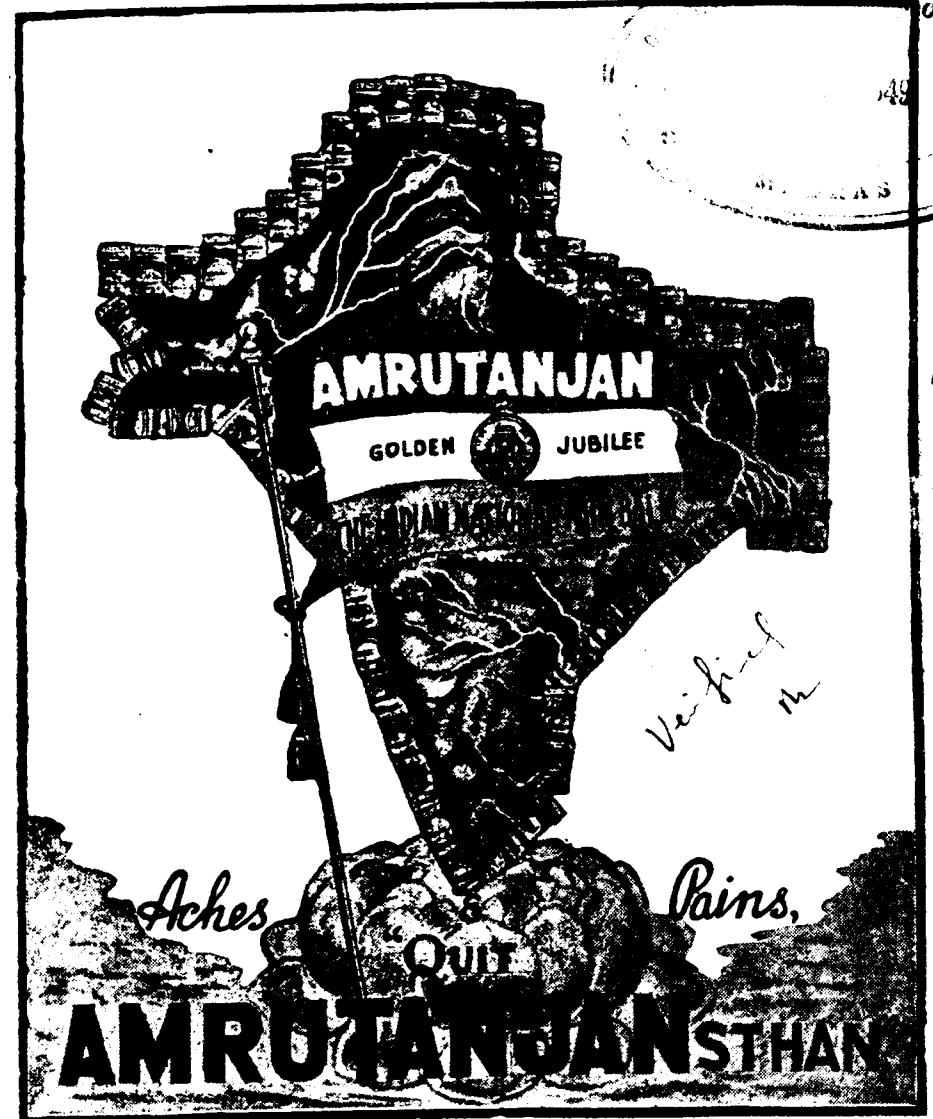




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SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
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ISSUED
WEEKLY

RUSSIA'S WEAKEST FRONT

TO judge from newspaper headlines it would seem that the current struggle between the Communist and non-Communist worlds is confined to two fronts, military and economic. We hear constantly of the Atlantic Pact and the Marshall Plan, the U. S. arms aid programme and Point Four, and of Communist counter-moves to frustrate these. Neither side has yet secured a decisive victory. The Communists have overrun the major part of China, despite the foreign military and economic assistance received by the adversary. On the other hand, thanks to such assistance, they have been definitely halted and thrown on the defensive in Europe.

But there is a third front, not often figuring in the daily news, on which Russia and the Communists have been losing steadily. In their own language it might be called the ideological front.

Time was when Russia was regarded by social reformers and revolutionaries as the triumphant symbol of their aspiration. The Revolution of 1917 had the same profound effect on the contemporary intellectual world as the French Revolution had in its time. But the friends of Soviet Russia were soon to be dismayed by the rise of Stalin's dictatorship and the regimentation of life in the 'new civilization' so pervasive and ruthless that it made a mockery of the revolutionary aims of human freedom and dignity. In relation to the present ideological conflict, the important fact is that widespread enthusiasm for Russia revived during the last war and she

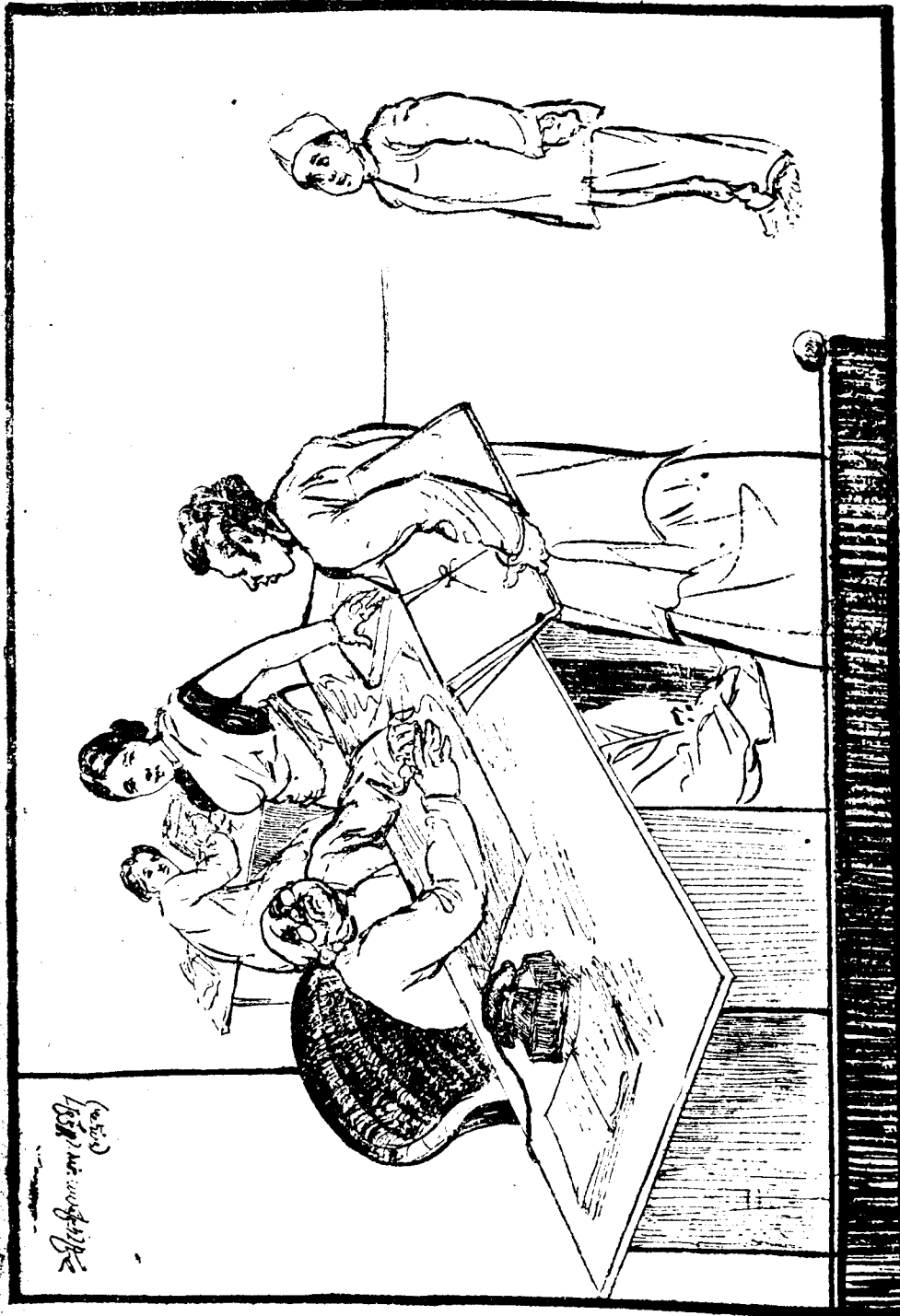
regained the opportunity of assuming the moral leadership of the world—only to forfeit it again. The post-war behaviour of Russia has made bitter enemies of even those countries that were eager to co-operate with her. The international Communist movement, under Russian direction, has similarly alienated its potential allies in every country and stands in inglorious isolation as the instrument of a new tyranny.

The failure of Russia to inspire the respect and friendship of thinking men will doubtless be a potent factor in deciding the outcome of the present conflict. It may even prove, in the long run, more decisive than the military-cum-economic strategy being employed against her. For, it is not merely that Russia is losing the intellectuals; many of them are, significantly, former Marxists and Communists. The disillusionment of the Communist Left has indeed been so widespread that it may be classed as a characteristic cultural phenomenon of our time.

M. N. Roy's latest work, *The Russian Revolution*, is a typical expression of this disillusionment. It is a detailed and poignant narrative of the faith inspired and then betrayed by Russia, recorded by one who was at one time in the front rank of the Communist movement. Roy tenaciously clung to his faith in Russia right until 1945, long after he had been disowned by the Russian leaders and put outside the pale of the Comintern. In following the course of the Russian Revolution, he says, "I had my predispositions, theoretical convictions, fond expectations—and illusions. But I

—By Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury.

ARTIST: (collecting rejected sketches) May I know my defects?
EDITOR: Your face and special attention to my official secrets.



had also the desire to submit them to the test of experience. I held on to my opinion, cherished my illusions, to the bitter end, but had the objectivity to change my opinion and forsake illusions, not without grief, when experience left no option." One who started with the highest hopes of Russia becoming the standard-bearer of progress has been compelled by the role actually played by her to the grim conclusion that "the impending catastrophe of international power politics culminating in another war may be avoided by the leadership of the revolution of our time passing out of the hands of the Russians."

A study of how Roy and men like him have been alienated from Russia discloses the chief weakness of the ideology she represents, which is not military, not economic, but moral. Communism has discredited and condemned itself in the eyes of the very people who had begun by identifying it with their idealism.

The story of Russia's failure is simple in its outline. When World War II ended, the entire world socialist movement looked forward to constructive co-operation with the Communist fellow-Left, despite the bitter experience of the inter-war years during which the Communists had sought to destroy socialist influence when not exploiting it in purely opportunist 'united fronts.' In 1945 the British Labour Party made it a main plank in its election campaign that a Labour Government would preserve and strengthen the good relations with Russia. In the same year the socialist labour movement took the initiative (in face of hostility towards the move from a considerable section of American labour) in forming the World Federation of Trade Unions for united action with the Communists. The Socialists thus showed their willingness to forget past acrimony. But the Communists had forgotten nothing and learnt nothing. "Instead of welcoming the British Labour Government," says Roy, "as an ally in the historic task of helping the recon-

struction of Europe on a new foundation, the Russians feared it as a challenge to their desire to dominate Europe, and acted with the perverse belief that to discredit it was their revolutionary duty. The pattern of the revolution having been set once for all in Russia in 1917, socialist governments everywhere should be compared with the Kerenski regime and treated as such: they should be exposed as counter-revolutionary and finally overthrown. But it would be grotesque if any Russian leader really believed that in Britain Harry Pollitt could play Lenin. The Soviet foreign policy of embarrassing the Labour Government had a more realistic purpose. It was to prevent the possibility of Socialist Britain providing an alternative leadership to liberated Europe."

This mixture of a perverse 'revolutionary' ideology with old-fashioned power politics has become the distinctive feature of Communism today. The manifestations of the ideological perversity are many, but chief among them is the notion that "the Communist new order should be proud of the capitalist heritage of the enslavement of man through technology and mass production; but the humanist tradition, liberal ideas, democratic ways of life and moral values of modern civilisation should be condemned as 'corrupt bourgeois prejudices.' For thus disowning the positive achievements of the old order, the entire cultural heritage of Europe, as antagonistic to its purpose, the Communist revolution forfeits its historical significance and is itself disowned by Europe." Outside Europe, too, Communism has proved equally sterile. Instead of joining hands with the socialist and other constructive groups to secure a beneficent reorganisation of society, Communists in the infant democracies of Asia embarked after the war on a course of criminal folly, seeking to promote armed insurrection. Its disastrous consequences for the countries concerned, like the Indonesian Republic, have only been limited by the relative numerical weakness of the Com-

munists. By this performance in the East no less than the black record in Europe culminating in the rape of democracy in Czechoslovakia, Communism has lost all pretensions to be a liberating force. It now operates, on the Russian pattern and under Russian tutelage, with naked power as its sole sanction, using any means indifferently—including the deliberate promotion of human misery when it is politically expedient—to secure its twin dogmatic aims of insurrection and dictatorship.

"The experience of the Russian Revolution has exposed the fallacies of Marxism as a theoretical system and the non-liberating implications of Communism in practice." This verdict of M. N. Roy is evidence of Russia's defeat on her weakest front, the ideological. And when Communism has lost its appeal to free minds, its victories, if any, are bound to be temporary. For, it seems unlikely that the human spirit can for long be suppressed even by a dictatorship as thoroughgoing as that of the Communists.

Sotto Voce

Big-endians and Small-endians



THE language spoken by our Southern Sourashtras was long without a script. One was invented some time ago and has probably gained wide currency. Whether it is adequate I am not in a position to say. But the fact of emergence of a script long after the language itself had evolved, of which this is an illustration, cannot invalidate the truth that a script, by the very fact of gaining acceptance, shows itself uniquely adapted to the needs of that particular language. Like Pirandello's six characters in search of an author, it is for that script the language has waited all along.

I hold that the converse is equally true. An alphabet that has been developed to express the just sound values of one language cannot be used like second-hand clothes to fit another. For, at every turn, the new wearer will be disconcerted to find the ghost of the old one peeping over his shoulder. Take the letter *a* of the Roman alphabet. It is used, in writ-

ing English, to denote half a dozen sounds and, in German, to denote an equal variety of sounds; but these latter are subtly different in many respects from the English. It is by convention and context as much as by pictorial memory that the right sound is invoked by a given letter; and these conventional and positional values differ for different languages.

Scripts are man-made and are subject to change. But in the case of established scripts these changes were most often unconsciously effected, seeping quietly as they did into popular practice over long years. Possibly they were influenced by a thousand circumstances, the kind of writing instruments available, the resistance offered by writing surfaces, and so on. It is equally certain that the script evolved by a people contains idiosyncratic elements which are not transferable. Grantha characters, for instance, are an adaptation of the Tamil; so are Malayalam characters. But the differences between the two

are no less characteristic than the resemblances.

A universal and universally acceptable script is no less a chimera than a universal language. Our Roman enthusiasts, when confronted with the existence of sounds unique to any language, airily reply, "Oh, we can get over all that by adopting just two or three new symbols, one or two dots and dashes, and so on." But these crusaders persistently forget that there is a universal script ready to hand, the international phonetic script. It is more scientific than any the gay amateurs have vamped up and might be adapted more easily to the needs of any language from Russian to Swahili. Why should they hug their own misshapen changelings?

This craze bespeaks the current totalitarian trend in human affairs. India must have a *lingua franca*, therefore everybody must learn Hindi—a resounding *non sequitur*! Equally logically it is argued that if every Indian language could be written in the same script then it would be much easier for people speaking any language to learn to speak the others also. And in course of time *Indian* (or should we say *Bharati*?—but, no, I will not allow that, as Samskrit has a pre-emption on that beautiful word) would take shape, wax and grow strong like Kartikeya fed by six mothers; perhaps an apter if more homely simile would be that Malabar delicacy *aviyal* in which the most un-

likely ingredients are held in the plenum of coconut oil.

Thus the Big-endians. The Small-endians maintain no less zealously that a language is not clock-work but an organic growth. For them Hindi is the language spoken in and about Delhi, which rejoices in the appellation of Kari Boli. But the speech of the Delhi hawker sounds strangely in the ear of the Benares boatman. It is a tall order that the far-away Tamil, who may have not the slightest need of it, should apply himself with religious zeal to the acquisition of this rude dialect, the imperfectly assimilated argot used in the purloins of the Moghul Court.

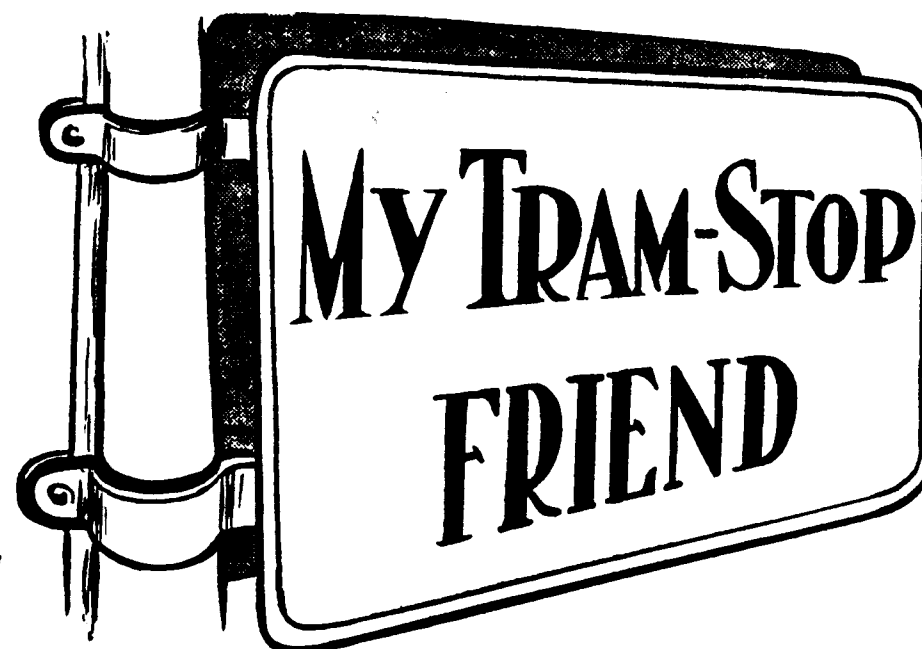
The trouble is that they are all, Big-endians and Small-endians alike, mechanistic in their outlook and assumptions. They seem to think that propagandists and dictionary-makers can create a language. When under British rule a small minority of Indians learnt English, they did not demand that pidgin should be substituted for King's English in the schools so that they could more easily learn it. But neither was English formless and inadequate (as Hindi is today), so as to need and justify spoon-feeding at the hands of its new patrons. Hindi and, for that matter, every other Indian language will grow spontaneously if Samskrit flourishes—not by conscious adoption but by unconscious absorption. Our native tongues need the nourishment of classical culture, not blood transfusion.

VIGHNESWARA

Trees have souls, they said, in parts of South-Eastern Europe centuries ago. Any person cutting down a tree, especially an oak or a beech, they thought would either become an invalid or die. Village carpenters would often make a sacrifice if they thought the tree they felled had a soul. They would decapitate a fowl on the stump of the tree with the same axe that cut it down. In Austrian villages, carpenters used to beg the pardon of a tree they were about to fell.—LEADER.

THE EASIER WAY

Two men were walking by the side of a lake, disputing which of them could do the more to change the landscape around them. The first—a big, muscular fellow—tore up the biggest boulders he could lift, and heaved them into the water. The splashes were loud, indeed terrific; and waves fanned out rapidly from them; but as rapidly died away, the further they fanned from the centre of the commotion. All the other man did was to take out of his pocket a handful of acorns, and scatter them on the turf.—MIRROR.



By SANTHA

I was full of my grievance. "Do you know what they have done?" I said to my wife. "They have changed the tram-car time schedules."

She looked up from her work.

"Oh, before I forget," she said, "that man who came to see you the other day about the loan for his daughter's wedding was here again today."

"Without so much as a warning, mind you, or notice."

"Yes," said my wife, "and he said he had fixed the date for the wedding and wanted to know when..."

"And what is more," I said, "it is supposed to be run by a private company now. I dare not imagine what will happen if the Government takes it over. It is sheer callousness, I tell you."

"And he also wanted to know," continued my spouse resuming her work, "incidentally, if you knew the boy in question and could find out the necessary particulars about him."

I sat down on the easy chair and looked at her.

"Do you realise what this means?" I said.

"What does what mean?" she said turning towards me the look of smiling composure with which she has

greeted every utterance of mine for the past quarter of a century and more.

"It means," I said bitterly, "that my whole life is being completely and ruthlessly changed by the stroke of the pen on a time-chart by a good-for-nothing smarty who doesn't know the first thing about running tram-cars. And I may warn you it is going to have serious and far-reaching repercussions."

"Why?" she said giving me a sharp look. "Have they stopped the tram cars altogether?"

"Better if they had," I said. "Far better. But what they have done is worse. They have changed the timings."

"Oh," said my wife, smiling. "Is that all? I was afraid something serious had happened."

"Serious," I said. "What do you mean serious? Do you call this frivolous? Why, we have to change our household routine completely, from the time we have to get up to the time we go to bed. We have to have our morning coffee at a different hour. And as for bathing, I don't see how I can manage it at all in the morning. And I am not at all sure

it isn't going to have a disastrous effect on Balu's health."

Balu is our grandson aged five and the star of the infant class in a nearby school and the apple of his grandmother's eye.

"What has Balu to do with your tram?" she demanded bristling.

"I am telling you," I said patiently. "We have to change our home schedules. Surely you don't expect such drastic changes could take place without all of us being seriously affected by them?"

"But why should Balu's life be altered beyond recognition because your tram timings have been changed?"

"I mentioned Balu only as an example," I said feeling she was making an awful lot of fuss about nothing. "What I mean is, you have to get up earlier in the morning. I have to have my food earlier. Which means, naturally, that Balu will have to be packed off to school quite ten minutes before his usual time."

"But why?" said my wife.

"Because," I said glaring at her and wondering how she could torment me thus when I had given her the best years of my life, "I have to catch the 9.30 tram."

A great light irradiated her features.

"Oh, my dear," she said tenderly, "how foolish of you! Your calculation is all wrong. Now you have ten minutes *more* and you can take it easy. You used to catch the 9.20, remember? Now you will have ten minutes more."

"I always caught the 9.30," I said.

"Oh, no," she said gently as if speaking to a child. "You always caught the 9.20. You rushed away even this morning at a quarter past nine to be in time for it."

"No," I said hating her and hating myself, "I used to leave home at 9.15 but caught only the 9.30"

"What do you mean?" she said. "Are you telling me you used to spend fifteen minutes at that wretched tram-stop everyday after driving me half crazy at home with your hurry?"

"You don't understand these things," I said trying to pick up a few pieces of my shattered dignity and covering myself ingloriously with them. "After all, a woman does her

cooking and sleeps the rest of the time. But a man has to *work*. He can't just rush off from home on a full stomach and jump into the first tram he sees. And at my age, it is dangerous. Ask any doctor. It is even fatal, do you know? There was a friend of mine," I continued, warming up to my subject, "who jumped panting into the bus one morning and the next thing he knew he was in hospital. He didn't really *know* of it, of course, because he had collapsed on the way to the hospital. Stone cold when the attenders took him out of the ambulance. Such strain on the heart at my age would be sheer suicide."

She looked at me for a minute and then smiled.

"Alright," she said. "You used to catch the 9.30. What is the trouble now?"

"The thing is," I said deriving no small consolation from the restoration into grace, "the next one comes only a quarter of an hour later. They have made it once in a quarter of an hour now instead of once in ten minutes, that is what I am trying to tell you."

"Oh, I see," she said. "But what is the difference between catching the 9.30 tram when the next one is due to come ten minutes later and catching it when the next one is due fifteen minutes later? It is the same tram, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said feeling thoroughly confused what with all her nagging, "but the earlier tram used to be at 9.20. Now it is at 9.15."

"Oh!"

"What do you mean Oh?"

"It is just this, dear," she said. "What I *now* don't understand is how the earlier tram coming five minutes earlier can affect your going by the 9.30 tram. You are at the tram stop everyday by a quarter past nine."

"But I have to be there five minutes earlier hereafter," I said.

"At 9.10?"

"Yes."

"To catch the 9.30?"

"Yes."

"Have some coffee," she said. "I think you are tired."

"Of course I am not," I said angrily, "but all this cross-questioning is enough to drive anyone not tired, but downright mad. Is a man to be misunderstood, I ask you, just because he

expresses a simple desire to catch his tram on time so as to be in his office at the hour he is expected to be?"

"Not twenty minutes!" my wife said. "Why, it is a life-time."

"But I like to be there to watch the 9.15 go by," I confessed. "That is the secret, if you want to know."

"Why?" she said looking at me oddly. "Haven't you ever seen trams go by before?"

"Yes, of course, don't be ridiculous," I said. "But it gives a certain sense of satisfaction."

"Watching from the platform and seeing it go by?"

"Yes. Then you feel you are stronger than the tram, that it has no power over you, that you can be indifferent to it and it won't affect you. I can't explain it, but don't you see every time a man hurries to catch a tram or bus or train, he is entirely at its mercy? It begins to have a sinister hold over him. That is why it does a man's soul a lot of good if occasionally he makes up his mind deliberately to miss a tram or bus. It is manna to his ego, I assure you."

"Like having the courage to walk out of a picture house halfway through the show because you don't like it or it is poor?"

"Yes," I said, astonished at her understanding and seeing her suddenly with new eyes. "Exactly that."

"I see," she said remorselessly, "but what about the other fifteen minutes?"

It was on the tip of my tongue to tell her the truth, that I spent that quarter of an hour talking to my tram-stop friend, a relaxation I looked forward to with greater delight than the coming of pay-day. But committing myself to such a disclosure would have been most misguided. She would have, with the relish and avidity that women usually display in the prying out of the secrets of their men, wanted to know who he was, what was his name, his job, how many wives and children he had and sundry information without which it is impossible for them to accept a fellow human being. She wouldn't have believed me if I had told her the truth, that I was entirely ignorant of these matters, that in fact I knew nothing about him except his name.

She would have laughed incredulously and then instantly jumped to the very worst conclusions.

Cynics say love is nothing but a frame of mind, a synthesised emotion compounded of a percentage of Auspicious Circumstance, more of Willingness to Deceive Oneself and a self-imposed paralysis of mind and intellect. The heart takes over and plays the very dickens with the corporeal matter. What is often however overlooked is that this state of excitability is not a little decided by an ingredient called Environment. There is a young friend of mine who soon after setting up his law practice in the metropolis, migrated to his native village for a holiday. There, he bespoke for wife a rustic maiden of scarce eighteen summers with whom he considered himself abjectly in love, full of faith in the skies of blue, dreams come true, heaven with you. Two days after his wedding he brought his bride home to the city and, believe me or no, hasn't since been the same. Friends report that as the bride alighted from the car and walked up to the door of her new home, he sat staring at her as if seeing her for the first time (as, poor chap, he indeed was) and a tremor shook his strong frame. Then his lips pale, he followed her into the house. He saw her again waiting for him, standing on the steps which led upstairs, one sturdy hand resting on the elegant mahogany bannister. Uttering a cry like a wounded animal, he collapsed on the peacock divan, one hand on his heart. A month later he sold, ostentatiously and not without deriving a certain cynical satisfaction from the act, the double bedstead he had specially ordered all the way from Ceylon to celebrate his wife's home-coming. In less than a year he had sent her back to the rustic home-stead from which he had so impetuously and unwisely uprooted her. To solicitous friends he explained that his misalliance was entirely a case of temperamental maladjustment. To me alone was revealed the secret. The girl looked perfect—as a village belle. Against a metropolitan background she looked like home-made pudding in a cut-glass bowl. She did not merge with the landscape and my

friend's aesthetic sensibilities were so jarred it began to affect his health.

The same with friendship. Personally, I think the effect of environment on our emotional framework is often under-estimated. When I was living in the heart of the town there was a man who lived in the same tenement as I and whom I met everyday as I descended the steps on my way to the office. He would be putting on his shoes and collecting his umbrella from the rack precisely at that moment and we used to come out of the house together talking and laughing—he had a laugh peculiarly devoid of amusement. We would walk away in opposite directions after standing a minute on the door-step to see how the world looked that particular morning. Imagine then my consternation when, having come down at the usual hour on a certain day without seeing him in the hall and standing on the door-step for fully five minutes feeling vaguely that somehow the morning was starting wrong, I got into my bus, somebody swung into the seat beside me and with an embarrassed grin on his face touched me for a loan. He went on speaking and I sat staring at him till at last he stuttered to an abrupt stop. "What is the matter?" he said. "Nothing," I said in a voice pitched cool enough to freeze him, "but really I don't know who on earth you are." Into his eyes came in quick succession anger, bewilderment, self-consciousness followed finally by a deep and bitter disillusionment. He laughed shakily and suddenly I recognised him. The recognition was not happy on my part for my very first reaction was a feeling of intense fury with him for having moved himself from his corner in my emotional "memory picture" and upset my habit of thought. Before I could compose myself and return a more hospitable reply to his request, he had gone.

My tram-stop friend was about the same age as I, well-fed, happy and obviously provided with someone at home who took good care of him. Every morning as I turned the corner to the tram-stand, I would see him standing at the stop, a box of betel and nuts in one hand and a sheaf of files in the other, his tuft of hair which would invariably have come

undone in the hurry of starting from home, undulating gently in the breeze. We would immediately plunge into conversation from which the passing of the 9.15 tram would momentarily distract me into a familiar and pleasant feeling of invincibility. Conversation, however, would immediately be resumed. We talked about everything under the sun, high prices, the dowry system, the Governmentalization of transport, the Communists, the future in the hands of the Socialists and the necessity to 'axe' the Secretariat staff and it never occurred to me ever to steer the discussion to personal topics. It would have spoilt the picture, for it would have been an inevitable step to an invitation to his home, which would have made matters worse. I liked him against a tram-stop. To see him against a home background might have turned out to be a painful experience.

Explaining all this to my wife, as I was saying, would have taken hours and still she might not have understood the first thing about my memory pictures. It might have at best driven her to say I am talking philosophy, the final nettled taunt with which she magnificently sweeps aside anything which eluded her imagination or understanding.

The next day by dint of nagging and drowning myself in the waters of self-pity I managed to get to the tram-stand at my usual hour. There stood the importunate tram—the 9.15—triumphant, awaiting occupancy. I slowed my step but it continued to stand there. The driver looked at me. The conductor looked at me. The passengers turned impatiently to look at me. I looked at the tram-stand. My friend was crossing the road with quick steps, waving desperately to a passing bus. So! The bus-timings too had changed! That was the last straw. With a heavy heart and my ego reduced to a shapeless pulp I got into the tram.

Later that afternoon, persuaded to go with my friends for lunch to a new restaurant, I saw my tram-stop friend. He was sitting at a table and giving an order to a waiter. We stared at each other and then with one accord turned our heads quickly away.

MY IMPOSSIBLE GRANNY!

By 'AMATEUR ECONOMIST'

"BUT there is no war on now? Why is it hard to get things? And why are prices higher?" chain-questioned my grandmother, as usual, with perplexed disapproval.

I answered in the best Assembly style: "No. Because of restricted imports from U.S.A. Since demand is greater than supply."

She took some time to pair the answers with the questions; and then she started again with, "Who is restricting imports? Have they not enough to send? Or, have they raised the prices?"

I answered, "We. They have plenty. No."

Grandmother was lost in a maze this time, and smiled her child-like smile, and asked for elucidation. I explained as clearly as would not expose my limited knowledge, of the de-valuation move, and told her: "We wish to purchase certain commodities from U. S. A.; U. S. A. is eager to sell them; shipping position is getting easier; the producers have not increased the prices; but it is we who have taken that unusual step."

"How can such a thing be....?"

"The time for that question, dear Granny, is past. We are in the era of 'it is so—take it or leave it.'"

"But why should we offer more than what they are willing to sell for?"

"We don't offer or pay them more. We put ourselves to a greater expense, that's all. It is here that people get stuck. A three dollar watch continues to be marked \$3, but we spend \$4 to buy it."

"And does the merchant thank you for the extra dollar or laugh at you for your lunacy?"

"He does neither."

"This is getting more interesting. Why?"

"Because, as I told you, he receives only 3 dollars."

"And the fourth?"

I cursed myself for leading her on to

the one question which I wished her not to put. But being old and illiterate, she believes that by tenacious questioning, she can get all the answers from her grandson. So, I played for safety with, "There is a good deal of arithmetic based on a lot of questionable presumptions involved in the matter, Granny. One presumption is that wisdom is our monopoly. Another is that the world will stay put while we change. But I don't think you understand all this. And I don't blame you, either."

But she persisted, "When you explain, your business is finished: if I don't understand, the loss is mine." That sounded like the Gita.

Finding no way out, I said, "Well, to put it concisely, that extra one-third goes into the Ship of International Economics as its ballast, if you catch what I mean."

"I don't. But have you done explaining?"

"....Er, almost. To make it concrete, formerly, to buy a watch for \$3, we would take three dollars' worth of rupees from our pocket, send the amount to our bank in the name of the American watch-merchant; our bank would inform a bank in U. S. A. about the credit, the American banker would pass on the glad tidings to the watch-merchant, and he would send us the watch with his best wishes. In the present changed state, we would pay four dollars worth of rupees into our bank, the Indian banker will credit the American bankers' account with \$3 and inform him, and...."

"Just a moment. That means, the extra dollar enriches some Indian banker and not that ship which you mentioned!"

So hungry for knowledge, and yet so poorly informed! I pitied her and explained, "But the various banks don't do the ultimate passing on of money. It is the respective Governments which have to do that work, in some form, after all the adjustments."

"Then, our Government will pocket

that extra-dollar worth of rupees and not that ship!"

"That will be true, partially, if we only buy things from U. S. A.; but we also sell, you know, things like jute, tea, castor-seed, mica and manganese. When they buy from us, it is to our advantage."

"That means, we must try to sell them more and buy less."

"Exactly, so, Granny, you were only pretending not to understand!"

"Oh, no. It is like a blind boy hitting the target and having to be informed of his success.....Coming nearer home, how many annas will I get now in exchange for a rupee?"

I wondered what worried her. "Why? The same sixteen....I get you! No, no. The rupee has the same value inside the country; otherwise, this manipulation won't give you any advantage. There is no change in the internal value, and no change in the rupee-pound ratio. Only, the rupee-dollar ratio is altered."

"Why this distinction?"

"Because England started the joke by devaluing her pound by about a third with respect to the American dollar; and our interests being linked with Britain...."

"Not now!"

"Oh, yes, even now, in some respects."

"That is funny. It is like Mrs. X who is living separate from her husband and has no end of trouble making ends meet, poor woman, but had to go through all the rituals when her father-in-law died!"

"Not a very happy analogy, all the same...."

"So, what does England want to do now? Import less from U. S. A. and export more to her....?"

"Yes; and thus reduce her dues to U.S.A. If 4,000-dollar British cars are offered for \$3,000, sales will be brisker...."

"Why not leave the ratio alone and actually reduce the price to \$3,000 for American sales?"

"And the difference?"

"Of course, the Government will have to pay as the price for 'reduction of her dues,' as you call it. Ultimately it comes to the same thing."

When I recovered from the first shock, I wondered if there was not, after all, something in what she said. But on the principle that she could not possibly be wiser than great financiers, I said, "I don't know how you can say that! I am afraid that you are still a bit confused, though the degree of your understanding is phenomenal for a lady like you. No. Discriminatory prices are damaging to prestige; and subsidies and doles are demoralising. Re-adjustment of exchange-ratio is the only scientific and honourable course."

"Well, perhaps. But you know my way. In those days of 'daylight saving' and so on, they used to put the clock forward instead of simply saying, 'You come to office an hour earlier and leave an hour earlier.' You argued that an hour was being gained. Where did the gained hour come from and where did the lost hour go to—has always puzzled me."

"That is because your untrained and conservative mind moves in limited grooves."

"I dare say. But do you know what I would do in the present instance? I would try to manufacture the \$4,000 car for \$3,000," proposed the irrepressible lady.

"But how?" I challenged her.

"By appealing to people's patriotism and better sense. By suggesting to the fellow countrymen supplying raw materials to take some cut in prices." Her simplicity was touching.

"They may not!" was my wet blanket.

"Then it is their folly. It is their own country! They may have to pay, later on, a higher price for their selfishness....Same with transport, and with labour. If the workmen have not the decency to volunteer, they may have to be ordered to do one hour more of work—you say that they work only 6 or 7 hours per day there. They can easily stand some more strain."

"But you can't lower standards of living. You don't know how leisure stimulates circulation of money! And there are the trade unions and...." I started patiently.

"Who are they? Foreigners and enemies?" she asked innocently.

I was taken aback. "No, certainly not!....Your way may effect some cure, Granny, but that is not the way of democracy."

"What is that? Is it something opposed to understanding, and sacrifice and will to survive? During sickness, fire or any such calamity, we all work hard with a will and don't make finical calculations of 'mine' and 'thine'. And a country is only an extended home!" she pleaded, as if the whole matter rested on my convictions.

I felt sorry for her and began in a

conciliatory tone, "There is nothing basically absurd in your views, Grandmother, but all this is against the Spirit of the Times....If you ever become a dictator, woe unto us!" I added playfully.

"If I become a *sarvadhikari*, I shall dictate just one command, and vanish—Forget the minor inconveniences to yourself, think of the lasting good to the country, dictate the manliest orders to yourself, and carry them out."

"What a rediculously impossible Granny you are" I said in loving pity.

IMPRESSIONS OF A TOUR

By MRINALINI SARABHAI

EVER since I began the study of *Bharatanatyam* and *Kathakali*, it was my ambition to present these two classical dance forms to the West. But when at last we set out in March last with a party of twenty artists, it was not without misgivings, for I had no idea of the response that would greet us. I knew that I was presenting something traditional in its conception, portraying an art that has survived these thousands of years with all its original vitality. I felt that if I gave to Western audiences something which to me was most beautiful in its true setting, all the barriers of language, all the differences between man and man would fall apart before the purity of our great culture.

And yet that night we began at the Palais de Chaillot in Paris, a theatre five floors below ground level and seating about 2,000 people, I was filled with nervousness more than stage-fright. It was terribly cold. The programme was in aid of the French India Society, and we appeared at the same time as the French National Ballet. As soon as our performance was over, the ovation we received showed that we had stood the test of that competition. We forgot the cold, we forgot our fears and only knew that Paris had taken us to its heart.

After that, all our programmes had tremendously warm reception. our opening nights in the various cities of

Europe were attended by personalities whose names I have often read with awe. Great writers, dancers, musicians and leading figures in the world of politics filled the front rows.

In London, at the reception given in our honour by India's High Commissioner, Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon, after our first performance, I talked with Epstein, with Dame Sybil Thorndike, with Louis Casson, with Cabinet Ministers and with dancers from the Covent Garden Ballet. They were full of praise for our classical South Indian technique which they were seeing for the first time. They spoke of the highly sophisticated and sculpturesque beauty of *Bharatanatyam* and of the wide range of *abhinaya* in *Kathakali*. They remarked upon our orchestra of 'veenas,' of the flute and the varied range of the sounds of the 'mridangam.'

In Paris, when we were called back for more performances, all the leading houses of fashion came to sketch our costumes and famous designers said that the next summer's collection of dresses would be greatly influenced by the *ballet Hindou*, as they called us.

We had, of course, also many amusing experiences. Our singer, Sankari, used to be embarrassed in the streets by the crowds which collected to see her *Mookkuthi* (nose ornament). One of the *Kathakali* dancers, Sivashankar, used to be asked how his hair curled so much, and women suggested

that it was because of some secret Indian herbs. Of course, the *pottu* that all of us wear on the forehead was thought to be a mark of great distinction. Someone asked me if I used precious stones for this, because I used to change the colour of the *Kunkum* frequently. I was even asked this question once on the radio in London (in a broadcast called 'In Town To-night,' in which I shared the programme with other artists from abroad including the well-known film actor Tyrone Power).

We had also the usual run of adventures. In Stockholm, we suddenly found that our visas for Denmark had expired on the day we were to arrive for a performance. After much telephoning and running about, all seemed settled and the troupe was just about to land, when two of our members discovered that they had mislaid their passports. Finally, the troupe was ushered into Denmark, escorted by a most friendly police officer who took everybody under his wing and even carried the two babies who formed part of our group.

What has been to me most satisfying in this tour is the recognition everywhere of the great beauty and high aesthetic and spiritual quality of *Bharatanatyam* and *Kathakali*. As I sincerely tried to present to the West all that is best in our ancient art, so they have sincerely accepted

it. Not only in the theatres did they show their appreciation, but even on the roads and, sometimes, in the restaurants we entered. Nearly everywhere they gave us civic receptions, and I had the honour of a special reception at UNESCO. I was the first Indian to be honoured by the presentation of a Bronze Medal and Diploma of Honour by the International Archives of the Dance in Paris. The Prefect of Paris, who had come to the performance, wanted to give us a present of some sort, and acting as our guide he took us round his beautiful city in a special 'char-banc' to all the lovely and historic places of the historic capital. In London the Arts Council gave us a reception to which were invited the leading figures of the English dance world.

There are innumerable instances of



Before a large gathering of musicians and lovers of the art of Bharatha Natya the "Arangetril" performance of Srimathi B. C. Usha, daughter of Sri B. C. Panchanadham, City Civil Court Judge, was held at Vani Mahal on September 18.

The artiste who is a pupil of Vazhuvur Ramiah Pillai, the well known dance master, gave a brilliant performance. She was particularly impressive while rendering padams.

the overwhelming kindness we met with everywhere. We enjoyed every moment of our tour, and when the troupe said to me as they entered the train in London on their way back, "We leave with great sadness, and even though we are going home we feel a part of our home remains here." I felt their words to be very true. There is so much wealth in India—wealth that cannot be bought, but which, while a constant source to us, can be a source of inspiration and hope to the whole world. Let us give India's rich tradition and its undying culture as our contribution to mankind and the future of civilization.

THE INDIAN AND PAKISTANI PRESS AFTER FREEDOM

By Dr. SACHIDANANDA SINHA

Think of the battle and stand
aside,

While thrones and powers
confess;

The King over all the children of
price,

Is the press, the press, the press.
—Kipling.

THE growing power of the press in the sub-continent of India is a unique phenomenon which has played a very notable and prominent part in the constitutional and political developments of the country, and in its ultimate independence. In a land where the number of literates is relatively small, the formation of public opinion is naturally less dependent on the written than on the spoken word; but in recent years—particularly since 1919, when the Montague-Chelmsford reforms were introduced—the press had become one of the most vital and important factors in the political and public life of India, wielding a power and an influence which have had a markedly significant effect upon the politics and policies of the day. I propose in this survey to mention the leading organs of public opinion, in English, and those which appear in one or other of the many indigenous languages of the Indian sub-continent. Those printed in English are even now further divided into being British-owned and British edited, and Indian edited and Indian owned. The continental dimensions of the country tend to confine circulations to specific areas, although there are today a few newspapers which circulate, more or less, outside their province or local, or zonal, area. "Dak editions" of newspapers, published from important centres, reach remote places bearing the current date. The comparatively restricted knowledge of English practically limits the reading of newspapers in that language to the ever-growing phalanx of English-knowing classes, but papers

issued in Indian languages, and read to illiterates by literate persons in towns and villages, have thus more effective circulations and influence—for better or for worse—than their sales figures would suggest, or any inference from them would warrant.

Various factors contribute to give the Indian-owned press—conducted in English and the Indian languages—an important status in public life. Broadcasting in India is still in process of expansion, and has not yet attained its full status in guiding or moulding public opinion. Political parties, organized on the scale and lines obtaining in the West, are still in their infancy. Political education is, therefore, derived chiefly from the press, and assertions made in newspapers acquire great power, or credibility, and even prestige, though they are often contradicted almost daily in official press-notes or communiques, issued both by the Central and Provincial Governments. The ever-dwindling section of the British-owned press represents the point of view of the comparatively small number of Europeans (now mainly engaged in the country in trade and commerce); while the Indian-owned newspapers whether in English, or in the languages of the country, stand solidly, in varying degrees, for nationalism, ranging from open support or gentle criticism of what emanates from the Central and Provincial Governments, to persistent demands by a few advanced party organs for the replacement of the Congress Government by that of Socialists, or some other party.

