

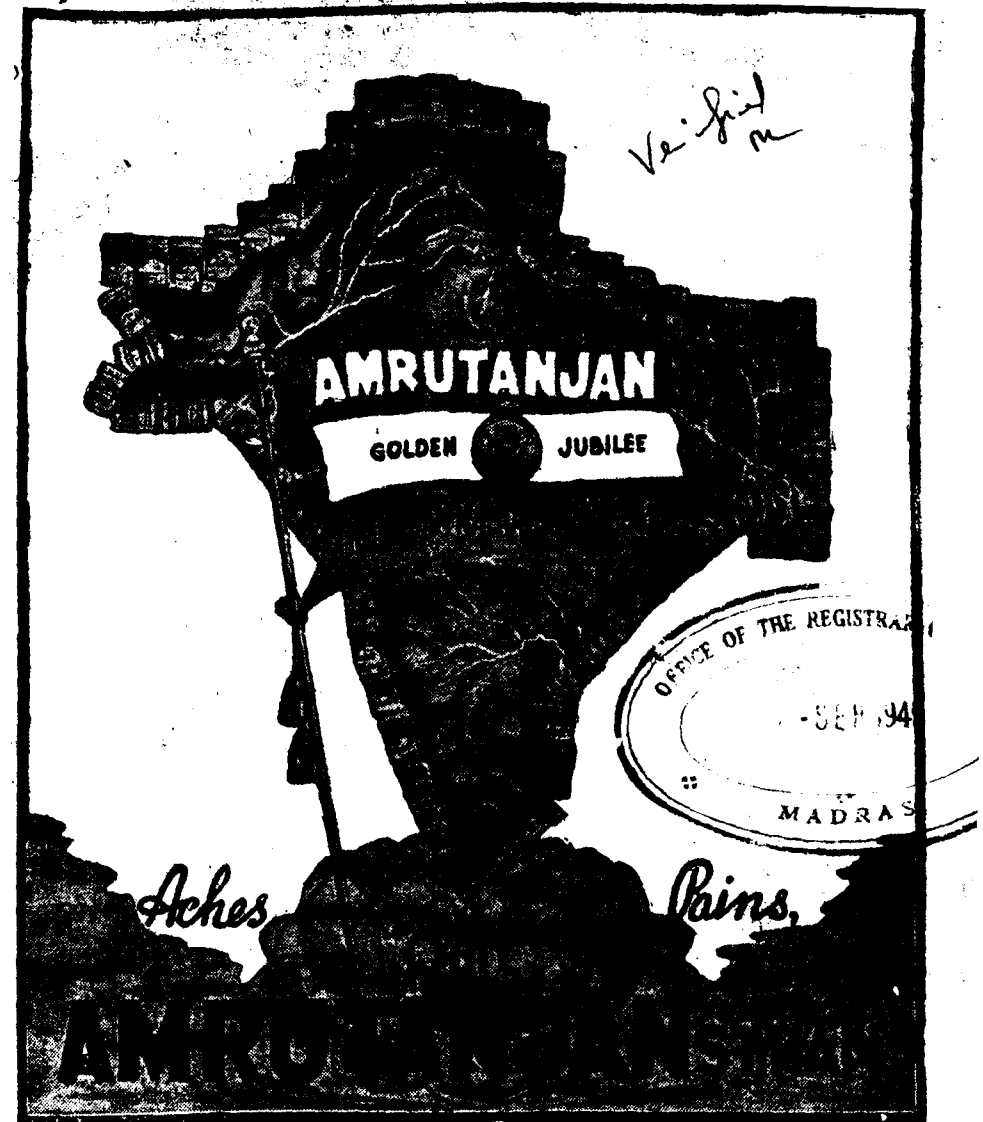
Swatantra
1949

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SWATANTRA

VOL. IV, NO. 30

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1949

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cover Page—Facade of the famous Kapaleeswar Temple in Mylapore, Madras.	
Editorial Comments ..	5
Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara ..	6
The R.S.S.—A Reply to Santha—By "Santha-Nu." ..	9
Private Property And The State—By Tenneti Viswanatham, M.L.A. ..	12
Profile: Vincent Auriol, President of The French Republic—By George Slocombe ..	14
Wanted: A New Defence Policy—By Baroo ..	17
In Place of the "Foreign Court"—By S. Rajagopalan ..	19
How Long Should Films Be? ..	21
Falling Productivity: Who Is Responsible?—By Indra Sen ..	24
The Looting Of Manchuria ..	27
Literary Ramblings In Paris—By Yusuf Meherally ..	30
Dollar Shortage And Devaluation Of Sterling—By P. Rama Rao ..	33
British Cabinet's Policy-Making Technique—By Ernest Atkinson ..	35
Cripps Plans For Prosperity—By W. G. Matters ..	36
Great Reformers: Henry George ..	39
Sidelights—By Saka ..	45
Letters To The Editor ..	47

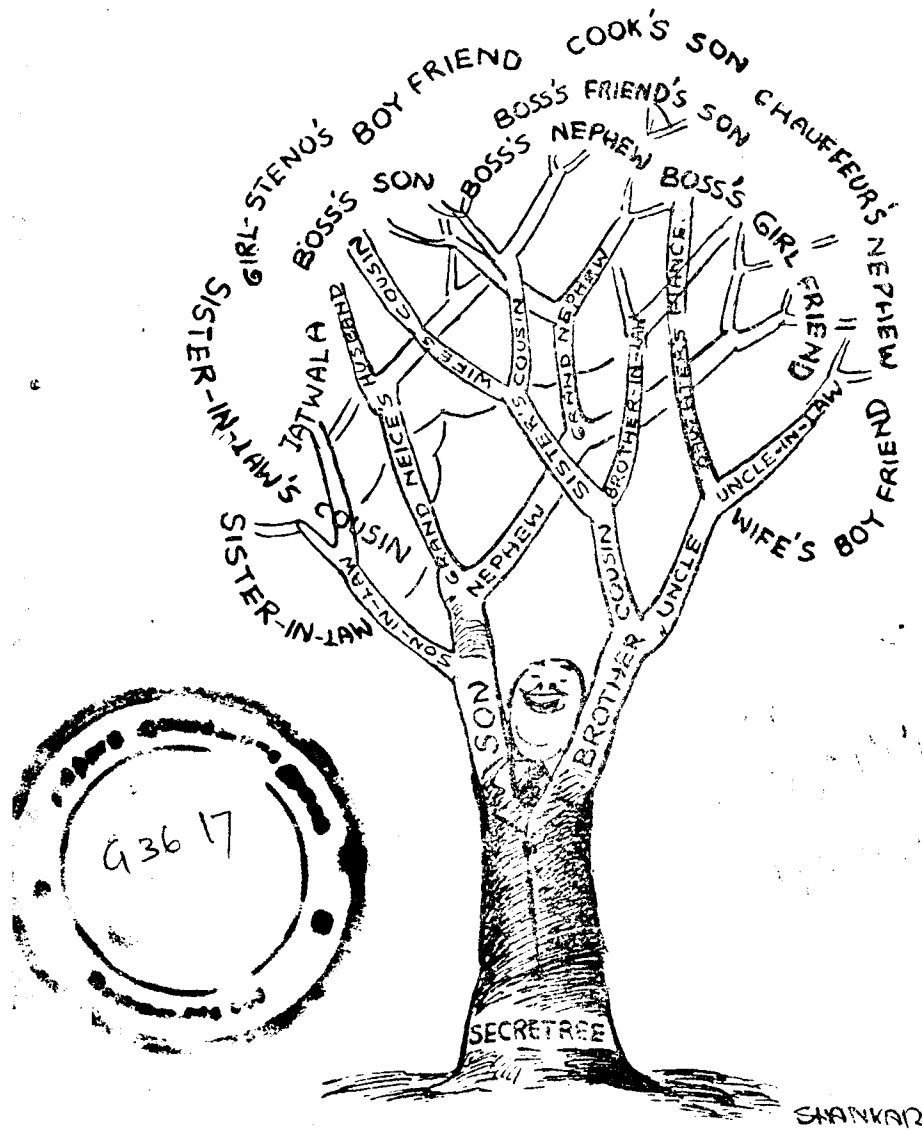
SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
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ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE JOB-TREE



—Courtesy Shankar's Weekly

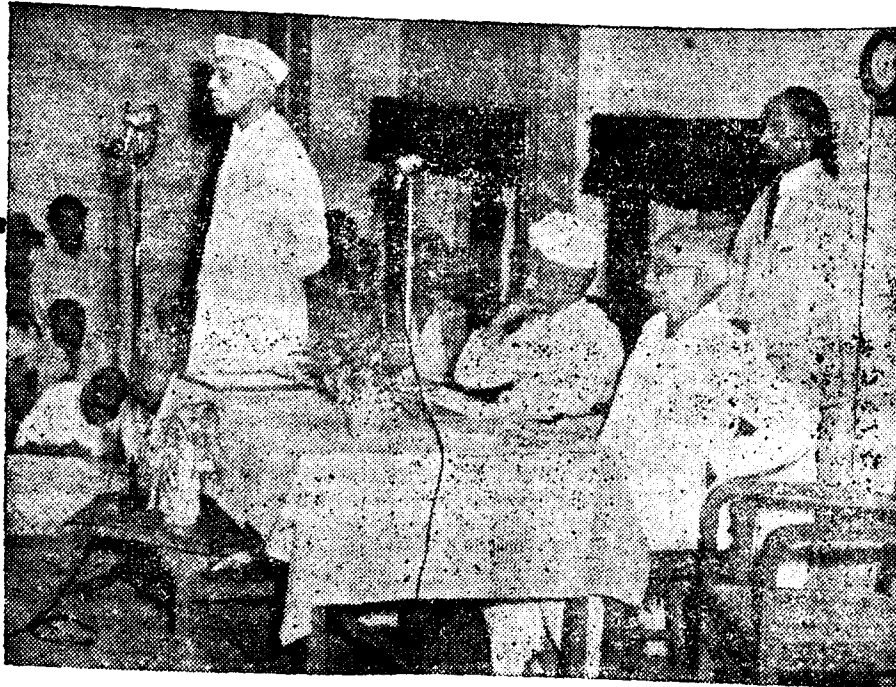
NO MORE STERLING AREA?

THE Washington Conference on the state of the world's economy will meet on September 7. The Conference which will be attended by British, Canadian and American financial leaders meets under the shadow of a crisis with the Marshall aid countries and with the United States created by Britain's desperate dollar shortage. The crisis arose at the August meeting of the Council of the Organisation for European Economic Cooperation (OEEC) reported to be the stormiest of its meetings ever held so far. The OEEC is the European body charged with the division of American funds under the Marshall Plan. As Congress this year has not yet fixed the total sum of dollars to be divided the Council of the OEEC proceeded to make its allocations on the basis of last year's estimates which involved cuts all round. The British representative positively declined the sum allotted for Britain as totally inadequate for Britain's needs. On the other hand, if more dollars are given to Britain, the shares of eighteen other European countries participating in the recovery programme under the Marshall Plan, will have to be proportionately cut. This they are altogether unwilling to allow.

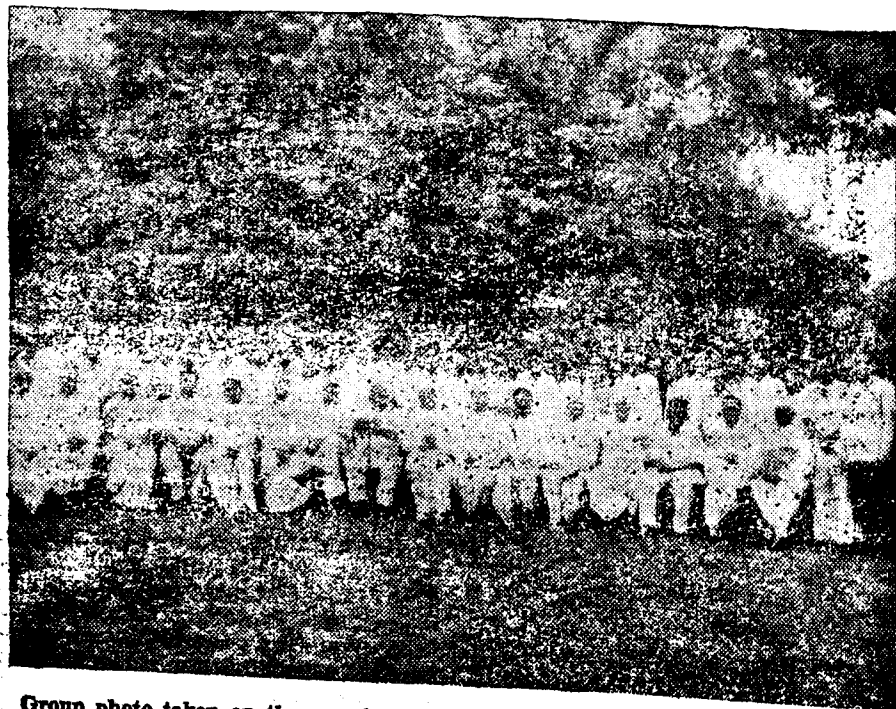
The dollar shortage in Britain and other countries, which looms large on the agenda of the Washington Conference, is part of a big economic riddle confronting the world today as a result of conditions created by the late war. It is the riddle of how any one can manage to trade at all in a world which contains the United States. The war which crippled the economies of all other countries,

increased the industrial efficiency of America tremendously. The result is that the give and take of trade on which its equilibrium rests has been disturbed irretrievably. While the rest of the world badly needs many products available only in the United States, the United States is dependent on the rest of the world for very few of its needs. Business with the United States has therefore come to mean for the rest of the world a deficit with no chance of its ever being got rid of. The rest of the world found itself last year with a deficit to the United States of 6,300 million dollars. This year the deficit threatens to be even bigger. Will the deficit ever decrease so long as the United States continues to be a participant in world trade? Is it possible at all for the United States to trade with the rest of the world, unless it pours out dollars by buying abroad, by lending, investing and even giving away freely? The diminished purchasing power of an impoverished world has to be improved first if there is to be any return for the goods and services which the United States can give to them by way of trade. The United States cannot abandon trade with the rest of the world as it needs such trade to maintain full employment at home and further improve its living standards. But the rest of the world cannot hope to survive by trading with the United States on the present basis, as such trading would only mean hopeless involvement in an increasing deficit with nothing left over to pay for goods and services.

As a way out of the dilemma of dollar shortage it is reported from Washington that the possibility of an



The Prime Minister speaking at a reception given to Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, India's Ambassador to the U. S. S. R. by the Delhi Andhra Association on Aug. 24.



Group photo taken on the occasion of a reception given by the Delhi Andhras to the All-Andhra Convention Deputation which waited on Pandit Nehru re: the immediate formation of an Andhra Province

THE R. S. S.—A REPLY TO SANTHA

By "SANTHA-NU"

SANTHA'S exquisitely wrought tapestries in the art of reportage remind me of Danton's sage advice that, for successful aggression, one must cultivate the three virtues of audacity, more audacity and still more audacity! Her article on Sri Golwalkar has an appetising opening paragraph in which press conferences are dissected with a naivety which is foreign to the writer in matters of greater moment. For her basic assumption that press conferences are elucidatory or revealing is not merely far from the truth, but is mostly the very reverse of it. In point of fact, press conferences are a notorious fraud on public opinion through discussion, a species of propaganda with the aid of the publicity procured in terms of so many columns in widely circulating newspapers. Reporters are the first victims of such dope, and it is only later that such sections of the public as are inclined through nature or habit to be gullible fall victims to it. Why should any man submit to a series of impertinences from every gamin in the street? He is not on oath, nor is he an accused. The press is a mighty instrument; let it boycott such men who wish to get at people's minds over their heads as it were. For the rest, if you are interested, judge a man or a movement as it progresses from day to day; by what the leaders of it say or do.

Santha begins her third paragraph with a statement which is the direct contradiction of the conclusion of the second. Sri Golwalkar instead of belonging to a separate category, belongs to the type that refuses to be pumped. Either he did not know the answers to the questions, or he did not give the answer which press sleuths imagined he should have given. Santha would apparently wish all to wear their hearts on their sleeves for feminine daws to peck at. If Santha knows nothing much or more about the RSS, then it is her own fault. The RSS did not come into existence at the time of the assassi-

nation of Mahatma Gandhi. As she herself admits elsewhere, it was started as a movement as early as 1925 when the mighty British Government was in the saddle. If the Nehru Government accused it of dacoities and murders in a moment of pardonable panic, such accusation cannot be considered by any fairminded person as equivalent to a judicial verdict. In the analogous and more decisive case of Communists in Andhra, in Hyderabad and in Calcutta, such dacoities and murders have been the rule rather than the exception. And yet the Nehru Government has not dared to proscribe the Communist Party of India. Reason? I do not know. But it is just possible that the Nehru Government have more regard for Monsieur Stalin than is currently thought possible; also a proscription of the Communists may have international publicity whereas if you bully a purely indigenous organisation, it is not likely to interest any one outside India. Inside, of course, even a number of people might be got hold of to give the dog a bad name, once the decision to hang it has been taken.

Santha's history of the subsequent negotiations shows the same broad outlook and unwearied charity. 'Strings were pulled,' she says; by whom she does not specify. That the Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister were amenable to being pulled is more damaging to them than to the RSS movement or leaders. As for the Satyagraha launched by the RSS, it is made a point against the organisation that it launched it in spite of strong official disapproval! It would be difficult to cite a single instance of a Satyagraha movement started with the blessings of the Government against which it was aimed. And then what flattering uncton to claim that the movement died a natural death! If so, the resurrection of the organisation that is going on all over India today must be pronounced a miracle.

Another carrot: Mr. T. R. V. Sastri is dubbed a 'solicitor' because he was old-fashioned enough to intercede in the interests of Civil liberties. He took up the case of convicted Congressmen in the bad old days with more zeal—if possible—and a foreign bureaucracy did not insult him by calling him a solicitor or attorney. On the other hand, it showed him marked deference, thanks to which Congress today is reaping the fruits of political ingratitude.

Santha next proceeds to register her annoyance at secrecy. Secrecy, privacy, reticence are other old-fashioned virtues for which modern youth of both sexes have no use apparently. Which is the organisation that has not thriven on secrecy? Is the Government of India an open book for all to read? Are not the deliberations of cabinets and working committees secrets? Is not even Tammany Hall a secret organisation? If the decisions about the RSS were taken by the Government secretly—whatever that may mean—then it is the Government that has to be blamed. So are all important decisions of the Government taken in secret, and then divulged at proper seasons. Gandhiji who first attacked the secret organisations of terrorists denounced *secrecy in relation to terrorism*. But he carried a thousand secrets in his heart which he would have scorned to reveal to any one in any circumstances.

As for the Non-Brahmin movement in South India, it is of earlier origin than the R.S.S. Actually it dates back to the closing stages of the first World War—about 1918. There were echoes of it in Maharashtra as well; in both these areas, the small minority of Brahmins had come to monopolise all key positions under the British Government by the mere accident of having taken to English education from the beginning. The coming of the R.S.S. after this great breakaway is significant, as it reverses the chain of cause and effect. Incidentally, when the Non-Brahmin movement speaks of the solidarity of all Non-Brahmins, it is taken for granted, although intermarriage, inter-dining and a thousand other social and traditional taboos keep the Reddies, the Naldus, the Mudallars in more water-tight compartments

than is the gulf separating the Brahmin from the Non-Brahmin. In fact, it is demonstrable that the only community that has married into all the other communities from time immemorial is the Brahmin community. This is a matter of sober fact.

Coming to the catechism of Mr. Golwalkar by Santha, I, and I hope my readers are duly grateful to her for recording a series of pertinent answers. What is communal, what is secular? Pandit Nehru is still wobbling in his answer to either of the questions. If Asoka's state and kingdom were secular, I want nothing better. If his kingdom was Hindu at the same time, it follows that a Hindu state is the most authentically secular thing in the world. As for the idea of communal, it arises from the preliminary mischief of positing communities. There are, according to the R.S.S. and rational philosophies, no communities in India, but only *one community*, namely, the Hindu. It is now disorganised, dismembered and disunited. Make it a single compact whole—this is our first job. Inferior and superior are ideas which spring from fragmentation. Fragmentation was an invention of the devil, via the infinite resources of a satanic Government. The satanic Government has been exorcised; but the satanic ideas still persist in our minds as vestigial survivals.

If the R.S.S. does not believe in non-violence, it is in excellent company. For the Prime Minister does not believe in it; our Government does not believe in it. As to why the organisation was banned, the question must be put to the Government, not to the victim.

The late Dr. Moonje was fond of simplifying the issues with artless simplicity. All born in England are Englishmen; in Germany, Germans; in America, Americans. Similarly all born in Hindustan are Hindus. If some of them follow Islam, others Buddhism, others Zoroaster, it is their private affair. They are Hindus nevertheless. Can such a line of argument apply to Muslims? That is the bed-rock difference between a people and a community.

When Sri Golwalkar said that he would think of universal brotherhood after bringing estranged brothers by

blood together in one fold, he was speaking horse-sense. Gandhiji used to say: "One step enough for me." No one had then the temerity to conclude that the Father of the Nation was unwilling to reveal things which he had made up his mind about. A positive intention cannot justly be deduced from a negative answer; but such a tactic is apparently in the day's work of the latest type of modern journalist.

The Islamic world calls itself the Millat, and excludes Kaffirs from the pale. And yet the basic doctrine of Islam is universal brotherhood. The American constitution speaks of the self-evident rights of man, but deprives the Negro in the Southern states of the benefits of them. And yet, Jefferson was not only a man of genius but also a very honest man, I am convinced. The ancient Greeks drew a magic circle, and put the barbarians outside it. Christendom copied them, and has excluded the pagan from the benefits of eternal salvation. The Jew who thought himself the chosen race—the earliest herrenvolk of history—has kept himself aloof from the gentile by means of puerile expedients. The British Empire has a system of dual citizenship from the blighting effects of which we suffered till yesterday. Therefore, poor Mr. Golwalkar may be pardoned if he confessed his inability to answer a question which has been answered in the negative by the overwhelming weight of evidence furnished by history.

Not having got any change out of Mr. Golwalkar, Santha arrives at the astonishing conclusion that he is a fanatic concealing his fanaticism. Which is like saying that we are all potential criminals because we conceal our criminal thoughts!

The salient facts about the R.S.S. have been suppressed by Santha. The alleged complicity of the R.S.S. in the assassination of the Mahatma has not been proved; it has not been established that its activities have been disloyal, unpatriotic, or subversive of law and order. Its worst enemies are Hindus themselves, since they have long been indoctrinated with the notions of their sectional, group, clan and caste differences. It is hated or feared by those who have

thriven through the disruption of Hinduism. The Hindu intellectual of today will be found more eager to bow his knee to some foreign god because it is not indigenous than to understand his own fellowmen or help in their normal development. In the troubled times that exposed our infant state to unknown dangers, it was (according to informed opinion at Delhi) the tireless exertions of the R.S.S., their sleepless vigilance that saved the lives of our leaders from bloody coups. History will record the fact in due course; and at least the next generation will, I hope, see the R.S.S. in its proper perspective.

Sri Golwalkar's final answer stamps him as a man of genius. "I do not react, but act"—he is reported to have said. That is the Gita message in a nutshell.

In reply to "Santha-Nu," Santha writes:

'SANTHA-NU' accuses me of contradicting in the third paragraph of my article (Swatantra, July 30) the conclusions of the second. What sort of critic is he himself then who contradicts himself in the course of the same paragraph? He says: "press conferences are a notorious fraud on public opinion" and adds in almost the same breath that movements and men must be judged as they "progress from day to day; by what the leaders of it say or do." It is exactly what I have attempted—to understand Mr. Golwalkar's aims as leader of the R. S. S. by what he said.

I have not contended that the R. S. S. came into existence at the time of Mahatma Gandhi's assassination. I said: "Many of us even today know nothing more about the R. S. S. than that it was an organisation which blazed into the limelight with the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi".

The rights and wrongs of the Nehru Government proscribing or not proscribing the Communist Party of India are matters I neither drew into my argument nor passed an opinion on. Mine was mere reportage. If 'Santha-Nu' reads pricks between the lines, or translates unsaid, imaginary things into his own language, it is not a matter for him and me to settle.

Secrecy, privacy, reticence are not synonymous.

According to the enlightened intellectuals of India, there might be "only one community, namely, the Hindu" in India, but the masses, without either philosophy or imagination to help them, seem to think there are more than one. The direct result of such a one-track mode of thinking, if one would like to call it so, was the communal massacre of 1947. Petty jealousies in families lead to domestic disarrangement, among groups and

parties and communities to civil war and among nations to world war.

"I do not react, but act" is the Gita message in a nutshell. In a less sublime sense, it was also Hitler's challenge, the French Revolutionists' war-cry and the pretension of 20th century Fascism. As a catchword, it is one of those things which might mean anything—a threat, insolence or a promise.

PRIVATE PROPERTY AND THE STATE

By T. VISWANADHAM, M.L.A.

THE discussions relating to compensation to property acquired by the State, now going on in the party meetings and the meetings of the Drafting Committee of the Constituent Assembly have not attracted the attention they deserve. I am not sure whether the public have realised in full the serious consequences that would follow if the Constitution provides that the right to compensation is not a justiciable right. Some persons who have sponsored Legislation in the provinces for the acquisition of zamindaries and who made the legislature the final authority in the matter of adequacy or justness of the compensation, seem to have dominated the scene and in order to secure their legislation, are seeing that the Constitution itself should provide a section in conformity with their desire. And no less a person than Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru himself made a pronouncement that in these days of shifting changes and views, the Legislature must be made the final arbiter and the right to compensation should not be made justiciable.

This is an extraordinary conclusion he has drawn from his premises. One would have thought that because these are days of quick changes and shifting political groupings, a judicial body, which is free from these pressures and political influences, is the only right body to consider finally whether the proposed compensation in a given case is just or not.

Panditji has not seen the full implications of his dictum. Every day

the Government acquires land for one purpose or other. What is the law by which the compensation of thousands of bits of property could be fixed? How can the Legislature with no material before it, with the other side necessarily absent, have a fair deliberation? How does compensation fixed by the legislature under these circumstances fulfil the guarantee given to the citizen under the Fundamental Rights section that no man shall be deprived of his property (barring the forfeiture clauses of the penal law) except on payment of just compensation? Where the Government are one of the parties to the dispute, how does it lie in them to say that the figure fixed by them is also just and then deprive the aggrieved party of the right to agitate for his rights under civil law? Shall we take it that the wholesome principles laid down in the Land Acquisition Act are to be abrogated? Shall there be no certainty to the citizen that he shall be secure in his property? And shall he or shall he not improve his land or property? Does Panditji think that this uncertainty will lead to the improvement of land or increase of production or of wealth? In fact, in practice, as the Legislature cannot meet for fixing the compensation in every case, it is bound to delegate this function to the Executive and the Executive will become both the acquiring and judging authority. Can there be a worse provision in a Constitution to destroy the property rights of citizens? Can there be a better provision daily to under-

mine the citizen's faith in the Executive? I should think momentary political pressure has warped the straight course of judgment.

Is or is not our society built upon and around the institution of private property? Let there be no dubiousness about this. If it is so built, what are the jural consequences and what are its bounds? The American constitution, from which so much has been drawn in our Draft Constitution, has in its Fifth Amendment said—

"Nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation."

What compensation is "just" must be settled between interested parties or in case of disagreement by an appropriate court and it has been so done in America from the beginning of its Constitution till now. It is this principle that has been embodied in our Land Acquisition Act 1894 which applies to the whole of India. What are the compelling reasons to set aside to-day this long accepted principle of natural justice?

May I in this connection draw attention to a treaty between England and Poland which provided for the taking over of certain English assets in Poland by the new Polish Government. It was provided therein that in case they were taken, the English were to be compensated and compensation should be calculated so as to be just and adequate and provision was made for arbitration machinery in case of disagreement between the parties.

Adequacy, therefore, is for the parties to consent to in the first instance but adequacy and justness are for the courts to decide ultimately in case of disagreement. Did we not compensate to the Railway companies in their full measure? Did not the Madras Government follow the same principle when it acquired the Madras Electric Supply Corporation?

Soviet Russia in a fit of emotion thought it could abolish private property and did several things and yet where is it today? Has it not reverted to private property? Do not we remember what a huge amount of public debt Russia raised within the country to meet the cost of the War? Exactly the same motives operated and the same results ensued in Russia as in other countries. The 1936 Consti-

tution of Soviet Russia preserves private property; in practice it must be much more than is embodied in the theory of the Constitution.

Already, the varying declarations of policies, the constantly changing fixations of prices and restrictions on movements and premature threats of un-worked out schemes of nationalisation coupled with compensation to be determined by the Legislature, have brought an economic crisis of unparalleled magnitude in our country. Although our deficit in production is less than ten percent only and this deficit is made up by imports yet the deficit is become forty percent under state management and controls. Will you add to this and untabillise landed property also, which is nearly 80% of the wealth of the country and bring about a calamity from which it will not be easy to recover and which without notice would land us into the conditions that today prevail in China?

If nations have their territories, likewise individuals too have their own. Titles and transactions and reliance on them under law is the *Sine Que Non* of human progress on non-violent lines. Jurisprudence of ancient as well as modern time, of West as well as East, has recognised it and based law and procedure on it. Law has intervened only to regulate its smooth enjoyment and not to annihilate one particle of it. All seeming exceptions are only modes of enforcement of the same rule with least friction between individuals and between individuals and the State. I, too, some twenty years ago thought private property could be abolished and mankind led into a scheme moulded to my heart's desire. I too held great arguments about it. But life is just a little too tough and the world is just a little too varied and like so many others in the past but evermore I came out by the same door by which I went in.

Private property is in the blood of man and you cannot abolish it. The best exponents of abolition have not abolished "their" territory. Why do you rush where others have demonstrated their failure, is my humble appeal to the distinguished members of the great Constituent Assembly.

PROFILE:

VINCENT AURIOL, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

THE only great national figure in France who has made a reputation outside and above party politics since the legal constitution of the Fourth Republic is its first President, Vincent Auriol.

President Auriol is the most democratic chief of state France has ever known. During the past year the Elysee, under his inspiration, has become a fortress of republican defence, a citadel of democracy within a democracy. Other Presidents of the Republic have sprung from equally robust popular origins. Armand Falliers, a genial and popular President in the era immediately preceding World War I, came, like President Auriol, from the wine-growing regions of southern France. Alexandre Millerand was a former Socialist. But in the case of Vincent Auriol, 40 years of militant activity as a progressive Socialist editor and propagandist and a career of unbroken fidelity to his party and its principles are joined to a simple, shrewd and genial personality which inspires trust and affection in sections of the French people who do not share his private political beliefs.

I have accompanied the President on several of his week-end speaking tours of the French provinces, and even in the desolate regions of the north, east and northwest of France, his eloquence, simplicity, bluntness and courage in warning the nation of the potential threats to the newly born Republic, from Gaullists and Communists alike, have won him immense prestige. He is on the way to becoming the most popular President France has had this century.

Vincent Auriol, physically and possibly intellectually, has many characteristics of the late Theodore Roosevelt. He has a short, sturdy figure, with a solid, peasant-farmer's head, round cheeks, friendly eyes twinkling behind glasses, a habit of

smoking endless Gaulois cigarettes in a plain wooden holder, a robust



southern accent and inexhaustible energy for a man 65 years old.

His chief charm is a friendly simplicity which waves away the restrictions and conventions of state protocol, and permits him to act with dignity and ease as host to guests as dissimilar as Princess Elizabeth, the Shah of Persia, the King of Cambodia, or a delegation of stout ladies from the central markets of Paris, whose traditional duty it is every May 1 to present the President of the Republic with a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley.

One of the latest and least publicized gestures by which President Auriol has earned sympathy in the circles least calculated to display it towards a republican President concerns the Comtesse de Paris. Her husband, the young Counte de Paris, is the Royalist pretender to the throne of France and, as such, is permanently exiled from the country. A short time ago, the pretender's wife and young children wished to re-enter France for family reasons, and an official of the pretender's entourage discreetly sought the President's



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permission for the journey. President Auriol not only gave the required permission, but sent his own car to the port at which the Countess and her children were expected to arrive, and finally invited them to lunch with him and Madame Vincent Auriol at their official summer residence at Rambouillet.

A republican chief of state had never before, in French history, paid such attentions to the family of a royalist pretender. If any other President than a Socialist had offered such hospitality, there might have been pointed and hostile comment in the Socialist and Communist newspapers but, on this occasion, even the Communists were silent.

In the case of Vincent Auriol, no possible charge of flirting with the enemies of the Republic could have been laid. Since his election to the Elysee, the Republic has had no warmer defender. He has publicly and privately reiterated his intention of maintaining republican institutions as long as he is in office, and has even announced his intention of resigning the presidency fighting for the Republic in the ranks of the Socialist party, if any future Government should prove unable or unwilling to defend the present constitution.

This is a plain hint that if the followers of General de Gaulle attempt to override the constitution and obtain power by extra-legal means, or even with the tacit acquiescence of the present Parliament, President Auriol will not be content to imitate his predecessor, President Albert Lebrun, and allow the Republic to founder on the rocks of dictatorship as it did in 1940.

One of General de Gaulle's frequent criticisms of the present French constitution is that it is too weak and too vague; that it places too much power in the hands of Parliament and too little in the hands of the President of the Republic and the President of the Council of Ministers. Sturdy President Vincent Auriol does not share this view. As a lifelong democrat, as a Socialist who served as

deputy and minister under the Third Republic and as President of the National Assembly before he was elected to the Elysee, he believes strongly in parliamentary government.

The National Assembly, to him, expresses the sovereign will of the people, and the present constitution enshrines that cardinal doctrine. As chief magistrate, his duty, as he sees it, is to protect the constitution and the principle of popular government against all comers. He believes the powers of the President of the Republic are sufficient, if wielded courageously, to allow him to arbitrate between the contesting parties and to interpret the will of the people.

It is true that a weak President would find little support in the constitution against an unruly or ungovernable Parliament and an unruly or uncontrollable President of the Council of Ministers. But Vincent Auriol is not a weak President. He is probably the strongest and the most politically supple President France has had for a generation.

The real test of his strength and his suppleness has not yet come. It will come when and if General de Gaulle or his followers obtain a majority in Parliament, or sufficient voting power to force a demand for fresh general elections and a revision of the constitution. Then France may see a political duel of dramatic and perhaps sensational character—a fighting President in the Elysee defending the constitution against an adamant Premier, who insists on changing the form of the Republic.

The ironic element in this eventual opposition of forces and personalities is that each protagonist esteems and likes the other. Vincent Auriol escaped from France in 1943 to join General de Gaulle in London and Algiers. For several years they worked together in harmony. There is no temperamental conflict between them, only a conflict of ideas. But this conflict is vital. On the question of parliamentary government General de Gaulle will find in President Auriol an adversary of his own mettle.—(Copyright.)

WANTED—A NEW DEFENCE POLICY

By "BAROO"

THE setting apart of 49% (157.37 crores out of 322.98 crores) of the Central revenues for defence expenditure this year is matter for serious thought. Never before has a peace-time defence budget claimed such a large share of the nation's revenues, never before has the country been less able to bear such a huge military burden.

But of course, it is peace-time only in name. The war in Kashmir is only in a state of suspended animation—it might flare out into a full-fledged show-down any day. As long as Indo-Pakistan relations remain strained, neither Government will think of disarmament. Yet neither dominion can afford the expenditure necessitated by the Kashmir affair. If this scale of expenditure is continued for another couple of years, assuredly both Governments will come to grief. It is imperative that the Kashmir impasse should be brought to an early end.

For another reason also it is vital that we should seek an immediate solution of the stalemate in Kashmir. There are plenty of indications that our entire defence policy is being vitiated by the feeling of insecurity that we have had ever since the partition. It is not possible for any but the highest type of statesmanship—and there has been none of this kind since Gandhiji's death—to lay down a long-range defence policy without being mentally swamped by the immediate threat from across our new borders. It is therefore by no means surprising that our present defence policy should betray signs of an incompetence that might have been avoided had thinking been cooler and more pacific.

For incompetence in military matters flourishes in a militant atmosphere. The danger is two-fold. Not only is the general public rendered uncritical by a spirit of chauvinism which begins to glory over every display of military might, however superficial and misleading it might

be, but even the few who ought to know better lose their bearings and their contact with realities. They fall a victim to the very make-believe they have themselves prompted in order to boost the armed forces in the public eye. Deception turns into self-deception, and thence into complacent smugness.

Something very like this has happened in this country during these last two years. "Freedom" brought about the nationalization of the forces and a breaking down of the barriers that had hitherto given them the reputation of mercenaries. The tension with Pakistan that followed immediately made them the defenders of a new-born Statehood. The forces became popular as they had never been before—they became at once the symbols and guardians of national independence. First, internal insecurity, then Kashmir and Hyderabad served to breed incipient militarism in the minds of a people essentially pacific and non-violent. Even Gandhiji blessed the action in Kashmir. Parades, march pasts, military demonstrations and naval and air force displays became the order of the day. A tremendous vested interest—so tremendous that it has claimed half the Central revenues—came into existence. Not only did it convince the people that it was a powerful military force, it convinced itself that it was almost as good as any in the world! Auto-suggestion can go no further.

Yet the facts have a different story to tell, and one which still has a chance of being heard if the present moods are arrested betimes. The facts are that the Indian armed forces are essentially weak and their much-vaunted strength is largely illusory. They are not worth anything like the expense we have to bear for them, and they should not be allowed to continue along their present lines a day longer than is absolutely necessary.

Where does this weakness of the armed forces lie? First and foremost,

in our inability to produce the equipment without which a modern army is little better than the levies of Mughal times. It is a sad reflection, but true, that Indian industry is still so backward that it cannot produce a single sparking plug, a single radio valve, a single ball bearing to replace those that have been bequeathed to the Indian armed forces. We will not talk of complete vehicles, of radar equipment, of aero-engines, of jet planes, of atom bombs.... Do not forget this when you next see a general in a jeep, or an RIAF Tempest in a steep dive or the latest retired British destroyer to be acquired by the Royal Indian Navy for a fancy price... and some big gun of a Krishna Menon or Vijayalakshmi Pundit christening it.

The second fatal weakness of our forces lies in the quality of its officers. Expansion has been so rapid that even our seniormost officers are inexperienced to a degree that would be amusing were it not tragic. For another thing, the intake of officers during the war was conspicuous for quantity rather than quality, and a large proportion of these officers have today been made regular... with consequences that will continue to effect our officer cadres for as long as you care to imagine. But most distressing of all is the fact that there is little evidence of any keen professional spirit in our officers. They seem to be more eager to have a good time than to devote their leisure to acquiring fresh professional knowledge or skill. It is a hard thing to say, but they are still largely mercenary in their outlook, grumbling about the new pay code and sighing for the good old days of war when amenities abounded and money was plentiful.

Truth is, the Indian armed forces are today going forward on their momentum, and doing precious little to generate fresh drive. They still possess fair quantities of the equipment left behind by the Anglo-American armies as surplus when the war ended, and they can still count on the discipline and the devotion to duty of the other ranks. But for these two saving graces, we might have successfully brought off "Operation Polo" in Hyderabad, but would have certainly made a poor showing in

Kashmir. But then of course the opposition in Kashmir would have been just as badly off, too. Is not the Pakistan army in the same boat as our own in all these respects?

It is for these reasons that it irks me to find the Indian armed forces being repeatedly boosted to the skies by some ex-C-in-C or other responsible Indians taking up the stupid cry in all earnestness. How silly and entirely without justification is our infantile pride in our armed strength, and how skilfully is it fed by a Colonel Blimp every now and then! When will we grow up and learn to face hard realities—the realities of our solid poverty, of our utter dependence upon foreign (Anglo-American) sources for fresh military supplies and spare parts, for technical skill and know-how?

At least not as long as the present state of inter-dominion relations lasts. Mutual fear will keep both Governments from resiling from their present ostrich-like policies. Hopes of a more sensible attitude centre chiefly round an early end of this distrust. It is for statesmen on both sides of the frontier to find a way out of the vicious circle of fear, preparedness, more fear and yet more militarism.

But supposing this overwhelming fear of imminent danger lifts, what should our defence policy be? Sardar Patel has already declared that internal security no longer needs any help from the army, which is now free to concern itself with purely external dangers. In the absence of a hostile Pakistan, we should then be able to cut down our armed forces drastically, planning for defence not against each other, but for mutual defence against any power that dare disturb the peace of the sub-continent. Our purpose would in those circumstances be best served by a small and highly specialised army, a small navy and a rather more formidable air-force. For the rest, we should rely on the common man to wage relentless war on any aggressor. Defence in depth through a populace equipped with a minimum of military training and the will not to yield would be our surest safeguard against aggression. A scheme of compulsory military training for the youth of the

country could achieve this end without undue cost.

The money saved by cutting down the standing army could then be utilised for building up the sinews of war—and of peace—by prompting the industrial development of the country. For modern industry is a producer of prosperity in peace and of power in times of war. It would be far better to have a small but self-sufficient army in the event of war than a huge force dependent on outside countries for its equipment and therefore cut out to be cannon fodder from the start.

Such a defence policy would ensure the maximum of protection at the minimum of cost. It would create strength which would not be an eye-wash and a hoax, but a solid, real affair. It would be a policy fitted at once for war and for peace, for unending resistance against an enemy as well as for increasing prosperity in the face of enveloping poverty. It would be a policy compatible with our peaceful traditions and yet a sure guarantee of safety.

When can we expect such a policy?

IN PLACE OF THE "FOREIGN COURT"

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

ON 26th January 1950, India will become a Republic, and one of the knotty problems it will have to tackle is the disposal of upwards of a hundred Privy Council appeals, which it is estimated will then be pending before that tribunal. On and from that date, the Privy Council will automatically cease to be the supreme judicial authority of this country, the present Federal Court stepping up into its place. These appeals cannot be transferred to the Federal (or Supreme) Court because, it is pointed out, some of them are from the decisions of the Federal Court itself.

The Privy Council has been the only surviving relic of the personal rule of the English monarch and the lineal descendant of tribunals like the Star Chamber and the King-in-Council, through which the British Sovereign governed his subjects and dispensed justice. When the Supreme Courts were established in this country in the period between 1807-1823, appeals therefrom were provided for to the King-in-Council; later, a statute enacted in 1833 transferred the appellate jurisdiction to the newly constituted Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which has since then remained the court of final resort in Admiralty matters in England and for all civil and criminal appeals from the courts of the Crown's dominions beyond the seas. But even so, though

in essence it functions as a pukka court of appeal, subject to all the substantive and procedural laws, still its make-up is essentially that of an "advisory" body to His Majesty. The judges form a committee and their judgment, or to be more accurate, their advice, is delivered by only one member: there is no provision for dissenting or even separate judgments as in the House of Lords or the other courts; for an advice is always single, never several. In all the matters disposed of, the concluding words are "We humbly advise His Majesty." The paraphernalia one usually associates with a court of justice, are not there. The judges are not robed, though counsel are, and sit round a table and transact their business. There are no restrictions in regard to the right of audience; all can appear, even parties in person. As regards the composition of the tribunal, the Lord Chancellor and the Law Lords are ex-officio members, associated with at least two members having had experience in India as judges or lawyers. Attempts were made in England to assimilate it with the House of Lords and thus evolve a single court of ultimate resort for England as well as for the dependencies but the innate conservatism of the Englishman stood in the way. On the other hand, during the war when there was acute scarcity of paper,

It was even suggested that the House of Lords should emulate the example of the Privy Council and deliver a single judgment in every case, incidentally obviating needless complexities in legal decisions. To us, in India, the Privy Council has always been a name to conjure with and that is primarily because of the association in its deliberations of some of the greatest judges of the British judiciary such as Lords Macnaughten, Haldane, Buckmaster, Shaw, Atkin and Macmillan, not to mention the literary and legal excellences of their pronouncements (the latest being the judgment in the *Hindustan Times* contempt case). Indian lawyers and even politicians have evinced an extraordinary amount of reverence for this august tribunal. In 1925, the General Legislative Assembly threw out by a very large majority Dr. Gour's resolution to create a Supreme Court for India in lieu of the Privy Council; and in the (Motilal) Nehru Report, its abolition was not envisaged. More recently, in 1939 and 1943, when the idea of expanding the Federal Court into a Supreme Court was mooted both in England and in India, owing to the depredations of the U-Boat warfare which had affected overseas communications, and Sir Patrick Spens, the Federal Chief Justice, had actually toured round the country for that purpose, few evinced any interest, and quite a majority of the legal bodies in this country, declined to accord any but the most grudging support to the proposal, which eventually fell through. Something in that direction, however, has recently been done.

After 26th January 1950, the Privy Council becomes a "foreign court" and as His Majesty's writ will not run in India, the appeals pending in that forum will have to be decided in this

country itself, if the decrees therein are to be given effect to by the State. Sometime ago it was given out that the British Lord Chancellor would be prepared to send out to this country a few Privy Councillors to dispose of the appeals locally, but later it was gathered that there was no such proposal on hand. There are however two Privy Councillors in our country at present, namely, Sir C. Madhavan Nair and Mr. M. R. Jayakar, and perhaps a way may be found to establish a body of nearly the same stature as the Judicial Committee, which may function as a sort of transitory appellate tribunal to which all the work pending before the Privy Council may be transferred. Such a body should most certainly consist of very eminent persons in the legal profession or the judiciary; and the principles of selection which had been adopted in recruiting the Indian members of the Privy Council, should be adopted. The appointees had been almost invariably the Chief Justices in the various provinces, such as Sir John Edge, Wallis, Rankin, Beaumont, Shadilal or distinguished lawyers like Lord Sinha, Sir George Lowndes, Sir Benode Mitter, Mulla and Mr. M. R. Jayakar. There is enough legal talent in India even now to man such a tribunal; the task is not so much to discover it but to salvage it from the political fields where it is at present seeking umbrage. One can freely mention a host of names in this connection: Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Ayyar, Sultan Ahmed, B. L. Mitter, S. Doraiswami Ayyar, Alladi Krishnaswami Ayyar, Sir Maurice Gwyer, Sir S. Varadachariar, Babu Rajendra Prasad, T. Prakasam, K. M. Munshi, Dr. Radha Binod Pal, Sir Vepa Ramesam, K. Sundaram Chettiar, Sir M. Venkatasubba Rao and Mr. M. R. Jayakar. The Governor-General may be empowered by statute to set up such a tribunal.

TRUTH AND POETRY

In general most modern poets try to make poetry as full and rich as possible in order to secure the maximum of truth and of poetical effect. An experience must be presented in its complexity, without the simplifications and the order which analytical thought gives. Since the originating creative condition is extremely direct and immediate and often very unfamiliar, the poet must not be afraid to state exactly what he feels and to trust that he will be understood.—C. M. BOWRA, in "The Creative Experiment."

HOW LONG SHOULD FILMS BE?

GOVERNMENT'S INTERFERENCE WITH PRODUCERS' FREEDOM

FILM production is creative work which combines in itself the contributions of many creative talents such as story writing, dialogue writing, script writing, music and dance direction. Any restriction imposed on the length of a film amounts to a restriction on the creative work of the contributing talents. It amounts to a restriction on the fundamental rights of such persons. No creative art should be interfered with by Government.

Producing a film is like producing a printed novel. The only difference is that the novel is printed on paper and the film is printed on celluloid. If Government will not think of restricting the length of novels, why should they think of restricting the length of films?

Barring India, no other country in the world has restricted the length of films. They had not restricted it even during war-time when there was such an acute shortage of film.

The best films in the world are invariably of a long footage. To this category belong 'Gone with the Wind,' 'The Song of Bernadette,' 'Rebecca,' 'For whom the bell tolls,' 'Hamlet,' 'Mrs. Miniver,' 'The Sign of the Cross,' 'Random Harvest,' 'The Best Years of Our Lives,' 'Going My Way,' 'Bells of St. Mary's.' Almost all these films are Academy Award pictures. Hollywood and England produce no doubt short feature films but these films are mostly either sexy or flimsy, with a lot of dances and leg-showing. They are of the 'boy meets girl' variety. Surely the Government of India's intention is not to compel Indian producers to take to such pictures! If the Government's intention is to encourage quality pictures they ought to encourage classic or historic films which are comparatively long. To restrict length is to restrict the production of good films with a classic background.

