Dutch tried to put a brave face on it all. At one officers' mess they joked about the two snipers who sent their bullets across the yard outside every night between 10 and 11 o'clock. It was their idea of a frontier atmosphere. I thought of Raffles's remark in his History of Java about the "most

extraordinary timidity of the Dutch. ...They never moved five miles abroad without pistols and swords."

And as you delved deeper beneath the surface you saw more and more of the tensions existing for the Netherlands in this city which they occupied in their effort to recreate Indonesia to the Dutch design. There was the head of one of the Dutch intelligence organizations, a gaunt-skulled officer who started to drink Dutch gin at 2 o'clock each afternoon and went into a daily decline. There was the brash Dutch lieutenant who had taken the Eurasian wife of an Indonesian republican army officer as his mistress, the ultimate insult, the Dutch said, to a Javanese, and whose survival prospect was daily debated. There was the civilian handling government rationing who pined to be away from it all, even in Australia or America, the two countries he liked best to ridicule for their "meddling" in Indonesia.

"These people need us," he would say. "What right has the U.N. to interfere?" And next moment: "It's so unpleasant here... the feeling of danger." He carried a pistol, but had been warned about the risk of walking far along the main street of the town. "You must be accompanied by two men," the army told him.

"Not much 'bang-bang' last night," he said happily sipping his morning coffee.

At the market I found, too, why the Dutch were so insecure. No trader wanted to part with his republican currency, which the Dutch had outlawed. Dutch currency was circulating only in the city, and outside Jogjakarta the only money accepted was still that of the republic.

From this area "outside," where the Dutch lacked control, came the nationalist forces which almost nightly harrassed the heavily guarded Dutch posts.

As I looked around the city I could see the ugly situation which the Dutch resort to violence had created. With an interpreter I walked a wide, palm-shaded street which seemed utterly deserted except for insects buzzing in the leaves. The bamboo-walled houses were shuttered, their doors closed. We knocked at the tall wooden gates of a batik (sarong)

dealer, and a young boy edged round cautiously.

We had come, we said, to ask if batiks had been stolen, and the lady of the house offered us chairs. While we were talking a rifle whammed a bullet somewhere close by. The boy crossed the yard to slip the wooden bolt back across the gateway.

Three Dutchmen had broken into her courtyard, the batik dealer related. They had taken sarongs, and paid 10 guilders for three which were worth from 20 to 35 guilders each.

Other dealers told similar stories.

Around the city I heard how the Netherlands had offered Jogjakarta university students free travel to Batavia and scholarships of 100 guilders a month (40 U.S. dollars at the official rate of exchange). Of the republican soldiers who were asked by the Dutch intelligence: Do you want to join the new federal army or not, and who if they said yes, got textiles, rice rations and canned goods, and about 30 guilders. (If they said no they went to Ambarawa military prison).

And I heard, too, how the situation was being exploited by the Dutch looters, who came in trucks and jeeps at night to rob some houses but who also came to make arrests and to say: "Give us batiks, or make us gold rings and we will return your son, your husband, your father." I heard of the watches and fountain pens which disappeared during the frequent house searches, the threats of burning down of neighbourhoods where the Dutch had been fired upon, of the mass arrests made in the dead of night, the dead bodies left by the Hollanders as a warning to others. In the heart of Jogja was a big blackened patch where about 30 small houses once stood. A guard had been shot at the bridge nearby, and the Dutch took revenge on the neighbourhood. *This happened on April 11, the ruins were still smoking on April 12.*

Then far in the south of the town, where sunlight shafted smokily between the banana leaves and thin palms I went down a dusty road which the people call "no man's land" after dark.

A little group of villagers, tiny people in faded sarongs, who spoke no English, led me along earthen paths bordered by low fences of woven bamboo and bamboo walled houses.

They stopped and pointed and talked at once when we reached an empty house. Phrase by phrase they went over their story. A week ago there had been shots in the late afternoon. (Shooting on sight began at curfew here, sometimes earlier, and by the end of March the Indonesian Red Cross had the names of 436 killed in the streets on its casualty list). Amat Kairan, an old man of about 70, had been visiting a neighbour. It was 5.30 when he started back for his home but he did not ever enter it again. Four soldiers came along among the palms, there was the ripping crack of a carbine and old Amat, fumbling at his latch, fell across his stone step with two bullets in his back.