In the course of his recently delivered Sir George Birdwood Memorial Lecture, Sir Alfred Waston—an editor of the *Statesman*—said: "Any account of the British-owned press in India must be of the nature of an obituary. A far from ignoble chapter in the history of journalism is closing. One by one, and latterly at an accelerated pace, the journals whose names are familiar to Englishmen have

passed under Indian control. Although the position is veiled, it is doubtful whether more than one of the greater dailies published is wholly British-owned. In some cases British editors and British members of the staffs remain. There is still some proportion of British capital, but the final power of direction is Indian." As a matter of fact, except for the *Calcutta Statesman*, and *Capital*, and Mr. Arthur Moore's *Thought*, issued from Delhi, the British-owned and British-edited press is now practically extinct, and it would serve no useful purpose to recall its characteristics when it flourished luxuriantly.

The leading British-owned and British-edited journals now left in the Indian sub-continent are *Capital*, the Calcutta commercial weekly, which (founded in 1888) celebrated its Diamond Jubilee in 1948; Mr. Arthur Moore's weekly *Thought*, inaugurated at Delhi in 1949, and the daily *Statesman* which was established by Robert Knight in 1875, and which by appearing simultaneously, since 1927, in Calcutta and New Delhi not unjustly claims an effective all-India circulation. It is the only representative now left of the fairly large class of Anglo-Indian (that is British-owned and British-edited) dailies that existed in the country till the close of the first quarter of the twentieth century. For instance, the *Times of India*, which has its headquarters in Bombay, and which celebrated in 1938, the centenary of its existence, was a widely-circulated and influential Anglo-Indian daily. It was eulogised by Lord Curzon in his farewell viceregal address to India as "the leading newspaper of Asia." It circulates throughout the whole of Western and Central India, and penetrates both to the far north and the far south. In its editorial policy it represented (even as an Anglo-Indian daily) sound and healthy opinion, but it is now Indian-owned and Indian-edited, as one of the main organs of the Dalmia press concerns, and is a fair critic of the Congress Government.

Similar had also been the fate and fortune of the most influential Anglo-Indian daily—*The Pioneer* (now of Lucknow) but formerly of Allahabad. Except for its name it does not hold the position it held till its British

owners sold it, in 1933, to a mainly Indian proprietary body. It is now edited by a capable and an experienced Indian journalist, and advocates constitutional methods of political advance. Started at Allahabad, in 1865, the tremendous influence of the *Pioneer*, in the days when with George Chesney (son of Sir George Chesney, Military Member of the Government of India) as its editor, and with Howard Hensman—its foremost influential representative—alternating between Calcutta and Simla—was a unique phenomenon in journalism in this country.

Founded by Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Allen, it was in the closest touch with the Central British Government, and wrote with an authority which gave not only its views but even its news a considerable importance, not yet attained by any other journal in the Indian sub-continent. *The National Herald* of Lucknow is a highclass and well-conducted Congress daily with enough individuality of its own, edited by one of the most gifted Indian journalists. It is rightly or wrongly believed to be the mouthpiece of Prime Minister Nehru, who founded it some years back.

The *Pioneer* of Allahabad, and the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore (which had a more or less joint proprietary body for a long time) contributed to English literature not only Rudyard Kipling, but also Winston Churchill—the War Prime Minister—who was a long time back engaged (in association with the *Daily Telegraph* of London) as a war correspondent for reporting the exploits of the Malakand campaign of 1897. The *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, long the main organ of the British civil and military elements in the country, and the *Daily Gazette* of Karachi, (the latter now absorbed in the former) are moderate in their advocacy of their point of view, since they both became lately members of the group owned by the Dalmia press concern, in Pakistan. The inter-merged *Gazette* is still conducted for the Dalmias by Mr. F. W. Bustin. Its publication was stopped for three months, in 1949, under orders of the Pakistan Government on trumped-up charges brought against it by its Muslim League rivals in the press in Pakistan.

It resumed publication in August, 1949.

The Madras Mail—now called *The Mail*—circulates widely in Madras Province and some other parts of South India, and had much influence among the British in those areas. But it is now under Indian control, though the editor is still a Briton, probably the last of his race. The *Indian Express* of Madras belongs to the group of Goenka press concerns, the *Liberator*, to the anti-Congress Justices, and the recently-established *Indian Republic* to the nationalists of the Andhradesh, run by a company controlled by the Congress President. But all the English dailies in Madras are, so to say, overshadowed by the famous *Hindu*, founded in 1878, which had long taken the leading place in the ranks of the South Indian press. This excellently-edited, and well-produced newspaper adopts a critical but not irresponsible tone towards Government (whether British or national), and has a great influence among the Indians in almost all southern parts of the country.

The *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, of Calcutta, is no longer (as of old) an "extremist" paper, but it still exerts great influence alike in West and East Bengal, and also in Upper India by means of its Allahabad edition. It retains its position as the foremost English daily owned and conducted by Bengalis. The chief political organs in Bengal, besides the *Patrika*, are the *Hindustan Standard* and the *Nation*, in English and a large number of dailies and weeklies in Bengali, of which the *Anand Bazar Patrika* (which controls the management of the *Hindustan Standard*), and *Yugantar* (allied to the *Amrit Bazar Patrika*), are the best known.

The *Bombay Chronicle* and the *National Standard* are two of the chief political organs of opinion in Western India, expressing the nationalist policy, and both are well-conducted and high-class journals. Bombay's two latest dailies are *Evening Star*, started in July, 1949, and edited by two leftist progressives; and *Bharat* which appeared in August, 1949, edited by Mr. K. Gopalaswami, a seasoned and veteran journalist. At Ambala (but, till the 1947 partition of India, at Lahore) the *Tribune* advocated the nationalist case, tren-

chantly and critically. The *Hindustan Times* and an allied evening daily of Delhi, (both Birla concerns) are more or less pro-Government. So are the two Dalmia dailies—*The Indian News Chronicle* and the *National Call*. The *Khalsa*—a new English daily—made its appearance at Delhi in September, 1949, as an organ of a section of the Sikhs. The *Leader* of Allahabad—long under the famous Chintamani a "moderate" organ—still favours advance, as of old, by constitutional means, but it is now (unlike the old) generally friendly to Congress and its administration. It also passed some years back under the control of the Birlas.

Nagpur—the capital of Central Provinces and Berar—has two English dailies. The *Hitavada* (the organ of the Servants of India Society) and the *Nagpur Times*, a Congress organ. Patna, the seat of the Behar Government, has two English dailies—the *Searchlight* (belonging to the Birla press group) and the *Indian Nation*, owned by the proprietor of the Darbhanga estate. The *Indian Nation*, under its present editor, has been a stern critic of the Congress Ministry in Bihar, and the latter were evidently driven to retaliate by removing its name from the Government's approved list, but without assigning any cause whatsoever for their order—which had naturally placed the Ministry in the wrong with the public. West Pakistan has (besides the *Gazette* mentioned above) three other dailies—*Dawn* and *Sind Observer* of Karachi, and the *Pakistan Times* of Lahore. The English press at Dacca is still undeveloped, and no English daily issued from the capital of Eastern Pakistan is known outside its provincial area.

While the English press wields great influence over the intelligentsia, it is the Indian languages press that directs mass mentality. It is estimated that the readers of the Indian languages press are nearly five to six times, if not even larger than their circulation, due to the fact that they circulate among the poorer elements of the community, and many borrow the papers from their neighbours, or hear them read out by them. The formation of Pakistan had given an impetus to wider publicity through

Urdu; and not only Karachi but Dacca also is becoming an important centre of Urdu journalism. Lahore retains its supremacy in Urdu. Hindi and Urdu are chiefly used in Upper India. Patna (in Behar), Banares, Allahabad, Lucknow and Agra (in the United Provinces), and Delhi are the main centres for these papers, whose influence extends throughout Northern India, where the chief script is Hindi, although both Urdu and Hindi are more or less understood throughout the northern and central parts of the country. There are also influential papers in provincial languages, such as Bengali in West and East Bengal, Gujarati and Marathi in Bombay, and Tamil and Telugu in Madras.

Even in those provinces where English is well understood the Indian language papers have a great hold. In West and East Bengal, for instance, there is hardly a family, especially in the urban areas, by whom English is not understood. Yet the Bengali papers have a large circulation in both these provinces. Similarly in Madras areas, where English is widely spoken and read, some papers in Tamil and Telugu have great sway and large circulations—for instance, the *Swadesha Mitran* and *Dhina Mani* both dailies in Tamil, and the *Andhra Patrika*, a daily in Telugu. In Bombay some language papers, including the *Bombay Samachar*, a Gujarati daily, are widely read. Similar is the case in other provinces and states.

Three notable recent trends in Indian journalism are (a) the formation of certain groups of newspapers owned by one person or one organisation or company, (b) the establishment of some comparatively high-class weeklies and (c) the change in the attitude of the nationalist press from that of critics of the State (the late British Government) into almost unconditional supporters of the two Governments of India and Pakistan. Of the first trend, I may refer to the Birla group of dailies composed of the *Searchlight* of Patna, the *Leader* of Allahabad, and the *Hindustan Times* and its allied papers of Delhi; the Goenka group of dailies—the *Indian Express* of Madras, the *National Standard* of Bombay, and also perhaps an English daily called *Eastern Times*, which used to appear

from Calcutta; the Dalmia group of the *Indian News Chronicle* and its allied paper, of Delhi, the group of dailies and weeklies headed by the *Times of India* of Bombay, (now a Dalmia concern) and the journals constituting the Dalmia group in Pakistan; and the Free Press group owned by Mr. Sadanand, or his company, including the *Free Press Journal* and its Sunday edition *Bharat Jyoti* of Bombay, and the allied papers of Madras. There are similar groups owning journals in the Indian languages—as for instance, the *Janmabhoomi* group of dailies and weeklies in Bombay. Reference to the Dalmia group in Pakistan has already been made in connection with the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, and the *Daily Gazette* of Karachi, the latter now merged in the former, and issued simultaneously from both places, under the Lahore paper's name.

Though not yet very distinct, nevertheless a strong opposition to such groups amongst the educated middle classes in several parts of the country, and their reaction to them has lately manifested itself, and has to be keenly watched by all well-wishers of the press, particularly the daily press, in the Indian sub-continent. Money makes the mare go, and the capitalist groups of newspapers have obviously a great advantage over those run, or to be run, by middle class organisers. Nevertheless, the bugle call of the latter group has already been sounded and heard; at any rate, in the metropolitan city of West Bengal; and there is reasonable probability that before long some genuine popularly formed limited liability companies may be able to start newspapers not controlled by capitalists, or capitalist groups. One unwholesome result of the present system of capitalist grouping in the press is that much of the matter appearing in the newspapers (particularly in the dailies) is syndicated by a number of press agencies which have lately come into existence. Of these, perhaps the best of its class and kind, is the National Press Syndicate of Bombay, run by that highly talented lady—Mrs. Kusum Nair. Perhaps the break-up of the capitalist system in press groupings may

lead, in course of time, to a better alignment in press syndicates also.

The second trend, namely the establishment of several fairly high-class weekly journals, has been a prominent feature of Indian journalism, since some time before the attainment of independence by the country. The most prominent of these are *Republic* of Calcutta, the *Spark* of Patna, *Thought* and *People* of Delhi; *Hindustan Weekly* of Lucknow, *Swatantra* and *Republic* of Madras, *Blitz* (weekly and twice-weekly), and *Forum* of Bombay, and some others. Of the Calcutta weekly journals *Republic*, started in 1949, seems to have made the greatest impression on the public of the province. And Mr. Arthur Moore's *Thought*, and Shri Feroz Chand's *People*, are both notable additions to the weekly press, at Delhi. The *Spark* of Patna, which appeared on the 15th August, 1949, (i.e. on the second anniversary of the Independence Day) is under the editorial control of Shri Murali Manohar Prasad, who was for more than a quarter of a century, the editor of the *Searchlight*. If his deft fingers have not lost their old cunning, his *Spark* should sparkle in such a way as to cast a fierce political light on Bihar affairs seen but in the dim light, at present. Patna also justly boasts of the oldest English weekly in India—the seventy-four years old *Behar Herald*, at present a well-edited organ of the Bengalis in the province, but as cynical if not senile at its age as myself, I suppose, who am its senior by only four years.

The *Hindustan Weekly* of Lucknow, affiliated to the Congress political group, is now edited by a highly experienced and well-informed publicist, Shri Gopi Nath Saheb. It retains nevertheless a conspicuously independent mind. The two Bombay journals—*Blitz* and *Forum*—were started five or six years back, and each of them is in its own way a useful and vigorously-edited political journal. The editor of *Blitz*, originally a devout Congressman, is now a Socialist or Leftist, and runs his paper on such lines, while *Forum* edited by Congressman Alva, retains the characteristics of a well-conducted Congress organ. *Mysindia* is a high-class Bangalore weekly of which Mysore

may well be proud. *Swatantra* and *Republic* of Madras are both well-conducted weeklies, and deservedly command appreciation in Southern India. *Shankar's Weekly*, at Delhi stands in a class apart, and is the best for presenting cartoons of current affairs.

The third new development, in the Indian press, is its attitude towards the Government of the country. Until the 15th of August, 1947, the vast majority of Indian newspapers, in the Indian Union and Pakistan, were bitterly hostile to the then British Government, and their only business was to trounce and traduce that Government. All of a sudden the Indian pressmen found themselves (on the date of the transfer of power, the 15th August, 1947) transformed by force of circumstances beyond their control, from sedition-mongers into loyalists; and loyalists they have, broadly speaking, remained since then till now.

The result is that even the constitutional opposition, through the medium of the press, has practically disappeared both from India, and Pakistan, and almost every action of the two Governments now finds an almost unlimited measure of support in the Indian and Pakistani press. The Hon'ble Mr. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai, India's Communications Minister, recently declared at a press conference at Allahabad: "It is the duty of the press at this critical juncture to speak out fearlessly what it honestly feels, and point out mistakes and misdeeds of the Government. The press should take a bold attitude if it wants to prevent India from going the China way. People are more afraid of the Government to-day than they were before. It is surprising that newspapers which in former days said things outspokenly, whether the Government liked them or not, should now be so tame. The country needs a strong opposition party."

I present these strikingly pertinent observations to those concerned with the press. Perhaps the only independent journals now left in the Indian sub-continent are the *Statesman*, *Thought*, and *Capital*, which are still British-owned, and British-edited. The views expressed by them may be right or wrong, but they are indepen-

dent, and not born of political prejudices or considerations, as is the case with the vast majority of newspapers and journals in India and Pakistan. The number of Indian journals which may be said to constitute a constitutional opposition is thus not only very small in number, but is mostly uninfluential; as by far the larger section of it is more or less ranged on the side of the Government in both the independent sovereign States of

India and Pakistan. It would thus appear that by and large the Indian press has abdicated, at present, its real function of acting as constitutional critic of the State. A correct appreciation of this aspect of the situation will, it is hoped, lead, before long, to some solid improvement in the attitude of the press towards the Government of India, and also of that of Pakistan.—N. P. S. (Copyright).

NEWS FROM BOMBAY

By S. ROBERTS

FOLLOWING their recent four-point triumph in the Bombay by-elections the Socialists are in a very jubilant mood. Various attempts have been made by Congress sympathisers to undervalue the significance of these successes, but there is no gainsaying the fact that these have certainly enhanced the prestige of the Socialist Party in this storm-centre of Congress politics. It is very well appreciated in political circles in Bombay City that the four seats the Socialists captured were previously held by Communists; but attempts to palm off these by-election results as defeats of the Communists, as though the Congress did not come into the picture at all (which is exactly what a well-known Bombay daily did) deceived no one.

Whatever excuses Congress apologists may make, the fact remains that the Socialist Party is gaining ground, here as elsewhere, as surely as the Congress Party is losing it. However, not all those who exercise their franchise in favour of the Socialist Party subscribe entirely to the Party doctrines nor indeed believe that the Socialists are competent wholly to replace Congress officials; but the truth is that the Socialists are catching quite a lot of votes on the rebound.

Many critical men are asking themselves how far the Socialists are capable of directing the reins of Government by themselves. Indeed quite a number of outer-circle Socialists had hoped that Socialist leaders would eventually join hands with the Congress in a coalition set-up. Jayaprakash Narain, in a recent address,

relegated this possibility into the dustheap of idle rumour.

At the same time, no one has realised more poignantly than J. P. himself the dearth of topflight leaders in the Socialist camps as against the galaxy of competent leaders in the Congress Party. All along, this factor has handicapped his operations; and J. P.'s hopes that some of the more influential Congress leaders may recoil into the Socialist wing have so far been disappointed. The best of those who have fallen out of the Congress ranks have preferred to play a lone hand or retire into obscurity rather than fall in with the Socialists.

In the course of a speech the other day at Bombay, J. P. urged that Pandit Nehru should change the vehicle of his patriotism and get into the Socialist wagon which, the Socialist leader assured, is hitched to the star of India's destiny. Such a happening can change the entire complexion of the Socialist Party and add immeasurably to the Party's stature, but it is an eventuality apparently too far outside the bounds of possibility.

Notwithstanding deficiency in leadership and talent, the Socialists have done very well these past months. But no one in Bombay seriously takes Yusuf Meherally's ebullient remark in the Bombay Legislative Assembly a few days back that if municipal elections were to be held in Bombay presently, the Socialist Party would sweep the polls. Congress members in the Assembly

greeted this prophecy with a sarcastic laugh but a leading Socialist declared, cryptically, the following day that that was by no means the last laugh.

WEATHERING THE STORM

Bombay, which has been weathering the storm excellently in the figurative sense of the term during these two difficult years of freedom, was called upon to do so literally when torrential rains paralysed city life last week.

By the time this appears, this episode of the floods will have become just newspaper history but it certainly was an experience which will be remembered for quite some time by those falling within the orbit of its grim impact.

The thousands of poor people who have no home beyond the extensive pavements of Bombay, with the blue vault of heaven for roof, were put to unimaginable hardship. It might have been a lot worse for them but for the restaurant keepers who remained at their job of supplying steaming beverages to the drenched, shivering unfortunates.

DEVALUATION CRISIS

The devaluation of the pound sterling and the rupee in terms of the US dollar, which in point of chronology preceded the floods, touched Bombay business to the very core. The immediate reaction was of buoyancy, especially among those engaged in the export trade in relation to jute, tea and minerals. This feeling was subsequently displaced by a sense of uncertainty, especially when it became

known that Pakistan was not devaluing.

Socialist leaders in Bombay were not slow to make political capital of the devaluation crisis. They declared that the devaluation would react detrimentally to the interests of the common man and that prices of commodities may go spiralling upwards in consequence. In Bombay as elsewhere the sense of shock was not so much at the fact of having devalued as at the extent of the devaluation.

LEGISLATION FOR VIRTUE

In the Bombay Legislative Assembly there was a little flare-up when a member moved a non-official resolution for prohibiting the publication of spurious advertisements in newspapers.

Newspaper editor-members were not slow to make mincemeat of this resolution and to point out that it would be a far more practicable proposition to bring the bogus advertisers to book. For one thing, it was impossible for an editor to distinguish between "genuine" and "bogus" advertisements.

The supporters of this motion carried the proposition to ridiculous lengths when they suggested that legislation should be carried to the extent of stopping newspapers from publishing even astrological predictions, as some Sunday journals and periodicals do.

A long time back, Cardinal Gibbons wrote: "You cannot legislate for virtue. Reforms must come from within." In Bombay, legislators sometimes beg to differ from him.

THE DEMOCRATIC HEART

I deeply believe in the capacity of democracy to surmount any trials that may lie ahead, provided only we practice it in our daily lives. And among the things we must practice is that while we seek fervently to ferret out the subversive and anti-democratic forces in the country, we do not at the same time, by hysteria, by resort to innuendo, and smears, and other unfortunate tactics, to besmirch the very cause that we believe in and cause a separation among our people, cause one group and one individual to hate another, based upon mere attacks, merely unsubstantiated attacks upon their loyalty.—DAVID LILIENTHAL.

I cannot forbear to put in a caveat against a man tied to a party. Such a man can hardly be called a free agent, and for that reason is very unfit to be trusted with the people's liberty after he hath given up his own.—HALIFAX.

ANOMALIES OF FAMINE POLICY

By P. N. SAMPATH

YEAR after year, we have been passing through semi-famine conditions. The hardest pinch is being felt in certain months of each year. Food scarcity has become a seasonal visitation, as regular as the seasons. It is depressing indeed to find that we have not been able to get out of this vicious circle of recurring food crises. We should not seek comfort from the fact that ours is not the only country that is badly off in food economy.

Famine is a disease of all agricultural countries. India is, and always has been, mainly agricultural, and agricultural under conditions peculiarly exposed to famine. What are those conditions? The prosperity of the Indian peasant in any particular year depends much upon the rainfall being tolerably normal in amount and seasonally distributed. Agriculture in India is a gamble against nature. Agricultural depression can result as much from excessive rains as from insufficient rainfall. However, not every failure of the rains causes famine, as people are not generally dependent on the out-turn of a single harvest. But, scanty rainfall covered over a continuous period of years is a factor for famine.

Secondly, the agriculturist, until very recently, has had to fend for himself without any appreciable aid from the State. India being a deficit country in the matter of foodstuffs, has had to import millions of tons of food, year in and year out. During the placid times before the war, these imports were coming in without any difficulty, and the then Government did not give any serious thought to the fostering of the creed of self-sufficiency. The recent war had burst the bubble of this complacency and we are thus in a sorry plight. Today the cry is 'Grow More Food.' Mere slogans cannot be the 'Open Sesame' to agricultural sufficiency and prosperity.

The Indian farmer is noted for his perseverance and patience, more often

amidst adverse circumstances. His sincerity and skill are beyond question. This is what Dr. Voelker says in his Report on the Improvement of Indian Agriculture: "At his best the Indian ryot is quite as good as, and in some respects the superior of, the average British farmer, while at his worst it can only be said that this state is brought about largely by an absence of facilities for improvement which is probably unequalled in any other country."

Hitherto the Indian farmer has been antipathetic to the progress which Science has brought about owing to the dread of novelty and the ignorance fostered by illiteracy. Now he is at last awakening to the realities of his position, and is now fully prepared to take action, if only some one will show him the way. The arduous character of manual and bullock-power labour is most marked in rice cultivation. Indigenous implements and water-lifts of cheap primitive construction are those used in our countryside. These primitive methods and implements may be good in themselves, but they are not conducive to large turnouts and better results.

Modern famine policy is thus a struggle against nature. As such it has two objects, the one remedial and the other protective. The system of land holdings as they are today, in scattered bits and fragments, with rampant absenteeism of landlords, and the abject indebtedness of the cultivating folk, certainly is not 'the good ground' on which the seed of our Government's honestly conceived plans can be expected to take root and grow. We must find a new basis for achieving our ends. We want a reorientation of our agricultural economy and method. Complete socialisation of agriculture, as in Russia, may be far-fetched for our present reckonings. But let us ponder over what Lenin, the practical socialist leader, said: "We could increase the productiveness of labour and

economise human effort by two or three times if we could effect a transition from small individual economies to collective farms." Now Russia's food needs are being met by her own production. Russian State farms are worked with wage-labour. The landless labourers are actively absorbed this way. There are also collective farms formed out of a combination of small farmers for purposes of mutual benefit at minimum production cost. This cooperative spirit has yielded the best results. We in India can safely experiment on the lines of the Russian systems of farming.

Our farmers must be systematically educated and trained in the use of modern agricultural machinery. The widespread illiteracy of our rural population is a deterrent to quick progress in this sphere. The Government propaganda machine should be mobilised to the fullest extent to fulfil this great and difficult task. The work of rural reconstruction should follow two separate but complementary and correlated lines of work, synchronising with each other. One will deal with provision of a natural and healthy system of rural education. The education imparted should be relevant and suited to the genius of the rural people. The other line will take up the problem of the soil, of conjoined efforts conducing to conservation, economy and efficiency, in making most of the resources of the land and labour now existing, and improving the same.

New irrigation works should be undertaken, utilising our river and canal wealth more suitably and fully. This is a matter of less difficulty comparatively, though hardly of less importance. Irrigation works can do

much but they are not absolute insurance against famine.

Provision of agricultural capital on easy terms, storage, marketing and transport facilities are equally important. The Government can help in the procurement and distribution of manures and supply of good seeds, by a more liberal and elastic system of Government loans and grants-in-aid to the needy agriculturists, by instilling the cooperative spirit in the village folk, and by helping the banks which go to the aid of the agriculturists. Insurance of livestock, insurance of crops against hail, protection against pests, building up of food and fodder reserves, are some other protective measures meriting serious consideration by the Government. To offset the tendency of our rural people to migrate to urban and suburban areas, the Government can invest country life with suitable amenities. The now spiritless serfage must be converted into a resolute peasantry by slow means. The vast expanse of waste lands in the country which are at present producing nothing but bracken, broom and heath must be brought under profitable cultivation. The aim should be to put every inch of land to the best use.

When such a small country like Great Britain, primarily a manufacturing country, could establish a sort of self-sufficiency in food in a period of 30 years, there is no reason why we cannot do the same thing provided we go at it with diligence and devotion. If our National Governments cannot undertake and accomplish this task, one cannot blame the departed British bureaucrats for having been lackadaisical and lukewarm in the matter of our country's rural economy.

SCIENCE AND ART

Art doesn't change; it is never old and is never new. It may sometimes appear to change, but this change will be only on the surface; for all art is timeless, far beyond historic, racial or geographic influence. A work of art, newly finished, is a new thing in the world and may speak what appears to be a new language, but essentially it springs from the same source as all other works of art and can be emotionally experienced in exactly the same way.

Art and science have sometimes been compared, but they have very little in common. Art, while not changing, differs from science in a great many ways; art answers fundamental human needs, both intellectual and emotional, while science supplies only physical requirements. Science, however, does change; new things are continually being discovered, but unfortunately far faster than the human race has so far been able to absorb them.—RAY BETHERS.

CONSERVATION FARMING AND FOOD SCARCITY

By "SOIL CONSERVATIONIST"

THE problem of scarcity is not a new feature in South India. It has been there since the beginning of the Second World War when rice from the Far Eastern countries, especially Burma, Malaya and Siam used to be dumped on our markets, resulting in our indigenous agricultural operations being made unremunerative. The colossal decline in the level of land values and agricultural prices led to considerable migration of population from rural to urban areas with the object of securing alternative employment in industrial and Governmental organizations.

The debacle of the thirties has had a menacing repercussion on the production levels of the war years. For the first time in living memory, South India realised the extent to which it has been dependent upon foreign imports to feed her population. The Ceded Districts have been suffering from chronic famine for over a century and a half, but the impact of abrupt stoppage of imports had badly shaken the other districts also. Besides the indiscriminate exploitation through intensive procurement, to feed the warring soldiers, the rapid shrinkage of the food producing acreage by the substitution of cash crops mainly intended to feed the war industries, led to a further deterioration of the food position.

It was such an unpleasant legacy that our popular Ministry inherited immediately after they came into power. A brilliant system of rationing began spoon-feeding the population. Notwithstanding the various defects, the controls kept the ball rolling. The Central Government began spending crores on food imports and in subsidising the distribution in the country. South India has been taking not a little share of this mad hunt for food abroad at enormous cost. At a time when we need every dollar and pound for the purchase of capital

goods and also for financing our projects, we are forced to spend lavishly on food imports.

We have, no doubt, in our books, tempting schemes of river development but these are in their very nature long term plans, especially in view of the various bottlenecks of men and materials. We should therefore undertake such bold measures of accelerating production that will ensure quick results. The more we delay such measures, the longer will be our suffering both in men and money. The initiative should invariably be taken up by the Provincial Government with or without the Centre's financial help.

The Roosevelt Administration in the United States fought the Second World War with the twin weapons of "Lend lease" and "Conservation farming." The Civilian Soil Conservation Corps (CCC) and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration (AAA) brought about a new deal to American agriculture. It led to a tremendous upsurge in American agricultural production during the war years without in any way jeopardising the fertility economy of the land. America is still leading the world in agricultural production, notwithstanding the fact that her irrigation resources are five times less than ours even as we stand at present. Conservation farming had also helped Russia to recover rapidly the war-torn province of Ukraine within a few months after the cessation of hostilities.

Conservation farming ensures 40 to 50 per cent increase in the yield of crops and 60 to 70 per cent in fodder output. It builds up the subsoil water table and thus helps to solve the rural water supply problem, and well irrigation. The utility forests that grow with conservation farming solve the fuel problem. These results can be achieved within a brief period of five years after execution.

MR. ANEURIN BEVAN

NO man in recent British political history has been a more controversial figure than 52-year-old Aneurin Bevan, Britain's Minister of Health.

"Bevan flies at a problem like a jaguar... He utters the names of his political opponents as if he were crushing a bone between his teeth." This was written in 1929. Is it still true?

He is still an outspoken critic of whatever he thinks wrong. He still has a vitriolic tongue. Since he took office in 1945, he has earned the reputation of being one of the finest administrators in the country.

In August 1945 when he was appointed Britain's Minister of Health it was generally expected that his abilities would secure him an important position. As a brilliant and forceful member of the Opposition, as an outstanding figure of the Labour Party's National Executive, as a man of courage, this raven-haired, round-faced M. P. from Ebbw Vale had already hit the headlines, had himself chalked out his own future.

Born in humble surroundings, at 13 he left school to become a miner. At 19 he was elected Chairman of the largest Miners' Lodge in South Wales. At 31 he contested Ebbw Vale in the General Election of 1929 and was returned with a majority of 11,164. In the General Elections of 1931 and 1935 he kept his seat when so many other Labour members lost theirs; in 1945 his majority passed the 20,000 mark.

Aneurin Bevan's parliamentary career has been marked by his forceful attacks on outstanding figures: he has little time for minor "adversaries." In 1929 he surprised the House with an unexpected attack on Lloyd George. In later years he challenged Baldwin and Chamberlain. In World War II, he was a constant critic of Winston Churchill who termed him "that architect of disloyalty," a "merchant of discourtesy."

Often described as the "stormy petrel" of the Labour Party, Aneurin Bevan, on many occasions, came into conflict with his colleagues. This "family quarrel" came to a head in 1939, when he was expelled, along with Sir Stafford Cripps, for his participation in the "Popular Front" movement—an activity which the Party regarded as a breach of discipline. Bevan made his peace sooner than Sir Stafford, however, and was received back into the fold nine months later.

Aneurin Bevan has come to be recognised as one of the great orators of the House. He mixes short, sharp phrases with the employment of that "spell-binding" technique that has always characterised his speeches. "Unconditional surrender" he once said—he took exception to the formula—is a schoolboy's phrase, a childish phrase, a phrase of a man in the field, a general's phrase, a tactical phrase, the dealing with troops immediately in front of him, but not the phrase of a statesman.

TO VISIT INDIA

Britain's Minister of Health, Mr. Aneurin Bevan, has accepted Pandit Nehru's invitation to visit India.

In conversation he has a reputation for

"that devastating quality of thinking three jumps ahead." He is as fluent with his pen as with his tongue; his vigorous writings "bear the imprint of his lively mind."

Aneurin Bevan has spoken in Parliament on many subjects. Keenly interested in foreign affairs, during the war years he always had something to say about the progress on various fronts. But the subject nearest his heart is the welfare of the nation, especially of the poorer classes. As Minister of Health he not only looks after the well-being of 50 millions; he is responsible for their housing too.

Today, Aneurin Bevan can look back with pride at what has been achieved. In spite of a dislocated, war-shattered economy, Britain has the best health services in the world. In spite of shortages, new homes have been provided for well over four million people.

MANCHURIA: SINO-SOVIET RUBBING SPOT

By ANDREW ROTH

MANCHURIA—the place where the Russian and Chinese Revolutions converge—is, after Germany, probably the most important rubbing spot in the world. If the Chinese and Soviet Communists link securely and merge the efforts of over one-third of the world's population, the world balance of power is clearly tipped toward Communism. If, however, the Chinese and Russian Communists' paths diverge, it will make the Tito controversy seem small potatoes indeed.

Manchuria is an excellent testing ground because it is a place where China's and Russia's national interests clearly overlap. China cannot hope to be industrialized within the next generation without the full use of Manchuria. At the same time the Soviets have clear and unmistakable economic and strategic interests there as well.

The Soviets have been determined to keep Manchuria out of the hands of a strong potential enemy if possible. During its thirteen years under Japanese control it was built up as a base for Japan's powerful Kwantung Army with the objective not only of conquering China, but also of attacking the North. Strategic roads and railroads were built for this purpose and on several occasions during the late 'thirties the Japanese launched probing attacks at the Soviet borders. This forced the Soviets to keep over five hundred thousand men constantly mobilized in a region which then had about ten million population, with resultant strain on the Soviet economy. It was not until 1941 that the Japanese decided that they would have richer and easier pickings in South Asia.

Soviet interest in Manchuria has had other facets. The Russian-built trans-Manchurian railway cuts five hundred miles off the distance between Vladivostok and European Russia. Furthermore, Soviet strategists and maritime men have retained the Czarist dream of an ice-free port and naval base on the Pacific—such

as Manchuria's Dairen and Port Arthur.

When Roosevelt approached the Soviets at the Yalta Conference of February 1945 for their conditions for entering the Pacific war, they set terms which would achieve their commercial-strategic objectives at one fell swoop.

President Roosevelt has been severely criticized for acceding to the bulk of the Soviet requests, and for persuading the Chinese Government to accept them. It should be remembered, however, that the war-weary Soviets were being asked to take on the crack Kwantung Army, then believed to number a million men. Furthermore, Roosevelt was working on the assumption that if Soviet suspicions could be removed by a generous meeting of Soviet security needs, a bridge to peace in the post-war world could be built.

Under the Sino-Soviet agreement which followed from the Yalta conference, Port Arthur was leased as a Sino-Soviet naval base for thirty years, with predominant Soviet control in peace and complete control in time of war with Japan. Dairen was made a free port for Soviet imports, to be controlled militarily by the Soviets in time of war with Japan. The main trunk lines in Manchuria (now named the Chinese Changchun Railway) were designated as joint Sino-Soviet property to be jointly administered for thirty years, and to be restored to China at the end of that time.

In signing the Sino-Soviet treaty the Soviets showed both their lack of confidence in the Chinese Communists and their primary interest in purely Soviet objectives in Manchuria. The treaty came as a surprise to the Chinese Communists who had already denounced Chiang and were planning to seize power wherever they had strength. But, faced with the combined recognition of the Kuomintang by both Moscow and Washington, Mao Tse-tung reluctantly fell into line and

attempted to compromise with Chiang Kai-shek.

The Soviets subsequently went two stages beyond the guarantees of the Sino-Soviet treaty. In January 1946 they informed the Chinese Government that they regarded as war booty all Japanese enterprises in Manchuria which had rendered services to the Japanese Army. In pursuance of this the Soviets removed industrial equipment later estimated by the Pauley Mission as inflicting damages of U. S. \$858 million on Manchurian industry. Also, after their withdrawal from the rest of Manchuria in May 1946, the Soviets have refused to remove their troops from Dairen or permit joint operation of the Port Arthur naval base, giving the technical excuse that a state of war with Japan still exists since the Japanese treaty has not been signed.

The real reason behind Soviet truculence in Manchuria is not hard to find: fear of the U. S. They felt that the atom bomb was rushed into action in early August to overshadow their "knockout blow" against the Kwantung Army, which they feel was the decisive factor in inducing the Tokyo Government to capitulate. They feel that the great American airlift of Kuomintang troops to Manchuria (1945-46) was an attempt by the U. S. to take over, through its Kuomintang satellite, the Japanese-built springboard for an attack on Siberia. They retaliated by pulling out \$858,000,000 worth of springs.

Soviet post-war policy in Manchuria has been a very complex one. While naturally very friendly to the Chinese Communists, they started out by being dubious of the likelihood of their victory and therefore determined to take their own measures to guarantee Soviet security needs. At the same time they were determined to observe the Sino-Soviet treaty to the letter and followed a "keep your nose clean" policy with regard to the civil war that raged.

A whole series of strange developments resulted. The Soviets apparently allowed Communist troops to pass through their lines only if unarmed. These Chinese Communist troops managed to "find" Japanese arms dumps, allegedly with Soviet help, but there is no direct evidence

available of collusion. Actually, the Soviets turned over the civil administration of various cities to the Kuomintang Government, as they were bound to by treaty, although wherever they could they denied entrance to Kuomintang troops. In a number of cases Kuomintang administrations, in Manchurian cities surrounded by Chinese Communist troops existed there only because of the protection of Soviet troops. Consequently, on a number of occasions, the Kuomintang asked the Russians to stay, hoping to clear the Communists from the hinterland. At the same time Kuomintang agents both in Manchuria and China proper were arousing the populace against the Russians, already unpopular in Manchuria because of the looting and molestation of women by the first troops to enter. In Changchun in May 1946, in the wake of the Soviet withdrawal, Kuomintang-incited rabble killed six Russians and beat scores of others. A particularly brutal affair was the leading away of several Russians, with their noses pierced by iron rings.

It was incidents of this sort that induced the Russians to adopt their "keep your nose clean" policy. Troops, except for those in Dairen and Port Arthur, were evacuated and the border sealed tight. In the civil war areas in 1946-48 even Soviet railway technicians were temporarily withdrawn, so that they would not be involved on either side. (They have since returned). Dairen and Port Arthur have remained exclusively Soviet preserves so far as outside trade is concerned, on the excuse that the Japanese treaty has not been signed. The Chinese Communists have had to use the inferior ports of Antung and Yingkow. In all of the areas taken by the Communists the Soviet consulates have shut up shops—as this reporter was able to observe in Peiping—on the theory that the Soviet Government only recognizes the KMT Government and thus cannot deal with the Communists.

On the surface Sino-Soviet relations in Manchuria are lovey-dovey. The *Northeast Daily*, the leading Manchurian Communist paper relies almost completely on Tass dispatches for its foreign news. The Manchurian Communists, like those of the rest of

China, support the U.S.S.R. wholeheartedly and vehemently oppose the Anglo-American camp on all international issues. Despite this one gets glimmers of little sparks of friction. A section of the populace is still reportedly indignant about the rape and watch-stealing of the first Soviet troops, which included some released criminals. Although the present Soviet garrison troops in Dairen and Port Arthur are strictly disciplined, their very presence is still a sore spot to nationalistic Chinese. There is still resentment about the Soviet removals of machinery. The Communists never refer to this in their periodicals or newspapers. But they explain it privately saying: "In case our neighbour should take all the trouble to drive away for us the bandits who were occupying our home and, in doing so, incidentally carry away a rice bowl or a pair of chopsticks, what should be our reaction towards that?" This is not sufficiently satisfying for those who had hopes that Manchuria's industry would be the keystone of a modern, industrialised China.

Rather interesting also are the meagre reports of coolness on the part of many of the rank and file of the Chinese Communists toward their Soviet comrades. These young Chinese are intensely nationalistic, anti-foreign and puritanical. They have sometimes resented the aloof arrogance of the Soviet bureaucrats whom they have encountered in Dairen and Port Arthur. They also have been somewhat shocked by the exaggerated grade-consciousness of the Soviet hierarchy which contrasts sharply with the egalitarianism of the Chinese Communists who wear no insignia and almost all of whom live on almost the same ascetic level.

It is not possible to write anything conclusive about the persistent but unconfirmed reports of an alleged Soviet attempt to set up Manchuria as a completely pro-Soviet satellite like North Korea or Outer Mongolia. Most of the stories about this have revolved about Li Li-san, who returned

in 1946 after over a decade in Moscow and is reportedly close to the Soviet secret police. *Time* magazine, in a recent story, even quoted him directly as warning against any Chinese Titoism—presumably by Mao Tse-tung—in a meeting of the "Asiatic Cominform" purportedly held in Harbin. There are several curious things about this *Time* story. First, *Time* apparently has had "exclusive" access to this speech. Second, there is no confirmation outside of dubious reports out of Hongkong that an "Asiatic Cominform" exists. Furthermore, these unconfirmed reports of its meetings placed it in November 1947, a full half year before the issue of Titoism even broke upon the international scene! If a struggle over Manchuria between pro-Soviet Mao Tse-tung and super-pro-Soviet Li Li-san ever existed except in the wishful thinking of various observers, Li Li-san has apparently lost out because he has a distinctly second-rung job now in Peiping as a vice-chairman of the Labour Federation.

Actually, until the Chinese Communist Government is formally recognised it is too early to come to any solid conclusions on future Sino-Soviet relations. Some experts think that the Soviet Union will attempt to cement friendship by returning some of the removed equipment—particularly hydro-electric units which cannot be used anywhere but on the river for which they have been designed—but this can only be done after formal recognition is accorded. On the other hand the U. S. State Department is veering toward a "make a Tito out of Mao" policy in the belief that the Chinese Communists can be weaned away from the Soviets by giving them help in industrialization. But this policy, too, must wait upon recognition. It would help too, if with recognition, came some freedom for foreign reporters to operate in Manchuria. This might help clear up the haze of conflicting reports which make up the "Manchurian Mystery."—N.P.S. (Copyright).

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground.—SIR T. OVERBURY.

PRESIDENT SYNGMAN RHEE OF KOREA

By MARK GAYN

A slim, erect, white-haired man named Syngman Rhee is the first President of South Korea's provisional Government. To 75-year-old Rhee, this is an old honour tasted anew. For back in 1919, when a band of hot-headed revolutionaries proclaimed a Korean republic, they chose Rhee as President. The Japanese police drowned the revolution in blood, and forced Rhee into an exile that lasted half his adult life.

He returned only in October, 1945, in a U. S. army plane. Ever since, fighting a shrewd, relentless and uphill battle, he has made himself a key figure in one of the world's key areas. For Korea—bigger than Greece and Turkey put together, and with a population thrice that of Canada—is one of the major points of friction in the great conflict between the U. S. and Russia.

What makes Rhee tick cannot be understood without going back to that day at Yalta, when Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill agreed to split Korea in two, along the 38th parallel. Russia was given control of the industrial north, with 12,000,000 people; the U. S. received the rural south, with 18,000,000.

Thus when the day of liberation came, Korea found herself divided forcibly into two armed camps, with different political systems, with railroads snapped at the 38th, with foreign troops posted at the line to intercept Koreans moving in their own land.

The "38th" became the most dramatic issue in Korea, and Rhee made himself its most passionate opponent. "End the noose of the 38th strangling the Korean people," he cried. "We want no foreign troops on our soil."

The issue was ready-made for Rhee. For 30-years he fought for Korean Independence. Financially pressed, Rhee never gave up the cause. Other men fought in the underground and died in Japanese prisons. But it was

Rhee who became a legend and a symbol.

Rhee returned to Korea under auspicious circumstances. He was first displayed to the Korean people side by side with the U. S. commanding officer on a reviewing stand. He was permitted to name the key Korean personnel in the U. S. military government, and they helped him build one of the most efficient political machines in Asia. He sponsored not one but two political parties—the Korean Folk Democratic party and the Association for the Rapid Realization of Korean Independence—and each successfully worked its own side of the street. He formed para-military youth organizations, and the police—inherited from the Japanese—soon became a virtual part of his political organization.

Early, and correctly, Rhee evaluated his importance to U. S. policymakers. He then refused to make any compromises. In 1946, when the U. S. State Department decided to form a coalition Government with a broad popular base, Rhee refused to co-operate. He retired to his corner, watched and scoffed. And in October of that year, in the first post-war election, he showed that an efficient political machine was superior to good intentions by running away with 39 of the 45 elective assembly seats. The head of the U. S. sponsored coalition won none.

The coalition failed. In 1947, the State Department turned back to Rhee—as he knew it would have to. Last May, in an election observed by a U. N. commission and boycotted by his impotent opponents, Rhee's organization turned out an even more impressive majority than in 1946.