Shakespeare's 'Hamlet,' produced in England, which is now running in India, is just a little less than 15,000 feet and this film has been awarded prizes for black and white photography, black and white art direction, best acting, etc. If India wants to produce this same 'Hamlet' why should Government prohibit it? Or do the Government think that we can produce the same subject under 11,000 feet while in England they require 15,000 feet to produce it?

England is a quick tempo language and English pictures like 'Hamlet' do not contain songs or dances. If, without a single song or dance, and in a quick tempo language like English, the telling of a good film story requires 15,000 feet, can India tell a similar story in 11,000 feet, handicapped as our producers are to put in a few songs and dances so that the films can have a wider appeal?

The Government of India seem to quote four reasons for restricting the length of films. They plead shortage of raw films, due to import restrictions. They hope that the quality of films will improve if length is restricted and that the cost of production will come down. They seem to think that shorter films will enable exhibitors to show more educational shorts and other approved films. It will be found on analysis that none of these reasons is tangible.

First of all, there is actually no film shortage. If at any time there was film shortage it was only temporary. Raw film is being imported both from the soft and hard currency areas.

Even granting that, due to import restrictions, raw film is bound to fall into short supply, this shortage is not going to be met by restricting the length of films. The length of a film has nothing whatever to do with the actual consumption of raw film. One producer can consume more raw film

and produce a picture of 11,000 feet, whereas another can consume less raw film and yet produce a picture of 15,000 or 16,000 feet. The consumption of raw film in the making of a picture depends on various other factors and seldom on the total length of a film. As a matter of fact the consumption of raw film will become more in the case of a picture of restricted footage, because one has then to experiment on the raw film quite a number of times in order to bring it down to the limited footage allowed. The idea that a longer film will consume more raw film and a shorter film less raw film is quite erroneous.

If the Government find there is really a shortage of raw film, they must ration the available raw stock to the industry and leave it to them to use it either for a long film or for a short film according to the needs of particular pictures.

Thinking that restricting feature films to 11,000 feet will result in the consumption of less raw film, the Government of India introduced in 1942 during the war an ordinance restricting the length of films. One year later, finding that this had not produced the desired effect, they started rationing the film. But while they started rationing the raw stock, they failed to rescind their first order on restriction of film footage, even though it was found not to have served its purpose.

Nor has the quality of a film anything to do with its length. There are bad films that are short and good films that are long, just as there are bad long films and good short films. The real point is that a film can be as long as it is interesting, and this the trade knows, better than anybody else.

The impression which the Government seem to have, that Indian films are bad compared to western films, is totally erroneous. To compare these two classes of films is itself most unfair. Only the best of western films are shown in India, as everyone knows. If western countries produce a hundred films in a year, only the best five or six out of them reach India. Now we in India see the best of the best from the West and compare them with good, bad and

indifferent films produced here. Is not the comparison most unfair? The Indian film industry is the second largest in the world, second only to Hollywood. This being so, to damn the Indian films is to damn those whose intrepid enterprise has raised this industry to the position of the second largest in the world. If Indian films are really lengthy, boring or bad, the industry could never have come to its present position. Indian films generally are a bit lengthier because the masses of India believe more in heavy stories, classics, historicals, folklores, mythology and biographies. To restrict the length, therefore, means preventing the producers from choosing substantial subjects and compelling them to produce cheap stuff not palatable to the masses, disturbing the industry from the position to which it has raised itself.

The plea that the cost of production will come down if footage is reduced, is indeed surprising. The Government, instead of themselves encouraging research or spending money on it in order to improve the quality, have thought it fit to preach economy to the producers. Just at a time when Indian producers are vying with each other to create high-class pictures so that they can improve the standard of production and market them on a very wide scale and thus raise the scale of employment and absorb more talent into the industry, it is surprising to find the Government trying to restrict this natural expansion of an important industry.

The idea that a shorter film costs less and a longer film costs more is again wrong. A film is composed of several "shots," and the number of shots might well remain the same, whatever be the total length of the picture, and all expenditure connected with making a film is dependent only on the number of shots, and not on its total length.

As for the argument that restricted footage will facilitate the exhibition of educational films and approved shorts, the Government have ample enough powers, as it is, to compel exhibitors to show "approved films." There is therefore really no need for them to impose a further law restricting the length of feature films. If

an exhibitor is willing to show a long film and the "approved film," why should he not be given the liberty to do so? After all, the exhibitor knows his patrons, the public. If in course of time the public decline to sit and watch a show of an inordinate length, the industry itself will adjust itself to the changing needs or tastes of the people and produce shorter films. There is no need for any compulsion at all. Having compelled exhibitors to exhibit "approved films" in every show, the Government may leave the industry to adjust itself. As a matter of fact, exhibitors are now showing lengthy films as well as "approved films." When a feature film is inordinately long the exhibitor conducts only two shows, and if it is fairly short the exhibitor has three shows a day, and these adjustments are as well done in India as they are done abroad.

The position of the South Indian film industry is very peculiar. This is the second largest in India, next only to Bombay. The Bombay film producer has not got to face the same problems as his Madras compeer. Pictures produced in Bombay have a wide market covering the whole of India including Madras Province, but pictures produced in Madras have to be content with Madras Province only. That is to say, the total marketing area for a South Indian picture is very much less than that for a Bombay picture. But the cost of producing a picture, whether in Bombay or in Madras, remains the same. Whereas the cost of production remains the same, the returns are not the same, due to the restriction of exploitation area for a South Indian picture. In order to get round this handicap South Indian producers have to employ extra and special devices so as to multiply the audience; they have to incorporate additional attractions in order to make the limited audience see their pictures more number of times. What are such devices? Songs and dances are the most important among them. It is a well known fact that nobody will read or hear a story more than once but the public would like to hear the same good songs and see the same good dances any number of times. The South Indian producer has perforce

to put more of songs and dances into his pictures, which means that he requires more length. That is why the average length of a South Indian picture is about 17,000 feet whereas that in Bombay is about 12,500 feet. If a cut is imposed, it will not be uniform because Bombay will suffer a cut of only 1,500 feet, whereas Madras will suffer a cut of 6,000 feet. If therefore the 11,000 feet restriction is imposed, the Madras industry will suffer very badly. Most of the film producers in Madras who have specialised in producing classics and folklore will have to close down. These producers have specialised in showing lengthy "folk" type of subjects through tent cinemas to hundreds of South Indian villages and if they have to wind up or take to only "city" type subjects, then the villagers will cease to have any entertainment. In North India there are no "touring cinemas"—not even one—whereas in South India there are 700 licensed touring cinemas. Why are there no touring cinemas at all in North India and why are there so many of them in South India? The answer is simple. The Bombay producer gets back more than his cost in the Upper Indian cities themselves and he need not care for the villagers at all. For a Madras producer, his biggest city is only Madras, with Bangalore coming next to it and the rest are only small towns and villages. He is therefore forced to show his pictures to the vast village audiences through touring tents and that is why there are so many touring cinemas in the South. A man of the city, being naturally busy, would not like to see a lengthy picture, but a villager, who is less busy, has abundant leisure at his disposal and would not only not mind a lengthy picture but actually wants it for the money he pays.

Surely, it cannot be the Government's object to deny entertainment to the poor villagers. They must rather strive to encourage it. By restricting the length of feature films the Government will be wiping out a popular form of entertainment for millions of villagers, especially women, who mostly wish to see only mythological pictures and pictures with classical backgrounds. (Contributed).

FALLING PRODUCTIVITY: WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

By **INDRA SEN**

WITH the gradual disappearance of the sellers' market as the consumers are turning more and more price-conscious, the marketing of goods is becoming increasingly difficult. This has naturally raised the question of the cost factor. As usual the first thing that has drawn the attention of the industrialists is the productivity of labour or the output per worker. This in its turn has led to the revival of the old theory of the lower efficiency of Indian labour, forgotten in the boom conditions created by the war. A more refined version of the same theory is that labour today has deliberately slowed down causing a decline in the labour productivity. As the industrialists maintain that productivity is low, labour with equal insistence contends that the theory of low productivity is being propounded with a view to increasing the workload and retrenching workers. The consumers, in the absence of any conclusive proof or reliable statistics from either side, do not know which view to take.

Recently, however, the Central Advisory Council for Industries has provided us with some data albeit in regard to but one industry only, of the present productivity in the country. Sir Ardeshir Dalal, at the last meeting of the Central Advisory Council for Industries offered, for the first time in India, some indication in this regard. According to him, in 1938-39, the output of steel per man was 24 tons, whereas today it is only 16 tons; productivity has fallen by 33%. In contrast, labour productivity in Britain last year went up by 4.5 per cent, as compared with only a 2.5 per cent increase envisaged by Britain's Four Year Marshall Aid Programme. The conclusion is ineluctable: something is basically wrong with the national economy. Who is responsible for this decline in productivity? Capital or Labour?

Sir Ardeshir has accused labour of deliberately slowing down. Let us,

however, examine his contention a little closely. On what does productivity depend? Does it depend entirely upon the willingness of labour to produce? Or does it depend upon a host of other factors also? Does it depend also on the efficiency of the machinery, the layout of the plant, the conditions of work, the efficiency of management and, in times like this, regular supply of raw materials? If it does, Sir Ardeshir has to prove that the foregoing non-labour factors of production are satisfactory, before he can accuse labour of slowing down. Since he has not discussed these factors of production, we have to do it ourselves.

Among these factors, the efficiency of the plant and machinery comes first in order of importance. Let us examine the standard of efficiency of the machinery in the Tata Iron & Steel Co., Ltd, the productivity figures of which were quoted by Sir Ardeshir. The latest Annual Report of the TISCO says: "Based on the report of our consulting engineers, an extensive scheme of major repairs and replacements has been worked out. This is a programme of considerable magnitude which will extend over a period of years." What is this extensive scheme of major repairs and replacements? What is this programme of considerable magnitude? What percentage of the plant and machinery has become obsolete and needs to be replaced? What is the standard of efficiency of the plant machinery? Neither the Annual Report of the TISCO nor the Vice-Chairman of its Board of Directors, Sir Ardeshir, throws light on it.

There is, however, a rough and ready method of estimating the efficiency of the plant and machinery. The Annual Reports of the two years—1938-39 and 1948-49—would provide us with the data necessary for roughly estimating the efficiency of the plant and machinery in those two years. In 1938-39, out of a total capital

expenditure of Rs. 26.89 crores, works including mills, plant and machinery, etc., accounted for Rs. 19.92 crores and the depreciation fund amounted to Rs. 12.56 crores. The depreciation on plant and machinery, therefore, was approximately Rs. 12.56 X 19.92/26.89 = Rs. 9.38 crores. This represents about 35 percent of the total capital expenditure on plant, machinery, etc. We may conclude thus that the efficiency of the plant and machinery in 1938-39 had declined roughly by 35%; it was only 65%. By applying the same method, we find that the depreciation on plant and machinery in 1948-49 was approximately Rs. 24.03 X 28.67/39.83 crores = Rs. 17.3 crores. This again represents 60 percent of the total expenditure on works. The efficiency of the plant and machinery can therefore be taken to be roughly 40%. During the ten years, 1938-39 to 1948-49, the efficiency had decreased from 65% to 40%. In other words, the efficiency had tumbled down by 38%. Is Sir Ardeshir, in the circumstances, justified in accusing labour for the decline in productivity?

The backlog of accumulated demand for renewals and replacements is no peculiarity of the steel industry. The capital equipment in all the industries is badly worn-out. It was heavily over-worked during the war and at the same time even the normal replacements and renewals ceased: "In the textile industry, as much as 40% of the existing machinery is due for replacement. Although the ratio would probably be a little lower in other industries, it must still be considerable in all. The steel industry puts its own requirements at Rs. 37 crores, although the figure includes provision for a moderate extension programme. No exact indication can be given in respect of other industries but it is certain that obsolescent and worn-out equipment is the rule rather than the exception and that this is the major explanation of the post-war chronically low production trend." ("Tata Quarterly," October 1948). What the "Tata Quarterly" rightly emphasised only a few months back is today being denied by the Vice Chairman of the TISCO Board of Directors.

On top of this, the TISCO production suffered from transport difficul-

ties. Says the Annual Report of 1948-49: "Operations during the year were hampered owing to transport difficulties which were particularly experienced in the procurement of raw materials like iron ore, limestone, ferrosilicon and refractories." If the supply of raw materials is interrupted or capital equipment is out of date, should capital point out an accusing finger towards labour? Does it not smack of the London Economist's recent efforts in its campaign for wage reduction in Britain?

Higher productivity needs as its pre-requisite, above all, new and up-to-date capital equipment. Even the transport difficulty cannot be fully overcome without a large-scale replacement of the over-used and over-age locomotives and rolling stock. The arrears in the replacement of the industrial and transport equipment would be according to a recent estimate of the Minister for Industries, about Rs. 400 crores. Are the capitalists prepared for such heavy investment? We are afraid, they are not. It is not because there is no saving, as they allege. As a matter of fact, the flow of new capital investment started drying up even before the "notorious" Liaquat Ali Budget of 1947. It has completely dried up now. The industrialists are waiting for the depression to come, so that they can carry out the replacements and renewals at a much reduced cost. In Western countries, says Mr. K. M. Nalk, President of the Indian Chamber of Commerce, Calcutta, "Depression should, in a way, be welcomed by undeveloped areas. For, it is only in depression days that industrially advanced countries look to the interests of backward countries, and it is the competition among those to dispose of their manufactured goods, such as plant and machinery, which provides opportunities for underdeveloped countries to set up industries at reasonable costs." After having made only "reasonable" profits for the last ten years, during and after the war, the capitalists are eagerly awaiting a depression, when they can buy plant and machinery at a reasonable price. So long as they persist in this policy, productivity is bound to continue to decline.—(Copy right:—N. P. S.)

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"MAGNIFICENTLY UNPATRIOTIC ATTITUDE OF CHINESE COMMUNISTS"

ONE of the most interesting and significant features of the Communist rule in China, which has now spread widely to the south of the Yangtse, is the form of state organisation it has so far adopted. In spite of the fact that the Communists have controlled large areas of China for many months now, nothing that can fairly be called a central government yet exists. The Chinese Communist Party provides co-ordination, but state administration is decentralised to a high degree in six regional units. These are made up of one non-Chinese national unit—the Mongol autonomous area in Inner Mongolia and the former Hsingan provinces of Manchukuo—and five Chinese "liberated areas"—North-east, North, North-west, East and Central Plains.

These divisions south of the Great Wall cut across the old provincial boundaries, and they are probably indeed designed, not so much for administrative convenience, as to break up and supersede the traditional provincial loyalties. But the North-east retains a recognisable shape; it is Manchukuo minus the territory which has gone to the Mongol autonomous area. It is the only one of the six areas that has a munitions industry of significant size, and its troops form the backbone of the Communist armed strength in China. It is the region of which the strategic and economic keys were handed to Stalin at Yalta by the heads of the British and American Governments, and it is now the base of Soviet power within China—a power which can be directed against deviating Chinese Communists as well as against non-Communist forces.

The situation is curiously similar to that which existed in the opening years of this century, and the similarity was some time ago pointed out by no less a person than Stalin himself.

"For forty years," he declared, in an address to the Soviet people on

the surrender of Japan in September 1945, "the men of the older generation have waited for this day. And now this day has come." In other words, Russia, under him, had avenged the defeat Tsarist Russia had sustained at the hands of Japan in 1905, had wiped out the hateful memory of the capitulation of Port Arthur and the massacre of Russian warships in the Tsushima Straits, and had restored to the Soviet state its rightful inheritance from the past. It was indeed a little odd for anyone with a knowledge of Russian history that the Communist dictator should speak thus; for the activity of the Bolsheviks in 1905 was anything but helpful to the winning of the war against Japan; and in much more recent times the former Russian policies of expansion in Manchuria and Korea, which clashed with the Japanese expansion and thus led to the Russo-Japanese war, were classified as "imperialist." But the formal claim to continuity with the Far Eastern policy of Tsarist Russia should, at least, have warned western statesmen in good time of post-war Soviet aims in this part of the world. Soviet Russian actions since the collapse of Japan have indeed followed in a remarkable manner the lines laid down by the predecessors of Tsarist Russian expansion, with Communism as a supplementary means of pressure and influence. For more than half a century Manchuria has been the pivot of Far Eastern politics. Fundamentally it remains so today, even though the Manchurian question may appear to have been settled for the time being. Geographically Manchuria has been since 1860 a north-eastern salient of China projecting into Russia's Siberian territory, and the weakness of China has exposed it to the pressure of the southward-slanting Russian expansion across Asia to the Pacific. At the same time Manchuria, together with Korea, formed the part of the Asiatic continent most accessible to a powerful and expansive Japan. Thus Man-

churia became a bone of contention between Russia and Japan. Before 1905 it was all Russian, then it was virtually divided between the rivals until 1931, when the Japanese took over the whole country and set up their puppet state of Manchukuo. All this time Manchuria remained ethnically Chinese and, with its development by Russian and Japanese enterprise, its Chinese population constantly increased until to-day it is as great as that of France. By the end of the Pacific war it had become the one part of China with a really developed system of railway communications, electric power and modern industry. Its recovery was a major war aim of the Chinese Government, not only for the sake of re-uniting with China a territory ethnically Chinese and recognised by the Allies as rightfully belonging to China, but also because the industrial equipment created there by Japanese capital was to be China's main asset for post-war economic progress.

In the secret bargaining of the Big Three at Yalta, the claims which Russia made against its prospective ally China were greater than those advanced for the future peace settlement against Japan. They were granted to Russia in the cynically worded treaty which provided that Stalin's claims to the pre-1905 Tsarist Russian holdings in Manchuria were to be enforced, whether China consented or not. It was obvious that China would not voluntarily grant concessions of sovereign rights which it had been the aim of Chinese foreign policy for a generation to recover. In the end, however, faced with the united front of the Big Three, China signed a treaty conceding Russia's claims in return for a Russian promise to render China "support and assistance to be given fully to the National Government as the Central Government of China."

The manner in which this undertaking was kept is one of the grimmest jokes of contemporary history. In the help given to the Communists and in the obstruction of the agencies of the Government they were pledged to "support and assist," the Russians merely followed the familiar pattern of their behaviour in eastern Europe. What was unique in the Russian occu-

pation of Manchuria was the systematic looting of the country's industrial installations—a course of action which was directly at the expense of China as such, whether it was to be in future under Communist or non-Communist rule. The work of removing industrial plant and machinery was taken in hand as soon as the Russian troops took over from the Japanese; it had evidently been planned long beforehand, but there had been no hint of the Russian intention, and both Chinese and Americans were taken entirely by surprise. The American Reparations Commission subsequently estimated the value of the direct loss at \$858 million and the total damage, including deterioration, at over \$2,000 million. The Russians claimed all transport and industrial installations created by the Japanese in Manchuria as "war booty," though international law had previously been unacquainted with the doctrine that every piece of machinery in a country was the property of a liberating ally.

From the angle of Communist theory also the Russian action in Manchuria was without justification, for it had previously been held that the properties of imperialist capital were liable to confiscation by the people of the colonial or semi-colonial country in which they were situated, and it had been China, not Russia, which had suffered from Japanese invasion and domination.

Russian action in 1945 and 1946 showed a consistent policy of establishing a complete economic control over Manchuria. Even after the pick of the Japanese-Manchurian industrial plants had been removed to the Soviet Union, what was left was still the most important group of industries on Chinese soil, and included a number of mines which were in any case irremovable. The Russians offered to transfer part-ownership of these to the Chinese Government on condition that they were operated by Sino-Soviet companies under Soviet management. The Chinese Government, which did not recognise Russia's title to the properties at all, declined to accept the terms, but its consent was only of secondary importance, as the administration of Manchuria was soon

firmly in the hands of the Chinese Communists; arrangements for securing Soviet control of Manchurian economy could henceforth be made with authorities which were not only obsessed with the idea that Russia could do no wrong, but were dependent on Russian permission to arm themselves from captured Japanese war stocks.

On the magnificently unpatriotic attitude of the Chinese Communist leadership to the looting of Manchuria, a book recently published in America* justly comments:

"If the Chinese Communists had possessed a shred of the independence so many experts used to allege they had, they would have joined in the general indignation against the Soviet action in Manchuria. As a matter of fact, not one word of protest, not even the slightest criticism of the Soviet operation, was voiced by the Chinese Communists. . . . The loyalty of the Chinese Communists to the Soviet Union was put to a severe test and proved unswerving."

As a result of the gifts of China's sovereign rights to Russia by Britain and the United States at Yalta, and the subsequent "war booty" seizures of Manchuria's main resources, the Russian grip on Manchuria is now as tight as the control commonly exercised by a colonial power through a formal protectorate. This Russian domination of Manchuria is today the main restriction on Chinese national sovereignty, and a Chinese nationalism attentive only to Chinese national interests would necessarily concentrate its energies

* David J. Dallin, *Soviet Russia and the Far East*. Yale University Press, 1948.

in a direction adverse to Russia. For this reason, if for no other, the Chinese Communists have to carry on their intensive anti-Western propaganda; for it is only by continually working up and intensifying grievances against Britain and America that they can keep public attention diverted from the state of affairs in Manchuria and prevent it from recolling against the party which has connived at the creation of a new "Manchukuo."

There are probably elements in the Chinese Communist party which secretly resent the Russian encroachment and would like to reassert Chinese independence in all parts of Chinese territory. As the Communists become more firmly established in China south of the Wall and Manchuria becomes proportionately a smaller part of the total of Communist China, the tendency to break loose from Russia may become stronger. This is the calculation of British and American observers who would gamble on the development of "Titoism" in China. But, if the Russian policy in Manchuria has given cause for a possible anti-Russian turn among the Chinese, it has also provided formidable levers of control for Russia inside China. Tito had the advantage of full centralised control over all Yugoslav territory when the crisis came; but in China the possibilities of disruption at the first signs of deviation are far greater. In the attempt to prevent the Manchurian tail from wagging the Chinese dog might be much more destructive than the present civil way. In any case Russia's course is set; the frontier of the Soviet Union is on the shore of the Yellow Sea.—*The Economist*.

THE FEAR OF LIFE

These, then, are my last words to you: Be not afraid of life. Believe that life is worth living and your belief will help create the fact. The "scientific" proof that you are right may not be clear before the day of judgment (or some stage of being which that expression may serve to symbolize) is reached. But the faithful fighters of this hour, or the beings that then and there will represent them, may turn to the faint-hearted, who here decline to go on, with words like those with which Henry IV greeted the tardy Crillon after a great battle had been gained: "Hang yourself, brave Crillon! We fought at Arques, and you were not there!"—WILLIAM JAMES, in "The Will to Believe."

LITERARY RAMBLINGS IN PARIS

By YUSUF MEHERALLY

(This is the last of a series of five articles by the distinguished Socialist leader Meherally, lately returned from a tour of France)

MY most precious memories of Paris are not those of meeting with political and other celebrities, but of literary ramblings in that great metropolis. If you want the keys to explore the heart of Paris, do not rest content with following only the obvious landmarks of travel. The glories of the Louvre, the splendours of the Luxembourg, the stately spires of Notre Dame, the exquisite poetry of Saint Chapelle, which in its daintiness reminds one so forcefully of the Moti Masjid in the Agra Fort—these powerfully stir our emotions. But there is yet another Paris—the Paris of Moliere and Corneille, of Balzac and Victor Hugo, of Alexandre Dumas and Emile Zola, of Romain Rolland and Marcel Proust, that is as full of fascination as any of the other highlights of her history.

Even though this was my third visit to Paris, I could scarcely contain my excitement. On my very first day I decided to visit again some of my favourite spots. Raja Rao the well known writer, whose second home is Paris, put me into a car and we slowly drove past the Madeleine stopping for a few moments to drink in its massive outlines; then through the Rue Royale with its resplendant shops, bursting with every conceivable luxury. We slowly skirted the Place de la Concorde, where the guillotine stood in the days of the Revolution and where the King and the Queen as well as their revolutionary condemners, Danton, Desmoulins and Robespierre, all alike shared the same grim fate and were sent to their nameless graves. We were now in the Rue Rivoli, another street that is a tourists' paradise. Leisurely we sauntered through the historic gardens of the Tuileries. In a few moments we were at the Place du Carrousel, looking at the joyous monument built by Napoleon to commemorate his triumphs. On one side

facing us was the Louvre. What an astonishing treasure-house of dreams the Museum is! Here are Venus, Milo and Mona Lisa, the Winged Victory and the Apollon Gallery and other masterpieces in whose presence man forgets to breathe!

Next we sped to the great Cathedral of Notre Dame, the biggest in France and famed alike in history and legend. What a glorious sight it is in the mild evening light! How many reverent feet have entered its portals during the years and how many eyes gazed at the indescribably beautiful Rose window inside?

And then to the enchanted Luxembourg Gardens. Just facing us was the statue of Marguerite de Valois, immortalised by Dumas in his absorbing novel and by our side was the palace of Catherine de Medici. Across the street was where the Three Musketeers lived. And what a number of happy and carefree children were now playing in the gardens! The Military Band and the Puppet Theatre were entertaining hundreds of people. It was with evident reluctance that I got up to leave, only to return to it later again and again.

We had dinner in an artist's den on the Boulevard Montparnasse. On the way we passed the house of Romain Rolland without going in. It was on another day six weeks later that I spent some hours there having tea with the great writer's sister and inseparable companion. With a thrill I saw the manuscripts of his books; his collection of pictures, the letters he wrote to and received from Gandhiji, and other mementoes of that eventful life, which has so enriched humanity.

Among Paris's most distinctive features are her innumerable cafes, some of them internationally well known. After dinner the literati and the bohemians, writers, artists, critics,

intellectuals and lesser people who come to watch them argue, crowd certain cafes. Often from the heat of debate and the sparkle of conversation new ideas take root and blossom forth into new paintings, novels, essays or polemics.

Particularly famous in that quarter are the Cafe du Dome and the Cafe du Rotonde. To the latter, one day, long ago, came a person looking half starved who ordered substantial refreshments. After he had finished, he timidly explained to the waiter that he had no money to pay, that he was a political exile from his country and as such a guest of France. Would the comrade waiter lend him the money to pay the bill? He would return it without fail later. The waiter was surprised, but there was something compelling in the man's voice. He loaned the stranger the money. The man's name was Lenin.

After the Russian Revolution, Lenin remembered the debt and sent it to the waiter, with an added present and his profuse thanks. The latter promptly returned the amount with the remark that he had lent it to a penniless and starving exile and not to the head of a great and powerful State.

I wanted so much to have an unusual holiday in Paris and made ambitious plans for visiting or revisiting the places associated with writers and artists I had come to love.

What better name to start with than Moliere? He is to France, in a way, what Shakespeare is to England. Dead two hundred and seventy years and yet how much alive! During my stay alone, three different theatres were showing half a dozen of his different plays.

I went in high anticipation to the house where he was born; not to the exact house, of course, but the spot where it once stood; visited the famous Lycee Louis-le-Grand, in which he was married, the little Theatre he started which soon was closed down and for not being able to pay the candle bills of which he was put into the Chatelet prison. His numerous adventures form a colourful episode in the history of French letters.

Towards the end of his career he was living at 40 Rue Richelieu. A commemorative tablet is affixed to the building. I stood long before the plain dwelling, recalling to mind the incidents of his last days. He was very ill, but regularly continued to act in his nearby theatre. At last a stage was reached when the doctors would not allow him to undergo the strain of standing and acting. Moliere, however, found a way out. He wrote a new play in which he could act sitting on a chair and called it "The Imaginary Invalid!" On the day of the fifth performance, February 27, 1673, he was extremely unwell and was greatly pressed to rest. But he refused saying: "What can I do? There are fifty poor work-people who depend on me for a living."

The play was to commence at 4 p.m. He was carried to the theatre. Summoning a super-human energy he went through the whole performance. The audience had no idea that he was so ill. An hour after it was over, he was dead. Moliere had burnt his candle lavishly at both ends. He was only 51. But that time was enough to win immortality.

Controversy is usually hushed in the presence of death, but not in Moliere's case. The Church refused to give him a Christian burial on the ground that he was an actor, a profession which it then regarded as immoral. The priests who had been sent for refused to come. No amount of persuasion made any difference. Ultimately influential friends of Moliere appealed to the King who issued a Royal Command to the Archbishop of Paris to accord him a funeral. That ecclesiastical dignitary thus forced to comply, did so very grudgingly. He, in his turn, issued a Special Order stipulating that the funeral should be accompanied by no pomp, with only two officiating priests, and only after dark, with no day service. So in darkness and silence Moliere's body was lowered into a plain grave in the rather obscure Cemetery of St. Joseph, now no more. Today houses stand where his grave once was. His remains were afterwards removed to the Museum of French Monuments. When the Museum was disbanded, they were taken to the Cemetery of Pere

Lachaise, without doubt one of the most famous cemeteries in the whole world.

Balzac and La Fontaine, Delacroix and Barye, Michelet and Gautier, Chopin and Talma and many others have found their last resting place here. So the famous lovers, Abelard and Heloise, whose tragic story has been so often celebrated in word and song.

Perhaps the best known house in Paris is where Victor Hugo lived, a famous house in a famous street. This is at Place de Vosges. It is difficult to think of another locality so full of vital political and literary associations. At No. 1, Madame de Sevigne, the great writer was born. Theophile Gautier and after him Alphonse Daudet, two notable names in French fiction, lived successively in No. 8. The great tragedienne Rachel lived in No. 9. At No. 21 lived Cardinal Richelieu, while the Palais Cardinal, now known as Palais Royal was under construction. The house everybody is most interested in, is No. 6 where Victor Hugo lived for over half a century. He came here in 1832 shortly after he had completed his "Notre Dame de Paris," a novel of 15th century life in the Capital. Even before Hugo came here, the house was well known. Marshall Lavardine who was in the same carriage with France's most popular King, Henry IV at the time of the latter's assassination by a religious fanatic, lived here. So did later, Marion Delorme, one of the most dazzling beauties of her time and one in whom the Cardinal Richelieu himself was greatly interested. Her dashing and handsome lover, the Marquis of Cinq Mars, hatched intrigues and conspiracies against the great Cardinal here and ultimately paid for them with his life. Victor Hugo had written a play on Marion Delorme before he came to live here. It was in this great mansion that he wrote his "Les Miserables."

To his salon came celebrities from places far and near. Charles Dickens when staying in Paris to collect material for his "Tale of Two Cities" came to parties here, as did Alexandre Dumas, Musset the poet, Lamartine the historian, Barye the sculptor, Delacroix around whose new style in painting a great controversy was

raging, and Prosper Merimee, author of "Carmen," which visitors to Paris should not fail to see on the stage.

One day there was a knock at the door and a very beautiful young lady pleaded hard for an interview with the great writer. It had come in the papers that a new play by Hugo called "Lucrece Borgio" was soon to be put on and the part of the leading lady had not still been assigned. She had acted in several smaller roles and asked to be given a chance with the main part in the drama. Her personality made quite an impression on Hugo and he consented. From that day a new element came into his life. The beautiful Juliet Drouet was to become his closest favourite. For fifty years he wrote to her every day a letter, even though they also met once or oftener almost every day.

Hugo died at the ripe age of 83. He asked to be buried in a poor man's coffin. Thus preserved his body was kept below the Arc d' Triomphe, where all evening and night thousands went to have a last look at one of France's most illustrious sons. Next day amidst the highest honours his body was taken to the Pantheon for burial.

Day after day my wanderings continued, accompanied by one or more congenial friends. Monsieur Weisse, the eminent French archaeologist, took me to Malmaison, which Napoleon loved so much and where his wife, Josephine, retired heart-broken after her divorce. It contains the biggest collection on *Napoleona* in the world. The long drive from Paris is beautiful and when one returns how full the city seems of Napoleon, whose monuments dominate so much of the Paris skyline. On other days the vivacious and scholarly Madame Lippens accompanied me in my expeditions, while the generosity of Madame Ranay and Madame Fossey was unbounded.

I have deliberately avoided references to living authors—to Andre Gide who was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1947, to Duhamel, to Jule Rommein, to Aragon, to Malraux, to Mauriac, to the brilliant Existentialist trio—Sartre, Camus and Simone de Bovigny. For how much ground can one hope to cover within the limits of a single article?

One final word about the theatres in Paris. What gorgeous things they are! How well it all fitted into my programme—visiting places associated with the great and then walking in to see their masterpieces enacted on the stage. I saw Pushkin's "Boris Godounov" at the Opera, Beaumarchais' "The Marriage of Figaro" at the Opera Comique, Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas" at the Theatre Francaise, Moliere's "Tartuffe" at the Odeon, among others. With what technical perfection they were presented! And yet these renowned theatres being State-supported, the highest ticket costs no more than Rs. 3 or Rs. 4 and the lowest less than a rupee. What an object lesson this is for our Government to support warmly the legitimate theatre with its vast educational and cultural possibilities.

During my stay, Henry de Montherlant's current play was drawing big and exciting audiences. It was a powerful drama with an unrelieved

tragic end. When the charming Madame Mantet de Serant with whom I was going to see it gave the taxi driver the name of the Theatre, he turned round sharply and said: "What do you want to see that play for? It is black tragedy. Aren't there troubles enough in the world for you to want to add to them by another evening of gloom and to pay for the privilege? There are several other fine cheerful plays going on, try one of them."

I was delighted at this interruption and asked him for alternative suggestions. Meanwhile we had arrived. Seeing our resolve unshaken he said: "May be you will get no tickets. I shall wait and take you to another. You will thank me." But the tickets had been secured and we went in.

Such is Paris. From the cafe table to the taxicab everywhere there is intelligent discussion and the man in the street also participates in them. —(Copyright).

DOLLAR SHORTAGE AND DEVALUATION OF STERLING

By P. RAMA RAO

AMERICA today holds the key to the economic stability and progress of the rest of the world. Producing about 40 per cent of the world's income, she is now the world's granary, the world's workshop and the world's mart. The huge and almost self-sufficient nature of her economy, set in the background of a poverty-stricken and war-ravaged world, itself subject to the frequent business fluctuations which characterise all capitalistic economies, has been in this century a formidable source of instability. And this instability has continually shown itself in the form of a chronic shortage in the supply of dollars available to the rest of the world. The truth is that America is producing more than what she can continue to do, given its present level of effective demand, and there are very few commodities that the Americans need from foreigners. On the other hand, the poverty-ridden and war-torn countries of the outside world

are hungering for American goods, to restore their economies to their pre-war levels. But since they lack gold or dollars, which they cannot obtain owing to the indifference of Americans towards foreign goods and overseas investments, they have to go without the much-needed American goods and often fall a prey to economic and political chaos.

In the view of Kindleberger and other eminent economists, dollar shortage is a long-term problem since it has its roots in the structural maladjustments of the international economy of the 20th century. It was present even in the inter-war period, but the countries of Western Europe made it up by their still considerable gold holdings, their investment income from abroad and the dollar-earnings of their colonies in South-East Asia. The Second World War, besides washing off this nice and delicate balance of international adjustments, also caused serious dislocations

in the economies of European countries and made deep inroads into their ability to produce and to export. The cessation of East-West trade on the continent of Europe aggravated the dollar shortage, and the West European countries emerged from the war triumphant politically but fully loaded with heavy war debts to other countries.

It was in recognition of the persistence of the ever-widening gap between supply and demand for dollars that the Marshall Plan was projected in the post-war period by the most important creditor nation of the world. Though sound in principle, it was launched on the very debatable assumption that the factors which gave rise to it constituted only a passing phenomenon. As such, the plan has proved only a palliative rather than a permanent cure. The recent London Conference of Commonwealth Finance Ministers, representing the chief countries of the sterling area, have been therefore compelled to discriminate against American goods by announcing a 25 per cent cut in their overall dollar purchases. But the dilemma about import restrictions is, in the words of Mr. Walter Nash, the New Zealand Finance Minister, "that to the extent the sterling area countries cut dollar imports we will increase unemployment in U. S. A. If we buy less from U. S. A., we will accentuate the very problem we are trying to solve."

Though the American proposal for the devaluation of sterling has been turned down by the British Government with the almost unanimous support of the sterling area countries, revaluation of currencies outside the dollar area may loom large as a long-term solution in the British-American-Canadian talks proposed to be held this month in Washington. It is largely true that sterling is overvalued, but it must be remembered that the manipulation of price-mechanism will not always yield desired results, especially when abnormal conditions govern, as they do now, the supply and demand relations and when increasing State intervention is the order of the day. If unfortunately the so-called 're-adjustment' in American economy

turns out to be a much-dreaded recession in national income and employment, no extent of devaluation will take us to our goal; on the contrary, the situation will worsen, as it did in the early thirties, in face of competitive devaluation. The fear that devaluation would mean increased cost of living and labour-unrest and would enhance the cost of national economic reconstruction and development was topmost in the minds of British and Indian statesmen when they opposed the American proposal. The extravagance of the English consumer makes any talk about devaluation useless, and the Indian people cannot be a party to any proposal which involves a sudden and staggering depreciation of their hard-earned but now-frozen sterling assets.

All this does not mean that devaluation as a means of rectifying disequilibrium in international payments is entirely useless. It is indeed useful in order to correct a long-term disequilibrium arising out of structural maladjustments in national economies. But as a short-term measure it has no appreciable value, since some degree of exchange stability is essential to sustained business activity and trade. Even as a long-term measure, it should be listed only next to investment by 'surplus' countries in 'deficit' and backward countries.

International investment is vital for the solution of the world's short-term as well as long-term economic problems and for international monetary cooperation. America, being a "high-saving mature economy," absence of adequate domestic investment outlets has made it imperative for her to resort to overseas investment as the only alternative to domestic depression. The long-term effects of such a free and stable flow of capital cannot be exaggerated. It will mean that the great disparities between the industrially advanced and the industrially backward countries will tend to narrow down, and therewith the difficulties as to balance of payments which have been hampering international economic co-operation since World War I will tend to diminish.

BRITISH CABINET'S POLICY-MAKING TECHNIQUE

By ERNEST ATKINSON

(Well-known Parliamentary correspondent)

To achieve higher efficiency and greater co-ordination in Government administration is a problem facing many countries today. The changed conditions of an ever-changing post-war world have brought new difficulties, new complexities.

In the article below, Ernest Atkinson discusses policy-making in Britain and describes how the doctrine of common responsibility has been adapted to meet current needs.

THE stages by which the ideas of one Minister or one Department in Britain are debated and become the common policy of the whole Government, commanding the unqualified support of all its members, are interesting. They are the latest development of the Cabinet system, that took its characteristic shape in the latter part of the first half of the 18th century under the Whig statesman, Sir Robert Walpole.

The machinery nowadays works in this way: a Minister or his Department will have a proposal to make whose ultimate achievements will depend on the co-operation of several Departments. Let us suppose for the sake of illustration that it is something which might come to represent British policy at an important international gathering such as that shortly to take place in Washington.

Departmental specialists get to work and produce a document setting out the proposal, giving the facts and arguments that support it, and saying that the Government should act thus and thus. This paper is circulated to all the Departments concerned. They will all have representatives on the Inter-Departmental Committee which meets regularly—perhaps twice or more often in a week—to consider business of the kind.

Then, after a few days, for the consideration of the proposals by the Departments, the paper is put down for discussion at a regular meeting of the committee. It is thoroughly discussed. Any Department that feels that the policy proposed is mistaken has the opportunity to say so. If it—or the Minister at its head—feels very strongly, it may circulate an alter-

native paper saying why it believes the first paper was mistaken, and offering another course—or even the simple rejection of the original proposal.

In the light of the discussions the original proposal is amended where necessary, and then it is ready for submission to the Ministers to be adopted as Government policy. It may be enough for it to be submitted to one of the specialised groups of Ministers that look after one broad aspect or another of policy—economic, social, or whatever else. Or it may be of such importance that it must go to the Cabinet itself. If discussion persists in a Ministerial committee the question will in any case go to the full Cabinet.

But once the policy has been discussed and been agreed upon, it is the policy of the whole Government. The only remedy then for any Minister who did not agree with it or felt that his conscience would not let him continue in a Government that held that policy, would be to resign. Matters of high policy not needing to be supported by such detailed argument may not be put through the whole machinery; but in any case opportunity is given for every Minister and Department concerned to express views on the proposal before it is finally adopted.

If there are, in any instance, differences—even sharp differences—between Ministers or between Departments, they are resolved before the time for action comes. The proposal will have gone through a thorough scrutiny, not only by Ministers with their political and Parliamentary skills and preoccupations, but also by

civil servants. And the civil servants have a duty to express their opinions, politics apart, on any matter to the discussion of which they can contribute.

In its present refinement the system is fairly modern. Certainly, the doctrine of common Cabinet responsibility is not new: it began to develop markedly two centuries ago. But with the complexity of modern government and the number of matters of which Governments nowadays have to take account, a technique has had to be developed for seeing to it that all Ministers and all Departments have

full opportunities for the study of all proposals.

There is a strong Cabinet Secretariat: strong not in the sense that it can make policy—which it cannot do—but strong in the sense that it is remarkably efficient and capable of quick performance in work of the highest responsibility. And the apparatus of the committees that have been set up—committees both of officials and Ministers, came to be made very much more effective during the war, and has been well developed since.

CRIPPS PLANS FOR PROSPERITY

By W. G. MATTERS

THE Labour Government's monumental four-year plan for Britain began in June and, if all goes well, austerity should end by mid-1953.

Then millions of workers will get more to eat than before the war, and the nation will not only be paying its own way but will have a credit balance of \$400,000,000.

To make this possible the plan demands vast increases in production of food, steel, coal, ships, electric power, textiles and other manufactured goods; individual output per worker is scheduled to go up 2-1/2 per cent each year; and Britain's industries are to be re-equipped and modernized, the cost, with housing and other construction work, amounting to the impressive total of \$32,000,000,000. Some of the money is to come from private investment, the rest from public funds.

The plan was presented to the Organization for European Economic co-operation—the O. E. E. C.—which is charged with the task of dovetailing the various national plans of countries receiving Marshall aid. And of all the plans submitted, Britain's is the only one aiming for a credit balance by the end of the Marshall Aid period.

The plan is more accurately described as an outline of policy or a statement of economic strategy. Sir Stafford Cripps, its chief architect, calls it a "signpost of the future." It

is not planning in the Soviet sense. There are no detailed production targets for each year. In a society aiming to combine economic planning with maximum freedom for the individual, such precise organization is impossible because it must involve a high degree of control over labour. And the fact that Britain relies so much on international trade makes anything in the nature of a blueprint valueless. Experts who prepared the plan had to take into account a host of factors which are subject to unforeseeable change and over which the British Government has no control, such as overseas commodity and food prices and productive capacities of foreign countries supplying raw materials.

Since the end of the war Britain has spent something like £25,000,000,000 on capital re-equipment. Twenty per cent of the national income goes into new factories and plants, new generating stations, industrial improvements, railway maintenance, mechanisation schemes and other capital works, such as houses, hospitals and schools. (In 1938, 15 per cent of the nation's income was used for capital purposes, including rearmament projects.) More than two-thirds of the \$12,000,000,000 worth of wartime "blitz" destruction has been made good, and much has been done to repair the neglect of pre-war years when Britain's industrial strength was allowed to decline.

Under the four-year plan, construction work is to be continued on the same gigantic scale. Over 70 per cent of £32,000,000,000 to be spent on capital projects will be pumped into industry. The rest will go into hospital and social services, housing, defence and public administration. Capital expenses on welfare schemes, on housing and education, have been kept to a minimum to conserve resources for industrial re-equipment.

Agriculture will get \$1,800,000,000 in four years—\$400,000,000 for new farm buildings and grain-drying plant, \$800,000,000 for tractors, combine-harvesters and other machinery. The balance will be spent on research, in extending farming educational services and providing new centres where farmers and land-workers can gain knowledge of modern methods and receive training in the use of new machines. The British farming industry—already more highly mechanized and more efficient than that of any other country, is at present producing about 30 per cent more than before the war, when two-thirds of the country's food supplies were imported. If output is stepped up according to plan, Britain will be producing about half the food her people need.

Projected developments in the coal industry, which is to undergo "radical reconstruction," will take 15 years to complete. In the next four years schemes costing \$600,000,000 should raise output nearly one-quarter—from 208,000,000 tons in 1948 (of which 16,000,000 tons were exported) to around 250,000,000 tons (of which about 40,000,000 tons will be for export). By comparison 227,000,000 tons were produced in 1938 of which 46,000,000 tons were sent abroad. The aim for the coal industry is a year by year increase of five per cent in output per man-year during the period of the plan.

Steel production is to be raised to over 18,000,000 tons, over one-fifth above the record level of 1948. In 1937-38 the figure was under 13,000,000 tons. The industry is to get \$1,000,000,000 for a development scheme which is already under way.

Output of oil is to be doubled. At a cost of \$500,000,000 seven new refineries are to be built in Britain,

and new projects in British territories abroad will increase crude-oil output so that more oil can be refined and exported.

The chemical industry is to benefit to the extent of \$800,000,000. It is intended that in four years Britain will be self-supporting in such products as oil derivatives, alkalis, dyestuffs, plastics. Hitherto, a larger part of Britain's chemical requirements have had to come from the U. S.

Production in the engineering industries is already 50 per cent above pre-war. Output is to be raised still more to back up the many constructional enterprises and to maintain exports of machinery. A ship-building programme totalling nearly \$1,000,000,000, with special emphasis on tankers, will ensure Britain's place as the greatest sea-carrier.

Many millions of dollars are to be injected into the textile industry. A great re-equipment for cotton and wool has already started, and new factories are to be built for production of nylons and other synthetic fabrics. The aim is to treble the pre-war output of textiles.

Although electricity generating capacity has been raised by half since 1938, available power still falls far short of requirements. To overcome this serious handicap, new generating stations are to be built at a cost of \$2,000,000,000, so that by 1953 Britain should have all the power needed to run her expanded industries and also to meet agricultural and domestic demands in full.

Vast sums are to be spent in developing Britain's overseas territories. Huge schemes are in hand for increasing colonial production of peanuts, sugar, rubber, tin, cobalt, copper, bauxite, lead, etc. Many of these products now cost dollars or, as in the case of rubber and tin, could earn more dollars for Britain and the sterling area if greater quantities were available to sell to North America.

Capital investment on this scale inevitably means that a large proportion of the limited labour available will be engaged on "non-productive" construction work, and in making the steel, the tools and other expendable goods needed to keep the construction work going. This, in turn, means

fewer goods for export and fewer goods in British shops.

Nevertheless, the volume of exports has to be maintained at an average of a little more than 50 per cent above 1938. Total exports in recent months have been at about that rate, and are sufficient almost to cover the cost of imports. But Britain needs to sell more goods to the western hemisphere in order to wipe out a dollar deficit which, in 1948, for the sterling area as a whole amounted to \$1,692,000,000. Britain was responsible for \$1,360,000 of that "trade-gap"! By 1953 it should be converted into a surplus of \$400,000,000 which the Government intends to use for further colonial development. To do this, exports to Canada and the U. S. have to be stepped up from the present 33 per cent above 1938 to a level approaching 80 per cent above.

Thus the problem is not so much one of matching exports against imports—though this is going to be difficult enough to maintain—but of balancing trade with dollar countries. And this has to be done while costs of goods Britain must buy have risen above pre-war by one-fifth more than the prices of those she sells. In other words, relative to 1938 prices, she has to produce and sell six tons of goods for every five tons imported.

Britain's remarkable performance in almost balancing her overseas trade, in spite of all her post-war problems, is due partly to the herculean efforts of her people in raising production beyond anyone's expectations and partly to the fact that the people are going without many of the things they would like.