But the Dutch patrol hadn't finished. They went around the houses and rounded up six young

men chosen at random. Two were still held in prison. The other four had been released after three days. They had been beaten in the effort to make them disclose the names of guerrillas but had told nothing, they said.

"Last night," continued the group of scared little men who now surrounded me, "they came again. Fifteen Dutchmen, marching together. They took away twelve more people including three women—and a small girl of 10."

And here at last I saw some of those guerrillas against whom the burly Dutchmen prowled the streets in tanks, and went heavily armed. They had small smiling faces. The physique of the stoutest of them was that of a Western child of fourteen. It recalled the statement of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Semarang who lives in Jogjakarta: "Our high schools have not been able to reopen, the high school boys are all out fighting the Dutch."

MINERAL RESOURCES OF ANDHRADESA

By A. BHASKARA RAO

VARIOUS factors govern the location and development of mineral industries. The mineral industry and the mine should be at a minimum distance from the transportation centre which is usually a railway station. Many instances can be cited of how, on account of transport difficulties the question of starting an industry had to be given up. It is because of the transport bottleneck and wagon shortage that a great deal of coal has to lie idle at the mining centres. Power is an important factor for starting an industry. Hopes of starting mineral industries at places where the ore is rich, are often shattered by the power problem. Cheap supply of power is essential for industry and electric power is the cheapest of all. We have got no iron industry in Madras Province, because it lacks the cheap availability of power.

The Andhra districts have vast quantities of varied mineral resources. There is a good amount of mica at Nellore. This mica variety is Muscovite which is colourless and occurs in huge 'books.' The mining is done

extensively and all the mined product is exported, mainly to earn dollars. The mica available at Anantagiri is Phlogopite, which is a light reddish mica and is costlier than the Muscovite variety.

The Eastern Ghats are very rich in sillimanite and graphite. Sillimanite is a colourless mineral and occurs as long needles in a compact and hard form. Andhra is one of the main centres of supply of sillimanite in India. It is used as a refractory material, that is, a material which can withstand high temperatures. It is used in the furnaces where a constant run of high temperature is usual.

There is a good quantity of graphite near Godavari. This is a soft shining mineral which is simply carbon in composition and dark grey in colour. The softness of graphite makes it useful for the pencil industry. The availability of graphite in large quantities near Godavari makes out a strong case for the starting of a pencil factory near Rajamahendravaram.

There are also possibilities for starting mineral industries in the Ceded



Kumari Sulabha doing the Bhangra Dance at the South India Club, New Delhi.

Districts. Barytes, a heavy white mineral which when broken takes up good shapes, is available near Balapalipalli in Ceded Districts. Barytes is used as a filler in paints and is very important for the paper and paint industries. Ochre is a very important component of the paint industry. Ochre is obtained near Bethamcherla and is mined there. This is friable and of medium hardness and the colour of ochre is due to the presence of the iron in the shales. The mining is done on a profitable basis and the availability of ochre and barytes suggests the possibility of locating a paint industry at that place. Large quantities of linseed oil are obtainable throughout the Andhra districts. This oil is extracted from the fruits of trees and is dark and viscous. It is used in the paint industry and is very essential. Gypsum is the other requisite for that industry. Gypsum is available in the huge marine deposits near Madras, in lake Pulikat. With such availability of raw material in the Andhra area, it is deplorable that a paint factory could not be started in the Ceded Districts.

Chromite has been found near Vijayawada at Kondapalli. This has been discovered by Dr. M. S. Krishnan of the Geological Survey of India. Chromite is a strategic mineral and has several uses. The ore can be used for the manufacture of chrome steels. But unfortunately, we cannot have the benefit of manufacturing them because we have no iron factory. Chromite is also used as a refractory material and for lining the furnaces in the form of refractory bricks. It is further useful in the coloration of Khaki cloth.

Steatite is very soft and soapy and so it is known as soap-stone. This can easily be ground to obtain a powder which is a variety of talc. Steatite is obtained near Tadipatri in the Ceded Districts. Its main utility lies in the manufacture of talcum powder.

Geological research under the auspices of the Andhra University carried on by scholars guided by Prof. C. Mahadevan has proved valuable and led to the discovery of monazite with ilmenite in the beach sands of Vizag, Waltair and Bhimilipatam. The main monopoly of this Monazite, however, goes to Travancore which supplies 75% of the world production. Waltair

sands are poor, giving only a concentration of nearly 6% and is a by-product of ilmenite. This important mineral is used in the atom bomb because it has uranium as impurity. The production of Monazite at Vizag can be made economical with the increase of the usage of ilmenite, which can be used for Titanium pigments.