The election showed once again that as a practical politician Rhee is without peer in Asia—save Chiang Kai-shek. And like Chiang, Rhee combines, in a magic bundle, the traits of ruthlessness and ambition, courage and perseverance, an ability

PROSPECTS OF PEACE

By "BAROO"

to play one faction against another, and a devotion to the past.

Rhee's political philosophy is simple. He is an Oriental conservative which is about 45 degrees to the right of any western rightist. He has dipped into Korean history to bring out his favourite expressions—"Great Korea" and "Korean Folk." His followers even talk of a holy war to wrest from Russia areas which, they say, once belonged to the great Korean empire. In the four or five long talks I have had with him, Rhee indicated his belief that what Korea needed most was a benevolent, strong ruler named Rhee. Although he has long lived in the West, his language is not that of democratic reform but of passionate nationalism.

Many charges have been levelled against Rhee. His youth organisations have been accused of terrorism. In 1947, one youth band which professed loyalty to Rhee, had to be dissolved by the military government after the mangled body of a missing leftist was found in its headquarters. The band soon reappeared under a different name, but with its loyalties unaltered.

Rhee has been accused of converting his fame into hard cash. On his triumphal tours, the opposition said, Rhee is preceded by agents who assessed each community a certain sum "for expenses." Thus, the 1,500 delegates to the Women's Patriotic Convention in Pusan were each required to contribute 200 yen.

But the greatest complaint has been that Rhee neither understands nor approves social reform. Under him, the opposition said, Korea would have a big army, a large police force and good roads. But the social and economic well-being of the peasantry—which means nine out of every 10 Koreans—would be ignored. Rhee himself, in a talk with me, bitterly denounced plans to redistribute the land owned by the great landlords as "un-democratic." And he has looked askance at the reparcelling of land mapped out for Japan by General

MacArthur. Rhee is honestly for a *status quo* and an inviolate private property—and the landlords, the opposition says, are honestly for Rhee.

At close range, Rhee is neither impressive nor easy to forget. His tight, parchment skin and his half-shut eyes make him look curiously like a statue. But the impression vanishes when he turns to subjects which interest him—Communism, the 38th parallel, the iniquity of his political rivals. Though he holds two U. S. university degrees, he speaks a faulty, laboured English. His Korean, after 30 years of exile, is also impure. But the passionate delivery makes him a convincing speaker.

Rhee is married to a slim and charming Viennese woman, who was his secretary in Geneva. She is an excellent hostess, whether serving soju (Korea's "burning wine") or the sharply spiced Korean food. She is politically ambitious, and some Americans feel that her influence on Rhee is negative. As one U. S. official put it: "She's Rhee's greatest liability because she thinks he's the greatest man in Korea—and he agrees with her."

Elected President, Rhee has now had one of his ambitions satisfied. His next goal is to unify the country, still threatened with revolt. But before that aim is achieved, both Rhee and Korea will have to endure much. There are many who think Rhee's distaste for social reform will lead to more bloodshed. A few doubt that Rhee will die a natural death.

A U. S. general who has had his share of trouble with the intransigent Rhee, once said: "I love him mainly for the enemies he has made." The number of these enemies is legion. Rhee knows it, and takes extraordinary precautions. But whether he dies of an assassin's bullet or not, and whether liked or hated, he has already won for himself a secure niche in the turbulent history of Korea.—(Copyright).

HOPES of world peace are brighter today than they have been at any time since the end of the war.

Not only have the emergence of Communist China and the achievement of the atom bomb by Russia dramatically redressed the balance of world forces in recent weeks, but American Big Industry—the main threat to world peace—finds itself in a crisis from which even war no longer offers an easy escape and which is set inexorably to weaken its hold over large areas of the earth.

The decision of Britain, and with it, of many other satellite countries, to devalue their currencies in relation to the dollar, might have been due to sheer helplessness, but its effect on dollar imperialism cannot be but disastrous. At a time when increasing unemployment and falling prices have made export markets vital to Wall Street prosperity, American goods have been made 44 p.c. more expensive in all the countries and dependencies of the Sterling Area with the exception only of Pakistan and Turkey. Internal prices everywhere remaining the same, America will need to import 44 p.c. more from these countries to enable them to maintain their present scale of import of American goods. But the American home market, impoverished as it is due to the working of the capitalist system, has not the capacity to buy so much more even at reduced prices, and even if it does, it will be only at the cost of American industry itself. This presupposes an ability on the part of the countries that have devalued their currencies to increase their exports to America by nearly half their present values—a supposition for which there is hardly any ground.

But prices will not remain the same anywhere. Despite all that Cripps or Nehru has said about their determination to hold the present price lines, prices will rise (as they have already so ominously risen in India) to a greater or lesser extent in all the countries that have devalued. This will, in effect, mean the further impoverishment of the people of

these countries, and a corresponding fall in their purchasing power that will stand in the way of American exports even if the original price relationships are restored at a later stage due to an inevitable fall in American prices. American industry has therefore been given a permanent setback in its plans to capture foreign markets, even if the partial loss of its home markets is a temporary affair.

But this is not half the whole story. The rise in prices and costs of living in the countries that have devalued will inevitably play into the hands of the progressive forces of the Left—mortal enemies of dollar imperialism. Not only will there be defections from the Western Camp, but its very existence will be threatened by the emergence of Anglo-American suspicions and rivalries. Of defections, Pakistan bids fair to become the first example. It has declared its intention not to yield to sterling pressure to devalue its rupee, and to sell its raw materials to Russia if need be. In India, and in other backward areas of the sterling area which are not capable of expanding their exports (mainly of raw material) to the necessary extent, there will be widespread shortage of manufactured goods and prices even of British and indigenous products will rise in sympathy. (India's position will be particularly unfavourable due to the behaviour of her trading and business classes and the stand taken by Pakistan, an important source of foodgrains and cotton and jute). Increased economic distress in all these countries will turn them increasingly to the Left. Simultaneously, there will be friction between the two chief imperialist powers for the markets of the world and it will be a miracle indeed if Anglo-American relations remain unscathed in the process.

Indeed, there are already signs that Britain will do its best to jump off the American band-wagon. The news that Russia too has got the atom bomb will strengthen this incipient resolve, for if there is any single thing that Britain cannot

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
all the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing.
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!

—LONGFELLOW.

afford to do, it is to act as an aircraft-carrier against an enemy that will assuredly wipe it clean even if it cannot do similar damage to America. Shadows of coming events are to be recognised in the open plea made by the "New Statesman" for a drastic re-orientation of British foreign policy, with trade with Russia and the New Democracies of the East as its sheet anchor instead of subservience to America. The beginnings of friction are also perceptible in the divergence of policy over China. The British have large vested interests in China and are anxious to preserve them at any cost. They are therefore ready to recognise the new regime even though Mao has made no secret of his contempt for the West. American Big business, on the other hand, has little at stake in China and so far from recognising the new Government, is busy building up Japan as a jumping off board for operations against the mainland—a policy from which Britain will increasingly disassociate itself.

All this—and America's predicament when she finds, after the palliative effects of devaluation are over, that the new state is worse than the original, and that she still has no solution for her huge unemployment problem, will make for peace. A few months from now should suffice for this realisation to be brought home to the citadel of aggression. The outposts of aggression will by then have weakened and grown wiser. Many of the tools of aggression will be no longer dependable. It is only when the United States, and with her, her satellites, are convinced that force will no longer pay that peace will have been ensured.

THE fears I expressed a fortnight ago regarding the operation of the latest evacuee property ordi-

nances have been unexpectedly confirmed by authority itself. The Government of India, if a New Delhi press report is to be believed, is fully alive to the dangers of these ordinances being used with mala fide intent by field officers, and has urged them to be very careful in this respect. In the course of a circular to provincial Governments, the Central Ministry of Rehabilitation says: "Complaints have been received that evacuee property law is not being administered with the care it deserves, with the result that a section of the population feels that justice is not being done to them." The letter urges that power under the law must be "exercised with the utmost care and circumspection" and that it is the duty of district officers "to see that no harassment is caused to bona fide and genuine citizens of the Indian Union."

This is good news, and shows that the heart of the Central Government at least beats to a genuinely secular tune. Even more gratifying is the reported eleventh hour intervention by Pandit Nehru himself to stop the promulgation of a new and more drastic ordinance suggested by the Custodian-General and approved of by the Law Ministry.

Both these news have caused a flutter among local refugee circles and made them criticise the Central Government along the now familiar Sanghi lines. But Government has acted wisely and well in refusing to succumb to communal pressure and to make enemies of genuine citizens at a time when straitened relations with Pakistan make internal unity more necessary than ever. It has given practical proof of the honesty of its intentions and of the courage of its convictions. It is a long time since the Government last acted with such refreshing strength of purpose.

THE FUNCTION OF BROADCASTING

Broadcasting is not a way of thought; it is not a way of culture; it is not a way of life. It is there to serve thought, so that people should think for themselves. It is there to serve culture in such a way that people will turn more and more to active participation in the arts; go to the theatre; attend concerts; read books; use their hands; and help to build a community in which wireless is only a very small part of a full and satisfying life.—SIR WILLIAM HALEY.
AN ESSENTIAL EXCHANGE

THE PAPER INDUSTRY IN INDIA

By E. V. GANAPATI IYER

ALTHOUGH the paper industry is a consumption industry, it is next only to cloth and food in its universality and importance. This is because it is essentially linked up with the spread of literacy—the basic need of every citizen in democracy—and also with a number of crafts and packing, printing and other industries in the national economy. If the amount of consumption of cloth and food by the people may be considered to be an index of their economic well-being, that of paper may be taken to be a fair index of cultural development, in its widest sense. Unfortunately, statistics of per capita consumption of paper of the student and adult literate populations respectively of the several countries are not available for comparison, but a fair appraisal of the extent of backwardness of the position in India and the leeway to be made up is possible. Taking the literate population at present at 60 millions only, (literacy in the country is reported to be still less than 20%) and the average per capita requirement of this population at 10 lbs. only per annum as the "inclusive paper content" in their total reading and writing—this is indeed an extremely low consumption standard—one would expect that the consumption of paper in India for educational needs alone stood at not less than 600 million pounds annually i. e., nearly 2,70,000 tons. Over and above this would come the requirements of paper and boards, for industrial and commercial purposes which would easily account for an equal quantity. Yet the half million tons of annual requirement would apply only to the present low level position.

For the success of our new democratic State, spread of enlightenment and culture on the widest possible basis among the people, is an absolute necessity. This in the modern world means definitely much more than the acquisition of the three R's. The paper industry has therefore a great role to play in the future progress

of the country; while it has to shoulder great responsibilities, it has also great prospects.

The total production of paper including boards from all factories in India for the latest period (year 1948), during which the production has been admittedly satisfactory on the whole and near to rated capacity, was approximately 1,00,000 tons. Even with the imports of paper of all kinds, which could be taken to range round 1,00,000 tons annually, available supply falls well below present low level requirements. Adoption of compulsory primary education, increase of general and technical secondary education, and adult literacy drive to secure a literacy percentage of only 50 in 15 years' time, are all in the accepted national policy and will involve taking into account the requirements of 6 to 10 millions of persons additionally every year. Besides, the special burdens arising from the training of every citizen for democracy and the adoption of the new common State language of India, viz., Hindi, have to be included.

Requirements of packaging and other industries have to be kept in view well ahead, to avert crisis. The great attention that is being inevitably given to increased food production to make the country self-sufficient in the immediate present and not in a remote future will necessitate an increased use of paper and its products in the storage and packaging lines. The general industrial expansion has a similar effect.

Accentuating the effect of all this is the situation created by the shortage of raw jute production and consequent reduction of jute manufacture for storage bags for internal requirements and the special need to keep up, if not increase, their exports for dollar earning. The significance of this situation for the paper industry is that the manufacture of storage bags will come within its province, at least partially along with the jute industry, in future. It is well known

that paper bags (paper used in several folds) have not only become accepted general practice for carrying weights upto about 1 cwt in each, but have actually been found to be quite satisfactory, if not more so than jute bags, for the varying conditions of packing.

In the national interest, the paper industry in India has therefore not merely to expand but also to multiply at least fourfold within a decade. But along with this growth and independently of it even, should take place an indispensable and material lowering of its price levels immediately. Education, especially when it is to be universal and basic, must be extremely cheap, whether it is provided by Government or otherwise and unless the paper industry recognises this necessity fully, which is not the case now, it will be more of a drag on than a help to national reconstruction. In 1931, when the Indian Tariff Board examined the paper industry, almost 50 p.c. of the cost of Indian manufacture was an avoidable imposition of the industry on the cost of education and at the present time it is no less.

Such a reduction of price levels should not be regarded by the industry as unreasonable and difficult of realisation. In any event Government will have to ensure it in the larger interests. The paper industry is one that need not be nationalised but it should become national in its role. It can secure the ends by giving adequate regard to three major factors, namely, (a) rationalisation, (b) integration, and (c) application of scientific research.

Rationalisation is a matter for individual consideration of each unit of the industry and will of course involve problems of procurement of raw material supplies, labour and production efficiency. Rather than turn the searchlight of scrutiny upon labour expenditure, for which there is no real need as no tangible scope can be found on merits even after vigorous scrutiny, the units should concentrate upon the other two problems. According to newspaper reports, the afforestation of large virgin areas in New Zealand with a suitable variety of trees, years ago, has resulted in hundreds of millions of tons of good

pulpable wood becoming available to the paper industry of that country for its manufacture. Manufacturers in India must remember that it is large scale production of paper in the cheapest country that will have to be taken for considering the price level.

Under integration there is scope for consideration of problems covering the industry as a whole and all the units also profit by it. Little attention has hitherto been given to the essential solution of the more fundamental problems by integration. The paper industry is very well suited for development through integration. Not only raw material resources could thereby be husbanded and secured on nationwide basis but also the tools and services required by the industry. International comparisons will then become possible and international standards can be maintained. It will make for strength and soundness of the paper and allied industries, and facilitate promotion of the most specialised industries at the summit and cottage industries at the base.

The paper industry should be fitted into a policy of countrywide industrialization and trade on the most democratic basis possible. Through careful designing of small process units and paper organisation of indigenous raw material supplies, material quantities of paper production suitable for the large scale needs of the people could be secured in cottage industry.

The application of scientific research in the paper industry leaves still very much to be desired. It is imperative to utilise larger numbers of varieties of forest woods including the harder ones for paper and pulp production. Eucalyptus wood for paper production has been used in Australia in recent years to the extent of lakhs of tons. The utilisation of the most important item of waste in the wood industry, viz., sawdust, for pulp manufacture has been the subject matter of recent successful investigations. Methods utilising more abundantly available chemicals for increasing the production of pulp for paper manufacture have to be established. Synthetic resins suitable for the decoloration and binding of pulp and

improved engineering practices for the production of boards useful in house constructions have come into vogue. All these and the results of continuous intensive research both within the industry and Government research establishments should be speedily assimilated by the industry.

The essential lines of development of the paper industry envisaged for the future are as follows:

(1) The paper industry in India has before it great responsibilities, if also great prospects. In the national interest, it should expand fourfold within a decade and halve its price levels immediately.

(2) For soundness and strength, the organic structure of the industry

should be of a pyramidal type, with cottage industry at the base and the most specialised industries at the summit.

(3) Each unit of the industry should give immediate attention to rationalization. This would be necessary more essentially with regard to production efficiency, plant operation and raw material supplies than labour expenditure.

(4) The industry as a whole will benefit considerably by giving thought to integration and the application of scientific research. More strenuous and united effort than isolated attention is essential in regard to both of these, in order that the industry may stand properly in the international perspective.

HUMOURS OF ENGLISH

By REVAAN

IT was all very well for Voltaire to despair of the English language because the word plague has one syllable and ague two and to hope that plague would overtake one half the language and ague the other half. He was a tall man with enough detachment to amuse himself with the follies of mankind and enough vim and humour to keep every one laughing in tears. He needed no aids to smile and no supports to lighten the load of life, but not so every one. Life is too hard and too dreary to permit of any easy disposal of things, big or small, that add spice to it and make life worth living. But these days from the way things are done it looks otherwise: it looks as if we have all taken up cudgels and are sworn to convert the world into a vast graveyard. Why this unholy haste to exorcise all that enlivens, all that adds colour and gaiety to life? And to the long list of items to be struck off from the roll of our national life, our modern Savonarolas would have the English language added.

I am unable to share this vendetta against the English language merely because it happens to be the tongue of our ex-master. I plead, on the other hand, for the retention and a

grateful fostering of the language in the midst of our multi-lingual land of continental dimensions. I do not plead for English because it is the language of Paradise Lost or the tongue of the world's master-dramatist; not even because it is most likely to become the lingua international. I claim special consideration for the language for its peculiar adaptability, for the malleability with which it allows itself to be handled by foreigners, particularly by my countrymen, and put to uses totally unanticipated by pioneers like Macaulay who introduced it first in India. Its native idiom which carries, very often, a meaning completely at variance with the constituent word-meanings, its synonyms and its homonyms—all these form such an endless stream of inspiration that there is no break to the ripples of mirth and laughter that flow from our use—or abuse—of it. Many a strained nerve has been loosened and many a tension relaxed at most unexpected moments, thanks to the novel way we handle the language.

I remember very vividly the scene when a friend of mine was accosted by an acquaintance—an Englishman—with a 'How do you do?'. Now my friend is not an illiterate man. He

knows English, he knows what words mean and what he did is unforgettable. He gravely felt his stomach and said, slowly looking up at the bewildered gentleman, 'somewhat better'. I do not know what the other man felt at the reply but certainly I had my blues off.

Then there is also the instance of a lady who walked into the dispensary of a busy doctor-friend and asked sweetly: 'Would you please give me annihilation?' The staff was aghast. What on earth could she mean? She in turn was annoyed and started explaining how she had a heavy cold in the nose. Things got clearer and faces beamed when it was realised that what she wanted was an inhalation.

'I am not a civil man now' wrote a gentleman the other day. The recipient of the letter was well-nigh non-plussed at a possible threat implied in the sentence; but the situation was saved by somebody present on the occasion for he knew that the writer had just joined the Military Service and all that he meant to say was that he was no more a civilian and that no threat was meant!

Then there is a young enthusiast, an ardent admirer of a great scholar. Meeting him one day, he gave expression to his unbounded regard for the versatility of the latter. 'You sir,' he started dramatically, 'who does not know you dabble in all subjects?' Luckily the victim of the joke has a great fund of humour and he had a

hearty laugh before passing it to my sizeable collection.

But nothing like politics. Politics is an incredibly fertile ground for gau-cheries of this kind. One particular gentleman is a regular listener of the Radio and pores over every line of the day's paper. He is a kindly man and would not let me pass without giving me tit-bits of news. 'Nehru has declared that he has full co-operation from his collegians,' he would tell. Colleagues is not a far cry from collegians, you know. 'They have formed the internal government',—meaning of course the interim government. And execution council? There is another friend—he reads only head-lines but does not proceed further. 'What is this inflammation, will you explain to me?' he asked. Of course I did not need to be a genius to infer from the context that what my friend was mystified about was the much-discussed inflation in the country.

These pleasant diversions are not confined to private life alone. They extend to public affairs. Years ago a meeting was held at a provincial capital to celebrate the founder's day of a great educational institution. Solemnly rising to inaugurate the proceedings, the chairman said: 'We have met here to perpetrate the memory of....'

Recently a very high dignitary threw his friends into jitters by confiding to them that his enemies had started 'a whispering gallery' against him!

There cannot be any lasting hope for UNO, UNESCO, European Federation or Union, the Middle Eastern Union, African Union or harmony in the Far East until there is a far deeper interpenetration of national cultures. This is no longer the prerogative and privilege of the savants; it is the supreme need of the teacher, the student, the technician and professional man. There are few uncharted lands and seas left to explore, but the restless spirit of man cannot remain cabined and confined within a national culture and environment. The new challenge of the twentieth century lies in the understanding of one country by another, in exchange of ideas, the comparing ways of life and institutions. This challenge gives the moral purpose to education.—KENNETH LINDSAY, M. P.

There is but one law for all, namely, the law which governs all law, the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, justice, equality—the law of Nature and of Nations.—BURKE.

Short Story

GOPAL'S LUCK

By M. G. SOMAYAJULU

GOPAL briskly entered his small kitchen cum dining room kept scrupulously clean by his wife, Rangamma and sat on a wooden plank. As he stared at the one-course meal served on a plantain-leaf which seemed to mock at his ravenous hunger,—the result of a hard day's drudgery at his office,—Gopal realised that his better-half was in the worst temper. Having given a wide margin for the present-day rigours of rationing, when man and beast must sternly cut the coat according to the cloth, Gopal still felt that they would not justify anybody's wife spreading a one-course meal before the breadwinner of the house.

"Rangamma!" Gopal hailed his wife diffidently. Rangamma materialised from somewhere in the interior of the house like a bristling porcupine, and Gopal's courage never at a high level in the presence of his wife, dropped down to zero degree.

"Is this the feed you should give to a hard-working man?" Gopal's hunger gave him courage to complain.

"You may be precious glad that I could give you any feed," Rangamma replied. "You should have married a magician if you expected your wife to spread a feast before you without supplying her the necessary where-withal."

Gopal instantly regretted the impulse that led him to complain about the food, thus voluntarily giving an opening to his wife to embark on her pet theme of shortage of funds. The truth was that Gopal had no clean conscience in the matter as he was throwing a good bit of his salary at the race-course in the hitherto unsuccessful attempts to make easy money. Many a time did he promise to his wife to leave the horses severely alone as soon as he recovered his losses at least; but that happy moment never arrived.

"The cost of living has gone sky-high and I am only a petty clerk

drawing a poor salary," said Gopal, attempting a weak defence.

"Yes and a fool losing his money on horse-races," Rangamma commented hotly without wifely respect.

"It is one way of making money."

"Certainly... for other people."

Gopal had no answer to this stinging retort and he took refuge in silence which, he was taught in his school days, was golden. He hastily gulped the food before him,—something being always better than nothing,—and retired to the front veranda of his house where he sat on a pial smoking a cheap cigarette. He then drew from the pocket of his shirt a crumpled sheet of the competition page of the "Asian Mirror" containing a crossword puzzle. That was his first acquaintance with crossword puzzles.

As Gopal straightened the creases of the paper, printed figures of "Rs. 30,000" seemed to hit him in the face. "Do you want to earn Rs. 30,000 with a nominal outlay of sixteen annas?" the question was posed in thick print. "Which fool would not want it?" inwardly commented Gopal. By the side of crossword puzzle offering that glittering prize appeared the photograph of a Mr. Ayyar who had the good fortune of winning a first prize in a previous puzzle. Mr. Ayyar evidently felt entitled by that circumstance to shout words of wisdom to his less fortunate brethren. Gopal considered that it was jolly generous of Mr. Ayyar to give tips to his fellow competitors. "I was a fool wasting my hard-earned money at the race-course until the fateful day when a friend opened my eyes to the potentialities of crossword puzzles. From that day I avoided the betting enclosure like the plague and concentrated all my energies on crossword puzzles, with what result you can all perceive. My advice to all intelligent people is that they should take to solving crosswords if they wish to better their lot," said Mr. Ayyar. Gopal, who considered himself

to be an intelligent man, decided to take Mr. Ayyar's advice. Mr. Ayyar's pre-crossword activities being so exactly like his own, Gopal felt that the advice had a special meaning for him.

When Rangamma finished her round of work in the kitchen Gopal proudly announced to her his decision to stop all his racing activities forthwith. Rangamma received the news with a grunt. "You do not believe me," Gopal complained. "I do not want to labour the point now. The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

To Rangamma's agreeable surprise Gopal's words were proved true for once. Consequently the supply of funds to her increased in bulk. Whether what Mr. Ayyar confidently predicted would follow from a cessation of racing activities or not, Gopal immediately discovered a better temper and an improved culinary skill in his wife.

Gopal started in right earnest to send entries to the crossword competition of the "Asian Mirror." When his crossword activities did not make any serious inroads into the domestic budget Rangamma maintained a neutral attitude towards the same. Gopal would sit far into the night busy with dictionary and various papers. He would be repeating aloud two rhyming words like "hitch or pitch" several times, as though to discover the correct alternative by sheer repetition. The uxorious declaration of a husband-winner's grateful acknowledgment of the invaluable help given by his wife in hammering out the tricky clues, especially those dealing with women, would make Gopal bitterly regret his wife's lack of education. Early reverses did not daunt Gopal. Whenever he felt disheartened, the words of yet another winner, who, like Robert Bruce, knew no success till eight long years, would put fresh heart into Gopal.

One day Gopal came rushing into the house like a whirlwind, holding a copy of the "Asian Mirror." "Success at last, Rangamma," he cried. "I scored an all-correct in the latest crossword puzzle. Here is the official solution and I am sure from my recollec-

tion that the entry sent by me agrees word for word with it. But, wait, I will give you ocular proof."

Gopal rushed into his room and after a little while bellowed "Where is my coat?"

"What coat?" asked Rangamma.

"The brown coat I wore last week," Gopal replied impatiently.

"Why, I put it to the washerman yesterday," Rangamma answered placidly.

Gopal was furious. "How many times have I told you not to meddle with my clothes? There will be all sorts of papers in the pockets and you uneducated fool will not even think of emptying them," Gopal railed. He did not waste further time and rushed out, running to the washerman's house, hoping that the clothes would still be there, having been taken only yesterday. His hope was justified and as the washerman salvaged the all-important brown coat, Gopal snatched it from his hand and his hands dived into the pockets in search of the copy of his crossword entry which he kept for his record. From one pocket he pulled out some papers. The bundle of papers disclosed a stamped and addressed envelope containing the carefully filled crossword entry for the puzzle, whose official solution was just published, side by side with the copy he was so frantically searching for. Gopal was puzzled. What was that envelope doing in a washerman's den of soiled clothes instead of proudly carrying the prizewinning entry to its appointed destination? Recollection suddenly dawned on Gopal. He remembered how after he filled the entry and stuffed it into the cover a message was brought to him by a peon that he was immediately wanted by his boss, how he immediately thrust the envelope into his pocket and rushed away to his boss, and how he subsequently clean forgot to post the cover altogether. Gopal felt dazed. When he realised that Rs. 30,000 literally slipped through his fingers, he was full of rancour against Fate.

Gopal's head reeled, and feeling unequal to the task of facing Rangamma just then, Gopal went to see a picture.

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If friends, let others excel you
—COLTON.

THE chances of Sri C. Rajagopalachari becoming the first President of the Indian Republic are not now as bright as they were a little while ago. Vigorous canvassing, attended with large success, has been going on in the Constituent Assembly, in favour of Sri Rajendra Prasad. Two eminent leaders of the calibre of C. R. and Rajendra Prasad could not of course be set up at logger-heads in competitive desire careeristically for the same post. An amendment clothed in language of constitutional significance was therefore invented. It advocated the transference of the President of the Constituent Assembly provisionally to the Presidentship of the Republic pending the holding of an election in due course after the formation of Parliament under the new Constitution. Acceptance of the amendment would mean automatic elevation of Sri Rajendra Prasad as President on termination of C. R.'s tenure as Governor-General, with the abolition of that post on 26th January next.

But would the amendment be accepted? A majority of the members of the Constituent Assembly seem to have already affixed their signatures to it. In the ordinary course of things, it can be reckoned as good as passed. Pandit Nehru, however, appears to have set his heart on having C. R. as the first President of the Republic. Put in the scales against the party majority, would Nehru's desire prove more weighty, or less? The Prime Minister, for all the reputation he enjoys of having his head in the clouds, has on occasions shown himself remarkably considerate to the points of view of dissentients. He has developed a sense of conscientious respect for democratic principles in the form of a self-inflicted restraint averse to question the propriety of majority decisions. Holding himself in reserve he has avoided using the full extent of his influence

to have his own way. The unutilised surplus of his authority invests his leadership with an agreeable sort of puissance and an atmosphere of grateful sensitiveness and cordial good-fellowship keeping would-be rebels at bay. There is no doubt that Pandit Nehru can get any nominee of his choice installed as President, whatever may be the import of collected signatures, if only he should put forth all his will to that end. But will he?

When C. R. was appointed Governor-General, there was no sharing in the responsibility of the choice. Pandit Nehru acted alone, acted first and then informed his colleagues. Report has it that he was not without his moments of trepidation as to C. R.'s suitability. Would C. R., with his chappals, his abstemious ways, his shaven head, his sartorial inconsequence, fit in with the requirements of magnificence of a regal position in which the splendour of superficialities was as important as wisdom, ability and subtlety? Actually, on the palatial precincts of Government House at New Delhi, it was just when C. R. sought to make overtures with novelties supposed to pertain to the new status—as when he threw up a collar round his neck—that incongruities were witnessed upsetting the equilibrium of dignity which he never failed to maintain out of office. On other occasions, when he was just himself, he took the Governor-Generalship easily in his stride, and it was the office that was honoured by his holding it, and not he that was honoured by the office. In C. R.'s Governor-Generalship the deficiencies have been very few, and the excellences have been many and outstanding. In particular he captivated foreign dignitaries with his charm and courtesy, and contributed generously to international appreciation of India in the intellectual and cultural spheres.

In the move being engineered to prevent C. R. becoming President,

personal grouses of one sort or another have been the motivating factors, not considerations of public or national interest. Individual ill-will, tutored by adroit psychology, can through dexterous lobbying charge the whole atmosphere of a Parliament with its spirit, and produce results formidable in appearance. It has been so on the present occasion. Not only Babu Rajendra Prasad but also Sardar Patel have been dragged in, as so much grist to the mill of the anti-C. R. canvassers, as preferential personages for the Presidential honour. It is to be hoped that the temper of the hustings sought to be imported into

the discussion will be outdone promptly by sagacious adjustment between the Prime Minister and the other leading figures concerned. Sardar is best where he is. Sri Rajendra Prasad has neither the sparkle nor the resilience of C. R., and his condition of chronic sickness should rule out any imposition on him in a direct manner, of the heavy burdens of State. An ex-Governor-General cannot hold lesser offices, and to force C. R. into political inaction by barring him from the Presidentship, is at this present juncture of scarce national leadership, no service to people or country.—SAKA.

Charles Lamb, who was himself mentally unstable, lived in dread of his periodically insane sister.

Once approached by an acquaintance, he was asked: "Will you buy a ticket? We're having a raffle for a poor widow."

Lamb thought it over. "No," he finally said, "Mary Ann wouldn't let me keep her if I won."

A landlord was trying to collect the rent from a tenant who was an artist. After listening several minutes to a tirade, the artist said: "Why, man, you ought to pay me to live here. In years to come people will look up at this house and say: 'That's where Castle the artist used to live!'"

"They're not going to wait that long," curtly replied the landlord. "If you don't have the rent by tonight, they can say it tomorrow."

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"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"

THE atom bomb has already become a part of the new folk legends of man.

Last week, as the world was reacting to the truly atomic impact of President Truman's revelation about Russia's possession of the bomb, Bombay was experiencing the severest rainfall, but the common man is firmly convinced that the series of unprecedented weather conditions are the direct result of the atom bomb explosions.

In the popular imagination, last year's cyclone as well as this year's deluge-like rainfall, the incidence of new diseases like polio, and the abnormal drop or rise in temperature, are all ascribable to man's unpardonable folly of 'monkeying' with the atom.

In the city slums and village *chaupals*, in the clubs of the rich and the road-side congregations of the poor, in India and a hundred other countries, once again the talk is of the Atom Bomb and the likely consequences, now that the U. S. A.'s monopoly has been ended, and Russia, too, is known to possess the dreaded weapon. Will it mean the neutralization of Atom-obsessed war-mongering, or will it mean a mutually exhausting atom race between the two contestants? Will it mean peace or war?

Doctor Otto Bahn, pioneer discoverer of atomic fission (and, as such, one of the godfathers of the Atom Bomb) says: "I am glad. If both sides have the bomb, there will be no war. It will be just as with gas in the last war, neither side used it, as they knew the others had it too." On the other hand, Washington reports speak of an "atomic armaments race" having already started, and Mr. Lillenthal, chairman of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission wants his government to "do everything and anything necessary to establish unmistakable leadership" in the atom bomb manufacture. While responsible leaders of public opinion and sober, peace-loving common people everywhere are echoing

the wish of Doctor Otto Bahn, and the Indian delegation to the U. N. O. has given a historic lead to the world by making a proposal for the immediate outlawing of all atomic weapons, there are grim indications that the arms-manufacturers and war-mongers of America are exploiting the situation by creating an atom panic in their country to further boost their atomic arms manufacture programme. **MERRILY WE GO TO HELL!**

It is amazing to find even responsible statesmen talking cynically about, and cold-bloodedly preparing for, the "inevitable atomic war" which can and will mean only one thing—the end of the world or, at least, the end of civilization. Theoretically, everyone is agreed that the atom bomb, as a weapon, is diabolically damned. It is 'doubly-damned'—it damns him who uses it, along with the one against whom it is used! Imaginative and creative thinkers like Upton Sinclair (in his play "The Giant's Strength"), Karl Capek (in his fantasy, "The Absolute At Large"), Aldous Huxley (in his "Ape And Essence") and Sir Radhakrishnan in his latest speech at UNESCO, have vividly predicted the disastrous consequences of an atomic war—in which there shall be no victors and no vanquished, only global self-destruction and the eternal poisoning of the very springs of life.

It is significant that on the very day President Truman made his historic revelation, there was a small item of news which must have missed the attention of most newspaper readers. It stated that the waters of the Bikini (where the atomic experiment took place three years ago) are still radioactive and the atoll is uninhabitable—perhaps for ever!

That was only one bomb—used in the midst of an ocean. And yet, for miles around, the water became contaminated. The seaweeds absorbed radioactive particles and passed them on to little fish. These died at the end of

the second week and were eaten by large fish. These in turn died in the third week, their decayed bodies passing the radio activity back to sea weeds, which 'infected' the ships of a scientific expedition including 'every bite of food, drink of water, piece of laundry, the handrails of ships' etc. It was fortunate that the fish at Bikini were not of the migrating kind! But an eminent scientist, Dr. Stafford L. Warren, speculated "what might have happened if Bikini had been a populous harbour with a wind blowing in from the sea," and concluded that "most of its people would have died"—i.e. if such a bomb were dropped in the sea near New York, 2,000,000 people would be killed!

Just by one bomb! Multiply it by the hundreds and thousands of bombs that American generals *openly* talk of dropping on Russian cities, and the hundreds and thousands of bombs that the Russians, in retaliation or in anticipation, *might* drop on the vulnerable over-crowded American cities like New York and Chicago, and on the cities of America's allies—London, Paris, Amsterdam! Then imagine the state of the world—will there be a world left?

BLOODY TRAFFIC

It passes one's comprehension how, fully knowing the fatal consequences to the entire human race which will follow an atomic war, any sane person (or even politician) can talk of such a war with equanimity. Have the war-mongers gone mad to the extent of welcoming what amounts to virtual mass suicide by the people of the whole world? Or is there a method in this madness, dividends in this devilry?

It is to be remembered that, under the system of "private enterprise" which, in America, extends to the "bloody traffic" in arms and other instruments of human destruction, there are people whose business interests are served by wars, threats of war, panics, by international tension and hostility. Every headline that proclaims some real or imaginary "danger" to the nation's security means an upward trend in armament shares. Such "merchants of death" have few scruples. There is the classic example of Zaharoff, the super-salesman, selling arms to Greece to fight

Turkey, then to Turkey to fight Greece, again to Greece to fight Turkey! American monopolists had no qualms of conscience about supplying tin and other vital metals to militarist Japan which "returned them with thanks" in the shape of bombs that blasted Pearl Harbour. Many of the bombs, bullets and shells that killed thousands of American soldiers in the last war were manufactured by Hitler's arms factories with the help of patents, formulas and materials supplied by American cartels financially inter-linked with German arms manufacturers.

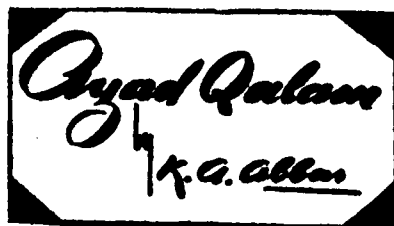
That American capitalism feels imperilled by the spread of Russian Communism is true, of course. But the impelling force behind the atom bomb obsession is not merely ideological. It has to do with dollars—millions and billions of dollars. War hysteria, anti-Russian hate campaign, Red-baiting or spy scares—all contribute to the enrichment of the monopolies and cartels which stand to gain enormous profits (and power) by the steadily expanding atomic arms programme.

It is not without significance that the small group of American war-mongers who swear by "bacteriological warfare" have not cut much ice. They are Russia-haters like the atomists but their diabolical drugs (which can cause almost as much damage and destruction as the atom bomb) have one serious 'shortcoming'—they do not require billions of dollars to manufacture and, consequently, do not hold out promises of fat contracts from the War Department!

The mighty little Atom, on the other hand, is Big Business involving governmental expense of billions. No wonder Wall Street cannot afford to agree to the total abolition of the Atom Bomb—it would mean 'abolition' of so much profits, too!

DEHUMANIZED MEN

It is frightening to see to what extent love of money and power can dehumanize people. To read some American journalists (and generals) on the subject of what they want to do with the Atom Bombs, casually giving details of how they would wipe out entire cities and launch attacks on whole continents, is simply shock-



ing. Here, talking ghoulishly of would-be atomic attacks:

"...the most fruitful single target in every major nation is the capital, where government headquarters, military headquarters and varying amounts of industrial activity are centred. Here the atomic bomb's destructive and lethal effects, and its disorganization of the government would contribute most to a purely military victory." (Mark the use of the word "fruitful!")

Here, again, are Joseph and Stewart Alsop, in a no less cynical and bestial mood:

"They (the soldiers, sailors and airmen of the U. S. A.) either possess already or are busily perfecting weapons of total destruction—the atomic bomb, the radioactive cloud, the biological and chemical weapons. But...they look forward to a happy condition of the world in which nation will be able to rain down upon nation, in an instant of time, all the terrors that science has devised."

What is needed, therefore, is a

"Genuine guided missile of inter-continental range—the rocket or ramjet capable of striking at a chosen target from half a world away, travelling at such speeds that interception will be impossible, bringing total destruction with the suddenness of a thunder-clap... (with) the last phase will come the grand strategic weapon—the missile to be fired from bases on the soil of one nation against targets in another land."

BILLION DOLLAR THEME

So they want "military preparations over a long period of years and costing many billions of dollars." Indeed, the million-dollar-billion-dollar theme recurs again and again in the Alsop thesis.

After estimating a modest expense of only 1,200,000,000 dollars for the building of wind tunnels alone for the testing of the experimental models of guided missiles with supersonic speed, they complain, "The Congressional economizers will splutter at the expense. But which alternative are they to choose? Shall we watch others sending their birds aloft before our own can fly? Or shall we...dig down

in our pockets and lay the money on the line?"

Then they want "construction of tactical bases—a great chain along the Arctic frontier, and others elsewhere—which is likely to cost not mere hundreds of millions, but billions."

In other words, more and more million-dollar contracts for the atomic arms manufacturers!

TRIGGER MAY GO OFF!

Do these war-mongers really want an atomic war? Personally, I doubt it, because this ruthless weapon of their own making will probably liquidate them, too. There shall be no luxurious air-conditioned air raid shelters to protect them against the all-pervading radiation.

The atomic war (unlike previous wars) will really be the war to end all wars, as also to end all war-mongering and warmongers—because it will mean the end of humanity, including the common people as well as their exploiters.

So, I do not think it will pay any war-mongering capitalist to really bring about an atomic war. But it does pay him to keep up a war scare at fever-heat, to declare its "imminence" and "inevitability." He must hypnotise the tax-payer into believing that more and more million-dollar atom bombs are essential for national security. Hence the necessity of continuously harping on the alleged imminent danger of atomic attacks from "the enemy."

According to Thornton Page, "the United States is considerably more vulnerable to atomic attack than most of our possible enemies." West European countries and Great Britain he says, are "most vulnerable."

Curiously enough, however, the solution offered is not the universal abolition of atomic armaments but just the reverse—the increasing stockpile of bombs in America's atomic factories!

And so the tension is kept up by playing upon and fomenting the anti-Soviet prejudices, the hostility and the fear, the hate and hysteria, the scares and the canards!

The wolf (or, in this case, the Bear) is coming! Beware! Keep your gun loaded—ready to shoot! It suits the atomic arms manufacturers to create

this psychology of fear and tension. But the danger inherent in the situation is that sometimes jittery nerves (or even just accidents) can cause guns to go off.

Since the gun in this case is an atomic gun and will cause other atomic guns to go off in retaliation, causing incalculable destruction on a global scale and the end not only of civilisation but of life itself, the gun must not be allowed to go off. When nerves are jittery and fingers unsteady, it is safer to throw away the gun.

The poet has warned:

Man, this knife before your breast
Of love or hate, this subtle choice,
Compels you to the final test—
Or else the silence of your voice.

Stanley Young.

STRAWS IN THE WIND

LONDON: Britain has concluded a secret agreement for Portugal's entire output of a "vital radioactive by-product" that is so secret that it doesn't have an official name.

WASHINGTON: The establishment

of an atom bomb stockpile in Britain is also believed likely to be an early development. A British air expert in Washington stressed the importance of Britain being able to make and store atom bombs.

SEATTLE: Radio activity from the 1946 Bikini atom bomb blasts still is present in animal and plant life on the atolls....

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

LUCKNOW: On an average 4000 persons take calcium injections in Lucknow every day.... A doctor said, 'If I had my way, I would tether a cow at the door of every house. There is terrible calcium deficiency in our people, specially women. They do not get milk.'—HINDUSTAN Weekly.

BOMBAY: The G. I. P. Railway Police detected 75,000 persons travelling without tickets in the month of July.

JULLUNDER: Two congressmen are on hunger-strike demanding the ousting of all blackmarketeers and opportunists from the Congress.

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V. K. NARASIMHAN, Secretary.

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.

Is Germany Really Defeated?

In the wake of the announcement about Russia's possession of the atom bomb, Paul Ramadier has stated that the remedy against the new menace is that the military clauses of the Atlantic Pact should be put into operation. Everything points to an Anglo-American-German alliance against the Soviet Union. There will be war and these three powers will divide the world amongst themselves with France as a minor partner.

The over-emphasis on Russia's capacity to capture the Channel coast with almost a single blow is significant. Even when Falkenheyn delivered his tremendous thrusts at the Channel ports in the first world war and sent the British armies gasping and when in the second world war the Germans actually took the ports, the enemy's strength was not much over-rated. Hence the present over-estimation of the Soviet strength is significant. Now that the Soviet are in possession of the atom bomb also, it will be argued that the only power that can stop them on land is the German military machine and that it is in the interests of Britain and U. S. A. not only to recognise an independent Germany but even to strengthen her as the lesser of the two evils!

B. S.

Technical Services

Technical services like medicine and engineering affect the life and economy of a nation and selection therein should go only by merit and never on communal, personal or party basis.

The Central Government is keenly alive to this. But in the recent recruitment to provincial medical services persons of merit are omitted very mysteriously. The propriety of this is questionable.

G. NARASIMHAM.

Sompeta.

Gross Injustice

During settlement land is divided into different classes or tarams on the basis of fertility and yield, and the land revenue from each field is calculated on the basis of its taram. But it is not so in procurement. Procurement officials treat all lands of varying fertility alike. They demand grain from the ryot on the basis of their estimate of the yield of the best land of the village. So a producer with land of the lowest taram is forced to give as much as one with land of the highest taram. Fertility does

not come into calculation for procurement purposes. Cannot our Government look into this gross injustice that is being perpetrated on the producer of the community's food?

N. S. SIVASUBRAMANIAN.

Nerur.

Why Not Ban These Also?

It is a wise thing that the Government of India have decided to ban the import of items such as foodstuffs from both sterling and dollar areas as a result of the meagre foreign exchange to our credit. But it is also necessary that they should ban imports of certain goods from U. K. which they had hitherto not been able to do, for example, cigarettes, cosmetics, ointments, talcum powders, toilet soaps, processed beverage foods, machinery, motors and cars and their parts which India will be in a position to start manufacturing only on prohibiting their import.