If the British people thought more of their own well-being and less of the "dollar gap," their case for Marshall aid would look better than it does to some critics of Britain who

seem to think she is being altogether too successful in her efforts toward recovery.

Even at the end of the four-year period imports will still be 15 per cent lower than in 1938—when there were nearly 3,500,000 fewer people. Food consumption will be higher and will approach the volume, though not the variety, of pre-war days. The four-year plan has this to say about the projected 1952-53 level of food consumption: "These figures, though technically adequate, would represent little progress from the dreary and tightly rationed standards of 1948-49." But most of the serious deficiencies in the nation's diet will be overcome, and because the national income is being more reasonably distributed a large part of the population will, in fact, be able to eat better than before the war. There will be few luxuries, but Britain's shops will have a greater share of home-produced manufactured goods than they are getting in 1949."

Nor will the next four years be easy. The plan calls for the application of the highest technical skill, for unflagging hard work, for grit and sweat and self-sacrifice. "But it can and will be done," says Sir Stafford Cripps "provided we put our backs and, above all, our brains into the job."

In choosing such a hard path for the country the Labour Government deliberately set aside all thought of popularity. The planners scorned any proposal which would have brought present relief at the expense of future prosperity. As Sir Stafford told the people of Britain: "We can paint no glowing picture for the next four years but, looking back, we can see we are on the right road. If only we follow the same course into the future, we shall arrive at our goal." —(Copyright).

RAY'S OF LIGHT

One great misconception about the Iron Curtain is that it is solid, opaque and made of iron. Actually it is full of chinks. We entered by others. Certainly the satellite states are isolated enough, and it is Moscow policy to make them more isolated all the time, but some rays of light do get through, and it is my conviction that in time—provided war does not come—the satellites will want more and more contact with the West.—JOHN GUNTHER, in "Behind the Curtain."

GREAT REFORMERS: HENRY GEORGE

IF, in 1949, a man like Henry George could run for Mayor in a large metropolis in the United States—as George did in New York in 1886—and if he could nearly be elected—as George was—there would be reason for considerable hopefulness about the future of the United States as a political and social community. For George was one of America's great men, and in 1886 large numbers of Americans were able to recognize him as such. Not enough, perhaps, to place him in office, nor to institute the fundamental reforms in land policy which he advocated, but enough to make of his name a by-word in the history of social thinking, and enough for his influence to filter into scores of legislative programmes and by this and other means to leaven somewhat the evils of monopoly and the grasping acquisitiveness against which he contended throughout his life.

George was one of the last of the great idealists of the nineteenth century. Without any academic training to attenuate his humanity, he regarded ethics and economics as inseparable. During his lifetime, the professional economists were developing the theory that economics, as an "objective" science, could take no account of ethical values, but George was untouched by this alienation of science from life. He was a man before he was an economist, and economics, for his purposes, was nothing more than a field for the achievement of human justice. His ardor in cultivating this field caused another eminent American, John Dewey, to say:

It is the thorough fusion of insight into actual facts and forces, with recognition of their bearing upon what makes human life worth living, that constitutes Henry George one of the world's great social philosophers.

George began with an ethical principle—that the earth and its riches of land belong to no one man, but to all. An industrious man may create wealth by using the resources of the

land, but in this case the value arises from the labour, and not from the earth. In George's words:

Land in itself has no value. Value arises only from human labour. It is not until the worship of the land becomes equivalent to the ownership of laborers that any value attaches to it. And where land has a speculative value it is because of the expectation that the growth of society will in the future make its ownership equivalent to the ownership of laborers.

How did George arrive at this idea? Not from reading books, but from personal experience of the economic processes that were becoming dominant in the United States.

Henry George was born in Philadelphia in 1839, the second of ten children of an unsuccessful publisher of religious books. By the time he was fourteen years old, he was working for a living. He went to sea for a while, then learned the printer's trade and set type in Philadelphia at a weekly wage of two dollars. Restless and dissatisfied, he sailed for San Francisco in 1859. Finding no work there, he attempted gold mining, but soon returned to San Francisco, without money and in debt. He went back to printing, but found no steady job. In 1861—he was then twenty-two years old—he married Annie Corsina Fox, an Australian girl, who soon presented him with a son. He was employed in Sacramento as a printer until 1864, when, losing his job, he returned with his small family to San Francisco. Now the anguish of poverty began in earnest, for George could find no work. Of this period, he later said that he was so poor that a job of printing a few cards, enabling him to buy some corn meal for his family, saved them from starvation. On the day his second child, Richard, was born, George stopped a well-dressed stranger on the streets of San Francisco and abruptly asked for five dollars. Asked what it was for, George said, "My wife has just been confined and I have nothing to give her to eat." The

man gave him the money without further question. George said years later, "If he had not, I think I was desperate enough to have killed him."

As soon as Richard had been delivered, the doctor ordered, "Don't stop to wash the child," and, indicating George's wife, said, "She is starving. Feed her!" It was after this that George set out to look for money, and met the well-dressed stranger.

George's diary shows the black mood that pervaded these days. On one occasion, he set down, "I have been unsuccessful in everything." Again, "Am in very desperate plight. Courage." After months, some type-setting work came his way. Determined to find other ways of making a living, he practiced writing. In a self-analytical essay he sent to his mother, he wrote:

It is evident to me that I have not employed the time and means at my command faithfully and advantageously as I might have done, and consequently that I have myself to blame for at least a part of my non-success. And this being true of the past, in the future like results will flow from like causes.

Driving himself to work at writing in his spare time George began submitting his articles to newspapers and periodicals. The *Californian*, which regularly published Bret Harte and Mark Twain, printed George's sketch, "A Plea for the Supernatural." While working as a printer, he wrote more and more. Noah Brooks, editor of the *San Francisco Times*, often ran editorials written by the young man who set type in the composing room of the paper. After seven months of these efforts, he was made managing editor of the *Times*. In this period, George's thinking moved rapidly toward maturity. He contributed to the *Overland Monthly* an article, "What the Railroads Will Bring Us," which anticipated some of the themes that were to appear, a decade later, in his great book, *Progress and Poverty*. Already, he had recognized that material progress might have other effects than increasing the general welfare. He saw the power of the railroad as a land monopoly and as an instrument for graft and corruption, and wrote:

The completion of the railroad and the consequent great increase of business and population, will not be a

benefit to all of us, but only to a portion.... Those who have lands, mines, established business, special abilities of certain kinds, will become richer for it and find increased opportunities; those who have only their own labour will become poorer, and find it harder to get ahead—first because it will take more capital to buy land or get into business; and second, as competition reduces the wages of labour, this capital will be harder for them to obtain.

George was now an established journalist, but a man who could hardly stay with one paper for very long. He believed too much in speaking and writing the truth as he saw it. From the *Times* he went to the *Chronicle*, where differences with the publisher soon set him at liberty again. The revived *San Francisco Herald* sent him East to contract for the Associated Press service, and on this mission George experienced the tactics of monopoly in the newspaper business. When the Associated Press refused its service to the *Herald*, George opened an office in Philadelphia and began pouring news over the wires to his paper in San Francisco. Disliking this competition the Associated Press induced the Western Union Telegraph Company to raise its rates for *Herald* messages while lowering the AP rates. George went back to San Francisco, but not until he had written a slashing expose of the methods of the AP and Western Union. Among Eastern newspapers, only the *New York Herald* printed his article.

It was during this stay in the industrially developed East, when George was hardly thirty years old, that the young newspaper man saw the stark contrast between fabulous luxury and grinding want, side by side. In him was born a determination that made everything in human life except the fight against injustice seem petty and unimportant. His own description of this hour was published after his death:

....I shall say something I don't like to speak of—that I never before have told to any one. Once, in daylight, and in a city street [probably New York], there came to me a thought, a vision, a call—give it any name you please. But every nerve quivered. And there and then I made a vow. Through evil and through good, whatever I have done and whatever I have left undone, to that I have been true. It was that

that impelled me to write *Progress and Poverty* and that sustained me when else I should have failed.... That is a feeling that has never left me; that is constantly with me. And it has led me up and up. It has made me a better and a purer man. It has been to me a religion, strong and deep, though vague—a religion of which I never like to speak or make any outward manifestation, but yet that I try to follow..

George went back to San Francisco to fight for the common rights of the common man. He began by joining with Henry H. Haight, Governor of California, against the landed might of the Central Pacific Railroad—against the policies of Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, Mark Hopkins and Collis P. Huntington. George edited the *Oakland Transcript*, which supported Haight, and the latter ran for re-election on an anti-railroad platform. The railroad bought the *Transcript*, tried to buy George, and failing, fired him; and it bought enough votes to defeat Haight. But George had his say. In a pamphlet condemning the grants of the vast areas to the Central Pacific under the Pacific Railroad Act of 1862, he declared:

The largest landowners in California are probably the members of the great Central Southern Pacific Railroad Corporation. Were the company's land divided, it would give them something like two million acres apiece; and in addition to their company land, most of the individual members own considerable tracts in their own name.

In this pamphlet, *Our Land and Land Policy*, George developed the thesis that was later to become world-famous in *Progress and Poverty*. He showed that land obtains its value from society—it is the presence of people on the land which makes it valuable. Land, therefore, is *social* wealth, which should belong to the people to whom its value is owed. Rent for land, therefore, should belong to the entire community—it should be, in short, a *tax*; and George maintained that this "Single Tax," or land rent, would be sufficient to cover the costs of government. He argued:

The value of land is something which belongs to all, and in taxing land values we are merely taking for the use of the community something which belongs to the community.... In speaking of the value of the land, I mean the value of the land itself, not the value of any

improvement which has been raised upon it....

The mere holder of land would be called upon to pay just as much taxes as the user of the land. The owner of a vacant city lot would have to pay as much for the privilege of keeping other people off it till he wanted to use it, as his neighbour who had a fine house upon his lot, and is either using it or deriving rent from it. The monopolizer of agricultural land would be taxed as much as though his land were covered with improvements, with crops and stock.

Land prices would fall; land-speculation would receive its death-blow; land monopolization would no longer pay.... The whole weight of taxation would be lifted from productive industry. The million dollar manufactory, and the needle of the seamstress, the mechanic's cottage and the grand hotel, the farmer's plough, and the ocean steamship, would be alike untaxed.

Imagine this country with all taxes removed from production and exchange! How demand would spring up; how trade would increase; what a powerful stimulus would be applied to every branch of industry; what enormous development of wealth would take place.... Would there be many industrious men walking our streets, or tramping over our roads in the vain search for employment....? Go to New York.... the best example of a condition to which the whole country is tending.... where a hundred thousand men who ought to be at work are looking for employment.... where poverty festers and vice breeds, and the man from the free open West turns sick at heart.... and you will understand how it is that the crucial test of our institutions is yet to come.

The problem that tormented George throughout his early years was this:

Where the conditions to which material progress everywhere tends are most fully realized—that is to say, where population is densest, wealth greatest, and the machinery of production and exchange most highly developed—we find the deepest poverty, the sharpest struggle for existence, and the most enforced idleness.

Thrusting aside the usual pessimistic explanations of this condition as a necessary result of "natural" economic law, George asserted that man, as an intelligent being, ought to be able to create a social system under which the natural increase of population would make everyone richer instead of poorer. The key to natural prosperity he found

in the idea of equality, and equality he saw in a just land policy. During the *Transcript* days and his campaign for Haight, he was riding a mustang in the hills near Oakland and happened to ask a teamster what the land there was worth. The teamster pointed to a distant area and said, "There is a man over there who will sell some land for a thousand dollars an acre." Reflecting, George reasoned that the owner had done nothing to augment the value of the land, which was no more fertile than similar land, elsewhere, selling at a few dollars an acre. The land near Oakland would bring this price because people had settled in Oakland, Berkeley, and San Francisco. This unearned gain, he reasoned, "belongs in usufruct to all." This realization became for George "one of those experiences that make those who have them feel thereafter that they can vaguely appreciate what mystics and poets have called the 'ecstatic vision'."

The fortunes of the Single Tax movement and the story of George's later career may be looked up in any one of a half dozen volumes. One excellent account is that by Charles A. Madison in *Critics and Crusaders* (Henry Holt, 1947). A detailed biography by Anna George De Mille, George's daughter, has appeared in serial form in the Georgist quarterly, the *American Journal of Economics and Sociology*, starting with the April, 1942, issue. Such writers have told the story of his world-wide influence, his analysis of the Irish land question, his trips to England, where he met with immediate popularity, and his adventures in New York politics. As to politics, however, it should be recognized that in 1886 George accepted the nomination of the united labour unions in New York, not through any great eagerness to hold office, but because he believed in applying his ideas to current problems and because he felt that the campaign would have great educational value. George secured a large vote in the election, and some have claimed that he might have won if Tammany Hall had not deposited a large number of his ballots in the East River. In 1897, he allowed himself to be persuaded to run for Mayor again, this time after being warned by his

physician that the excitement would kill him. Characteristically, he replied: "How could I do better than die serving humanity? Besides, so dying will do more for the cause than anything I am likely to be able to do in the rest of my life." It did kill him, for he died five days after the election.

Two passages from George's writings are especially pertinent today. Calling land reform "the greatest of social revolutions," he insisted that material progress demands a corresponding advance in moral standards:

Civilization, as it progresses, requires a higher conscience, a keener sense of justice, a warmer brotherhood, a wider, loftier, truer public spirit. Failing these, civilization must pass into destruction.... For civilization knits men more and more closely together, and constantly tends to subordinate the individual to the whole, and to make more and more important social conditions.

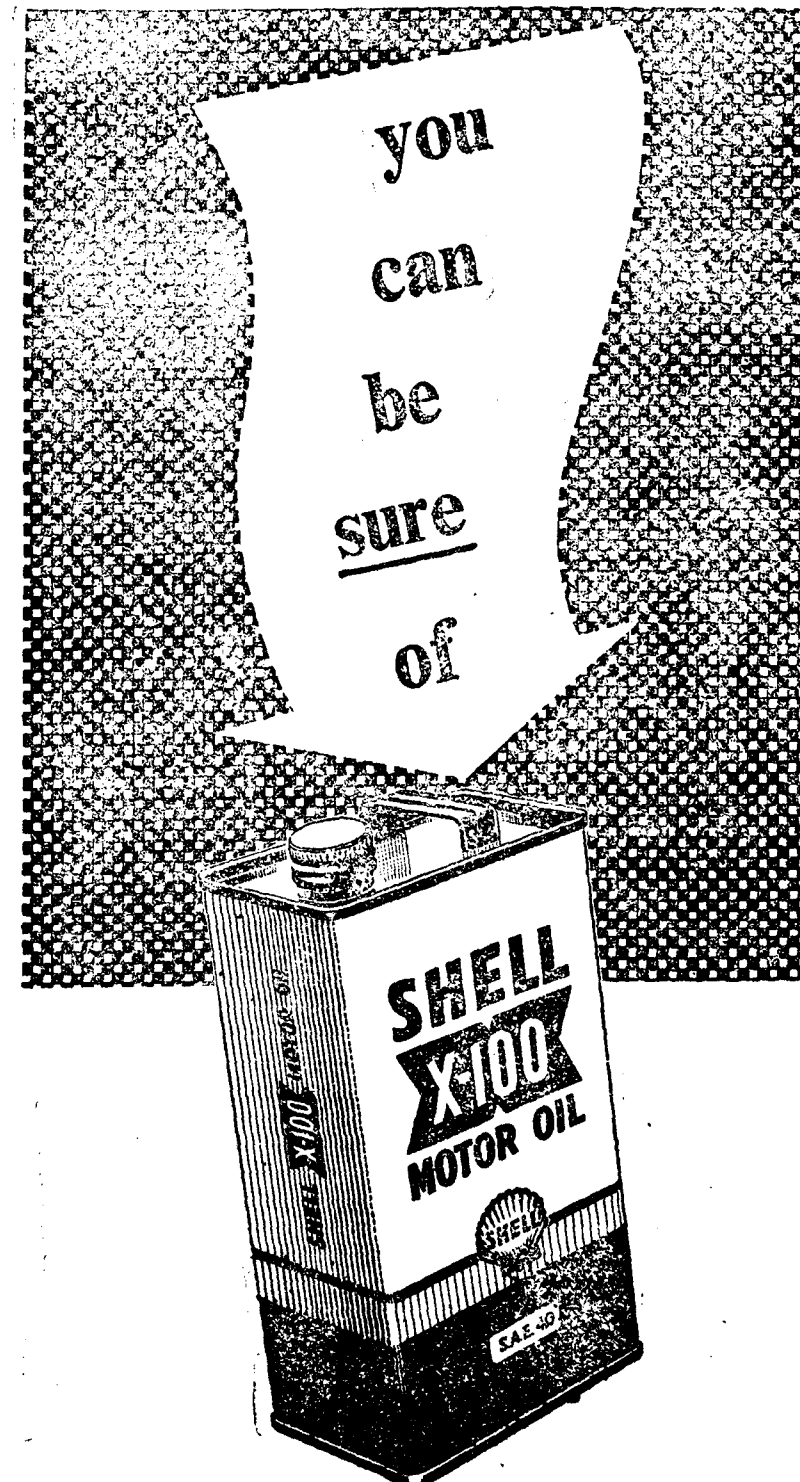
This insight now has verification in every part of the world. Of socialism, George wrote:

All schemes for securing equality in the conditions of men by placing the distribution of wealth in the hands of government have the fatal defect of beginning at the wrong end. They presuppose pure government; but it is not government that make society; it is society that makes government; and until there is something like substantial equality in the distribution of wealth, we cannot expect pure government.

George, in other words, believed in equality and freedom, and he thought he saw the way to get both. Perhaps he did. Of his ideas, Madison's estimate seems just:

His system of political economy is, for all its flaws and "unscientific" emphasis an original and positive formulation of a body of principles which has been condemned as a whole or in part by a number of the keenest academic minds but invalidated by none. And while the remedy of the single tax has failed to make its impress upon society, the philosophy underlying it has withstood the attacks of the acutest critics.

We, at least, are persuaded that a society of men animated by George's love of justice would have little difficulty in making his economic system work. And George, we think, began at the right end of the problem, which is more than his critics are doing, or have done.—MANAS.



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IDELIGHTS : :

All men, if they work not as in the
great taskmaster's eye, will work wrong,
unhappily for themselves and for you.
—CARLYLE.

MORE information is to hand about
the radium scandal in the Bar-
nard Institute of Radiology attached
to the Madras General Hospital.
Readers of SWATANTRA know that
sometime ago the head of the Insti-
tute placed an order for radium with
a Canadian firm but when the radium
—700 milligrams—arrived, it was dis-
covered that it was not uniformly
filled. A small quantity of six needles
taken at random as advised by
Colonel Bhatia, the then Surgeon-
General, was sent back to the Cana-
dian firm to be tested and reported
upon. It would appear that the report
of the firm has now arrived. They
seem to have admitted that the
six needles returned to them were
defective and undertaken to re-
fill them properly. As these needles
were picked at random, the natural
assumption ought to be that the
whole supply could not be depended
on as to quality and had also to be
tested. Instead of this being done,
there is now a lot of shilly-shallying
going on. In the light of the defective-
ness of the radium as admitted by the
supplying firm themselves, how could
the Government assure the public, as
they did by means of a communique,
that the therapeutic results of the
radium were very good? Is it
not also a fact that the doctor
in charge of the Radiology Depart-
ment of the King George Hospital,
Vizag, had complained that the
quality of the radium he had to do
with, was not all that it should be?

either the head of the Barnard
Institute nor the Minister for Health
can blame if the suppliers of radium
to give the right quality. But
when a deficiency was discovered,
they should have hastened to rectify
it instead of seeking to make light of
it as it is the public that have to pay

the price of their negligence in
injured health and worse. People's
lives and health should not be played
with by persons in authority. I make
a present of the following story, for
which I am indebted to the editor of
People's Health, to negligent authori-
tarians in hospitals, public institu-
tions and ministries disposed to take
their responsibilities light-heartedly
if not callously:

The late President Roosevelt was
extremely popular with American
women and children. Joan Nidiffer,
aged six, was one of his warmest
admirers, and idolised him. When he
was re-elected President for the fourth
time in November 1944, Joan could
not contain her joy and went about
dancing wildly, shouting the good
news to one and all. Two months
later Joan fell ill and died, not on ac-
count of the illness but of a defect in
the drug Sulfanilamide administered
to her to cure it. Joan's distraught
mother then wrote to President
Roosevelt pathetically. Here is a
copy of her letter to the President:

President Roosevelt:

Dear Sir, Two months ago I was
happy and working, taking care of my
two little girls, Joan aged 6 and Jean
aged 9. Our byword through the
depression was that we had good
health and each other. Joan thought
her mother was right in everything, and
it would have made your heart feel
good last November to have seen her
jumping and shouting, as we listened
to your re-election over the radio.

Tonight, Mr. Roosevelt, that little
voice is stilled. The first time I ever
had occasion to call in a doctor for her
she was given the Elixir of Sulfanila-
midide. Tonight our little home is bleak
and full of despair. All that is left to
us is the caring for of that little grave.
Even the memory of her is mixed with
sorrow, for we can see her little body
tossing to and fro and hear that little
voice screaming with pain and it seems
as though it would drive me insane.
During her 9 days of illness, as we sat
by her bed, only once did those little
eyes lose their dull and unknowing

look. Jean and I begged her to look and know us. A smile broke over her face and she laughed aloud with us and as quickly it vanished, never to smile and know us again.

Tonight, President Roosevelt, as you enjoy your little grandchildren of whom we read about, it is my plea that you will take steps to prevent such sales of drugs that will take little lives and leave such suffering behind and such a bleak outlook on the future as I have tonight.

Surely we can have laws governing doctors also who will give such a medicine, not knowing the extent of its danger, and then lie and steal the prescription they wrote, supposedly from a reliable drug store. I don't believe such a doctor has taken his oath in all sincerity. Our lives are not safe, entrusted in the hands of such a doctor, for that was my experience to my sorrow.

In my confidence in you, I am writing you and hope that you can realize a little of what I am suffering and that you will take steps to prevent such in the future, for, I realize also there

are other homes where hearts are broken such as mine.

It is easy for people to say "Try to think that she died that others might live." It is easier to say that when it doesn't strike in your own home.

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) Maise Nidiffer.

President Roosevelt was profoundly moved by the letter. Every ounce of the drug complained about by the bereaved mother was searched for throughout the length and breadth of the United States, seized and destroyed. A law was enacted that no new drug could be placed on the market without a thorough preliminary examination of its properties and its certification as safe by a competent Government agency. Mrs. Nidiffer's letter was incorporated in a State paper devoted to the investigation of poisonous substances masquerading as medicines.—SAKA.

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.

Sarajini Naidu's Gift Of Humour

Dr. Amaranath Jha's article "Sarajini Naidu's Gift Of Laughter," appearing in the issue of August 27, puts me in mind of a witty saying of hers, when she visited Madras some years ago. Mrs. Naidu addressed a public meeting at the Old Royapettah Congress Ground, presided over by the late Mr. S. Satyamurti. While she was addressing, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari came a little late to hear her. He quietly sat on the compound wall. It was apparent that he did not want to disturb the audience. But he could not escape the notice of Mrs. Naidu. She said, amidst laughter, "Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall."

There is another well-known witty remark of hers, illustrative of her unfailing sense of humour. She once introduced Horniman to an audience of Bombay saying "There are only two men in Bombay. One is Horniman and the other is Nariman."

V. RADHAKRISHNAN.

(ii)

On reading Dr. Jha's article on Mrs. Naidu's sense of humour in SWATANTRA, I am reminded of the following story which she herself retailed here in 1937 at a public meeting (held in connection with the election campaign). On the President saying that Mrs. Naidu was so well known to need any introduction, he said she was once introduced in Bombay to a boy who accompanied the English Cricket Team then playing a test match there. On being told that he was "Mrs. Naidu," the lad beamed and said, "Madam, I am indeed very pleased to have met the wife of the greatest Indian cricketer."

C. B. JAGANNADHARAO.

Jocanada.

Modern Worship

I was glad when they said unto me Let go into the house of the Lord." This is the first verse of the 122nd Psalm wherein David professes his joy for the church. This came uppermost in my mind when I read the "Poem" "Modern Worship" by Mr. R. S. Amritharaj in your issue of 27th August. The fourth commandment enjoins us to keep "holy the Sabbath day which has been blessed and hallowed by the Lord." Every good Christian is expected to go to Church on Sundays to worship God. Your "Poet"

has described the Sunday Service in a way which no Christian would appreciate or approve. The Christian worshippers do not hang round outside the Church before the Service commences. Nor are they dressed to "kill" as our "Poet" would have us believe. Evidently his own motive is to look his best at a Sunday Service. This is far from what our Lord wants us to do. The Christian goes to Church with all reverence and respect before his God. The whole atmosphere in the Church is one of great solemnity and adoration. It is blasphemous to call our sacred Hymns—Ancient and Modern—"The barbarous song of a Hebrew King." Are "Lead Kindly Light", "Abide with me," "Rock of Ages Cleft for me" barbarous? The above are hymns greatly appreciated by Christians and Non-Christians alike.

Christianity has survived onslaughts through centuries and will still survive. Palestine, Cyprus, Rhodes, Candia, and Malta are all places sacred in the history of the Crusades. Hundreds of people have given up their lives for their religion—Christianity—and to write a frivolous verse on a religion like this is, to say the least, sacrilegious. God does not return to Heaven, but according to our teaching He is always with us and sees everything we do. Even a sparrow will not fall to the ground without His knowing it. Mr. Amritharaj should turn his eyes to his very soul. I would invite him to come with me to a Church Service on a Sunday and he would then see for himself what great wrong he has done to the Christian Church.

Dr. P. V. CHERIAN.

International Scouting

Pandit Nehru in accepting Dominion Status in 1947 and a place in the British Commonwealth for India showed great realism in defining the political future of our country. However, the message that Pandit Nehru and the Governor-General sent and their cordial good wishes for the success of the World Rover Moot where our contingent will be represented by the Boy Scout Association betray their lack of appreciation of the struggle which the workers in the field of National Scouting have been carrying on for the past quarter of a century.

The founder of the Scout movement held that the coloured people would lose their respect for the whites if they were admitted into the Scout fold. Thanks to Dr. Besant, the Indian lad ventured to

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enter the threshold of Scouting and the Indian Scoutmaster had to fight for his rightful place in the Scout organisation. As in politics, the demand for Indianisation came to be made, to be followed by one for nationalisation of Scouting. The Hindusthan Scout Association came to be established under the leadership of Pandit Kunzru to sound the death-knell of Imperialist Scouting; and the Boy Scout Association of India was considered the heir of the Imperialist Scouting organisation in India. The Central Ministry of Education woefully failed in their duty by the youth of India by not bringing out a merger of the various Scout organisations in India, even after two full years of full-fledged independence. That Indian Scouting should be allowed to be represented by the Boy Scout Association at the International Rover Moot and that the Scout organisation which fought for the recognition of the claims of Indian National Scouting should be left in the lurch is a great betrayal of national interests.

R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR,
Headmaster, Sarva Jana High
School.

Peelamedu.

Population And Food Supply

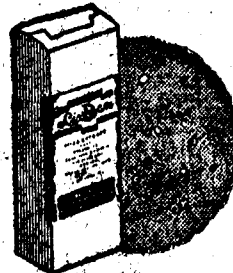
A large population is always favoured in time of war, for a country. But when a country finds itself unable through poverty and other causes to support a growing population we find a demand for restricting the numbers of the people. Now our country is finding it difficult to feed the growing masses. A. B. Shetty, in a radio talk on 13th August, said, "Whatever success we may achieve for the time being in balancing population and food supply, we shall have to take steps sooner or later to keep the growth of population within reasonable limits." In our country, population increased during the period 1931-41 by about 40 millions which is almost equal to the whole population of some European countries. Now, according to our Minister the population of our country is increasing by 4 millions a year. This rapid increase may be counteracted by preventive checks, that is, late marriage and contraceptives. If the growth of the population is not checked by preventive checks it would be checked by positive checks that is, by famine, war, epidemics, etc. If we go on increasing our population in this proportion our country will be subjected to positive checks and face widespread disaster. The Director General of F. A. O. has also repeatedly pointed out that unless we gain in the race between population and food supply, we shall be faced with widespread disaster.

Waltair. G. ATCHUTARAMAIAH

Population Control

All the usual objections to birth-control and all the admitted difficulties seem to be incontrovertibly answered by vasectomy, a minor surgical operation for the husband, simple yet safe. This solution would eliminate the rubber goods racket, the dangerous or ineffective quack cures for pregnancy. All practising surgeons should consider it their social duty to do a number of cases free and our hospitals must offer free operations just like free inoculations during epidemics. To meet the criticism that this might lead to race extinction, vasectomy may be made legal only to those with two or more children, at option. It may be added that vasectomy does not in the least affect the health, virility, psyche, sexual characteristics, endocrinology or metabolism of the man.

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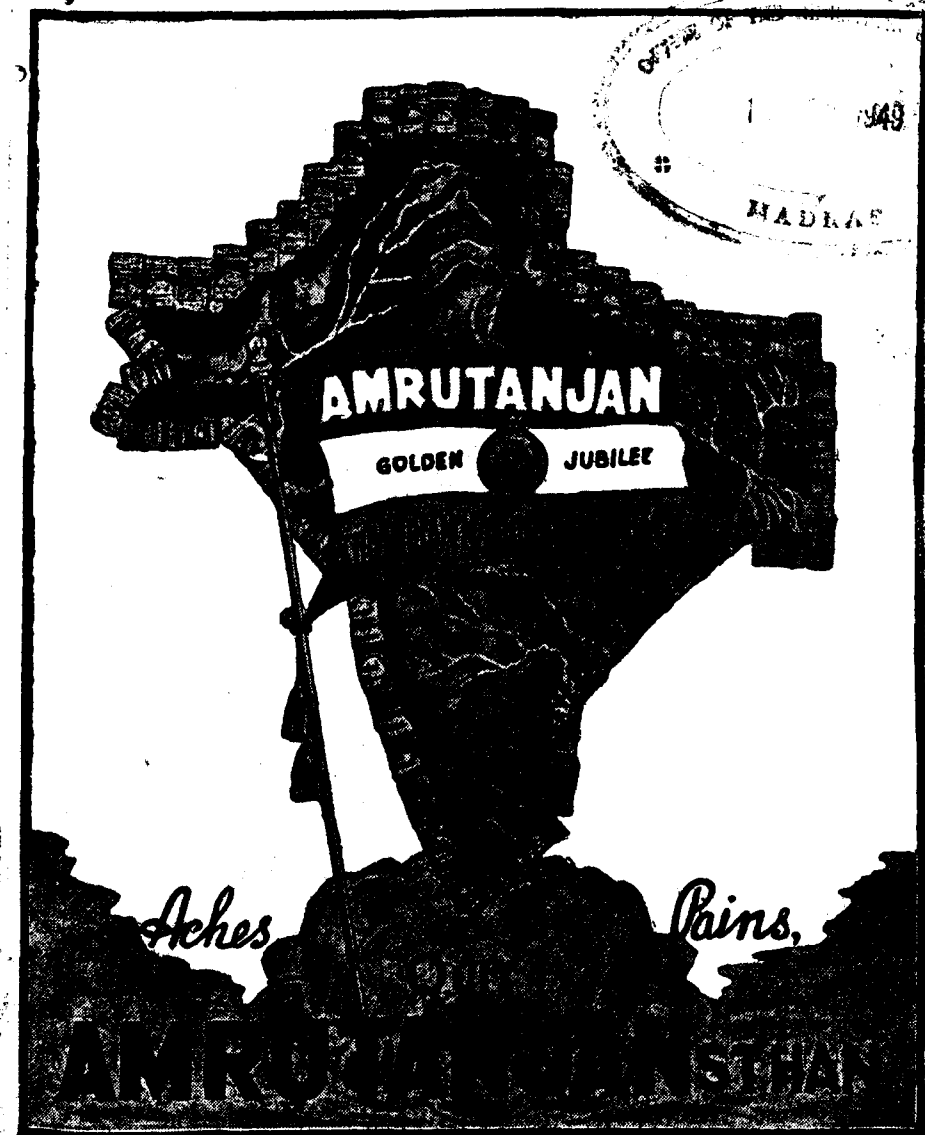
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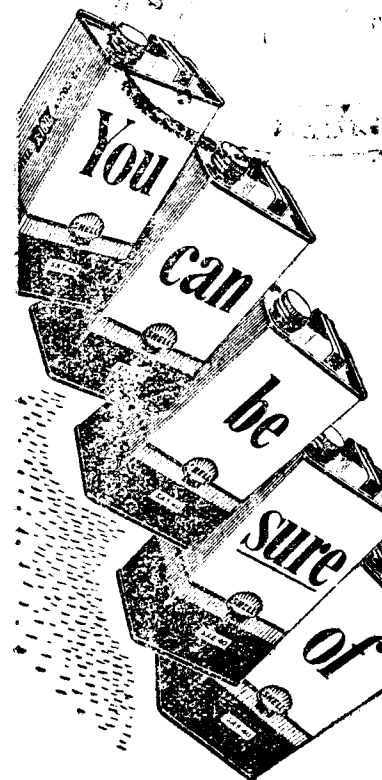
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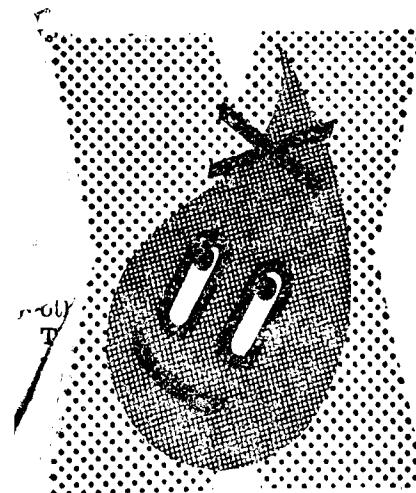


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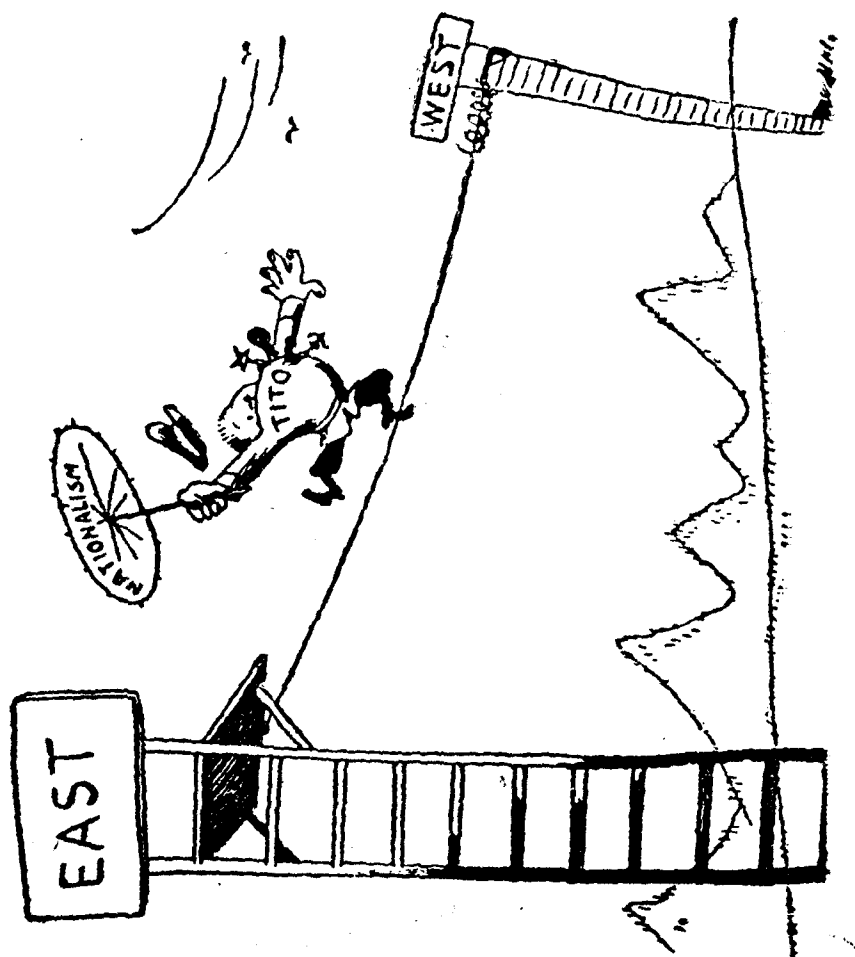
VOL. IV. NO. 32.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER, 17, 1949.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
On The Cover—Sri N. Chandra -sekhar Aiyar	
Cartoon ..	4
Editorial Comments ..	5
Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara ..	6
Sri N. Chandrasekhara Aiyar: An Appreciation—By R. N. Aingar ..	8
The Art Of Criticism—By Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer ..	9
Meet Mbiyu Koinange—By Santha ..	13
A Futile Resolve (Short Story)— By S. Krishnaiah ..	17
Why Left Disunity?—By G. S. Bhargava ..	20
Turvy-Topsy—By Victor Paranjoti ..	22
China's New Strong Man—By Mark Gayn ..	24
Man Vs. Mountain—By Webster Fawcett ..	28
Man Of Straw (Short Story)—By K. Sridhar Rao ..	30
The 'Chota Plebiscite' In Kash- mir (Azad Qalam)—By K. A. Abbas ..	33
Drugs And Patent Medicines—By J. Vijayatunga ..	36
Inoculation Against Communalism Needed—By 'Baroo' ..	39
Sidelights—By Saka ..	41
American 'Invasion' Of India ..	42
New Light On Saratchandra—By Amer Mukherji ..	44
Letters To The Editor ..	46

AN AUSTRIAN VIEW OF MARSHAL TITO



SWATANTRA

DL. IV
o. 32

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

CART BEFORE THE HORSE

It is reported from New Delhi that a new Parliament to work the new constitution will be elected by the present legislatures of Provinces and States. If such a Parliament is elected, it will serve very little purpose except giving effect to the formality of holding an election. In one or two provinces like Madras where new leaders have come to the helm within the past two years, the holding of an election now might mean the displacement from the Constituent Assembly of some of the members owing allegiance to the supplanted leaders. This would not very much matter if the present dominant groups in the legislatures of these provinces represent the majority of the people of the area. But actually the reverse is the case. In Andhra, for example, compared with the supplanted Ministers, the present Ministers are men of straw. They have little local support. When they assumed office, they could not even move in their constituencies without police protection. By an adroit, and at times unscrupulous use of State power, they have since then been attempting to build up a party of their own in every village, taluk and district, but the fact remains that their official position as Ministers is due to any acceptance of them as leaders by substantial sections of voters. The disequilibrium between a legislature not commanding popular respect, and public opinion that has ceased to look upon legislators as guardians of the public interest, has been the bane of Congress Ministries, responsible for their diminishing prestige and popularity. No election on the basis of the present provincial

legislatures can therefore bring to the Parliament of the Centre any fresh element that can claim direct suffrage from the people. It will only perpetuate the vogue of some of the present discredited and decadent elements that have already tried popular patience too far and have been suffered to last for too long.

For any worthwhile election to the Central Parliament, it is essential that the provincial legislatures electing it should themselves first undergo the process of election. Otherwise the election to the Central Parliament will only give it a varnish of theoretical newness with no change for the better of the old substance. The whole procedure governing the formation of the Constituent Assembly was in fact thoroughly discreditable. Under the guise of election it was a process of wholesale nomination that brought the present Constituent Assembly into being. In one case the Congress President sent a chit to the Madras Premier that a nominee of his own should be got elected to the Constituent Assembly, and the then Madras Premier carried out the mandate as in duty bound. The top leaders at the Centre have been able to man the Constituent Assembly just as they pleased, and in actual effect, whatever may be the grandeur of its title it has been no more than an *ad hoc* body arbitrarily formed by a handful of leaders in control of the Congress Party. In some of the States there has not been even the pretence of a legislature. Elevation of the Centre's nominees to seats in the Constituent Assembly has been open, crude and unashamed. The perpetuation of such an Assembly as this,

which is no more than what may be expected under the election as now planned, is an affront to every canon of democratic self-rule. The plea that the framing of the Constitution having been completed, a legislature is urgently required and the Constituent Assembly cannot take the place of the legislature, will deceive nobody. The invasion of the legislative sphere by the Constituent Assembly is already an accomplished fact. It is sheer prudery, and no sign of constitutional virtue, to shy at the continuance, for a little longer, of an impropriety of fair duration brought into operation in a trice without any discussion at all or any indication of a disturbed conscience.

A New Threat

The news that an American syndicate is on the look-out to buy newspapers in India is very disturbing. Where money counts, and the efficiency that money can buy, there is nothing in the world that the Americans cannot do better than others. They can govern better, they

can farm better, they can run industries better. If opportunities are to be thrown open for the exercise of American talent in the country, there will be no field of enterprise in which Indians can hope to survive as masters. With all the protective devices known to Governments, the world has become a difficult place for others to trade in, because of the formidable American competition. But if the impediment of national boundaries is to be done away with, it will only mean further self-inflicted defencelessness, paving the way for American omnipotence while for us will be reserved a satellite status if not downright helotry. As the press plays a vital part in the safeguarding of freedom under democracy, no country can afford to allow its newspapers to be run by the nationals of another country, just as it cannot allow its armies to be manned by them. The threatened American invasion of the Indian Press is a danger to be averted at any cost. Suitable legislation should be enacted by the Government of India to check and overcome the danger effectively.

Sotto Voce

Greek Gift

WHILE the owners are singing "Hallelujah" over their success in getting newspaper taxation transferred to the Central list the proverbial cloud no bigger than a man's hand appears on the horizon. The victory itself may prove to be of the pyrrhic variety. The wily Dr. Ambedkar displayed an excessive complaisance which should have led them to suspect a catch. Newspapers, thanks to the change, will hereafter be at

the mercy, not of the Ministers in the Provinces, but of the Ministers at the Centre. If they come in for attention in the next Finance Bill they will, however, have the satisfaction of being all in the same boat. That should be balm to the lacerated hearts of Bombay and Madras.

The proprietors in their wisdom no doubt count upon checkmating the



taxwallah in two moves. Having got the claws of the Provinces drawn, they rely upon the Supreme Court coming to their aid if the Centre should show any sign of using the shears on their golden fleece. That is as it may be. But if I were an owner I should certainly prefer getting plenty of advertisements and paying a tax on them, if need be, to getting no advertisement at all and being forced to shut up shop. This is not a possibility but a distinct probability for many papers with the advent of American big money into the newspaper business in India and Pakistan.

An American syndicate has already bought the *Civil And Military Gazette*, that once proud darling of the brass hats, which has long fallen into a decline, with only a brass tablet to show for its former glory, bearing the inscription, "Here Kipling worked." For newspapers alone in modern times would seem to be reserved the post-mortem humiliations that were inflicted on the tragic heroes of the great epics. During the days of the great trek of British business from India the paper passed into the hands of an Indian business magnate to form a link in what was regarded as the beginnings of a formidable chain. But under the bleak fanaticism of Islamic theocracy it wilted. An abject apology for an imaginary misdemeanour did not save it from a term of compulsory hibernation.

And now Sleeping Beauty has found her Prince Charming. The wily magician who had her in her grip still hovers in the background, it is true. But American money is more potent than all the charms known to necromancy; and if it fails, why, there are other powerful American arguments. The Altaf Hussains who have been roaring like the lion against the Dalmias and the Bustins will soon learn to coo like the sucking dove before the all-powerful American Way of Life. Time was when Britain used to talk of her civilising mission only to draw profane jeers from our patriots. But here is Mr. Margolin of the American syndicate telling India

and Pakistan that he comes on the same exalted mission; and I for one do not feel like laughing at him.

Mr. Margolin subtly flatters our pride by suggesting that he has not found it easy to buy an Indian newspaper. I have a notion that he will be shortly receiving as many applications from speculative proprietors as from aspiring employees. And if he were to buy one or even a whole chain I suppose the Indian Government would consider it no business of theirs. As good text-book democrats our leaders may be expected to react according to type. "The more the merrier—for is not freedom of information the basis of all freedoms?"

Have you noticed that no great country except China has ever permitted newspapers owned by foreigners to be established on its soil? The Paris editions of some English and American newspapers and an obscure periodical here and there are really no exception. They are intended solely for the consumption of their own expatriated nationals. If they were to proclaim portentously, as Mr. Margolin does, that they are there to help America, "the most powerful country in the world," to use her power to keep the peace between the lesser breeds without the law, they would be made to realise, before they were many hours older, that they had overstayed their welcome.

We in India know only too well how the British and American press and their offshoots here have been promoting peace and goodwill between India and Pakistan. Presenting news from the American angle, says Mr. Margolin, will be the object of his syndicate's papers. We are great admirers of American cuteness. But a whole Panzer division of the American army of civilisation would be too much of a good thing. In the old days the Bible followed the flag. Shall we live to see the newspapers precede it?

VIGNESWARA

SRI N. CHANDRASEKHARA AIYER: AN APPRECIATION

By R. N. AINGAR

IT is not very difficult to speak or write about Sri. N. Chandrasekhara Aiyer. The difficulty is really in restraining one's enthusiasm for him. "Manners maketh a man" and he is a universal favourite. He is so full of the joy of life, so sparkling and vivacious, so overflowing with the quality of human kindliness, so happy in himself and radiating happiness all around him, that any one coming into contact with him is touched by the magic wand of his charming personality and keyed up to the same pitch. He has the art of mixing freely with all classes and grades of people, putting everybody at ease, and bringing out the best in others by his infectious goodwill and sympathetic understanding. He has the rare gift of making many friends and the rarer gift of retaining his friendships by his own loyalty and steadfastness.

He is a facile conversationalist. Interested in all things, well informed on many topics, quick in the uptake and always ready with the repartee—sometimes perhaps all too ready for most people. One is reminded in this connection of an incident in the English Law Courts some time ago: Leslie Scott, an eminent Counsel, was appearing. Lord Dunedin was presiding. Counsel noted that the Judge was writing a letter and remarked, "I don't think your Lordship is following me." Judge—"Following you! I am miles ahead!"

A keen sportsman devoted to Cricket and Tennis, he can give and take in the game of life with equal abandon. Like our Prime Minister, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, he is a great lover of children, and children love him. It is a delight to see him playing boisterously with children at home or on the sands by the seashore.

He is an earnest student of English, Sanskrit and Telugu literature, deeply

versed in the ancient classics—the Ramayana, the Mahabharata, the Puranas and the Bramha Sustras. Simple in his wants, austere in his habits, intensely religious by temperament, he is a *Bhakta* and never misses his daily prayers or his morning Gita Parayanam even when travelling in trains. He has however such broad and catholic tastes that he can, and does, easily adjust himself to modern conditions of life and work.

His early and close association with dynamic personalities like the Hon'ble Mr. V. Krishnaswamy Iyer, Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer and Dr. Annie Besant has given him a spacious outlook on life and a zest for culture and social service. He possesses an inexhaustible energy and resilience of his own. He did a great deal of journalistic work in the early days. He had a large and varied practice at the Bar. As a Judge he has served with distinction in many districts of the Madras Presidency and lastly, for over six years on the Bench of the High Court—liked and respected everywhere. Literary attainments, legal practice and reputation, judicial pomp and power have all sat on him lightly. He has adorned the places and positions he has occupied, not that those places and positions have added any importance to him.

He is imbued with the spirit of justice, equity and good conscience. He has always adhered staunchly to the values and principles of life. In his mature wisdom and balance of judgment, and out of his large and varied experience of life, he can be of great service to the country, especially in these days of stress and strain, national and international. And it is a matter for sincere congratulation that his undoubted abilities and talents are being made use of in national service.

THE ART OF CRITICISM

By Sir C. P. RAMASWAMI IYER

CRITICISM is a topic, which is as wide and deep as life itself and it has been defined by one of the masters of the art, as a disinterested endeavour to learn and to propagate the best that is known and taught in the world. It has been described as the evaluation of the history of the human spirit.