Iron ore is also available in Andhra though there is no possibility of starting an iron factory without the other essential materials. Garnets occur with mica at Nellore in small quantities. There is a considerable quantity of coal supplies from the Singareni and Kothagudem collieries which are adjacent to River Godavari. Small quantities of gold are found along the bed of Godavari River passing through Hyderabad State.

The Cement factory at Krishna has sumptuous quantities of raw materials namely lime stones from the neighbourhoods of Vijayawada and Guntur. Beryl is obtained in Nellore and is an essential mineral for the chain reaction in the atom bombs. Samarkite is also a mineral with rare earth in it, in the pignatites of Nellore.

With all this mineral strength of the Andhra districts there comes into question the personnel to man the mines for exploration, exploitation, utilisation and export. There has been a constant complaint that the country lacks the necessary talent to master its mineral resources. It is said that while the nation requires more than 5000 geologists only less than 200 are now at hand. A definite national policy and a unified control is the urgent need of the moment with regard to mineral exploitation. A close co-operation between science, society and the State is required. To barter away our raw materials, in return for food-stuffs, or for manufactured goods to maintain the balance of trade will keep us in perpetual economic subjection.

Andhra in general is a grossly neglected region. The men at the Centre find little opportunity to look to this while the representatives in the Province are more preoccupied with Governmental responsibilities. There is a need for an Andhra Geological Survey if maximum utility is to be made of the mineral resources of the area.



BOOKS & AUTHORS



Rabindranath Tagore, Poet and Dramatist. By Edward Thompson. (Published by the Oxford University Press, pp. 330, Price Rs. 10)

To most members of the younger generation outside Bengal, Tagore, regretably, has become little more than an evocative name. We have tended to confer on him the dubious honour of a poet much revered but not much read. This is unfortunate for us, but the decline in the bard's vogue is surely not entirely due to our wilfulness. A weightier part of the explanation is suggested by Edward Thompson: "To the new India that is coming, much of his work will make little appeal; it will seem luxurious and lacking in strength and power, much of it enervating and effeminate and trivial after the terrible years through which the nations have lived." Thompson also reminds us, in the preface itself, that Tagore (born in 1861) as a writer was the contemporary of the later Tennyson and Browning and of Robert Bridges. "In fairness, he must be judged as the Victorian poets are judged, whose world has passed away."

These qualifications, however, are necessary more for the clarification of our view of Tagore's work, than as an apology in its extenuation. Thompson's aim is precisely to correct the partial view of Tagore's work which regards it as merely luxurious, by presenting a full and faithful picture of the entire body of Tagore's poetry and drama. "I hope," says Thompson—and there can be no doubt that the hope is magnificently fulfilled—"that my reader will see that Tagore's work was varied and vigorous and had more than a soft wistful charm, deadened by repetition; and that his spirit was brave and independent."

Completed just before Thompson's death in April, 1946, the present volume is a basically revised version of the book under the same title which he issued in 1926. Much happened since then both in the poet's career and in the development of the critic's estimate. Thompson describes this edition as "in essentials a new examination." It is a loving study, yet unsparingly critical. Thompson hardly writes as a foreigner. It is not only that he was an intimate friend of Tagore and had direct acquaintance with the poet's country and people; his close knowledge of the Bengali language has given him an access to the heart of Tagore's lyrical genius that is lacked by most non-Bengali critics in the poet's own land. For this reason, many elucidations which Thompson offers

for the benefit of Western readers are of equal value to those of us whose knowledge of Tagore's work is also through the English translations only.

The poet himself agreed with Thompson's view that the English renderings are "a veilation—a cloud between his poetry and the Western (we may amplify, non-Bengali) public." Writing to Thompson in 1921, Tagore made this self-criticism: "You know I began to pay court to your language when I was fifty. It was pretty late for me ever to win her heart. Occasional gifts of favour do not delude me with false hopes. In my translations I timidly avoid all difficulties, which has the effect of making them smooth and thin." The poet is not, of course, to be taken at his modest word. Few writers have mastered a foreign tongue more completely. Yet his English translations do not convey the full glory and nuances of his Bengali originals. Also, like Wordsworth, Tagore lost as much as he gained by the exercise of critical maturity while working over (during translation) the output of his creative youth. For both these reasons, readers will be grateful for Thompson's own translations—of which there are many in the book, both of poems and prose passages. These exquisite renderings by Thompson give us glimpses of the spontaneity and freshness of the original Bengali not always revealed in Tagore's own English renderings.