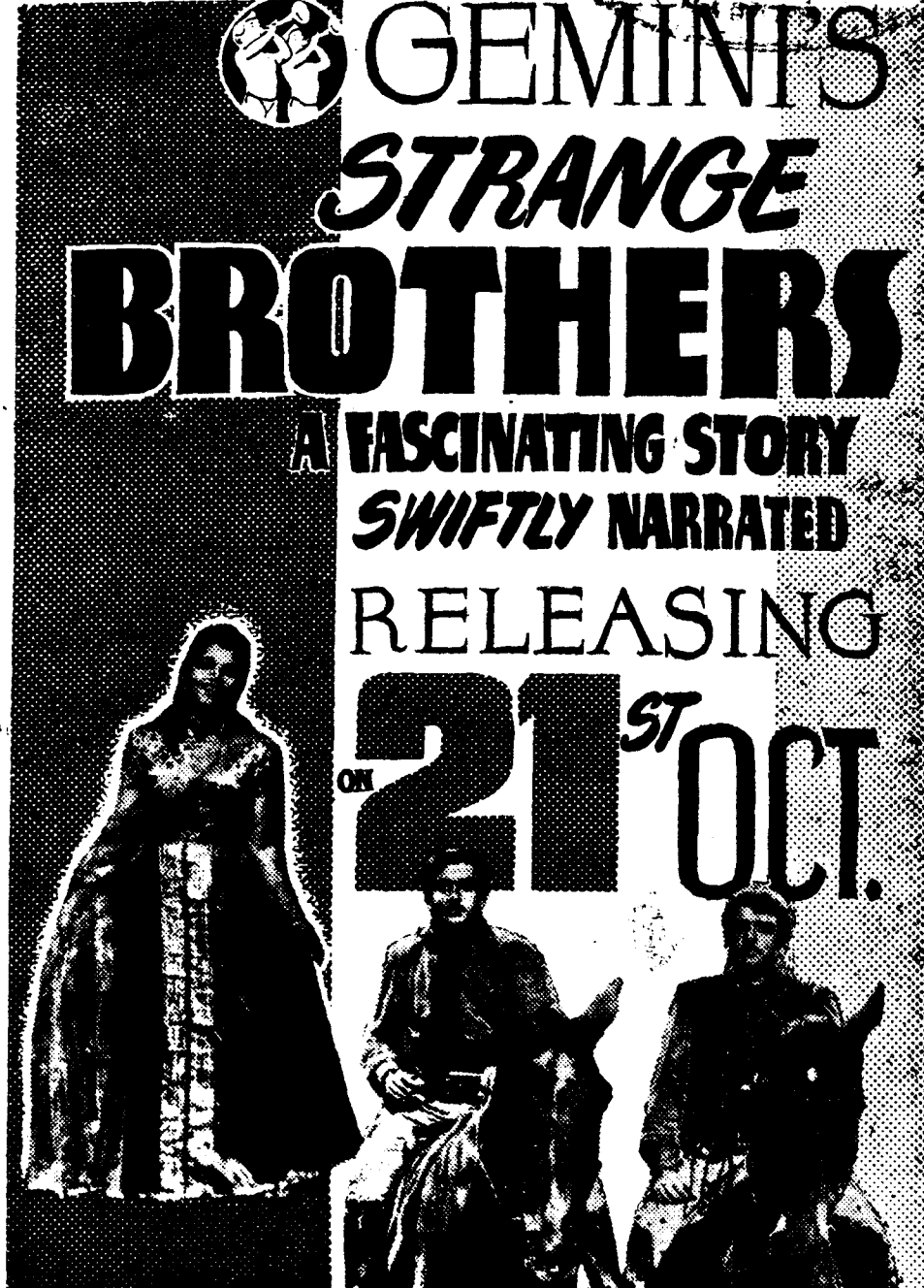
PARAMESWARAN.

New Approach Needed

Recently in a city court, an old, infirm labourer was fined Rs. 10 in default two weeks R. I. on a charge of theft of about a measure of rice in the harbour area. The accused pleaded that he collected the rice from one of the empty railway waggons stationed in the yard. It is not an uncommon sight in Salt Cotaurs or in any marshalling yard to see empty waggons with unswept floors strewn with rice, dhall, sugar, millets, etc. When such waggons are placed along side the platform for loading, the coolies there are tempted to gather these things. If undetected at the gate, they escape; otherwise, they find themselves in the dock on charges of theft. This case is one of hundreds that can be seen daily at the police court in George Town.

Poverty, hunger, misery and helplessness are the agents that instigate these people to commit such acts and the offence is technical in character. The very appearance of these people in semi-nudity and squalor will have to convince the convicting magistrate of the cause behind such acts. Fining hunger or sending it to prison is not the way to fight this evil. The remedy lies elsewhere and the Government must know better. The Government's planned fight against Communism will bear no fruit in so far as the police and the magistracy know no religion but prosecution, fine and prison.

R. N. RAO



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SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 35

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

REVOLUTION IN CHINA

THE formal proclamation of the Chinese People's Republic on October 1 and its immediate recognition by the Soviet Union mark the beginning of a new chapter in the history of Asia. A vast country with a population of more than three hundred millions has come under Communist rule. The spectre of which Marx wrote in his famous Manifesto a hundred years ago bestrides our world today like a Colossus. The American policy of containing Communism by subsidising reaction in China has proved a dismal failure. If Chiang Kai-shek's regime could not withstand the Communist onslaught despite all the help given by the Americans, it was primarily because it had lost popular backing entirely and could not rouse enthusiasm among any section of the people or in the army. It is a significant fact that the Nationalist Kuomintang Army did not score a single victory against the Communists and the only factor that is preventing the latter from overrunning the remaining provinces in South China is the need for consolidating the area already taken. The outside world will undoubtedly be struck by the fact that the Communists have been able to restore normal life and to maintain peace and order in the areas overrun by them in remarkably quick time. The achievement is all the more significant if we remember that China has been ravaged by war for eighteen years continuously, not to speak of the civil war that went on for years before the Japanese invasion of Manchuria.

The triumph of Communism in China is an event of greater import-

ance than the Soviet discovery of the atom bomb secret formally admitted by President Truman last week. That the new Republic will definitely align itself with the Soviet Union in international affairs goes without saying. Any lingering hopes the British and the Americans might have had of Mao Tse-tung's China playing the same role as Tito's Yugoslavia have been dispelled by the Communist leader's declaration that the new Republic will march in step with the U.S.S.R. That does not, of course, mean that it will have no relations with other countries. All foreign Governments have been notified that the People's Republic is willing to establish diplomatic relations with any Government on the basis of "equality, mutual benefit and mutual respect for territorial integrity and sovereignty." The British, who have large investments in China, have for sometime been discussing the propriety of extending *de facto* recognition to the new Government. This is perhaps imminent, while *de jure* recognition will have to wait till they have decided on their future relations with the Canton Government, which at present legally represents the whole of China in international relations. The Americans will probably be slow to take a decision as it is more difficult for them to reconcile themselves to a Communist regime in China than it is for the British. We may be sure, however, that, after the disclosures in the recent American White Paper on U. S. policy in China, there is little likelihood of the Americans attempting to reverse the tide in China by further aid to the



ART & CRIME: The above scene may appear to be a defecation of a criminal case; but in reality it is an Assembly for a great Art Conference.

Kuomintang regime. It is too late for trying any new war of intervention in China and any attempt of such a nature is bound to meet with fierce resistance and will more firmly entrench the Communists in the hearts of the people.

The continued nominal existence of the Canton Government creates a problem in international diplomacy. Countries like India, which might like to recognise the new Government and get on with the job, are prevented by diplomatic proprieties from doing so as long as the old Government exists. It would perhaps be a great relief to many countries if the Chiang Government ended its inglorious existence by committing harakiri or quitting the stage without further ceremony. It no longer represents any body but a small clique and its role in international bodies has long been devoid of independence and reality.

What of the new Republic? It may be hazardous at this stage to venture to predict how things will turn out in Communist China. The country

has sorely suffered from three decades of continuous war and civil war and needs above all an honest and efficient Government which would concentrate on the peaceful development of the country's economic resources. Apart from her manpower, China's economic potential today is very low. There need be no fear of her pursuing aggressive policies, although Communist activity in neighbouring countries like Indo-China, Siam and Malaya will receive a filip. Hard planning and concentrated effort will be needed to industrialise the country and the Communists will not be reluctant to receive foreign aid on reasonable terms. China today is economically perhaps in a worse plight than Russia after the Revolution of 1917. She requires at least twenty years of undisturbed economic development before she can become a major power. Communist China should thus be as much interested in peace as Russia was in the years before 1939. Therein lies the basis for mutual co-operation between India and the new China.

Sotto Voce

Lone Wolf



"SO, now we know the worst." The feeling among the Western democracies is almost one of relief that the intolerable suspense is over. Russia has the bomb and has tested it as America tested it at Bikini—but, let us hope, with less (immediately) disastrous results. According to the intelligent guesses of European scientists the first Russian bomb must have exploded somewhere on the Arctic fringe, after the inhabi-

tants had been unceremoniously hustled out of the way. It is, of course, just possible that the seals, if any, in that inhospitable region have become radio-active. But the equanimity of Lake Success will not be disturbed on that account. Man is still the measure of things.

"After all it was bound to come," say those who are inclined to be philosophical about it, much as we in

India have always said, "Death is as sure as birth." The easy consolation is in either case an innocent ruse to ward off the impertinent curiosity of the world. By saying that you had expected this calamity all along you are trying to persuade the onlooker that you had in a measure steeled yourself against its ill-effects. That, of course, is just humbug. Far from trying to do anything so sensible you had hoped against hope that Russia would for years to come grope for the secret unsuccessfully.

America had convinced itself that Russia had no first-class scientists—except Peter Kapitza who was supposed to sulk in his tent—just as before the second World War it had convinced itself that Hitlerite Germany, having driven out the Jews, had no first-class scientist. And now that this optimism has been falsified the Americans seem to find strange comfort in the conviction that it is to the German scientists in the Russian sector of Germany that Russia owes the discovery of the jealously-guarded "know-how." Britain, being extremely practical in these matters, may be expected to take the tip. For she too has given asylum to many German scientists, and she has not got over her soreness at her Transatlantic cousin's obvious unwillingness to let her into the secret.

Thus the atom bomb will shortly be in everybody's possession. And even India, who under Sir S. S. Bhatnagar's inspiring lead has already set up a committee to discover the secrets of nuclear fission, may in another century or two have the pleasure of re-discovering for herself formulas for the bomb which had long passed into the text-books. Meanwhile much may happen to the world we live in—catastrophically much—as a result of the competitive growth of this new poison fruit. So it seems to the lay mind—but there again the experts differ. And the optimists are backed by Pandit Nehru.

They argue that the very knowledge that the bomb is no longer the monopoly of one nation must act as a powerful deterrent to those who had

dreamed of blasting their way to world domination. As a war in which the atom bomb became as common as V-2 or even Big Bertha might wipe out London and New York and Leningrad in minutes rather than hours, a new note of sober realism is bound to be heard in international diplomacy. Any national leader who dared still to provoke light-heartedly the hazards of war would be given short shrift by his own enraged people. And he must, further, reckon with the chances of his losing. The avengers would then show him even less mercy than they did at Nuremberg.

But all history is against this easy presumption. When bows and arrows were rendered obsolete by gunpowder the first user of the primitive match-lock may have had a decided advantage over the rest of the world. But when the invention came into general use and helped in a war to kill a hundred times as many as had ever fallen to Rama the prince of archers, that did not persuade the warring nations of the paramount need in the interests of humanity to outlaw the use of the new weapon. Instead the rivals, in the interval between two wars, feverishly applied themselves to improving its lethal properties, each hoping to win by a hair's breadth in the desperate race.

The greater the hazard the greater the challenge to the competitive instinct and the less chance of the long view prevailing. Pandit Nehru rightly fears the possibility of the psychology of blind fear precipitating a deadly conflict. "After me the deluge," has always been and will always be the instinctive response of the lone wolf. Aswatthama, knowing that he could not escape from the long arm of Arjuna, murdered Drowpadi's children in cold blood. Then he launched the *apandava asthra* knowing that he could not revoke it. It was a woman's compassion that broke the tragic spell—weeping Drowpadi pleading for the murderer's life, that his old mother's heart might not bleed like hers. Unless the mothers of the world unite we are lost.

VIGHNESWARA

SO MANY MEN

By S. PARTHASARATHY



Photographs taken when Chief Justice Mr. P. V. Rajamannar and Mr. M. Bhaktavatsalam, Minister, visited Chingleput on October 2 to inaugurate the separation of the Judiciary from the Executive in that district.

(Above): The Chief Justice and the Minister with Mr. P. N. Ramaswami, District Judge and other local officials.

(Below): Mr. Bhaktavatsalam delivering his address on the occasion. Mr. Justice Balakrishna Aiyar, Mr. Justice E. E. Mack and Mr. V. V. Srinivasa Aiyangar can be seen in the picture.



THE grey of the morning had not yet begun to overtake the sky when we left Madras on a visit to Swami Anuananda's Asram. As we sped along in the car, we heard the hesitant voice of a stray crow announcing that morning was at hand. But that was all. The throaty dogs after keeping incessant vigil against the denizens of the night had curled themselves to sleep. The drivers and attendants of lorries carrying goods between distant places had spread their tarpaulins on the roadside and laid themselves to rest. The trains of bullock carts with their swinging lanterns and the jingle of tin pieces hanging from the axle pins were unattended by a single wakeful driver. The only sign of life with the exception of the solitary crow was the *gudugudu*. After long hours spent in the graveyards, he was foretelling the future for all he was worth, perhaps at his last house of call before morning could resume her interdict on his occupation. But even in that quiet and dark hour before the dawn, there was in the air an anxious expectancy of the day yet to dawn.

We had covered more than half the way when the sky began to light up. And when we reached the foot of the hills wherefrom the path led up to the Asram, the morning was fully assured. Leaving the car to the care of an urchin who volunteered to look after it for an anticipatory wage, we walked up. We noticed that it had rained on the hills sometime during the night and we breathed the odour of fresh earth and sensed the increased activity of the creative forces of Nature. Gusts of cool air hugged and kissed us and went their way. The wet and tender leaves on the tree tops caught the slanting rays of the morning sun and glowed like lights of translucent green. The droplets of water on the grass competed each with the other to annex for itself all the brilliance of the sun. The birds hopped and twittered about in search of food. The usual stillness and peace that hung about the Asram

environment had given place to a scene of joyous activity.

The Swamiji was looking radiant after his morning bath. We were bathed for a while in a shower of pure joy on looking at his beaming countenance. It was not a morning for silent meditation. Nature demanded the vociferous participation of everyone in that—her moment of exultation. The Swamiji asked us in that sweet voice of his: "So there is something better than all the wonderful cities that man has fashioned by material striving!" We strove to clear our throats made hoarse by tobacco smoke and city dust to answer him. The process sounded discordant and we recoiled in disgust for a moment. "Swamiji," Raman and I said in a voice of unison, "we have never experienced in our lives a happy morning such as this."

"Nature," said Swamiji, "is the source of all culture. And culture is the art of being unselfish. Nature gives largely expecting nothing in return. She endures torments without anguish. Her faith is unshaken even if men bite her hand when she feeds them. Her optimism rises beyond the transient cross-sections of time and rests firmly on the final plan in the evolution of man. The true yogin is her animate instrument in the great work. The man who discovers the Nature within him or who sees it in the yogi or who sees it in all its expansiveness is the man who realises the ultimate. The spiritual aspirant can therefore seek realisation in the privacy of his heart, or in the personality of the Guru or in the solitary expanse of the Himalayas and other open spaces. The first step for him is therefore to discover the links of identity not only between man and man but also between man and other animate and inanimate objects. Would you for instance own up to a similarity with a murderer? You would say, "For God's sake, don't mention my name and his in the same breath." You may, if I persist, agree to a physiological similarity but no

more. On the other hand, he may be the very counterpart of you if you ignore that one act of his—the murder. He may love his parents, he may love children, he may love animals and he may love art and beauty. That which stands in the way of a man realising the basic unity in the universe is his egoism. But, today, you are feeling happy in a spiritual way, because Nature has overwhelmed you to such an extent that your separate identity is partly lost." "What gives rise to this egoism?", Raman asked. "Your education in the widest sense has been responsible for this greater egoism. All the knowledge that you have painfully, laboriously and at great cost learnt is just *avidya* or ignorance so far as we yogins are concerned. For, if we sum up the effect on you of all the knowledge that has been gathered, only one answer is forthcoming. 'I am different from nature, I am different from my fellow beings, I am different from everything else on earth.' "

"Do you mean that you prefer the ignorant man to the educated man?", I asked.

"If the educated man is what he is today, I have no hesitation in my preference for the ignorant man. It is not only my preference but the preference of most men. Only, they do not see it in that way. Most people prefer the company of young children, of dumb animals and of things in their natural state. They prefer them to the wily politician, to the holy humbug, to the shrewd businessman, to the clever logician and to the intellectual high brow. They have never cared to ask themselves the question 'why.' Today, there is a crisis in human affairs. Men have ceased to think of humanity as a whole; they are thinking always of the interests of groups of men. Religion, society and politics, have ceased to be the unifying factors. On the other hand, they and the languages are the factors that have begun dividing humanity into so many men. Prominent men, in public speeches, are fond of referring to the fast shrinking world by reason of the discoveries of the radio, the television, and the aeroplane. These unfortunately have not brought men together. They have indeed become instruments

for dividing the world much further. Propaganda to canvass support for the conflict between various sections of humanity is being effected by the radio and by the newspapers and journals carried in the aeroplane. The world, in fact, is rapidly dispersing. Groups of men have formed little islands of their own with interests different from or hostile to the rest. There is the colour bar, there are the American, the British and the Russian spheres of influence; there are the Western, the Middle-East, and the Far Eastern countries; there are the Jews and the Aryans, the Muslims and the Hindus, the Afrikaners and the Natives. Let me take the case of India. The ritualists and the Vedantins have cut up the Hindus into hundreds of castes and sections. Our educationalists trained in the Western schools have given us an exotic culture that makes us strangers in our own land. How many educated young men are there today who do not feel out of place in the land of their birth and would not prefer to reside in England or America if they had the choice! Not content with the havoc already wrought by English education, we want to divide even these educated misfits into language groups. Very soon, the new groups will split into dialectical groups. The last spadeful of earth into the grave of Indian unity is being thrown by Congress politicians. The Brahmin, the Non-brahmin, the Lingayat, the Vokkaliga, the Vannia and the Vellala, who are the heritage of our old ritualists are being revitalised for political purposes. The Andhra, the Kerala, the Tamil and the Karnataka areas, are today more distant from each other than they were a few years ago. The Congress capitalist, the Congress kisan, the Congress labourite, the Congress communalist, the Congress linguist, the Congress mahasabhaite, the orthodox Gandhite, Nehru's men, Patel's men, Rajaji's men, and perhaps Rajendra Prasad's men, though all belong to one political party are not working shoulder to shoulder for common aims. Why this division, discord and disunity in the human race, passes our understanding. History tells us of national differences and racial differences. But these differences within a nation and

within a race, differences in every sphere of its life and in every thought of its people is the most distressing phenomenon of today. While the scientists are splitting the atom to destroy humanity, the politicians are engaged in splitting humanity itself. Between the scientists and the politicians, humanity seems to have a very thin chance of survival. Am I wrong if I say that human affairs are today at a crisis?

"These are the direct results of an education not directed towards the discovery of the unity in the universe

but directed towards discovering or, shall I say, towards creating differences to break up the universe. How can you expect me to say that the most educated man amongst you is a cultured man? All his knowledge and learning is so much *avidya*. For, he only uses it to distinguish himself from the rest of men. True culture is not different from humanity and unselfishness. False culture is the thin veneer of learning covering up egoism and selfishness. Let the joy that possesses you today lead you to the feet of the great teacher, Nature."

NATIONAL CROP PLANNING

By Dr. G. V. CHALAM, M. Sc., Ph. D.

WITH the autonomy of the Provinces, self-sufficiency has become the pet theory and every Province wants to meet its requirements of food, clothing and other necessities by producing the same within its boundaries.

But how far is the theory of self-sufficiency consistent with efficiency of crop production? Every crop has a particular set of soil and climatic factors conducive to optimum production. All soils and climates are not suitable for all crops. Crops are more fastidious than human beings in the selection of their environment. Rice always prefers a humid climate with slightly swampy conditions of the soil with a warm temperature. On the other hand wheat thrives in a well-drained alluvial loam with low temperature for maximum growth and slightly high temperatures at the ripening stages of the crop. Similarly every crop has its own range of soil and climatic conditions.

To trespass on these natural limitations of the crops would result in low production and bad agricultural economy. In the post-war period every Province set up its plan to be a self-sufficient unit. A post-war plan is a very simple affair. The annual imports of every agricultural commodity into the Province are studied and a plan is prepared to produce the same in the Province. Any commodity imported from a neighbouring Pro-

vince is classified as 'foreign-goods.' The theory of self-sufficiency is the nursery rhyme of the present day.

Self-sufficiency plans are resulting in low production. There is only one way to get out of this muddle. There should be crop planning on a national basis. The whole country should be divided into definite crop zones basing the division on the climatic and soil conditions, but not on political expediency. A beginning in this direction was made in 1932 under the auspices of the Imperial Council of Agricultural Research, but the plan was not pursued further when the Provinces became autonomous.

The geographical distribution of rice in the whole world shows that it grows best within a range of 100 miles from the coast line. There is no use of trying a crop like rice in the temperate zones of the country while its natural preference is for tropical humid climates, notwithstanding the desire of the Provinces with temperate climate to be self-sufficient in rice. Similarly wheat grows well in the temperate zones. There is no use in the Southern Provinces trying to grow wheat just to be self-sufficient in wheat.

There is the well-known example of our sugar industry where the natural preference of sugarcane has been completely overlooked. More than three-fourths of our sugar industry is localized in the U.P. and Bihar with the largest area under sugarcane cultiva-

WAR ON MAGIC IN SIAM

ASTROLOGERS SUSPECTED OF PLOTTING COUP

BANGKOK: The tenseness of the situation in Bangkok to-day is indicated by the fact that, according to a Siamese newspaper, a panic was caused among a section of the public when some new police armoured cars, headed by a jeep with a wailing siren, were driven from Klong Toi harbour to Police Headquarters.

Politically, there are two main causes for anxiety. One is the rapid spread of Communism towards the Siamese borders. The other is the possibility of a political coup d'etat.

Certain citizens have received private warnings in the last two or three weeks that trouble may break out at any time.

Last February there was an abortive attempt at a coup, attributed to supporters of the Free Thai movement. This is led by Pridi Phanomyong, the leader of the anti-Japanese resistance movement during the war and Prime Minister at the time of the mysterious death of King Ananda.

Pridi is reputed to be a Left Wing Republican and, according to some reports, he has recently been in touch with Ho Chi Minh, leader of the irreconcilable Viet Minh Party in Indo-China. Ho Chi Minh is claimed to have a direct association with Mao Tse Tung, the Chinese Communist leader.

Pridi has been under cover since the Army coup d'etat of November 1947 as a result of which the present Prime Minister, Field Marshal Phibul Songgram, came into power.

Lately there have been numerous rumours and reports of searches in Bangkok for Pridi. It has even been suggested that he had taken refuge in the Russian Legation, but this report lacks confirmation, although the police at one time allegedly believed that Pridi had sought sanctuary in a "Communist headquarters."

Police raids on suspected Communist hideouts are almost daily reported in the Press and, from time to time, the police and military are "alerted"

and road blocks are established around the city.

Police Get Armour

For action against Communists and as a precaution against any further coup d'etat, the Police Department has imported fifty heavy armoured cars and various other mobile aids, such as wireless cars and automatic weapons. It was the passage of these nine-ton armoured cars through the main part of Bangkok that caused the hurried barricading of shops and the people in the streets to run for shelter under the impression that an insurrection had broken out.

In addition to importing large quantities of arms of all descriptions, the Siamese Defence Board has decided to begin the manufacture of firearms here. General Phin Chunhawan has been entrusted with the organisation of an armaments company. A military arsenal is to be used in the initial stages for the manufacture of small arms. They are to be supplied to the Army and to the general public for "defence against bandits."

What might be regarded as a quaint touch in anti-coup and anti-Communist precautions in some other countries is quite a serious matter in Siam. This is the request of the Ministry of the Interior to the Police Department to take action against astrologers who predict sensational political news.

A Ministry official has stated that an over-abundance of contradictory and confusing political predictions has aroused the suspicion that some astrologers are the tools of plotters against the present Government.

The Police have therefore been asked to arrest astrologers who combine political astrology with the reading of the stars, since traditionally "only the stars are neutral."

The instructions to the Police to take action against political astrologers arise from the fact that in South-East Asia it is axiomatic that when there is talk of magic, some

tion. (2.66 million acres out of 4 million.)

Sugarcane is out and out a tropical crop. It prefers the southern tropical climate. The highest acre yields ever obtained in India are produced in the Provinces of Bombay and Madras as shown below.

Yield per acre as raw sugar in lb.

	1941-42.	1942-43.	1943-44.
Bihar	2257	2296	2267
U. P.	2343	3087	2855
Bombay	7116	7629	7859
Madras	6350	6004	6286

These acre-yields indicate how the major portion of our sugar industry is located in two Provinces (Bihar and U. P.) which are the least suited for the crop. In 1943-44, Bihar with 4,22,000 acres produced 4,27,000 tons of raw sugar while Madras with only 1,55,000 acres produced 4,35,000 tons.

The best Coimbatore canes are produced in the sugarcane research station of Coimbatore where the experts say that the climate is conducive to growth and breeding. As a matter of national expediency tariff walls offered protection to the Indian sugarcane industry for a period of ten years with the hope that we would be able to compete with Java Sugar. Even now after 19 years we cannot stand at par with foreign sugar. Our cost of production is still high. Who is paying for the costly sugar behind the tariff walls?

It is the consumer. Any amount of persuasion of the sugar industrialists is useless. Their stock argument is "Our cost of production is high. If the tariff walls are dismantled we cannot compete with foreign sugar."

Unfortunately this is too true. That is why even our neighbour Pakistan

imports Indian steel but not sugar.

The Sugar Syndicate throws the blame upon the high prices of cane and the cane price control orders from year to year. The cane cultivator cannot cultivate cane unless a fair price is given to him, since his average yield of cane is only about 12 to 13 tons as against the average yields of 40 tons in Java, Cuba and Hawaii. Unless the cane yield per acre is increased, the cost of the cane cannot be reduced. This may be well nigh impossible unless the crop is shifted from the temperate climatic zone to the tropical climatic zone. Due to better irrigational facilities and financial resources nearly two-thirds of the present sugarcane area is in the U. P. and Bihar where the temperate climatic conditions are not conducive to optimum production. This is where crop planning on a national basis should come in with a strong hand taking only efficiency of production into consideration. National crop-planning should take only the soil and climatic conditions into consideration in dividing the whole country into definite crop zones. Provincial boundaries ought not to be a bar for national crop planning. Provinces should not fritter away energy and resources on pet schemes of self-sufficiency. If rice grows best in Orissa and the coastal belt they should be able to meet the rice needs of India, while the rest of India should meet her needs of oils, sugar, spices, clothes, etc. We need not fight with nature as we are doing now. The present crisis will be a story of the past if all the Provinces are brought into a harmony with each unit having a definite function to perform as a part of the whole.

BURMAH SHELL NEWS:

The September 1949 issue of *Burmah Shell News* announces the advent of Shell X-100, claimed to be a revolutionary motor oil. The harmful effects of a dirty engine are registered in the reduced efficiency of piston rings. Consequently there is loss of compression due to blow-by past the piston, loss of power, increased petrol consumption and quicker deterioration of crankcase oil. Shell X-100 contains properties which clean the engine of undesirable deposits. Owing to its high oxidation stability, the amount of undesirable deposit formed by an engine using Shell X-100 motor oil is very much less than that in an engine using straight mineral oil. The issue which is beautifully illustrated, tells the full story of Shell X-100, and contains besides, valuable information as to how often you should change your motor oil. A leaflet announcing all this information as well as a Car Service Book, in itself a delight to the eye, are offered, free of charge, to all readers interested. Scarcely has the introduction of a new product been ever effected in the field of motor enterprise, so artistically and convincingly as this Shell X-100 is now being done by *Burmah Shell*.

kind of a popular rising is in contemplation. In the existing general uneasiness in this part of the world, Governments do not feel it wise to scoff even at the activities of astrologers. It is more effective to put them out of harm's way than to belittle their prophecies.

Western Aid If Invasion Comes?

Press and public continue to ponder the implications of the statement of Prime Minister Marshal Phibul Songgram to an agency correspondent that he would welcome the assistance of British and American troops in the event of a Communist invasion.

Discussion revolves around two questions: One is the implication in the Prime Minister's proclamation as regards the constitution and historic independence of Siam. The other is the nature of such assistance and whether it would be sought before or after an actual foreign Communist penetration of the Siamese frontier.

The Prime Minister has felt it necessary to have a statement read over Bangkok Radio reaffirming his belief

that Siam "must co-operate with advanced countries like Britain and the United States which 'respect and honour the independence of one another and work for world peace and prosperity.'" The Prime Minister's statement added that no basis existed for the fears of some Opposition newspapers that it would prove harmful to Siam to allow British and American troops into the kingdom in the event of a Communist invasion.

While generally there are no conditions in Siam likely to encourage Communist propagandists, it is no secret that the country is not equipped in a military sense to oppose a Communist invasion. Already there exists the closest military co-operation between the Army in southern Siam and the British forces in northern Malaya and a number of specially selected Siamese Army officers, ranging in rank from lieutenants to colonels, are going to Malaya for training with the British in guerilla warfare.

WELCOME, LIVINGSTON & CO.

By V. P. RAMAN

NOW that it has been authoritatively announced that a Commonwealth Cricket Team is coming to India, patrons have begun to sit back and think of the pleasant days to come at Chepauk. The sole product of President De Mello's untiring efforts, the team promises to be one of latent talent. Not strong enough to beat us without a fight, and not weak enough to hand over victory to us on a salver, the Commonwealth Team will be just right for us. Weekes, who returned to England last summer with the affectionate thoughts of Indian cricket-lovers was a prospective re-visitor this winter. He has however been declared 'medically unfit' to make the trip. The natural consequence of too many hours on the field, this illness should teach Weekes to take it easy for a while, and not let the game do more harm to his health than good to his spectators. His countryman Worrel gave us the slip last time, but he has now been roped in by De Mello. We

can only hope he will be no passive component of the team, like Headley last time. We expect great things of Worrel. The financial success of the tour depends largely on this West Indian batsman.

India, from all accounts, will be led by Vijay Merchant. Why the Board staged the Amarnath incident, to hush it up later in a suspicious manner, no one can tell. That the Lala will play is good news, and Amarnath free from the responsibilities of captaincy has now no excuse if he fails to shine as usual. A mammoth 200 now and then at Patiala is of no use to us. Steady, moderately heavy scoring is the thing for victory. Casual brilliance has no Test significance. Madras was the venue of our last Test victory—against Hassett's men. Would that Chepauk is again the scene of an Indian victory in a Test—unofficial though it be! I hope the local authorities are not preparing the wicket much too much. The Chepauk wicket

had about it a naturalness, akin to rustic charm, envied by other associations. This natural beauty must not be ruined by too much artificial make-up. We must not attempt to rival the Brabourne Stadium which is appropriately over-prepared, being in Bombay, the centre of Indian sophistication.

Pepper is an old friend of ours. Umpire Ramchandran especially, should have begun eating more heavily now to cope with Pepper's peppery appeals. Over six feet tall and two hundred pounds avoirdupois, Pepper is a difficult proposition for any umpire, and umpires are, sadly enough, on the shorter, lighter side! Accused of unsporting attitude and unnecessary violence, Pepper went away last time in a cloud of popular discontent. It is upto him to make up with the crowd this time.

England's former 'keeper Duckworth is manager of the team. If we really mean to improve, we should ask him while he is here, to give our young men some gratuitous advice. Sen should not think it *infra-dig* to pick up a hint or two from old George. Such pieces of instruction will go a great way. Our wicket keeping has never been top class. We always took the maximum possible 10 percent of the total, as 'extras.' This is all right when the opposing total is something small. But with men like Worrel in it, the visiting team may touch the 500 mark once too often. To give away 40 or 50

runs each time in this way, is no pleasing prospect particularly as we have batsmen who believe in heavy scoring only once in a way.

One or two things our men must learn. Apart from the usual cry for good fielding, which can never be over-emphasised, our cricketers must learn to go slow in the beginning. Ever anxious for stroke play, the lads start waving their bats about before getting half an eye in. Foreign critics insidiously encourage this flippancy by saying things like "Indians are inimitable strokeplayers" and "The supple sinuous Indian blends his oriental activity with a keen eagle-like eye...."

All this is bunkum, and our men must not be led away by such flattery from interested folk who would be the last persons to encourage inconstancy in their own players. When we play an English game, to impart our characteristics into it profusely is fatal. Until and unless we play a British game with bull-dog dourness and seriousness, victory will ever be with the opponents. Let our boys pledge themselves not to start their pyrotechnics with the score board reading 0. Well-timed strokes, by all means yes, but style at the cost of safety—emphatically no.

We wish our cricketers a stiff and uphill fight against Livingston's boys. Of course, ultimate victory must be ours. Jai Hind!

BOMBAY LETTER

COMMUNIST ACTIVITIES

BOMBAY: The 72-page booklet released by the Home Ministry of the Central Government had its repercussions in political circles in the city. Though certain statements made by public spokesmen in this province not so long ago were calculated to create the impression that the Red menace had subsided to innocuous dimensions as a result of linx-eyed vigilance and vigorous policy, the realisation has lingered in knowledgeable circles that Communist

machinations have not been entirely foiled.

There is an inexhaustible store of the combustible fuel of economic discontent with which Communists feed the engine of the monstrous political Juggernaut with which they hope to smash democracy to smithereens.

The textile industry crisis has rendered several thousands, with their dependents, jobless; and, denied the means of earning their livelihood, these destitutes are fast attaining

that point of musing and embitterment which will make them easily vulnerable to Communist propaganda.

To add to the economic difficulties with which life in this country is becoming hemmed in, the devaluation of the rupee in terms of the dollar—whatever its ultimate and long-range effects may be on the nation's economy, has had the immediate effect of adversely affecting some sections of business.

Under these circumstances, there is little cause for wonder at the fact that the Communists are able to inflame a section of the masses.

The detention of active Communists in the province has resulted in a slight slackening of their hold over the people, as was evidenced by the four-point ousting of the Communist candidates in recent Bombay by-elections. But the fact still remains too prominent to be buried under layers of complacent statements, that the Communist Party has a considerable following here. As a Bombay daily pointed out, the defeat of the Communist by-election candidates has tended to eclipse the significant fact that the 'Red' nominees mustered about 22% of the total votes.

The growth of the Socialist Party as an independent organization having a powerful appeal to the want-stricken legion of workers, is a miniature spanner in the Communist machinery, in that it has brought into the left wing of Indian politics a new political force carrying an appeal to those who do not see eye to eye with the Congress.

But the extremist gospel of the Communist Party continues to exercise an attraction for embittered people who have so lost hope in the present national leadership that they are only too easily persuaded into the belief that nothing short of a Red revolution can change their status.

There is considerable speculation abroad in the city on the possibility of an outright ban being placed on the Communist Party in Bombay on the example of the Madras Government. This question is also exercising the minds of top-flight officials in this province.

The Communist reputation is so well-known for underground activity that there is a feeling that despite the lightning arrests that would follow an outlaw order, quite a percentage of active Communists will dive out of sight and will burrow from underneath the political surface.

There is a general realisation that the most effective way of counteracting the Red menace would be to create conditions uncongenial to the development of Communism—to restore in the common man faith in the democratic way of life; to regain for the Congress the allegiance of the people which the party forfeited by the conduct of its officials since they came to power. Congressmen in office, it is felt, must descend from the lofty perch of pompous selfrighteousness and unctuous wisdom where they are now ensconced, and return to the field of selfless, humble national service which they deserted as soon as the battle against the Britishers was won.

OH, WOMAN

The intensifying infiltration of women into fields of employment appears to have generated a little uneasiness in the masculine mind of a member of the Bombay Legislative Assembly. In reply to his question, Health Minister R. Gilder hastened to aver that women were *not* preferred in recruitment to Government service.

Though this statement might have parried the point raised, the anxiety to which the member gave expression is not unnatural in these highly competitive days when, God knows, jobs are difficult enough to obtain without the additional factor of feminine charms to reckon with.

Bombay has special reason to cogitate this matter as it has always led in the sphere of women's education!

On another recent occasion, Bombay's Premier wailed: "Why do women prefer to enter co-educational colleges rather than institutions solely for the edification of their sex?"

It is certainly an interesting query to pass on to one of those periodicals which devote some columns to answering readers' questions.

Short Story

A GUST OF WIND

By S. Krishniah

READING is to me the most pleasant of all pastimes and my entrance to the illimitable granary of knowledge is through the portals of the English language. One thing has impressed me always in the literature and the music of the English and that is the important role that is ascribed to the fire-side. It is invariably a symbol of homely comfort and domestic happiness, and it is impossible in this context to refrain from alluding to the song which won the First World War.

Born and bred in the South of India, I was ignorant of the charm of the blazing hearth until I took up permanent residence in Ootacamund.

There is something enchanting in a blazing hearth. It cackles and roars, bursts and fumes as if it were something gifted with life. The long tongues of ruddy flame which lick the blackening surface of the logs of wood almost hypnotise me.

I sit in my usual seat and watch the fitful flames curling up the chimney. My wife is sitting beside me on a low ottoman with her back to the fire and resting her head on my knee. She is drying her long black tresses by letting them loose, and they fall partly on my legs and partly over them exposing their moist sheen to the radiation from the hearth. My children are asleep hushed by their own importunities.

Love, happiness, comfort—these are words that suggest themselves to me. Will our life be always like this? Or will conspiring circumstances or a malignant fate again disrupt the foundations of our home? And suppose things go wrong. Will it be possible to patch up again the broken bits of our lives and build from the beginning? I wonder.

Four years ago I had thought that happiness and I had parted ways and would henceforth be strangers. But

the wheel of fortune turned and today I find myself on top.

It was then that Susheela came into my life. I had gone to the General Hospital to see a friend of mine who had undergone an operation. As I was returning, walking along one of its long corridors, a lady doctor swinging a stethoscope accosted me.

"Aren't you Shyam Krishniah?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"I suppose you don't recognise me?"

"I'm sorry."

"Does the name Susheela convey anything to you?"

"Susheela? You are not Susheela, are you?"

"What do you think?"

"God Almighty, you *have* changed! I would never have recognised you. And what a change! I remember you as a tiny tot!"

"You were no bigger then. Fifteen years, isn't it?"

"Must be more . . . Seems ages to me. What are you doing here?"

"Can't you see? I'm a house surgeon here."

"But weren't you studying in Lady Hardinge? At Delhi?"

"Yes. I took my degree last year."

"How long have you been in Madras?"

"About three months now. I didn't know you were here."

"On duty now?"

"I'm just returning to my quarters. Coming?"

"Sure. Nice to chat about old times."

Apart from the many recollections I had of childhood days with Susheela, who was a distant cousin of mine, one incident stood out clearly. It was when Susheela and I had quarrelled and, being very irritable and proud of being a boy, I had hit her furiously and even caused a few contusions on her body. She had cried aloud and I had scooted. My brother had been a witness to this and he teased me very much about my unsporting behaviour in using physical

violence on a girl. He was three years older than I and of course had the privilege of teasing me with impunity. The most surprising thing about the whole incident was that it was not brought to the notice of my parents. My brother of course would not 'peach.' But I had been confident about Susheela making a hue and cry about the thrashing she had received at my hands. That she did not complain hurt me more and my brother rubbed salt into my wound by pointing out that Susheela had been more of a sport than I.

That had happened nearly twenty years ago and I had then taken a vow that I would never thenceforth have anything to do with girls. Had I only kept that vow! But perhaps the wisdom of a ten-year old is eclipsed by the impetuosity of manhood . . .

To think that this lady doctor with the distinctive poise and spontaneous charm was the same girl who had been my playmate! The lean, lanky girl of eight had blossomed out into a very pretty woman and I could scarcely believe my eyes that the passage of time had wrought such wonders on her face and body.

Needless to say that after the first meeting Susheela and I saw a lot of each other and became much better and closer friends than we had been when we were children. I brought her home frequently and my wife also took to her because she was such a vivacious personality. She visited us whenever possible and spent all her off-days with us. She almost became a member of our family.

So it was very surprising when she did not turn up for a whole week. Of course I had telephoned her and found out that she was not ill. She promised to come home everytime I rang her up but never kept her promise. It was late one evening when I called on her to find out what exactly was wrong.

"Hello, Shyam! I knew you'd come."

"But what's wrong, Susheela? You haven't shown your face at home all these days."

"Cussedness, I guess . . . Sit down, Shyam."

"Why should you be cussed? Are you cross with me or my wife?"

"Oh no. Not that at all. Both of you have been splendid."

"Then what?"

"Nothing."

"Then you are coming along with me. Come on, change your dress."

"What's the hurry? Wait, let's have a nice chat like old times!"

"Alright. But I want some tea. I'm coming straight from office."

"That's easy."

She rose from her chair and got over to the small table on which stood a thermos-flask and many other odds and ends. She poured out from the flask two cups of tea and handed me one.

"Look here, Shyam, when we were young I considered you a dolt. I think you are still the same."

I was a little surprised at this remark and looked up to see her face soften in an engaging but disarming smile.

"For your information, Susheela," I said smiling back at her, "my boss doesn't think so and that's all that matters."

"Seriously, Shyam," she continued but still smiling, "do you think I should go to your house often? I think it is bad policy. That's why I stayed away for some time."

"Stupid! That's what it is. What's wrong with your being friendly with us?"

"It isn't good for a young woman to butt into a happy home."

"Psychology, eh?"

"Doesn't matter what it is. That's plain English."

Suddenly I realised that there was some truth in her words. My face must have betrayed what was passing in my mind since Susheela quickly perceived that I understood.

"Now perhaps you understand me, Shyam, but I detected it even a fortnight ago. You had I am liking each other's company too much. Isn't that so?"

Yes. That was it and I had not realised it until she had told me so in plain language. I was getting too much interested in Susheela—more than was good for a married man. But did this mean that I should break off all social intercourse with this fascinating cousin of mine?

"What are you thinking about, Shyam?"

"You."

She laughed outright.

"What's funny?" I asked.

"Don't look so gloomy. You look as though you've committed a murder or something! You look a picture of abject misery."

"For God's sake, don't laugh."

"Shyam! What's wrong? You shouldn't take these things seriously."

"No, Susheela, I'm afraid I must. You see you and I are differently moulded. I'm sentimental and you know that. And you are right the other way about. You have fancy ideas and you are out and out a materialist. For you human life is based on the 'fortuitous concourse' theory and you care two pins for anything. But I'm not like that. I take things seriously. Just now you've opened my eyes to something—that you and I are developing an unhealthy attraction for . . ."

"Unhealthy? What's unhealthy?"

"There you are, didn't I tell you? If you and I are really falling for each other don't you think it's a sorry state of affairs?"

"I don't know. But if you ask me I don't find anything sorry in that. If you fall for me it is because you are you and I am I—and so we couldn't help it. It would be natural. And, of course, anything natural can't be unreasonable."

"You call that logic, I suppose. Well, I'm a dolt and I can't pick holes in that. But I've got a conscience. I don't say I'm a saint but if I can avoid any pitfalls I'll certainly avoid them." I rose from the chair. "Listen, Susheela, I must go now and I want time to think."

"Don't go, Shyam. Wait. I've got to tell you a lot of things. Sit down, won't you? . . . please?"

I obeyed her.

"Look, Shyam. There is nothing for you to get worried about. There are too many nice and delicate things in you which prevent your mind from getting a clear perspective of things. But I have none of these scruples. I don't believe in love, in religion, in God and many other things. You know that and we've discussed it many times. But there are other things I believe in. I believe in honesty, in straightforwardness, in reason. I also believe in a home. Whatever happens you must keep your home intact but at the same

time you must not be blindly led away to make unnecessary sacrifices . . ."