In the seventies of the last century, Mathew Arnold deplored the absence in England of any force of educated, literary and scientific opinion and pleaded for the creation of an academy which may serve the purpose of establishing and maintaining adequate standards, as the French Academy had done. His plan meant that it was essential to regulate the pursuit of what he regarded as fundamental in life and thought, viz., sweetness and light.

On the other hand, we have it on the authority of Disraeli and Coleridge, that critics are men who have failed in literature or art. But venomous and often anonymous skirmishes are the reason for the usual judgment on the critic, the classic instance being the *Quarterly* article of which it was written, "who killed John Keats?" "I" says the *Quarterly*. 'So savage and so Tartarly.'

But whatever may have been the case some decades ago, it can be definitely stated at present that the art of balanced and mellow criticism has suffered by reason of the present increase in the tempo of life. Speedy means of communication and the prevalence of sensational journalism and of tabloid information, have assimilated literature and even music to the position of riddles and crossword puzzles, and the judgments of today are apt to be summary and violent, the picture of life being increasingly painted in crass primary colours. 'Debunking,' in the American idiom, is a favourite pastime and Lytton Strachey started the fashion of taking statues down from their pedestals.

Our judgment of men and affairs and art tend to be epigrammatic, assured and conclusive. And in the

nature of things, it is easier to pronounce unfavourable verdicts than to appreciate the favourable aspects of the second-best. It is not often that supreme work is produced either in poetry or drama or the pictorial or plastic arts, and the general tendency is illustrated by the surrealists in painting, by the cult of ugliness in sculpture and in post-war poetry and prose typified by "Ulysses" and "Finnegan's Wake" of James Joyce, and by the work of artists like T. S. Eliot and Hemmingway. We witness quick and final verdicts, recondite verbal puzzles which often mask the obvious. Indeed, Joyce's writing has been described as tending towards low visibility.

Of Ulysses, for instance, it has been asserted that it responds to such influence as newspaper headlines and fugal variations. In the dialogue entitled, "Ana Levia Plura belle," there is a catalogue of dozens of rivers displaying perverse literary ingenuity and an artificial language of innuendo and mockery. A distinguished critic spoke of these latter-day experiments as the annihilation of all meaning analagous to the chain reaction set off by atomic fission. The 'Euphuists' of the Elizabethan era and the poetic tour-de-forces of later Sanskrit and Tamil literature like the Kadambari are the nearest analogies to these productions.

To deal with such phenomena or to appreciate or follow the involutions of T. S. Eliot's 'Hippopotamus' or the 'Dirge' of Kenneth Fearing, the critic has to attune himself to harmony with the hurry and compulsiveness of the time. It may be instructive to quote one verse as indicative of the gesticulations of some modern poetry.

"And wow he died and wow he lived,
Going whop to the office and bloole
home to sleep and
Biff got married and oof got fired
Zowie did he live and zowie did he
die."

In dealing with such efforts, impatience can be checked only by reminding oneself of what Bertrand Russel

declared in one of his Sceptical Essays, "Our dealings with those whom we love may safely be left to instinct. It is our dealings with men and things that we hate that ought to be brought under the dominion of reason." Indeed, it is one of the prime requisites of criticism, that in spite of the natural habits of a critic and in addition to a sense of fairness and humour, it should be kindly and warm-hearted. Many doctrines which seem to be crude and new, may win their case in time. And we must, adequately to appreciate, change our point of view, if need be, and live in the spirit of the period. The critic is not under an obligation to have a perfect knowledge of things. He has to act in concert and almost in consultative collaboration with the public. He has been designated as a secretary of the public. But, a secretary who need not be dictated to and who divines and puts into words the thoughts of his country and his time, realising as he must, that even after he has expressed such thoughts, no small portion of the consequences of the thoughts must depend on the reaction of the readers.

As happened in England and France of 1800, so the world of today is proceeding by fits and starts, but nevertheless consciously, from chaos to a re-establishment of political and social order. The period of confusion and distraction that has preceded the present, must have its outward expression in life and art, as much as our confused efforts towards re-orientation.

At all periods which follow a great danger, one becomes acutely conscious of the good and evil in all things. This observation is specially true of the critic. His mind must be actively curious to get at the bottom of all ideas. He has to know something of everything; and of all systems and all isms, poetical or religious; political or philosophical. While he approaches as a learner and disciple the masters of all arts and sciences and while he schools himself to appraise them and their doctrines, he must be a disciple who feels at liberty to leave them as soon as he has analysed them. They must not sit on his back for ever like the old man of the mountains.

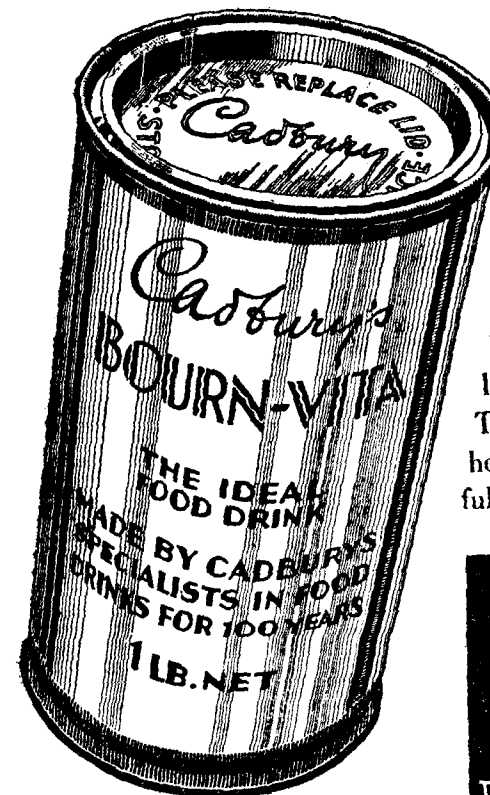
Perhaps, the most consummate

example of a born critic is Sainte Beuve, who is paralleled in France only by Pascal and Joubert; and in England by Charles Lamb and Coleridge and in later days by Matthew Arnold, Pater and Stevenson. Sainte Beuve's curiosity was unbounded. In dealing with literature, which is so often the mere arena of rhetoric and amusement, he brought into play the ideas and methods of scientific and natural enquiry. At the same time, he preserved the penetrative power and the intrinsic propagandism of the literary artist. As Matthew Arnold said of him, "Man as he is and as his history and productions show him, was the object of his study and interest. He strove to find the real data and eschewed the fictitious and the conventional."

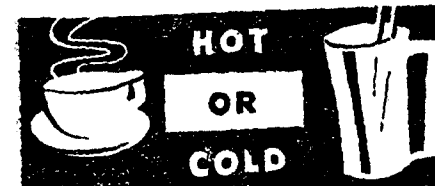
Such men perceive the inwardness of things and elucidate a whole life by a few touches. An instance is Sainte Beuve's description of one of his acknowledged masters Joubert. He says of him, "He was one of those happy spirits, who passed their lives in thinking and conversing with their friends; in dreaming and solitude; and in meditating on some great work which they can never accomplish, but which reaches posterity in fragments." Similar is the remarkable essay on "The Sanity of True Genius," by Charles Lamb or the description of Thoreau by R. L. Stevenson, wherein occurs the remarkable passage, "The nearer the intimacy, the more cuttingly do we feel the unworthiness of those we love; and because you love one, and would die for that love tomorrow, you have not forgiven, and you never will forgive, that friend's misconduct. If you want a person's fault go to those who love him. They will not tell you, but they know. And herein lies the magnanimous courage of love, that it endures this knowledge without change."

Take again an artist's description of the best type of critical attitude of society as "Spectators of life, listeners without ambition and without envy, curious, attentive, disinterested and yet taking interest in everything; the true amateurs of beautiful things. This class of connoisseurs and critics are alone qualified to enlighten talent and keep it in check. It has almost vanished—

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In order that this ideal of criticism should be achieved, our hearts should be ever hospitable. This is a difficult thing to compass, especially in times like the present, when it seems futile to ask for intellectual hospitality or to expect a welcome for your ideas; when all the world consists of busy and bustling minds quite full of themselves, of whom a picture has been drawn likening them to 'real torrents all roaring with their own thoughts.'

It is not widely known that literary judgment and criticism have been elaborated in India from ancient times. As in Greece, so here literature consisted largely of poetry—Sanskrit like Greek, lending itself to poetic treatment even of scientific and philosophical topics.

The Agni Purana devotes many chapters to figure of speech and the faults and merits of poetry. Bharatha in his chapters on dancing, music and poetics has described 36 lakshanas or embellishments of literary and poetic types. One of the most characteristic developments of Indian art criticism is the concentrated attention devoted to the theories of 'spottha' or 'dhwani,' viz., the capacity of words to signify the import of things and the power of suggestion contained in words.

A celebrated work, 'Dhwanyaloka,' by a court poet in Kashmir writing in the 7th century A. D. is occupied with the doctrine of sound or euphony and deals with suggestion as the soul of poetry.

A series of later writers, Raja

Sekhara, Bhoja of Dhara and several others culminating in Appayya Deekshita, have produced works analysing the relation of genius and poetic imagination to culture, differentiating between the essentials of didactic and scientific poetry; and elucidating the sources of poetic convention and practice. They deal also grammatical technicalities in relation to style and the faults and merits of expression and thought, as well as the operation of words and their sources.

It is worthy of note, that one of the latest critical treatises in India, "RASAKALPADRUMA," was written to instruct a Muslim ruler, Sheishta Khan, about the middle of the 17th century. Both in this work and in a famous book on dramatic writing 'Dhananjaya's 'Dasarupa' it is stated that literary obscurity or the quest for what is often called 'preciousness,' may be legitimate in some great authors and in relation to certain subjects, but that, although 'ornateness may go with greatness, yet oftener felicity comes of simplicity.' Describing the Ramayana of Valmiki, that miracle of simplicity of language and suggestiveness of meaning, a poet says, "Ordinarily, speech and writing follows the meaning; but in the consummate and ancient artist Valmiki, the meaning and the word pursue each other and are indistinguishably blended." This sentiment is worthy not only of a supreme artist in words, but of a truly discerning critic.—(Condensed from an address at P. E. N. Conference.)

MEET—

Inbriyu Koinange

By **SANTHA**

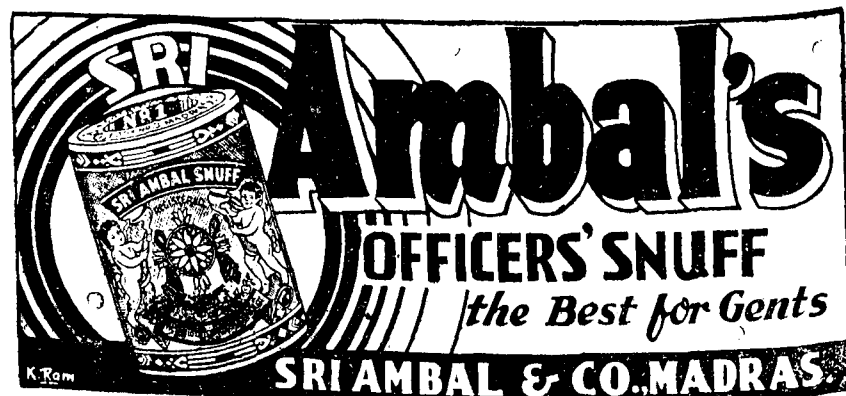
THERE are some things—some people of whom we are not satisfied to accept the face or surface value, some events into which we read, with or without provocation, a deeper meaning. We are prompted, may be by the curiosity which drove Eve to lend her pristine ear to the crafty serpent in her garden, to enquire into the series of happenings which had culminated in the particular action which has aroused our interest or to ask about the antecedents of a new person. In short, we are impelled to say with the poet, "There is more than this!"

Mr. Peter Koinange, the college teacher from Kenya who was in Madras last week, left just such an impression upon me. A visit from a foreigner is not unusual to us. We have been visited before for reasons varying from idle curiosity to interested commercial speculation. We have been lectured to before, we have been looked at before. Our old-fashioned reserve has been commended, our predilection for superficial western refinement has been exploited. Yet, Mr. Koinange's visit signified, in a dim inexplicable way, something. It was a stage in the evolution of the African native.

He answered all our questions, gave us the population statistics, told us of his tribal marriage customs and the status of women in East Africa, assured us of the completely cordial relations between the Africans and Indians and deplored the ignorance of the East African natives. He informed us frankly of the object of his visit to India, which was to secure more scholarships for African students in India, though he did not choose to reveal the result of his mission. But in between these observations, and assertions, he informed us that in Kenya all the high government positions were held by Europeans and

that the local government had no power, all executive authority being vested exclusively in the Governor of Kenya. He said Europeans found cheap native labour indispensable and that was one reason why they did not encourage Africans to send their children to school. He spoke of poor wages and of inequalities of opportunities between the two. He hinted at differences which were arising between the older generation and the younger generation in families. And throughout all his lectures, he assured us he was speaking only of East Africa and that he knew as little of South Africa as a Madras of China.

Africa has come to mean to the average Indian a country in which his brethren are subject to racial inequalities and repression of the worst type, where a man may not possess land, may not go where he pleased, tend his cattle or live in security. Our leaders have made speeches about the martyred lives of the 200,000 or so of our countrymen who have the misfortune of being marooned in South Africa. We are so full of our own woe that many of us tend to forget that the natives of Africa, the descendants of the people who owned the land in prehistoric times when Africa was merely the black kingdom or the Kingdom of Monomatapa, lead a life under their present rulers compared to which the Indian's is paradisaical. We know little about them, except fragments gathered from a book here or a periodical there, because the misery of these natives has been mostly mute. They have no broadcasting systems over which they can tell the world at large of their woe. The few periodicals and newspapers they run, rarely come out of their territories. Their struggle against the forces of repression has been swept into the vast misleading classification of "native up-



risings" and their story presented to the world in much the same way as stories of wild animals. They are just the sub-human creatures, uncivilised, savage brutes who inhabited the country before the white man came with his electric light and machine gun and produced light in the darkness and created order out of chaos. The intimate story of these dumb millions may never be written for many of them do not understand it themselves and the others do not know any other language but their own. It can only be told by its individual members who have the courage and enterprise and sympathy to go to new lands and foreign countries. Of such ambassadors Mr. Peter Koinange is the first to come to India. His coming betokens the first stirrings of a nationalistic spirit in native Africa. He could not have chosen a better country if what he needed was moral guidance and inspiration. We have trod with weary feet to the tune of gun shots and the clang of closing cell-doors, the path to freedom. Soon it will be their turn.

During the lectures he delivered at various gatherings in Madras, this suave, light-skinned, self-possessed teacher emphasised one prime need—the need for an organised exchange of information and news between the two countries. Let us examine in the light of the knowledge we already possess the background from which this Bantu school teacher has emerged. It seems to us unbelievable that there could be a few millions of people yet in the world who are so isolated from the outside world and from all modern civilisation that they are not aware, except a microscopic minority who can read English, of the happenings in their neighbour territory, the Union of South Africa, people to whom four-legged chairs are still unknown, who will listen to any man who promises them the old easy tribal life and call him prophet, to whom lion baiting is still a sport, and the piled stones of Zimbabwe have a mystic meaning. The history of the Bantu tribes of Africa is a colourful pageant. Their agitations for liberty have a familiar ring. Almost precisely what has been happening in India during the last five or six decades is now happening in Africa.

We are accustomed to think of the white African policy only as a conflict between the British tyrant-masters and the half-savages natives. In reality, paramountcy in Africa is of various designs. Africa bears the stamp not of British colonisation alone but the effects of the imperialist expansion of French, Belgian, Portuguese, Italian and Spanish pioneers. The whole is not one pattern of civilisation but a "patchwork." The various European powers had their influence restricted to a small area. But the British masters of Africa were and are all-powerful. Their overlordship of the territory is more complete and more devastating than the expropriation of—say the Red Indians by the U. S. A. They are outnumbered 30 to 1 by the natives. But their organisation and military power is so overwhelming that they are able to drive the natives as the Texans drove their wild buffaloes. The axiom of the white government is that the "black must be kept in his place." The natives are subject, under the British, to a lesser or greater extent (depending upon the location) to colour bars, pass laws, liquor laws, urban area laws and taxes. It is worse in South Africa than anywhere else but it is there everywhere. The difference is only in degree.

The history of the Bantu's struggle—not for self-government positively but negatively for freedom from oppression—since the English occupation at the beginning of the 19th century, is a series of muddled and unorganised revolts, of leaderless opposition, of unplanned resistance, a futile and feeble collision of the shield and *assige* against the merciless devastation of the musket and the machine gun. Later, these rebellions took on the texture of religious movements. But whatever the nature or type of movement, the desired end was the same, that someday "the Europeans would be driven into the sea." And they would live in peace again, rest in their huts, give milk to their children and till the land. But these mass uprisings, with such invincible potential power in them, all ended the same way. The warriors went singing their famous Mayibuyi war-song and death swept down from

the skies and strangled the cry of 'Vuk Africa' in their throats.

The British point of view is typical. Africa was before the first white settler entered it, the Dark Continent, a mighty, vast, land-area of jungle and scrub, of dry, arid desert and mosquito-ridden undergrowth in which millions of dark-skinned natives existed in a state of primitive savagery. He entered the picture and cleaned up the place, killed the disease-carrying pests, and gave the natives work. To him they have never been anything but half humans, ignorant, stinking, ridden with sores, not deserving anything more than what he gave them. In the late 19th century the Johannesburg *Star* is said to have published a leading article suggesting in all seriousness the wholesale annihilation of the natives by alcohol. "In alcohol," it elaborated, "is to be found the only influence which may be trusted to sap the fund of seemingly infinite vitality (of the native) which will overcome civilisation if civilisation does not overcome it." During the war at Sidi Rezegh, dead South African soldiers and whites were buried in a common grave. The South African Army Headquarters later ordered the disinterment of the grave and white and black were buried separately.

The few whites, however, who came to know the natives intimately, like Mr. Edward Roux and Mr. Joyce Cary have a good tale to tell of their nature. "There was no meanness in them," says Mr. Roux, "but a dignity which might well have made their conquerors ashamed." They are also a much harassed race. Essentially they are also a decadent race. The pictures of the magnificent male and female forms seen on advertisement posters is mere eyewash. In the tropical belt of Africa there is more leprosy than anywhere else in the world. There is tuberculosis, sleeping sickness, plague, yellow fever, typhus and small-pox ravaging the people. African children are almost congenital victims of worms or syphilis. Economically, the people are bed-rock poor. Many outsiders, remembering only that Africa produces the greatest share of the world's gold and diamonds, think of it as a rich continent. Really, it is an indigent country and

becoming poorer day by day. Its deserts are spreading, its forests are being hewn down at a rapid rate and its rainfall is growing less. It is said that the Lake Rudolf in Kenya has been decreasing at the rate of a foot a year during the last quarter of a century. The climate is destructive, long dry seasons alternating with unlimited rain. To this is added the damage of whirlwind, gale and flood. The native African, uninitiated into modern methods of agriculture, helps soil erosion by primitive forms of cultivation.

Where does the salvation of the African lie? In letting him go free? Which raises the question of his readiness for freedom. The British philosophy, tried in India also, is that freedom is not something which can be given by a wave of a political wand, that the Africans have to be made fit for it. There are some among them who say: "For God's sake leave him alone to work out his own salvation." That is something which cannot happen. The African native has been rendered incapable of working out his own salvation without help. If he had been left alone in his dark jungle, the forces of nature might have arranged some kind of balance between the life on the land and the land itself. But now that the masses are launched on their way to "civilisation," and have cast their shells behind them, they have become more dependent, less self-assertive. They have not in themselves the prerequisites which a nation must possess to achieve political freedom—unity and leadership, nor have they the remotest idea of how to obtain them.

Mr. Edward Roux says: "The possibility of a united front between various sections of the non-Europeans has always been a major issue in the struggle for freedom of the black man." Mr. Koinange himself was of the opinion that the native populations of East, west and South Africa were so much divided territorially, that the chances of their uniting was much restricted. This lack of cohesion dates back to the first disruption caused among the Bantu races in the early times when the English supported the Gaika chief against the Xhosas. The inter-tribal distrust continues to this day. This fissiparous tendency is

seen not only in the political field but even in the religious. There are, for instance, as many **Bantu churches** as there are clans.

The political leaders of the Bantus from the time of Makana, the Xhosa prophet, have invariably proved more admirable at promise than at performance. The "Industries and Commercial Workers' Union of Africa" started in 1919 which almost replaced the National Congress and grew into a mighty force was dead in less than half a decade. Governmental persecution was partly responsible for its collapse, of course, but internal disunity was a more fundamental cause. It was a typical example of, as Roux says, "the tremendous disparity between the urgent desire for change on the part of the down-trodden blacks and the inadequacy of their political leadership."

In the earliest times the slaves were taught by the missionaries. Even now the majority of Africans are taught in church or mission schools. But more recently non-European schools have been subsidised by the Government. But the standard of education in such schools is horribly low. There are not enough teachers. Statistics tell us that in 1933 in the South African Union, for instance, there were 400,000 European children being educated at nearly £25 per head and 425,000 African children at £2 per head. That section of British administration which favours the "Leave them alone" policy says triumphantly: "Look at what education is doing to the natives. Teach them the alphabet and they swagger. Give them good clothes and they bully their ill-clad fellows. Try to make their health better any they make a beeline to the syphilis-ridden trollop. The kindest thing would be to let them go back to their tribal primevality." Mr. Cary describes how in a Niger flood, the natives sat on the roofs of their houses helpless, laughing and making jokes about their predicament. They had not the faintest idea of how to get out of their situation nor did

they evince the least desire to try to do so. These, he points out, were the educated and the enlightened. As against this are the pro-African sympathisers who point out that the educated African does not lose by education an essential characteristic of his race—"he is still strangely moved by personal sympathies"—and that "if he knows that you like him and you appreciate his help, he is the best colleague you could find; he enters into things with an eagerness, a freshness of mind that makes him a perpetual source of encouragement even in dull routine work; but if he should find himself kept at arm's length, he shows often boredom and a kind of resigned indifference which may look like apathy."

More schools are now being built, however ill-equipped. And the Bantu intelligentsia are increasing and emerging as the natural leaders of the people. The seeds of a united growth are being planted. Freedom is not yet round the corner. In fact, it is not anywhere within sight yet for the Bantu. But in individual cases here and there the attempts to keep the people ignorant and backward so that the white man may have his cheap labour, are being thwarted. At the bottom of all British repressive legislation has been the fear of the potential power of the coloured mass of Africa. They have committed themselves to a position from which they cannot by themselves withdraw. The choice is no longer between leaving Africa poor and primitive and developing her latent riches at the risk of kindling African nationalism. The question is how soon the white bosses are going to understand that the rising of the natives is inevitable and inexorable.

Of course, Mr. Koinange did not commit himself to more than the usual mild statements, but his words held against the background of the story of the African Bantu, seemed like the first stirrings of the embryo in a mother's womb. Soon the baby will learn to kick.

ON FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is seldom lasting, but between equals, or where the superiority on one side is reduced by some equivalent advantage on the other.

—JOHNSON.

Short Story

A FUTILE RESOLVE

By S. Krishniah

GERTRUDE MYERS was sitting in the lounge of the Taj Mahal Hotel alone. She was wearing a dance frock of an ethereal green from which her neck stood out as if it were an ivory column. Black curly hair framed her beautiful face in which three dimples stood out childishly prominent investing her with an air of smiling sweetness. She was an air-hostess by profession and those who had recruited her for the job had made no mistake since her distinctive poise and spontaneous charm had more than once turned the heads of even the hard-headed businessmen who flew in her charge and made them indulge in overt amatory glances.

It was raining hard outside and a thick mist enveloped Bombay. Miss Myers looked at her tiny gold watch. Seven o' clock. Mahinder should be joining her any time now. Captain Mahinder was her colleague. They had flown together on many occasions but just then they were on different routes. She had flown in from Delhi that afternoon and Mahinder was due from Madras at six in the evening.

"Just give me an hour to wash and change," he had said. "At seven sharp, Gertie, usual place."

"Alright, Mahinder," she had complied.

Gertie Myers and Mahinder were very much in love with each other. She knew that Mahinder was married but she had never met his wife or heard him talk much about his family. Nor was Gertie interested. For the last two years they had behaved as if they had been married. Gertie had a small flat and had entertained no compunctions in letting Mahinder spend the nights with her whenever it was possible for him. There had been no talk between them of marriage, of somehow conspiring to make Mahinder wriggle out of the steel grip of matrimonial ties. Gertie did not even know what sort of a woman Mahinder's wife was, nor did she know whether his married life was

happy or unhappy nor what the circumstances were that made Mahinder pour out on herself all the love, affection and tenderness that he was capable of.

Gertie was happy in the sunshine of his love and she asked nothing more than to bask in it. After all they were leading a life as good as any couple married to each other. The only difference was that she did not have any children; but that did not matter anyway. The mother instinct in her was not uncontrollable.

She looked at her watch again. Seven-thirty. The chair opposite to her was still vacant. Why hadn't Mahinder come? He was always punctual. And they hadn't met for nearly a week since their duty hours had not permitted that. Anyway she could wait for some more time. Perhaps Mahinder was late. In the beastly monsoon weather the pilot could not always keep to the scheduled time. She looked outside—the weather was still murky.

The waiter came and removed the empty glass on the table. She had finished her orange juice. She signalled to him she wanted nothing more. She would have a little sherry when Mahinder came, she decided.

Eight o' clock, and Gertie was becoming impatient. Something must have gone wrong. Mahinder definitely would have kept his date with her if it were humanly possible. She rose and went to the telephone booth. She dialled the number of the airport and had to wait for nearly fifteen minutes to get the call through since she repeatedly found that the line was engaged.

"Has the Madras plane arrived yet?"

"Yes, but...."

"But what?"

"You see there was an accident while landing."

"Accident?"

"Yes, due to poor visibility."

"Is Captain Mahinder alright?"

"I don't know."

"God Almighty, he was the pilot of the plane. You must know!"

"I'll find out."

There was a few moments' silence.

"Hello, who are you please?"

"Air-Hostess Myers.....There is nothing wrong in telling me. I'm one of the firm."

"We can't definitely say, Miss Myers, whether Captain Mahinder was injured or how badly. He was taken to the hospital with the others in the ambulance."

"Was it a bad accident?"

"No."

Gertie rang off and dialled the hospital, but unfortunately the person who answered the telephone could give her no relevant information. He did not even know of the name Mahinder.

Gertie had no doubts as to what she should do as she left the telephone booth. She walked straight out, got into a taxi and went to the hospital. At the Casualty Ward all the information she could gather was that Captain Mahinder had been taken to the operation theatre but nobody could tell her how badly injured he was or whether it was a serious operation or a minor one that he was undergoing. Undaunted she entered the hospital and climbed the staircase to where the surgical wards and the operation theatre were situated. As she was walking hurriedly through one of the long corridors a young house-surgeon accosted her.

"May I know where you are going?"

"To find out about Captain Mahinder," she replied imperiously.

"He is being operated on and you can't see him."

"But could you tell me, doctor, how badly he is injured?"

"Sorry, I can't. Not until after the operation."

"Then it is a serious operation?"

"I can't say that either."

"Somebody ought to know something in this damned hospital," she said furiously.

"Those who could tell you are in the theatre with him....Calm yourself,

please. I guess you are much concerned about him. Rest assured that he will be given the best surgical aid....Will you sit in the waiting room?"

He opened the door of a dimly-lit room.

"I shall come and tell you about him as soon as I can. And don't worry meanwhile."

The young doctor had pleasing manners and he closed the door after letting her into the waiting room.

Anxiety and anger were ruffling the emotions of Miss Gertrude Myers. She paced twice up and down the length of the room in a fierce temper and only then did she notice that another person was sitting there rather demurely on a cane chair.

The other person was a young woman, very pretty also. Her face was chiselled in classic lines and only her big black eyes seemed to reveal a smouldering fire within her. Her head was small and shapely and the mauve silk saree she was wearing revealed a supple figure perhaps a trace voluptuous.

Gertie looked surprisedly at this stranger.

"Are you here in connection with this air-crash?"

"Yes....My husband is being operated on."

"Your husband?"

"Yes, Captain Mahinder. He was the pilot of the plane."

"Oh," said Gertie rather lamely.

So this was Mahinder's wife about whom she had not even thought for a few minutes—a factor that she had not reckoned with even though she was in love with this pretty woman's husband. Gertie's appraising eyes told her that her companion in the room was definitely goodlooking.

"Won't you come and sit down?....I take it that you too are here in connection with this accident?"

"Yes," replied Gertie laconically.

"I have been here barely five minutes but it has been like ages. They telephoned me home and I came immediately....It is so hard to wait for the result of this operation." The big black eyes were coruscant with unshed tears. "You see the doctors can't say anything until the operation is over."

Gertie pressed her lips into a thin line and controlled her emotions.

"Are you married?"

"No."

"Excuse me talking away like this. But I am afraid I'll break down if I don't talk....You don't mind, do you?....You won't be able to understand the predicament of a wife when her husband's life hangs by a thread so to say....Mahinder means everything to me and I am sure God won't take him away. You see we have two children and they both adore him as much as I and he, of course, is the ideal husband and the ideal father."

It was heartrending for Gertie to listen to those words which praised Mahinder's paternal and matrimonial virtues.

"We have been married for six years," continued Mrs. Mahinder, "and have not known one moment of unhappiness. My only grudge against him is his profession. That takes so much of his time and leaves me and the two kids alone. Especially during the last two years he has been working very hard. He has been forced by his firm to work practically every evening he has spent in Bombay and many nights too. All this in addition to his flying hours."

Gertie knew very well where Mahinder had been spending his evenings and nights.

"And Mahinder always says that he has to work so hard to get a promotion and perhaps when he becomes a Flight Superintendent he will devote more attention to his family."

Mrs. Mahinder took a locket from the folds of her saree where it was hanging from an exquisite gold chain round her neck. She opened it and showed a photograph to Gertie.

"Look, this is Mahinder and our two children."

Gertie saw Mahinder smiling from ear to ear holding in each arm a strapping youngster. Both his children were boys and they looked exact miniatures of their father.

"Yes, we are a happy family and if he gets through this I'll make him quit flying altogether....Oh God! he must survive."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Mahinder," Gertie found herself saying, "your husband will get through."

Yes, Mahinder must get through, she thought, but would she be able to meet him again? Wouldn't his presence remind her constantly of his wife and children? Was she not breaking up a happy family? Yes, Mahinder did love her—there was no gainsaying that. But in her absence would he not go back to his wife and his children? Did they not need him more than she did?

No, Gertie decided, she would not meet him again. She might go back to Calcutta, her home, and marry Jeff who had always wanted her and settle down to raise a family. But she must put Mahinder out of her mind.

Listening to Mrs. Mahinder with only her ears, Gertie laid careful plans. Mahinder would be forced to remain in hospital after the operation for at least a fortnight more. She would resign her job meanwhile and go to Calcutta. Mahinder would never be able to contact her in Calcutta because he knew nothing about her past beyond the fact that she had come from that city. She did not care what happened to her after that. The main thing was that Mahinder should be left to pick up the broken threads of his family life again.

Gertie rose up. She would go back to her flat and from there out of Bombay, out of Mahinder's sight, out of the sunshine of her life.

"You are going?" asked Mrs. Mahinder.

"Yes, but I'll...."

The door opened and an elderly man who wore the grave, calm face of an eminent surgeon entered.

"Mrs. Mahinder, I'm sorry...."

Mrs. Mahinder rose up expectantly.

"....your husband is no more!"

In the capacities and parts of men there are three Degrees: one man understands of himself, another understands what is explained, and a third understands neither of himself nor by explanation.—MACHIAVELLI.

WHY LEFT DISUNITY?

By G. S. BHARGAVA

THE failure of the Calcutta confabulations between the Socialist leaders and Sri Sarat Chandra Bose has not been adequately explained. In addition to the absence of any attempt on the part of the Socialist Party to sufficiently and correctly ventilate the stand it has taken at the Calcutta talks, there has been a lot of misrepresentation in the press and elsewhere. Press reaction ranged from a caustic "thieves have fallen out," to a high-power campaign for a Congress-Socialist coalition. Several newspapers have condemned what they called "an unholy alliance against the Congress" and expressed pleasure at its doom.

Leftists, on the other hand, have their own misgivings. An ultra-Leftist said that the Congress has "bought over" the Socialists to prevent Left consolidation; while another remarked that Socialists would be isolated both by the Right and the Left. There are others who accused the Socialist proposal for a merger of the Left parties as "devoid of good faith" and concluded that they were bargaining on both the sides, Right as well as Left.

All these, however, are farther from the truth. The Socialist attitude towards Left consolidation, though they have not cared to tell the public about it, has been highly realistic and statesmanlike. To appreciate their stand fully, it is necessary to study the implications and meaning of Left consolidation. There are today several splinter groups of the Left, which will have to be eliminated and brought together. That will be the first step towards Left consolidation. European history of the last three decades tells us that such splinters have always been the stepping stones of either totalitarian communism or fascism, to both of which they are opposed. Pooling of genuine socialist resources is thus the need of the hour. The Socialist leaders are, perhaps, the first to realise this. With this end in view, they had carried on negotiations with many of the Left parties and also succeeded in getting the Bolshevik Leninist

Party of India—the Indian branch of the Fourth International—a section of the Revolutionary Socialist Party and another small group known as the Socialist Party of India (which had formerly seceded from the Socialist Party) to merge with their party.

There were, and are still, the Revolutionary Communist Party of India, which has lately further split into two, one advocating the bomb-and-acid-bottle cult (it was responsible for the Dum Dum Raid and such other incidents in Bengal) and the other, led by Soumyendra Nath Tagore, slightly differing from it; the remaining section of the Revolutionary Socialist Party (after one section had merged with the Socialist Party); the Forward Bloc, which has also split into three: (1) Sarat Chandra Bose's group, calling itself the Republican Socialist Party, (2) the faction of R. S. Ruikar and Leela Roy, and (3) the near-Communist splinter led by Sheela Bhadra Yajee and K. N. Joglekar. Last year, there had sprung up another "Left" party in Maharashtra, called the Bahujan Samaj Party, as a result of the secession from the Maharashtra Congress of a large number of non-Brahmins. The Leftism of this party, like that of some branches of the Scheduled Castes' Federation, springs not from class, but caste foundations. It is an open secret that the Communists are using this party as their legal wing. Quite recently, General Mohan Singh and Col. G. S. Dhillon of Subhas Bose's INA have started a Leftist Sikh Party in the East Punjab.

Thus, all these splinter parties are confined either to a province or a part of a province and in certain cases to a particular caste or community of people. Though individually they count for nothing, collectively they may be a force to reckon with. Also when brought together on a specific social and economic programme, some of these Leftists may be able to give up their quibbling and may even develop an ideology. Hence the need for their consolidation.

If, in the name of consolidation, a joint committee of representatives of each of these groups is set up, as suggested by Sri Sarat Chandra Bose, it will not only not achieve any real consolidation but will perpetuate the undesirable splinters. *Just as the partition of the country into India and Pakistan did not solve the minority problem but only multiplied it by two, such a consolidation will only place a premium on splinter groups and exaggerate their importance and influence.*

So, the Socialist leaders rightly wanted an elimination of such splinters and their merger into a single, strong Socialist Party.

Secondly, such a consolidation will amount to each of these groups having parity of representation with an all-India party like the Socialist Party, on the proposed Left Consolidation Committee, irrespective of their individual strengths. Can any one, under such circumstances, justifiably accuse the Socialist Party for not having agreed to such a proposal and willingly written itself off the political map?

With all these issues in view the Socialists have recently widened their party into a mass party with individual and collective membership and have invited all non-Communist Leftists to join it. If, however, the other parties conceded the principle but had misgivings about joining an already existing party, the Socialist leaders expressed their readiness to merge their own all-India party with a larger party of the Left. The full implications and importance of this gesture have not been adequately appreciated.

It must be remembered that the Socialist secession from the Congress was precipitated by the new constitution of the Congress which debarred the existence of parties within the party. In other words, it was on the issue of retaining their individuality and exclusiveness as a party that the Socialists left the Congress, even though there was a possibility of converting a large section of Congressmen to their point of view. *That individuality and exclusiveness they were now prepared to shed and merge their party in a larger party*

of the Left, in the interests of Left unity.

When that was the price the Socialists were prepared to pay for Left consolidation, it was an irony that the splinter groups who are most vociferous and vocal about Left consolidation should have failed to reciprocate even to half that extent. Merger of their parties would have meant nothing to them, unless they had vested interests by way of permanent leadership of their splinter groups; whereas, for the Socialists, it would have meant a gamble involving a life's toil. It was thus evident that the leaders of the splinter groups put their petty vested interests above the larger interests of the entire Left. It would have made a lot of difference to the country and to themselves, if they had voted for real consolidation of the Left.

The Socialists have also been unequivocal in their demand that the near-Communist groups should make up their minds and choose between terror tactics and a planned and systematic transformation of the country towards a socialist economy but should not have the best of both the worlds. Also, they explained that the claims of some of the parties, enumerated above, for Leftism were rather dubious and that they were more "have-not radicals" than genuine Socialists. So, a merger of the parties, as they had suggested, on a common programme and policy would make up for such lapses and put wind in their sails. Such a merger, they explained, would also neutralise the communal and caste colourings, visible among some of them.

Finally, Leftist consolidation, as conceived by Mr. Sarat Bose, would have merely defeated the Congress and left a vacuum in its place. Amidst the divergent viewpoints of the different parties there would not have been an agreed formula for positive action. It would have been a Babel of opposition voices, all destructive in content and tone, and they would not have been able to even form, much less run, a Government. The more enterprising among them might crown themselves but it would be only a crown of thorns. The disenchantment among the people about such a Left consolidation and its progress would have

CHINA'S NEW STRONG MAN

By MARK GAYN

WHEN delegates from all corners of China come together to elect a new "Democratic Coalition Government" the shadow of a large, stoop-



shouldered peasant-faced man named Mao Tze-tung will lie heavy over the proceedings.

If Mao so chooses, he can have himself elected President of China, or Premier. More probably he will stay out of the Government. This bit of political make-believe will deceive no one. For this deceptively mild man, who for 20 years has been the philosopher and strategist of China's Communist revolution, today stands far above any other political figure in his land.

In these 20 years, Mao nurtured China's revolution through a succession of crises, and one or two disasters. He himself has had to walk 6,000 miles in the year of the "Long March," with Chiang Kai-shek's armies in unceasing pursuit. Later, for 10 years, he lived in a cave, never far from the foe. Yet, even his enemies can find in his record no sign of weakening, or weakness, or even a change in basic philosophy.

Set down in numerous speeches and pamphlets, this philosophy can best

be described as Marxism, interpreted for modern times by Lenin and Stalin, and adapted by Mao for Asia. In the coming months and years, it will underlie the thought and politics of China. Despite all the fences, it will also filter down into the lands to the south—into India, Burma and Malaya, Indo-China and Indonesia—and infect their restless millions.

One thing that seems certain is that Mao will not become another Tito. Nor does he intend to let any economic difficulties which Chinese Communists now face, to interfere with their basic relations with Russia. In a recent statement over the Peking Radio, in celebration of the 28th anniversary of the Chinese Communist Party, Mao declared that although the Communist victory in China depended on aid from international revolutionary forces such as the Soviet and the East European bloc, Communist China did not need aid from Britain or the U. S. Nor, he said, would it refuse such aid.

Mao can best be understood as a leader of the greatest peasant rebellion in history. Himself of sturdy middle-China peasant stock, Mao understands the farmer's problems and speaks his language. The solution of these problems has, up to now, been the cardinal aim of his programme.

Born in Hunan 56 years ago, the son of a tight-fisted, well-to-do farmer, Mao has devoted some 40 years to the peasant's cause. He began early, when—as a health faddist—he began to tramp the rural countryside. Hunan was a good observation point—a world of rich crops and famines that need not have occurred, of warlords, usury and peasant unrest. The time for observation was also right. Monarchy had just collapsed, and the entire nation was in a political and spiritual ferment.

Mao attended the First Normal School in Changsha, hiked, argued, and read voraciously, from Adam Smith through the pre-Confucian thinkers. In the end, he formed a New People's Study Society, in which,

with other youths, he debated China's ills and cures.

Mao and his study society gave the First Normal a revolutionary tradition. On graduation, Mao went to Peking to study at the National University. There are still men who remember the slow-moving, awkward youth who worked in the university library, argued avidly on politics, and wooed a professor's daughter (he later married her). This was the time of the Russian Revolution, and like other students Mao was deeply affected by it.

In May, 1921, with 11 other men, Mao helped to set up the Chinese Communist Party at a secret meeting in Shanghai. The party mushroomed quickly, and by the following spring, Mao was back to his native Hunan, organizing labour and student unions. He rose rapidly in the party hierarchy, and by 1925 had become a member of the Communist Politburo.

This was a period of Russian-blessed honeymoon between the Communists and Chiang Kai-shek. Mao was made chief of the publicity department of the Nationalist Party, and editor of the Political Weekly. But when the great northern expedition began, he moved ahead of it, organizing peasant uprisings.

In 1927, Chiang Kai-shek broke with the Communists. The Communist Party—what was left of it after Chiang's blood purge—split at the seams. One faction surrendered arms to Chiang. Another insisted on continuing the hopeless struggle within the cities held by Chiang's secret police. Mao demanded that the party form an alliance with the poor peasantry, organize Soviets and fight in the countryside. For this heresy, Mao was tossed out of the Politburo.

In the crisis, Mao acted with characteristic decisiveness. He formed the first division of the First Peasants' and Workers' Army, and led it into the bandit-infested Chingkanshan. On this impregnable mountain he remained for a year, while rebellion boiled in the surrounding countryside and mutinous soldiers swelled Mao's forces. Eventually, the second great man of China's Communism, Chu Teh, broke through the Nationalist blockade, and joined Mao. Chu was then made commander of the

Communist army, and Mao its political commissar. This relationship persisted for the next 10 years.

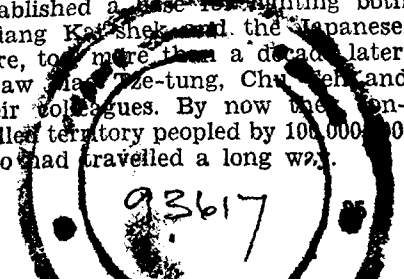
In 1930—by now restored in the Comintern's good graces—Mao took the next step. Fighting for each mile, he moved to the mountainous province of Kiangsi. Here, for the first time, Mao had elbow-room for his programme. A Soviet government was set up, with its own army, schools, industry and money, and an elaborate programme of land reform. Here Mao and Chu remained until 1934.

By October, 1934, Mao's revolution was already a tremendous thing. It could muster some 400,000 fighting men (though many of them lacked arms), and resist attacks by Chiang's armies of close to 1,000,000. But the odds were against the Communists. I passed through the area that year, and saw the series of fortified rings Chiang Kai-shek had built, on German advice, in an effort to strangle the Kiangsi Soviet. The ring looked like a cobra closing in on a rabbit.

Mao and his associates decided to move out, to the northwest, where Russia was close, and Japan's armed men were spilling over the Great Wall. One night that October, the Communist forces struck at a weak link in the chain of forts, and hammered at it until they broke through. This was the beginning of the "Long March," that did not end until a year and 6,000 miles later.

For the Communists this was a year of almost continuous battles, over some of the world's most difficult terrain. They fought disease, hunger, swamps, snow-bound mountains, savages and hostile armies. Only 20,000 of them survived the trek, and there was sickness and hunger. But they had kept their morale and in their wake bloomed underground organizations.

In the north-west Mao's revolution entered its crucial phase. Here the Communists built up their armies, created a sustaining economy and established a base for fighting both Chiang Kai-shek and the Japanese. Here, to more than a decade later, I saw Mao Tze-tung, Chu Teh and their colleagues. By now the controlled territory peopled by 100,000,000. Mao had travelled a long way.



I first met Mao at a dance in a large, dimly lit hall in the village of Fang Family Hill. On this occasion, Mao and I only exchanged pleasantries. Our second meeting was a 10-hour interview which started in the early afternoon, ran on through the dinner, and then went on deep into the night. I talked to him in a mountain cave, round-ceilinged, dirt-floored and chilly.

In physical appearance Mao is not impressive. He looks like a small-town shop-keeper, or perhaps a teacher. It is only in conversation one gets a measure of the man's intellect. Mao ignores the routine and speaks of history as one of its makers—of broad historic sweeps, the destinies of nations, world policy.

With me, he confidently predicted a U. S. depression. He expected the depression to result in "an emergency of democratic forces, which will compel the U. S. Government to abandon its imperialist policies, stop help to such reactionaries as Chiang Kai-shek, and assist democratic movements." He studied the intercepted San Francisco news broadcasts for signs of a stock market break.

Mao was bitterly anti-U. S. He denounced U. S. help to Chiang Kai-shek, voiced suspicion of U. S. moves in Formosa, and attacked U. S. efforts to revive Japan. He kept insisting that nothing Washington could do would alter the situation in China. (One of Mao's earliest post-war slogans was: "The A-bomb cannot destroy the Chinese revolution." Ten thousand bombs could wipe out as many Chinese villages, he argued, but the Communist revolution would go on). But he also maintained that if the U. S. ceased help to China's "reactionaries," a large and healthy trade could be established between the U. S. and China.

The major conflict in the world, he felt, was not between the U. S. and Russia, for this was merely "a smoke screen intended to help U. S. capitalism move into the former British markets and spheres of influence." The basic conflict, he insisted was between the capitalists of Britain and the U. S.

All these were debatable intangibles. But in the one area of prophecy where he could be checked, he has

since proved to be amazingly accurate. He forecast for me the passage of military initiative from Chiang Kai-shek to the Communist armies, the drive in Manchuria and later in North China, the disintegration of the Nationalist fabric, the consequent suspension of U. S. aid to Chiang Kai-shek, and finally, the formation of a coalition Government. Both his timetable and his analysis of the China crisis have been confirmed by time.

For 10 years, Mao's job has been to deal with broad policy. With communications incredibly poor, the job of day-to-day decisions had had to be delegated to trusted men on the spot. Mao has used his time to run the five-man policy-making secretariat—the inner circle of the Communist command—and write on a wide range of subjects, from art in a Communist society to land reform.

It is in the latter that Mao takes the greatest pride. The redistribution of land among the poor peasants has been the real secret of Communist success. If he dies today, Mao will go down in history as the man who gave land to the sharecropper and remade the ancient pattern of village life.

But it is an error to think that land reform is the Alpha and Omega of Mao's programme. An orthodox Marxist, Mao sees the redistribution of land as only the first step in a long evolution towards Communism. The present agrarian revolution, he wrote in 1938 in a little known pamphlet, is "bourgeois-democratic"; it is directed mainly against domestic feudalism and foreign imperialism; it embraces within itself even small capitalists and it encourages the development of private enterprise. But after it, must come the "real" Socialist revolution. In this revolution, it is the worker and not the peasant who must lead.

Mao's views have not changed in the past 10 years. Freshened up, they were put forth anew a few weeks ago by Mao's old schoolmate, Jen Pihshih. This is what Mao has in mind for China, as reported by Jen, and published by a Moscow newspaper.

Military victory (Mao holds) is only the first step on a long road. The destruction of Chinese feudalism, imperialism, and Kuomintang authority will not solve the question of

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China's independence. Only when China is transformed from an agricultural into an industrial nation will she be finally independent of foreign powers.

Therefore, Mao says, the job is clear: to spend three to five years rebuilding the devastated industry, and then the next 10 to 15 years raising the share of industry in national

economy from the present 10 per cent. to 30 or 40. China must create a great industry capable of building machinery, automobiles and ships. More than that, China must be able to make cannon, tanks and aircraft for national defence. Economic independence must go hand in hand with enough strength to defend China's boundaries.

MAN Vs. MOUNTAIN

By WEBSTER FAWCETT

IN a pressure chamber in a Cambridge laboratory I have just seen a young man madly pedalling a bicycle, duplicating the conditions of strain to be encountered when he climbs Mount Everest next year.