Of Thompson's review of the whole range of Tagore's poetry and drama, little more needs to be said than that it is as thorough in detail as it is comprehensive in spirit, and is equally valuable in the examination of both the strength and weakness of Tagore's writings. But the volume is of much more than strictly literary interest. Published almost simultaneously with another great-hearted British study of a great Indian—the biography of Mahatma Gandhi by Polak, Brailsford and Pethick-Lawrence—Thompson's work will rank with it as a profound expression of the moral and cultural inter-traffic between Britain and India. In Thompson's own words: "There will be no restoration of the empire we have known. But there may well be a nobler and stronger reconstruction, with friendship and understanding, instead of dominion and subservience, as its solvents. The connexion of Britain and India stretches over more than three centuries, and provides the common ground on which East and West can come into a civilized relationship."

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.

Fall Of The Congress

The Provincial Congress Chiefs met in a conference recently at New Delhi under the presidency of the Congress President.

The object of the conference was to find out ways and means to rehabilitate the Congress organisation. That the Congress is not what it used to be in pre-independence days is realised on all hands. The Congress is going down a slippery path, and if the deterioration is not halted betimes, there is nothing but ruination at the end. This glaring truth is being realised by honest Congressmen.

The Congress President, in his opening speech laid emphasis on certain do's, and don't's. He accused Congressmen of power-lust. The mental attitude of an average Congressman, today, is worth psychological study. The present day Congressman belies his own past and also the glorious past of the Congress. Nobody could have imagined in the past that Congressmen would have such a hunger for power, and would run so abjectly after the loaves and fishes of office. Congress, and Congressmen by their own doings have fallen immeasurably in public estimation. I may cite here an illustration or two. They are not isolated examples; they show the way the wind of public opinion is blowing. In a newly formed Union, a Secretary of a Government department told me that when the Congress Ministers were first installed, he had felt that even though he was better educated than the Ministers, they were morally his superiors. But after a few months of close contact with them, he felt now that even morally he was not inferior to the Congress Ministers. He told me, "the much maligned Government officials are not more corrupted than these Ministers."

There was a time when to Khadi dress and to the Gandhi cap the village people instinctively showed regard. That was so at least in Bihar. But, now, in the same province, the Gandhi cap is an object of derision in the countryside.

The unpopularity of the Congress has already exceeded its popularity at any time in its history. Let not Congress leaders think that the Congress wins in elections are proofs of the love and reverence people bear for it. Congress will win, so long as there is no other strong political party, and so long as Gandhi's name can be effectively exploited.

It would be no use blaming the rank and file for the fall of the Congress. The blame would have to be shared equally by the leaders.

Let the Congressmen, high and low, shed the power-lust and let them not think that power is their patrimony inherited from the British. A majority of them have the feeling that they belong to the new ruling class, which was born after the departure of the British. It is this feeling which has produced in them an attitude of arrogance and a spirit of intolerance. The Congress Governments call themselves democratic, but are intolerant of even constructive criticisms.

The house of the Congress must be set in order, if it is to survive as an effective political organisation. All high principles are mere platitudes, and sound hollow in the mouths of even the greatest of Congressmen. Do they have it in them to set an example by actually living the principles they profess?

Let us not forget that the Congress in the past derived its great strength from Gandhiji, who meant what he said, and who preached what he practised.

PROFESSOR G. SHARAN.

Ministerial Irresponsibility

Madras, the land of the intellectuals, has recently won distinction as the province of irresponsible Ministers and unscrupulous power politicians. Four times during the four years of the Congress regime, she changed her Premier, and about 30 Ministers passed through the portals of the Cabinet room—a record comparable to France under the Third Republic.

To create some sort of harmony and free politics from the prevailing state of disintegration, only two ways are open. The Premier should be given unfettered liberty to select his colleagues consistent with the following principles which are accepted in other countries:

(1) Surviving members of the old Cabinets of the party including their Premiers in so far as they are in active political life and desirous of appointment shall be given prior consideration.

(2) Efficient and influential members of the party are to be given preference.

(3) Members selected should be willing to work under the leadership of the elected Premier. Unless some urgent salvaging work is done, the Congress cannot hope to succeed in the next election. If the members of the party are not prepared

to come to such gentleman's agreement, the Congress Parliamentary Board should select the whole Cabinet and direct its working till the next election.