She spoke on and on for nearly an hour and although sentimental I was no fool. I knew her ideas were moulded by Voltaire and Ingersoll. I knew she believed in Jeans and Huxley. But all that did not matter to me. I knew what she was saying.

"Look, Susheela, we can't start a love-affair now, could we?"

"I don't believe in love. I think it finds a place only in the fancy of a poet."

"But it is a concrete fact yet. Isn't it?"

"Don't prevaricate."

"You're the one who's prevaricating."

"Am I?" I asked and rising up went over to where she was sitting, stooped down and kissed her. "Satisfied?"

Before she could reply I had walked out. I was more than sure that I was terribly in love with Susheela. But Susheela would not admit that fact. Being a doctor she had the privilege of using other words and other terms that denuded love of all its moss-overgrown charm.

Anyway, from that day onwards I knew I could not keep away from Susheela. I saw her often. I called it love and she called it sex, but whatever the name we were constantly in each other's company.

"This can't go on for long, Susheela," I told her one day.

"Whoever pretends it can?"

"But what will be the end? You know I can't marry you."

"I wouldn't marry you even if you were a bachelor . . ."

"Why shouldn't . . ."

" . . . nor would I marry any man."

"What do you expect of life then?"

"Nothing. I ask for nothing and I'm never disappointed."

"But you'll always want me, won't you?"

"Yes, darling Shyam, I'll always want you. But I know I can't always have you and I'm reconciled to it."

I kissed her and we were standing close to each other, her body straining against mine.

"But I can never reconcile myself to your absence."

"That's what you say now!"

"You're a strange girl, Susheela,

but I suppose I'm a normal sort of a fellow who doesn't understand much of what you say."

She laughed and the silvery tinkle made my nerves taut....

It was nearly six months later that my love-affair with Susheela came to the knowledge of my wife. She came in possession of incontrovertible proof as to my duplicity. It is unnecessary for me to explain here what the proof was or how she came by it; nor is it necessary for me to go into the details of the heart-rending scene which followed.

It will be sufficient to say that my wife and I separated.

"Susheela, now at last you and I can face the world."

"Don't be so melodramatic, Shyam. What's up? Tell me."

I told her the whole story.

"Now I know for certain you are a fool."

"What do you mean?"

"What you have to do now is to go and beg the pardon of your wife."

"I certainly won't."

"You must. Don't you know that the integrity of a home is worth making a million sacrifices to preserve? You can't separate now. Impossible. You owe it to yourself, to your wife and children to keep a home. I'll always want you, Shyam, and perhaps you'll also want me. But these things are very minor things in life. Perhaps you don't understand. I'll tell you...."

She spoke at length....

"The fire has gone out, darling," my wife says waking me up from my reverie.

I look at the hearth. A lambent flame is dancing on the glowing embers. I blow hard into it and after persisting for a few minutes I find that long tongues of flame shoot up.

"A gust of wind," says my wife, "puts out a small fire but makes a big one blaze up."

We both know the quotation about misfortune being to love what a gust of wind is to a fire.

THE SPORTING ENGLISH

By K. C. RAGHAVAN

SPORT and the Englishman have always been regarded as almost synonymous words. Wherever the Briton has ventured empire-building he has also taken with him his cricket flannels and pads, his football, his jerseys, his racquets and bats. The red-faced, sweating, hard-breathing English subaltern and Civil Service officer has been a familiar sight on the makeshift playing-fields of the Empire on which once the sun never set. Whether the Briton found himself in the craggy passes of the North-West Frontier or in the dusty veldt-lands of Africa, in the enchanting islands of the Caribbean or in the scrub deserts of Australia, he somehow always managed to get up two teams or sides—even if it came to initiating the 'natives' into the strange and secret rites of playing the game, literally if not spiritually. "The Sporting English," they have been known as for a century and more throughout the world, and the stranger to their little isle soon recognises how true the expression is. For it is mainly around sport that the interests of the Anglo-Saxon revolve.

Your average Englishman, however, does not worship sport for sport's sake—a fetish created in the exclusive atmosphere of public schools. Sport in Britain is inextricably bound up with economics. To the Exchequer, Tax authorities, post offices, book-makers, football clubs, pool operators, Flight promoters, ticket agencies, stadiums, horse-stud farms, dog-breeders, stables and the hundred and one branches of the great British sport industry—it is Big Business. Inevitably, the newspapers and magazines, the G.P.O. and the telegraph depots, the transport services and even the mighty B.B.C.—in fact the whole gigantic system of communications—find themselves playing the tune the public repeatedly calls for.

The myth of the English sportsman almost belongs to yesterday. C. E. M. Joad has said, "The average Englishman reads about games, writes about games, watches games in his hundreds and thousands and

wishes to be thought by other people to play games; but by and large he does not play them." The facts speak for themselves: Among Englishmen about one in a hundred and among women about one in a thousand, play any game after the age of twenty. Yet, the popular press devotes a good quarter, sometimes even a third of their space, to sport—from golf and horse-racing to speedway and greyhound results. London evening papers print a new edition every two or three hours, starting at 10-00 a.m. and ending at 8-00 p.m., to give the public all the latest in the various little worlds of sport. Apart from a few noteworthy exceptions, the British press seems to be more interested in the extraordinary failure of Arsenal opening the season or in predicting the winner of the Derby than in the decline and fall of the Kuomintang or the situation in the Balkans. Neville Cardus once said that, when a news-poster in London reads, "England in Danger," it will probably have nothing to do with any international plot, but will only be the latest news of a Test struggle at the Oval or at Lord's!

Behind the facade of husky men in gay jerseys kicking an inflated bladder up and down a green, marked-off field, or the shouting, dusty crowds thrilling to the finish of a great race, are the big businesses that run on sport. To-day, in Britain, bookmakers look to the regular and odd shilling and half-crown postal orders of the millions who bet weekly or indulge in an occasional flutter. English gamblers make up by their large numbers the small amounts they stake to-day. For, your Englishman is a gambling creature, always ready to put his odd shilling on a horse or dog or finding the time to fill up a football pool coupon. The grinding wheels of democracy have seen the gradual disappearance of the romantic, heavy gamblers of Edwardian England. Bookmaking is a steady, respectable and almost dull business to-day, and one is not much surprised to see the marbled, palatial

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premises in the heart of London that serve as the offices of the industry. No longer is the profession regarded an un-moral, semi-illegal business operated by shady men living just within the fringes of the law; and, no longer does the popular idea of a bookie—invariably loud-mouthed, cigar-smoking, gum-chewing, flashily-clad, extrovert—have an existence outside the pyrotechnic novels of Daymond Runyon. The bookie-ring to-day is presided over by a quietly-dressed, business-like group of men who could pass off quite unnoticed in the Stock Exchange.

It must be confessed that the watchword of the bookmaking industry has always been, "The utmost attention and convenience" to its clients, existing and potential. Credit accounts from £2 a week may be opened at almost all concerns. All that is necessary is the furnishing of the name of one's bankers. There are no embarrassing enquiries. As one firm boasts: "All our enquiries are made through our own bank and held in strict confidence." The credit punter has at his command a vigilant, ever-ready staff of telephonists, clerks, cashiers, banks, etc.. One identifies oneself by mentioning a secret account number which connects one with one of 200 telephones in a single firm. If one despatches a wager by telegram one employs a company code which saves one expense and adds lucidity. Bets by P. O. or M. O. are also accepted from stay-at-home punters, and all correspondence is carried out in sealed plain envelopes. Winnings are sent promptly by return of post, and even a lost stake is answered with the despatch of a blank betting-slip and a pre-paid self-addressed cover, to be used for one's next flutter. The prospective punter is not limited to straight bets only. He has at his choice Win of Place singles, 'each ways,' 'combinations,' 'accumulators,' 'first favourites,' 'second favourites,' 'jockey's mounts,' 'doubles,' 'trebles,' 'daily tote doubles,' 'anteposts,' and "any feasibly-worked system" at either starting prices or tote returns. Commissions (as bets are termed by the industry), are accepted, provided the post-mark on the cover of the sender bears a time before the start of the race concerned.

Odds up to 20,000 to 1 are sometimes offered to the ante-post punter! Bets are accepted by most concerns on both greyhound and horse racing, and some firms are adventurous enough to open books for Irish and Continental racing events. The bookmaker is gradually entering fields of sport quite foreign to the turf arena of the thoroughbreds. Lately one has come across odds published by the big bookmakers on cricket results, individual scoring and bowling figures in Test matches, international Golf matches, Football League results, Wimbledon hopes, athletic meets and, it is reported, even children's sports—in fact anything with gambling possibilities in the world of sport!

Within the last decade one has witnessed the rising popularity of the football pools, till to-day they are almost a national institution in Britain. Where the average race punter flings his shillings and pounds, the "pool" gambler invests his pennies. "Pool" gambling has become as national a recreation in Britain as football or Saturday afternoon cricket. It is the week-end sport of one in every six people who contribute hundreds of millions of penny bets each week. It is estimated that nearly half the population of British has tried the "pools" at some time or other! The hope of hitting the jackpot in the alluring shape of £50,000 (8 lakhs of rupees) is, however, not uppermost in the minds of the majority of British pool speculators. Pool-form-filling to them is a pleasant pastime—almost a family game—for, many families spend whole evenings filling the forms up. Most of the habitués refuse to acknowledge that pool-filling, in which the big prize is realised by an accurate prediction of the results (including draws) of a selected 13 or less League football matches, is gambling. The average pool speculator would not be caught dead having a bet on a horse. Yet, only 40 per cent of pool-fillers study form of the teams or work to a system. When Mass Observation Survey recently asked people which they thought the more likely, to be struck dead by lightning or win the big prize in the pools, a greater number favoured the lightning!

One reason for the success of the pools has been the widespread idea that they do not encourage excesses in gambling. The average stake among men is 3s-6d (Rs. 2-10) and among women is 2s-0d (Rs. 1-8). Mass-Observation Survey sums up its poll figures saying, "Football pools offer people the opportunity to aim highest and to bet lowest. The average sum staked on a horse race is about 5 shillings (Rs. 3-12), which all goes on one chance, and pays at the most 100 to 1. For the same amount the pool-filler can back 60 separate bets, any one of which may pay dividends of several hundred thousands to one."

These figures speak for the growing success of the pools:

1. The pools attract a greater percentage of men and women than either horse-racing or greyhound racing.

2. One hundred and ninety-one million postal orders were cashed in 1946-47 by the recognised pool companies, compared to 244,000,000 in 1948-49. These figures roughly approximate to the number of entries.

3. According to the Ministry of Labour employment statistics, six of the country's biggest pools employed 21,750 full-time (Littlewood's Pools alone, 11,000) and 6,300 part-time employees. In July 1948 the National Insurance scheme registered 40,310 people employed in all forms of betting. The pools, therefore, employ more than half the number.

4. The number of pools in existence is said to be anywhere from 200 to 800.

The pools to-day are believed to be Britain's seventh largest industry. Profits are enormous among the big operators. Figures of the estimated gambling expenditure of 1946-47 reveal profits of pool-operators compared to that of other bookmakers:

	Returned Book- as maker's winnings profits (million) (million)	
Horse-racing	£285	£30
Greyhound racing	£194	£16
Football pools	£32	£8
Gaming machines	£8	£2
Sweepstakes	£3	£2

Yes—fifty-seven per cent of pool gamblers have never won a prize and only 2 per cent have won a prize over £50 (Rs. 650)! In a 14-match penny pool there are 4,782,968 wrong ways of filling up the form and only one right way! Yet—latest Post Office estimates suggest a turnover for the pools of £61, 250,000. The pools have managed to withstand the onslaughts of various anti-gambling societies, anti-vice committees, guardians of public morals and Sir Stafford's increasing demands on their profits. They will probably always manage to hold their end up, as long as the average British pool-filler thinks that "it is not really gambling."—(Copy-right).

PEPPER AND WILLOW

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

WHEN Julius Caesar expressed a preference for "men that are fat," he did not, for the obvious reason of chronology, have Cecil Pepper in mind. If, in a very unlikely contingency, the great Roman could have found himself umpiring a cricket match, it is more than certain that the arrival at the crease of this cricketer, portly though he undoubtedly is in the approved manner, would have thrown him into convulsions of apprehension. But the re-appearance of this individual on the cricket

grounds of this country as a member of the Commonwealth team is calculated to strike nothing less than positive terror into the hearts of those mere mortals, who may be required to act as umpires in the matches to be played by the tourists.

The central incident of Pepper's career was that once he had the incredible hardihood to cross the path of Sir Donald Bradman. He had appealed for leg before wicket against the great batsman; not, it would seem, with reluctant modesty, but as one

SCIENCE AND CRIME

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

(Here is a vivid "Progress Report" of the vast strides made by science on the criminal front, focussing outstanding investigations and disclosing how the backroom police boys help to convict wrong-doers and clear the innocent. A well-known English journalist, the writer recently visited the crime-fighting laboratories of the British Home Office, of the F. B. I. in Washington and of the Paris Surete to gather materials for this article.)

THE world war against crime is taking an incisive new turn. Everyone knows that all the weapons of modern science—the fluoroscope, the spectrograph, the fine-drawn tools of micro-chemistry—are being pitted against the criminal, but today the latest techniques are being cloaked in all the secrecy of a military operation.

What lies behind the hush-hush? The pathologists, microphotographers and analysts are keenly aware that they are fighting a new and highly alerted type of killer—science-wise murderers compared with whom Crippen and Dillinger were children.

This new-type killer believes that he—or she—CAN get away with murder. He is finger-print-conscious, weapon-shy, as versed in methods of disposing of the corpse and obliterating identity as a lifetime of crime news and detective films can make him.

The new techniques are typified today by the crime news from Britain. In a recent case, where much depended on locating the scene of the crime, the suspect had washed and rewashed everything in the house, restained the floors, painted the walls, swept the chimneys specklessly, drenched the drains with carbolic.

All this assiduous cleanliness may have been mere coincidence closer to God than the devil.

But the police were unable to make an arrest and the suspect still goes free, though constant surveillance makes his—or her—life a living hell.

No arrest could be made in one in every 10 murders known to the British police in 1947, the last statistical year. And how many murders may have occurred unknown to Scotland Yard? There's the crux of the crime problem.

Is it surprising if the backroom police boys no longer publicize ways and means, preferring to disclose no more in the court than is necessary to secure a conviction?

From the casebook of Dr. Keith Simpson, the British Home Office pathologist, comes the instance of a negro soldier who stabbed a girl in a lane near Guildford and threw the knife into a clump of bushes. When it was found, traces of blood of the same group as the girl's lay on the blade.

When the suspect was arrested he tried to explain away a blood-stained handkerchief by saying that he had cut his finger and mopped. But the handkerchief bore one well-defined blood line angulated like the blade of the knife, and the blood group was that of the girl, not of the suspect.

The expert evidence forbore from mentioning the rhesus factor, syphilis colloids and other blood differentiations. Other details being sufficient, it often happens that the final scientific finding which clinches the evidence need not be disclosed.

Photographs of lip imprints on a glass, for example, established that Gordon Cummins had visited the Soho apartment of one of the four women he murdered and mutilated in 1942.

Saliva traces on a cigarette stub ruled out five suspects and pinned a strangling on one man, who subsequently made a confession.

Yet it is the painstaking accumulation of detail, the study of behaviour patterns and murder trends that nowadays send a man to the gallows.

A murder is no longer "hanged by a thread" or "convicted by a chain of merely circumstantial evidence." He is caught and identified by ultra-violet and infra-red rays, by tell-tale tissues stored in the lab refrigerator.

who knew that he was discharging an unpleasant task, but positively with rude triumph and unmitigated glee. When, as perhaps was inevitable, the umpire rejected the claim (it was once said of Dr. Grace himself that no umpire dared to give him out leg before), his course was obvious. He should have accepted the decision with meek humility; after all, it is a token of immortality ever merely to have contributed to a treble century by Sir Donald Bradman. But, horror to relate, this ill-considered man proceeded to create a disturbance in the open field. The umpire, of course, received his share of the objurgations. That was, however, a trifle. But to have insulted Sir Donald Bradman! With a shudder and loathing Pepper was cast from Australian cricket into the outer darkness of the Lancashire League.

The frowns of that gallant knight are undoubtedly killing. Keith Miller did not realise it when, in a dreadful moment for himself, he declined to bowl in a Test match in England last year. Of course, he obtained his dismissal from Australian cricket for his pains. But whether this exclusion is to be permanent or not depends on the extent of the injury Sir Donald apparently feels himself to have sustained by his conduct during the late English tour.

But Pepper, the unregenerate Pepper, is past all caring. He burst upon the vision of Madras three years ago, when a figure, overwhelmingly rotund, was observed rolling down the steps of the pavilion at Chepauk in company with a second figure, unbelievably diminutive. They inspected the pitch which was being prepared for the unofficial "Test." The little man appeared implicitly to agree with his gigantic comrade, who was undoubtedly laying down the law. His arms swept the heavens, his vision overtook the seven seas, his voice ascended to the sky. It was Pepper explaining the elements of cricket to his captain, Lindsay Hassett.

An opportunity for disagreeing

with umpires soon came his way. When he was adjudged leg before wicket in his first innings, the spectators were left in no doubt that he strongly disagreed with the decision. He had further opportunities for differences of opinion with the officials when he bowled. He had clearly a contempt for them, which only propriety (or such portion of it as he had acquired since his memorable clash with Sir Donald Bradman) prevented from bursting into public display.

But the vials of Pepper's wrath were poured out in the pavilion. Angry noises were heard emanating from the sacred building as one ventured to enter its precincts in search of "autographs." When the trembling request was made to the indignant warrior, the reply was an angry bellow, requiring one to "get out." By his side sat Hassett, placidly drinking beer.

Therefore, it is certain that the founder of the Roman empire was hardly efficient in psychology when he preferred fat men to be his companions. Nevertheless, the return of Pepper to India will be greeted with satisfaction. While his abilities are to be admired, his tempestuous personality will be his greatest gift to Indian cricket. It is fortunate that spectators in this country will again be enabled to watch the overpoweringly fat figure rumble down the pavilion steps, the bat a mere toy in his hands, take his stand at the crease, glare defiance at the umpire, and proceed to smite the ball to the four corners of the globe. Even more inspiring will it be to watch him gather into the numerous folds of his palm the tiny red sphere and evocate devilish spin out of it.

The humour of the Falstaff plays lies as much in the contrast between the fatness of this knight and the thinness of Prince Hall. What may not an able writer do with a theme such as that presented by the comradeship of portly Pepper and lank Pettiford!

Many youngsters pattern after their parents, but some develop faults all their own.—CHAL HERRY.

93618

even by a filter paper in the homely vacuum cleaner.

Aside from all other evidence in a favourite affair of the Yard, the Chalk-Pit Murder, Thomas Ley was infallibly linked with the chalkpit by grains of grass, flecks of soil and soil microorganisms on the soles of his shoes.

On other sites, where the grass grains matched up, the balance of earth components was different. Nowhere but in the chalk were the specimens identical.

Never was the thoroughness of crime research better known, however, than in the Dobkin case of 1942. Harry Dobkin undoubtedly considered himself one of London's undetected murderers. He coolly reported his wife as missing, and even planted her handbag in a Surrey post-office to make it appear she might be suffering from loss of memory. After 14 months he thought himself safe from discovery.

He had dismembered his victim, scalped her and removed the hair, sliced off and burned the other parts of the face, torn off the lower jaw and disposed of all these fragments effectively together with the hands and feet.

All that pitifully remained he partly burned, apparently beyond identification, and then buried it in lime beneath the paved floor of a blitzed Kennington chapel.

He was convinced that, even if these remains were found, the charred head and torso could never be recognized, either as male or female. He was utterly certain the police could never prove this lime-slacked horror to be Mrs. Dobkin. He was positive he could never be accused or convicted of her death. But he was mistaken.

Once demolition workers discovered the body, a remnant of the dried, partly dissected womb established sex swiftly. Even had it not been, bone dimensions differ with sex, and even accurate measurements of small bones would have been sufficient.

Stature, too, was quickly estimated from the Pearson formulas. All pathologists know of these mathematical tables relating the length of certain arm and leg bones to the total height of the body.

Making allowance for vanished flesh and parts destroyed by fire, the

height was estimated at 61 inches. Age was similarly deduced from the fused bone-plates of the skull at 40 to 50.

At the back of the head was found a partly burned tag of hair perhaps 1-60th of an inch long, instantly shown under the microscope as grey-ing dark-brown. The upper jaw also showed tooth filings and marks of a dental plate.

Yet probably the most striking discovery of all were the womb traces of a fibroid tumour large enough to have caused the sufferer to seek medical attention.

All dentists were circularized with the dental impressions. Hospitals were asked to report on any woman of 40 to 50 who had suffered from uterine tumours without being operated on. Both these lines of inquiry led straight to the case-cards of Mrs. Dobkin.

The hospitals reported her attendance. Her dental chart was identical with the corpse in the chapel. She had been 47 years old, 5ft. 11in. in height, with brown hair turning grey. Her sister supplied a full-face photograph and, standardized in size with the skull, they fitted exactly.

Though Harry Dobkin had been firewatcher on the premises, he vehemently denied knowledge of his wife's death.

Traces of lime were found at his home. The local fire brigade recalled a mysterious fire at the chapel at about the time of Mrs. Dobkin's disappearance, which Dobkin had not reported—a peculiar circumstance.

Painstakingly, the scientists dissected the bones of the larynx. One small bone showed a fracture which usually occurs only in strangling by the hand.

Mrs. Dobkin had been pestering her husband for maintenance. She had last been seen with him quarrelling. It took a jury of 10 men and two women only 20 minutes to find Harry Dobkin guilty of murder.

Another triumph for the backroom boys? As soon as one case is "all wrapped up," the lab men face another. Reading this page right now may be one of this year's undiscovered murderers. Is he still, in his conceit, so sure of the perfect crime and perfect immunity as he was an hour ago?

ECONOMIC PLAN FOR KERALA

By I. K. EZHUTHACHAN

WITH the prospect of a separate autonomous existence, Kerala had better survey and study her resources and plan for production betimes. A scientific survey will give the people a picture of her production potential, agricultural and industrial, and will also reveal the scope and possibilities for trade and communication developments. Now that the Travancore and Cochin Union is a *fait accompli*, the United State Government should sponsor the survey of the whole of Kerala jointly with the Madras Government. Survey and planning are necessary for the due participation of the units in the general prosperity drive initiated in the post-independence period of India. With a higher percentage of literacy and general education, Kerala has also the particular problem of educated unemployment to face in the new setup and its solution will be considerably helped through a scientific study of her resources and the preparation of a plan for broad, general development.

Kerala is indeed a beautiful land; but the bright exterior is but a veil that covers a large-scale poverty which is driving away her sons and daughters to other lands for livelihood. Living standards of the people are deplorably low and Kerala is notoriously deficit in food.

Thanks to Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer who, more than anybody else, was responsible for putting Travancore on the road to industrialisation, private enterprise under State initiative and partnership has built up some of the largest concerns in Kerala. This has, however, been a solitary break in the drift of centuries. Bounded by the rich forests of the Western Ghats on the East and the Arabian Sea on the West, both co-extensive with the land, Kerala has two vast mines of wealth not yet properly and adequately tapped. She has a congenial soil for jute and a claim has been made that the finest variety of cotton, known as the Sea Island cotton, can be grown here with advantage. The land takes her name

after the coconuts grown in plenty and this comes handy for a variety of uses, food and commercial. Amongst her other resources are pepper, tea, rubber and cardamon. Vast deposits of lignite are reported in Cannanore and it is said to be the cheapest and best in India. Iron ore deposits are reported from South Malabar. Hereditary skill and talent can be harnessed to a cottage industries development programme.

In the new setup of free India, Kerala will have to switch on to the fullest exploitation of her resources. This is necessary not only to raise the standard of living of the people but also to provide for the large number of educated men and women who, with the redistribution of provinces on linguistic lines, will find other regions progressively less congenial for fortune hunting. The subject of communications assumes particular importance in the new setup. Improved road and rail facilities are necessary not only for trade purposes but also to promote and foster a sense of united existence which has been woefully weakened during the long isolation of foreign rule. A survey of the scope and possibilities for increased communications will incidentally help find out a more centrally situated capital than Trivandrum which, being at one end of a disproportionately long stretch of land, cannot continue to satisfy the major portion of the new State. As regards the seat of the government, there is already rivalry between Trivandrum and Ernakulam and when Malabar joins, both may have to surrender in favour of a more centrally situated town, probably Trichur.

The Cochin and Travancore Union should not rest content with a mere viability certificate from the Government of India. The Union should begin the economic rehabilitation of the whole of Kerala forthwith and this is best done through scientific survey and planning. The Madras Government cannot without co-operation in the proposed survey.

NORTH OF THE THIRTY-EIGHTH: THE KOREAN NIGHTMARE

By ANDREW ROTH

(Last year, K. P. S. Menon, Chairman of the U. N. Commission on Korea warned: "Korea may blow up; and it may be the beginning of a vaster cataclysm in Asia and the world." This despatch describes how the explosive situation predicted by him is building up in Korea.)

MY Korean friend pointed across the invisible "Iron Curtain" to hills a few miles away and said wistfully: "There is the hermit half." The term "hermit nation"—which was applied a century ago to all Korea now applies to North Korea, whose "Iron Curtain" is almost impenetrable. The last outside, non-Soviet reporter to gain admission was Anna Louise Strong in 1947—when she was still an uncritical admirer of all things Soviet.

We were unable to approach the 38th parallel itself because a characteristic border clash had erupted and special permission was needed to approach this turbulent border line between North and South Korea. As usual, its origin was obscure, clouded by chronic Korean misrepresentation and the characteristic "cold war" reporting by newsmen on both sides. In most American reporting all North Korean incursions into South Korea are prominently headlined. However, in a July 27th dispatch to the N. Y. Times, from R. J. H. Johnston, for instance, it was not until the third paragraph that one learned—without the aid of a headline—that the American-sponsored South Koreans had invaded North Korea. The news agencies apparently didn't bother to report it.

Although much attention has been lavished recently on Soviet-Yugoslav friction, this last month has again shown that Korea's thirty-eighth parallel is probably the most dangerous frontier in the 'cold war.' Last year K. P. S. Menon, then Chairman of the U. N. Commission on Korea, warned: "Korea may blow up; and it may be the beginning of a vaster cataclysm in Asia and the world." Korea is the only country where the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R., the big wheels in the world conflict, have individually sponsored

little wheels. Should the frequent sparks of friction between U. S.-sponsored South Korea and Soviet-sponsored North Korea erupt into full-scale civil war, it would almost inevitably affect both the sponsors.

In recent weeks tension has mounted as North Korea proclaimed its intention to hold "nation-wide elections," although it only controls the peninsula's Northern half. This high-pressure campaign opened in July with the announcement that a "Democratic front for the attainment of the unification of the Fatherland" had been set up. This established an "Election Committee" which claimed the right to supersede both Governments, hold nation-wide elections in September and complete Korea's "unification."

This was not an olive-branch held out for peaceful unification, but rather a new Communist strategy to utilize nation-wide sentiment for unification as a lever to overthrow the extreme rightist Southern regime. The "Election Committee" was Communist-dominated, without even moderate rightist participation. It denounced the South Korean authorities as "national traitors" and promised that South Korea's rightist army and police would be disbanded.

Furthermore, this "Election Committee" ordered the expulsion of U. S. military advisers and the U. N.'s Committee on Korea (UNCOK), both of which rejected the order. The North Koreans had not only repulsed the attempts of UNCOK—spearheaded by India's Dr. Anup Singh—to enter North Korea but had also subjected its member States to crude abuse. Australia was described as "a British slave sold to the United States," El Salvador as a "dwarf robot . . . which is difficult to find on the map without

a magnifying glass." As for India, "We don't know why India sends a delegate to unify us when it has been unable to keep its own country united!"

Close observers have not been concerned so much with the twice-delayed elections as with ensuing actions. In August 1948, the North Koreans also sponsored "nation-wide" elections, as an answer to the U.N.-observed May elections in South Korea which resulted in U.N. recognition for South Korea. Last year's North-sponsored "nation-wide" elections were followed by absurd claims that 77% of the South Koreans had voted in "underground elections"—unknown to the authorities. This was used as a justification for a whole rash of North-inspired uprisings which erupted last October and severely tested the new South Korean Republic.

This year the same pattern seems to be unrolling. In a radio "war of nerves" South Koreans are being exhorted to "overthrow the puppet Government of President Syngman Rhee" and mop up "anyone standing in our way." Since early August sporadic violence directed against communications and police stations has mounted. There has been a violent prison break at Mokpo.

A general alert has been ordered for the South Korean border for fear the North Korean army may shift from border clashes to a real invasion. Although its strength has been enormously exaggerated by the South Koreans in order to secure U. S. aid, it is probably a potent force. "One of the reasons I don't want to see a civil war," Kim Koo told me just before he was assassinated in June, "is because I am sure the North Korean army is stronger." Probably the best estimate is that the Northern army has some 80,000 men plus another 50,000 in the armed Constabulary and the Internal Affairs Guards. This compares with 60,000 men in the expanding South Korean

army. The commander and the deputy commander of the North Korean army fought until 1945 alongside the Chinese Communists.

Although border skirmishes still continue, it is unlikely that the North Korean Army will launch a full-scale offensive. North Korea is a Soviet satellite and would presumably not do anything so important on the international level without consulting at least Gen. T. F. Shtikov, the canny and influential Soviet Ambassador. Within the context of the current Soviet "peace offensive" it is unlikely that North Korea would be encouraged to do anything that might involve the Soviet Union in a shooting war with the U. S. over Korea.

The current outburst is probably simply a new and more aggressive "war of nerves" against the unstable South Korean regime. The North Koreans probably hope that menacing threats, border skirmishes, plus local insurrections will provoke Rhee's rightist regime to extremes of repression, which will pave the way for wide-spread revolt. This is already happening. During the past three months jittery President Rhee has arrested at least thirty newspapermen, including five who covered the UNCOK. In addition he has arrested at least thirteen members of the National Assembly, including its Vice-President, all of whom were elected in an election boycotted by the left.

If the present patchwork of small-scale Communist-led guerilla attacks in South Korea broadens into civil war, it would place the U. S. in a very difficult situation. Having withdrawn U.S. troops and secured U.N. recognition for South Korea as an independent State, it would be difficult to send U. S. troops back in, particularly in view of the recent history of unsuccessful intervention in China. Therefore it is possible that U. S. troops in nearby Japan might have to sit by and watch South Korea slip out of the American zone.—N. P. S. (Copyright).

The telling of a falsehood is like the cut of a sabre: for though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.—SA'DI

ATTLEE, PRIME MINISTER OF BRITAIN

By MATTHEW HALTON

AFTER entering the front door of 10 Downing Street, a few steps along a red-carpeted hall bring you into the famous cabinet room, where British Governments have threshed out policy and made history ever since the days of Sir Robert Walpole, the first Prime Minister.



The room is instinct with memories of renowned men of the past. Chatham and his cabinet sat around this long, heavy table. Pitt the Younger here outlined the grand strategy which was to defeat Napoleon. All the Prime Ministers of Great Britain have resided here: Disraeli and Gladstone; Asquith and Lloyd George; Baldwin and Chamberlain; and Winston Churchill, bold and eloquent in the days when the sky was falling.

And now, sitting there alone, at the middle of the long table, looking out over the Horse Guards Parade and St. James' Park, there is a little man smoking a pipe. He rises when you come in, shakes hands quickly, sits down again and offers you a chair beside him. He offers you a cigarette, and refills his pipe, and then begins to talk in a quiet, almost embarrassed way. In reply to your question, he explains that he likes to use the cabinet room for his office, instead of the study upstairs, because here he is in close contact with the 30 confidential secretaries working a few yards away. This man is another Prime Minister: Clement Richard Attlee.

"A little man," I said. Physically he gives you that impression though, actually, he is of something like average height. But in no other way is he little. He is, as is now widely realized, one of the major British statesmen of his century.

"He is a great Prime Minister," says Ernest Bevin. "I would follow him anywhere."

Clement Attlee moves no crowds to emotion or excitement and many peo-

ple regard him as uninspiring, ordinary and even dull. His public speeches are flat; he cannot command "the applause of listening senates" except intellectually. To save his life or his party he could not, and would not, make an emotional harangue. In appearance he is unimposing. He has

no "color!" He hasn't the personality of a Churchill, the brains of a Cripps or the massive bulldog appeal of a Bevin. But anyone who thinks he is not a leader of stature has missed one of the most important facts of British politics today.

STOP GAP AT FIRST

This Prime Minister is "colorless," yes, compared with his swashbuckling predecessor. But far from being weak or insipid, he is the unchallenged boss of his cabinet and of his party. He rules with a firm and sometimes ruthless hand—and his followers like it. He has the respect of Parliament and of the people. The House of Commons fills when Mr. Churchill speaks—and it fills also when Mr. Attlee rises and dissects him with cold impeccable logic. He has led Britain through a vast social revolution, and in doing it he has followed exactly the tactics which he himself outlined in his book, "The Labour Party in Perspective," written well before the war. And he is well on the way to creating what the world has never seen before on a large scale—a socialist commonwealth in which order is reconciled with freedom. Obviously, this is not a little man.

Moreover, it is fascinating to see how the "colorless" Mr. Attlee is warmly and sincerely loved by his closest associates. For this article, I talked to a number of them, from his batman to some of his most important colleagues in Government; and "love" is a word several of them used. "I love that man!" said one M. P.

fervently. It is said no man is a hero to his valet, but you should meet Charles Griffiths, a faithful cockney who has been the Prime Minister's batman or man-of-all-work for many years. "I've never known such a person," swears Griffiths. "He's the most generous man I ever knew, and the squarest. He's straight as a die."

Here is a man who became leader of his party only as a stop-gap but is now there in his own right. In 1931, when Ramsay MacDonald deserted Socialism and threw in with Baldwin, the Labour Party was left divided, bewildered and leaderless. A few years later, after the death of the saintly but ineffective George Lansbury, Attlee was made leader of the Labour Party because there was no one else in sight. (Bevin and Morrison were not in Parliament.) Today his leadership is unquestioned.

How does Mr. Attlee do it? How does he impose unity on the great, tempestuous and temperamental Labour Party, which includes everything from extreme Left-wing fire-eaters to near-Conservatives? Why is he the leader of a party which contains Cripps, Morrison and Bevin?

A CONVERTED CONSERVATIVE

The first secret of his success is integrity. There is no more honest man alive. Nothing on earth could make Attlee swerve one hairsbreadth from the line of duty.

Even kindness and loyalty are not allowed to stand in the way of duty. One of the most heart-breaking tasks for any statesman is to put the interests of the State above friendship—but on this point Attlee is almost ruthless. After one cabinet reshuffle, a dismissed minister came to the Prime Minister and said bluntly: "Why have you sacked me?" Attlee replied even more bluntly: "Because you did not measure up to the job."

Another of his qualities is complete independence. Like very few public men, Attlee is utterly indifferent to popularity. The approval or disapproval of the crowds, or of his political opponents, and even of his political friends, does not affect him a bit. He is almost inhumanly disinterested.

Another quality is his political shrewdness and skill. "He has never

once made a mistake in the mechanics of government," said once of his experts. "In fact, he has a genius for government."

"And also for politics, which is a different thing," said one of his political secretaries. "You've got to get up early in the morning to outsmart him."

Yes, his cabinet includes Sir Stafford Cripps, one of the ablest brains in the world; Herbert Morrison, a far more popular parliamentarian than the Prime Minister; Ernest Bevin, the powerful and determined Foreign Secretary; Aneurin Bevan, eloquent, brilliant and stubborn; and other forceful and picturesque characters. But Attlee is still the boss.

Probably his greatest strength is his deep and abiding desire to produce a society in which the lives of ordinary people are enriched, and a passionate faith that it can be done. He believes his Government's experiment in democratic Socialism is, by all odds, the most important and significant experiment in the world today. He believes order can be reconciled with freedom. "You will see this accomplished in Britain," he told me. "It is being accomplished today."

It is almost startling to learn that this ardent Socialist of today was an equally ardent Conservative when young.

Clement Attlee was surprised, he says, when he began to learn that poverty was the result not of laziness or drunkenness or personal weaknesses, but of social and economic factors. "I was a Conservative," he admits. "I thought quite definitely that only gentlemen were fit to govern and that the well-to-do were for the most part where they were because of their virtues."

But he soon changed his mind.

His father, Henry Attlee, was a successful lawyer in London. Clement was one of a family of four brothers and three sisters. He went to Haileybury, a famous public school, then to Oxford, then took law in London.

Haileybury school had established a dockland mission called Haileybury house in Limehouse, one of the worst London slums. One day, Attlee and his brother Laurence went to visit it. It proved to be, for Attlee, the road to

Damascus. He started giving his services to the mission as a voluntary worker. Only three years later he was a Socialist, determined to devote his life to the improvement of the working classes. "Everything in my life," he said, "became bound up with the progress of Socialism." Now Attlee is not the typical emotionalist, or iconoclast, or rebel. He has a deep distaste for anything extreme or eccentric ("I hate angularity," he says), and though his heart rushed into Socialism, his head followed well behind. He became a Socialist almost against his will. But, when once he had found himself, he was happy. He lived with his new friends in the East End until World War I, and after the war he went back. In 1922, he ran for Parliament as the Socialist candidate for Limehouse, and was elected. That has been his constituency ever since.

In 1914, Attlee enlisted in the South Lancashire regiment, and became its second-in-command. He was badly wounded in the evacuation from Gallipoli. He was a good soldier. He knew when to take risks and when to be cautious; when to be persuasive with his men and when it was necessary to be ruthless. And that is the way he runs the Labour Party and the cabinet. "He's the kindest, nicest man I know," said one of his lieutenants, "but he knocks us around when we need it."

The Prime Minister is military in all his habits. He has a tidy mind, and he does everything with military precision, even the way he removes his overcoat and hangs it up. He is unswervingly punctilious and correct, and always punctual. He regards it as sloppy as well as discourteous to keep any man waiting; and he won't be kept waiting himself. Recently he received a letter from a schoolgirl praising his government, but badly spelt. He wrote to her in his own hand, thanking her for her praise but chiding her for her spelling. He is almost fanatically tidy.

Lunching one day with two of the Prime Minister's enthusiastic friends, I said, "Come now, he must have some faults. What are they?"

They tried obligingly to find one or two for me, but failed. "If he does seem a bit inhuman," said one, "it's because he just cannot stoop to any

phony kind of familiarity. There is absolutely nothing meretricious about him; absolutely nothing bogus."

PRIVATE LIFE SIMPLE

Mr. Attlee seldom praises his subordinates for good work; his compliments, if he pays any, are made obliquely. This is not because he grudges praise, but because he takes good work for granted. Your best work, he says, is only your duty.

The Prime Minister's private life is very simple, very pleasant and very happy. "He asks little in life for himself," says his former batman. "Creature comforts? Just give him a good cup of tea and a piece of cake, and then his pipe, and that's all he wants." His main relaxation is reading: few Prime Ministers have been better read men. But he has other amusements. He plays what is described as a 'cunning' game of tennis. He loves a good cricket match. He plays bridge and likes long walks. He is a master-mind at difficult crossword puzzles. "And you know," one friend half whispered, "when he's in the country he likes to take off his shoes and socks and paddle in a stream with the kids."

His wife, Violet Attlee, is a pretty, charming and in some ways remarkable woman. She was a volunteer nurse in both world wars. She doesn't know what fear is, and during the blitz in the war endangered her life many times. She refused to have a servant in those war days, on the ground it was unpatriotic. "And believe me," said a friend, "you never saw a bit of hoarded food in that house. Often the cupboard was bare."

There is an extraordinary tradition of public service in the Attlee family. One of the Prime Minister's sisters did welfare work in the Gold Coast for 40 years. His youngest daughter, Felicity, is a school teacher and social service worker in London's dockland. And his brothers, Tom and Laurence, have always been social benefactors. All his brothers, incidentally, are tall, well-built men, accomplished, confident and even exuberant—in some contrast to the slight, quiet and almost gruff brother who became Prime Minister of his country.

Clement Attlee has been Prime Mi-

nister for four years, in which Britain has been fighting for her economic salvation against heavy odds. The experience has made him more deeply a Socialist than ever.

NOT DOGMATIC

The most important experiment in the whole world, he believes, is the British essay in social democracy.

He is not dogmatic. His government, he says, does not claim to know absolute truth about the infinitely complex social and industrial problems of our time, and will never stop experimenting. It has no set pattern of nationalization to apply to every industry. Take coal, for example. At first it was thought that administration of the coal industry should be highly centralised; but this developed various weaknesses, especially in human relations, and now they are experimenting with decentralization.

Transport will have a different pattern. In such an industry it is vital that the customer should always have a voice, and a way of making complaints.

Nothing is more important than an intelligent and inquiring public. The public, he insists, must always demand to know what the Government is doing.

You cannot do away all at once with the old, traditional incentives to hard work. The great ambition and ideal is to create a society in which service to the community is the main-spring of incentive. But that will take a long time. Craftsmanship and teamwork are the essentials of a healthy society, but they are not easy to get in a mechanical age.

As for controls, how can you help having controls in a world of shortages, if everyone is to have fair treatment? Does anyone suggest that food rationing should be abolished in Britain? "One man's control is another man's freedom," said Mr. Attlee. You hear of all the British businessmen who didn't like controls; you do not hear of all those who like them very much, and who would hate to see them removed. But the Government is firmly resolved to remove all controls as soon as they become unnecessary—and has already removed a number of them.

Moreover, you hear of former Socialists who are now disillusioned with Labour—but you do not see the letters that come to 10 Downing Street from former Conservatives, in which the writers tell how impressed and moved they have been by the honesty, courage and fairness of Mr. Attlee's Government.

Beyond the next 10 years it is hard to see. The food situation, in the long term, as in the short term, will always be the anxious problem of 50,000,000 people in a small island. If that can be solved, nothing but war will prevent Britain from creating the splendid commonwealth of her dreams.

Those are the kind of words you hear in the cabinet room, listening to Clement Attlee. And listening to them, among the ghosts of a great history, you feel that the British people's day is not done; and that their greatest contribution to the science of government is even now being made. —(Copyright).

The great city of Carthage was founded in the ninth century B. C., and flourished for more than six hundred years. Masters of sea-power, the Carthaginians built themselves a chain of harbours protected by jetties. The inner, or military, harbour—linked to the commercial harbour by a canal—would hold more than 200 ships. From an island in the centre, the admiral could inspect his whole fleet at once. The city itself was laid out in even rectangular blocks, and protected by several lines of fortifications more than 60 feet high. Along the walls were towers, and batteries for catapults. Behind them, well-stocked arsenals. A vast system of reservoirs secured the Carthaginian water-supply. By the first half of the sixth century, Carthage was Queen of the Mediterranean. Prolonged wars against the Greeks in Sicily left Carthage triumphant. By the year 270 B. C., Carthage claimed the right to seize every foreign ship found between Sardinia and the Gibraltar Straits. But by then a new power had arisen—that of Rome. Neither Rome nor Carthage was content to share supremacy. In a series of wars—marked at times by splendid victories—Carthage was brought low. The city was finally besieged and captured. Roman troops were let loose to plunder the site dedicated to the infernal gods, and all human habitation forbidden. Today the name survives in a little town of 10,000 inhabitants in Missouri, U. S. A. . . . Is there perhaps a very small moral in this story?—PICTURE POST.

BURIED WEALTH

POONA, October 2, 1949.

"A glass case containing Indian coins minted during the current year—one of each denomination—and a dozen newspapers published in the country will be buried with the foundation-stone of the National War Memorial Academy which is to be laid by the Prime Minister, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, at Khadakvasla, near Poona, on Thursday. It is customary for objects relative to contemporary life to be placed at the bed of the foundation of buildings of national importance...."

—Times Of India.

SWITCH ON TO THE FUTURE!