Britain is planning a new all-out attempt to reach the hitherto-unscaled peak of the world's highest mountain. With the advantage of all the altitude techniques and light-weight equipment perfected during the war, the expedition will be the seventh to assail the 29,002-foot "roof of the world" and its leader, 36-year-old Group Captain A. F. Bandit, believes it will prove a case of seventh time lucky.

Volunteers for the team are already being tried out in compression chambers, living behind glass for 30 days at a stretch while oxygen content and atmospheric pressure are gradually reduced. Only those able to withstand this conditioning will pass the final selection, and the final leg of the climb will probably be undertaken by two men who have been conditioned to 30,200 feet or more.

In the topmost camp—at 27,750 feet—it has been discovered that men can exhaust themselves by the mere act of turning over in their sleeping bags. Eating is painful. Air hunger produces frenzied irritability. The brain blacks out and a climber on the last expedition could not remember what his camera was for. Modern oxygen apparatus, weighing 15 lb. against 35 lb. used in the 1938 expedition, will help to solve these problems. The new packs give an oxygen supply for six or seven hours,

and it is hoped to parachute unlimited supplies from the air.

Previously, too, the task of trekking the final 200 miles up the foothills has not only served to exhaust the party, but has drastically curtailed the actual time available for the assault on the final ridge. The 1950 transport planes will fly men and equipment to a marshalling point in the Himalayas, and helicopters may hop the rest of the journey to the base camp at 10,000 feet at the foot of the Rongbuk glacier.

The first reconnaissance expedition, just 28 years ago, did not possess even satisfactory maps of the mountain approaches. The second attempt the following year saw George Mallory and others within nearly 2,000 feet of the summit without oxygen. The third assault in 1924 made many people almost believe in the Tibetan legends of malefic gods firmly entrenched in the never-melting snows at the crest.

Seven men were swept away by a crushing avalanche. Despite this disaster, George Mallory and Andrew Irvine took up the attempt beyond the last 1,000 feet with oxygen masks. An hour after they had left the final camp the shrouding mists parted and watchers saw the two tiny figures lumbering slowly upward only 800 feet from the summit. They were never seen again.

In 1933 Hugh Ruttledge's expedition found an ice-axe stuck like a tombstone in the ice 700 feet from the peak. That same year, F. S. Smythe continued on alone, attempt-

ing the final great barrier of the North Col single-handed. In an hour of agony he clambered only 50 feet. The slopes were like a slate roof. To the freezing terror of solitude were added hallucinations of huge, beaked, bloated creatures hanging malevolently in the sky.

Expedition after expedition was defeated by the weather. The strangest adventure of all was the lone-wolf exploit of Maurice Wilson. Positive that by rigorous training and fasting anyone could become capable of surmounting any obstacle, he set out alone to climb Everest to prove his theory. A subsequent expedition found his body at 21,000 feet.

The new party, however, will remain at the base-camp for a few days in order to acclimatise themselves to height and temperature. As they begin the gradual stages of the assault on the slopes, climbing equipment developed by wartime commandos may help them overcome hitherto insurmountable obstacles

and possibly even open a new route. Light-weight clothing evolved for high flying, with self-heating apparatus, will provide a new barrier against the searing wind. Tent-pegs and struts are made of superlight magnesium three times lighter than the aluminium hitherto used. Self-heating cans of food, will alone save precious weeks which must otherwise have been spent in lugging fuel up the mountain.

Though hundreds of candidates have approached Britain's Royal Geographical Society to join the expedition, few will be chosen. As the climbers near the peak, their supplies will become more highly specialised. At the end there remains the simple issue of man versus mountain. The two climbers who make history will dare desperate hazards when they start out from the final camp. Despite the aid of post-war science, two men single-handed must penetrate the unknown.

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MAN OF STRAW

By K. Sridhar Rao

IT was a cosy flat, just meant for two, in a brand new building. There was a sunny drawing-room, a pleasant little dining-room, two compact little bedrooms, a kitchenette and bath room. The furniture was new and shining too. The tenants were also new. They were newly wed as recently as an hour ago. Happiness was writ large on the face of the bride, Bhu Devi, a smart little woman of twenty-five summers. It was no less evident on that of the bridegroom, Om Sri Nivas, a young man of about thirty-two years. These two had waited for five long years for this happy day to dawn. Working as a hackwriter for newspapers, he earned barely enough to feed and clothe himself. His spare time from the writing of short stories and articles, he devoted to his magnum opus, a novel. This he had completed a few months ago. He earned a hundred rupees per month by drilling sense into youngsters of the teen age. Yes, she was a school-marm! But one who won golden opinion from all those who came across her path! The school board was so pleased with her that they were willing to grant her leave for a year if she would promise to return. The headmistress was actually in tears—not crocodile—for she would never get another assistant like this who did half the head-mistress's work in addition to her own without a word of protest. The youngsters feted her in their homes when they came to know they were to lose her and loaded her with mementos. These two love-birds had found their nest at last!

"Oh! What a lovely flat! How did you manage to get it in these hard days?" questioned Bhu.

"You must ask my friend, Balakrishna Balidan, the publisher. It was he that secured it for me," said Om.

"What is the rent?"

"Only a hundred rupees. Not bad for these difficult days. Electricity

is provided for cooking and domestic use also. That means, dear little girl, you can save a lot of your breath—no blowing at the fire for you."

"You mean to say, you have a cooking range?"

"Yes, my dear one, I have fitted a small one—the cheapest I could get. I want to save you as much of the labour of cooking as possible."

Bhu was pleased and happy. But her womanly soul warned her that all these could have been got only at great expense. What of the future?

"Oh! My dear," she said. "You are very kind to me. But all this must have cost a good deal of money."

"Yes, dear girl, all I had in this world except a few hundred rupees. If it brings you happiness and comfort, it is well spent."

"But how are we going to live? I wish I had not listened to you and given up my job."

"Darling girl, don't you worry about the future now. Let us live in the present. There is my friend, Balidan. He has promised to publish my short stories and pay me a thousand rupees for them, and also a royalty of five per cent on the sales."

"Who is this great friend of yours? And when did you give him your short stories?"

"He is the senior partner of Balidan, Hulidan Ltd., the publishers. My stories have been with him for the past three months."

"And still the senior partner has not found the time to get them printed?"

"You must have patience, my dear. His reader has to go through them, and make a selection, and maybe do a few corrections and alterations. It takes time."

"All that time I suppose the author is to starve."

"No, my dear. My friend, Balidan, has promised to give me a loan of rupees five thousand to tide over the immediate future. He is a very suc-

cessful businessman. He has made a lot of money during the war. You will meet him at five. I have invited him for tea."

"What is he like, this friend of yours?"

"He is short, slim and boyish looking. He is dark—so dark that if you meet him on a dark night you would pass him by unless—"

"Unless,—what?"

"Unless he smiles at you. Then his flashing white teeth will shine on you like the head lights of an on-coming car and you will suddenly be aware of his presence."

"What a comic way of describing your friend!"

"Not at all. His teeth are famous. They are so pearly white and so neatly arranged, that many a man has mistaken them for a master-piece of the dental art."

"Oh! How old is this remarkable friend of yours?"

"That you shall judge for yourself when you meet him."

"Oh! I am all on edge to see this man!"

"He will be here any time now! You had better get the tea things ready. He is a self-made man, whose motto is 'Do it now.' And that motto it was that made me wire for you and get our marriage registered instead of doing it in the slow routine Hindu way. Oh! I am so happy! I cannot thank this man enough for his guidance."

While his wife bustled about in the dining room, Om restlessly moved about eager and expectant.

At last there was a ring at the door. Om opened the door and let in his friend.

Om introduced his wife to Balidan. A smile appeared so quickly and so easily on Balidan's face, that Bhu had a sight of the wonderful teeth. Balidan carried a square packet and an umbrella. He was persuaded to leave these and his cap on a small table in the corner. His hair was jet black—not one stray grey hair among them all.

He was so buoyant and cheerful that Bhu decided that he must be a nice young man after all. He seemed to have remembered that it was their wedding-day and brought a present.

That square parcel couldn't be anything else.

Balidan was pressed to eat this and eat that by Bhu. He thanked her and immediately obliged her. Soon a loaded table was bare of all its abundance—not a scrap left uneaten! No wonder with such exercise, Balidan leaned back, happy. Mrs. Nivas had done well by him. He had thought Nivas was a liberal, kindly host. Nivas had given him a few nice lunches and dinners at city restaurants without counting the cost. Mrs. Nivas seemed to be as good a hostess. With two such nice friends why shouldn't he feel happy? Thus mused Balidan.

"I say, Bhu, what do you think is Balidan's age?" questioned Om.

Bhu looked at the guest appraisingly and with a wise nod of her head said: "Oh! About thirty-six, I think."

"What a clever woman! You are absolutely right—only the digits are misplaced" said Om and began to laugh.

"Sixty-three! I can't believe it. You are joking. He can't be a day over forty-five."

Both the men laughed. And Om said: "My dear, if you had seen his eldest son who is just forty-five, you would believe me."

"Oh! What a story! Mr. Balidan looks a boy. And I suppose, you men want me to believe that the son of forty-five looks like a baby?"

"He does resemble a baby, in some respects," said Om, "For instance, Balidan, junior, has no teeth. And he has no hair. There the resemblance ends. He is a huge man twice the size of our friend. Many a friend of his son, has accosted Balakrishna and asked him where his father was, meaning his son. It is a joke among us that Wordsworth must have had this father and son in mind when he wrote the line 'Child is father of the man.'"

And Om began to laugh and Balidan joined him.

"Aren't you hurt by my husband's levity at your expense, Mr. Balidan?"

"Oh, this is nothing, Mrs. Nivas. My other friends are worse. I don't worry. My hide is thick. A few prick more or less don't matter at all to me. Let the young man enjoy himself, say, 'Youth comes but once in a life time.'"

It was nearing six. Om told Balidan that he and his wife were going to the theatre and so he must leave them then. Balidan hurried to the table and brought out the parcel and handed it to Om.

"Oh! What's this?" cried out husband and wife together.

"It's nothing," said Balidan apologetically. "It's your packet of short stories."

"Well, what about them?"

"You see, er-er, you see, my partner thinks that there is no market for short stories even from the best known writers. And he thinks we will be heading for bankruptcy if we handle your stuff."

"Oh, it took you so long to find out!" said Om crestfallen. His wife's face was blank—blank with despair.

"Ah, well. Ah, well. That's settled anyhow," said Om. "Now. What about the loan you promised? Have you brought the cheque for that at least?"

"My dear man, it's not so easy as that. My son has to pass the cheque. I am always over-generous. So the account at the bank is run in his name. I asked him about the money for you. He tells me your own security is not enough. The sum is big. The risk is great."

"In short, you will not be able to keep your promise to me! Senior partner of Balidan, Hulidan Ltd., and master of your own family!"

"What can I do? My intentions are always good."

"Even a place is said to be paved with them," said Om bitterly. I "could gladly ask you just now to go to that place but for one fact—"

"What is that?" asked Bhu in surprise.

"His bringing me 'that sovereign bliss, a wife'." So saying Om drew Bhu towards him, and said pointing a finger to the door, "Balidan, you are free to go. You have done enough for one man."

A ring at the door. Balidan opened the door and collected from the messenger boy a telegram, and handed it to Om.

"What's it, dear?" asked Bhu.

"It's a cable from America. It says 'Man Of Straw awarded Bordered Prize.'"

"What does it mean?"

"Man Of Straw is my novel. It is the result of five years of love and hard labour. The prize means 2500 dollars for me, and you."

"Oh!" said Bhu with a sigh of relief.

"It means also that the book will be published by that famous New York publishing firm Messrs. Gallop, Gallop and Co. They pay 5000 dollars and 15 per cent royalty on the sales. I might even get an offer from Hollywood for screen rights. I have arrived, my dear girl! I have arrived as a writer!" said Om, hugging Bhu to him. They were both happy again, and forgot the existence of Balidan.

Balidan scraped his feet and cleared his throat. Bhu and Om looked towards him.

"May I congratulate you, Nivas?"

"You may. And you may also leave now," said Om going to the door and holding it open.

Balidan picked up the packet of short stories his cap and umbrella, and prepared to go.

"You may leave that behind," said Om relieving him of the parcel.

"Don't you want them printed?" said Balidan in surprise.

"Not now."

"Why not?"

"Because I cannot rely on your partner, the publisher."

"Oh!"

"And I cannot rely on your son, the banker."

"OooH!"

"I can never more rely on you, the man of straw!"

A doctor in America, called Bienfang, has been working on a butcher's advertisement from which will issue a seductive smell of steak and onions. It will, he declares, "whip up an odour that will have you reaching for your knife and fork."

In England some years ago the proprietor of a weekly paper had an equally luminous notion. At a season of coughs and colds and influenza he had all copies of the paper impregnated with eucalyptus. They were sprayed as they came off the machines and the whole edition was sold out in no time.—COUNTRY LIFE

THE 'CHHOTA PLEBISCITE' IN KASHMIR

WHILE Truman and Attlee awaited India's formal reply to their "pleas" for arbitration, a few hundred poor Kashmiris, in their quiet and unobtrusive manner, gave a practical rebuff to these two mighty over-lords.

Over seven hundred Kashmiri Muslims living along the new demarcation line in Gurez Section of the Pakistan side have permanently opted to stay on the Indian side of the defence line. With remarkable unanimity, 219 out of the 221 inhabitants of Killshaj village in Talel valley which fell on the Pakistan side of the demarcation line opted to come to the Indian side and have accordingly been evacuated.

Their opinion, let it be noted, was expressed at a public gathering in the presence of U. N. Military observers and Indian and Pakistan commanders.

At about the same time, about 400 people of Gujra and Abdullah villages, east of Talel valley which hitherto was under Pakistan domination but has now fallen on the Indian side of the demarcation line, have decided to stay in India and refused to be evacuated to the Pakistan side.

Over one hundred people of Taobat village north of Gurez which is now under Pakistan's jurisdiction have been evacuated to the Indian side. Indian Army authorities are creating a new Taobat for the resettlement of those who have so voluntarily opted to the Indian side. Similar settlements will be erected for those who opted for India from other villages.

A CHHOTA PLEBISCITE

These seemingly insignificant facts and figures need to be stated, re-stated, proclaimed, publicised and their significance to be noted and understood.

Not only the Pakistani upholders of the two-nation theory and their Anglo-American allies but even some defeatists and die-hards in India whose vision is obscured by their own com-

munal outlook, find it difficult to imagine that the Muslim masses of Kashmir would ever vote for India in the event of a plebiscite.

Let them know, then, that a small-scale plebiscite has just been held in the far-flung outlying district of Gurez and that at least seven hundred poor, illiterate (but evidently not ignorant) Kashmiri Muslim peasants and shepherds have given their verdict in favour of India and, what is more important, against the two-nation theory of Pakistan!

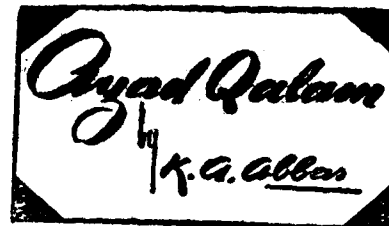
The significance of this little event has not only to be broadcast to the world, specially to Washington and London both of which suffer from the two-nation theory complex, but also must be brought home to every single Indian—be he Hindu or Muslim.

THE MIRACLE—AND HOW!

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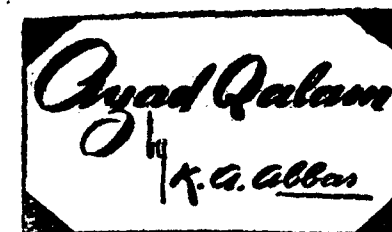
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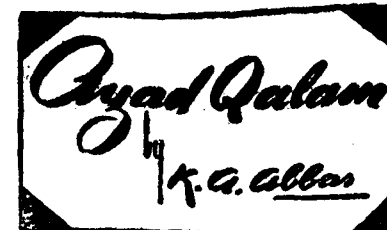
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breadth of vision and a preference for secular democracy, which are lacking not only in the leaders and the people of Pakistan but also in some leaders and some people of India? One can easily understand the attachment to India of Shaikh Abdullah and the active workers of the National Conference who have worked with him for twenty years. But how did their political sense percolate to faroff Gurez? Aren't there people even in India who sometimes whisper that, beyond Srinagar and the surrounding valley, Shaikh Abdullah wields hardly any influence on the people of Kashmir?

In this connection I am reminded of my first visit to Gurez—way back in 1944. Most of the way we had had to walk or ride on ponies. Later, I recorded my impressions of that trek to the Gurez valley and I reproduce an extract from it here to show that what happened a few days ago was not a fluke or a 'propaganda stunt' but the fruit of the seeds of political education and democratic ideals sown much earlier.

"...We went for a trip into the interior, on foot and horseback across frozen mountain passes and into forgotten, enchanted valleys. And wherever we went, in the huts of rice farmers on the slopes of the hills, and in water-mills by the side of gurgling streams, and around the camp-fires of nomadic shepherds, I was amazed to hear the echoes of what I had heard Sheikh Abdullah speak in Srinagar New Kashmir—this two-word *mantra* had roused a whole people and fired their imagination with the vision of a future without poverty and without exploitation, when this land of theirs would indeed become a heaven on earth. Nor had this been achieved by a miracle. It was the result of Shaikh Abdullah's having tramped through this land and met his people in their humble huts and tents and sat with them and talked to them in their own language about the things that were vital to them. And even as he had left with them the impress of his personality, the spark of his vision and the echo of his voice, so had he taken with him a newer, firmer faith born out of the faith of his people."

After five years the people of Gurez have proved that when I wrote that I was not being over-optimistic.

RAIDERS HELPED

Then, also, the raiders helped the people of Gurez to turn their back on

Pakistan and to vote for India. Ten months ago when I last went to Gurez, with a party of journalists which accompanied Shaikh Abdullah and General Thimaya, we saw unmistakable evidence of the trail of horror left behind by the raiders. On that occasion this is what I wrote about the experience of the poor inhabitants of Chorwan, a village in the Gurez valley, which had been occupied by the raiders, after personally interviewing these hapless victims of aggression.

"While retreating, these self-styled *Mujahideen* wreaked their vengeance on the poor residents of Chorwan—all Muslims—whose huts were destroyed or burnt, their property looted, their crops cut and taken away, their women raped and some of them kidnapped.... Listening to their stories was a harrowing experience for the correspondents as well as for Shaikh Abdullah."

Is it surprising, then, that these people of Gurez, after what they have gone through, should refuse to be taken in by the grandiloquent claims and pretensions of the invaders from Pakistan?

TWO OTHER FACTORS

Two other factors have played a decisive role in determining the decision of the Kashmiris of Gurez valley to stick by India—the first being the helpful attitude of the Indian Army, under an officer who, I found, was gifted both with deep human sympathies and imagination. When the officers and men of the army decided to share their scanty rations with the people of Gurez (who had been robbed of all their foodgrains by the raiders) they won over both the friendship and the loyalty of these simple folk.

Finally, as I read the news of this remarkable plebiscite in Gurez, I am reminded of "Jail Baba" Kabiruddin, the white-haired Grand Old Man of the Gurez Valley, a veteran stalwart of the National Conference, who earned his strange title in the jails of Maharaja Hari Singh, and then acted as a guide when the Indian Army struck to liberate his beloved Gurez. At a flag-hoisting ceremony performed by Shaikh Abdullah, I remember seeing "Jail Baba" taking out a pen-knife, calmly slashing his thumb and then putting the stamp of his blood on the flag before it went up. That's the stuff of which the

people and leaders of Gurez—today the farthest Indian outpost in the North-west—are made.

Truman and Attlee will have to contend with "Jail Baba."

BOOK OF THE WEEK

LEAVE IT TO THE PEOPLE, by Quentin Reynolds (Random House, New York) is a well-written, entertaining, lively but nevertheless biased plea for American leadership—if not exactly domination—of the 'democratic' world. Quentin Reynolds who is undoubtedly one of the more idealistic American correspondents, went to Palestine, Italy, France, Greece, Holland and Norway and came back with his faith in people and democracy confirmed. He reinforces his narrative with brilliant pen-pictures of people—big and small people, politicians and plumbers film producers and peasants. It is evident that Reynolds likes people. But his pre-conceived notion that his country, the United States of America, is the only possible saviour of mankind has vitiated the humanity of his outlook. And his undisguised hostility for Communism serves as a definite brake on his objectivity. One even begins to suspect if all the people whom he talked to were not deliberately (or perhaps unconsciously) chosen to support his pro-American, anti-Communist thesis. Reynolds' lack of objectivity can be gauged from the fact that he devotes 134 pages to Palestine but does not devote even 5 lines to state the Arab case, and that, soon after as many as 8,025,990 Italians had voted for Communism he did not meet and talk to a single Communist in Italy. This book is an example of how "national" self-interest can win over even sincere and objective journalists.

The conclusion one derives from "Leave It To The People" is just the reverse of the title. Reynolds believes in democracy—but it has to be of the American brand. He believes in the people—but they must be pro-Americans. He even believes in economic planning and improvement of living standards—but all that must be done with the help of American dollars! In short—"LEAVE IT TO AMERICA!"

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

'SAINT CERGUE, (Switzerland):

The atom bomb has been made obsolete by a biological product, seven ounces of which is enough to kill everyone in the world, Dr. B. Chisholm, Canadian Director-General of the World Health Organisation, said here. He added "The atom bomb is obsolete. Relatively speaking it is child's play compared to biological weapons. A few fanatical distributors could destroy mankind by biological warfare."

"NEW YORK: An American syndicate has been organised to purchase newspapers in India and other countries in Asia "to promote goodwill and business relations with the people of the United States." The syndicate has already purchased the 79-year old English daily "Civil and Military Gazette" which is published simultaneously in Lahore and Karachi.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"NEW DELHI: It was revealed at a recent conference held in New Delhi that in some districts of the Bombay Province where water is scarce, so-called businessmen who are not associated with agriculture or food production have dug wells purely from the viewpoint of making money out of their water supply. They supplied water to the cultivators at exorbitant rates, sometimes as high as a hundred rupees for water required to cultivate a single acre of land. Cultivators too, it is reported, find the proposition paying, as the wheat thus produced is again sold in the blackmarket."

"DEHRA DUN: Two refugee women disputed the ownership of a five-year old girl before a local magistrate here, each claiming to be the mother of the girl. Unlike King Solomon who faced with a similar problem in the biblical age ordered for a medical test by the civil surgeon to establish the relationship of the child. The surgeon found resemblance in the growth of bones and general features between the child and one of the claimants. But not being satisfied with "mere resemblance" he has recommended a "blood grouping test" to establish relationship."—P. T. I.

"BAREILLY: A thousand barbers in the city have "downed razors" protesting against the imposition of what they call "a hair cutting tax" by the Bareilly Municipal Board."

DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINES

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

WHEN we come to think of it, how much good can a nation's newspapers and journals do but how little they do! It is only from the smaller weeklies which are independent of State policy and which prefer to serve the public rather than amass profits, that one can hope for some national service. What a fuss our legislators make over a fellow buying himself a drink! In contrast what supreme indifference these same legislators show to the spectacle of the country's manhood being slowly poisoned by advertised drugs and patent medicines. A certain newspaper used scrupulously to keep out of its columns advertisements of liquor, even before the Prohibition legislation. But horse-racing gets great prominence in that newspaper; likewise any patent medicine advertisement. SWATANTRA has performed a great national service by drawing attention to the "radium scandal" and by retelling the pathetic instance of the death of Joan Nidiffer, aged six, who died after a defectively prepared Sulfanilamide dose had been given her. The cases of such deaths are legion. In a country like America an ordinary working class mother like Joan's mother could write to the President of the United States and get "every ounce of the drug complained about searched for throughout the length and breadth of the United States, seized and destroyed." But what chances have our working class and peasant mothers in ventilating a grievance of theirs, much less of writing about it to our Prime Minister!

I have just returned from a visit to Ceylon where anything imported from the West has a religious sanctity and is never questioned by the powers that be. They are making it compulsory for children attending Government schools to undergo B. C. G. vaccination, I hear. There are only three English newspapers in Colombo through which any public issue can be discussed. Two of them belong to the same combine,

and supporting as they do the Government policy, they are none too keen to say anything against the Government or vested interests. The third paper, owned by a foreign bank, and with an Englishman at its head, opens its pages somewhat more freely for the discussion of public issues; but this is a pitiful situation for a people to be placed in. Therefore B. C. G. vaccination goes on whether the people want it or not. There has been, to my knowledge only one public demur against B.C.G. vaccination and that was when a writer signing himself 'Practitioner' sent to the Press a communication in which he quoted the following excerpt from "the most recent number of the 'Practitioner' edited in Great Britain":—

"Arrangements have been made by the Ministry of Health to introduce B. C. G. vaccination against Tuberculosis in this country. As the method has yet to be put to the test of experience under conditions native to this country, it has been decided that the scheme should be kept within controlled limits, and to start with, B. C. G. vaccination will be offered to all hospital nursing staffs and medical students and second, will be made available to all chest physicians or other appropriate specialists, e.g., paediatricians, who may wish to use the vaccine in suitable cases on their individual responsibility."

This quotation from the 'Practitioner' will not deter the Ceylon Government and we shall never know the casualties. But privately I heard plenty of protests. At a dinner party where a leading woman doctor (herself a mother of four children), a leading heart specialist and his wife were present, this topic came up. Both the lady doctor and the heart specialist said vehemently that they were not going to allow their children to be vaccinated with B.C.G., and the lady doctor said that she had sent in her protest to the head of the school which her children attended. But they would offer no public protest. What redress have the poor? At this rate we would reach a stage such as that

of the Nazis when they insisted on the sterilisation of the Jews. It was the same lady doctor who went on to tell the company of the case of the German doctor who committed suicide after he had unwittingly caused the deaths of thirty children to whom he had administered B.C.G. vaccine.

At the slightest mention of the "Father of the Nation" our Ministers shed crocodile tears. It was well-known how resolutely opposed he was to vaccination and inoculation against cholera and small-pox and other infectious diseases. But how wholeheartedly have our Ministers taken to the modern witchcraft of vaccination and inoculation! Have they cared to examine all the evidence against these new-fangled drugs? Have they consulted the Vaidyas of this country and such professed believers in Ayurveda as Col. Chopra to find out if India can offer an alternative to the Western theory of vaccination and inoculation against disease? In England a parent can at least object to having his or her child vaccinated or inoculated. In India there is no such provision. We who travel and use the airports and ports of India have to have ourselves vaccinated every six months and inoculated once every three months, and very soon we shall have to produce certificates against yellow fever too.

While on the one hand there is this formidable fetish of vaccines fostered by our Government, on the other hand there is the utter indifference of our legislators to patent medicines and drugs which are made freely available at every street corner and which the public have become familiar with through the advertisements in newspapers and journals. I should think the translations of the English advertisements of certain drugs as they find their way to the vernacular press must be awful. But what remedy is there? In America there is the Federal Trade Commission which keeps a constant check upon the advertising of drugs through the radio and the press. Take the case of *Mendaco*, one of the most advertised of a group of foreign drugs in this country. In the United States the Food and Drug Administration saw to it that every package of

Mendaco carried on its label the warning that "it must not be given to children under ten or to tuberculosis sufferers because *Mendaco* contains potassium iodide." (I am quoting from an article entitled *Quarantine for Dr. Quack* by William La Varre published in the *The Reader's Digest*.) But in order to dump this drug and similar drugs manufactured by the same company into Asia, Africa and South America all that the manufacturer has to do is to print on the label that it is made for export!

While on this subject let me also relate how a forty-three year old American employed in Ceylon by a firm of American contractors died on August ninth last "three hours after he had been given injections against typhoid and cholera." The coroner's verdict was "death due to natural causes." However the firm which had employed him acted in the matter and samples of the serum have been flown to America for analysis.

Professor A. J. Clark, Professor of Pharmacology and Materia Medica in the University of Edinburgh contributed in 1938 a small book, *PATENT MEDICINES*, to the series of publications called *FACT*. It is a book that our legislators should read. Professor Clark is broadminded enough to quote Voltaire who described the art of medicine "as consisting of pouring medicines of which one knew nothing into a patient of whom one knew less." This is what he says of Aspirin: "It cannot be termed harmless because a number of persons commit suicide every year by taking huge overdoses. Furthermore, about one person in 10,000 is sensitive to aspirin and in these a very small dose of the drug will produce skin rashes or asthma. Aspirin, however, is a benefit to the great majority of the population who use it for the relief of headaches, muscular pains, colds, etc. In this case most people would agree that the occasional dangers associated with the use of aspirin are not sufficient to warrant interference with its use. On the other hand the drug amidopyrin, which resembles aspirin both in its normal action and in the production of unpleasant effects in a small minority of persons, differs in that the effects produced in this unfortunate minority usually cause death...the

inclusion of amidopyrin in the poison schedule was obviously a desirable step.... Aspirin is sold in larger quantities than any other drug used for internal consumption. A small proportion is sold under its official name and the purity of this is safeguarded by all the elaborate and effective machinery that ensures the observance of the Food and Drugs Act. For the largest proportion of the drug consumed is, however, sold under proprietary names and appears to be free from any form of effective control.... The law regarding proprietary medicines, therefore, provides a motor highway rather than a gap through most of the provisions of the Food and Drugs Acts which relate to drugs."

Professor Clark devotes considerable space to the exploitation of aspirin under various names by manufacturers because this is one of the cheapest of drugs available to and vastly used by the poorer classes who form the most gullible section of the advertisement-reading public. His opinion is that although the advertisements of various proprietary brands of aspirin are "somewhat flamboyant, they are not of a character that obviously calls for legislative interference, but it is important to note that since there is no legislative interference with the therapeutic claims made for proprietary remedies, there is nothing to prevent aspirin being advertised as a cure for cancer or consumption, and in both these diseases it might produce some temporary relief of symptoms." He is of course referring to the British public but the masses of India can be protected from the indiscriminate use of aspirin under its various marketed names and of similar drugs only by legislation. Prof. Clark has much to say about the evils of self-medication. "For example, the dye methylene blue can be obtained in a reduced and colourless form. When taken by mouth it is excreted in the urine and colours this a bright blue. One popular trick was to sell pills of methylene blue as a 'kidney cure'! He mentions also of a remedy "sold to young men with the 'keep-fit' idea." The remedy contained asafoetida and users of the mixture judged the value of the cure by the smell of their perspiration. "The worse the smell, the

more impurities are being removed." Then there are the headache powders which contain acetanilide. "In a certain proportion of cases it produces a toxic effect and causes the patient to assume a dusky *cafe au lait* colour. Soothing powders for children which, in the dose recommended, involve the administration of 1 gr. of calomel daily to an infant, are another example of remedies which may fairly be classed as dangerous." Suffering as we are under Prohibition I hate to refer to medicated wines under which guise some poor blighter or other must be satisfying his thirst. Prof. Clark quotes the Select Committee's (1914) report to the effect that such wines had an alcohol content varying from 16 to 21 per cent, "and that their use was calculated to encourage the 'drink habit.'"

SWATANTRA readers would probably remember the Yadil hoax. Yadil which came into popular notice during the influenza epidemic of 1918 was claimed by its proprietor to be a cure for consumption, cancer and a host of other diseases. It must be said to the credit of the *Daily Mail* that it alone among the better-known papers refused the tempting offers for space by the Yadil proprietor. Instead the *Daily Mail* published "a three column article by Sir William Pope, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Cambridge," in which Sir William Pope declared that 'trimethenal allylic carbide' (claimed by the proprietor to be the active principle of Yadil) "was meaningless gibberish and was not the chemical definition of any known substance." His analysis of Yadil was:

'About one per cent of the chemical compound formaldehyde
About four per cent of glycerine.
About ninety-five per cent of water
And, lastly, a smell.'

Sir William Pope further added that it cost one shilling and sixpence to make a gallon of the mixture while it was sold at £4. 10s. a gallon. That was the end of Yadil.

Prof. Clark refers as well to the toll of 73 deaths (including that of Joan Nidiffer) in 1938 in the U. S. A. owing to the unscrupulousness of a drug manufacturer. Sulphanilamide was a derivative of prontosil. "Sulphanilamide is insoluble in water, but an

enterprising American firm discovered that it would dissolve in a solvent related to glycerine which bears the name of di-ethylene glycol. Accordingly they made up an elixir of sulphanilamide and sold it all over the States. This elixir was of the partially secret type since although the content of sulphanilamide was clearly stated yet the solvent was not divulged." The result was 73 deaths reported from all over the U. S. The Federal Food and Drugs Administration then stepped in and combed the country and collected and destroyed all that was left of the 240 gallons of the elixir.

As Prof. Clark says, "Not much harm is done if a rich hypochondriac fills himself up with bottles of

flavoured alcohol, glycerine and water sold at 100 times their proper cost! Unfortunately it is the poorer and middle classes, among whom such diseases as phthisis and cancer are prevalent, who fall a prey to this propaganda aided and abetted by the Press and the State. To quote Prof. Clark, "The expense of these advertisements is great and the cost of the remedies proportionally high. This systematic swindling of the sick from which the Press and the Government both take a large rake-off is in reality not an amusing but a very sordid business." When will the Central Government appoint a Select Committee to report on the Food and Drugs Administration in India? —(Copyright.)

INOCULATION AGAINST COMMUNALISM NEEDED

By "BAROO"

THE rising crescendo of bitterness against Pakistan caused by the news that evacuee property laws are being given a new practical shape in that dominion, needs to be properly analysed and understood before being accepted as a necessary evil. Why is it that questions of property have so forcefully come to the fore two long years after they first came into being? Why is it that other and probably bigger grievances are being overshadowed by this relatively minor issue? Why is it that public opinion is being so sedulously roused over difficulties placed in the way of exchange of landed wealth when the people have been more or less allowed to forget their raped and kidnapped females, their slaughtered kith, their maimed and mutilated mates, the ruined lives of millions? Why do our papers publish whole columns on the subject of evacuee property and not a line on the miserable existence that lakhs of our countrymen are leading in refugee camps?

The reasons are not far to seek. The loss of property is always more difficult to get over than the loss of life, especially when the loss of life

has been borne by a host of dumb inarticulate yokels and the loss of real estate by the relatively few who matter, and whose feelings count. But there are gradations among even the relatively few who matter—else this hullabaloo could well have happened a year ago. It is only when a Dalmia loses a cement factory in Karachi that a Liaquat Ali loses lands in Lucknow. It is only when the big guns stop being gentlemanly towards each other that the machineries of States come into action, and with them the national presses that are owned by the self-same tycoons. The beauty is that the bosses do not suffer in the least. They compensate themselves by seizing, under the cover of official allotments, of course, each others' properties in their respective dominions, thus effecting virtual exchanges of property. Sometimes they even gain out of the transaction, getting more than they lost across the border. They also gain in another way. The bitterness created by the accompanying press campaign helps to divert the minds of men from a contemplation of their own sorry state

into righteous indignation against a convenient national enemy on whom they are taught to blame all their woes. Ingenuity, thy name is Capital.

These pranks might or might not lead us into an open and necessarily disastrous conflict with Pakistan—they are certainly subverting our much-vaunted secularism, and helping to perpetuate Pakistan by making an Hindustan of this country. Egged on by the provocative policies of West Pakistan, which can easily afford to further purify itself by purging itself of the few non-Muslims that are still there, or have an interest in it, the Government of India is in danger of succumbing to the temptation of adopting similar measures in the defence of what will inevitably be its non-Muslim subjects. The dangers of our stooping to the depths touched by Pakistan are only too obvious. For as soon as we emulate Pakistan we automatically renounce our high ideals and depart from the one-nation theory. Even if the Government stands firm in the face of provocation and refuses to sponsor any partisan counter measures, there is the undoubted danger of its communally-minded

officials—and their number is legion—operating innocuous property laws in a way that will certainly warm the hearts of R.S.S. hordes but alienate many genuine Muslim citizens for all time. If such a development takes place—and there are already reports that it is taking place—it will create a Hindu-Muslim rift in our national life that will be difficult to heal. Such a rift will make Sudetans of Indian Muslims, and will mark the final triumph of Mr. Jinnah over Gandhiji. Re-union will then be out of the question, and we will have set ourselves irretrievably on the path to a pak (pure) Hindustan.

We have already made an undeniable lapse in the matter of our national language. We have paid lip homage to Gandhiji but completely disregarded his emphatic advice that Hindustani in both scripts and not Hindi in one should be India's lingua franca. What damage we have done to forty million Indians, and therefore to all other Indians, by this decision, time alone will tell. Let us be careful not to harm ourselves further by any weak-kneed surrender to the current wave of inspired bitterness over brick and mortar.

SIDELIGHTS :

Disagreement is refreshing when two men lovingly desire to compare their views to find out truth. Controversy is wretched when it is only an attempt to prove another wrong.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

AT a press conference in Delhi last month Pandit Nehru poured out scalding denunciation on Mr. G. K. Reddi, correspondent of *Blitz* referring to an article published earlier "in a Bombay weekly, called *Blitz*," Pandit Nehru said:

"Anything more fantastical, fantastic nonsense, anything more removed from truth I cannot imagine. I am very sorry I am mentioning the paper. I cannot help it. There is a limit and that limit has been passed so far as I am concerned and my Government is concerned, and the gentleman who has written that article in this paper is an idiot, a knave or a liar or everything combined. I am surprised that a man who calls himself a journalist should indulge in those falsehoods, and this gentleman particularly, who has been guilty in the past of treasonable conduct to India and whom we have forgiven so far, I want to tell him if he is sitting here that this is the last of this kind of thing that we have tolerated."

He was sitting there: and a reporter present, describing the incident, said:

"Fellow journalists struggled with a paralysing multiplicity of emotions. Instinctive, impulsive sympathy went to the correspondent, thus openly assailed; but, was there no justification on the Prime Minister's side?"

Was there no justification on the Prime Minister's side? All resentments over the hot outburst of the Prime Minister seem to have culminated in anxiety that he should not be found wrong, that something should be found to justify him. The universal mood of concern for establishing Pandit Nehru in the right and placing him in a safe unscathed position outside the orbit of censure did not escape even the victims of his wrath. They would not be provoked into retaliatory harshness. Large praise of the Prime Minister is worked into the very texture of their reply in self-defence. "I leave the readers to judge whether the Prime Minister, with his non-violent and truthful

principles, had any justification for hitting at me publicly in the manner he did," says the habitually fiery G. K. Reddi, in accents of exemplary moderation. As for Editor Karanjia, all his voluminous protest against the ill-treatment of his correspondent boiled down at the end into a loving citizen's solicitude for the dignity of an incomparable Prime Minister. "Pandit Nehru," he avows, "holds a position in our hearts that is different from the rulers of other countries. We look upon our Prime Minister with love and affection as a gentleman and as a sportsman." And so, proceeds Sri Karanjia,

"All that we can do is to put the Prime Minister—or rather, Jawaharlal Nehru as we knew him—on his honour as a gentleman, intellectual and statesman and demand of him, in the interests of his own name, fame and prestige, honourable amends to a man he has hit and wounded during an uncontrollable fit of temper....

"We do not want to score a petty victory over Pandit Nehru. We ask it of him in order that his own prestige.... may be rehabilitated in the public mind."

A writer in *John Bull* recalls this impression of Pandit Nehru by a contemporary of his father: "Young Nehru was rather insufferable in those days. He thought he owned the place, and went about as if India was at his feet. Now, nearly forty years later, it is. But not in the sense Jawaharlal imagined in those days." He also recounts a statement made to him by an English policeman in India. Said the policeman: "If I must arrest somebody, let it be Nehru. He is so damned decent about it." When the insufferableness of the juvenile passes on into the adult charm of damned decency, the resulting leadership is impregnably established in the affections of people since its very blunders will then endear it the more to them. Criticism beats fiercely and vigilantly round C. R., as the enormous reputation for cleverness that he has won entails also the continual strain of having to maintain it with careful and exhausting avoidance of error. If he affords hospitality to a Minister

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accused of a misdemeanour, he provokes discontent on the score of having lapsed from decorum and taken a side. If he airs a view on education he is charged with having departed from the neutrality appropriate to the Governor-General's office, and started a controversy. If he gives a message to a journal, editors of other journals feel injured and left out. Respect is a burden to the respected as it often invites exacting criticism as its price. Had C. R., and not Nehru, figured in the *Blitz* incident, a convulsive spasm

of anger would have passed throughout the press, especially as the disclosures in *Blitz*, so greatly resented by the Prime Minister, are not just moonshine. They had been stated earlier than *Blitz*, and repeated thereafter, in very respectable newspapers without eliciting contradiction from the authorities concerned. But the rights and wrongs of controversies do not touch Nehru to his hurt, established as he is in a sort of popular affection proof against all belittling logic.—SAKA.

AMERICAN 'INVASION' OF INDIA

The "National Herald" of Lucknow denounces in scathing terms the threatened invasion of the Indian Press by American businessmen. As the article is of supreme national interest we quote it below:

THE biggest organized invasion of the East since the English, French, Portuguese and Dutch acquisition of possessions in the Indian Ocean in the sixteenth century is to come from the U. S. A. in the shape of purchase of newspapers. It is alarming. The visit of Mr. Leo Jay Margolin, representative and member of an American syndicate who has started to purchase newspapers in India, Pakistan and other Asian countries, can be compared to Commodore Perry's disturbing and epoch-making adventure in the Pacific. It would be humiliating and perilous if the Government, the press and the public of this country were to acquiesce in this type of investment and industrialization.

The primary aim of the Americans in the syndicate "is to promote goodwill and better business relationship between the people of the United States and the people of India, Pakistan and the countries of the rest of Asia which have stable governments." Stability of governments is essential, if windows are not to be broken, and if returns from investment are not to be on the run. Presentation of news from the American angle will be the view of the syndicate's newspapers, which does not merely mean news of Ingrid Bergman's latest matrimonial adventure or of the

sneezings of Senators. It will be an American view of the non-American world, presented to Indian readers at the expense of choking the Indian view of the world. When Mr. Margolin says that he is asking Indian newspaper circles to help him in establishing newspapers owned by the syndicate in India, we wonder if any such circles have invited American newspaper business to invade this country. If they have, they ought to be pilloried in the market-places. It does not matter how these American newspapers will collect news, how far they will employ Indian staffs except for general control, what equipment will be engaged, for American enterprise is noted for its thoroughness and ruthlessness. The danger, from every point of view, to Indian interests is obvious, apart from the insult it means to our intelligence.

It is an unheard of principle that foreign interests should be allowed to run newspapers in free countries. The only near parallel is that of the Paris edition of the *Daily Mail*, the more recent U. N. adventures of the *New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune* from Paris, newspapers in colonial areas like Malaya, in the sore spots of countries like China, and, unfortunately, of course, in India. Except in the case of India, even these newspapers were

circumscribed in their influence and effectiveness by not being in the language of the local state and by catering more to the nationals of the countries from which the newspapers originated.

Our concern is the dangerous principle, and the still more dangerous practice, of allowing foreign interests to run newspapers here. Would Britain allow such a thing? Would the U. S. A. allow a Russian syndicate to run a newspaper in the U. S. A? Should Mr. Hearst be allowed to run a chain of newspapers in Italian in Italy for presenting the American view of the world? Will it promote peace and internationalism? The East should not be raped merely because we have strong pro-American business cells or because our press is underdeveloped.

It is to be hoped that nobody will talk of internationalism and freedom of information in connection with the peril we face. Freedom of information, like freedom of the seas or freedom of the air, is a vague principle which allows the strong to exploit that freedom at the expense of the weak. The Americans are believers in free enterprise not only among themselves but against others because they are strong enough to exploit that freedom. They can, if they like and if they are allowed to, buy up all the newspapers of the world and run them, of course, with local staffs, but they have reserved the East for this purpose for obvious reasons. American money is overpowering,

their resources unending, and, just as our capital welcomes American capital as an ally against many common enemies, there will be enough newspaper proprietors and shareholders who will think of making profit by selling their newspapers along with their souls. The Americans need not buy only; they can also start on their own. If the Indian industrialist who has invested in newspaper enterprise is not challenged, he would welcome new allies to reinforce him. In industry in general the dangers are carefully watched; in the newspaper industry, the subtler and more sinister exploitation can be missed in the sound of soul-stirring phrases. We have only to imagine what it will mean if other foreign invasions follow. Suppose British interests were to acquire fresh allies for the Statesman, or the Russians or the French or the Dutch were all to start newspapers—in English—in this country. Why not in the Indian languages also? The Government may be absent-minded about the new threat, and they may not be of one mind. But we depend on the press in general to rouse the nation to the danger. There may be no law that can stop Mr. Margolin from proceeding further but he must be told that there will be a law if necessary. When ordinances are issued against our countrymen, we do not see why an ordinance should not be issued, if necessary, to make the position clear to the American invaders at the gate. We do not want Trojan horses in our Troy.

SPORT & PASTIME

Sport & Pastime: Second Anniversary Number. Price 4 annas.

The Second Anniversary Number of **Sport And Pastime** is a treat to the sport-lover. It introduces a new series of instructional articles by Jack Fingleton, the former Australian Test cricketer, on the methods of the masters. James Park, the *Evening Standard* racing expert, gives a captivating account of the secret of success of Gordon Richards, Britain's richest jockey whom they call "the man who never lost a race he should have won." The cinema is not neglected. There

is an extremely interesting article by Partha on *The Inimitable Pair*, N. S. Krishnan and T. A. Mathuram. Other noteworthy features are *An Interview with Shantaram* by T. M. Ramachandran, *The American Scene* by K. Balaraman and *Reflections on National Championships*. The Number is graced with greetings from practically every celebrity of the Indian sporting world. Profusely and purposefully illustrated, it is an index of the rapid progress achieved in the popularisation of intelligent interest in sport among Indian newspaper readers.

NEW LIGHT ON SARATCHANDRA

By AMAR MUKHERJI

(Sarat-chandra the famous Bengali writer whose birthday, according to the Hindu Calendar, falls on September 17, is one of the outstanding literary figures of modern India.)

THE birthday of a great man enables us to examine him afresh in the light of today and to discover in his works a message which his own age had perhaps failed to perceive. A great writer is contemporaneous as well as for all times. Saratchandra was such an author and if some people called him topical, there are many others who can see in his men and women depicted against the background of his society the cosmic man and the cosmic woman. An examination of the letters of Saratchandra, now published for the first time, would indicate that his main interest was not in a particular individual or in a particular society but in the men and women who grow with their virtues and vices in that society.

Saratchandra never accepted the distinction between realism and idealism. "I do not deny the experience of reality" he said, "but I at least know how much blending of the real and the unreal there must be when I create my characters rocked by suffering, pain and pity." The problem of morality almost immediately follows such a viewpoint and one is inclined to ask if the immoral born out of the experience of the real can be the subject matter of art. There was a heated controversy when Saratchandra's *Charitrahin* was published and he said that since the problem of morality is a relative one, its nature depends on our concept of society and the values we attach to it.

Saratchandra's novels are closely linked with the society he depicted—a society with which he had an early and intimate acquaintance. They reveal that Sarat's knowledge of men and women was direct and first-hand. He knew, for example, the fate of the widowed Rama and the destiny of the loving Ramesh. He had known more-over how society oppresses those who stand by a just cause, and how again

it views with extreme suspicion the independent attitude of an intelligent, young lady in spite of our sex-equality slogans. Similarly his knowledge of the 'fallen woman' was born out of a close personal contact and Sarat wrote in his letters that he had collected with patience and industry the history of five hundred prostitutes—the records of whose lives unfortunately have been burnt due to an accident. About these women Saratchandra wrote: "Eighty percent of these are married women; only a few are widows.... A woman is forced to sell her chastity under the greatest of stress; it is not the lure of a man's beauty or for the satisfaction of sexual urge. If they forego their greatest possession, it is not to capture something wonderful outside but to save themselves from an infamy or an ordeal too heavy to bear at that moment."