P. SEKHARAN NAIR.

Corruption Among Ministers

We have seen Rajen Babu's statement on the interview which he gave us, in the course of which he has contradicted one sentence attributed to him. All the three of us have made use of that sentence on corruption among Ministers in our stories. Two of us have used that as the opening sentence for the interview. A copy of the full report of the questions and answers has been sent to Rajen Babu. We are giving the full text of the relevant extracts for the information of the public. We do not at all suggest that Rajen Babu's contradiction was an effort to say that which is not true. It is just probable that he does not remember what he had said. To the best of our knowledge the following is an accurate account prepared from short-hand notes, of what transpired at the interview:

Question: There have been reports of corruption, nepotism and favouritism among Ministers and high Government officials. You are personally stated to have gone into some charges against Ministers from Madras. What are the results of your investigation?

Dr. Prasad: I did not go into the charges. I referred them to the Ministers concerned. Those papers were received. I did not go into the replies as I was ill. I then ceased to be Congress President.

Question: What remedies do you suggest? Could you say something with regard to the rest of the question?

Dr. Prasad: To my mind there is no means of improving general administration unless the character of the people itself improves. A country can have only the kind of Government it deserves. If we are not good enough, we cannot have a better Government. The effort should be to improve the individual.

Question: Rajen Babu, unless something is done, the position of India will become like China's....

Dr. Prasad: We should attack the problem at its root. The way of attacking it is to make every citizen conscious of his responsibility and duty and not engage in fault-finding of others. But each should turn the searchlight inwards and find out whether he himself is wrong. This will obviate a lot of bickering and bad blood and help actually to improve the situation.

Question: Is corruption increasing or decreasing? Dr. So and So said there

was no corruption at all among Ministers.....

Dr. Prasad: I cannot say whether it is increasing or decreasing. I can say it is on a large scale. Others may have a different view, but this is my view.

Question: What do you think of the administrative system? Has it not suffered in efficiency?

Dr. Prasad: There has been a certain amount of deterioration in its efficiency.

We should like to make it clear once again that we are giving this extract from the interview as a contribution to the relentless pursuit of truth rather than as a refutation of Rajen Babu's contradiction. We particularly draw attention to the penultimate question and answer. Rajen Babu is no less relentless in pursuit of this ideal; and we are sure he will not



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V. V. PRASAD
K. N. SHARMA
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New Delhi.

Expansion Of Madras Ministry

Everybody of note seems to be agreed upon the necessity of expanding the present Madras Cabinet. But—here is the fly in the ointment—the self-same people of note are not agreed upon how to expand it. My suggestion simply is that the matter be given over entirely into the charge of the Federal Public Services Commission. The Commission should recruit the new Ministers. To get the best candidates, they might advertise, somewhat as follows:

"Applications are invited from well-domiciled citizens of the Madras Presidency for a few temporary posts of Ministers in the Madras Cabinet. No maximum age limit, and the minimum age limit of 25 years may be relaxed, as the Commission is not convinced that children under 12 years of age will do more harm than fogeys over 40. Character certificates need not be sent, as they are considered irrelevant. Qualifications: Essential: (a) Experience of Jail-life for at least three months, (b) capacity to wear Khaddar jubbis in public, and (c) a sound and reliable ignorance of economics, sociology, ethics, statemanship and administration. Desirable: (a) possession of a completed S. S. L. C. certificate (b) ability to fight for Madras City and (c) thorough pre-appointment obscurity."

M. P. BHASKARAN

Cuddapah

Wanted A Minorities League

Mr. B. S. Murty's contribution to the issue of SWATANTRA of 23rd April prompts the following line of thought. The Indian Union today is a political democracy foisted upon a social structure divided functionally and otherwise into various castes. During the British regime the attention of the few educated was entirely revetted upon Government jobs. Even after the advent of freedom the same force of habit persists as there is no all-round development and other avenues are not opened for enterprising youth. Hence there is a conscious attempt on the part of those in power to huddle as many as possible of their own men into these posts and to oust as many as possible of others. This is true not only of jobs but also of other sources of economic power and influence as well. Roughly speaking, the two groups in the Legislature Congress Party represent the rural kisan and capitalist and the urban industrialist and

businessman. This struggle has been widened in its scope by the introduction of adult suffrage. Political power is a sort of lever which everyone wants to keep in his own hand for the advantage of his own men and groups.