Startling glimpses into the 'way of life' of our ancestors thousands of years ago are provided by the discovery of ancient coins and documents which have been dug out of the ruins of what is believed to have been an institution for the training of young men in the diabolical and (happily) long-forgotten art of mutual slaughter which seemed to have been an obsession with all the nations of that pre-civilized era. The style of architecture is of the Twentieth Century Western Europe which has led many archaeologists to conclude that, before the Great Atomic Flood, the Indian peninsula was still being ruled by Western Europeans. This is further confirmed by the discovery of coins which bear the effigy of a king of the Anglo-Saxon race and are inscribed in old English letters. The inscription on one of these coins, which has been deciphered, reads: "GEORGE VI KING EMPEROR"—which coincides with the name and effigy of the monarch who ruled over the British Isles towards the end of the first half of the twentieth century.

HISTORY REVISED

As the documents excavated along with these coins bear the date of October 1949, this discovery has shed a new light on our ancient history and made certain important revisions necessary in the

hitherto accepted sequence of historical events and other historical data. These coins suggest that the entire world, all the way from the British islands (which went down into the French sea during the Great Atomic Flood) to the Indian Peninsula was then being ruled by the British King-Emperor. This, again, casts serious doubts on certain vital historical dates. For instance, so far all historians were agreed that the Indian Peninsula was freed from the rule of the Western Europeans in the year 1947 (the Year Of The Great Massacres), but this certainly cannot be true if Indian coins were still being struck in the year 1949, with the effigy of the foreign king. It is to be concluded, therefore, that the exact date of Indian independence was many years later than 1947...and even later than 1949!

On the reverse side of several of these coins is the figure of an animal which scholars of historical zoology have identified as the long extinct tiger or lion. As regards its significance there is acute difference between the historians, numismatists, archaeologists and the anthropologists who are studying the excavations. One school holds that it is the British lion, symbolizing the domination of India by the Anglo-Saxons, while the others say it is the sacred Indian tiger which leads to the conclusion that as late as the middle of the 20th Century the Indians were still in the animal worshipping stage of pre-civilization.

Meanwhile, even more startling revelations are expected as a result of the researches being carried on by philologists and linguists studying the documents which are still in a remarkably well-preserved condition, having remained hermetically sealed between two layers of the Atomic lava.

The documents are stated to be "news-sheets"—i. e. large pieces of thin paper on which news used to be printed before the present system of television news screens was developed and perfected.

The difficulties of the philologists have been greatly enhanced by the task of having to decipher not one but half a dozen different languages in which these "news-sheets" are printed. One of the historians, on this basis, has evolved a theory of our ancestors having been multi-lingual people who were able to speak, read and write half a dozen (or even more) languages with equal facility. It is not yet established, however, why and how they developed this strange habit of using so many languages.

PRIMITIVE ECONOMY

As revealed by these documents (only a few of which so far have been partially deciphered) our ancestors of a thousand years ago had not even reached the stage of capitalist industrialism of the Western Europeans. They were still in the primitive-feudal age of elementary hand-driven tools. Even division of labour does not seem to have been developed, because one of the pictures in these "news-sheets" shows the "Over-all Governor" (with a jaw-breaking name which has still to be fully deciphered and spelt out) ploughing the land with a primitive plough (same as was used three thousand years ago in India and elsewhere) to raise the crop to feed himself. Another picture shows the "Big Minister" Holy Man (or Pandit) Nehru plying a simple spinning wheel known as *Charakha* which was used to spin yarn for making cloth. If such big dignitaries of the state had to work with their hands to produce food and cloth for themselves, it can be imagined that our primitive great-great-grandfathers were still in an extremely elementary stage of technical development, in contrast with other countries of Europe and America where science and industry had reached a high level of development.

The prefix of "Pandit" (or Holy Man) attached to the Prime Minister's name also shows that India was still in the age of Brahminical domination and that the caste system of Manu was still being practised and enforced in the country. This, again, necessitates radical re-adjustment of our historical perspective.

The primitive state of our forefathers, both technically and socially must have been responsible for their

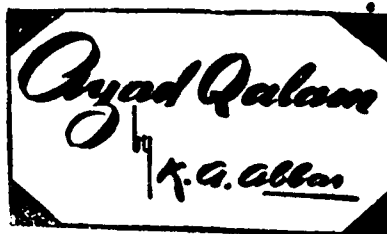
hopelessly poor and pitiable economic condition. It appears that they had neither food nor cloth enough to feed and clothe themselves. One of the "news-sheets" refers to enormous quantities of foodstuffs which were being imported from foreign countries. (This, again, is radically opposed to the widely-current illusions of our romanticist historians who have described that era as the "golden age of Indian history," the amusing thing being that one of the "news-sheets" refers to the even more primitive state of another two thousand years earlier as "the golden age of Indian history"!)

'UNDER' OR 'OVER?'

So acute appears to have been the economic distress of the people of India during this alleged "golden age" that the "news-sheets" are full of reports about people committing suicides because of unemployment and destitution or just dying of hunger on the road-sides. Pictures in "news-sheets" show people to be semi-naked, presumably for want of cloth. The historical researchers, however, have not been able to resolve the paradox of some reports in the "news-sheets" declaring that many cloth-producing mills are closed due to "over-production," while other reports speak of people clamouring for cloth. It is believed that either the philologists have made some mistake in translating "under-production" as "over-production" or there was something fundamentally wrong with the distribution of the elementary necessities of life in those days.

The socio-historical economists are busy studying the translated contents of these documents to formulate a new theory of the decay of Mid-Twentieth Century India. They believe that the political and social set-up of the country, as revealed in these documents was directly responsible for the miserable economic conditions of the people in those days.

These documents have conclusively proved the ridiculously primitive state of our country in the year 1949. Not only Socialist economy but even mediaeval democracy was unknown. Feudalism and Religion still held sway. We read in these documents of feudal autocrats called "Rajahs," "Maharajas" and "Rajpramukhs" be-



ing still in existence. There are many references to religious observances, quaint and primitive superstitions and obviously, men and women still carried the labels of their community and religion. One of the news-sheets, for instance, carries a report with the heading "MUSLIM CONVICTED OF MURDER" and another, "HINDU YOUTH ON TRIAL FOR ABDUCTION." A Hindu leader (whose name has been deciphered with some difficulty as either "Golwalkar" or "Golkalkar") is reported as saying that "Hindus alone can make India great." Similar statements regarding Muslims are reported from the leaders of the neighbouring state of Pakistan (In 1947 India had been divided into two by the British!—Editor), which suggests that in 1949 all non-Muslims had been driven out of Pakistan and all Muslims had been driven out or were being driven out of India. Apparently the whole Indian peninsula had reverted to the primitive pattern of religious states as a prelude to religious wars.

Other aspects of the "way of life"

of our forefathers, revealed by these documents, include chronic artificial famines, food shortage in the midst of plenty, millions of hungry people without adequate shelter or cloth, profiteering and hoarding, an illegal but popular practice known as "black-marketing," a high incidence of thefts, robberies, suicides, murders, death, diseases, prostitution etc.—in short, all the symptoms of the decadent-feudalist-immature-capitalist phase of human development.

While further research will no doubt shed more light, it is obvious that it was no "golden age," though here and there in these documents there are indications of the people's striving towards the golden age. The Socio-historical economists are busy revising their earlier estimate of our country's historical development in the light of the Poona excavations. But as one of them said to me in an exclusive interview, "It would have been better if our forefathers of a thousand years ago had carried out this critical analysis of their social and economic order in their own times."



P. T. I. Reporter N. Balu looks on while Sardar Patel and Pandit Nehru greet each other at Bombay recently.

DR. BESENT'S CONTRIBUTION TO INDIAN CULTURE

Tribute By SIR C. P. RAMASWAMI AIYAR

At a meeting of the Youth Lodge of The Theosophical Society in the Headquarters Hall at Adyar on the morning of September 29, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar paid an eloquent tribute to the contribution to Indian life of Dr. Annie Besant. The full text of his speech on the occasion is given below:

DR. Besant started by discovering herself as an orator, one who in a mysterious manner felt that not only her voice, but the message of her soul could be conveyed to the audience and could produce effects very remarkable in character and repercussions. We all know her autobiography; but you are not all aware perhaps of what Mr. Ramsay MacDonald once told me when we were discussing great orators whom we had come across. It was a meeting at which Dr. Besant's old and loyal friend George Lansbury, Ramsay MacDonald and two or three others and myself were present at Chequers, the country home of the Prime Ministers of England. Mr. MacDonald told me that of all the persons who were counted as great public speakers and orators, there were only two who could be said to rise up in passionate appeal in choice of language and in the art of capturing not only the hearts but the minds also, in the vibrant quality of the voice which produced effect beyond the word and transgressed and transcended ordinary expression. He said one was Signor Castello, Spanish Premier. Next to him, he placed Dr. Besant. In his opinion Dr. Besant, taken all in all, was a finer speaker than Bright.

We know her next as a journalist and pamphleteer, one who crusaded for difficult and apparently hopeless causes, the cause of unbelievers to start with, and would not reconcile herself to established faiths and dogmas simply because they were established or generally accepted. In a cause which was tremendously unpopular and regarded as vicious during the youth of Dr. Besant, the cause of prevention of over-population and birth control, she carried on a great deal of propaganda. Then she

worked along with Bradlaugh, known as a great politician and a great propagandist, for the down-trodden, the oppressed and the submerged. The labouring classes of Great Britain on account of the impact of the industrial age and the repercussions of that impact, felt themselves hopeless and helpless; to them came the voice of succour and comradeship, brotherliness and fellow-feeling. One of the bright spots of that very dark period of English history, the industrial age, the age of Bentham and the age of Lancashire, Birmingham and Sheffield, was the foundation of the Fabian Society and the foundation of labour organisations by Dr. Besant in company with men who afterwards became remarkable in several ways. Then came the compelling revelation to her soul. She came across Madame Blavatsky and without the slightest hesitation she jettisoned and put aside old ideas and age-long traditions and because she believed in that revelation, she gave herself up to it and became reincarnated in flesh and blood. Finally, Dr. Besant became Indian. She always believed that she was Indian essentially. To me she said more than once in expressions of compelling sincerity that she was essentially Indian. Long before the Swadeshi movement developed, long before laws were laid by which, in an unforeseen manner, the dirtier a man's clothes the more worthy he was in many aspects of life provided he wore the Swadeshi costume, long before that period, with the artistic sense in her, love for beauty, love for costume, love for manner and demeanour, she became an ardent Swadeshi. I know during all the years of my close and intimate association with her, she never wore anything excepting Indian clothes. They did not look like

Indian clothes, because they were not coarse.

Long before the Harijan movement was enthroned as one of the items of political propaganda, she in her life made Harijans sit by her side and by methods of sympathy and love really did much service; more than service was the outpouring of her heart and feeling of essential equality which counts more than gifts of clothes, money or food. She established herself as a friend of the downtrodden in India and as a defender of the submerged and the oppressed.

After this, she turned to education, because she felt that however efficient in the outer way the education of Indians was, it lacked the soul; it lacked the essential sense of oneness of the people of India and so, as a means of rehabilitation of the soul of India, she started her work of education, which in many ways, although frustrated for sometime and hindered, is still continuing.

Srimathi Rukmani Devi's Kalakshe-tra was one of the essential by-products and a logical continuation and the consummation and integration of Dr. Besant's educational work, a work which started in schools, colleges and universities, north and south, and also culminated in youth movements of various kinds including the Scout movement of which she was one of the progenitors. Finally, she became one of the most profound influences that altered the destiny of India. Her Home Rule movement is being forgotten. It very often happens that in the history of movements, political, social or literary, opposition is succeeded by half recognition, that semi-recognition is followed sometimes by success and success is accompanied by adulation and over-recognition which now and again tends to be deification. That has been the fate of great movements during the last four or five or six thousand years in the world. We see signs in every movement, the moment you begin to deify and transfigure a personality and ascribe semi-divine powers, you must be particularly cautious, lest that process of deification does not mean putting people on a pedestal and erecting a temple. The temple must have doors; doors are often shut. It

is left to the pujaris either to open the temple or shut these doors.

Today a great deal that is taking place in India suggests that we too are apt to erect mental temples to Dr. Besant and forget to open the door of the temple which is shut. Today, when we talk about the message or contribution of Dr. Besant to Indian life and thought, we should try and reopen that door. In reopening the door, it is necessary also to see that the idol comes out and, as in the case of statues, comes round the streets again giving audience to the worshippers who are in danger of forgetting the figure within the temple.

Now, what was her main contribution? I have been at some pains to go over the whole of her career and reestablish within my own mind certain ideas for which she stood—ideas which may still fructify in this country, blossom and bear fruit. The danger in an industrial age, in a regimented organised political age, is that people begin to live in crowds, which as has been stated by one of the disciples of the great Freude, is based on the deep-seated and intrinsically inescapable truths of mental psychology. He analyses the process of the political and other developments of his time and sums it up as being an age when man is likely to lose his individuality, his significance, his separateness and his self-vindication and is apt to be lost in the crowd. He gives the example of factory life in which the joy of the craftsman of the old days and of honest art is lost. No one is responsible for producing a thing of beauty. In a great factory, especially in a place like America where the belt system is in full operation, each man is concerned only with a particular part of the machine. He does not know what happens at the other end. Each particular worker has no joy in work. Thus, each factory worker is losing character and soul. He is only a kind of negligible item in a vast organisation of semi-automatic activities and soulless business. This was foreseen by Dr. Besant. To her, soul manifested itself in tolerance and universality.

Let me illustrate. She had revolted against out-worn beliefs and customs.

She revolted against certain social customs in India. She revolted against the political enslavement of India and she and Mr. Bradlaugh had learnt a deep lesson through tribulations as well as through their triumphs and that lesson was respect for discipline. Though she was a rebel constantly in revolt nevertheless, in all her work she insisted steadily, continuously and pointedly on the tremendous importance of discipline, order and courtesy. It is a lesson that we need today. Liberation is not freedom from those self-imposed restraints which make for the essentials of real liberty. That was one of the most fundamental and most basic aspects of Dr. Besant's life. More than once in India, at critical stages in Indian political history, she encountered great unpopularity.

To my mind, there is yet another most formative influence in Dr. Besant's work. I never saw in her one expression of depreciation of her opponents, and what is more important, not one expression of depreciation of her friends and comrades. The latter is more difficult.

Leadership is often apt to arrogate the plenary accumulation of wisdom in one's own self. Small leaders and big are apt to succumb to that temptation, the temptation which, throughout the ages, has pursued the cult of personal supremacy. But Dr. Besant was different. She was, as everyone knows, a born leader. But she regarded herself as only an instrument for rousing the intrinsic faculties of her followers.

I was present when in the Calcutta Congress, leaders whose names I shall not mention now and whose names will have to be mentioned sooner or later went round saying, 'Do not accept this woman's idea of union of England and India. She is a foreign woman. She is working in India and any idea of working hand in hand and in association with England is treachery!' Great leaders went round and expelled her literally from the Congress, physically expelled her from the Congress. But now, the whirligig of time has turned and the great amity and comradeship between India and England, the biggest effect of statesmanship and the combined wisdom of England and India, is now very justly

acclaimed. I am very glad for this which has vindicated Dr. Besant posthumously and belatedly.

The other work which she did and which should not be forgotten is the rousing of the self-respect of those who called themselves Indians but were ashamed to be called Indians. We wanted to dress as much like an Englishman and as inappropriately. We liked to speak like an Englishman.

Surendranath Banerji, who was connected with the political movement in India fifty years ago, in his autobiography describes how he went to England and was convinced that India would never come to her own, the political transformation and rejuvenation of India could never be achieved, unless adequate quantities of beef were assimilated into the Indian physical organism. With this tremendous consciousness and conviction in him, he as soon as he came back to this country preached to his old dying mother on the virtues of beef. He believed that beef was a great physical invigorator. The old lady, his mother, was not quite convinced. He bought raw chumps of beef in the market and brought it to be cooked in the kitchen. He describes how he was thoroughly satisfied that he thereby vindicated his conscience. I am giving this account, not so much as a piece of biography of Surendranath Banerji but as a psychological sanction of what was commonly prevalent in those days.

At that time, decoration of houses with mango leaves on festive occasions was considered a very foolish thing to do. The cowdung whose virtues are now being slowly discovered after penicillin has been known, was then a thing to be heartily ashamed of. In my own house, for sometime, my father was under the influence of this particular mentality. At this juncture, when education meant Macaulay and Macaulay meant Shakespeare, men generally behaved like second-rate Englishmen or third rate Englishwomen. At that time, Dr. Besant started a tearing campaign in favour of everything Indian as against everything English. She said that the finest thing to do was to start the use of cowdung again. It was not that the people were convinced; it was her tremendous perso-

nality and overwhelming oratory that partially restored the coward. Dr. Besant made people realise that men and women of this country must give up their mania for western models. But for the Theosophical Society's work and especially Dr. Besant's work between the years 1890 and 1910, the soul of India would not have found itself and the self-respect of India could not have been established on those foundations on which others have built tremendously and successfully later.

One thing more must be added in order to give a comprehensive picture of Dr. Besant's services. Having aroused the consciousness of the people, having in her educational experiments brought into existence a Central Hindu College and the Benares University, having aroused the people in the Home Rule League towards self-expression and self-determination, one should have imagined that she would repress individuality. She never repressed individuality. She tolerated and welcomed dissent. That is the character which is a pre-requisite in moments of transition and moments of turmoil when men are searching for foundations for a new social and political order. It is not by a steam roller, it is not by eradication of opposition, it is not by ignoring the opposition that great nations are built. It is done only by tolerating and welcoming differences and assimilating these differences for the purpose of coordinated results. It is that work of Dr. Besant which in my opinion is the finest trait in her character. It is all the more necessary now in view of what I have said about the dangers of creating a crowd mentality. There is a tendency to shout slogans, but unless contrary slogans are also sung, you can never arrive at the right methods.

Not long ago, a Russian who had fled to Germany wrote a book in which these remarkable words occur: "The search for power today, especially in Europe, is not made for the achievement of moral values, but moral values are being increasingly used for the attainment of power." He said that the values of life are changing throughout the world, that world politics are conducted on a merely

mechanistic conception of life. What better illustration do we want of this than this morning's news? Three days ago, we heard of the emergence of the atomic bomb in Russia. Two days ago, the Press of the world was united in thinking that now that Russia has also got the whole of this power, there may be a new consciousness and that people would be nearer peace tomorrow.

What do we find today? America has resolved upon building a much bigger stock of atom bombs and has voted very large sums for the purpose of increasing the pile of atom bombs.

Let me repeat: "The search for power is not made for the achievement of moral values, but moral values are being increasingly used for the attainment of power."

There is also incidentally the bacterial bomb which is described as being capable of annihilating a whole population in two minutes. How is this tendency towards violence and anarchy to be dealt with?

In our own country we have to deal with this question of reconciliation of supreme power, supreme political power, with toleration of differences and even contrary viewpoints. We have to cultivate not merely the slogan capacity, but also the capacity to value the slogan of the other man. We have to cultivate discipline, orderliness, love and comradeship as well as love of the leader for the follower and love of the follower for the leader and ultimately the value of business habits.

One of the things which Dr. Besant insisted upon was the importance of keeping accounts in politics. It was a lesson which people had not learnt earlier; it is a lesson which people have not learnt later. It is a lesson which she constantly insisted on. It is necessary to keep close to the fundamental rules of addition, subtraction and multiplication and to take care to have punctuality and business habits. That definite holding on to the fundamentals was one of the characteristics of Dr. Besant. Let us hope that we shall not merely deify her, or praise her or talk about her, but live with her and benefit by the stimulant and inspiration of her teachings, her personality and her work.

ANNIE BESANT: ARTIST

By Dr. JAMES H. COUSINS

THE spectacular career of Dr. Annie Besant as a propagandist for freedom in all its forms, religious, political, economic, social, has to a considerable extent obscured the fundamental bent of her nature. She has been referred to under the melodramatic title of Warrior. But struggle was incidental to the attaining of her ideals in personal and collective life. Bernard Shaw called her the greatest orator in the world. But oratory too was incidental to her vision; it was an instrument for the fulfilment of her dreams, not the dreams or the ideals themselves.

We have to look deeper if we wish to touch the reality of the nature of Annie Besant. Her dreams, as disclosed in her numerous writings and speeches, were constructive, not the destructive nightmares of the warrior. Her ideals were, not the applause after an oration, but the finding of a way of life through which the highest and most beneficent qualities of the Power behind life could be implemented in human conduct and organisation. She was all for Omar Khayyam in his wish to remould "this sorry scheme of things... nearer to the heart's desire." But his preliminary of shattering it to bits was against her grain. She knew that all things were where they were inevitably, and that shattering them would not do away with the qualities and tensions and experiences that lay behind and animated them, and would work themselves again into the same "sorry scheme of things." She knew she could not reverse or cancel history; that the tendency in the universe of energy and form was onward. She took the things that were at hand, and out of them sought to create an external universe that in an ever-ascending degree reflected the qualities of the internal. Her ideal was not "a jug of wine, a book of verse, and thou..." in the physical sense: it was the infusion of the celestial ichor of creativeness in its highest sense into the veins of humanity; the study and enjoyment of human expression at its loftiest and most beautiful; the

exchange of friendliness in all humanity without which all shatterings and expedients even with the best



intentions must always be futile.

In other words, Annie Besant was fundamentally an Artist. It is true that the immediate circumstances of her life drove her into religious and economic reform and submerged the activities appropriate and necessary to specialisation in any art-form. But the born Artist in her took pleasure in the shaping of her speeches and writings in accordance with the principles that govern high Art, the principles of unity of idea, collaboration between the parts, proportion, and verbal music. At fifteen she could play Bach and Beethoven from memory; and later, when she was absorbed in the occult element in life, she was still so much of an Artist in music that Bishop Leadbeater said she might have been one of the foremost pianists of the world. Even earlier than 15 the Artist in her showed itself. Whatever unction she put into her childish prayers at her mother's knee, her private pleasure, as she confesses in her "Autobiography," was that she had said them "very nicely."

My own first contact with Annie Besant the Artist was when, just after

my arrival in Adyar in November 1915 as literary sub-editor of her daily "New India," I initiated an Art's League, and organised concerts and recitals of instrumental and vocal music in the spacious drawing-room of what was then called Schwarz's bungalow, though its official name was Olcott Gardens. This she encouraged in every way, and when time permitted attended its functions and recited some of her favourite English poetry, the chief being Frederick W. Myers' "Saint Paul."

About the same time I was instrumental in bringing the first exhibition of the Bengal school of painting to Madras from its home in Calcutta. Mrs. Besant, who had permitted me to accept an invitation to Calcutta to see the exhibition, on the ground that "you never know what may come of it," at once made herself responsible for the Madras week in the incomplete premises of the Young Men's Indian Association. The exhibition caused a local cultural sensation, and began the spread of interest in the revival of Indian painting in various parts of the country: Mrs. Besant was the presiding genius of the historical occasion.

For some time I was away from Adyar teaching in the Theosophical College at Madanapalle, and out of touch with movements beyond the busy college compound. But in 1921, the year of the introduction of the Montagu-Chelmsford political reforms, Mrs Besant had found the 1921 Club; and on my return to Adyar as a teacher in the National University, she asked me to form an Art Section in connection with the Club, and was a regular attendant at its meetings, and frequently indicated subjects for exposition and discussion, always with a prophetic eye on the place that indigenous appreciation and practice of the fine arts and art-crafts would have in a free India.

Although the circumstances of Mrs. Besant's life took her away from the attainment of personal virtuosity, she was keen on others aspiring to artistic heights. Srimati Rukmani Devi has told how "Ammā" encouraged her in her earliest attempts as a dancer. She was so anxious to help the young artists of the Bengal movement and its reflections in other parts of India

that, like Colonel Olcott in the early days of the Theosophical Society, she did not think an annual Convention of the Society complete without an exhibition of Indian paintings. I organised many of these in Adyar, Benares and Bombay, and she was always at the preview and the opening, and brought distinguished visitors to see what was happening in Indian art.

But her interest was not confined to painters. The immortal poet, Rabindranath Tagore, was given the freedom of Adyar as his south Indian home when on tour. The master veena player Seshanna of Mysore, found a warm welcome at Adyar; and there were other Indian artists. Of western artists, Leopold Stokowski, the famous conductor and organist, and his wife, and Henry Eichheim, the famous violinist, and his wife a famous pianist, were made "state guests" of the President for their contribution through Art to mutual understanding between the nations. And welcome passers-by were Dr. Alfred Mistowski and Leopold Premyslav, both eminent violinists. Though absent from Adyar when Nicholas Roerich, the world-renowned painter, came from the Himalayas to present his picture, "The Messenger," as the nucleus of a gallery dedicated to his great compatriot, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, Dr. Besant left all instructions for his accommodation and entertainment, and put on me the duty of seeing them carried out. So keen was she on having knowledge and taste for the Arts developed among members of the Theosophical Society that she set aside a number of pages in the monthly magazine of the Society for articles on the theory, philosophy, characteristics and history of the Arts. One page of the art-history of Adyar remains to be completed in a future incarnation. The great composer, Alexandre Scriabine, had prepared to come out to Adyar, which was the spiritual centre of his life, and present what he regarded as the climax of his work in a vast composition of sound, colour and perfume. Unhappily he was struck down by a poisonous illness and died in 1915. But his music is not without its Theosophical vision. His "Poem of Fire" was inspired by his first reading of "The Secret Doctrine." And his first reading was inspired by the mas-

ter-painter, Jean Delville of Belgium, a member of the Theosophical Society, who himself painted a parallel to Scriabine's "Poem" in his wonderful "Prometheus."

These are not strictly parts of Dr. Besant's own story; but they indicate the broadening and elevation of vision that in her time was being brought into Art by the Theosophical spirit of unity between individuals and groups and of idealism in expression of which she was the chief exponent.

Dr. Besant was universal in her interest in Art. At the same time she could turn her attention to special phases of it when called on. In 1924, for example, she was invited to give the first lectures on Indian Culture in the University of Calcutta under the newly founded Kamala Lectures in memory of the daughter of Sir Asutosh Mookerjee, the famous Vice-Chancellor. Though she was familiar with the subject in a desultory way she felt it a duty to make a full study of authorities on cultural history and other relevant matters, and particularly on the Arts. I know familiarly the intensive study she put into condensing facts and shaping them in her work-room at Adyar for a number of days, for she had put on me the job of gathering all available books on the subject from the Adyar

Library and my own small collection. The result, in her second lecture, was a masterpiece of art-history and art-criticism. The two lectures stand as the first classic of the Kamala Foundation among the publications of the University.

Once upon a time, in my hearing, Dr. Besant, in reply to a question as to the relationship of Religion and Art, said, in her terse but all-inclusive way, "Religion and Art are the two sides of one coin." This appeared to me to be the root principle of her action and expression: not that Religion and Art were the same thing, but were "head and harp" of the same coin of the mint of the creative human spirit; in other words, as I came to phrase it myself by and by, Religion is Art turned inwards; Art is religion turned outwards: they are unreal and unintelligible without one another: more than that, the other two phases of the conscious life—thought and action—are equally unintelligible and unreal without the impartation of aspiration and beauty from Religion and Art. Possessing in an unique degree the quadruple virtues of disinterested devotion, pure expression, unintimidated thought, selfless and fearless action, Annie Besant was, in the fullest and highest sense of the term, an Artist in Life.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE . . .

Between the ages of seventy and eighty-three, Commodore Vanderbilt added about one hundred millions to his fortune.

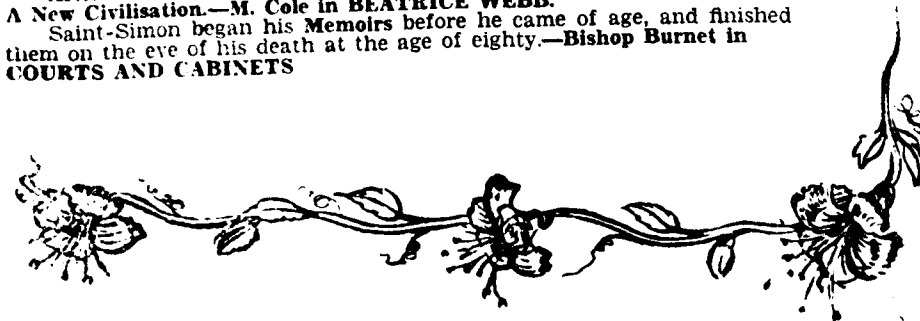
Kant at seventy-four wrote his *Anthropology, Metaphysics of Ethics and Strife of the Faculties*.

Titian at ninety-eight painted his historic picture of the "Battle of Lepanto."—*Golden Book Magazine*—MEDLEY.

Beatrice Webb said that she and Sidney "would never undertake another large book. At sixty-eight and sixty-nine we are too old to begin again. We have finished our work."

Afterwards they wrote the two large volumes of *Soviet Communism: A New Civilisation*.—M. Cole in BEATRICE WEBB.

Saint-Simon began his *Memoirs* before he came of age, and finished them on the eve of his death at the age of eighty.—Bishop Burnet in *COURTS AND CABINETS*



SIDELIGHTS : :

Communism today is a conspiracy and not a revolution.—NATIONAL HERALD.

IN the historic struggle for power between Trotsky and Stalin, Trotsky was supposed to have stood up for international Communism based on the principle of centralisation of power, whereas Stalin took up the role of the patriot or nationalist whose ambitions for the development of Communism were confined within the borders of Russia. There is now another historic struggle going on between Stalin and Tito. Substitute Titoism for Trotskyism, and you have the same pattern of the purges of the Moscow trial of 1938 reproduced now in the Satellite countries behind the Iron Curtain. But there is a difference. It is now Stalin that is the upholder of the principle of centralisation of international power under the banner of Communism. Stalin has moved on into the position which Trotsky held and was put down for holding. The crime of Rajk and Tito and of the host of others against whom the full might of Soviet power is lately being used with the same thoroughness with which it was formerly employed against Trotsky and his associates, is that they have been caught in the effort to decentralise Communism's international power under a patriotic impulse to promote the political sovereignty of their respective States. Though Trotsky has perished, Trotskyism has triumphed, and proletarian internationalism with all the strings of power gathered in Moscow has now no more fanatic devotee than the anti-Trotskyite, Stalin. There is no tolerance of non-Moscow men anywhere within the Russian sphere of influence.

The *New York Times* gives a remarkable list of East European nationalist leaders liquidated without mercy under Stalinist direction for the sake of enthronement in their stead of proteges bred up in Moscow. Here is the list:

"Sladyslaw Gomulka, the former Deputy Premier of Poland, was demoted early this year for nationalist deviation from the Cominform line. He was one of the few top Communist leaders who spent most of the war years in Poland as an underground fighter and not in Moscow. Traicho Kostov, former Vice Premier of Bulgaria, was arrested in April for nationalist tendencies. He was a partisan in the Second World War, not a Moscow man, and he was replaced by the present Premier, Vassil Kolarov, who stayed in Moscow until 1945 and returned with the Soviet Army. Lieut. Gen. Koci Xoxe, the number two Communist of Albania, was executed in June for collaboration with Tito. General Markos Vafiades, the Greek rebel guerrilla leader, was removed and is probably languishing in a Russian prison because he was more Greek than Muscovite. Laszlo Rajk was not Moscow-trained."

After hearing himself sentenced to death, Rajk, it was reported, stepped to the microphone and quietly told the court, "The sentence is just." He had confessed to being a spy inside the Communist ranks for 18 years. In much the same manner the accused in the 1938 Moscow purge were shown to be traitors to the Bolshevik Revolution as far back as 1917. The same livid pattern of acceptance of guilt through self-confession runs through the fates of all the victims of the purges of the Stalinist regime, and the spectacle presented by them is that of automata helplessly rushing to their death without the free mind and will of human beings to save their lives and reputations.

The horrifying feature of Communism all the world over has lain in the subjugation of individual will and conscience by an external authority so intensely centralised that it combines the characters of both Church and State. Its conception of authority leaves no loophole for the rectification of error by means of the pressure of dissent. State power of the Communist variety is not merely temporal. Its dominion is all-pervasive and leaves no room for any other

kind of influence. To its devotees, Communism is a complete substitute for religion. The content of Communism has shifted with the vicissitudes of Soviet politics, but at present it signifies merely a body of dogma emanating from the Kremlin and let loose on the world for the unquestioning acceptance of the faithful. Stalin has become the Pope of Communism and his injunctions and interdicts make up the gospel for the loyal observance of Communists in every country.

The purport of Communism has shifted with the shifts of Russian requirements in domestic government and foreign policy. No longer is it a world force of humanism. It has become an instrument of servility to Moscow. The needs of Moscow have forced Communists outside Russia

into somersaults, sabotage, espionage and the like, offensive to the internal harmony of the economies of their respective countries. The commendable theoretical aspirations of Communism as a creed of liberation for mass benefit has given place to Stalinist intrigue and devious practical tactics conceived in the interests of Russian aggrandisement. Great power for mischief belongs to the Communists on account of the prevalence of many social ills which they are very skilful to exploit. They bank on distress and are disappointed if there is less of it to be turned into illwill against established regimes. As reformers and leaders of society they have lost their position irretrievably. Nevertheless, there is no way of counteracting the harm they can do except by social services competent to allay discontent and remove distress.—SAKA.

THIS DEVALUATION BUSINESS

By M. S. PARTHASARATHI

BRITAIN'S astute Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Cripps, seems to have foreseen that the Dollar Conference would come to nought and that Britain cannot expect any help from the U. S. in solving her dollar problem. Obviously, the only course open to her was to help herself, and the only way of doing so in the face of high U. S. tariffs was by devaluing her currency. Thus, for a second time in two decades, she has been compelled by force of circumstances beyond her control to fail to justify the confidence reposed in her by trusting nations in the sterling area. Little did these countries imagine, when they linked their currencies to sterling in 1931 after Britain went off the Gold Standard that exactly eighteen years later, Britain would behave in the same old selfish way and leave them in the lurch.

It has, however, to be borne in mind that on both occasions Britain resorted to extreme measures with great reluctance, and only because there was no other way out of her difficulties. Not that her reluctance was in any measure caused by a con-

sideration of the serious repercussions resulting from her action on the economies of countries which had trusted to her solvency and the stability of the exchange rate of sterling. The only reason which weighed with her was the serious loss of prestige to her as a trading nation, and to sterling as an international currency. The question may then be asked why Britain adopted a course of action which brought down her standing in the eyes of the world. In a manner of speaking, it was an attempt on her part to re-establish on firmer ground the reputation of sterling as a world monetary unit; which position it was slowly but surely losing, as was evident from Britain's adverse balance of payments, particularly with the dollar area, and her dwindling gold reserves. This aim was to be achieved by overcoming the dollar shortage which had become a chronic sore in her body economic. This recurring dollar scarcity is to be traced back to the condition in which postwar Britain was left. War-ravaged and exhausted Britain had to depend on America—the only source of supply to

the whole world—for all her capital goods for restarting her industries. Moreover, all her overseas investments which brought in before the war a good slice of her dollar earnings, and helped her to maintain her balance of payments in a satisfactory position, were wiped out at one stroke, as these had to be sold away for paying for imports during the war. Thus Britain, after the war, had to pay for all her imports by export of goods. As her requirements from the U. S. were many she had to export enough goods to that country to pay for them, but she found this to be an impossible task because of the very high import duties levied by the U. S. The only way to sell her goods to America, therefore, was by devaluing sterling, which meant that sterling was now equal to a less number of dollars than before. Hence the dollar price of British goods would be less, while the sterling prices remained the same. This meant that, inspite of the high U. S. tariffs, British goods could compete on more favourable terms in the American market. It was also realised that sterling after the war had become over-valued and Britain's balance of payments difficulties were in part attributed to this fact. It was held that fixing the exchange value of sterling lower would solve the problem to some extent. This was also another factor which influenced Britain's decision to devalue sterling.

to increase her exports by much more than this 44 per cent. It is also expected that goods imported from the dollar area will fall either in quantity or in price.

More than a score of countries have devalued their currencies in the wake of Britain and India is one of them. Since the extent of devaluation by many of these countries, among them India, has been to the same extent as sterling, their trade relations will remain in the main undisturbed. So far as India is concerned, it may be thought that our exports to the dollar area will also receive a decided stimulus. But this will not happen because we are not an exporting nation, like Britain. The few goods that we export are raw materials whose supply is very inelastic and cannot be increased immediately. Hence our export of these goods cannot show any appreciable increase, with the result that our dollar-earning capacity will now be less than before. Thus, while we will not be any better off on account of devaluation, Britain with her abundant and elastic supply of manufactured goods can expect to improve her dollar position. It appears as if Britain has shifted part of her dollar problem to other countries in the sterling area, particularly to agricultural countries like India.

not have devalued at all. It is true that we will not gain anything by devaluing. But it is not a question of what we can gain by devaluing, but of what we stand to lose by not doing so. As a matter of fact, we are likely to lose something in having devalued; but our loss, and the harm done to our economy, would be very much more if we had not devalued. Even before devaluation, prices of Indian goods in foreign markets compared unfavourably and our export trade was by no means flourishing. Now we can at least compete with some hope of success with goods produced in the dollar area, both in their home market and in other countries. If we had not devalued at all, our price level would have been much higher than the world price level, and our export trade would have been seriously handicapped. Further, our foreign trade is mainly with countries in the sterling area, most of which have devalued; and our normal trade channels would have been seriously dislocated if we had not devalued along with them.

for her imports from Pakistan, while selling her goods cheaper. Pakistan's decision can only be attributed to a desire to take undue advantage of India's dependence on her for several important raw materials, but the decision of the Bombay Cotton Mill-owners' Association not to import Pakistan cotton but to go in for cotton from other countries at any cost and also the arrangements made by the Indian Jute Mills Association to counter Pakistan's action, should set her thinking. For the jute mill-owners have agreed not to buy raw jute from Pakistan except at a price to be fixed by the Association. Pakistan can do nothing in retaliation, because she can export only a small quantity of her jute through Chittagong. More than eighty per cent of her produce is exported through Calcutta. Her decision not to devalue will seriously affect the agricultural economy of East Bengal because jute can be sold only to Indian mill-owners and the prices offered by them will be low in terms of Pakistan rupee. Jute cultivation will become uneconomic and unemployment may result. It should also be remembered that India has till now been Pakistan's best customer, and it is open to grave doubt whether Pakistan will be able to direct her trade along entirely new channels, since India has refused to trade with her on Pakistan's terms. Her balance of payments position, which will be adverse to her hereafter, will also compel her to devalue her rupee before long.

The pictorial representation of the last decade of Mahatma Gandhi's life which has been attempted in this commemoration volume published by Lalitha & Co., and printed by Messrs. Hoe & Co., excels both in quality and quantity many memorials of a similar nature which have been brought out within the last two years. This 100-page book, slightly larger than magazine size, covers the period from the Haripura Congress of 1938, through Lord Linlithgow's talks with Indian leaders, the 1939 fast, the Cabinet Mission and the momentous All-India Congress Committee meeting of 1947 upto the fateful day of Bapu's assassination in January 1948. There is a touching and little-publicized photograph of him in 1944 sitting beside the body of Kasturba just before it was removed for the last rites, a look of overwhelming loneliness on his face. There are pictures of him with political leaders all over the country, at prayer meetings, visiting political prisoners, with children, pictures of the historical Noakhali crusade on which he had launched with bare feet. The volume concludes with pictures of the blood-soaked garment in which he died, his unoccupied room in Birla House which has become a shrine of pilgrimage, his shoes, his spectacles, his empty bed, bringing to us more poignantly than mere words can convey, the loss which we have suffered. The two inner covers of the book show flashes of world reaction to the news of Mahatma's assassination, from Nanking to London to New York. Though the volume cannot be said to be completely exhaustive, the addition of more pictures would only have given an impression of repetitiveness. There is also included in the volume, appropriately enough, a collection of the sayings of the Mahatma. This memorial volume is a precious, necessary addition to one's books at home.

Letter To The Editor

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

Place Of English In Free India

The language-policy of the Government of free India is at last finalised in the Constituent Assembly after a very hot debate. The South Indian members have accepted Hindi in the place of English which will be retained only for fifteen years more, during which period non-Hindi speaking people are expected to push on rapidly with the study of Hindi lest they should fall behind in the race. This language policy is based on political considerations as all educational policies should be. But every educational policy has a practical philosophy behind it, which touches life at every point. In fact education is defined as a process by which the cultural heritage of one generation is handed over to the next generation. So every educational policy must be social, practicable and desirable as it is dictated by the existing social conditions which include in a general sense the political conditions also. But the language policy of the Government, dispensing with the study of English altogether after fifteen years, lacks some of the characteristics mentioned above, especially with reference to the South Indian child.

The place of the mother-tongue is undisputed in the school curriculum as it is only through the mother-tongue that a person develops his individuality and nationality. But he needs a second language for communication with the outside world where his mother-tongue is not spoken or understood. It is the peculiar luck of the Englishman that his mother-tongue serves him for both these purposes, as English has become a world language on account of its capacity to express every shade of modern thought complicated by the ever-growing sciences with their unique vocabulary and terminology. Unfortunately the native tongues of India have failed miserably to keep abreast with the times and have become useless as instruments for expression of modern thought.

The theory of survival of the fittest will hold good for languages also. Some languages like Pali which were not able to keep pace with the thought of the day went to the wall. Even now many tongues of India are fast disappearing owing to their inability to adapt themselves to new environments. Konkani and the languages of the aboriginal tribes (Kond, Savara, etc.) are examples of this kind. Many of our tongues will disappear if proper steps are not taken for their survival in this atomic age.

The question is whether we have to discard the mother-tongue as unfit for expressing modern ideas or make it rich with modern ideas. Past experience shows that our languages are capable of elasticity. Bengali has risen to the occasion and it is now one of the few Indian languages potent enough to express modern ideas in the literary field. Similarly, when the Sanskrit culture of the Vedas and Vedangas pervaded the South in the tenth century A. D., Telugu rose to the occasion. Nannayya Bhattu, rightly called the Adikavi, adopted boldly the new Sanskrit vocabulary into his Telugu translation of Sanskrit Mahabharata, and gave an impetus to Telugu in such a way that it lasted as a fit instrument for expressing the ideas of the day from that time.

There are two ways of forging the mother-tongue into an adequate instrument for expression of modern complicated thought. Firstly, the help of a potent modern language is to be taken. Secondly, the mother-tongue should be given a push as the official language of the Province and as the language of courts and of administration. Today, English, German, Russian and Japanese are potent enough but our choice naturally falls on English because of our touch with this language for the past one and a half centuries. English has taken deep roots in our country and has become the lingua franca of the upper classes and the official language of the Provinces and the Centre.

Further, the English language abounds in merit and makes its possessor a citizen of the world. It has, so to say, enslaved the field of thought in every country even though it is not the language of the ruling class of the world. So almost all the countries of the world are taking to its study. To banish English from our schools is to make our young men blind to international activities.

The time limit of fifteen years prescribed by the Consamby for the gradual replacement of Hindi is hardly sufficient to forge Hindi and the provincial languages into potent vehicles of modern thought. Hindi is very backward and can never compare in potentiality with some of our native tongues like Bengali and Telugu. Before Hindi could get the place of English, it should first enrich itself with the help of English. Even after fifteen years English may be retained in the Provinces as a compulsory language of study in schools and colleges for a further period of 35 years.