In the light of such an observation some of the women characters of Saratchandra appear before us in a new light. What he always emphasises is that whether it is Chandra-mukhi or Sabitri or even Kamal, it is essential to have a sympathetic heart. About the mess-maid Sabitri, for instance, Saratchandra wrote: "One cannot know her by residing in a mess alone—one must be a Satish to win over her heart." Saratchandra repeatedly emphasised the truthfulness of human psychology and the power of analysis that brings out that truthfulness. In an object of art, Saratchandra thought, the problem of morality is simply irrelevant. The point is that the success of a novel would not depend on the problems of morality that it raises but the efficiency with which the problem is shown to us.

In such a case therefore the pre-requisite is not the mere portraiture of the ugly and the immoral but the

delineation of them in such a way as to bring out its truth in conjunction with the greatest truth in human life. The main problem is, to use Saratchandra's words, that "things which happen in this world may not be beautiful by themselves when written in a novel while, contrariwise, the beautiful in life may not be true in art. When I seek to give shape in my novel to what I believe as the truth, I find that it becomes ugly while I get the beautiful when I sacrifice the temporal truth." The fact is that, as Tagore once said, the imaginative truth of art is not the same as the truth of reality though that imaginative truth may easily contain the quintessence of the matter. Saratchandra believed that "the man who had not borne the brunt of the world and had not faced its frustration and disappointments could hardly have that love for life which enables him to have a full view of the eternal man."

And then to show this perennial man to you amidst a throng of apparently insignificant men and women, it is necessary that the technique of novel is developed to its maximum efficiency. For this the novelist must have a firm hold of his characterization, plot and dialogue and should see that they converge towards the creation of the author's view of life. Of course some novelists are analytical, some are discursive while many others would be emotional and sentimental. And if Saratchandra occasionally combines the first and the last we must remember that his earliest ambition was to be an essayist—a very susceptible man open to the most delicate of human emotions.

Saratchandra was a meticulous novelist who was very conscious of his sentences, of his style and of the

combination of events which make the plot. He revised his novels several times before he sent them to the press and once even said: "When you write a story, do not pay too much attention to the plot. You should first familiarise yourself with the characters of your proposed novel... and then try to know the events through which these persons will grow. Only then can you build up a good plot—otherwise if you start merely with plot you will find that the characters have deluded you." And then with reference to dialogue: "It must be short and sweet—it should never convey the impression that it had exceeded the limits of bare necessity. Let the author not make his reader know more than what he desires him to understand!" Again, with regard to emotionalism in literature: "The exuberance of emotion when displayed in literature only makes the author look odd before his readers."

As a novelist Saratchandra's aim, according to his own admission, was not "to reform society. That is why my novels describe human woes and sufferings; they do not give any solution to these evils. That is another man's business. I am merely a teller of tales." This should at once set at rest the impression that has gone round that Saratchandra was a preacher—that he was a revolutionary intent on reforming society. On the other hand Saratchandra had repeatedly said that 'biplav' and 'bidroh' are not synonymous and if one destroys our concept of life and civilization, the other accepts change and movement as integral parts of our being. Saratchandra obviously did not start with any moral idea; he came to it by demonstrating in his tales that the most poignant emotions can be suggested in the fewest possible words.—N. P. S.—(Copyright.)

DEADLY POISON FOR POLIO TREATMENT

A deadly poison used for centuries by wild tribes to liquidate their enemies is now providing relief to polio victims.

British scientists have turned this poison into a life-saving drug which is now used widely in the treatment of diseases causing convulsions and rigid paralysis. An aid to surgery, the use of this drug causes a relaxation of muscles, enabling the surgeon to work more quickly during an operation. While much less anaesthetic is required, the patient makes a more speedy recovery.

Regarded as one of the outstanding discoveries of recent years, the drug is being displayed by an Edinburgh firm at the Scottish Industries Exhibition now being held in Glasgow.

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.

Reply To Mr. G. S. Bhargava

I don't know who Mr. G. S. Bhargava is, the man who wrote the article "Money Power in the Indian Press" in SWATANTRA (August 27). In the fifth paragraph there is something which I presume refers to me.

If it refers to me and to the article I wrote for the Independence Number of the Hindustan Times, then I must say that Mr. Bhargava's is a "tragic case" of incomplete knowledge and none too careful interpretation. Long before I joined The Searchlight in January this year, I had been advocating chain newspapers for the reasons I have stated in the article in the Independence Number of the Hindustan Times. I opposed a resolution at the meeting of the Standing Committee of the U. P. Press Advisory Committee in 1946 at Kanpur. This resolution condemned chain papers. In one of my occasional printed addresses on journalism I took up the same stand long ago.

I have never written against chain newspapers, as I have always held the view that they have their own purpose to serve under Indian conditions.

As regards the second charge of my "condemning certain papers critical of the Congress and the Government as 'yellow' it is incorrect. My reference to 'yellow journalism' has nothing to do with those papers being 'critical of the Congress.' They are yellow, just because they are so. I have a paper or two in my mind, which profess to be pro-Congress, but yet are worse than anti-Congress 'yellow' papers.

I am taking the trouble of contradicting the charges as I do not like the readers of SWATANTRA, of all periodicals in the country, to draw an inference adverse to me and to my position as a journalist.

K. RAMA RAO
Editor, The Searchlight, Patna.

A Literary Lapse?

While commending the retention of the present numerals "VIGNINESWARA" condemns (I am afraid not so very *Sotto Voce*) the adoption of the Roman script:

"To say this is not to subscribe to the neo-Roman heresy which would foist the alphabet of that rane on our Indian languages. Every language is a spiritual entity, a sovereign personality with its own sign manual."

This is tantamount to saying that the link between *vaak* and *lipi* is as intimate as that between *vaak* and *artha* a propo-

sition which is not quite tenable. Two or three generations ago any Sanskrit scholar in Tamilnad would have taught that the only sensible way of writing Sanskrit was in *grantha*. It was only the Maharashtra invasion and the Nirnayasagar Press that brought Devanagari to South India.

Many of us speak loosely of the "Persian" script. Sweet (in his *Practical Study of Languages*) says that it is really the Arabic script foisted on Persian, and not at all suitable for it. I make a present of the following extract from that book for the benefit of "Urdu" script enthusiasts:

"Persian in itself is generally considered one of the easiest and simplest of languages, but in its written form it is distinctly a difficult language because of the irregularity, complexity and ambiguity of its alphabet and orthography. Without the help of a skilled and patient teacher it is hardly possible to learn it in its nomic form, because, as Feyerabend remarks, 'one can only read out of it what one has already learnt and known.'"

Again he says:

"When the learner has at last mastered 16 or more pages of (Arabic) absurdities he has not learnt a single fact about the language itself."

Except Kemal Pasha (in Turkey) nobody ever forced the Roman script on an unwilling people. It was spontaneously adopted on account of its intrinsic virtues. Says Sweet:

The advantages of the Roman alphabet for connected transcription are evident: it is an alphabet which has been developed partly by a slow process of evolution, partly by conscious reforms and endless experiments.

Fortunately there is a growing tendency to substitute the Roman for the national alphabet in many languages. Holland, Sweden, England and many other countries have given up the black letter, and others are following in their steps. The practice of transliterating into the Roman alphabet has extended to many slavonic languages."

So Roman seems to be about as alien to English as Nagari is supposed to be innate to Sanskrit!

R. RAMACHANDRAN

Srimati M. S.

On page 46 of SWATANTRA dated September 10, there is a reference to the musical entertainment given by Srimati M. S. Subbalakshmi and party under the

auspices of the Bangalore Gayana Samaja. From the speech I made on that occasion, it will be seen that what I said was slightly different from the way in which it was put in SWATANTRA. I would be grateful if the facts as stated by me are published in the next issue of SWATANTRA.

The relevant passage from my speech is given below:

"There is one circumstance which I would fain recall on this occasion. I have still a very vivid recollection of what happened when some nine years ago, I, very innocently and with tremendous enthusiasm, arranged a public musical entertainment by Srimathi M. S. S. in this very hall. We found to our dismay that for every non-member who was able to secure admission into the hall after buying a ticket, there were ten others, also holding tickets or willing to buy them, who could not get in due to want of space. It is true that we, the organizers of the entertainment escaped with our lives, but that was not due to any generosity shown to us by the hundreds of disappointed music lovers who were baulked of an entertainment that has always stood in a class by itself. But for the timely and effective assistance rendered by the guardians of Law and Order there would have been no entertainment for anybody on that day.

"To a superficial lover of music, there may be no difference between music that comes to him through a loud speaker and that to which he listens without the aid of that modern electrical device which is not always an unmixed blessing. When, about a couple of years back, I bewailed the fact that we were never more to listen to the haunting melody of Srimathi M. S. S.'s incomparable voice without the intervention of a mike, Sri. Sadasivam very sportingly consented to his wife giving a musical entertainment in Sankariah Hall for the members of the Bangalore Gayana Samaja, and for no consideration whatsoever. This sporting gesture of Sri. Sadasivam has taken concrete shape today and given our members something which they will cherish for several years to come."

V. T. SRINIVASAN
Secretary, Bangalore Gayana Samaja

Modern Worship

"Damnable rottenness and worm that he is, it is only fit that I should bespat his English Majesty with his own mud..." So replied poor old Luther to the arrogant, six-wived "Defender of the Faith" of the 16th century England. This is the quotation that comes to the mind of a reader after going through Dr. Cherian's tirade against Mr. Amrithraj's

"Modern Worship" in your issue dated 3rd. September.

It is evident from his letter that the mild satire of the poem on the average modern worshipper who is slightly sophisticated and tends to observe a kind of "Sunday religion" forgetting its deeper aspects, is so completely and sadly lost on the erudite Doctor that it has left him writhing with intense righteous indignation.

He made a most elementary mistake when he confused the Psalms referred to as "Barbarous song of a Hebrew King" written about three thousand years ago, with the modern Hymns of Toplady and Newman of the 19th century, written in strict accordance with the diverse rules governing modern poetry.

It is not God who returns to Heaven but the worshipper who stays away from God immersed in his busy routine of life till the next Sunday. Failing to understand this simple satire on the Sunday religion of many modern worshippers, the Doctor has preached a sermon on the omnipotence and omnipresence God!

It is sad that a man of Dr. Cherian's stature should have unnecessarily played the role of a modern Defender of the Faith without properly understanding the real meaning of the poem.

A. T. BALRAJ, M. A.

Tambaram.

Sri Golwalkar's Views

In his reply to Santha's report on Sri Golwalkar's Press Conference, Santha-Nu writes as follows in your issue of the 3rd instant:

Why should any man submit to a series of impertinences from every gamin in the street? He is not on oath nor is he an accused. Fither he (Sri Golwalkar) did not know the answers to the questions or he did not give the answer which press sleuths imagined he should have given.

Sri. Golwalkar has written and published a book called WE giving a clear and complete description of the principles he believes in and a copy of it is in the possession of SWATANTRA. A brief review of this book will, it is hoped, set at rest all controversy about the views of this great "man of genius" and the ultimate goal which he aspires to reach.

Sri G. S. Bhargava has, in an article in SWATANTRA of the 27th August 1949, aptly described the attitude of the Press in this connection. "The capitalist Press" he wrote, "has always wanted the Government to lift the ban and come to terms with the organisation. In the minds of the editorialists of those papers are two watertight compartments, one which makes them swear by the Father of the Nation and the other which applauds the very instruments of his assassination."

Bezwada.

A. V. APPA RAO

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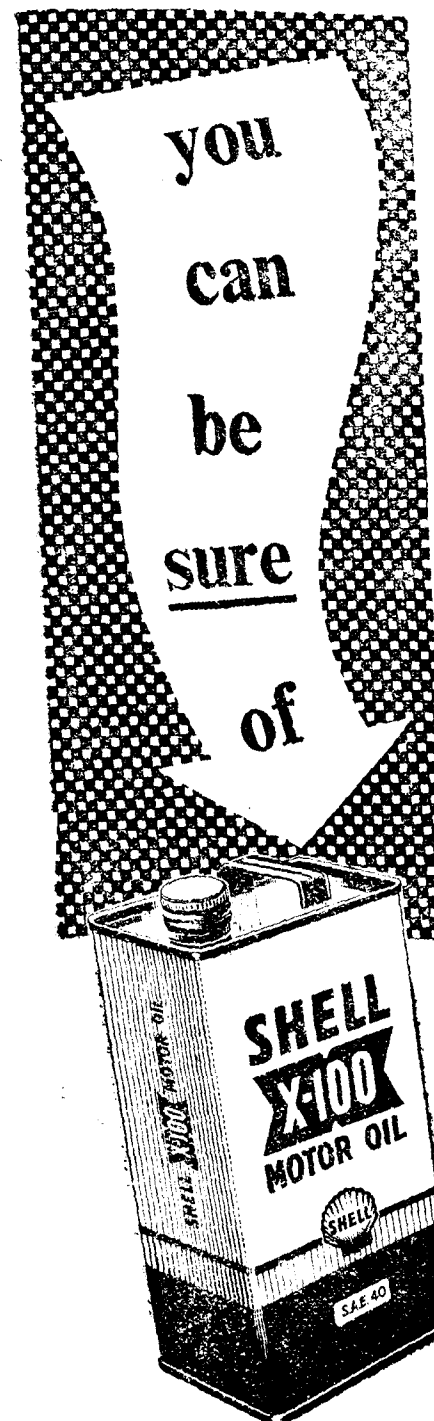
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SWATANTRA

VOL. IV. NO. 33

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1949

CONTENTS

	PAGE
On The Cover—A View Of The Kanchipuram Temple	
Cartoon	4
Editorial Comments	5
Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara	7
"China Dust" In Washington—By Andrew Roth	9
Ten-Point Plan To Aid Britain—By M. S. Parthasarathi	12
Removal Of High Court Judges—By Dr. Suchidananda Sinha	14
"Human Interest Stories"—By Pothan Joseph	17
The Truth About The R. S. S.—By G. S. Bhargava	18
World-Unity—By S. Krishniah	21
'Blue' From The Blues—By V. P. Raman	23
From The Calends To The Calendar—By R. Ramachandran	25
Parliamentary Democracy—By S. Rajagopalan	28
Validity Of The "Constituent Assembly Acts"—By P. Kodanda Rao	30
The Madras Agricultural Bill—By K. G. Sivaswamy	31
King Farouk I Of Egypt—By Emil Lengyel	33
Contradictions In Confirmity—By Essen	35
State Acquisition Of Private Property—By T. Viswam, M. L. A.	39
Sidelights—By Saka	42
John L. Lewis: The Coal King Of America—By P. G. Krishnayya	43
Baliyepalli Dwarakanath Sastri—By M. S. Kalyanasundaram	44
Rival Claims To Madras—By D. Sundararama Rao	46
Letters To The Editor	47

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE DOLLAR CRISIS

THE pound sterling has been devalued and in its distinguished company the rupee. The pound fetched till last week 4.03 United States dollars or that much worth of goods in the dollar area. But now the same pound will fetch only 2.80 dollars of U. S. currency or its value in American goods. By the same token the rupee will fetch only 21 cents of U. S. currency whereas it was fetching 30 cents last week.

It is amazing that Sir Stafford Cripps, who swore that he would sooner relinquish office than agree to devaluing the pound, should have been inveigled into agreeing to so large a devaluation as 30.5 per cent, which casts upon Great Britain the immediate burden of having to export 30 per cent more of her manufactures to the dollar area than she has been doing hitherto, just in order that her dollar earnings may be maintained at last year's level. That the United Kingdom whose productive power has been practically geared up to capacity and whose efforts to reach the dollar area consumer for her goods has meant her starving the home consumers for years now, should have been persuaded that she had better start earning more dollars by the simple process of agreeing to take less for all that she sent currently across the Atlantic and simultaneously produce more of what fetches less—is perhaps a measure of the tremendous economic ascendancy which the United States has secured over the world today.

Nearer home, what of the rupee? Why should it have been devalued? Is it not devalued already a great deal in terms of internal goods and

services, in that a rupee fetches what a fourth part of it fetched before Hitler over-ran Poland? Has not inflation done enough damage to the rupee's internal buying power? Will not a reduction in its external buying power (outside the sterling area) be followed in some measure by a further reduction in its internal buying power? Is there not plenty of evidence that this is happening already? Why should we devalue if U. K. devalued her currency? Pakistan has just announced that she is not devaluing her currency. These are among the many questions that have been posed and appear to deserve answers. The Prime Minister in his broadcast on Tuesday evening denied that any pressure was exerted or advice tendered by Great Britain as to what India should do. The Finance Minister has not for some time been in favour of devaluation. In fact the communique issued by the Finance Ministry announcing devaluation, sets forth the more salient objections to devaluation, though such might not have been their intention. But we have had to devalue all the same. Britain relinquished her political hold of India 2 years ago, but she has not relinquished her economic hold and we seem to be bound to the sterling area by hoops of steel.

A country generally engages in currency depreciation to enable her products to sell abroad at an attractive and therefore competitive price in the currency of the buying country, while securing for herself the same number of units in her own currency. Pre-Pearl Harbour Japan exploited this convenient monetary device for dumping her textiles and other goods

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan said that he had found a "genuine desire for peace" during his first few days in Moscow.

on India. Against this we used the only weapon in our then armoury—we increased our tariffs against Japan. But Japan went on depreciating the *yen* till her goods climbed nimbly over our tallest tariff walls. The Bretton Woods Agreement prohibits currency depreciation by any member of the International Monetary Fund in excess of 10 per cent except with the Fund's express sanction—for no country in the world may get the advantage of export markets by manipulating her currency. But the devaluation announced by 20 countries this week far in excess of 10 per cent is in accordance with a blanket sanction by the I. M. F.

We in India have been exporters of raw material and what are called semi-finished goods—jute, hides and skins, tea, oil seeds, shellac and such like. Of these we have been sending out a more or less fixed quantity. We have in fact been sending out less manufactured jute and oil seeds these two years. We have no means of increasing the quantum of our exports appreciably and therefore may be said to lack the motive for boosting our exports by agreeing to take less for them in American currency. As the Finance Ministry communiqué remorsefully confesses, "our supply of exports is inelastic." If we cannot export more, obviously there is no point in agreeing to take less for the same or lesser quantity of goods we send to non-sterling countries. As for manufacturing industries, we are still on the list of under-developed countries and there is nothing that we can hope to send out. So that the primary motive for devaluation does not apply to India.

What of our imports? Since Burma fell we have been thrown on the charity of the world for meeting our food needs and the balance of trade has been tilted against India in the process. The world has been adding 20 millions annually to its population and to this figure India has the distinction of contributing a rich fourth—five millions. Our food resources are stationary for all practical pur-

poses. Our needs however have increased vastly. We buy the shortfall in home supplies from abroad—paying unconscionable prices therefor. This has so far been mostly from the dollar area. Our food purchases have had to be so large that it is our single biggest import, consuming nearly all the foreign exchange we earn by our exports. Pandit Nehru says we have concluded our food purchases in the dollar area for the current year and has expressed the hope that for next year we won't have to go to the dollar area. In fact he is hoping we shall cease buying our food abroad very shortly. This is certainly very alluring to contemplate. "Just think of it: four apples for two pence" said Dick. "Where, where" screamed James, panting to invest his all in apples. "Nowhere, nowhere, I asked you just to think of it," replied Dick, failing to realise the terrific anti-climax of it all.

There seems no escape next year from our having to buy our food abroad—and no option but to buy it from the dollar area. Barring Australia, there is no country in the sterling area which is in a position to meet any material portion of our food requirements and we have not so far concluded any arrangements with this country. There are no means of avoiding machinery purchases from the U. S.—at least certain types of machinery. The Madras Minister of Public Works has made an interesting confession to this effect already about project machinery. Several recently established industries have bought U. S. machinery. Replacements are not a negligible item of import, especially in Indian conditions of wear and tear. There are also imports from other hard currency areas like Switzerland to consider. Thus food, special machinery items, and replacements of installed machinery will all drive us into the forbidden dollar territory and for all these we shall be paying 30 per cent more than heretofore. We have besides to continue financing the large number of Indian students in the U. S. apart from pay-

ing in dollars for our frequent delegations to Lake Success and Washington and running our American Embassy.

That we shall be able to obtain our requirements from the sterling area and divert our trade to it is the hope of our administrators. But this is counting without the host. How is England going to enthuse over sending us our capital and consumer needs, while Sir Stafford Cripps wants the British people to concentrate on producing and selling to the dollar area—first to fill up the 30 per cent shortfall in dollar earnings caused by over-night devaluation, and then to produce and sell to America more in order that England's ultimate dollar hunger may be appeased? We may safely look forward to an era when Britain has to turn her back on us as a measure of self-preservation, while we may have to turn to the dollar or hard currency area for all we want—quietly paying the higher cost. If we continue to buy our food at higher cost, we shall increase the cost to the consumer proportionately.

A word about our sterling balances. We have still 700 million of them left.

A portion of these is convertible into dollars from time to time. You have to knock 30 per cent off the value of all sterling thus converted into U. S. currency. Thus we are at a disadvantage in the matter of the only store of reserve we have.

We are told we have a large trade with the sterling area, which we cannot afford to imperil by letting our rupee function undervalued. We have been told that the rupee bears a more correct relation to sterling after devaluation, whatever that may mean. It seems contrary to commonsense that we should be forced into a step that means getting less foreign currency for our "inelastic" volume of exports, paying more for inescapable imports from the non-sterling area, losing on the (to-be) converted portion of our sterling balances and accentuating the already inflationary conditions in India by our food prices increasing due to paucity of supplies from the sterling area itself. Time alone will prove whether our fears are well-founded or the hopes expressed by Pandit Nehru in his broadcast.

Sotto Voce

Congress Pippa



THE Rashtrapathi has issued a directive to the faithful not to have anything to do with those upstarts, the Civil Liberties Unions. The objection is not, as might be supposed, only to associations of a particular political complexion; such as the Congress had to the Communist-ridden T. U. C. So far as organised busybodies espousing civil liberties are

concerned, they are all equally taboo, be they pale pink or raging red, *gerua* or Islamic green. For Congress is in office and all is right with the world—or so at least the good Congressman must believe; whereas the mere existence of a Civil Liberties Union asserts the contrary.

The magnanimous Dr. Patabhi

would allow the queasy Congressman to have a good cry in private, if he feels like it. But let him first (so runs the caution) shut the doors and windows decorously and stop all the chinks. To petition the Congress against the way Congress Governments ride a coach and four through such liberties as we have might, to the sardonic onlooker, seem like appealing from Philip sober to Philip drunk. But then it is not given to all to realise and rejoice with Dr. C. R. Reddi that our Indian democracy is *suigeneris*.

Some ingenuous people are surprised that the Constituent Assembly did not put up half as good a fight for personal liberties as it did for property rights. But what good would it have been? The fight for compensation, such as it was, proved just as futile as the other. It was all sound and fury signifying nothing to the architects of the Omnipotent State; because, drunk with power, they could not see the difference between black and white. Property rights could not be made justiciable, it was said, as no court and no law could be allowed to override the sovereign Parliament.

There you have a hoary fallacy raising its dishonoured head—that the vote-catching tricks of a party caucus represent the will of the people. How are a dozen bewigged judges better custodians of popular rights than five or six hundred senators returned by the suffrage of the people, was the rhetorical question asked. The reply is simple enough, that a judge has nothing to look forward to but his salary. Prosperous lawyers on whom the irony of fate has thrust a mock-revolutionary role painted the Supreme Court of the United States in lurid colours as the defender of reaction and privilege and warned their fellow-Solons against succumbing to the temptation to set up a like Adullam here. But America seems to like it and thrive on it.

Property is personality; you cannot make hay of the one without laying the axe at the root of the other. It is a commonplace of socialist doctrine that political freedom is valueless

without economic security. Is that not, in other words, a plea for property? The paramount interests of the State—or what the Government for the time being avers they are—would, it is argued, justify the disposal at its discretion of the property of individuals or of particular classes. But this doctrine of the paramount rights of a numerical majority has everywhere led logically to the concentration camp. Except in war the State has no paramount rights. It must not be allowed to have any, if you do not want to make a Moloch of it.

Stable government can result only from sobriety and compromise. Any violent subversion of fundamentals must defeat itself by setting up chain reactions. The uprooted middle class has everywhere gone to swell the flood tide of Communism. When a zamindar Premier of Madras liquidated the inamdars he had not the slightest suspicion, poor man, that his turn would come so soon. And the holders of industrial stocks and shares who think they have saved their skins by throwing the zamindars to the wolves will find their mistake ere long. *Ate* is not mocked, as the Greeks knew very well.

A written constitution deliberately and explicitly providing for the indefinite detention of the citizen is a unique contribution to the history of political ideas, upon which the Congress may well congratulate itself. All the Fuehrers of the future will live to bless its name as a path-finder. "We look before and after"—but not our political bosses who have forgotten what it was to be jailed at a policeman's whim. While Congress politicians are being lavishly recompensed at others' expense, R. S. S. sympathisers are being driven out of the Garden of Eden of Government service with whips and thongs. It is a foul libel to suggest that the Congress is out to establish a one-party State. But it is worth reflecting that even Japan of "co-prosperity" fame has allowed its citizens a few more rags of liberty.

VIGHNESWARA

"CHINA DUST" IN WASHINGTON

By ANDREW ROTH

(Foreign observers have frequently been puzzled by the curious contrasts of sentimentality and profiteering which have often skirted the fringes of American policy towards China. This article analyses the controversy between different schools of American thought on the subject, a controversy that helps to explain the gyrations of American foreign policy).

ONE of the most wistful sentences to come out of Washington concerned the reaction to the ponderous State Department "White Paper" on China. "In general," stated a State Department summary, "the White Paper apparently has not altered existing schools of opinion on U. S. policy toward China."

This must have come as a severe disappointment to Secretary of State Dean Acheson. He is reportedly convinced that his administration of U. S. foreign policy will be judged by its Far Eastern failures rather than its European successes. Therefore he called in "neutral experts" to advise the Department on the Far East. And he ordered the publication of the White Paper with the hope that its thousand pages of documents would convince Congressional critics.

The very idea that facts would silence the interventionist critics of the administration indicates that the administration miscomprehends the peculiarly deep and emotional roots of the tumultuous China controversy. Over the past five years this explosive controversy has done more to blast diplomatic reputations and rock Washington than any other foreign policy subject, including Russia. The 1944 recall from China of Lt. Gen. "Vinegar Joe" Stillwell resulted, in large part, from the sniping at him of fellow Americans, Major General Claire L. Chennault and Ambassador Patrick Hurley. Ambassador Hurley himself either gagged or fired virtually every China specialist in the China theatre charging that—because they did not agree with him—they were "pro-Communist." One of those so charged, the late George Acheson, was later noted for the violence of his anti-Soviet remarks when he served as General MacArthur's chief diplo-

matic assistant in Tokyo.)

The bitterness of the controversy over China policy was also chiefly responsible for the June 1945 "Case of the Six" in which two State Department officials, a naval intelligence lieutenant, a magazine writer and two editors of the magazine "Amerasia" were accused of conspiring to "leak" State Department documents. Although he and three others were completely cleared, John S. Service, probably the State Department's most brilliant young China specialist was lost to the China field. After that he was posted to New Zealand and to an administrative post in the Department.

Character assassination of career diplomats has been a regular feature of this controversy. John Carter Vincent, a Rooseveltian liberal and China specialist who headed the Office of Far Eastern Affairs, got tired of being smeared as "pro-Communist" and gladly accepted the post of Minister to Switzerland. Two high Treasury officials with an interest in China have been smeared, as well as a former special assistant to President Roosevelt, specializing in Chinese affairs. The most recent victim has been H. Walton Butterworth, the present Director of the Far Eastern Office, whose promotion to Under Secretary of State has been held up by the Senate's refusal to vote confirmation. Although a conservative in the field of China policy and acknowledgedly an able career official, his promotion is opposed because he supposedly represents the "China clique" in the State Department.

Interneine political sniping has so depleted the small corps of China specialists that during the crucial winter of 1948-49 there was not a single Foreign Service officer with

extensive recent specialisation on China in the U. S. Embassy in Nanking!

Further indicative of the bitterness of the controversy over China policy is that Dean Acheson was unable to find neutral experts even outside of his department when he wanted them as advisers on Far Eastern affairs. All of the Far Eastern specialists are so deeply committed in this controversy that, to find neutrals, Dean Acheson had to go outside the field of specialized Far Eastern knowledge! So bitter has the controversy become that recently U. S. Army authorities in Japan intervened to smear two journalists who wrote books favourable to the Chinese Communists as former "Russian spies"—on the basis of Japanese police reports!

The controversy between different schools of thought helps explain the occasional gyrations of policy which so puzzle other foreign offices. Thus, last December ECA head Paul Hoffman made a speech in Shanghai which everyone interpreted as meaning that the U. S. would extend economic aid to the Communist authorities if essential liberties were retained. A week later in Washington, he made it clear that ECA would not deal with the Communists and in February ECA was shut down in Communist-captured Tientsin and Peiping. Similarly, until recently, most close observers thought the State Department's fundamental policy toward the Chinese Communists was to "make a Tito out of Mao." After reading Dean Acheson's introduction to the White Paper and subsequent statements, the policy would now seem to be: "Push Mao toward Moscow!"

The secret of the controversy's bitterness lies in its overlay of sentimentality mixed with small-time profiteering.

American thinking on China is as sentimental—and paternalistic—as British thinking about the Arabs or Dutch thinking about Indonesia. The chief cause of this sentimentality is the fact that China has been the chief area of American missionary activity. While U. S. missionaries have done much to expand modern medicine and higher education in China, they have also given a decidedly sentimental-paternal slant to Ameri-

can knowledge of China. Pearl Buck, herself a former missionary and a daughter of missionaries has helped build up an idealized version of Chinese courage and endurance through her many novels. Republican Representative Walter Judd, a former medical missionary, tells Americans that the Kuomintang can do no wrong. Dr. Leighton Stuart, the recently-returned U. S. Ambassador to China was for forty years a missionary educator before becoming a diplomat. And Henry Luce, whose publications *TIME* and *LIFE* are among America's chief opinion makers, was born of missionary parents in China. His personal views on China have so coloured *TIME*'s coverage on China that one of its best correspondents resigned largely because his anti-Kuomintang stories were being suppressed.

These heavy sentimental ties to China help explain the emotional violence of the controversy. The China that is being "abandoned," so far as the "old China hands" are concerned, is not a strange and distant land. It is the place where Henry Luce was born, where Dr. Judd practised medicine and where Dr. Stuart taught.

Americans also have a curious economic sentimentality about China, dating from the famous clipper ships of the 18th century which helped found many New England fortunes. In 1900 Beveridge, theorist of American expansion, wrote of "China's illimitable markets." More recently it has expressed itself in the hopeful salesman's phrase of "four hundred million customers." Even after the war the China-America Council wrote of "China—the New Eldorado!"

These dreams, of course, have had little to do with economic realities. Prewar, populous China ranked twentieth in the ranks of the world's trading nations and U. S. sales there were only two-thirds the value of the sales made by one New York department store (R. H. Macy). The U. S. business investment in China was only \$200 millions, about a third of Britain's.

After the war the U. S. came to dominate China's shrinking foreign trade, supplying about half of its imports and becoming China's chief

creditor. This was not so much a question of business expansion as the by-product of the billions of U. S. government aid poured in to bolster Kuomintang China. Actually, under the harassment of China's civil war and the corruption and anti-foreign regulations of the Kuomintang, many U. S. firms threw in the sponge and virtually abandoned China as a field for economic expansion long before the Communist victories there.

The loss of China to the capitalist world has, of course, provoked disappointment among the leaders of American big business. (The disappointment of the two big U. S. oil companies which have about \$50 millions in distributing facilities is perhaps softened by their hopes of continuing to do business). But the disappointed sighs of the great economic powers in the U. S.—like General Motors, Dupont, U. S. Steel or Standard Oil—cannot be heard above the frantic screams of the "special interests."

One of the most clamorous of these "special interests" has been Maj. Gen. Claire L. Chennault. His journalistic admirers have played up his fame as leader of the "Flying Tigers" and as one of America's most brilliant aerial tacticians. They have tended to ignore the fact that Gen. Chennault is now primarily a clever businessman who has parleyed his special position in Sino-America relations into a highly profitable airline. The back-bone of his postwar airline has been the sixteen C-46 transports which he purchased from U. S. War surplus for only \$3000 a plane on the promise that they would be used only for spare-parts—since planes for flying were priced much higher. He flew them anyway. He broke into commercial flying in China by describing his planes as a "Mercy Squadron" to fly relief to the starving in Honan and to fly into the interior UNRRA supplies piling up in Shanghai. He later became the only American able to operate an internal airline in China—presumably largely because of his fanatic devotion to the Generalissimo and his repeated demands for more U. S. aid to the Kuomintang government. This American aid to China has been of direct benefit to Chennault's Civil Air Transport Com-

pany (CAT). Thus without economic U. S. aid Kuomintang could not have kept up the fantastic airdrop to Tai-yuan last spring which cost about \$2 million a week, enriching a few airlines (including CAT) without any appreciable impact on the military situation.

The manner in which private profits and U. S. foreign policy can be linked is illustrated by Gen. Chennault's demand that U. S. arms aid to China not only be expanded but be funneled largely to such regional chiefs as the Moslem warlords of the Northwest. In none of the press reports of Gen. Chennault's many speeches have I seen any admission that, since CAT has carried the bulk of traffic into China's Northwest, CAT would be a direct beneficiary of such aid. Gen. Chennault can be forgiven for being fanatic on the subject of aid to Kuomintang China, because the end of Kuomintang China writes *finis* to CAT. But he can scarcely be considered a disinterested expert.

Another colourful "special interest" clamouring on the fringes of the China controversy has been paunchy Senator Pat McCarran. He is best known in China for advocating \$1½ billions in aid to the Kuomintang. But he is better known in the U. S. as a "silver Senator" and a rightwing Democrat whom President Roosevelt once tried to "purge." Senator McCarran comes from Nevada, which makes its living on divorces, gambling, livestock—and silver. McCarran is the leader of the "silver bloc" in the U. S. Senate. This bloc, one of the most efficient and ruthless in the nation, has successfully and repeatedly forced the government to purchase silver at prices far above its market value.

Strangely enough, Senator McCarran's China policy is linked to "silver politics." Of the \$1½ billion he proposes for aid to China, over a third (\$500 to \$700 million) is earmarked to purchase silver to "stabilize China's economy." About a third would be used for arms, with U. S. Army combat teams supervising its use in the field, as in Greece. In exchange for this aid, China is expected to pledge the revenue of its major ports, with Americans supervising the collection of customs in these ports and participating in the Chinese tax administra-

tion. In other words, Senator McCarran proposes to undermine China's sovereignty, raid the U. S. treasury for \$1½ billions, and risk military involvement in China's civil war—all to enrich a handful of silver-mine owners.

Foreign observers have frequently

been puzzled by the curious contrasts of sentimentality and profiteering which have often skirted the fringes of American foreign policy. But nowhere have they played a more important role than in U. S. policy on China.—N. P. S. (Copyright).

TEN-POINT PLAN TO AID BRITAIN

By M. S. PARTHASARATHI

THE dollar talks at Washington have concluded, and according to an announcement a ten-point programme has been formulated by Canada, the U. S. and the U. K.—the three participating countries—to help Britain tide over her dollar shortage. This, it may be noted, is designed not only to avert an immediate breakdown of sterling as a solvent currency, but also to enable the sterling area as a whole to reach an equilibrium with the dollar area in regard to its balance of payments by 1952. The latter and long-term aim is by far the more important one since there is a temptation on the part of many countries to overcome even permanent difficulties by temporary expedients which may do more harm than good in the long run. Devaluation of sterling which has been resorted to by the U. K., and which has in a way defeated the purpose of the conference itself, is a remedy of this sort, the consequences of which are incalculable. And it speaks ill of her and the Washington conference, since Sir Stafford Cripps has been discounting all reports of a decision to devalue sterling. For, if the conference had been a success as is made out to be, where is the necessity for this step by Britain, the gains from which are uncertain and will be, if anything, shortlived? There can be no objection to a general re-valuation of the currencies of all the countries on a scientific basis by a body like the International Monetary Fund; but the result of competitive devaluation by different countries, once it is resorted to by one of them, independently of the others, will be disastrous to the whole world.

The first of the ten points announced in the communique deals with overseas investments. All the three countries will try to stimulate investment of American private capital in undeveloped countries in the sterling area and to encourage loan applications to the World Bank and the U. S. Export-Import Bank. This suggestion is of doubtful value, since attempts are already being made by countries like India and Pakistan—where the scope for investment is great—to attract U. S. private capital, and not much success has attended these efforts.

The second point relates to the stock-piling of important commodities such as tin and rubber, and is a short-term palliative since with the accumulation of a certain amount of these commodities, the U. S. and Canada will buy them no more for stock-piling purposes. Canada is prepared to increase her stock-pile and the U. S. has agreed to open the field for increased sales of natural rubber. This is an important point since the U. S., to encourage her synthetic rubber industry, has been discouraging the import of natural rubber, one of the most important dollar-earners for Britain. But it is not certain for how long Malayan rubber will find a market in America.

The third point refers to Britain's spending of the Marshal Aid dollars allotted to her. It is now contemplated to give her freedom to use these funds to buy goods from countries other than the U. S. in the dollar area. Thus the restriction placed on the use of E.C.A. funds that they

should be spent only in the U. S. is sought to be relaxed.

The fourth and fifth points relate to customs procedures and tariff policy. This is really the crux of the problem of the dollar crisis. The U. S. and Canada have agreed to facilitate the flow of goods into their countries. It has also been recognised that "high tariffs were clearly inconsistent with the position of creditor countries." In this matter, it is the U. S. that has to take action, and it may safely be predicted that the success or failure of the conference, and the fulfilment or otherwise of its purpose, will depend almost entirely on the steps taken by the U. S. to lower her tariff rates, whose exorbitance has all along prevented other countries from exporting to the U. S. as much as they wanted to import from her. It is this state of things after the war, when the rest of the world depended on the U. S. for all their necessities, which has led to the present dollar crisis. But the indications are that there will be no revision of her tariff policy by the U. S. For even if the Administration is convinced of the necessity of such a step, Congress cannot be persuaded to budge an inch on this issue, as the U. S. Congress is usually conservative, and in regard to its tariff policy it is reactionary in the extreme. So it is fairly certain that not much will come out of the willingness of the U. S. Government to decrease tariff rates by negotiating bilateral trade agreements.

The sixth point deals with a plan put forward by Britain to facilitate trade among West European countries. Britain has also asked for an easing of U. S. restrictions barring Britain from discriminating against American goods. These restrictions compel her to buy in America what she can as

well buy in Europe, entailing on Britain a greater amount of dollar expenditure.

The seventh point refers to Britain's sterling balances. But no specific step respecting this has been formulated.

The next point concerns the production, refining and geographical distribution of petroleum as they affect Britain's dollar income. It must be remembered that crude petroleum obtained in the sterling area has now to be sent to the U. S. for being refined. Probably, to prevent this drain on Britain's dollar reserves, a suggestion to establish oil refineries in some of the sterling area countries will be accepted and the U. S. may help Britain to carry out the suggestion by giving capital equipment.

Point 9 deals with shipping and the steps by which Britain may earn more dollars through the sale of shipping services to countries in the dollar area. Finally, provision is made under point 10 for continued consultation between the United States, Canada and Britain on problems that may arise in the future from time to time.

What is worthy of note is that the U. S. has definitely recognised that Britain's dollar problem is not her problem alone. For, on successfully solving it, depends the prosperity of the whole world, including the U. S., and not the prosperity of Britain only or of the sterling area. That is why Sir Stafford Cripps said that the bridge to close the dollar gap must be built from both sides at the same time. But there is the fear that, despite protestations of the success of the conference, the American side of the bridge, if it will be built at all, will have many cracks in it.

"Caricatures are never like me. Low's aren't like me at all. One day I went into a friend's flat and I did at last see a caricature of me that seemed to be good. It was cruel, of course, but still it was what a caricature should be. I thought I would bring Low to see it. Then it moved and I saw it was a mirror."—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

History is rather a stream than a tree. There is nothing organic in its shape, nothing systematic in its development. It flows on like a thunder-storm rill by a roadside; now a straw turns it this way, now a tiny barrier of sand that. The offhand decision of some commonplace mind high in office at a critical moment influences the course of events for a hundred years.—THOMAS HARDY.

REMOVAL OF HIGH COURT JUDGES

By Dr. SACHIDANANDA SINHA

THE announcement lately made of the removal of a High Court Judge by His Excellency the Governor-General, accepting a report of the Federal Court, raises several questions of not only wide public interest, but of great constitutional importance. At the instance, it would appear, of the United Provinces Government, the Governor-General referred certain charges against an Allahabad High Court Judge to the Federal Court. The charge of judicial misconduct against the judge was established in respect of but one of the five charges which had been framed against him. The other four charges (viz. improper exercise of judicial function, judicial indiscretion, indecorum and impropriety, and incorrect declaration of his birth-date), were not at all established before the Federal Court; which found, however, that the judge was actuated by extra-judicial considerations in two cases (constituting but one group of the five charges) which, viewed in the light of proved facts, could not be explained as an honest error of judgment. There was no finding of corruption in regard to any of these two charges, however.

The Federal Court was of the view that the judge's continuance in office would be prejudicial to the administration of justice and public interest. The Governor-General accepted the view, and also the recommendation of the Federal Court, that the judge be removed from his office, and an order to that effect was duly passed by the Governor-General. The text of the order, as issued by the Delhi press agencies, was given wide publicity in the country. But the editorial comments which appeared in the press were not only few and far between, but were unfortunately of the usual platitudinous variety, and appreciative (if not laudatory) of the action of the supreme head of the Central Executive rather than analytical and critical of his action. The two Indo-English dailies, issued from

Allahabad, kept themselves studiously silent; and so did by far the larger number of other journals, which would have been pronounced opponents of the order, had it been passed under British rule. But "old times are changed, old manners gone, an Indian now fills the Delhi throne;" and so what would have made the welkin ring, and the country resound and reverberate with thunder before the 15th of August, 1947, has now been meekly accepted by the press, and the public, as the best solution in the interest of the administration of justice.

I regret I cannot bring myself to share the Federal Court's view, as the Report of that institution amounts, in substance, to this, that if the decision of a High Court Judge is not sound in the opinion of the Federal Court, and there is room for suspicion in the appellate court's mind that a High Court Judge had been influenced by extra-judicial considerations, he should be removed from his office, although there be no evidence on record to establish corruption. That is, to my mind, a very dangerous proposition to be accepted in the interest of true and genuine independence of the judiciary of the country. The removal of a judge of a High Court from his office, on the ground of misbehaviour, had never disfigured the annals of the judicial history of India since the establishment of British High Courts in this country, in the sixties of the last century. Leaving aside the one case of Bacon, who belonged to a corrupt age, the legal atmosphere in Britain has been so far purified since, that judicial misconduct is now almost unthinkable in the superior British courts. This purity of judicial administration had largely influenced our High Courts in India, for nearly a century.

The Government of India Act of 1935 provided for the removal of a judge of a High Court in India on the ground of misbehaviour, or bodily or

mental infirmity, if the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, on reference being made to it, reported that the judge ought to be removed on any such ground. By the Constitutional Order, 1947, the Governor-General had been substituted for His Majesty the King, and the Federal Court for the Judicial Committee. And it was under this section that action was evidently taken in the matter of the removal of the Allahabad High Court Judge. But in Britain it is not open to the Executive to petition the Privy Council for the removal of a judge of the higher courts on any ground whatsoever. In Britain, judges of the higher courts can be removed only as the result of an address of both Houses of Parliament to that end. In the United States also, higher court judges can be removed only by process of impeachment before the Congress. That makes all the difference between Britain and America, on the one hand, and India, on the other.

In the Draft Indian Constitution also it is specially provided that a judge of the Supreme Court shall not be removed from his office except by an order of the President of the Indian Republic passed after an address by each House of Parliament (supported by a majority of the total membership of that House, and by a majority of not less than two-thirds of the members of that House present and voting) has been presented to the President by both Houses of Parliament in the same session for such removal, on the ground of proved misbehaviour or incapacity. This strict and drastic provision has also been made applicable to the removal of the judges of High Courts.

All this shows the greatest anxiety that a judge of a superior court, even in India, should be liable to removal after the greatest care and caution had been brought into action and duly exercised, so that no blame can attach in the least to the supreme head of the Executive, whose order of removal may be so safeguarded as not to interfere even remotely with the independence of the Judiciary. We do not have any such protective provision in the existing law and, therefore, the procedure adopted in the Allahabad judge's case was obviously objectionable, and makes one feel that justice

was allowed to go by default. Thus while the order passed by the Governor-General in the present case may be assuring to the public in the sense that none guilty of an offence, be he ever so exalted, should or shall escape condign punishment, it also raised very serious doubts whether the order of removal—passed by the Governor-General against the Allahabad High Court Judge—can be justified either in the eye of the law, or in the light of judicial convention and practice in Britain and America.

I, therefore, make no apology for inviting the attention of the reading public to a more-or-less detailed analysis of the legal position, and a closer examination of some of the aspects of the question than has been extended to it in the comparatively few organs of public opinion which have dealt with the subject. As the case was the first of its kind in India, lawyers are naturally anxious that it should not come to be regarded as a precedent for the removal of High Court Judges. The only instructive and profitable criticism on the subject, which I have come across, is that contributed to SWATANTRA by Sri Viswanadham, M. L. A., with which I am so fully in agreement, that I have at many places hereafter adopted its very words.

The proviso to Section 220 of the Government of India Act runs as follows: "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," but had been modified by the words "Federal Court." That being the text of the Act, the question of interpretation of the words "on reference being made to them" naturally arises. By whom is the reference to be made? Is it to be by the aggrieved party, who was a litigant before the judge? Or by the Chief Justice of the Court, or by the Governor-General? In the Act (before adaptation in August, 1947) the reference was to be made by His Majesty.

The report of the Federal Court made to the Governor-General does

not disclose as to how the Allahabad 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 (6), by forwarding a petition of the Government of the United Provinces, containing certain charges against the judge of the Allahabad High Court. Under Section 220 2 (b), the Governor-General is the authority to remove a High Court Judge from office, on a report by the Federal Court. In the present case the complainant was obviously the Government of the United Provinces. If the Governor-General is to be the supreme authority for coming to a judicial finding whether on the report of the Federal Court, the judge should be removed from office or not, it is obviously unfair to the Governor-General himself that he should have anything to do with the enquiry, adducing evidence, or otherwise with the charges against the accused judge.

But we are surprisingly 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 this have been allowed by the Federal Court? What could be his knowledge in the matter? What would have been the position of the Governor-General had the Federal Court totally disregarded or disbelieved the affidavits? Speaking from a practical point of view, would the Federal Court be trusted to arrive at an impartial and independent judgment when the Governor-General—the final authority under the law to dispose of the matter, and the supreme head of the Executive of the country—comes himself, before the Federal Court with affidavits in support of the charge made against the other side by a Provincial Government. Did not justice suffer by virtue of the procedure adopted in the trial in the Federal Court, to which the Governor-General, as the over-lord of the United Provinces Government, was a party? In my opinion the Federal Court should have made its enquiry, and submitted its report to the Governor-General without calling for or

receiving affidavits from the Governor-General.

No human institution is or can ever be perfect; nor are the provisions made (and quoted above) in the Draft Constitution likely to ensure justice, for if Governments conducted on party lines begin to lodge complaints against high judicial officers, and if the Governor-General should be filing affidavits (as regards facts proving the charges) while combining in himself the functions of the prosecutor and the judge, it may be taken for certain that unexpected results are bound to follow, and the independence of the highest judiciary will be undermined, in the long run. For these reasons it is absolutely essential that provisions should be introduced in the Constitution Act to ensure that the Governor-General should have nothing to do at any stage, except the final one, and rules must be made by the Executive and the Federal Court to ensure that end.