Political democracy in the Indian Union, therefore, promises to be a perpetual struggle between economic and social groups under the facade of political parties. There is an imperative need to keep a sort of dynamic equilibrium between the social forces. Political power being dependent on numerical majority, these communities or castes or social or economic groups which have strength of numbers stand in great advantage. In course of time they may even tend to become dictatorial and ride roughshod over other smaller groups. Hence the need for a check over the numerically strong if social justice is to be dispensed. Let a political party rise comprising small social and economic groups and minorities with a radical programme as a bulwark against the tyranny of the majority. Such a party will, by the nature of things, be in a better position to dispense social justice, for none of these minority groups can hope to dominate over the other and they will have to be beholden to others for a return to political power. This need has been brought to the fore considerably by the decision taken by a Committee of the Constituent Assembly to drop political reservations to minorities.

Another danger in the practice of political democracy is that large economic groups are vested with political power. God alone knows what will happen to others if political power and economic power are both vested in the same person. The slogan "Kisan-Majdoor Praja Raj" illustrates this sort of danger. The Kisans have the wealth of the nation in their hands and they can starve the others. The majdoors form the man-power and hence the backbone of industry. They can strike society to paralysis and bring down the industrial bosses. In order to keep a dynamic social equilibrium, political and economic power must be shared and shuffled. In between these vast contending forces, the small social and economic minorities have the great function of keeping the balance of power and a political party of such minorities alone can properly and justly discharge this function.

BANDA SUBBA RAO.

Vijayawada.

Nadhaswaram In Universities

Music plays an important part in the life of a man. Organic music has its own special attributes. There is a saying in Tamil that "When there is no food for

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the ears, some nourishment is given to the stomach."

This shows that music captivates a man to such an extent that he even forgets his hunger. Nadhaswaram is the prime factor of Carnatic music. Such a great art is not given its due place by the University authorities in South India. Other branches of music find a place in the curriculum but this divine art has been neglected.

The Annamalai University, acclaimed to be the University of Tamil Nad, devoted to the improvement of Carnatic music and the culture of South India, has also ignored Nadhaswaram.

The authorities of the Annamalai University should cast away their apathy, and give this art its due preference.

M. R. G.

Mathurai.

Black Market In Mica

It is regrettable that the Government of Madras are oblivious of the fact that thousands of pounds of mica worth lakhs of rupees are being clandestinely removed from the mica mines in Nellore district. Consequently the Government are being deprived of their royalty which works at 5 per cent on the value of the mica consigned.

This huge quantity of unconsigned mica is being sold in the black market in Gudur. False abstracts of sale and purchase are the rule rather than the exception.

The Income Tax Department is getting from mica miners only about one-twentieth of what they should get. If only the Government care to compare the figures of exported mica with the Customs authorities with those of the figures of the consigned mica with the mica inspector, they can understand how much of revenue by way of royalty, education cess, sales tax and income tax, they have lost due to negligence of the mica inspector

and the indifference of the District Collector.

It is ridiculous that the control and regulation of hundreds of rich mica mines should be in the hands of an upper division clerk of the Revenue Department, called the mica inspector. Battles are fought by rival candidates to get into this coveted post. The mica inspector is the monarch of all he surveys in the mica mining world of Nellore district. Ministers and Collectors pale into insignificance before the mica inspector of Gudur. Even the biggest of mica magnates bow before him.

I suggest the following remedies:

- (a) investigation into tax evasion;
- (b) licensing of mica-splitting factories to prevent smuggling;
- (c) appointment of a Gazetted officer as mica inspector;
- (d) authorizations to at least a dozen officials and another dozen non-officials to check smuggled mica on the way and in the factories;
- (e) prohibiting mica staff and income tax officials from accepting any favours from mica-miners and merchants;
- (f) profit-sharing between capital and labour.

"A CONGRESSITE"

"Fear Complex Of Brahmins."

Mr. C. A. Menon of Delhi, in his letter in SWATANTRA, wants the spiritually strong, cultured and educated Brahmins to shed what he calls the "fear complex" and adopt "the Gandhian way" for solving their problems in Madras Province.

Perhaps, Mr. Menon does not seem fully to realise the nature of the indoctrination going on among the Non-Brahmin population, particularly of certain areas, with a view to poisoning their minds against a community for their accident of birth.

The State must act and act firmly.

BEEVY NONEM.