N. JAGANNATHA RAO.



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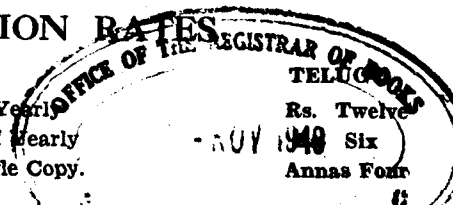
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ISSUED
WEEKLY

NEHRU IN THE NEW WORLD

PANDIT NEHRU'S visit to the United States and Canada was undoubtedly planned as a goodwill visit. But what has invested it with historic significance is the time at which it is made. The Kuomintang's debacle in China has upset the American apple cart in the Far East. There is ferment in other parts of South-east Asia, and even in British Malaya terrorists are still active. Only in India is there anything like stable government. India thus has enormous importance in global strategy. Her military potential is not very big compared to the vast air and sea armadas of the United States, the Soviet Union and Britain. But her manpower is not insignificant. India's strategic position on the sea route between the Atlantic and the Pacific is all important. That in the current East-West conflict, the Americans should desire India's alignment with the Western bloc is understandable. And if they felt that India, while seeking American assistance, should also take her stand unequivocally on the American side, that was but natural. India's role in various United Nations bodies where she took an independent line and as often as not found herself voting with the Soviet Union must certainly have puzzled most Americans. Perhaps the greatest achievement of Pandit Nehru in the United States was to convince the American Government and leaders of the reasons for India's policy of keeping aloof from all power blocs. In Moscow, Pandit Nehru's visit has been described as a complete surrender of India to the "Anglo-American" camp. Communist

logic is capable of distorting facts, but this attempt to describe Pandit Nehru's visit as aimed at selling out the freedom movement in Asian countries and at inviting American domination of Indian economy is most fantastic. Nehru has not only courageously expounded India's policy of aloofness from all blocs, but has made it unmistakably clear that imperialism and colonialism should be ended in Asia and Africa without further delay. His requests for American wheat, technical knowledge, and capital do not mean that India will come under American domination in any sense. America today is in a position in which she cannot possibly exploit another country, least of all an economically poor country like India. American prosperity is not based on foreign markets, but on high internal productivity. During the past four years the U.S.A. has been throwing away billions in U.N.R.R.A., Marshall Aid, etc., with little of *quid pro quo*. American productive capacity has grown to such an extent that the problem now is how to evolve workable terms of trade between her and the rest of the world. American investment abroad is the key to the maintenance of full employment at home and the development of under-developed countries abroad. Such investment can undoubtedly speed up the pace of industrialisation of countries like India. And to the extent it helps the orderly development of Asian countries, it is the answer to the Communist challenge in these countries.

American wheat and capital will not, of course, fully solve our difficul-



—By Dev Prasad Roy Chowdhury.

BUFFET DINNER

ties. Our basic problem today, as Dr. Matthai pointed out during the recent devaluation debate in Parliament, is one of raising the level of administrative efficiency and integrity in the country. Everyone of our projects will go awry if the men who are to administer them are incompetent, indifferent or corrupt. To raise the tone of the administration and to get the best out of Government servants from the highest Minister to the lowest village official is our primary task today. India, as Pandit Nehru told the Canadian Parliament, seeks to play

her rightful part in the promotion of peace and freedom. The mantle of Asian leadership has fallen on her by the force of circumstances rather than by her seeking. Her recent election to the Security Council is another great development which brings new responsibilities. We cannot fulfil our role in the international field unless internally our economy is sound and our administration efficient and honest. It is to these urgent tasks that the Prime Minister must address himself as soon as he returns from the United States.

Sotto Voce

Silver Hoops



THE Madras Ministry have reminded political sufferers that positively the last date for sending in applications for free grants of land is 31st October. And I hasten, in the spirit that prompted the squirrel in Kampan, to draw the attention of those who might have missed the announcement in the papers; I shall thus be doing my little bit for the sacred cause of patriotism. Of course I cannot hope to compete for a moment in point of self-sacrifice with the intending applicant who told me at great length how he had nerved himself to stand on the kerb in China Bazar when policemen were breaking their lathis on Congressmen's backs. Five acres of arable land with a well thrown in was, as he put it, meagre recompense for the agony his tender heart had suffered.

Another set of benefactors to whom the Congress is giving concrete proof of its gratitude is the loyal N. G. O.'s

who stuck to their posts when the rest downed pens in December 1947. These are to be given a month's salary as bonus. Merely judging from the time that has elapsed the Government, it is clear, have not been hurried into unthinking generosity. Their accounts officers no doubt methodically worked out the implications of various alternatives and helped the Ministry to decide that this was the cheapest and therefore the best. Only ten per cent of the ministerial staff, it is pointed out, will have the benefit of the reward. A ten per cent loyalty is perhaps not much, but it is something to go with; the Government are apparently hopeful of multiplying this capital, like the industrious apprentice.

Bonus, according to the dictionary definition, is bounty. It may descend on an inferior like manna from Heaven. In the practice of prosperous European firms in India in the days before the flood, these windfalls

were recurrent like the fertile silt of the Kaveri. They stood for a sharing of prosperity—though the thousands of employees got but a fraction of what was left over after the shareholders in London had had their fill—and service in these firms was more coveted than even a clerk's stool in the Secretariat. Once or twice in a century the Government might sanction for their servants a miserly two weeks' salary to celebrate a Queen's Diamond Jubilee or a King's Coronation. But as a rule they were priggish enough to think that virtue was its own reward.

Growing taxation has made us familiar with a new type of bonus. The utmost ingenuity on the part of auditors and income-tax lawyers does not always succeed in turning lady into fox, in transforming, that is, a boom year into one of total loss. There is a simulacrum of profit which must be shown as such. Confronted with this unpleasant exigency Big Business declares a bonus. It is not so much solicitude for the *chataka*-like employee as a gesture of defiance towards the tax-gatherer. If the plantain has gone bad give it to the Brahman, says the Telugu proverb.

But our Governments are not, if we are to believe our Finance Ministers, exactly rolling in wealth. Nor have they tax-gatherers to dodge. The decision to hand out prize packets to the good boys can in the circumstances be only interpreted as a broad hint to the rebellious ones to remember, the next time they are tempted

to go on the spree, that loyalty is the best policy. But there is a danger that they might learn this lesson too well. A Government that puts a premium on loyalty may live to discover that the premium has to be raised every time.

Trade unionism with its resort to the strike weapon is supposed to be fundamentally unsuited to regulating the peculiar relations between the Government and its officials of all degrees. On that supposition, would it be proper for the Government to hold out inducements which are suspiciously like the rewards offered by industrial employers to attract black-legs? When a man refuses to fall into line with the majority of his fellows, he is actuated either by cowardice or by a conviction that what they do is wrong. To reward him for this act would be a disservice to society in the one case, an insult to a worthy man in the other.

Our Ministers make the welkin ring with their praise of Socialism. They declare with profound conviction that this is the century of the common man. But the Gandhian salary limit of Rs. 500 is as extinct as the Dodo. The aristocrats of the official world have been most solemnly assured that not one of their gilded trappings shall be taken away from them. But if the Oliver Twists of the fifty-rupee-brigade ask for more the Bumbles have a hearty thwack at them. The Artful Dodgers, of course, get away with it every time.

VIGHNESWARA.

"SOUVENIR OF THE COMMONWEALTH CRICKETERS' TOUR"

A "Sport and Pastime" Publication. Price Re 1/-. This 76-page booklet has been published in time to greet the Commonwealth Team; and a greater tribute, the Fourth Estate could never have paid. To those who have had occasion to expend money on souvenirs that shockingly described Mushtaq as a "left-handed batsman" this "Sport and Pastime" publication will come as a great gift. Precise factual information about the players and clear, readily recognisable photographs make this handy booklet a sure buy for all cricket enthusiasts. A "Diary of the Tour" appended to the book makes the souvenir both a memento and a record at the same time. If the object of a souvenir is to revive pleasant memories long after the matches were over and the team left our shores, this booklet is an ideal souvenir.—V. P. R.

SIDELIGHTS: :

The minister is to be a real man, a live man, a true man, a simple man, great in his love, in his life, in his work, in his simplicity, in his gentleness.
—JOHN HALL.

AT one time it appeared as though the Congress Working Committee were on the point of taking drastic action to deal with the charges that were being so widely publicised against some of the Madras Ministers. Then something mysterious happened, and with a prodigious flourish, the elaborate investigation lapsed into dilatoriness. For the inconspicuous result of the whole mountain of labour, the framers of the charges are no doubt to be blamed to some extent. They mixed the trivial with the important, a fatal error in all prosecutions. But more fatal than all the errors of the prosecutors of the charges was the attitude of the top leaders of the ruling Congress Party. They seemed to think that it was none of their business to probe into the charges against the Ministers and discover the truth. They withdrew into an Olympian aloofness. One of them could not even remain aloof. He went out of his way to confer publicly a mark of signal favour on the most prominent of the accused Ministers.

When C. R. was Premier of Madras, he was tireless in laying down canons for safeguarding the reputation of the administration in public esteem. It was not sufficient, he used to say, if officials were honest; no suspicion of not being honest should attach to them. If half a dozen responsible citizens made a complaint against an official, that should suffice by itself as a ground for a searching enquiry into his record. The reputation of the administration is the basis of people's trust in it, and C. R. rightly held in those days that if Government lost its reputation, it lost the very ground on which it could be useful to people.

The most dangerous of the temptations besetting a party in power is

that of seeking to cover with protective indulgence favourites of its own placed in authority, whose misdeeds are liable to provoke popular illwill. Such indulgence may be due to natural repugnance to have the party's dirty linen washed in public, but the pursuit of the pleasant is a sign of inexperience in government, and Congress leaders have much to learn from Mr. Attlee in the matter of wise choice between right and wrong kinds of prestige. The sort of prestige that draws on power to maintain in key posts incompatible persons of doubtful competence, is illusory. When the response of power to public opinion does not wait till the point of compulsion is reached, but moves well in advance of it, leadership acquires prestige, and moves from strength to strength. To lessen, by timely action in advance of disaster, the scope of agitation for securing redress is the function of leadership. For example, a Finance Minister who can speak of "Sterling pensions" in connection with the devaluation crisis has no right to his post. His removal should not be left to public agitation. It is the duty of the leaders responsible for the welfare of the country.

If the Congress Working Committee had taken on themselves the task of discovering the truth about the accused Madras Ministers, instead of acting as though it was not their concern but that of those that made the charges, the credit of the Congress administration might have been saved. Their evasion has had a most unfortunate effect. People have begun to feel that if there is a protecting godfather above, any misdemeanour can be committed with impunity in the provincial administration. Attlee enhanced the prestige of his Government by getting rid of colleagues suspected of having fallen from the highest standards. Our leaders have lowered the prestige of their Government by their generous shielding of the worse than Belchers in their camp.—SAKA.

DARKNESS AT OUR MARKETS

A few days ago, there was panic in Bombay that soon not only sugar but salt and matches would be unavailable in the market. Tens of thousands rushed to the bazaar to buy as much salt and as many match-boxes as they could find. The prices of salt and matches immediately shot up. It is not inconceivable that the canard was deliberately started by the profiteers.

I walked up to the corner grocery store and asked for a box of matches. The price, I was told, would be two annas—instead of the usual two pice! I declined to buy at that rate. As I was returning I met some other neighbours also rushing to buy as many match-boxes as they could. I suggested to them that they should refuse to buy them at the enhanced rate. They were offered match-boxes at six pices apiece, but they declined and I believe several others in the same locality did likewise. By the evening the price had come down to an anna, at night the match-boxes were selling at three pice each. And the next morning, the price was normal!

That is only one of the ways to beat down the Black Market—go easy on your buyings. Panicky purchases provide the surest incentive to profiteering.

"BLACK" AND "WHITE"

Since the war, the phrase "Black Market"—or Kala Bazar—has become a part of common vocabulary in every language of India, even as black-marketing has become a "national industry"—or rather, a national institution! No longer do people feel any stigma or shame in admitting their "Black" operations. "Black and White" deals are proposed, discussed and negotiated in a matter-of-fact manner not only by speculators, businessmen and merchants, but also by landlords, property owners, film magnates and film stars. "So much Black—so much white," forms the unwritten part of most deals involving any amount

of money, big or small.

You must pay "Black" to get a flat or a fountain pen, a ticket for the Poona race special or for a cinema show, to hire a top-ranking film star or to get a cup of tea with real "non-powder" milk!

"Black" and "White," once, might have signified the clash of colour and race; or they might have been the trade-marks of a particular brand of Whiskey or of cigarettes. But today they signify the on-the-record and off-the-record parts of most business deals.

WHITEWASHING "BLACK" MONEY!

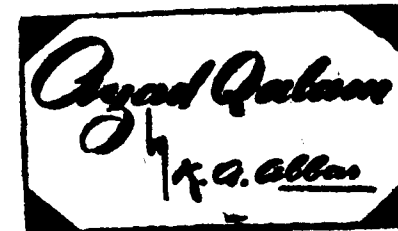
All are agreed that profiteering in the basic necessities of human life—grains, sugar, salt, matches—is a reprehensible and anti-social crime of the first magnitude. Once Pandit Nehru talked of hanging such black-hearted blackmarketeers on the lamp-posts and Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya only recently suggested public flogging for such evil-doers. From such stern measures it is a far cry to the recent pronouncement of the Prime Minister that "there was no question of any punishment" if the profiteers would declare and pay taxes on their enormous "Black" earnings.

But it only places the stamp of official acquiescence on a situation which, socially and morally, has come to be accepted as normal or, at least, acceptable because inevitable, by vast numbers of the people.

The taking of "Black Money" has come to be regarded as "permissible" (or "chalta hai"), even as the giving of "Black money" has come to be accepted as inevitable, if one has to do any business. The edge of moral sensibility and scruples is becoming progressively blunted.

VICIOUS CIRCLE

It is a peculiar vicious circle from which very few can escape, however much moralists might condemn the taking and giving of "Black money." The young man whose marriage depends on his acquiring a flat or block



of rooms may well decide to remain a life-long bachelor—if he has moral scruples against paying “pugree” to the landlord.

The film producer who refuses to pay “Black money” to his film stars may, of course, as well shut up his studio and go out of business.

The housewife who refuses to patronize the “Black market” often will have to serve sugarless tea and saltless curries. And Indian standards of hospitality will have to be thrown overboard, if recourse is not had to the Black Market for additional requirements of rice or wheat when unexpected guests suddenly drop in.

It is the same all along the line—in big deals and small, the reasonably moral person finds it increasingly difficult, if not altogether impossible, to boycott the Black Market. Even the Controls and Rationing, however rigorously enforced, are not enough to eliminate the Black Market. It is the wide disparity of income, which is the characteristic of the inequitable Capitalistic economy, that provides the incentive for Blackmarketing (which is the acutest form of “private enterprise”) and the scarcity of various goods which forces men to seek their requirements in the Black Market.

Price Controls, honestly and rigorously applied, and equitable distribution of necessities through rationing, can largely eliminate Blackmarketing. But, as the experience in Russia has shown, there can be a “Black Market” even in a socialist country, still unable to produce enough necessities and luxuries for all. Human tastes and requirements differ—and there will always be people willing to sacrifice one particular necessity (e.g. food for more of another (e.g. books) or even one necessity (e.g. food and books) for a luxury (e.g. fashionable clothes and cosmetics). Even in the matter of food, some people need more than others.

RATIONING IN RUSSIA

During the war in Russia, for instance, the rationed quantity of bread was available to all at Government stores at 1/2 to 1-1/2 rubles per pound, and milk at one ruble per pound, but if you needed more than your rationed

quota, and you had sufficient money, you went to the Arbat Market in Moscow and bought from the collective farmers selling the produce of their “personal” land to be able to buy city-made goods. Here the prices were sometimes 30 times to 60 times of the Control prices! (“Glory And Bondage,” by Edgar Snow). Since there were no capitalists in Russia it was only the farmers who were able to indulge in this small-scale profiteering!

The Soviet Government provided rationed quantities of the necessities of life like bread and sugar and oil in Government or factory stores at fixed prices, and the rationing system worked on a strictly utilitarian basis. According to J. B. Priestley in “Russian Journey”:

“The more valuable you are to the State, the more food you get. If your work is important, the Russians argue, then you must be given enough food so that you can do that work properly. Privileges of this kind are the rewards of skill and responsibility. But such privileges which extend beyond food to housing, clothing, and the general scale of living, only go with the job, and no useless people can enjoy them.”

LET'S HAVE AN OFFICIAL “BLACK MARKET”!

With their characteristic realism, the Soviets met the threat of Blackmarketing (which was the inevitable outcome of war-time scarcities of goods on the one hand and surplus money on the other) by providing an official Government-run “Black Market.” These were shops where necessities and luxuries could be obtained, in unrationed quantities, but at exorbitant prices.

This is how J. B. Priestley described this interesting system:—

“Strangely enough, there are shops in Moscow where you can buy more luxury foods, from caviare to chocolate, than are obtainable anywhere in London. There are the Commission Stores run by the State. Here you buy off the ration but pay a very high price for everything, the community taking the profit. I saw people of all kinds swarming round these counters. They can afford the high prices, at least for an occasional blow-out,

His meals are cooked with **DALDA**

*—to replenish the
energy he uses
every day!*



Prices fixed by Govt. of India for Baroda, Bombay Province (excluding Bombay town and suburbs), Central Provinces and Berar, Cochin, Cutch, Hyderabad, Madras, Mysore, Saurashtra and Travancore are:

5 lbs. . . . Rs. 5-13-3
10 lbs. . . . Rs. 11-2-6

Plus local taxes as applicable.
DO NOT PAY MORE

Supplies the fat you need in a balanced diet

BYM 1012-172

because most of them have plenty of roubles to spare."

To eliminate the vicious tentacles of the Black Market, India may have to follow the Soviet example by

- (a) ensuring the supply of rationed quantities of basic necessities at controlled and low prices,
- (b) Opening Government-run shops where *extra* quantities of food and luxury goods may be *legally* bought, even though at prices as high as now prevailing in the illegal Black Market, thus also helping to draw surplus money into the public exchequer.

For the evil of the Black Market lies not merely in the high prices that citizens are obliged to pay, but in the atmosphere of immorality, illegality, and corruption that spreads along with the Black Market.

If our national moral integrity has to be preserved, the Government has not only to ruthlessly suppress the profiteers and Black Marketeers, but to take *positive* steps to provide the citizens with *legal and open* means of securing their legitimate needs, thus making it unnecessary for them to encourage the Blackdeeds of the Black Market.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

Verrier Elwin's monumental "MYTHS OF MIDDLE INDIA" (Oxford University Press, Price: Rs. 15/-), is a mine of elemental wisdom, passed on orally from father to son among the aboriginal tribesmen of 'Middle India'—the area covered extending from the western Central Provinces to the Orissa coast. One can imagine the enormous and painstaking effort that must have gone into the collection, classification and editing of these stories and legends. There are myths of creation, about the origins of the sun and the moon and the stars, about the beginnings of trees and minerals, animals and insects. The legends of the origin of fire, the nature of the human body and the coming of death are related to those found in classical Hindu mythology.

These myths and stories (which have been recorded exactly as they were told by the tribesmen, without *radish* sub-editing) throw not only

new light on the hitherto obscure aspects of tribal life but also reveal the basic fears and aspirations of man. As such it should interest the lay reader as much as the psychologists, sociologists, and the anthropologists.

There is evidence of infinite, though elemental, wisdom in these stories—also of a fertile imagination and a lively sense of humour. Here, for instance, is the Bhuiya tribesmen's notion of the origin of death:

"In the days when there was no death, Mahaprabhu came to the Middle World and said to the people, 'Now you have got to begin dying.' They replied, 'We are willing, but we don't know how to.' Bhagwan, therefore, died to teach men the way of death...."

Even in their flights of imagination, these simple people are never far from the earth and their earthy toil. Here is their version of the origin of their folk-dances to celebrate the harvest:—

"There was a Baiga and his wife; they lived by cultivating their clearing in the forest. They sowed grain and got a great crop. Bringing the sheaves to the threshing-floor the Baiga and his wife threshed them with their feet. They piled the grain up in long mounds. That night Chermatiya Deo, who gives good crops, came to the threshing-floor and danced among the grain. The Baiga who was sleeping some distance away, awoke and saw him dancing. He got up and soon he too was dancing...."

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"WASHINGTON: President Truman said at his press conference that he would recommend to Congress early next year a plan for the expansion of the United States Atomic Energy Programme."

"WASHINGTON: A group of American experts will shortly leave for Europe with plans for distributing arms among European members of the Atlantic Pact."

"LAKE SUCCESS: Pandit Nehru declared that the two ideologies—capitalism and communism—could not continue indefinitely side by side, and that sooner or later one or the other must triumph."

THE SUGAR TANGLE

By ESSEN

SUGAR has like a Jack in the Box, sprung into the limelight. Shortage of sugar all over the country has greatly added to the harassments of an already much-harassed consuming public. The consuming public has heard a great deal about the rapid strides taken by the sugar industry in a couple of decades and also heard of the protection afforded by Government to this industry—which has meant that he, the consumer, has been consuming sugar on far more expensive terms than the consumer in other countries. If, on top of high prices paid and nearly two decades of protection, the industry is unable to produce enough to meet Indian demands, it is natural for the consumer to feel that the industry was not perhaps wholly deserving of the support accorded to it. This feeling on the part of the consumer has been bare-facedly exploited here and there for the purpose of creating a lot of prejudice against the industry, without any effort being made to examine the factors that have led to the present shortage. Let us therefore see what is really the matter with the industry.

IMPORT AND EXCISE DUTIES

The Government of India enacted in 1932 an Act called the Sugar Industry (Protection) Act by which a heavy duty of Rs. 9-1-0 per cwt., was levied on all sugar imported into India. The protective duty was guaranteed for a period of seven years in order that entrepreneurs and promoters may have time to collect capital, import machinery, establish sugar factories and run them remuneratively, and generally stabilise their position. In 1934, however, the Government of India found that the loss of customs revenue entailed by the non-import of foreign sugar was heavy. This had been compensated to an extent, in the two years following the imposition of protective duty, by the duty on the sugar machinery, which the newly started units of production in India had ordered from abroad. But by 1934 this head of customs revenue declined. The Government had recourse to an excise duty of Rs. 1-5-0. This excise duty was raised to Rs. 2 in 1937 and in 1940 this was again raised to Rs. 3 per cwt., which duty continues to be in force to this day. Meantime, the aggregate import duty was raised to Rs. 11-11-3 in 1942 which is also in force today. So that the Indian sugar industry started within two years of protection, to bear the burden of an excise duty equivalent to about 30 p.c. of the import duty. The revenue earned by India Government in 1931-32, the year preceding pro-

tection, from sugar import duties was Rs. 7.98 crores. In 1941, the earnings from sugar excise duties paid by the industry, were Rs. 6.73 crores, and reached a peak of Rs. 7.78 crores in 1944 though the average in subsequent years was slightly lower.

GROWTH OF INDUSTRY, & DECLINE IN PRODUCTION

However, as a direct consequence of the handsome protective duty, the sugar industry started on a career of expansion. The number of cane crushing factories which were 32 in 1931/32 increased in four years time in 1935/36 to 137, and in 1943/44 the number increased to 151. However, owing to various causes, the number of factories which crushed cane declined to 134 in 1948/49. Sugar production improved from about 4,71,000 tons to 13.93 lakhs tons in 1939/40 which has remained a year of record production so far. The production of sugar in 1948/49 declined to 11 lakhs tons. As many as 17 factories went out of production between 1943/44 and 1948/49. That there should have been a 20 p.c. decline today since 1939/40 in so important an industry as sugar did not receive much attention at Government's hands and no examination was undertaken of the causes of this decline in what on the surface looked a prosperous industry.

CONSUMPTION IN INDIA

The consumption of sugar in pre-war India (1938/39) was 10½ lakhs tons. Since that year the population of India (including Pakistan) has increased by over 45 millions on the basis of a well established average rate of proliferation of 5 millions a year. Knowledgeable quarters set the consumption potential in the Indian dominion in the current year at 15 lakhs tons. Despatches already made from sugar factories in the current season indicate that the actual consumption for 1949/50 would be 12½ lakhs tons according to the Sugar Syndicate's Chairman. There is a decided overall shortage of sugar production in India, that is to say, the expansion of the industry has been unable to keep pace with increased demands for sugar caused not only by a vast increase in population, but by reason of the increasing popularity of the coffee and tea drinking habit caused in part by (1) the demobbed soldier's insistence on a beverage he was used to in service years, and spreading the habit in his family; (2) the slight increase in living standards caused by higher wages; (3) by great townward movement of population and great urbanisation of occupations; (4) introduction of prohibition of

alcoholic beverages resulting in coffee and tea being resorted to as substitutes. The per capita consumption of sugar in India (which has shown considerable fluctuation) rose from 19.7 lbs. sugar and gur in 1938/39 to 30.6 lbs. in 1944/45. This increased demand and intensified consumption synchronised with a sharp decline in production.

CONTROL, DECONTROL AND RE-CONTROL

It is now worthwhile examining the factors that led to the decline in production. On April 14, 1942, within a few months of Pearl Harbour and the commencement of the War in the East, the Government of India clamped down a control on sugar prices, on its movement and distribution. The controlled price of sugar was fixed at Rs. 20-14 per maund. This was on for 5 years. On 7th December 1947, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, then Minister for Agriculture announced the removal of control. The Sugar Syndicate, in consultation with India Government, fixed the price of sugar after decontrol at Rs. 35-7. At first sight, this might appear high, but a reference to the index of wholesale prices or cost of living between 1942 and 1947 would bring home the fact that the price fixed, high as it appeared, had still a long ladder to climb to reach parity with other commodities—as, in fact, subsequent events proved. However, the Syndicate fixed this price in reference to the higher wages prevailing, losses incurred by companies between 1942 and 1947, the period of control, and last but not most important of all, in reference to increased cane prices. However, the price so fixed did not stay put. This was a period of runaway prices, and the sugar price started mounting. The Syndicate could do nothing to peg the price down, with the dealers and merchants starting a regular orgy of frenzied buying, which pushed the price to Rs. 45 and then on to Rs. 50 per maund. However, a slightly better season 1947/48, when production was higher than the previous year, had a chastening influence on prices. Subsequently, in 1948/49, prices tended to be steady. In the early months of 1949, the stock position was satisfactory. In March 1949, the Railway Board summoned the Chairman of the Sugar Syndicate for a conference at Delhi. At the conference were allotted the railway wagons required by the industry for despatch of sugar and the number of wagons necessary day-by-day and movement of the wagons were fixed and finalised. What followed provides amusing reading. The railways, it would appear, showed an unwonted liberality in the supply of wagons, and in fact, provided to the factories, wagon space far in excess of the Delhi conference schedule. This was a reversal of all recent practice when chronic refusal of transportation was the rule with railways

that conveniently pleaded wagon shortage. The factories, confronted as they were with a Santa Claus gesture they had not been accustomed to for years, decided they would not refuse the space so unexpectedly proffered. They loaded the wagons and sent sugar to consuming centres. So that between the months of March and August they had despatched 80 per cent of the season's stocks to consuming centres—leaving a bare 20 per cent with the Syndicate's group of producing units. By July, however, an inkling of the rapid depletion of stocks appears to have been obtained by the dealers and merchants. They started pushing prices up by about the 15th July. By this time factories had despatched a major portion of the sugar. The Syndicate immediately asked Government permission to hold up further despatches or at any rate, permission to hold back 10 p.c. out of the remaining 20 p.c. of the season's manufacture. This was followed by a conference in Delhi, at which the Syndicate Chairman suggested that owing to heavy depletion of sugar stocks and the impossibility of fighting the inflationary rise in price with what little was left, the Government might import some quantity from the outside. What Government's reaction to this suggestion was, is not known. It is very important to know this, having regard to the present deficit position in India, where the consumer is being held to ransom, control or no control. However, on September 2, 1949, the Government of India reimposed control, fixing ex-factory prices at Rs. 28-8 for D-24 quality, and Rs. 29-1-6 for D-27 quality. All sugar stocks were frozen, and the carrying out of the freezing orders would appear to disclose that a lot of sugar has disappeared underground. In Kanpur alone to which place 7500 bags had been despatched between 25th August and 2nd September, it seems only 4,000 bags were available for freezing. So much for malpractices by the merchants and dealers in a moment of national emergency.

CANE GROWING AND PRICING

We now come to a very important aspect of the sugar industry—sugar cane growing. The ultimate price of sugar is principally dependent on the price of cane. In 1931/32 we had 30.76 lakhs acres under cane, producing 43.316 lakhs tons, the average production per acre being 14.1 tons. In 1940/41 we reached the peak in the area under cane production, the area under cane that year being 47.97 lakhs acres. The peak in output of cane was reached in 1936/37 (when we had only 45.82 lakhs acres under cane) at 67.33 lakhs tons of cane. Partition of India resulted in a cut increase, and in 1947/48 we had 35.83 lakhs acres under cane.

The Central Government have by an Act authorised the various Provincial

Governments to fix cane prices with reference to local conditions. So that the price fixing authority is the Provincial Government. The price of commodity sugar when control is in operation is fixed by the Sugar Control Board at Delhi. The sugar price ceiling is uniform all over India, the sugarcane floor price varies from province to province. The production of sugarcane in South India is on the average 2½ times as much as in Bihar or U. P. The cane grower has by no means been a docile agriculturist as many may assume. He has been vociferous. He has asked for and obtained very satisfactory prices for his cane. This is not to say that he should not get a fair price for his produce. Cane growing is certainly a difficult, expensive and hazardous agricultural occupation, and the cane grower depends for a good income on his selling his crop without delay. Only an equitable margin of profit will induce the ryot to engage in and increase the area under cane growing. All this must be conceded. However, in the past few years, the fact remains that the cane grower is by no means that lone, lanky, lantern-jawed tiller of the soil, the very picture of misery and forbearance—which we have so often seen portrayed in cartoons—taking what he is paid in a spirit of stoic resignation. He is a well organised trade unionist.

If the price of sugar in India is the highest in the world, the sugar factory in India pays the highest price in the world for the cane it crushes. Fifty-nine per cent of the price of sugar is determined by the price paid for sugar cane. In fact, according to a wellknown authority on sugarcane, if we had no duty, we would pay for a cwt. of sugar imported into India a lower price than we pay for that quantity of Indian cane which is necessary for producing a cwt. of sugar, let alone interest on capital, salaries and wages, depreciation, freight, dryage and the rest of those inescapable items of factory expenditure. What are the chances of the sugar industry surviving, if protection is removed, with cane prices at this level? I have never seen it suggested in the Central or Provincial Legislatures that there should be a comprehensive enquiry into the economics of cane growing—though the Tariff Board has from time to time given thought to this question. If cane is the principal determinant of the sugar price, and sugar is expensive, the enquiry should be directed to the economics of cane culture. This is particularly so, when minimum prices of cane are fixed by Provincial Governments. Such fixations appear to have more relation to what the sugar industry traffic will bear than what the agriculturist can afford to sell his cane at, after allowing for an equitable margin. This will have to be done sooner than later,

with the sugar protection coming up for review on March 31, '50. The economics of cane cultivation seem to be held too sacrosanct to be gone into. Speaking only of cane cultivation in South India, the margin of profit is known to be handsome, though our ex-Premier Sri Omandur Ramaswami Reddiar has remonstrated against any attempt to disturb present minimum prices.

FACTORY PRODUCTION

We have, after partition, 134 factories operating in India (exclusive of those not in production). Five factories are situated in Pakistan producing less than 20,000 tons. So that the loss in Sugar manufacturing capacity in India after partition is only a fraction of our annual variations in production. Sixtythree of our factories are situated in U. P., 29 in Bihar, 11 in Madras, 10 in Bombay, 16 in Indian States and the balance 5 in West Bengal, Assam and Orissa. South India takes the third place in the number of factories, but these comprise the biggest single unit in India (The East India Distilleries & Sugar Factories at Nellikuppam—2200 tons daily cane crushing capacity), and another formidable unit the Mysore Sugar Company Limited, (1400 tons) which is known to have the longest season of any factory, 9 months. These are apart from large units like the K. C. P. Limited, and the Deccan Sugar & Abkhari Co., Ltd. South India has a fairly large stake in the sugar industry. Throughout the war years, except the bigger units, the sugar factories were working either at a loss or on a precarious margin of profit. The industry was caught in a nut cracker as it were—between a maximum price for sugar and a minimum price for sugarcane. According to Karamchand Thapar, cane prices account for 57 percent of the present cost, excise duty, statutory cess etc., payable to Government 16 p.c., manufacturing expenses, cartage etc. 21 p.c., allowance made for last season's surplus sugar 3 p.c., and profit 3 p.c. Everything, however, depended on plant capacity and efficiency and on recovery from cane, by which is meant the quantity of sugar extracted in relation to cane crushed.

RECOVERY AND CANE RESEARCH

Recovery is a sore point in the chequered history of Indian sugar. Our recovery from cane has never been in excess of 10.69 p.c. which we achieved in 1944/45. Our average recovery in 1947/48 was only under 10 p.c., Bihar leading with 10.49 p.c. A difference of one per cent in recovery can make all the difference between profit and loss in the industry. In Java they recover as much as 12-12 p.c. and in 1934/35 they recovered as much as 13.23 p.c. This is apart from the fact that an acre in Java produces more than twice the quantum of Indian cane. Our cane research seems to have made little headway since Sir T. S.

Venkataraman covered himself with renown by producing the well-known CO:419 breed of cane. We have the Sugarcane Research Station at Coimbatore, the Padegaon Research Station, and the Deccan Sugar Technologists' Association, all working on cane culture. Our research centres must be productive of not only better brands of cane with higher sucrose content, but of ways and means of remuneratively disposing of bye-products. We have had power alcohol from molasses coming, but there is little outlet therefor. We have the begasse disposal to think of. Walchand-Nagar Industries have made some progress with producing paper out of cane trash. Ravalgaon Sugar Factory has made some progress with manufacture of wax out of filter press mud. We have to commercialise these bye-product manufactures if we are to reduce the sugar cost to the consumer. There is a good deal more of intensive research to do and sugar technologists have to bend their energies to this task without delay.

FACTORS LEADING TO CRISIS

The present crisis is due not only to India facing a larger consumer demand, but to anti-social factors too. The merchants and dealers not only estimated the increased demand and purchased copiously as obliging sugar wagons rolled in, but kept an eye on next year's position. The Grow More Food people of the Department of Agriculture have been clamouring for a ten per cent reduction in area under 'cash crops,' and sugarcane is a 'cash crop.' They know that a ten per cent reduction in cane growing means a ten per cent reduction in sugar produced next year. They expected scarcity to push up prices. The dealers assessed the stock position and psychological factors flowing from the Grow More Food Department's instructions to Provinces to cut down "cash crop" by 10 p.c. and piled stocks. The freezing order is embarrassing to them, but seems well-deserved. But unfortunately, some colossal tonnage has gone underground, and no cousin of the income-tax Investigation Commission is available to unearth them. The factories having sold the bulk of their stocks before 15th July, on which date the upswing in prices started, did not cash in on this rise.

The responsibility for the present crisis is partly that of Government in not keeping a watchful eye on the deteriorating or, at any rate, stagnant position of the industry, while consumer demands mounted up; it is partly that of the industry itself in not taking a long-term view and organising active research in bye-product disposals, with the combined resources of all units; and in a large measure the responsibility must fasten on the merchant class, which has been engaged in a shameful exploitation of the deficit in production.

Cuba is a small island in the Caribbean Sea, 44,164 square miles in area—roughly one-fortieth the area of India. It has a population of 3.638 millions—roughly 1-1/2 times that of Bombay city, or 104th part of India's population. Yet Cuba produced 57.58 lakhs tons of sugar in 1946/47—about 5 times what we produced that year—at about a third of our cost. Is it not time we should outgrow the stage when even by a comparison with Cuba, we find we are far outdone?

To conclude: To fix the responsibility is less important than to find the remedies. What are these?

1. There should be a comprehensive enquiry into the economy of cane cultivation and the fixation of a statutory price for cane in each Province, consistent with the need for reduction in sugar price.
2. Immediate instituting of research into cane culture, and bye-product utilisation, if necessary by centralising of bye-products of groups of factories.
3. Abolition of excise duties—which bring in about Rs. 6-1/2 crores to the Central Government.
4. Amalgamation of the uneconomic small units of the industry, which are now numerous.
5. Long term agreements between companies and cane growing co-operatives.
6. Advances to cane growers by Government through companies to ensure steady, unfailing supply of cane to factories and non-diversion to gur making.
7. The Department of Grow More Food should not ask for a 10 p.c. cut in cane area, as sugar is as much food as rice or wheat, and the industry will be only paralysed by shortage of cane supplies.
8. One central control of sugar industry, and no Provincial Statutes to be interposed—like the Sugar Factories Control Act in Madras.
9. Gradual reduction in import duty, and not its sudden abolition on March 31, 1950.
10. Government should import the deficit in sugar production on their own account and sell it at the Indian price (this need not be a large quantity, probably one lakh tons) and reimburse themselves for loss on excise duty whose abolition is suggested.

These are not by means a panacea. They are the suggestions of one who would like to see the right thing being done as among the cane grower, the industrialist, and most important of all, the consumer who has cheerfully paid a high price for sugar for 17 years in order to stabilise the sugar industry.

PHILIPPINES' POLITICAL POT BOILS OVER

By ANDREW ROTH

AS the Philippines' first Presidential election since independence approaches its "photo-finish", charges and countercharges fly like leaves in a tropical storm. Resulting bitterness has produced murderous quarrels as the three candidates—Quirino, Laurel and Avelino—near the November 8 election with Quirino and Laurel almost neck-and-neck.

The barrage of invective has the flavour of an American political brawl plus the emotional content of a Cuban revolution. The mud-clinging pace is set by the Nationalist Party's candidate for Manila's 2nd District, gossip columnist Arsenio ("Arsenic") Lacson. Mr. Lacson, a flat-nosed former pugilist who wears dark glasses day and night, is the chief local imitator of the American columnist Walter Winchell and Westbrook Pegler. His juicy column in the "Star Reporter" drips with vituperation, vilification and abuse and demonstrates the near-absence of Filipino libel laws. Mr. Lacson's mud-slinging has, however, outlined in spattered clarity the issues of the campaign: corruption and the fight between the "hard" and the "soft" nationalists.

Ammunition for the Nationalist Party's charges of corruption has been produced by the split in the Liberal Party into the "Quirino wing" and the "Avelino wing." The split between President Quirino and party boss Avelino is no question of principles. Both are considered spokesmen of the plantation magnates. They are "soft" nationalists who are very anxious to retain the Philippines' present position as a virtual economic colony of the U.S.A.

Quirino and Avelino split last spring because of a contest over power and spoils in the dominant Liberal Party. Avelino is a classic party boss whose acknowledged motto is: "In politics everything goes." Quirino was attempting to clip his wings. The final split apparently came over

the distribution of immigration permits to wealthy Chinese panicked by the Communists' southward march. By law the Chinese quota of 800 is distributed by lot, but in practice they are auctioned off by the legislators. As leader of the Senate, Avelino claimed his share as a matter of customary right. Quirino had him kicked out for graft and Avelino attempted unsuccessfully to have Quirino impeached on the same charge. "The issue," as Avelino candidly told me, "is who is less corrupt!" In the succeeding ruckus the party split into two wings as heavily documented charges of corruption flew back and forth. Avelino was shown to have amassed a fortune—on which he did not pay income tax—by having a dummy corporation buy war surplus from the Government at preferential prices and sell it on the open market. Avelino entered the Presidential race more to defeat President Quirino's re-election bid than to win himself.

Plump, smooth Elpidio (Greek for "hope") Quirino is one of a substantial group of Filipino politicians who are more fastidious about their dozens of white sharkskin suits than their reputations for honesty. Quirino was born 69 years ago in the quarters adjoining the provincial jail in which his father was the warden. He became secretary to Manuel Quezon, first President of the Republic, and then pre-war Secretary of Interior. At the tail end of the war he earned a lot of public sympathy because Japanese mass killings destroyed his wife and three children. He was elected as Vice-President in 1946 on the American-supported Roxas ticket and became President in 1948 when Roxas died.

Although Quirino has been sensitive to the interests of the plantation magnates he has largely ignored the needs of the Republic as a whole. Despite about \$800—900 millions of U. S.-supplied aid, little has been done to rehabilitate the islands' war-shattered

economy. Manila, one of the world's capitals that has suffered most from the recent war, is, outside of Rangoon, probably the one which has been rebuilt the least. Although the Philippines exports only half of what it imports from the U.S. (with the difference made up in American rehabilitation aid) until very recently an amazing proportion of its dollars has been squandered on gold plastic evening bags, Hawaiian shirts and so many other unimportant luxuries which cram Manila's stores. Although a tobacco-growing country, last year the Philippines spent U. S. \$24,000,000 on importing American cigarettes. This same sort of recklessness applies to food imports. Although rice has been a very expensive import and the Philippines could easily increase production to make up its 10% deficit, virtually nothing has been done about it.

Largely as a result of this easy-going planlessness, Manila is the most expensive city in Asia. This does not seem to irk Manila's immaculately dressed moneyed classes who crowd its streets with their luxurious American cars. As much as one-third of the national income goes into the pockets of the top one-percent of Filipinos. It does, however, bother the low-salaried, who dwell in the jerry-built *barong-barong* slums and find it difficult to contend with costs that are 3½ times pre-war. Filipino workers are about the highest paid in Asia, with the average city worker earning four pesos (U. S. \$2.00) a day. But only that half of Manila's workers who are fully employed can keep up with the cost of living.

Last March and April it looked as though Quirino was too badly besmirched with corruption to win the Presidency. As the Liberal Party's dirty linen was washed in public, it was disclosed that he had padded his expense accounts by charging the Government for all manner of entertainments and gifts for his family and supporters as well as fantastic purchases for his official residence, Malacanan Palace. Political critics had a lot of fun with his purchase of a U. S. \$2,500 bed. When it was uncovered that he had spent U. S. \$1350 for a perfume cabinet for his daughter but only \$200 for an altar, one newspaper commented: "Obvi-

ously the needs of the body are more expensive than the needs of the soul." (More recently the uncovering of a gigantic arms smuggling ring which supplied half the world with arms, much of it from Philippine armories, strongly suggests some official connivance).

Glib, flamboyant Quirino recovered quickly and stole a march on his competitors by two brilliant manoeuvres: the launching of the "Pacific Pact" and his visit to the United States. The Filipino sponsorship of the "Pacific Pact" is revealing. Last March U. S. Republican leader Harold Stassen proposed a Pacific pact as a "MacArthur Plan" to parallel Europe's "Marshall Plan." President Quirino, who is supposed to be "MacArthur's man" in the Philippines, agilely climbed on the bandwagon. Before he knew it, he had Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek visiting him to sew him up in an anti-Communist Pacific Pact. President Quirino who thought his transformation into a "world statesman" was wonderful, gleefully bathed in the publicity and skilfully compelled his opponents to jump on the Quirino-chauffered bandwagon. Then worldly-wise Carlos P. Romulo broke the news to him that in allying himself with Chiang Kai-shek he was hitching his wagon to a falling star and that the U.S. did not advocate a "Pacific Pact" with military implications. Quirino quickly shifted to a non-military "Pacific Union" whose formation has been put off into the distant future. *Actually the whole idea of the Philippines "leading Asia" is presumptuous because, although the Philippines was the first Asian nation to regain its political independence, virtually the only aid it has lent its struggling neighbours has been the oratory of Carlos P. Romulo.*

President Quirino's other great campaign trick has been his trip to the U. S. in August which opponents tagged as a "political stunt." He received a stunningly hospitable welcome because Quirino came as a friend at a time when the U. S., smarting from China setbacks, needed reassuring that it had some Asian friends. Quirino beamed with joy at the wonderful publicity, but pressed for U. S. economic help. He wanted substantial grants for war-indemnity

claimants, and large additional payments for the tens of thousands of Filipinos who claim to have been guerillas but have not yet been recognized or paid. If Quirino had received large funds to recognize and pay off veterans, his election would have been assured.

Shortly before he left Washington, President Quirino orated at a formal dinner: "I may go home empty-handed, but I am sure I will not go home empty hearted." President Truman responded gallantly: "I am happy that you are not going home emptyhearted. And I am very sure you won't go home empty-handed either." Quirino's supporters were overjoyed and as his plane landed at Manila's airport, 30,000 people were on hand to greet him and another 200,000 Manilans lined the streets to Malacana Palace. But President Truman's assurances remained unfulfilled during the campaign, largely because the State Department feared campaign-time assistance would be considered by supersensitive Filipinos to be American intervention on behalf of Mr. Quirino.

The failure to produce U. S. economic aid has undoubtedly hurt Mr. Quirino considerably because during recent months economic storm signals have been going up. Since April production and exports have been falling off steadily. Exports of copra, the premier export item since liberation, dropped to half of last year. Devaluation has also hit Philippines exports by making it easier for Indonesian copra to compete for the American market. An increasing number of Filipinos fear the Philippines has "a date with the wolf" in 1950 and are not sure Mr. Quirino knows how to keep him from the door.