Again the provision in the Draft Constitution (regarding the removal of judges) takes the President far away from involving himself in the enquiry. But the provision of a two-thirds majority in a Legislature run on party basis, may produce unexpected results, and bad judges may remain occupying their seats while good ones, that do not play to the tune of the party in power having a two-thirds majority in the House, may run the risk of being ousted from office. The Constituent Assembly will have to consider deeply the implications of the provisions relating to the removal of judges before the clauses dealing with this subject are finalised.

If the present case—the first of its kind in this country—had done nothing else but drawn pointed public attention to a question of the most vital importance—the true and genuine independence of the judiciary—it will have served its purpose, though it be at the cost of a judge of the Allahabad High Court, who—probably as able and conscientious as any who adorned the Bench—had perhaps been tactless in dealing with some of his learned colleagues, and the ends of justice.—N. P. S. (Copyright).

"HUMAN INTEREST STORIES"

By POTHAN JOSEPH

BETWEEN a "human-interest story" and a freak story, a roving journalist has constantly to discriminate, since there is a difference between them as in the case of a love story and a lewd story. What is most commonplace can be made romantic while what is extraordinary can be rendered grotesque by excessive adherence to the principle of Victorian journalism (ascribed to C. P. Scott) which states that whereas opinions are free, facts are sacred, and therefore reporting must be as true as holding the mirror to the pageant of events whether they pertain to a Lord Mayor's show or a coroner's enquiry. The faculty of colourful imagination, however, rebelled against that kind of convention and constraint, and gradually the special correspondent asserted himself in the traffic of news. The initial result was that stories came to be spun round personalities, and it is a direction that can only be guided at this time of day and never checked. "Saka" feels that the human interest *motif* story is in danger of being mimicked in India, and he has warned young writers against excesses, but I do feel that we are still so far short of the normal standard of diversity in news-coverage that there is room for more human-interest stories.

There is a tale in the annals of British journalism that a young provincial reporter crept into the ranks of the Northcliffe Press after a short period of orthodox training in the weekly journal of his home-country where it was the rule of the editor that the truth and nothing but the truth must appear in the reports submitted. In London his news-editor asked him to cover a wedding in the circle of social celebrities. He brought back the report, after patient waiting, to the effect that no marriage was held that morning since the bridegroom had not turned up. What he wrote came from what his own eyes had told him, but it was not a newspaper-success because what he noticed was not the story of the day but the beginning of a story, a break

which he should have chased for the sake of solving the mystery, and returned late to the office with a photograph, if possible, to illustrate some murder-plot behind the fiasco and point out the spot by a cross-mark showing where the body was found. It was his duty to take it up as a human story and enliven his paper, the selling force incidentally becoming irresistible. The news-editor when he saw the bare account that the bridegroom did not appear made up his mind that the super-truthful cub would never be in his stride and follow the spirit of adventure essential to catch the attention of an increasingly alert circle of readers. On the other hand, sensationalism can be wrought by sheer distortion of truth and the infusion of lewd colours to gratify the inquisitive without giving the right touch of uniqueness to any odd happening of human interest. To confine a version to the prosaic terms familiar to the stenographer of a High Court Judge would be to deprive a story of characteristic touches, albeit in full conformity with the truth.

The editor of a London newspaper once summoned his staff for a conference and began:

"Gentlemen—It costs a lot of money to send a man abroad on a story and our readers and our share-holders deserve something in return. Now the first thing to do if, for example, you go to Bagdad is to convince your readers that you are actually in Bagdad. Therefore you should always begin your story by stating that you are sitting in a cafe sipping your Scotch and Soda while just outside the door a tethered camel is pawing the ground sending a cloud of dust into the air. It is stifling hot. A fat Turk at another table is fanning his perspiring face while a fly slithers around his bald greasy head. From near the mosque you hear the cry calling the faithful to pray to Allah. Then your readers will know you are in Bagdad and not writing from the British Museum."

At that stage a juvenile recruit from the rear piped up wanting to know how the situation should be tackled if there was no "tethered camel pawing the ground and sending

a cloud of dust into the air." A thundering answer blew up the meticulous adherent of the truth; but the essence of the advice is that in describing an event there should be a slight call on the imagination in order to make the reader mentally accompany the correspondent to the scene of action.

It may be remembered that in the second week of July, 1949, there occurred the greatest disaster that ever befell an aircraft in India, namely, the smash-up of the KLM constellation against the Ghatkopar hill range near Santa Cruz. There were thirteen American journalists flying fast by the Franeker to reach home to tell the story of the crisis in Indonesia as so many eye-witnesses. The crash was so terrible and the casualties so irretrievably dismembered that it was with difficulty that separate biers could be formed. An American correspondent visiting the spot cabled a story with the following introduction:

At an embassy party in New Delhi one night last week, Jim Branyan, 31, a Houston Post man, cracked: "I'm glad they let us land here. If a plane went down out in the Indian Ocean you'd be out of luck." Stories some had cabled home from Indonesia already were running under the correspondents' by-lines.

The next noon the giant Dutch Connie with the newsmen (and 32 other passengers) aboard nosed down through

a gloomy monsoon rain to land at Bombay's Santa Cruz airfield. Banking, its wing tip slapped into rocky Ghat Kopar. In a shower of sparks, the ship spattered itself over the mountain-side.

It was not the version of a shorthand reporter who was watching the calamity through the mist, it was just the beginning of a story investing it with human interest by the art of objectivisation. Local reporting in Bombay papers however started with a dry recital of the names of the dead that could be copied out of the register in the morgue. If the event had occurred in New Delhi, the recording of bare facts would probably have been embellished with observations supposed to have been made "by leaders in lobby-circles" as to probable political repercussions gathered from "official quarters." Where occasionally the human story appears in the narrative of most of our special correspondents, it is to prove some forecast claimed to have been made touching the situation after contacts with "high authorities here." While I do acknowledge many feats of political divination and shrewd conjecture by many colleagues of my profession about appointments, promotions and transfers at New Delhi, I do not feel like discouraging their efforts by the suggestion that the human story aspect is being overdone in India. We have still to crawl out of the dry-as-dust tradition.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE R. S. S.

By G. S. BHARGAVA

"HOWEVER much violence may be deplored, it is evident that in order to make our ideals understood, we must beat refractory skulls with resounding blows....but this necessary violence must have a character and style of its own, definitely aristocratic." So wrote Benito Mussolini explaining the *raison d'être* of the Fascist Party. Though not so openly proclaimed and conceded, the R.S.S. in India stands on the same footing as the Fascist Party in Italy and the Nazi Party in Germany. The R.S.S. was founded as early as in 1925 by a Maharashtrian doctor of Nagpur,

Keshavrao Baliram Hedgewar by name. It was then mostly a provincial revivalist movement, fanatical to the core, picturing imaginary glory of the past and viewing romantic vistas in the future. Hedgewar died in 1940 and one of his disciples, a lecturer in science at the Benares Hindu University, Madhavrao Sadashivrao Golwalkar, succeeded him.

Significantly enough, the growth of the R.S.S. corresponded to and was simultaneous with that of the Muslim League. Just like the Muslim League, the R.S.S. also built up its ideology on the two-nation theory—

with the one difference that it claimed the whole of India for the Hindu nation. Its logic was that the Muslims as foreigners had no right to live in this country, much less to carve out a part of India for themselves.

In the middle of 1939, Golwalkar published a 75-page booklet entitled "We or Our Nationhood Defined." Though he did not mention the R.S.S. anywhere in its text, it is the Bible of every R.S.S. man, just as Godse's defence statement is their New Testament. The booklet is out of print and only the senior members of the R.S.S. have access to the few copies in circulation. For sheer chauvinism, dogmatism and distortion of facts the booklet is hard to beat. To quote a few gems from it: The Hindus are the indigenous inhabitants of India and their civilization is 10,000 years old. They once belonged to the Arctic regions but the North Pole was then located in that part of India which is today Bihar and Orissa. (And the R.S.S. wants to bring the North Pole back to its original place!)

Describing the Hindus as a separate nation, Golwalkar argues that the Muslims, "who have lived here for only 800 years", are not entitled to be the nationals of 'Hindustan'. "They can earn that right if they adopt the basic Hindu culture; otherwise they can live only on sufferance, as a minority having such rights as are granted by the Hindus." This, he imagines, is in accordance with the Rights of Minorities under the League of Nations Covenant!

According to Golwalkar, it is the lot of Maharashtrian Brahmins alone to lead the Hindus and he poses to discharge that self-appointed duty. He is anti-Gandhi and anti-Nehru because of the stand of these leaders on secularism. He is anti-Socialist because Socialism stands for a classless society. He is anti-Western because Western philosophy and scientific discoveries run counter to his superstition and medievalism. He wants to put the clock back, take India back to the 15th century. In that India, the R.S.S. will sway the rod of empire.

It is only through the theory of im-

plicit faith in the "Guru," which is said to be the Hindu tradition that Golwalkar manages his vast organisation. In spite of their opposition to Western ideas, Golwalkar and his men have no objection to use Western implements of war, nor do they mind enjoying the amenities provided by science. On the other hand, they stand for training the 'youth' into a private army, equipped on the most modern lines.

The R. S. S. is organised from below, the unit being a "cell" of about 50 members which is run by a person called the "Ghatnayak." A number of cells are under a "Sikshak" and over him a "Vibhag Adhikari." One who controls a number of such "Vibhagas" is called the "Bhag Adhikari." These "Bhag Adhikaris" are under the provincial organiser known as "Prantiya Chalak." Above all the provincial heads is the "Sar Sangh Chalak or "Guruji" who is no other than Golwalkar himself. The central head and most of the provincial heads are permanently Maharashtrians and invariably Brahmins. Neither Harijans nor women are allowed to be members of the R.S.S. Inter-caste and inter-provincial alliances are vehemently condemned. Now, after its legalisation, it is claimed that the R.S.S. is rearing up a women volunteer corps.

It is difficult to assess the exact strength of the R.S.S. today. The figure varies from five lakhs to fifty lakhs according to the circumstances under which it is revealed. Like its German counterpart (which grew from 200 in 1926 to 4,320,000 in 1940) the R.S.S. has grown in recent years with the rapidity of an avalanche. In December 1947, addressing a mass rally of R.S.S. men in Delhi, Golwalkar was reported to have said: "If I were to visit all the branches of the Sangh it would take me at least 20 to 25 years—and that too if there had been no new branches started during this period."

The R.S.S. is financed and mainly run by Big Business, State rulers and the like who see in its victory not only the economic *status quo* but also the establishment of a pre-medieval social order. Such is the opulence of the R.S.S. that in places like Nagpur and Poona, on ceremonial occasions,

WORLD-UNITY

By S. KRISHNIAH

the R.S.S. men are fed from plates of gold!

The R.S.S. has no written constitution, policy or programme; no accounts or membership lists are maintained. Now, according to the compromise arrived at between the Home Ministry and the Sangh Chief, a constitution has been drafted for the R.S.S. The full text of the approved constitution is not yet available but the new agreement requires the Sangh to maintain membership lists and accounts.

Formerly, the leaders knew their followers by personal contact only. Just before the banning of the R. S. S. last year, there was much talk of misappropriation of large amounts belonging to the Sangh but nobody could bring the leaders to book. No elections were held and none of the democratic practices honoured. A sort of whispering campaign kept the members informed of the programme of the Sangh. Its methods of propaganda were also subtle. During the months preceding Gandhiji's assassination the RSS members were instructed to consider any inter-dominion goodwill agreement as a cause for mourning.

After seventeen months of ban, the RSS has recently been legalised by the Government and all its incarcerated workers have been set free. But the charges against the organisation have been neither proved nor disproved. The Government communique issued at the time of the lifting of the ban stated that the RSS Chief, Golwalkar, had given an assurance to the Government that the Sangh would not indulge in subversive activities. But the latter has recently denied having given any such assurance.

The Government communique also expressed a hope that the RSS would work for the uplift of "Bharatiya" culture. What this "Bharatiya" culture is and how far it is different from the cult of communalism is not known. Pandit Nehru has given a

fitting reply to this talk of separate cultures in his "Autobiography." He says: "The day of even national cultures is rapidly passing and the world is becoming one cultural unit. Nations may retain, and will retain for a long time, much that is peculiar to them—language, habits, ways of thought, etc.—but the machine age and science, with swift travel, constant supply of world news, radio, cinema, etc., will make them more and more uniform. No one can fight against this inevitable tendency, and only a world catastrophe which shatters modern civilisation can really check it. There are certainly many differences between the traditional Hindu and Muslim philosophies of life. But these differences are hardly noticeable when both of them are compared to the modern scientific and industrial outlook on life, for between this latter and the former two there is a vast gulf. The real struggle today in India is not between Hindu culture and Muslim culture, but between these two and the conquering scientific culture of modern civilisation. Those who are desirous of preserving 'Muslim culture,' whatever that may be, need not worry about 'Hindu culture,' but should withstand the giant from the West. I have no doubt, personally, that all efforts, Hindu or Muslim, to oppose modern scientific and industrial civilisation are doomed to failure, and I shall watch this failure without regret. Our choice was unconsciously and involuntarily made when railways and the like came here."

It is obvious that the Congress is having an *entente* with the R. S. S. There has been continued *tete-a-tete* between the Congress leaders and the R. S. S. Chief. It is a power politics move to defeat the Leftist upsurge. Perhaps, under the circumstances, the Congress should give up commercialising Gandhiji's name for party purposes; it will be the most tragic irony to employ both Golwalkar and the Mahatma's name together.

I recently visited the small town where in a Mission School my education commenced. I felt myself a stranger there since time had carried away in its flood most of my acquaintances and friends and distributed them over the vast area of our land. I felt I was in a strange place and no recollections—pleasant or sad—smote me although I had spent within its precincts nearly sixteen years of my life. My visit left me cold and unmoved especially because I had anticipated much from it. But still I persevered to catch a glimpse of the past and I wended my way to one place where I could be sure of meeting one man who is perhaps more responsible for my being what I am than even my mother.

I went to the grave-yard. It was situated in the outskirts of the town and I had to walk a long distance. I was familiar with the grave I wanted to see and had no difficulty in locating it. It was the grave of the headmaster of the school in which I studied. On a plain tombstone was written his name and other details about him and his epitaph was four lines of Tamil poetry quoted from his grandfather who was a famous Tamil Christian poet. I attempted for days together to translate those four lines packed with bright gems of thought framed in golden language, but I found it a task beyond my intellect. The following is the best I could do and I must apologise for its unpoetic rendering:

My soul is a-flutter in my breast,
Skyward its eager flight to soar;
Trim Thou my glowing lamp of faith,

Bright and fulgent let it burn.
Now is the hour!
'Neath my Saviour's blessed feet
I shall be seated—there to be
Through all eternity,
There to gaze
Upon my Master's loving face,
All time to come.

Yes, I was able to catch a glimpse of the distant past. I was able to conjure up before me a picture of my

headmaster in his grey suit and black tie, pacing up and down in front of the class, teaching us English poetry. He was a Christian by faith and sternly practised the virtues of his religion; and although he was lenient and sometimes even went to the extent of winking at some of our pranks, yet I had somehow gathered the misconception that his religious outlook was narrow. It was only during the last year of my stay in high school that I realised that he was a visionary whose brain was able to conceive something wider and higher than Christian Churchdom. He was teaching us that immortal passage from Gitanjali, 'diamond-darting in all colours athwart the literary heaven.' He always said that boys would be boys but it was more important to realise that boys would be men. Perhaps while teaching us those inspired words of Rabindranath he had before him a picture of us as future citizens of Free India—men, who in some small way would tone the voice of a nation.

He talked to us that day, nearly twenty years ago, of world-unity. His faith was supreme that some day out of all the chaos of this world there would emerge a system which would bind humanity in bonds of fellowship irrespective of creed or colour. He talked to us of Christianity as a means of individual salvation and of another religion or code more broad-based than any we know of to unite the world. I wish I could remember all that he said but perhaps at that time my limited intellect grasped only very little and retained much less.

The need for an ethical code to unify mankind and sublimate its militant instinct has not been felt only at present. From the very foundations of history come the laws of Manu and the decalogue of Moses. The Analects of Confucius were also propounded to meet such a requirement. And then at the dawn of Western Civilisation, Zeno lays down the rule of life: *Vivere convenienter naturae*. But today we find that we cannot live according to nature and cannot subject the individual to the

As old wood is best to burn, old horses to ride, old books to read, and old wine to drink, so are old friends always most trusty to use.—LEONARD WRIGHT.

universal. No wonder all these ethical codes failed although some were supernaturalized and called religion while others were lost in a nebula of reasoning called philosophy. But still we crave for something which will promise and hasten world-unity.

Whatever be our religion or philosophy of life we have to go on living and humanity feels instinctively that living, even in danger or discomfort, is somehow or other worthwhile. A subtle distinction has been drawn by a modern author between 'having a religion' and 'being religious'. The former, he says, is like a rich parvenu who collects paintings and carvings without understanding them and the latter the poor individual who loves and admires beauty. Yet the possessor of a beautiful thing may learn to value it and so perhaps it is better to 'have a religion' than none at all.

Religion is one of man's most beautiful possessions because its essential function is to integrate. Anthropologists have asserted that when contact with Europeans has broken down the religious system of a so-called primitive people the life of the community becomes impoverished and threatens to fall to pieces if their religion is not replaced by another at least equally satisfying. Psychologists also observe that genuinely religious people display a certain unification of personality.

Not very long ago I went with a friend of mine to a gramophone record shop. My friend spent a long time there asking the salesman for many recordings of Western classical music. He could not get even one. When he disgustingly turned away I asked the salesman whether they had stopped stocking classics. His reply astonished me. He told me that they were not in a position to supply the growing demand for classics and added that they were overstocked with swing and jazz music which would not sell. The same thing has happened to books. Go to any book-stall and compare its display with those books we used to see on the same shelves ten years ago. What a difference! We see Spinoza and Santayana, Vivekananda and Tagore, Lin Yutang and Kagawa. What happened to those books by

William Le Queux and Agatha Christie? More people can today quote from the Gita and the Bible than ever before. Every other man one meets is a dabbler in philosophy, psychology, mysticism or comparative religion.

Let idle declaimers mourn over the degeneracy of our age; in my opinion we have definitely turned the corner that leads away from the age of materialism. Man has become sadder and more introspective. There is an unhealthy pessimism and a distrust in the ability of the power-that-be to steer us clear of bogs and pitfalls towards world-unity. We wait for something dynamic that will re-orientate our outlook and make us regurgitate our devotion to petty politics. The day is not far off when the resurgence of man's atrophied forces will create sufficient goodwill and human fellowship to render world-unity possible.

But organised religion by itself, as a panacea for curing the ills of the world, can be accepted only by people who chase utopias like the Theocratic Government. It is clear to the modern man that religion down the ages has been nothing but an 'opium of the people.' Organised religion has been the enemy of freedom. It fostered ignorance and stultified progress. It sowed the seeds of hatred and fed the flames of war. It was the breast-plate of tyrants and hypocrites—of Torquemada and Timur. Today we realise that religion imprisoned the brain and corrupted the heart. For thousands of years the vast virgin fields of intellect have been ploughed by the buccaneers of reason and varieties of religion have been harvested and garnered. And it has taken us generations of mute servitude to break away from the intellectual shackles forged by these gospels of fear.

Today we listen to a strange religion—the philosophy of 'Man and his Maker,' the gospel of Ramakrishna, the cult of transcendentalism, the doctrine of Emerson, the message of Truth and Non-Violence. What we want is a religion of Reason, a religion of Courage, a religion of Liberty, a religion of Equality—a basic religion that will respect the rights of Man.

That will hasten the dawn of the day when the sun will shine upon that 'haven of freedom' where 'the mind is without fear'....

I still stand by the grave of that dreamer of world-unity. The world has changed little since he passed away many years ago. Perhaps he still dreams,

'For in that sleep what dreams may come,

*When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.'*

But whatever those other-worldly dreams, I can hear clearly, across the chasm of twenty years, his mellow voice quoting Isaiah in conclusion: "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" The watchman said, 'The morning cometh and also the night.' "

'BLUE' FROM THE BLUES

By V. P. RAMAN

"IT is out of this world altogether.

I can't compare it with anything on this part of the globe" was the burden of the song that Blue sang when I asked him about the New World. Blue is an aeronautical engineer recently returned from the U.S.A. and known there as "kris." Two years in California have made Blue a new man. He is no longer the cricket-mad, Madras graduate. He is a Yank to the finger tips which now hold a Chesterfield, lighted carelessly with a patented match stick. Inhaling a lungful of U. S. smoke, Blue continued: "From the moment I landed on U. S. soil, I was conscious of an atmosphere that is so different, so nice, and so...." He didn't complete that sentence but went on: "We were about sixty Indian students in all. On arrival there we scattered to all parts of the United States. I stayed in California; so near Hollywood." I couldn't help asking him if he met any stars. He replied with a knowing air, "Of course yes, but not exactly in Hollywood. You see Hollywood's name is so closely associated with the screen, that people here seem to think the place is literally seething with actors. That's a wrong idea, for really Hollywood doesn't contain the majority of the stars who prefer more suitable homes less within the gaze of curious visitors." I didn't leave him at that, but asked him where exactly he saw the great guys. Blue then expained to me how they allowed people to sit and watch the actors participate in the radio programmes. Bob Hope, who has a weekly broadcasting contract, seems to be the most popular

filmstar and crowds gather at the radio studios to see him crack his jokes into the mike. "It doesn't cost you a nickel, and you get a pretty close-up of the favourites."

The conversation drifted to travelling, and Blue made a cryptic remark: "Travelling over there is really travelling. It is a de luxe affair." He added significantly, "Not like here." When I asked him how he moved about there, he said proudly, "Oh! we have the underground tube railway, that takes you at 45 miles per hour from one corner of the city to another. You just can't get lost in cities like that with such perfect systems." Especially New York, he said, was about the best planned city he had seen so far. The buses were not so popular there, as they were much slower.

Blue was quite a patron of theatres even before going abroad. I guessed his enthusiasm must have waxed like the dickens after his visit to the U.S.A. I was not wrong in my conjecture. He had seen practically all the pictures now running here, and those expected shortly—the "drive in" theatres, strange to Indians, seemed to be quite common over there in the U.S.A. People just drove their cars into the open air "drive ins" and hanging a microphone in the car, they were able to both hear and see the film projected on a screen in front. This convenient method of seeing pictures will be welcome to many patrons in India. When I asked him if the films give the correct impression about American life, Blue hesitated before answering in the negative. He said "Unless you actually see things yourself, the pictures are likely to convey

a wrong impression." I verified his statement almost immediately by shooting a query about night clubs—"What is the sinister significance attached to night clubs? Why are wives jealous of husbands visiting these nocturnal institutions?" Blue expatiated upon this topic and concluded by denying any evil significance attached to night clubs. "That is where the pictures have misled you" he said. "If wives are jealous of their husbands it is merely because they feel cheated out of the fun. American women like to assert themselves. They just don't pocket the husband's words, and bow before his commands like our Indian women. In America the woman is the man's equal and she won't stand any nonsense."

Coming to the child-parent relationship, Blue felt that it was hard to say whether the American attitude of "leave the children alone" was good or bad. Of course, being bred in India where, for thousands of years the parent is considered the moral owner of his progeny, Blue found it difficult to express an opinion. The 'Hallo-Dad' feeling of comradeship is somewhat incompatible with the 'Namaste-Papa-ji' feeling of reverence and respect.

When I asked him to name the 'national craze' in U.S.A., Blue just said 'pleasure.' A thoroughly jolly lot, the Americans will go in for anything happy and pleasing. Along with an American accent, Blue has

also acquired the Yankee feeling of superiority over Britain.

"For Heaven's sake, don't go to England. It is just a stinking hole. To stand on the road is a luxury, to have a shirt on one's back is a luxury. My! what a country!" was Blue's outburst when I asked him to advise me about my future education. When asked about the racial prejudice in the United States, Blue said it was O. K. in the northern states, only the five southern states had colour restrictions. Of course, the non-whites like Indians and Chinese were classified as whites as far as treatment was concerned. The restrictions were imposed only on Negroes.

"Everything there is left to free enterprise, and only the Posts and Telegraphs and the Chamber of Commerce are State-owned" said Blue. "The labourers are like so many Olivers asking for more. They never seem satisfied" was Blue's reflection on American labour. "Communism, however, is given a knock on the head in the U. S., and Stalin hasn't many pals there" summed up our American-trained aeronautical engineer.

As my interview was coming to a close, I wanted to know what Blue thought of India—a slave country when he left two years ago, and a free country now when he is back. "It is worse, much worse, than before. I shudder to think what will happen in three years' time, if you keep up this downhill progress" he said. "I'm afraid I'll have to go back then!"

"MOTOR MANNERS"

Safer, more efficient, and more pleasurable automobile travel is possible if motorists show "just plain simple courtesy and consideration of others." That is the theme of "Motor Manners," a 48-page illustrated booklet written by Emily Post, American writer on modern manners and social customs, as a contribution to travel safety.

"Bad motoring manners can be murder," writes Mrs. Post who outlines in the booklet a 12-point "Code of Courtesy" for motorists and pedestrians. "The honorable man or woman would no more cheat traffic regulations than cheat at games or sports.... Well-bred people, whether drivers or passengers, are just as considerate of each other as are hosts and guests in a drawing room."

Mrs. Post advises the motorist to share the road, dim his lights when meeting other cars in the dark, drive at reasonable speeds, park his car so as not to interfere with other vehicles, give proper driving signals, and use his horn as a warning device in emergencies only—"never as a bad-tempered voice to threaten or scold."

THE CALENDAR

By R. RAMACHANDRAN

THOUGH the Calendar is the most up to date periodical known, it is felt in some quarters to be not quite up to the mark. It is therefore sought to be 'reconditioned' so as to suit modern conditions. Before dealing with this question it may be as well to have a broad 'air-view' of the evolution of our present calendar.

The traditional way to begin this epoch-making subject would of course be to start with the sage observations of those two great philosophers, Plato and Aristotle. But, unfortunately, they being Greek, suffered under a special handicap so far as this subject was concerned, and we will have to wait till the Greek Calends to get their *obiter dicta*.

As far back as 753 B.C., when Rome was founded by the eponymous Romulus, the year consisted of 304 days divided into 10 months of 31 or 29 days each. The months had no names, but were numbered. The months September, October, November, and December, for instance, which still survive from ancient Roman times, meant the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th months respectively. In course of time the first four months of the year came to have their own names, March, April, May, and June respectively.

Pompilius, the successor of Romulus, added two more months, January and February, to the calendar. January was made to precede March, and February to follow December. This enlarged calendar was made to contain only 355 days, thus lacking ten days to make up an ordinary solar year of 365 days. This lacuna was made good by the addition of an intercalary month of about three weeks every alternate year. By a strange freak, this extra month did not occur between two consecutive months, but between the 23rd and 24th days of February!

According to the Romans, the new year began on the vernal equinox which was supposed to fall on the 25th March. From 153 B.C., however,

the first day of January was made the New Year Day. This change was adopted by all the Continental countries, but England stuck to the good old reckoning. Right till 1751 A.D., March 25th inaugurated the legal and administrative year in England, and it required an Act of Parliament in that year to adopt the new style, by which the day following the 31st of December 1751 was to be the first day of 1752. Our financial and administrative year which begins in April is really a vestige of the old system.

Before Julius Caesar, the months March, May, Quintilis (July) and October had 31 days each, and the rest 29, except February which had only 28. The actual dates of the month, were, however, fixed by what might appear to many of us somewhat lunatic considerations; at any rate they were based on definite evidence of moonshine attested by pontifices. The latter used to watch for the new moon, and as soon as it was sighted they proclaimed (or called forth) the discovery from the Capital. Hence the word calends for the first of the Roman month, meaning *callings*. The succeeding days were not the 2nd, 3rd, etc., of the month, but so many days before the Nones. The Nones, again, were the ninth day before the Ides, or full moon.

The date of the full moon was reckoned as the 15th in a month of 31 days and as the 13th in a month of 29 days. Another peculiarity in reckoning the number of days before an event, say the Ides, was that the day of the full moon as well as the day whose date was required were both taken into account. Thus, for instance, "the third day before the Nones of Quintilis" was July 5th. Quintilis was July, which had 31 days. The Ides of Quintilis was the 15th July. The Nones of Quintilis, which occurred 9 days before the Ides of that month was, by 'inclusive' reckoning, the 7th of July. The third day before the 7th of July was therefore

by the same liberal reckoning, the 5th of July.

The proclamation of the 'Calends' (from which the world *calendar* is derived) was thus a Roman innovation. The Greeks knew nothing about it. Hence the phrase *on the Greek Calends*, to denote something that never happened nor ever will.

It was Julius Caesar who definitely adopted, with certain modifications, the Egyptian solar calendar which had been in existence since 3,000 B.C. He first of all restored, with retrospective effect, the many odd days which had been left out of account previously. The result was that the year 46 B. C., which inaugurated the Julian era, was made to hold 445 days!

Instead of 12 months of uniformly 30 days each, like in the Egyptian year, he sought to accommodate the 5 extra days by giving 31 days each to the alternate months—January, March, May, July, September, and November. But this correction gave one day too many, (366), and so he 'axed' a day off February and made it a month of 29 days. This gave an ordinary year of 365 days, and an extra day was added every fourth year—an innovation which is still in force.

The regularity of the Julian alternate months was spoiled by his successor Augustus. He wanted the month succeeding July to commemorate his own name. But such an august personage as he would not be content with a short month; so August had to have 31 days. But then this gave three consecutive long months. So a day was chopped off September, which forced further modifications till finally February was filched of one more day! Our thanks are thus due to Augustus for the famous rhyme:

*Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November—*

The addition of one day every four years would be correct if the duration of the year were exactly 365 $\frac{1}{4}$ days. As a matter of fact it is about 11 minutes shorter. Our calendar is to that extent behind the solar year, and the lag would amount to a whole day in about 128 years. This was recognised by Pope Gregory XIII in 1582.

He found that the vernal equinox that year fell on March 11 instead of

on the 21st. He therefore took off ten days from that year and declared that the day following the 4th October that year was the 15th!

To prevent a recurrence of this error he further ordained that century years can be leap years only if they are divisible by 400. That is why 1900 was not a leap year, but 2000 will be. Thus in the Gregorian calendar there are only 97 leap years in every 400 years instead of 100 as would have been the case under the Julian rule.

But this suppression of three days every 400 years is too much of a correction and involves an error of about 24 seconds every year. Our calendar to-day is about three hours in advance and we will have to take a day off it in 4800 A.D. The calendar of the Eastern Orthodox Church will not be in need of such a correction, thanks to a more far-seeing leap year rule. This Church adopted the Gregorian calendar only as late as 1923, but with a modification of the leap year rule which stated that century years shall be leap years only if their numbers divided by 9 gave a remainder of 2 or 6. This will tally with our calendar till 2800, which will be a leap year for us but not for them.

England adopted the Gregorian system in 1751 by an Act of Parliament. By that time the English calendar was behind the Roman by 11 days, and was rectified by declaring that the day following 2nd September 1752 was the 15th. Thus between the years 1582 and 1752 there was a discrepancy between the English and Roman calendars not only in dates, but during the first three months, in the years also. This resulted in the somewhat funny dates in English legal documents like; 10/20, February 1604/1605, referring respectively to the English and Roman reckonings!

The entire business of calendar manufacture is based on the simple and single fact that the year does not consist of an exact number of weeks. If it did, the calendar of any year would be good enough for all years. This is just what is sought to be achieved by calendar reformers. There are two schools of them. The first would have a year of 12 months, the first month of every quarter having 31 days and the rest 30 days each. Thus the year 1939, which begins on

Sunday, will have four quarters of 1 days each, accounting for 364 days. The 365th day, which falls on a Sunday, will not be called a Sunday, but New Year Eve. The suppressed Sunday will be commandeered to inaugurate 1940! In a leap year the so called Leap Day will be wedged in between Saturday 30th June and Sunday 1st July.

The other school contend that the above reform is not thorough-going in that only the quarters are comparable and not the months themselves. They suggest a year of 13 months of exactly four weeks each. The extra month, to be called Sol, would be introduced between June and July. They point out that more than 400 large American concerns are already using this system successfully. West Clox Co., Kodak, and all the Hearst publications are among the pioneers.

The disadvantages of the present calendar, apart from the necessity for constant consultation, are said to be that the periods are not comparable for economic and scientific data, and that they give rise to confusion in

the calculation of actuarial tables, pension plans and annuities, and in the fixing of anniversaries. But these objections do not seem to be seriously tenable. As regards economic data, for instance, the assumption that all conditions are fixed except the dates, is wrong. What with tariff reforms trade pacts, currency manipulations, unexpected wars and panicky bourses, a fixed calendar is not going to be of much help in planning for the future. As for scientific data, they actually involve so many mathematical calculations, that one more on account of the calendar should not prove to be the last straw. The calculation of pensions and annuities are to-day a mechanical affair, thanks to ready reckoners, slide rules, and comptometers.

One serious objection to reform is that in the attempt to arrive at an international fixed calendar the unbroken cycle of seven-day weeks on which there has been a remarkable agreement among all people, even down to their names, is sought to be deliberately broken.

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PARLIAMENTARY DEMOCRACY

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

IN his Srinivasa Sastri Lectures delivered recently in Madras, Dr. C. R. Reddi has endeavoured to examine the working of parliamentary democracy in India with special reference to Madras. Such an objective survey more or less in the nature of stock-taking, has long been overdue. Naturally enough, Dr. Reddi is led to conclude that parliamentary democracy in India has been "a show without a substance," although in point of fact it may be mentioned that it does exist in a large measure in the Union Cabinet and in Bombay, Orissa, the Central and the United Provinces. Certain predominant local factors or tendencies have accounted for its failure in other places.

Rightly does Dr. Reddi stand for strengthening the Central Government. No doubt the draft constitution did not mean to curtail substantially the powers of the provincial units but much water has flown under the bridge since then. External aggression such as had emanated from Hyderabad, internal disorders, the ever deepening economic malaise, the growing evils of provincialism and communalism, the dangerous potentialities of subversive movements like Dravidistan, and the increasing tendency of the provinces to by-pass the Centre in regard to even a small matter as taxation of press advertisements, have made for stiffening Central control. The lessons of history can hardly be overlooked. A strong Centre could have averted the great Bengal famine and the Calcutta killings. Those who talk glibly of provincial autonomy have to take note of the events in China and Burma which have been driven to seek international help and intervention.

Dr. Reddi's protest against the party machine dominating the legislature, is well timed. The Congress, as Mahatmaji claimed, represents the whole nation, and our parliamentary leaders who settle everything in the party chamber and present a *fait accompli* to the legislature, ignoring the other members therein, are doing lip service not only to democracy but to the ideals of the Congress as well.

In particular, there can be no justification whatsoever for a party inside the Constituent Assembly, which is an expert body charged with the making of the destiny of India's 400 millions. In the provincial sphere, the injustice of such a procedure can hardly be better illustrated than by what happened in Madras when decisions of momentous consequence were settled at party meetings invariably after a very tough fight and most often by a snatch vote. Out of the 261 members of both the Houses, 197 are Congressites. Party decisions mean the ignoring in toto of 55 elected and 9 nominated members. When, contrary to parliamentary democracy, in 1946, the presidency of both the Houses was contested, the successful candidates won by a very narrow margin. It is extremely improbable if the same result would have been reached if, as was only proper, all the members of the legislature were allowed to vote, for after all it was the president of the legislature that had to be elected, not of the party. Again, the annual election of the "party leader" has been simply a ruse to get round the powers of the legislature as a whole to express its confidence in the Government. Even so, at the three elections held so far, if the wishes of at any rate the 55 elected members had been taken into account, there would have been enough support for a stable Ministry without any more need for "annual confidences and bi-annual no confidences." Enquiries against Ministers are, as Dr. Reddi has pointed out, primarily the concern of the legislature and not of the party organization. He has alluded to an instance in England when the leader of the opposition was associated in an enquiry. In Madras there seems to be no possibility of that being done: for instance, the 'Sudarsan Oil Mills' affair figures as an unstarred question, which could not further be interpellated upon. Dr. Reddi has not thrown light on the question as to the position of the Ministers against whom charges have been laid. Should they resign forthwith or after a judi-

cial investigation? In England, the concerned Minister resigns at the earliest opportunity and in our country too, recently, Mr. R. K. Shanmukham submitted his resignation as soon as certain irregularities were pointed out. By way of analogy it may be mentioned that Sir Lionel Leach in the Madras High Court did not post any judicial work before Mr. Justice Byers, as soon as the panchayatdars delivered their verdict at the inquest.

In a parliamentary democracy, the entire Cabinet, as Dr. Reddi has pointed out, functions as an "organic unity," more or less like a partnership in law wherein all the partners work in unison for a common adventure, namely, government, and as Valmiki has put it, all the Ministers are of one mind (*Eka Buddhi*). Its integrity will be broken up when the Ministers differ on a major issue or when they lose the confidence of the legislature. In Madras, a Cabinet of the type envisaged prevailed more or less in the days of the Justice Ministry under the leadership of the Rajah of Panagal, notwithstanding internal dissensions. Even a member of the Reserved Half, the late Sir K. Srinivasa Ayyangar, resigned the moment his Irrigation Bill was thrown out. In C. R.'s Ministry too there was collective responsibility and the whole Ministry functioned as a single team, although, as was proved by subsequent events, it contained within itself seeds of disintegration. For instance, what Dr. Reddi calls the "caucus" which drove out C. R., was largely the work of some of its members. But 1946 definitely saw the beginning of the end of parliamentary democracy in Madras. The contributory factor was the so-called Congress Parliamentary Board which selected candidates for the legislature. Obviously there was no need for such a body at all. Members who had been elected in 1937, had every right to be nominated automatically, since for no fault of theirs the legislature had been abruptly dissolved. The Board was composed of members who were candidates for Ministership and Premiership; and as for the method of selection which was adopted, the less said the better. The sequel proved it only too well. Quite a majority of

the members were apathetic both to the ideals of the Congress and of parliamentary Government. Their very first act was to flout the advice of the Congress High Command in regard to the Premiership. The members met and selected their leader after a contest and the leader became Premier and chose his colleagues. But the very next day the official candidate for presidentship for the legislature was defeated. The Ministry itself had not been functioning for a year before talks of its dissolution were in the air. Just a few days before it actually went out, three Ministers therein abruptly resigned from it, but found a place in the new Ministry with their portfolios intact. In a parliamentary Cabinet, all the Ministers swim or sink together, they do not desert each other when sinking. The new Cabinet was ushered in, the colleagues choosing the Premier. Then a most extraordinary thing happened. The new Ministers were of the same political persuasion; in fact three of them were in the previous Cabinet. Still they began to upset the policies and proposals of the previous Ministry, even though some of them were in fulfilment of the Congress constructive programme. Parties ranged on the opposite sides at elections would do that, not people owing allegiance to the same party. Even so, C. R. did not upset all the policies of the Justice Ministry, although the scrapping of the Inams Act, communal representation, the local bodies and the cumbrous university organizations, followed as a logical sequence to the defeat of that party at the polls. The truth was that collective responsibility or deliberation had all vanished into thin air. And it became increasingly clear that Ministers were not of "*Eka Buddhi*" in regard to even cardinal principles of Congress policy. Take one such for example, the separation of the judiciary from the executive. C. R. would not countenance it, but his successor paved the way for it. It was anathema to Sri Omandur but Premier Raja is just carrying it through. In other words, Premiers differed and policies suffered. Within the Cabinet itself, it is problematical if all the Ministers joined in the formulation of all the policies, especially in the Edu-

cation Department. Recent orders restoring the old order of things point to the contrary.

The intriguing question remains as to the relationship of the Premier and the Ministers *inter se*. Is it the same as in England and in the Union Cabinet? For instance, in Madras, was the then Premier aware of the "serious and grave" allegations against the Ministers, adverted to by Sri. Deo? Did he bring them up to the powers-that-be or himself call for an explanation? Answers to these questions are by no means easy, since in Madras, the Premier's tenure has become more insecure than that of a Minister even. The annual election of a party leader is trying enough even for a person of the stoutest heart. Dr. Reddi ought to have been well aware of this, having himself participated in a portrait-unveiling ceremony of a Premier just on the eve of the election.

VALIDITY OF THE "CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY ACTS"

By P. KODANDA RAO

THE Indian Constituent Assembly has passed a number of "Constituent Assembly Acts" without the assent of the Governor-General. The latest of the kind was passed on 18th August 1949, amending Sec. 291 of the present Constitution relating to general elections in the Provinces. In view of its controversial character and consequences, it should not be surprising if its validity should be challenged in the courts.

Notwithstanding its claim to the contrary, it is very doubtful if the Consimply is sovereign and competent to pass an act without the assent of the Governor-General. Admittedly, the Consimply was first called into being by the British Government; its function was confined to, and limited by, the British Cabinet Mission's Plan. It was to draft an Independence Act, to be passed by the British Parliament, which gave the Consimply statutory status and defined its powers. The membership of the Consimply was modified, without its consent, by the British Governor-General. The Mav-lankar Committee, appointed by the Consimply, interpreted the functions and powers of the Consimply under the British-made Indian Independence Act. If the American Founding Fathers had been convoked by the British Government, their membership modified by that

What of the future? Dr. Reddi has offered no solution for establishing parliamentary democracy. The present position is by no means satisfactory. Perhaps a way may be found by abolishing the "Congress" party inside the legislature, taking the verdict of the legislature on all questions as a whole, the oppositionists within the party machine being allowed full liberty to air their views and vote. Pandit Nehru has advised Congressmen to establish mass contact. It is best to begin it by leaving the election of candidates solely in their hands. The masses in our country are essentially Congress-minded, and can easily distinguish between the chaff and the grain. There is no need for a body like the Congress Parliamentary Board whose activities in the past have neither served the cause of Congress nor of parliamentary democracy.

Government and they functioned under an Act of the British Parliament, they could hardly have claimed to be constitutionally sovereign.

Under the Indian Independence Act, the sovereign British Parliament made provision in Sec. 5 for the appointment of the Governor-General by the British King, in Sec. 6 (1) for the Dominion Legislature with "full powers," in Sec. 6 (3) for the assents of the Governor-General for all the laws passed by the Legislature, and in Sec. 8 for the recognition of the Consimply as the Dominion Legislature. It would, therefore, seem that all the laws passed by the Consimply are subject to the assent of the Governor-General.

As regards the Governor-General's assent, Dr. B. R. Ambedkar admitted at one time (Consimply, 27th Jan. 1948), on the unanimous authority of the best expert opinion available, that it was necessary, and that a court of law might declare an Act of the Consimply, which had not been assented to by the Governor-General, as *ultra vires*. He then pleaded for the retention of the asset if only as a matter of prudence and caution.

It seems both necessary and prudent to obtain the assent of the Governor-General to all the laws passed by the Consimply.

THE MADRAS AGRICULTURAL BILL

By K. G. SIVASWAMY

THE Madras Agricultural Bill is a truncated copy of the British Agricultural Act. In England there is an agricultural supervisor for every one thousand farms; the number of demonstrators will have to be increased from 300 to 6000 in Madras if directions are to be given to each individual farmer. It is the county agricultural committee in England that recommends that a farmer is inefficient and needs supervision. This local popular sanction is replaced under the Madras bill by the bureaucratic orders of a collector aided by a supervisor. Crop-planning has been preceded by intense surveys in England. The British farmer, unlike in India, is continuously educated by farm institutes, clubs, exhibits, etc., and actively takes advantage of all suggested improvements. The British Act provides for the grant of lands to agricultural workers for the creation of small holdings. It provides for improvement subsidies, supplies and credit, deferred payments, and relaxation of rules regarding tangible security. Unless the Madras Government is legally liable for the difficulties of the peasant due to want of credit and other agricultural requisites, it cannot morally enjoin on every owner or occupier to act as the agent of food production and punish him for lapses. Without the previous provision of a centralised authority and decentralised administration for making available to the cultivator all his agricultural requirements, a bald expression of a pious wish in the bill to supply credit and services will only tend to paper legislation. The adoption of scientific crop-planning in each individual farm should be preceded by the creation of an efficient organisation for the assistance of cultivators.

The fundamental provision in the British Act providing for stable agriculture with proper remuneration and living conditions for farmers and workers in agriculture is omitted in this bill. Under the British Act, no tenant can be evicted without 12

months' notice, ministers consent, and compensation for disturbances and all kinds of improvements. In Madras ten million tenant population can be ejected after every crop without any compensation and are paying rack rents. When the tenant laws which are an obstacle to sound cultivation remain untouched, there can be no justification for Government asking for powers to punish a tenant for inefficient cultivation. According to long tradition the British landowner has to provide, maintain and repair the fixed equipment so that the land is capable of being farmed efficiently. The Indian landowner has been trained in exactly reverse conditions. Again there is no Act in Madras as the British Agricultural Wages Act which ensures a minimum wage for the labourer, nor have we have any plan to equip the Indian labourer and make him efficient. If Government were only sincere in regard to the development of agriculture, they would have started hundreds of schools so that each co-operative society would have as manager a whole-time man trained in agriculture, banking and rural economics. They would have provided for the security of the cultivators and fair rent. They would start a number of short courses for peasants. They would provide for decent living conditions for agricultural labourer. Having done all these, they would introduce the present bills, and with the consent of the peasants through their co-operatives, the devoted work of their wholetime secretaries and earnest drive from autonomous central agricultural credit and supply corporations, they would be able to carry out scientific crop-planning. Then alone they could claim the right to punish those who did not carry out their directions.

The inducement given under the bill for the cultivators to agree to supervision and removal by the Collector is the guarantee of a minimum price for produce. But price

control can only be enforced by the Government of India unless each local Government can prevent by customs and police guards the inter-provincial movement of goods. Imports will have to be regulated by tariffs, quotas, and State trading. A price policy, to be successful, requires previous organisation such as warehousing, godowns, central markets, controlled production, economic distribution, marketing organisation, maintenance of marketing standards, etc.

The bill provides for payment of market value of land, and another additional 15 p.c. when land is acquired owing to indifferent cultivation by the owner. The financial effect of the proposal on Government resources does not seem to have been considered. The value to be paid is so attractive that many landholders would be encouraged to keep their lands fallow so that they may reap the benefit of this proposal.

When the bill stipulates for appointment of land managers on proper remuneration in the place of owners condemned as inefficient agriculturists, it fails to take note of the impossibility of land bearing this cost and paying rents to the owner. The bill again provides for temporary management in case of indifferent cultivation by owners, thereby supporting the principle of leasing which is detrimental to the security of employment of a tenant and to efficient cultivation. Landowners are again asked to bring under cultivation 10 or 20 p.c. of their fallow lands, failing which, they will have to pay a fine of Rs. 50 per acre. But various handicaps sometimes beyond human control may be the cause of lands lying fallow.

The bill wants to save proprietary rights when Government finds a tenant an inefficient cultivator. The landholder alone is asked to choose a tenant in such cases, thereby defeating the very object of the bill, of empowering the Government to appoint proper cultivators. This bill is specific that when a tenant is removed, he should not be entitled to

any compensation for improvements. This is legal protection for an unsound tenure practice. Land development in the bill proposes not joint-farming but only letting of lands to individuals and co-operative societies. The latter in Madras have been only sub-letting to individuals. Again in regard to letting, a rigid area of a minimum holding is proposed uniformly for the whole province without taking into consideration geographical and economical variations of different areas. A scheme of land improvement boards is projected under the bill whose members and staff are to be appointed by Government. Under the existing low standards of public opinion and of elected representatives who do not consider it a crime to misuse public influence for private ends, Government should be kept as far removed from economic activities as possible, providing at the same time the necessary centralised organisations, for agricultural development and planning at the top, and broad-based democratic institutions at the bottom to enlist public co-operation for such plans.

The bill is marked by certain glaring contradictions. It talks in one breath of the owner as having no more proprietary rights in his land than that of its proper use, and in another breath enthrones property rights above social welfare when fixing compensation according to rules of land acquisition. It talks of standards of good husbandry to be followed by land occupiers on pain of punishment while it perpetuates the existing insecurity of the tenant and failure to compensate him for improvements made by him, thereby itself contributing to bad husbandry. It talks of responsibilities of the cultivator for efficient cultivation while at the same time it provides for letting of lands for temporary management or for land development, a device which exploits the tenant for the benefit of the owner. It talks of supervision for every farm activity by outside orders but fails to provide for the peasant's own organisation as a mutual corrective for their failures.

PROFILE:

KING FAROUK I OF EGYPT

By EMIL LENGYEL

NO. 1 Arab king is young Farouk 1, King of Misr, Lord of Nubia and the Soudan, Sovereign of Kordofan and Darfur, Chevalier of the Order of Annonciade and of the Order of Seraphies, etc., briefly, the King of Egypt. He is the key figure in the Palestine struggle, opposing not only Israel but also his fellow-Arab, King Abdullah of Transjordan. Farouk's capital, Cairo, is the seat of the Arab League, representing the independent Arab States from the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean; and Farouk's man, Abdul Rahman Azzam Pasha, is the Secretary-General and moving spirit of the League.

King Farouk is the leading rebel against western rule in the Arab world. His court is the sanctuary of anti-Occident leaders. Also, the young king is weaving grandiose webs to unite all Mohammedans—some 300,000,000—in a globe encircling League of Pan-Islam.

The King's advantages for his role are numerous. He is the youngest of the Arab monarchs, only 29, while the others are long past their prime. He is the richest Arab ruler and probably the richest man of the Middle East. His training is western, so that he can meet the West on its own ground. His Egypt is rich in natural gifts, situated at a highly strategic point, at the intersection of the Cairo to Cape line with the western lifeline from London to Singapore. She is also mistress of the Suez Canal.

It is a new King Farouk the world sees emerging into history, hungry for power, thirsty for fame. He is not the fat "King Freddy" known to the world in the past.

Young Farouk received most of his education in England, and was to have more of it, climaxing at the Royal Academy at Woolwich. But Downing Street proposes and Allah disposes. He was 16 and the year was 1936 when his royal father, Fouad 1 died. The boy was shipped home to reign under a regency for two years

and then to take the crown. Under high Arab pressure, the British turned over the government to the Egyptians, and Farouk became his country's first sovereign ruler in 2,000 years. However, British influence was to be exerted on him, mainly by Egypt's great pro-British geographer, Hassanein Pasha.

Encouraged by his tutors, the King readily took to hobbies and sports, collecting old coins, stamps, watches and copies of the Koran. He was good at boxing and fishing, excellent at polo and tennis, a daredevil at the wheels of his cars.

Farouk's ambition to become a 20th century Suleiman the Magnificent must have been partly his reaction to the most humiliating experience of his life, which occurred at the crucial period of World War II, when Germany's Rommel was expected in Cairo daily. Farouk's chosen instrument was then Premier Ali Maher Pasha, an Axis friend. One day the British Ambassador, Sir Miles W. Lampson, appeared in Abdin palace, and called upon the monarch to dismiss the Premier. The King said "no," whereupon the Ambassador drew aside the window-curtain of the royal chamber revealing British troops in battle formation at the gates. He was asked to sign the decree dismissing his favourite or take a plane to South Africa as an ex-king. Farouk signed the decree, but he never forgot the insult.

Proof recently produced suggests that Farouk had made his plans to join the Axis. The war over with Allied Victory, he led the fight for the evacuation of Egypt's cities by the British, and that was done. Then he resumed the fight for the evacuation of British Suez Canal stations, and that was not done. He appealed to the United Nations and was informed that treaty commitments gave the British the right to stay. Farouk became intensed at the British even more.

CONTRADICTIONS IN CONFORMITY

By ESSEN

"LET cruelty or kindness or any-thing else once become customary and it will be practised by people to whom it is not at all natural, but whose rule of life is simply to do only what everybody else does and who will lose their employment or starve if they indulge in any peculiarity. A respectable man will lie daily, in speech and in print, about the qualities of the article he lives by selling, because it is customary to do so. He will flog his boy for telling a lie, because it is customary to do so. He will give the same boy a present on his birthday and buy him a spade and a bucket on the seaside because it is customary to do so, being all the time neither particularly mendacious, nor particularly cruel, nor particularly generous but simply incapable of ethical judgment or independent action."

—George Bernard Shaw.

When a friend throws a lavish party, the main if not the manifest object of which is to give us an abiding impression of its lavishness, we bite off a cutlet or imbibe a lemon crush and talk strenuously and with grave concern about the food shortage and the manner in which Secretary to Government X, or Special Officer Y has actually been mitigating the shortage by planting a line of brinjals among his hollihocks and zinnias and draw our chairs back at the end of the party leaving whole plates of cakes and nuts untouched.—because that is what is usually done. Incidentally, the Governor-General's maize growing propensities come in for acclamation. Samples of the Rajaji brand are flown to distant South for being put in a glass case. The maize threatens to get even with Gandhiji's ashes in the distance travelled, and the clamour for it from various places.

We abuse the capitalist because everybody is savagely indignant with his supposed rapacity. When you go to him for a donation and he has not

the courage to refuse, and signs a perfunctory cheque, you tell him he is not the type of capitalist you direct your rifle fire at. That is the time-honoured custom, and custom and usage are the basis of all legal systems.

Take that latter day phenomenon "The Common Man"—the wealth of affection of which he has been the recipient, the concentration of public conscience on his welfare—the volume of printer's ink that has gone into the boosting of him, the eloquence with which legislators have charged their oratorical outbursts in his defence; the harnessing, as it were, of the very chariot of Apollo in his cause—all these have deeply touched everybody, except, of course, the object of these multiple ministrations, who is still trying to balance his yawning home budget, with the cost of living index obstinately staying put around 400. Why is all this done? Just because that is considered the proper kind of hypocrisy to practise by those who know.

What is it you encounter when you commit the indiscretion—which you do often—of entering a fashionable drawing room? Bracing left-wing talk—Socialism and its several cousin isms. You are button-holed and told you must learn more about the difficulties of the toilers and moilers of this unfortunate country, study their problems with objectivity, simplify your costume (you have donned bravely the remnants of tattered finery in a pathetic effort to dress up to the company)—grow a beard, live on seeds, as one Wodehouse character threatened to do, learn to live on 12 annas a day and earn it—all this while you are pushed into a heavily plush-draped Chesterfield settee and asked to pick up an exclusive brand of cigar sheathed in cellophane. You may be dazed by the splendour of the place and accompanying tittle-tattle about plain living and high thinking, and lose even the courage to say you

King Farouk wants to see Egypt become a strong nationalistic country. At the opening of each "Barlaman," or legislature, he reads a speech from the throne, outlining social reforms designed to strengthen his nation. However, between the speech and action a bottomless abyss yawns in which good intentions are entombed.

The King knows well enough that a modern State needs modern industries. His country has such raw materials of industrialization as iron ore, oil, water power, minerals, but it lacks industrial capital and know-how. The King's ministers have been negotiating with the U. S. to provide both, so as to strengthen their country and weaken British influence. The King opened not long ago a great Assouan dam, close to rich ore, and ready for the production of steel.

Unfortunately, most of the ambitious plans fail to take shape, and when they do, the masses of the people profit little. The country is in the hands of a few super-wealthy families, headed by the King. He inherited an estate of some \$50,000,000 from his father, and now receives an annual civil list of nearly \$2,000,000 the best-paid monarch in the world.

The King is his country's largest land-owner and an important stock-owner in its leading corporations. Therefore, he identifies his interests with those of a handful of rich "effendis" lording it over the vast masses of miserable pariahs, the "fellaheen."

Farouk certainly takes pains to be liked by his subjects. He likes to play Harun-Al-Rashid to his people, visiting them by surprise. On such occasions the royal car is preceded by members of his bodyguard of young giants wearing clinking chain mail on their shoulders, shouting: "Make way for His Majesty in disguise!" His subjects fall on their knees, kissing his footsteps in the mud, invoking

Allah's blessings on him and all his offspring. Pharaoh-worship is not dead in modern Egypt, which is an Arab land.

These trips evidently do not open the King's eyes to the real plight of his people. Fifteen million of his subjects have no land, while 12,000 large landowners have far more than the remaining 3,000,000 smallholders. A moderately "well-to-do" peasant is happy to make \$20 a year. The country is afflicted with all the plagues of Egypt, including the Egyptian eye disease, trachoma, and the deadly intestinal disease, "bilharzia."

The King married into one of Egypt's super-rich families. His wife, Farida Zulfikar Fevzire Hanem, whom he recently divorced, bore him three daughters, all of whose names begin with "F," a heritage from Farouk's father, Fouad. But she gave him no sons and that is said to be the reason for the divorce.

The fatal flaws of Egypt's royal armour, were recently revealed in the battle for Palestine. Farouk's hosts marched north in the belief that the Jewish defenders would be cast into the sea. Egyptian bulletins broadcast the inevitable victory. Instead of that, Farouk's warriors were laid low in a dramatic repetition of the story of David and Goliath, Farouk's soldiery was simply no match for Israel's modern army. This was a lesson for the King.

Will Farouk be able to lead his Egyptians out of their house of bondage, of poverty, ignorance and disease, into an Egyptian promised land of higher standards education and sound health? The ambitions of the King are bound to come to grief unless he learns that intentions are not enough, and that a modern nation cannot be created with Stone Age tools.

MAN—KNOW THYSELF

We are born with 270 bones, but we die with only 206. What happens to the missing 64? During our infancy they join with other bones. We are endowed with 527 distinct muscles, of which 83 are in the head. With the electricity in our body we could burn a 25-watt bulb for about three minutes. We could boil enough water to fill four big teapots or drive a steam-model engine for three hours with the heat our body loses every hour. We possess eleven senses. To the ordinary five senses, physiologists have added six new ones—temperature sense, equilibrium sense, hunger, muscle sense, pain, thirst.—"IPA" in Leader Magazine.

are no smoker, and mechanically pick a cigar and trouser it—grimly reflecting on the plain living and plainer thinking that has been your lot these many years, on which there is nothing for you to learn second-hand. Often, a Left-Wing leader in tight Jodhpurs and Jawahar vests might be letting off gentle steam against “vested interests” or the “Delhi Moghuls” to a magic circle of men and women and for a change compare notes on his Oxford or Cambridge days—for, even a Leftist politician has not much chance of retaining his glamour without an English educational background. Has this not happened to some of you some time while you visited the den of a lion in Bombay or Delhi and partook of his regal fare. Have you ever been greatly upset by the gulf between the soulful doctrines propounded and the not-so-soulful doctors that propound them? What is life but tier upon tier of coruscating irrationality? All that was done and talked is what is customarily done—at any rate, since we achieved independence.

There is, for instance, this business of housing shortage. You will be amazed at the number of people talking about housing the have-nots and the mental effort made in tackling this problem. The legislators discuss them as they say, threadbare. The Province adopts a resolution asking the Centre to take up the problem of putting roofs over the millions of roofless heads, while the Centre asks the Provinces to go ahead on a fifty-fifty subsidy basis; meantime, files pile up. A Provincial Minister visits Delhi accompanied by a cluster of Chief Engineers and technical personnel; after a three-day discussion at Cabinet and Secretarial levels, he returns. He holds a press conference which elucidates and clarifies to such purpose the score of obscurities in which the problem had remained enveloped, that you get the impression that the half-informed are making an honest effort to educate the uninformed—which is, after all, the primary function of a democracy. We are told everything went off well except that the Finance Department with its vexatious way of vetoing progressive schemes for lack of resources, deadlocked the conference. However,

the concerned Central Minister arrives a month later in Madras accompanied by his secretarial and technical entourage, (his special Dakota is incidentally delayed a couple of hours at Nagpur owing to engine trouble about which some legislators demand a thorough and impartial enquiry) and when the chain of luncheons and dinners give him a chance to edge in a word, he tells us of the great weight of moral support the Centre is giving to the scheme. He goes through the ordeal of being received and petitioned by Chambers of Commerce and after giving them more admonitions than assurances which it is the unpopular task that a popular Minister has to discharge and which earns for him a reputation for forthrightness, ends up with a civic reception. The city fathers are told of the super-priority that the task of housing of poor people should receive at the hands of municipalities and how the combined resources of the Corporation, the Provincial and Central Governments (each of these has ever widening deficits in their budgets to bridge, but there is no use making a fetish of this financial difficulty) could alone solve the problem. The Minister leaves for Delhi after spending three days in the city.

The Constituent Assembly, meantime, discusses whether housing is on the Central, Concurrent or Provincial list, and puts it on the Provincial list as a measure of prudence. In a fortnight's time the Central Government announces a Housing Commission—with personnel drawn from retired administrators, judges, some Congress noisemakers, with the inevitable American expert on housing thrown in. There is complaint about distinguished Indian architects being ignored. Apropos of nothing, there is also a complaint that certain Provinces get step-motherly treatment. The letter press is full of suggestions. However, the caravan passes on. The Commission meets at Delhi on an October evening, issues a questionnaire part or whole of which you can answer, and disperses announcing that the next meeting would be held in the following April at Darjeeling or Ootacamund, the month being a hot one. After all, it is more suitable working in April and in a hill station,

detached from the passions and prejudices of the plains. Meantime, there is discussion of prefabricated houses. Several scholarly discourses on their climatic unsuitability for India conclude in the passing of an ex-parte decree against prefab houses; for the prefab house has not been seen by anybody who passed judgment on it, and of data thereon they had precious little. However, the housing problem is discussed widely; files grow mountain high at Delhi too; an Additional Secretary is appointed by Government to cope with the increased work. A United Nations Committee on Housing visits India; the Additional Secretary chairs the committee from the time they lay a wreath at Gandhi Memorial at Rajghat, through the round of Embassy dinners, visits to Kashmir and the Taj, till they finish off with fleeting visits to the Government Houses of various Provinces (which constitutes a study of housing conditions which vary widely from Province to Province), and leave India fully satisfied that India has a housing problem in hand. A member of the committee at the concluding press conference at Palam Airport is asked whether the International Monetary Fund would finance Indian housing, and is reported to have given an evasive answer. While all this goes on, the Central and Provincial Governments have spent a few lakhs—on travelling allowances—but no sod has been turned, no houses have been built: no town planning areas sanctioned.

Meantime, brick costs mount up for lack of heavy transport. Timber costs spiral up—with Burma still settling accounts, with Karen rebels and therefore too preoccupied to export her logs. Cement is elusive, though new factories may have started production; if you are lucky to get an early permit, you may not get your cement; you pay for it and wait; they also serve who stand and wait. Iron and steel—you are simply unreasonable in asking for it—there is country-wide shortage because we never produced enough of it to meet our needs, and now we are producing two-thirds of what we produced during the war years. After all, to our workers and peasants, independence must make a

difference. They are exercising their privilege of producing less. You are perhaps familiar with that British cartoon where the factory operative asks Attlee, “You told us during your election campaign that under a Socialist Government we would get more money for less work. Well, we have given you less work. How about more money?” The logic of democracy is inexorable. Anyway, there is less iron in the country; use less of it; instal French windows, after all, they look so elegant.

What about building labour? People talk of the illiteracy of the country, but it is amazing how rapidly workmen imbibe the time spirit; that of doing a third of the pre-war quantum of work for three times the pre-war wages. That is what every other class of workers has been doing. Has not his (the mason's) proletarian conscience been aroused by those soul-searing stories of shameless exploitation retailed with appropriate gusto by the Trade Union President?

You think of a house within your resources. You get blueprints and estimates. The latter is just 50 per cent in excess of your available resources. You are frightened of getting into debt and abandon your idea. Instead, you go to some exhibition and see those never-never houses which you are assured cost Rs. 2,500 and come home duly gratified. But then your eviction notice stares at you on your return, though you have put it face down under the paper weight. You sleep your misery off, and in the morning open your paper—and lo and behold! there is a picture of a pre-fab house with the Prime Minister and party in the right foreground. It seems a perfect scream and you rush to the kitchen to show your wife the picture. In accordance with the best Indian traditions, she is sceptical and pouts her lips; you tell her that beggars couldn't be choosers, and if this is all your resources would permit, you have got to plump for a pre-fab. The stimulating debate comes to an abrupt end. You read the paper further down only to note the Health Minister's statement that refugees and displaced persons (which latter does not “mean or include” people about to be dis-

placed by eviction notices) will be provided the pre-fab contraptions and Delhi Province will be first provided. You feel desperate, but then there is a two-column editorial on housing in the morning paper. Chesterton said somewhere while discussing romance that in the first resort you try to live a romance, and in the last and desperate resort, you are content to write a romance. If we can't build houses, let us write about them, orate with fervour, import moral indignation, throw in a couple of sarcasms and adopt resolutions. We have always accepted these substitutes.

After all, they take the edge off our frustration.

As a nation we have been asked to develop discipline—the art of unquestioning obedience; let us therefore do what we have seen so many other knowing people do—after all, so many other people cannot be damned fools. Has not Burke said you cannot indict a whole nation? Let us not bother about acting, or rather, failing to act, against our better judgment. Let us cheerfully carol with Walt Whitman:

*"Do I contradict myself?
Then let me contradict myself,
I am large, I contain multitudes."*

UNTIL THE END

May 19, 1780, has gone down in the history of Connecticut, U.S.A., as the famous Dark Day. The sky was overcast at noon and by the mid-afternoon had blackened over so densely, so ominously that, in that religious age, men were certain the Day of Judgment was at hand. The Connecticut House of Representatives was in session and as some men fell on their knees and others clamoured for an immediate adjournment, the Speaker of the House got to his feet. He was a certain Colonel Davenport. He said these words, "The Day of Judgment is either approaching or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment. If it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought."—(MIRROR).

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STATE ACQUISITION OF PRIVATE PROPERTY

By T. VISWANATHAM M. L. A.

THE greed for property is vile indeed; but the greed for power is vileness itself. And yet it is precisely what has taken possession of the mind of man that to-day is able to sway the gathering of the makers of our constitution at Delhi.

That is why so many extraordinary statements passed muster when the Assembly deciding our destinies negated the elementary right of the simple citizen to get his dispute with the Government arbitrated by a third person. That is how the natural structure of society built upon a man's right to labour and save, to acquire and hold property, has been branded as bad and therefore put at the mercy of political passion. We are told this is what is meant by the phrase, supremacy of the will of the people. They who say this, forget that the supreme will of the people is in favour of individual liberty and individual property; the supreme will of the people has created the State to guarantee the smooth enjoyment of these by all individuals from whom the State derives its authority and the coercive power of the State is conceded for this purpose and to this extent and to no further extent; and the judiciary is a part of the State machinery to enable the State to function with smoothness and with justness to all and the supreme inclination of the people has a natural inclination for peaceful life and is hence in favour of arbitration of disputes, whether between individuals or between individuals and the State. To the extent that the State submits itself to this supreme sense for justness, the State is democratic. It is "non-violent." Otherwise it is not democracy, but it is Frankenstein.

The issue was put under a cloud. The right of man was screened by the screen of the right of society as if the right of man and the right of society are mutually exclusive and hostile to each other. The born despot misused the sword; but he was at least

frank; the elected despot misuses words and is supremely deceptive. Possibly he is not always aware of it; unawares, he is swayed by the madness for power. Hence he creates an imaginary opponent.

So, "We honour our judges within limits." That is, so long as the judge does not seek to judge our actions. "But no judge, no Supreme Court can make itself a Third Chamber. No Supreme Court, no judiciary can stand in judgment over the sovereign will of the Parliament representing the will of the entire community," declared Panditji. Within limits he is right. But does he realise that the sovereign will of the people is not merely legislative in its ambitions but also judicial-minded in the realisation of its ambitions? Panditji says that the Supreme Court cannot become a Third Chamber. But neither shall the First and Second Chambers become the Supreme Court.

The passionate plea of Panditji proceeded on the assumption that asking for justiciability is negating social good. He, in his fervour, forgot that no one opposed the giving of power to the State to compulsorily acquire private property for public purpose; he piled up argument on argument on that convenient assumption; his fervour made others also forget the difference between the individual's right to a just compensation and the State's right to compulsorily acquire private property; and the demand for the one was mistaken for a denial of the other.

Let us be clear. It is not the right that is denied; it is the right to an arbitrary exercise of that right, that is denied. A State clothed with full executive power, is likely to go arbitrary and hence a constitutional safeguard making its actions justiciable at some stage, had been found necessary. That is the meaning of the word "justiciability" and that is the reason for the demand. The demand is pre-eminently in the

interests of public good and peaceful progress of society, although it looks, on the surface, as a private end.

It is to guard against abuse of power that the Massachusetts Constitution provided that

In the Government of the Commonwealth, the Legislative Department shall never exercise the Executive and Judicial Powers or either of them; the Executive shall never exercise the Legislative and Judicial Powers or either of them; the Judiciary shall never exercise the Legislative and Executive Powers or either of them; to the end that it may be a Government of Laws and not of men."

That is the reason, too, why in the American Constitution, Article I says: "All Legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress."

Article II says:

"The Executive Power shall be vested in a President...."

Article III:

"The Judicial Power.....shall be vested in one Supreme Court and in such inferior Courts as Congress may from time to time order and establish."

Whatever may be the criticism against separation of powers, no critic has ever advanced the abandonment of judicial review. Justiciability is intended to guarantee the Fundamental Rights which are approved, accepted and found to be essential enough to be incorporated in the Constitution of the country permanently and irrevocably, notwithstanding the alleged 'supreme will' of the coming Legislatures. Why did you guarantee Fundamental Rights if you have so much subservience to the "supreme" and "sovereign will" of the Elected Legislature? Every argument which the Pandits of Allahabad and Lucknow, the Munshis of Bombay and the advocates of Madras advanced on this occasion, could with greater vehemence be advanced, could have been advanced and should have been advanced against the Chapter on Fundamental Rights, which once for all debars future Legislatures and abridges the supreme and sovereign will of such future Legislatures. And yet, those Rights have been incorporated and incorporated rightly. Because "supreme Legislatures" might change too often and the Executives of such Legislatures might change too

often as they have done on several occasions in the histories of several nations, as for example in France; sometimes they may change in the same year more than once, sometimes the same day thrice, the "supremacy" of one cancelling the "supremacy" of another. The argument can therefore come with grace from a Chenjizkhan but not from a person who stands for the Fundamental Rights of Man.

Now what is the gist of the demand for justiciability? The demand, stated in popular terms, is that while the State shall have the unobstructed right to take private property for approved public use, the man whose property the State takes must be justly compensated. Ordinarily, a person cannot take another man's property except by consent; but a State has always taken, in public interests, the power to take a man's property for public purpose with or without consent. The right extends no further; the right does not extend to take it without paying just compensation; the right extends to fixing a compensation but it does not extend to also deciding on the justness of the compensation, if the affected party disputes it.

You cannot be the purchaser as well as the judge of the adequacy of the purchase price on the well known principle that you cannot be a judge in your own cause. Look into the agreements, the Government enters or has entered into so far with firms, licencees or with other Governments; is there not an arbitration clause? Have Governments been foolish all over the world and all along in submitting themselves to arbitration in disputed matters? Have Governments been foolish in giving the right of suit to an individual against Governments in thousands of matters and without exception in cases where property rights are involved?

The Legislature can and should fix an amount, where acquisitions are made by legislative enactments, which according to their considerations are reasonable; well and good, if the party accepts; in most cases he does; for he cannot fight a Government; but if the party has other considerations, a dispute arises, in which the Government becomes one of the

parties, how can you say that a party may be the judge in his own cause? And yet that is what the Constituent Assembly has said. Its reason is that it is its function. It is not. The Legislature is not the forum; for the individual cases cannot be given a hearing; and the affected people have no access to the floor of the House. Nor is there a judge to look to the merits of the respective cases. And by leaving the justness to be decided by a court of law, how is the acquisition itself held up? What is the sense in arguing that a court stands in the way of public good? What is this fear of the courts? Are they manned by persons who are opposed to public interests? Are they manned by persons who are opposed to the Governments? Are they manned by persons who are bent upon saying that whatever the Government does is wrong and that the Government can do no right? No, you fear that possibly the 'other' side may be after all right. You do not, therefore, allow a third entity to question your transaction; you do not want an impartial person to scrutinise its justness.

Where is real Government, unless you strike a balance between its three component parts, the Legislative, the Executive and the Judiciary? You do something in the Legislature; it is law-making; laws create, declare, or define rights. You think public good demands a particular thing; that the individual's right should be overridden for its sake. Good; the individual in his own future interest surrenders a portion of his right to the State; but he does it, his neighbour does it and all around do it for the sake of an undefined interest that makes up for public good and so it is the individual's interest that ultimately is public good in a sense. It is to his interest that public good should have precedence; but it is equally true that "public good" shall not crush the individual altogether. You do not part with a part of your interest to be crushed out altogether, and yet the present majority believes that public good means crushing out individuals that make up the public. That is the fallacy, and that is the fallacious assumption underlying all the theories of public good. On the other hand, good laws have been made in all

climes and times, to protect the rights of even single individuals as Pandit Nehru himself has admitted. Why should we now lose our balance?

"No court and no judge shall stand in our way" declared Panditji; but which is the court and who is the judge that has declared to stand in the way of public good? None.

Now if this is not accepted, as it has not been in this case, there is a danger that this new doctrine will very well be extended to other spheres. The State exists for public good; hence the State should be above law; individuals should have no right of suit in contract or tort, damages or specific performance. How should a mere private individual in his own and hence selfish interest file a suit against a State which is the embodiment of public good? That would very well be the argument. In fact the Provincial Government of Madras has taken up this view for the last two years and has enacted many laws that show supreme contempt of individual liberty and civil courts. I have been hoping that the Constituent Assembly would have better balance; but that is not to be.

Let those that agree with the decision of to-day, beware, To-day it is Section 24 of the Fundamental Rights that is washed out, even before all the chapters are completed. To-morrow the turn may come to other Fundamental Rights that were passed with pomp and splendour from Sections 9 to 23.

When passion prevails and a general election is in sight, reason cannot stand; nor can imagination look just a little ahead.

The American Constitution, in charmingly simple language, defends the individual against the State by saying

"Nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation."

Why has not this simplicity appealed to our great men? Why did they spin six clauses of inordinate length, all to tell the individual, "My dear man, won't you give your vote to me that I might crush you? Won't you listen to me that I might hush you? And won't you trust me that I can do no wrong?"

SIDELIGHTS : :

There is a Spanish proverb, that one who would grow rich must buy of those who go to be executed, as not caring how cheap they sell; and sell to those who go to be married, as not caring how dear they buy.—FULLER.

ONCE the idea of the inevitability of a thing is allowed to gain ground, responsible thinking is put to flight. It is assumed that what is inevitable cannot be resisted. The resulting mental attitude of helplessness itself contributes to make the inevitability, at first theoretically assumed, a reality—and administrators and nations find themselves stampeded into an irrevocable course of action by means of a slogan. So we find India rushed into devaluation of the rupee, and not only Pandit Nehru but every financial expert hypnotised into acquiescence of it.

The British crisis has to be put in the right perspective if the wisdom or otherwise of the Indian action is to be estimated correctly. The British crisis is traceable to the cost of the war. It was so enormous that at the end, Britain found herself under a staggering load of debt to U.S.A. and the Commonwealth countries. The debt to U.S.A. called *lend lease*, stood at 30,000 million dollars. The debt to the Commonwealth countries, called *sterling balances*, amounted to 3,500 million in pound sterling. The momentum of the indebtedness threw Britain by 1945 into a state in which she found herself compelled to start a new life on a level approaching bankruptcy.

U.S.A. then realised that without substantial American help Britain could not survive as a great power. American aid to Britain took two forms. First, the lend-lease war debt of 30,000 million was cancelled. Secondly, new money to the extent of 4,000 million dollars was loaned to Britain. But a condition was attached to the aid rendered: Britain was to secure from her Commonwealth creditors a substantial scaling down of the sterling balances payable to them.

In actual practice the undertaking to scale down the sterling balances could not be carried into effect. The repudiation of the sterling balances would have paralysed India and Pakistan. It would have deprived Britain of the economic fruits of the goodwill created by her political policies in those countries. On the other hand, the payment of sterling balances brought with it a protected market for British goods and full employment for labour in British industry. Walter Lippmann cites an Englishman who described the inter-departmental conflict over sterling balances in London, thus: "When the question has arisen of releasing sterling balances, the Treasury, thinking of the solvency of Britain, said *no*, the Board of Trade, thinking of trade and employment said *yes* reluctantly, and the Foreign Office, thinking of the British and the world political interests, said *yes* emphatically."

The crux of the British crisis, then, lies in the impossibility of Britain earning her living and maintaining her social services and standard of life, even with American aid if she has to pay back her war debts to countries like India. Quest for some way of escape from the burden of the sterling balances is bound up with British economic recovery on a stable basis. How will the escape come? According to Walter Lippmann it will come through American instrumentality. Says Lippmann:

"The British Government will be compelled to reduce to the vanishing point its contributions in the former Asiatic Empire. The United States, by one means or another, will have to take over the responsibility for their financial needs—particularly those of India, which is the largest of the British creditors. When and as this happens, the British protected market in that part of the world will be opened to American and world competition, and this will compel a deep readjustment."

Let our economists and administrators study the effects of the devaluation of the rupee in the light of this diagnosis.—SAKA.

JOHN L. LEWIS:—THE COAL KING OF AMERICA

By P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK: John L. Lewis is determined that the terrible decade of the twenties, a decade of price cutting and wage slashing shall not be repeated for the workers, nor for the operators. To a large extent Lewis regards himself as custodian of the operators' best interests. He acknowledges that on any operator's ability to make a profit depends his ability to keep open his mines and to pay wages. He will not, however, in time of depression permit only low-cost mines to keep open. All mines, high-cost and low-cost, must share in production if it is only three days a week. If any miners are to be only partly employed, they shall all take their share of partial employment. Lewis will not allow daily wage rates to be lowered or hours to be lengthened. His business is to protect miners. Let the operators look after their interests by more mechanization. The United Mine Workers will not stand in their way. The operators may also raise prices, if they are able, once the three day week has brought supply of coal into responsible harmony with demand. Lewis is not worried about the prices industry and railroads may be forced to pay for coal as long as the miners get a living.

John Lewis is a fearless person. He will go to any length to defend the miners' position. He has faced injunctions against strikes with equanimity. If he has to yield to administrative orders, to courts and to temporary periods of government administration of the mines, he does so, meanwhile letting everyone concerned, from Harry Truman down, know exactly what he thinks of them for standing in the way of the miners' just demands. There are certain things Lewis will just not let go of, Taft-Hartley or anything else to the contrary. Foremost among these is a national wage and hour agreement for all miners. The efforts of certain southern coal producers to constitute themselves

under the Taft-Hartley Act a separate bargaining unit and so duck away from a national agreement have so far been of no avail against the Lewis determination and the Lewis tactics. In 1947 and 1948 Lewis was obliged as the result of Taft Hartley and injunction proceedings to deal separately with a body calling itself the Southern Coal Producers Association. He saw to it that the Southern Producers signed the same agreement as the Northern producers. Back of Lewis' personal strength and skill as a negotiator lies the support of the more responsible Northern operators. They, too, are determined that the South shall not go its own way on wages. With all these achievements to his credit Lewis is vitally concerned with other things besides miners' wages. He has been a consistent fighter for more safety in the mines. The establishment of the Miners Welfare and Retirement Plan in 1946 paid for by funds contributed by the operators, must be chalked up largely to Lewis' personal efforts. The fund is a remarkable step forward in bringing a substantial measure of social betterment to the aged and disabled, the widows and children of miners. The Medical and Hospitalisation Fund, now combined with the Welfare and Retirement Fund is parallel and perhaps a greater achievement in the application of the humanitarian spirit and the techniques of science to the miners and their families.

To many persons who applaud Lewis' positive accomplishments for the miners he remains an enigma. They deplore the fact that many of the Mine Workers' district presidents are still selected by Lewis, not elected by the miners like the officials of locals. He is frequently referred to as a dictator on this account. To Lewis this kind of formal democracy is less important than being assured of lieutenants who will be faithful executors of his over-all grand stra-

tegy, which he knows the miners wholeheartedly approve. Others are unhappy because Lewis accepts a large salary for his services and pays large salaries to others. It seems to them unbecoming of a leader of labour. In Lewis' defence it should be said that at least he gives abundant service for what he receives, which can hardly be said for many of the fat cats of other labour organisations. Some find his oratory merely the gaudy flourishes of an actor. This is really to misjudge Lewis. To the discerning, his public utterances, vigorous in their use of invective and irony, stamp him as a genuine artist in the English language. If he occasionally overloads figures of speech, it is not because he is superficially straining for effects. Rather, the plight of miners, the greed of the operators and the obscurantism of government administrators and of members of Congress drive him for outlet into occasional frenzied speech.

One may find shortcomings in Lewis' economic and political views: one may discover that he has been ruthless as well as generous in regard to individuals; one may uncover a variety of flaws in him as in other men. To anyone familiar with his over-all record there is one thing that will never be found and that is that he has ever consciously betrayed the miners. The miners have struggled long to forge their union as an effective tool to add to their well-being. In the course of this struggle they have been shot at and killed by company guards and by uniformed troops. They have been betrayed by spies and evicted from their miserable homes by company agents. The record of these things is grown deep in John Lewis' heart. Behind the portentous eye-brows and the rolling rhetoric always lies the image of the American coal miner, often defeated but never beaten, always striving toward the goal of a better life.

BALIJEPAI DWARAKANATH SASTRY

By M. S. KALYANASUNDARAM

MANY Madrassi residents of Northern India of the past generation would consider the passing away of Sri B. D. Sastry as a personal loss. It is not merely because he played the host to them and saved them the discomfort of eating non-Madrassi meals during their visit to Agra, but also because of the spiritual food he made available to them by revealing to them rare and superior aspects of human behaviour. I only wish that the guests reflected at least a little of that glory in their behaviour towards their own guests.

.... "Where will you stay at Agra?" "There is a gentleman called Mr. B. D. Sastry in the Chemical Examiners' Department." "Do you know him?" "No, but Mr. X who was his guest last year has given me a note of introduction." This bit of conversation, with slight variations, was quite common among Madrassis in North Indian towns till about eight years back when Sastriji retired. The tonga-wallahs of Agra have repeated-

ly complimented him on his generosity, unconsciously, by informing their Madrassi fares—"Yes; who does not know Sastri Babu's hotel? It is on Metcalfe Road."

Looking to the comforts of guests who invited themselves to his place, and occasionally getting up parties in honour of prominent Madrassi and other visitors, could easily have strained the resources and patience of even the best when the monthly income started at a few hundred rupees. But the tender heart of Sastriji knew no limits. One day, he was showing a guest round when he observed a sick man on the verandah of a dharamshala. He had gone some distance before his reaction took form; he told the tongawallah to drive back to the dharmshala, got down, and made touching enquiries of the sick man. Finding that he was a Malayali servant who had been left behind because of his malaria by his master who was on tour, Sastriji had him admitted in a hospital where he had

influence and taken good care of. When the man shook off his fever, Sastriji took him home, fed him well for a few days, and sent him back to his master.

I have very often felt that when Cardinal Newman pictured his 'gentleman,' he must have had people like Dwarakanath Sastry in his mind. I have sometimes wished, in my smallness, that Sastriji's feet were a little more on this mundane earth, that he placed some restraint on his generosity. But his Maker seems to have thought otherwise and encouraged him in his finer impulses by bestowing on him an intelligent, sensitive, active, aesthetic and cooperative wife. His children too seem to have imbibed that spirit.

One of the persons shedding the bitterest tears at his demise must be his aged landlady at Agra—if she is alive. By a strange chain of circumstances, Sastriji was made more or less her guardian. They occupied different parts of the same house and shared each other's joys and sorrows in a measure that was incomprehensible to many guests in the house. Later on, the lady was misled into creating misunderstandings, difficulties and bitterness. Dwarakanath could then have profitably and without impropriety snapped the unique friendship and shifted elsewhere. But he stayed on in order to keep the original promise, though the loyalty was now mostly unilateral. Such gentlemanliness came natural to him—he did not

have to argue himself into that attitude—because his promise to look after her was not in the nature of a barter: only 'give' was involved in it, not 'give and take.'

By disposition, and due to circumstances, he had a serious and rather sad turn of mind when alone, but in company he took every opportunity to try to take a light view of things. Sometimes he came out with a 'double-purpose' humour. For instance a curio-dealer wished to fake some old bronze. He consulted the 'zahar-wallah-doctor' (poison-doctor, i.e., chemical examiner) as to what chemical he should apply on the bronze to get the correct tint of ancience. Sastriji said, "But you will have to pay me a consultation fee." The dealer was only too ready—he would get it back a thousandfold from the foreign tourists. Sastriji then said, "I have to get the permission of the Government before doing 'private practice.' You had better write down your requirements truthfully; and I shall forward the letter to the Government with a request to permit me to undertake the work...." The man understood and took leave, shame-faced. As he was going away, Sastriji remarked smilingly, "Fool! There is an easy and inexpensive method; and he doesn't know it. If he leaves the vessels with my old maharaj (cook) for two months, they will acquire all the ancience that the most finical collector would demand. Every piece could be sold as straight from Mohen-jo-daro!"

NOT DEVALUATION, BUT REVALUATION UPWARD!

On the basis of 1937 as 100, prices in the Western European nations range all the way from 189 in the case of Sweden to 1,813 for France and 5,653 for Italy. Is it to be assumed that the country whose prices have risen less than 100 per cent is in the same position as one where prices have risen more than 5,000 per cent? The fact is that the prices of finished goods in Britain stand at 200 today, compared with 173 for the United States. But the value of the British pound has been reduced in the interval since 1937 by 18 per cent. If relative price levels are to be accepted as the criterion of policy, what is indicated is not devaluation of the pound but a modest revaluation upward.—NEW YORK TIMES

RIVAL CLAIMS TO MADRAS

By D. SUNDARA RAMA RAO

RIVAL claims to Madras City have effectively halted the constitution of linguistic provinces in South India and bitterness is growing every moment between Andhras and Tamils. A certain amount of fair and unbiased thinking will, it is hoped, settle the issue amicably and satisfactorily.

From an insignificant fisherman colony in the possession of Chennappa, the city has grown to its present stature as the premier commercial and cultural centre of all South Indians. This phenomenal growth is due to the joint efforts of innumerable residents, irrespective of caste, creed or community. The areas to be first colonised were the portions north of the Cooum river and the Andhras appear to have taken a leading role in developing those areas. But today the city is essentially Tamil-speaking, though it is difficult to fix accurately how many are of the original Tamil stock.

The metropolis has been the cultural centre for all Madrassis—Tamils, Andhras, Kannadigas and Malayalees—from the earliest times. Particularly, the Rayalaseema Andhras have always considered it as their training ground since they could claim no well-developed cultural or commercial centre of their own. It was in easy and convenient reach of all of them while no important Andhra centre was readily accessible. The contacts between the western Andhras and the coastal Andhras are essentially of cultural and linguistic origin.

It is often pointed out that all the Andhras are not anxious to claim Madras. Really those that have least to do with it have more than half a mind to give it up. But those of Rayalaseema and Nellore district find it difficult to accept an Andhra Province without Madras and they are wholeheartedly opposed to losing their cultural and commercial centre for the sake of the province.

Madras is cosmopolitan in every respect and the well-developed harbour, the administrative buildings, the several educational, technical and cultural institutions have all been raised from common funds and as such no single community can claim absolute right to them. It will be well-nigh impossible in the near future for the newly constituted province to provide full-fledged and organised institutions and buildings. Compensation in money is no real substitute for these assets.

Simply because the Andhras have been agitating for a separate province they should not be forced to accept whatever is offered. Neither patronage nor charity is expected but fair-mindedness is essential for a satisfactory solution of the problem.

Exclusive right to the city is not commendable on account of its cosmopolitan character. The Andhra claim to a part of the city also is not agreeable since the individuality and integrity of the city is destroyed by partitioning it. The suggestion of constituting it as a centrally administered area is fair but it is a desperate move. To have it as a common metropolis is a compromise without loss of prestige to anybody. Another suggestion that deserves consideration is that the city might be governed by Tamilnad, provided adequate safeguards are guaranteed to all others now dependent on Madras City for several of their activities. The guarantees should be of permanent validity and should enable all others to live in it as equal citizens, enjoying the same educational, commercial and social facilities as the Tamilians.

The locality might originally have been inhabited exclusively by Tamilians and might have been owned by an Andhra ruler from whom the British bought over; but today a realistic attitude to the condition of the city alone will lead to a simple and agreeable solution.

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.

Ram Gopal

Kylaseswar's rejoinder to Ram Gopal's critic, which appeared in your issue of September 27, is most timely. I share with Kylaseswar his surprise at the narrow mentality of our Madras connoisseurs in not properly appreciating this great cultural ambassador of India, to whom goes the credit of having gained for Bharatanatyam, our dance treasure, an international status.

As Ram Gopal's critic (SWATANTRA, September 20) has written under a nom de plume similar to mine I would like to clarify any misapprehensions among readers known to me about my views. I have nothing to do with the "Art-lover" under discussion and I consider Ram Gopal the proud disciple of the Pandanalur veteran, a brilliant classicist.

V. S. R. KRISHNAN
"Artlover" (Madras)

Studied Silence

India's Prime Minister's recent outburst in a press conference against the New Delhi Correspondent of BLITZ and the cancellation of the latter's press facilities have a deep significance to journalists who must consider the matter dispassionately. Almost the entire press and journalists' organisations in the country have maintained studied silence over the matter due more to the regard for "our beloved leader Jawaharlal Nehru" than to any fear for the exalted office of the Prime Minister of India. The job of a journalist is no bed of roses and he deserves sympathy from those in authority. I urge the press and the journalists' organisations in the country to voice their views on the incident without being embarrassed by the parties involved in it. lest the irsilence should lead to demoralisation in the ranks of working journalists. It is a good augury that two eminent editors, Pothan Joseph and A. D. Mani have already broken the ice in this regard.

As for the cancellation of the press facilities of the correspondent, the circumstances certainly do not warrant it and those facilities must be restored without delay.

"HAVA"

Kurnool.

Madras Shops And Establishments Act
Several provisions in the Madras Shops and Establishments Act, 1947, are welcome in as much as there are many good

features in it. But Chapter V of the Act follows the Factories Act. No doubt Chapter III to V of the Factories Act are absolutely essential in big manufacturing centres for factories. But the application of similar provisions seems to be unnecessary and hard, especially when it is remembered that the Shops and Establishments Act is made applicable in case of establishments which include small shops also. Rules 5 to 7 framed under the latter enactment lay down conditions which it is not humanly possible for a shop keeper to observe. These rules about the structure of the shop, drainage, compounds surrounding the shop, proper use of urinals and latrines, ventilation and precautions against fire, are such that they cannot be strictly observed in big cities by small shops. No combustible substances are sold or stored in the shops nor are there numerous workers employed in them. It is essential that the rules should be modified in material particulars so as to remove the inconvenience caused to the owners of small establishments.

V. P. R. GANGARAM DORAI RAJ.
Madura.

Train Service To Kavali

The M. S. M. Railway was running train Nos. 29 and 30 between Kavali and Madras for 25 years before the second World War. The trains were suspended during the war period and restored in February 1948. All on a sudden the trains were cut out at Bitragunta and made to run only between Bitragunta and Madras from April 1948.

Several representations were made to the General Manager, Chief Operating Superintendent, Publicity Officer and the Railway Board on the matter for the past 18 months. No attempt has been made to restore the trains as yet. Kavali is a revenue divisional headquarters with over a dozen public offices large trade and a high school. It has a population of 18000. It is only 10 miles from Bitragunta. There are five buses running to Nellore every morning and returning every evening carrying about 200 passengers and more. Several alternate suggestions have been made to provide facilities for the Kavali public with a safe and comfortable and convenient lift to Nellore, Madras and back. It is a pity that the authorities should have chosen to turn a deaf ear to all representations and suggestions with scant courtesy.

Kavali.

M.V. KRISHNA RAO

Plight Of The Middle Classes

The members of the middle class are split up into several divisions with no cohesion among them. They take little enlightened interest in public affairs as such. They are often penny-wise and pound-foolish. They dwell more on distinctions that separate them than on the unifying factors that ought to cement them together. One group vies with another and is under the illusion that other groups are better off. But the plain fact is that all are in the same boat. It is this hard truth that is so little realized by them. Naturally, unhealthy rivalry divides them and weakens their ranks. They must realize that, except the few men at the top and the capitalists and business proprietors, the rest are all more or less in the same condition, given to the unenviable life of drudgery, worries and misery. They can afford no pleasure or cheers of humanity to keep up their spirits and add to their freshness and vitality. The same round of cheerless monotony, day in and day out, saps their energy and casts a gloom over their lives, undermining their efficiency and usefulness. Their economic subservience is the cause of all their troubles, as revealed by the recent survey of the budgets of middle class families. The lot of the vast majority of the educated classes is more or less the same, whether they are in the service of Government or commercial firms, of the press or banks, of schools or colleges. A flourishing middle class is generally the mainstay of good government and the glory of a prosperous nation. And a contented middle class, with leisure and facilities to keep themselves in touch with national and world problems and shape public opinion on healthy lines, is indispensable for progress. To propagate this truth and work for its attainment are the responsibilities of the middle classes, and by so doing they will not only be helping themselves, but will be promoting the good of the nation. They must also maintain links with movements of workers and peasants. Isolationism and mutual rivalry will leave them in the lurch, and they must ward off such a contingency by foresight and imagination. Eternal awareness of changing situations and elasticity and resourcefulness to adapt themselves to the new conditions are demanded of the middle class by democracy. May it be given to them to rise to the occasion!

S. A. JAIN

Secretary, Association of University Teachers, Madras.

Miserable Pay Of College Teachers

The deplorable plight of college teachers, especially in aided institutions, demands the immediate attention of all well-wishers of higher education. They get a starting salary of one hundred

rupees and a paltry dearness allowance of twenty rupees. This pittance is scandalously low in view of the steep rise in the cost of living index. By no stretch of imagination can it be called a living wage. Nor is it in keeping with the intellectual attainments of the incumbents and the dignity of the profession. Is it humanly possible for a teacher who is on the brink of semi-starvation and indebtedness, if not abject pauperism, to discharge his responsibilities of imparting higher education? Should not the college teacher be allowed a minimum living wage of at least two hundred rupees per month? The university authorities in Northern India have recognised the status and dignity of the calling and have provided for decent treatment of teachers in respect of emoluments. In England the average earning of a professor is £19 a week and a full time-lecturer \$13 a week. Even these salaries are considered insufficient. What a contrast to the miserable wages paid to the teaching staff of aided institutions in the Madras University!

M. PATTABHI RAMA REDDY

Assistant Professor of History,
Pachaiyappa's College,

Madras

Put Down The prices

Poor and middle class people are experiencing lingering death by instalments due to the high cost of living. The prices of all necessities of life have skyrocketed. The Government have done away with rationing and fixed the price roughly at Rs. 17 per bag of paddy. The Government neither supply people with rice at the controlled price nor check the millers who blackmarket rice at Rs. 52 per bag in the broad daylight. Fuel is sold at Rs. 12 per candy and this fact was reported to the Revenue Divisional Officer many a time. He has taken no action so far. The prices of vegetables too are growing day by day. Ghce is now available in the market only at Rs. 6 per measure of 120 tolas. In these circumstances how can a petty clerk live with a monthly salary of Rs. 30? It neither allows him to die nor enables him to live. If we ask the dealers to state the reasons for the enormous increase in the prices they say that they have not been getting their food cheaply on account of the high price of paddy. The Government, viewing the difficulties of the agriculturists have increased the price of paddy, ignoring entirely the consumers' purchasing capacity. How long can the collapse of the consumer be averted? It is time the Government took effective steps to avert this catastrophe. At least put down the prices. People crave for protection from the heartless black-marketeers.

Amalapuram.

M. R. KRISHNA.

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