In the final weeks of the Philippines election campaign, the U. S. Embassy has become increasingly concerned by likelihood that the "soft" nationalism of affable, pro-American Quirino will be replaced by the "hard" nationalism of embittered, anti-American Jose P. Laurel. For Americans he is a somewhat bitter pill to swallow because he was the President of Japan's puppet Republic and declared war on the U. S. in 1944.

Fifty-eight-year-old Jose Laurel is a brilliant and sensitive rightwing nationalist with a longstanding personal grievance against the U. S. He first came into public prominence forty years ago when at the age of eighteen he was tried for stabbing and killing a man in a fight over a girl. He was acquitted on the ground he had acted in self-defence and acquired a chivalrous reputation. While doing graduate work at Yale, it is said, social slights wounded his sensitive pride. He returned and moved up rapidly in the civil service. In 1923 he was Secretary of Interior and obviously a man with a future when he clashed with the conservative U. S. Governor-General over the American chief of Manila's vice squad. Laurel was convinced the man was corrupt and dealing in opium and wanted to deal harshly with him. Although Laurel testified against him in a trial, the charges were dismissed and Laurel was ordered to reinstate him. Instead he resigned and convinced most other high Filipino officials to resign with him. But soon the others were reinstated. Only Laurel remained in the political wilderness while other men, clearly inferior to him, climbed into high public office—the height of ambition for Filipinos.

Although Laurel carved out a fine law practice and Manuel Quezon appointed him Associate Justice of the Supreme Court in 1936, he had already turned into pro-Japanese paths. His law firm represented many Japanese companies and he sent his sons to Japan to study. In 1938 he was the first Filipino to receive an honorary Doctor of Laws from Tokyo Imperial University. In 1941, in an opinion on the wide emergency powers granted President Quezon he said that "constitutional dictatorship" was in keeping with the world trend in which "totalitarianism was gradually supplanting democracy." He lauded Japan's "constitutional and benevolent dictatorship."

When the Japanese swept into the Philippines, Laurel soon entered the Government. First he was Commissioner of Justice in the puppet "Executive Commission," then chairman of the commission that wrote the puppet Constitution, then President of the

INDIA'S INFORMATION SERVICES

By WILLIAM D. ALLEN

Editor, *World in Brief*, New York.

This is the first of a series of two articles on how the U. S. A. learns about India. The writer has been a close student of Indian affairs for a number of years now. In 1927, he undertook a five-year trip of study round the world, including nearly a year in our country when he taught for a term at Santiniketan at Gurudev Tagore's invitation.

Japanese-sponsored Philippines Republic. Although Laurel's puppet Republic refused at first, it knuckled under in September 1944 and declared war on the U. S. and Britain.

While most Filipinos were opposed to collaboration with the Japanese, many of them felt that Laurel acted primarily out of misguided nationalism. A few, however, hated him bitterly and in 1943 he barely escaped death at the hands of a political assassin.

In the first post-war year, while Laurel was in prison, first in Japan and then in the Philippines, the issue of "collaborationism" raged violently. But the waters were muddied by American support for the late Manuel Roxas who served in Laurel's cabinet but claimed that he had been "in touch" with General MacArthur. By the time Laurel came to trial late in 1946, Roxas had been elected President and there was much anti-American feeling because of the colonial-slanted Philippine Trade Act. While under trial—before the charges against him were dismissed—he declared: "This Republic is as much a puppet as the one during the Japanese occupation."

In his current election campaign Laurel has been handicapped surprisingly little by his collaborationist record. Instead he has been capitalizing on anti-American sentiment. He has exploited the feeling that the U. S. has welshed on its promises. During the war Filipinos were promised that "every chicken, every carabao would be paid for" after the U. S. captured the Philippines. However, the U. S. Congress only allocated compensation for part of the war damage. Similar friction has arisen over the problem of who were legitimate guerillas and therefore entitled to receive backpay for their war-time services from the U. S.

Laurel has been emphasising the need for the Philippines to stand on its own feet without depending com-

pletely on the U.S., which, he asserts, is more interested in Europe than in Asia. He has flayed America's economic privileges under the Philippines Trade Act. In these attacks he has had the loud support of the Nationalist Party Congressional candidate—and gossip columnist—"Arsenic" Lacson, who has trumpeted that under Quirino, the Philippines has been "a puppet republic, no better and no worse than the puppet republic under the Japanese."

Laurel, at the same time, denies that he is anti-American. This is necessary in order to erase the fear, spread by the opposition parties, that if Laurel is elected, American help to the Philippines will cease. The Philippines have a peculiar contradiction in their political make up which makes them enjoy damning the U. S. with one breath and demand U. S. economic aid with the next.

More important than Laurel's denial of being anti-American is the fact that he is receiving the tacit support of the Filipino Communists. The Communists can give the Government a lot of headaches and cause havoc in Central Luzon through their leadership of the 10,000-man Huk guerillas but have very little political support. As a result they are throwing their support to Laurel as the "lesser evil." One Communist leader is quoted as defending Laurel against charges of collaboration with the Japs: "The other candidates favour collaboration with American imperialism, which is worse than Japanese militarism." Anti-Laurel factions are spreading the story that Huk commander Luis Taruc will be Secretary of Interior in the Laurel cabinet. More objective observers think that as an ambitious man, Laurel has shown himself willing to accept help from whatever quarter. But as a confirmed rightist and anti-Communist he is likely, right after the election, to take his strange bed-fellows and toss them into jail.

We shall have to fight the politician, who remembers only that the unborn have no votes and that since posterity has done nothing for us we need do nothing for posterity.—DEAN INGE.

To let politics become a cesspool, and then avoid it because it is a cesspool, is a double crime.—HOWARD CROSBY.

THE importance of communication of ideas between India and the U.S.A., which are among the four most powerful and influential nations of the present world, can scarcely be exaggerated. How and what they learn about each other affects the future of the smaller nations as well as their own.

I am struck by the very different sort of news that India publishes about the U.S.A. as compared to what the U.S.A. publishes about India. My impression from reading Indian magazines and newspapers is that there is a search for the significant, for facts and ideas that can be useful to India. In contrast, the U. S. A. seems inclined to feature from India, as from other nations, two types of material regardless of significance: Conflict, and Personalities. In examining the methods by which information on India reaches the American public, one must therefore bear in mind that broadly speaking good news is not news—except when concerned with a handful of personalities, notably Gandhi and Pandit Nehru. As a patriotic American I feel that the U. S. A. is suffering grievously from this approach and I hope for a change. Meanwhile, India may find some consolation for the weakness of her publicity in the U.S.A. by recognising that America is not predisposed to absorb much information on any country unless the news has to do with violent upheavals, and violence of some sort.

News about India also suffers from other grave handicaps in reaching the U.S.A. public. On the whole, America still thinks along nineteenth century lines as regards foreign peoples. There continues to be a

deep-seated conviction that only the Anglo-Saxon is altogether pukka virtuous, truthful, accurate. The old prejudices against Asia, against the yellow and brown skinned races, continue and handicap the U.S.A. relations with the Latin nations of Europe and Latin America, etc., as well as with India. Also the heavily financed and persistent propaganda of the pre-Independence period against India's struggle for freedom was widely influential so that today the American masses continue to think of India as a hotbed of violent hatreds, of religious fanaticism. Even the college educated do not know that there are publications in India in the English language, that there are more literate Indians than the total reading and writing populations of England, Ireland, Canada and Australia.

The cables and airmail feature articles from American correspondents in India, and the Indian Embassy information services in U.S.A. are the most important means by which the U. S. hears about present-day India. Another favourite source of news is the American or British traveller who is classed as an authority because of having been in key places and interviewed key personalities within the recent past. Then there is a handful of Indian professors and lecturers who have built up fine reputations in the U. S. and whose statements are respected. Nor should one underestimate the valuable work of interpretation carried on by the one thousand Indian students now in the U.S.A., who are frequently called on to talk to groups and whose love of their motherland is no doubt increased by homesickness. There are hundreds of college and public libraries with fair

to good collections of books on India. The Library of Congress in Washington surely has the very best collection of India material anywhere in the world—not even India or England has such an amazing quantity of India data. Several private organizations, notably the India League of America, the East and West Association and the Asia Institute also spread news and general knowledge of India. The universities are increasingly concerned with modern India, Pennsylvania University being most interested, as also Columbia, New York University, and Cornell.

The Indian Embassy in the U.S.A. is doing an admirable job under serious handicaps. Almost every person in the U.S. who is specially interested in India follows their frequently issued releases of information about Indian political and economic affairs. These are increasingly well adapted to the American audience. They are building up an imposing library which will be particularly helpful when established in New York instead of Washington, for New York is the heart of the U. S. magazine and book publishing. They also have documentary films, and photographs which they give to editors. American groups are constantly asking the Embassy to provide speakers on India.

Until about two years ago the governmental "Indian Information" magazine was reproduced photographically in the U. S. from a copy airmailed from India. As the public may recall, this journal brought together a valuable collection of items on Indian developments. Prior to independence, this was sent out to American special students of India, to teachers and libraries. Sometimes a circulation of up to 10,000 was reached. It was wisely discontinued because of the very high expense, because in its photographic form it made a poor impression as compared to the beautifully, expensively printed U.S.A. magazines, and also because Indian experts wisely recognized that the U.S.A. public has a strong prejudice against believing in the impartiality of publications put out by any Government.

For a time, there was some difference of opinion in Indian circles as to whether a magazine could be put

out that eliminated the above objections to "Indian Information." Some American journalists were asked to suggest possible formulas. I suggested one which continues open to debate. By this formula, a magazine temporarily underwritten by the India Government would aim at becoming self-supporting very soon through advertisements. I claimed that good-will advertisements could be got from large U. S. A. firms interested in India, such as locomotive works, steamships, airplanes and the ports of U.S. which compete for foreign trade. I also hoped that big industries of India would advertise in such a magazine. According to my formula, such a magazine would not be representative of the India Government but would be a "Readers Digest" of all the Middle and Far East, but stressing India as the heart of future Asia.

It is almost impossible for any Government, except England, to escape the consequences of American editorial suspicion toward any unpaid "hand out" official news. Thus the excellent mimeographed, economical releases sent out by the Embassy's information services wage a discouraging battle for attention in the U.S. press. Although the greatest genius could not hope for very satisfying results, some improvements stand out as hopeful. One is that constant shifting of officers in charge on a political or promotional basis could well be slowed down. Instead of taking a man away from an important job because he deserves a promotion to a better paid or more distinguished post, would it not seem wiser to raise the prestige and pay of the post he is filling so well? Handling contacts with American press is work in which cumulative experience helps.

Secondly, the present excellently edited items sent out could be made more useful to the U. S. press by writing each separate item in such a style that it could immediately be clipped and used by an editor with no rewriting. The other audiences addressed, such as university professors and the Indian residents of the U. S. surely would not mind reading news in this journalistic style.

Thirdly, the Government agencies might wisely become more friendly to private organizations sympathetic to

India and gain their help in circulating India news instead of getting help from "publicity specialists." All governmental publicity agencies in the U. S. and presumably also the Indian offices, are constantly besieged by elaborately organized and extremely expensive American public relations firms. These firms are able to show dazzling evidence of some forms of results. They do have close contacts with editors. But their charges for service are ridiculously high. They pretend to perform miracles and are paid accordingly. Actually, their miracles can be learned rapidly by anyone with basic awareness of journalistic realities. These commercial agencies make 3-year contracts with a foreign Government for a fixed retainer but their concern for, promoting a nation is immediately linked to making quick money and is devoid of a sincere, enduring attachment to the cause of human understanding; consequently the major portion of the money received goes into winning other clients and to overhead. Aside from the rather naive faith that foreign Governments show in these firms, the firms owe their power to the lack of faith of foreign Governments in their own officers on duty in America, and to the startling indifference to the fine individuals and organizations attached permanently by sentiment to the nations concerned.

While the work being carried on by the Public Relations Officer, Colonel Unni Nayar, is admirable, and petty criticisms of it are out of order, there are some improvements which can be suggested in a constructive spirit. My most useful suggestion is revolutionary and unprecedented. It is simply that the India Information Services in the U. S. and other nations should change from representing the Indian Government to representing the Indian people. No other nation would dream of such a thing but, I am convinced, the future welfare of India is linked to a clean sweep of old-style attitudes and of anything that retards results. The American who approaches the India Government Information Services at present cannot hope to find any facts or ideas that are not : (a) official, from official sources; (b) and that are not favourable to the India Government.

Of course when a library of India magazines is made available in New York this will no longer be entirely true, but even then, if the officers follow the old-style approach, a visitor probably will not be assisted in locating anything non-official, and certainly a visitor will not be encouraged to find anti-government statements. The actual result of this policy is that the American journalist visits other offices in search of conflicting material, the journalist would stick to this one source of information.

A further suggestion is that India Government Information Services should recognize the impossibility of having all information under one roof and should become a clearing house cooperating with all other sources of information on India. Several private organizations have information on hand whose existence and nature the India official seems totally unaware of and indifferent about. Even individuals possess files that the information service could not hope to duplicate. There are a number of mailing lists of Americans with special interest in India but there seems thus far no intention to coordinate them.

My third suggestion is that petty economy on the part of the India Information Services be recognized as unwise. American psychology must be accepted as a fact and speed is of utmost importance. After months of indifference to India, U. S. bursts into a fervor of extreme interest when such a newsworthy event occurs as a visit by Pandit Nehru. There is reason to believe that the information offices are so tied down to economy that they cannot quickly respond to sudden heavy demands. Financially inflexible, they are unable to expand their staff for short periods, unable to handle inquiries by long distance telephone or telegrams. Nor have Americans the impression that New Delhi gives its U. S. representatives sufficient leeway of judgement and initiative. Only great flexibility on India's part can keep in tune with America's extreme volatility, the violent ups and downs of public interest. Only recognition of American psychological and journalistic realities can make the India services here fully useful.—Copyright (N.P.S.)

JAYAPRAKASH: THE SOCIALIST FACE OF NEW INDIA

By G. S. BHARGAVA

JAYAPRAKASH NARAYAN is not an idealist or dreamer like his spiritual god-father, Pandit Nehru. He has had too many grim experiences at the hands of life to be a mere theoretician or an easy-chair politician. Accustomed to struggle from his very childhood, he never compromises his principles to avoid a fight. His courage of conviction is superb.

Jayaprakash's meteoric rise into political eminence provides a picturesque chapter of our national history. No other leader of his standing has risen from such low social and economic levels as he. Pandit Nehru had at his very birth advantages which Jayaprakash could achieve only after his return from America. Born in a tiny Bihar village, Sitabdiara, of peasant origin, he shot up to be one of the most popular and youngest front-rank leaders of India. It is said that till the age of nineteen he did not see a tram car!

Losing a scholarship for participation in political activities, he wound up his studies after a boisterous start and set sail for America. By that time he was already married and young, ailing Prabhavati Devi was left with Mahatma Gandhi at the Sabarmati Ashram during her husband's sojourn in the land of adventure. Here she imbibed the Gandhian creed in full. Even now she is regular in her fasts and recitals of Bhagavad Gita and does not touch meat, though J. P. is a non-vegetarian. Gandhiji humorously called her "his hostage from the Socialist camp"! Her first consideration, as a devoted wife, is Jayaprakash's health and she keeps a jealous guard over it. That is the reason why she always accompanies him on his trips.

Young Jayaprakash reached America months ahead of the re-opening season of the college and so went out to work on a fruit farm in the meantime. Throughout his collegiate career there, he had to struggle hard

against biting adversity. All together, he studied in five universities, changing from one to another according to the dictates of his purse. In between, there were intervals of work in a fruit farm and service in a restaurant to pay his way through college. Under such penury, he could not afford the costly food at the hotels and did his own cooking and washing.

Thus, simultaneously from the Wisconsin University and the university of life he was graduated. In the words of Yusuf Meherally, he has known life at first hand. Beginning with Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry in the Intermediate class he changed to Economics and Sociology, passing through Biology and Psychology mid-way. This does not mean he was a rolling stone at the college. Perseverance and singleness of purpose have been his natural traits. He rarely touched a subject which he did not adorn by mastery over it.

Coming under the spell of a Socialist Professor of Economics at the university, Jayaprakash took long draughts of Marxism. "It may be said that what he (Jayaprakash) does not know on Western Socialism nobody else in India does" wrote Gandhiji of him. While in America he also made a close study of the trade union movement. Scientific to the core, he is openminded and logical. His thesis, "Why Socialism," though outdated now, is one of the best books on the theory of Socialism. It is announced that Jayaprakash will be shortly bringing out a revised and enlarged edition of the book—good news to all of us.

After eight years in America he returned home a confirmed Socialist. As an American-returned youth with foreign degrees tagged to his name he had tremendous possibilities of a career with a high start. But he took to politics and offered his services to the country's cause. Pandit Nehru, then President of the Congress, put him in charge of the Labour Department of the A. I. C. C. Later, during

the 1932 Civil Disobedience movement he acted as the General Secretary of the Congress.

The same movement brought him into close touch with his present colleagues of the Socialist Party inside the Nasik Central Jail, where was born the Socialist Party in its original Congress Socialist Party form. There was a growing dissatisfaction among the youth with the compromise policies of the Congress High Command and the vagueness of the economic and social programmes of the Congress. This was swelling the ranks of terrorists and anarchists. The Communists had already opened their shop in the country to sell cheap bookish ideology from the Kremlin. In many parts of the country, especially in Bengal, misunderstood Marxism was taking to sporadic terrorist outbursts which only tightened the grip of bureaucratic repression. The peasant and labour forces in the country were getting organised and Congress had not the ideological space to accommodate them.

It was in this atmosphere that Jayaprakash founded the Socialist wing of the Congress, after his release in 1933. At the time of the Patna session of the Congress the next year, the Socialist dissentients met separately under the Presidentship of Acharya Narendra Deva and decided to form a distinct Party within the Congress. Like Allan Octavian Hume in 1885, Jayaprakash canalised the seething discontent among the younger generation through the safety valve of the C. S. P. and prevented a volcanic eruption. He weaned them away from the anarchist path and diverted them towards constructive Socialist opposition to the Right-wing. Again in 1948, Jayaprakash did not hesitate to advise his colleagues to walk out of the Congress and go into the wilderness, in the interests of the people and their betterment. He might not have been a sound tactician to have surrendered the Congress citadel at a time when its old guard was being played out. But he is a true Socialist who realised, none too early, that it was impossible to achieve Socialism through the instrumentality of a body like the Congress.

The charm of Jayaprakash lies in his dispassionate, unemotional and

empirical approach to problems. Of medium build and rather moderate stature, he bestows a cool, collected look through those thick-rimmed glasses. He weighs every word he utters or pens; his style of expression



is lucid, clear-cut. He talks in slow but emphatic tones and is never equivocal in what he says. He does not excite his hearers with bombastic rhetoric or hot invective. It is said that White C. I. D. officers in Lahore Jail used to wonder how that most "peaceable-looking gentleman" could be the revolutionary leader they were asked to dread.

On the eve of the Ramgarh Con-

gress in 1940, Jayaprakash was suddenly whisked away for an alleged seditious speech at Jamshedpur. The one year sentence awarded in that connection continued till he escaped from Hazaribagh Prison in 1942. On the expiry of the first term of imprisonment he was again arrested at the jail gates and kept under detention which needed no trial or sentence. Then he was transferred to the notorious Deoli Camp, where at the head of 500 political detenus he went on his famous 31-day hunger strike. The whole country was seized with consternation at the callousness of the Government towards the grievances of the detenus undergoing virtual hell in Deoli. At last the bureaucracy yielded and the ordeal ended. Jayaprakash emerged out of it with redoubled popularity and prestige. This the Government wanted to counter by publishing the alleged correspondence between Jayaprakash and his wife Prabhavati Devi, wherein he was reported to have suggested ways and means of re-organising the C. S. P. The spirited defence which Gandhiji then put up on behalf of Jayaprakash speaks volumes for his regard for the latter, in spite of the ideological gulf which separated them.

In the 1942 struggle Jayaprakash played a leading role. After months of underground activity in the different parts of the country, including Nepal, Jayaprakash was ultimately arrested in the Punjab and detained first in Lahore and then in Agra. He lost 18 lbs. in weight during that incarceration. He was kept in solitary confinement and put to many types of hardship. His release in 1946, at the time of the Cabinet Mission talks, was sought to be delayed by the British. It was only at Gandhiji's insistence that he was released.

Jayaprakash is a great lover of books and to this day, reads a lot. Whatever little leisure he gets, after managing the affairs of his own party and after minding two large trade union organisations of the railwaymen and the postal workers, he devotes to reading. He does not confine himself to politics and economics but

takes a lively interest in all branches of knowledge. He also likes to see good pictures though he rarely gets time for it.

As a trade unionist, Jayaprakash is unique. He has twice offered to resign his presidentship of the All India Railwaymen's Federation if the workers thought his leadership detrimental to their interests. The railwaymen's organisation is the largest trade union in the country and that of the postal workers comes a close second. Together they account for over a million employees whose professional cares and worries, anomalies in pay scales or gradation in services, coupled with the intransigence of the bureaucrats in authority, are his eternal headache. He goes through every single grievance of the workers with proverbial patience and puts it before the authorities along with concrete remedial measures. He has given the rail workers' movement a new shape and is trying to develop it on correct lines.

Jayaprakash's contribution to Socialist thought is considerable. He revealed that Socialism and Democracy are by themselves incomplete: "they are inter-related terms and therefore it would be wrong to characterise the Anglo-American system as Socialist. In the U. S. and Western Europe they have indeed introduced a democratic method such as representative institutions and elections, but their democratic efforts is far from adequate. Likewise, Soviet Russia has abolished private ownership in the means of production and established planned economy, but she has centralised economic power and the mass of the population is not only denied democratic freedom and civil liberties but also the full use of economic power." This is the crux of Socialist foreign policy.

But Jayaprakash is neither anti-American nor anti-Russian. Only he will not tolerate India being a satellite of either of them. The progress of the Socialist movement in this country centres round this pivotal figure; he is in fact the very embodiment of Socialist thought and action in India.

NEW DELHI DIARY



THE story goes, and I heard it from a reliable source, that Mr. Bhimsen Sachar, a fortnight back when he was still Premier of East Punjab, was kept hanging around Sardar Patel's residence for full six hours before the Sardar would receive him; and the interview, when finally granted, was terminated within minutes. Certainly, the Congress Central Parliamentary Board—but this again, in practice, means Sardar Patel—has displayed a hardly veiled hostility towards Mr. Sachar. When the present Government crisis, the latest in a long series, developed in East Punjab, the Board became uncharacteristically sensitive to Congress M. L. A.'s charges against their leader—similar charges in Madras and West Bengal have been allowed to hang fire for months and years. The explanation offered was that in these latter cases the Premiers are supported by a majority of members of the Congress parties in the legislature whereas nearly half the membership of the Congress Legislature Party in East Punjab had put their signature to a no-confidence motion.

But only recently the Congress Working Committee ruled that the terms of the leaders of provincial Congress Legislature Parties should be co-terminous with the life of the respective legislatures. Why has this ruling been flouted by the Central Parliamentary Board? For, the Board not merely sanctioned but itself called for a vote to determine whether Mr. Sachar enjoyed the confidence of his party. By doing this—and in a manner distinctly calculated to make wavering elements disown Mr. Sachar—the Board has promoted the very evil of unprincipled group politics which the Working Committee sought to discourage.

This is the chief problem raised by the current turmoil in East Punjab, rather than the relative personal

merits of Dr. Bhargava and Mr. Sachar—though, it may be noted, even that regular apologist of the Congress High Command, the *Hindustan Times*, wrote of the Sachar Ministry that since it took charge six months ago "the institution of inquiries into the iron and steel permits scandal has restored public confidence in the Congress Party and the tone of the administration has considerably improved because of the drive against corruption and nepotism.... the general public feels, however unjustifiably, that the charge-over is being brought about to prevent the law taking its course against black-marketeers and those who trafficked in political patronage. We do not think that Dr. Bhargava and his group would wish to place themselves in this position. They should wait for the present policies to work themselves out."

It is generally believed, with reason, that in West Bengal Dr. B. C. Roy was able to survive in office, despite the serious charges against his administration, only because he had the strong backing of Sardar Patel. Now, in East Punjab, Mr. Sachar has paid the price for losing the Sardar's favour. God knows India needs strong men, but how much and what kind of strength is a good thing in a man?

The official Congress defence of the Working Committee decision regarding the R. S. S. has been unimpressive. The widely entertained suspicion was recorded in this diary two weeks back that Pandit Nehru's absence from the country was utilised to give the green signal for R. S. S. entry into the Congress organisation. The question has since been bluntly put to the Congress President. Dr. Pattabhi naturally, and perhaps quite truly, denied that there had been any "particular personal emphasis." But in defending the

Congress Working Committee against one charge he has himself in effect framed another by disclosing that the Committee's handling of important political questions is casual to a degree. "The agenda of the Working Committee," we are told, "is not generally previously circulated. It is presented to the members there and then.... I myself had no idea of the significance of the subject."

Mr. Kala Venkata Rao wrongly claimed that the R. S. S. had no constitution and membership of its own, and that therefore its adherents could not legitimately be barred from entering the Congress. His colleague, Mr. Shankarrao Deo, has not been able to do much better. Congress, Mr. Deo says, has no "proof" of the R. S. S. being a communal organisation. The impression is inescapable that these spokesmen are morally on the defensive, perhaps secretly ashamed; lacking positive conviction that what they have done is right, they have no resort to purely technical arguments. But the issue is not

one of constitutional propriety for the Congress. It may have grave consequences. Will the Congress transform the psychology of the R. S. S. men who join it, or will the transformation be the other way round? And will the Muslim masses of Kashmir, in the event of a plebiscite, feel encouraged to cast their lot with an India run by Congressmen who have no objections to the R. S. S.?

MISHEARING

Report by the special correspondent of the *Indian News Chronicle* in its issue of October 11: "The Constituent Assembly, which he (Sardar Patel) was addressing for the first time since his return to Delhi, listened to him mutely and somewhat mutinously and later gave cheerless assent to a provision guaranteeing salaries, conditions of service, etc., for the permanent services."

P. T. I. report of the same speech: "Sardar Patel was loudly cheered as he ended his speech and the article was passed without amendment."

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INDIA'S PROBLEM NUMBER ONE

By K. S. VENKATARAMANI

THANKS to the rhetorical denunciation of Dr. Ambedkar of the Indian villages, the conscience of the Congress members of the Constituent Assembly was roused, and with great effort a mild recognition of the Indian villages was made in our new constitution by including their welfare among the Directive Principles. After such recognition of our villages as units of self-government in our new constitution, the primary work that faces every provincial Government is the enactment of a proper Panchayat Act which would carefully implement this direction. A well-designed and healthy functioning village panchayat is the key to the solution of all our major problems, especially our food problem. It is the best foundation for building a New India on proper lines.

Federal in spirit and function but unitary in achievement and results is the cardinal feature of our culture and civilisation, especially pronounced in our political and economic institutions and activities. So, I expected the Central Government under the leadership of Pandit Nehru immediately on the recognition of our villages in the new constitution to constitute a special committee composed of distinguished thinkers and statesmen to lay down the broad principles of a Panchayat Act for each State, thus creating an instrument adequate to implement the higher longings of renaissance India. Even now it is not too late, though U. P., C. P., and Bombay have already made rapid strides even without this necessary initiative and wise co-ordinating guidance from the Centre. Without the

formulation of certain co-ordinating general principles our achievements as basic work in nation-building would carry conflicts which would express themselves in the long run.

To my mind, from a close study of our rural problems the following two convictions emerge clearly and call for implementation on an all-India basis in every Panchayat Act for each State.

(1) The average Indian village is too small for efficient treatment under modern conditions. Therefore grouping of contiguous villages into one rural unit is the first provision a Panchayat Act should make and declare it the recognised basic unit for all purposes. I think that population is the correct basis of a rural unit and not revenue or area, and I suggest a minimum of 5,000, an optimum of 10,000 and a maximum of 15,000 population for each rural unit according to the varying local conditions.

I am keenly aware that the creation of this rural unit itself is beset with many difficulties, in the present conditions of our rural life, as heavy and complicated as those that face anyone of our major national problems. But its solution is the real test of the emergence of a new spirit in Free India which strives to acquire a higher sense of citizenship, service, selflessness and a sense of your neighbour and your duties to him. The creation of the rural unit itself will solve many of our problems at the basic level and create a new spirit of team-work and common social welfare. If you build this unit, you truly build a new India. You have really

baked a new type of brick, stronger, bigger and purer, that would go to build the wall and the house much quicker and more beautiful.

(2) There must be a clear recognition by the State of the basic functions of this rural unit as the foundation of a welfare State. It must be made to function in such a way that it becomes self-governing as early as possible and self-sufficient in the primaries of life: food and shelter, and as far as possible clothing; then elementary education, cottage industries, health and sanitation. Therefore the primary liability of each rural unit becomes agriculture and cottage industries and education and sanitation and the State should help the unit in all possible ways towards this realisation. Its financial resources to achieve this ideal should be adequate and clear. In the administrative efficiency and fulfilment of the rural unit lies really the glory of the future of India and her practical message to the world in the successful working of decentralised politics and economics.

The quality-depletion of our villages has been so considerable for the last one hundred years under British Raj that today you will find it extremely difficult to secure one suitable man of requisite character and ability to play the role of Panchayat President. Even if one such is found, he is sure not to be elected and if elected he will find it impossible to function with drive and administrative vigour, with impartiality and justice in our faction-ridden villages. Our average citizenship in rural areas is so low, and rural conditions so full of strife, misery and poverty that it requires for an adult emergence at least ten years of wise and strong guidance and honest work.

The best solution is to create a new provincial rural service enlisting brilliant young men from the universities. Appoint an officer of this service to the presidentship of the panchayat elected on adult franchise but it must function only as an advisory body under this president for the first 10 years at least. Then the whole position may be reviewed. This provincial rural service must be made the gateway to all higher services, so that our best are trained first in the nursery of rural life.

The rural officer's decision as the president of the panchayat shall be final and where he dissents from the panchayat on a major issue he should place it before the district panchayat officer for his final approval and decision.

If this salutary provision of a rural officer guiding and controlling the panchayat in its initial stages be not made, the whole Act will become a menace to our village peace and prosperity fomenting both reaction and revolution, more factions and groups. A fractured arm requires to be bandaged for some time. Our villages, reorganised on a proper footing, will surely produce fit leaders of requisite calibre but it would take time as our rural life has been profoundly disturbed by British Raj and its administrative system devised as a drainage channel for exploitation and our best men have been driven into urban areas for clerical work. The truth is that today our villages require an exotic pollen to fertilise them. The presence of a high grade rural officer of the right type will help this golden fertilisation, bringing peace, prosperity and plenty to all.

Now let us explore carefully the provisions of the Madras Village Panchayats Bill 1949 now before us.

(1) Section 3 provides for a panchayat for every revenue village with a population of not less than five hundred. It is too small a unit and will not work at all but make the Panchayat Act a costly mockery. The minimum should be five thousand population and the contiguous villages should be grouped on some rational and common interest basis. It is a hard job and it must be done for rural welfare as work No. 1.

(2) Section 5 provides for two classes of panchayats. There is no necessity for 2 classes. There is enough selfishness, incompetence and inefficiency in our temperament and habits of work and citizenship that there is no necessity for statutory recognition or encouragement of the same. The numerousness of class II panchayats is fatal to efficient and honest work.

(3) Section 8. The headman of a village should never be made an ex-officio member of the panchayat even without the power to vote. Then why

this wasteful decoration? Section 8 must go.

(4) Section 21. It provides for the direct election of the president of the panchayat. This will not work but will lead to party bitterness, strife and gangsterism, abuse and corruption in our present rural conditions. The president should be chosen from a specially recruited provincial rural service and should normally hold office for three years, then subject to transfer.

(5) Section 22 should go. No vice-president is really necessary. Generally vice-presidents create more vices by their presence and they always function by intrigue and division.

(6) Section 24 should vest all powers and responsibilities of the panchayat in the president exclusively, giving full advisory powers to the elected panchayatdars who know well the local conditions.

(7) Section 26 is a provision which utterly defeats the democratic basis of the panchayat and makes the inspector all in all "for any reason" he likes. It restricts him to no emergency action for stated causes of misconduct, etc. This should be deleted.

(8) Sections 29 and 30 provide for an executive officer and his functions and duties. An executive officer may be relevant and useful for large administrative units like cities and towns but here in the village panchayat it would lead only to conflicts between the executive officer and the president. The bill is neither clear nor cogent in defining their respective functions. There is wide scope for conflicts—many storms in a teacup! That is why I have suggested in the present stage of our civic evolution (or decay!) the combining of the president and the executive officer in one—an officer from the rural service.

(9) Section 35, clause (3) which provides for the appointment of the same executive officer for more than one panchayat, really reveals the weakness inherent in the administrative arrangements in the bill.

The bill really aims at making the executive officer all powerful (vide Sec. 31) and it is a move in the right direction in the present divided con-

dition of our villages. Then why the artificial and costly and faction-promoting decoration of a president directly elected on adult franchise? Let us legislate with sincerity and honesty and avoid creating fresh troubles by ignorance or for the sake of mere ideology or slogan.

(10) Sections 51 to 63 deal with the functions, powers and property of panchayats. These are basic provisions for their welfare. But you don't find in them the administrative vision or insight into rural conditions required to remake our villages into new self-governing and self-sufficient bodies which are the dreams and ideals of Free India. They are conceived in the same spirit in which British Raj administered our villages. For instance, agriculture and cottage industries are given a minor place among the functions while Pandit Nehru is crying hoarse "Grow more food or die!"

These sections require to be re-written completely on the basis that New India wishes to make the villages the basic unit of our new life for agricultural production. The primary responsibilities of the Panchayats for the villagers' welfare regarding food, clothing and shelter, education, health and sanitation should be clearly brought out and priority No. 1 be given to them. The entire resources of the panchayat in earth, air and water in whatever forms of proprietary ownership they may be, private, charitable trust, or religious endowment, village common or government *poramboke*, should come under the jurisdiction, supervision, guidance and direction of the panchayat. Sections 51 to 63 should be re-drawn on these lines fixing up the primary liabilities first and then the secondary.

(11) Sections 64 to 78 deal with taxation and finance. This is a very important chapter and the proposals, if carried out, will create even more chaos and disintegration in our village life and make our villages a drainage channel of waste and futility. It will lower production and reproduce urban conditions of parasitism and create a secretariat of clerks and courts busy with lawyers which even New Delhi would envy. Multifarious sources have been enumerated in the

bill for taxation with conditions and clauses giving scope for dishonesty and corruption and to implement them you require an army of village officers backed by an adequate police force. That way tragedy lies and bankruptcy is certain.

The sources of revenue for a village panchayat should be clear and simple and easy of collection and not more than one or two well-defined natural sources should be indicated: (1) A minimum of 25% share of the local land-tax, the Government should allot to the panchayat. (2) A right to levy a sales tax on goods going out and goods coming into the panchayat. I would do away with the proposed house-tax, profession tax, vehicle tax, cess on entry of goods, land-cess and land tax and so many other sources proposed with imaginative fertility and ease. You may as well tax rural life at the rate of one anna per hour.

A special committee which knows village life should sit again and redraw Chapter IV dealing with taxation and finance. This is the most unworkable and the least statesmanly part of the whole bill. It carries death to our villages, providing amply for clerical and political parasites.

(12) Section 130 modifies the Village Courts Act of 1888 in a very cumbersome way. The Village Courts Act of 1888 should be completely repealed and a new chapter added in this bill providing simply and clearly for the judicial administration of the village, in civil and criminal matters.

Half the administrative paralysis our villages suffer today is due to want of a local agency to redress wrongs immediately and quickly. The Panchayat Act of New India should boldly and clearly do this. Justice delayed is justice denied.

The other sections of the bill deal with minor matters indicating comprehensive and leisurely legal draftsmanship based on scholarship rather than on clear vision of or insight into our village affairs.

The Madras Village Panchayats Bill 1949, as it is, is unworthy of being considered and passed into an Act. It will not help us at all. It shows neither statesmanship, nor administrative skill or vision, nor insight into the real complex conditions of our rural life. A small *ad hoc* committee composed of eminent thinkers in the line like Sri J. C. Kumarappa and Sri T. Prakasam and veteran administrators and statesmen like Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Sir Mirza Ismail and Sir S. V. Ramamurthi should give us the true foundation lines of a proper Village Panchayat Act in the new set-up. And a new bill drafted on those lines should be presented to the new legislature to be shortly constituted under our new constitution for final verdict and approval. May God give our Premier and the Minister in charge the sense of justice, courage and wisdom to do so! For, planned village welfare is the only true solution to our problem No. I—the food problem and all our major problems from food to frontier.

A farmer boy driving a wagon loaded with hay ran into a deep gutter and overturned his load. A man came out from a house nearby and asked the boy if he needed some help to put the hay back on to the wagon. The boy gratefully accepted the proffered assistance.

"It is just our dinner time," said the man, "suppose we go in and get something to eat before we begin this work."

"I thank you very much," said the boy, "but I am afraid my father would not like for me to do that."

"Oh, that will be all right," replied the man. "Your father will not care if you eat your dinner with us."

After some persuasion the boy consented to go along. "But, I fear father will not like this," he repeated.

When dinner was over, the man came out onto the front porch, sat down in a chair and offered the boy a chair.

"I do not want to sit down," said the boy. "I'm afraid my father will not like this."

"What makes you think your father will object to this?" asked the man.

"Well, you see," said the boy, "father is under that load of hay."

FREE ENTERPRISE ESSENTIAL FOR PROSPERITY

S. ANANTHARAMAKRISHNAN ON GOVT.'S INDUSTRIAL POLICY

In an address delivered last week before the Tuticorin Chamber of Commerce, Sri S. Anantharamakrishnan subjected Government's industrial policy to vigorous criticism. "The calumniating of private entrepreneur, the wholesale denunciation of profits as such, do not help India," he said. "Let understanding replace ignorant denunciation and abuse, and all will benefit, labour, capital, and most of all the common man, to whom so much lip service is paid, but for whom so little is done."

Excerpts from the address are given below:

A year ago, commenting in *The Mail* on the resolution on the industrial policy of the Central Government passed in the Central Assembly on April 6, 1948, Mr. V. Seshasayee said: "Running right through the fabric of that resolution is a strong thread of distrust of private enterprise." He added: "This all-pervasive distrust raises the fundamental issue whether the private entrepreneur has a role to fill in this brave new India of today." After discussing the arguments adduced by critics of private enterprise, Mr. Seshasayee reached the conclusion that "for the sake of the common man... private enterprise must be encouraged." And why? Because, their money apart, "business can make a very useful contribution to the good of the country.... It will be a waste not to make full use of the industrial talent available.... and such waste is bound to occur as the tempo of nationalisation quickens and the private entrepreneur's style becomes progressively cramped."

Important is the role played by private enterprise, whether agricultural, industrial, commercial, or trading, in the economy of any great country. India is a great country—in terms of industry and commerce she will yet be much greater given mutual respect, understanding and co-operation between Government, employers and labour. Without these things her industry and commerce will languish. I welcome the changed tone of Ministers, Central and Provincial, towards private enterprise, but there is still far too much abuse of

those engaged therein in the speeches and writings of those who lead or trade unions, and in the speeches and writings of many of our publicists and politicians. The calumniating of private entrepreneurs, the wholesale denunciation of profits as such, do not help India. On the contrary, they harm her, and her many millions. Let understanding replace ignorant denunciation and abuse, and all will benefit, labour, capital, and most of all the common man, to whom so much lip service is paid, but for whom so little is done.

The industrialist is now faced with three main problems, and unless these problems are tackled by our Government with firmness and a certain measure of urgency the whole industrial future of the country may be marred. The first problem is the uncertainty of the policy of the Government and the consequent shyness of capital. The second is the Government's attitude towards labour in general, and the tendency to encourage uneconomical demands by labour at the cost of industry. So greatly does such encouragement conflict with Government's proclaimed economic policies that one is driven to assume that it is given with a view to obtaining or retaining labour votes at the ensuing general elections. The third problem springs from the ease and rapidity with which various pieces of legislation are being placed on the statute book.

WHY IS CAPITAL SHY?

Dealing with the first problem, in April 1948 the Government adumbrated their industrial policy. Certain

key industries required for the defence of the country were to be completely state-owned, certain others including many basic industries were to be state-controlled, and all the major industries were warned that they had only a guaranteed ten years in which to operate. After that the Government reserved the right to nationalise. Since April 1948, many conflicting pronouncements have been made both by Provincial as well as Central Ministers with the inevitable result that complete confusion prevailed in the minds of the industrialists as well as the investors. With a threat hanging over them, where is the incentive to industrialists to start new industries or to expand the existing ones? The result is stagnation. The investor is not willing to risk his money in investing it in industries. Even the compensation to be paid in the event of the Government taking over such industries is not clearly defined. It takes at least ten years fairly to establish and stabilise an industry. The initial period is one of much hard work and possible losses. Once the troublesome period is over, the Government, as at present minded, come along and take over the industries. Now can they expect capital to enthusiastically flow into industries in such circumstances? We have seen that some of the best schemes are not able to attract capital. As Mr. Birla once said, in the face of this handicap no board of directors, however distinguished, could risk capital. Much has been said about money having gone underground and the hoards of the black-marketeer. I personally detest black-marketing operations and I know that the large majority of people engaged in trade and commerce hold similar opinions to mine. But the real black-marketeers cannot be unknown to the party in power and many will be found among its supporters, and therefore it is very difficult for the Government to apprehend them. The result of the Income-tax Investigation Commission will illustrate my point. It is my considered opinion that the only way to get the hoarded money out is for the Government to issue a large public loan in the shape of bearer bonds bearing tax free interest of say 2%. Investors should not be asked the

source of their funds, nor owners questioned as to title. By this process it might appear that the Government are condoning the operations of the black-marketeer and even admit their inability to effectively apprehend the black-marketeer, but I am quite sure that much of the money hoarded would begin to flow freely into the coffers of the Government and would prove to be a major factor in the fight against inflation.

DEMANDS OF LABOUR

Coming to my second point I consider the Government's attitude towards labour in general has resulted in a deterioration of relations between capital and labour. For some months after August 1947, labour had the fullest and unqualified support of the Government in utter disregard of the interest of capital. Several hundreds of labour unions sprang up all over the country, led not by trade union people or on trade union lines, but by politicians and political appendages. It was only when labour troubles started in Government-owned railways, in the postal department, on the docks and last but not least, in the Secretariat itself, that Government realized the folly of the policy which they adopted. Then came a certain stiffening of their attitude to labour. The Government began to feel that the demands made by their own employees were unreasonable, and could not be met.

QUANTUM OF PRODUCTION

Though as a result of agitations and innumerable strikes labour has received substantial concessions, the capital-labour relationship has not been taken outside the border lines of trouble. Industrialists all over India have realised how necessary it is to have a contented and satisfactory labour. With the means available they are quite willing to grant all concessions for raising the standard of living of labour. In most organised industries, provident fund benefits, canteen facilities, a large number of holidays with pay, medical attention are all available. I know of experiments being made in the matter of providing cheap houses for labour. While capital has granted concession after concession, I think I can state with authority that labour has not

responded to the call for bigger output made by capitalists, and also by the Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister. On the contrary, the man-hour output has gone down considerably in almost every industry. Only the other day I was told in an industry that while in pre-war days it took 1,800 man-hours to complete a particular job, the same job takes over 4,500 hours now. If Government, by legislation or otherwise, cannot correlate wages to outturn, it is impossible to continue to pay labour such high wages. We have heard often from the labour platform that the labour is being paid very low scales of wages compared to the wages paid in other countries. Nowhere do we hear how our output compares to the output of the average American labourer or a British labourer. If our labour will also obtain the same quantum of production per hour or per day as has been obtained by their parallel numbers in other countries, I am quite sure they have not only every right to demand better wages, they will also get the industrialists gladly coming forward to pay them the increased demands.

India's Prime Minister is now an honoured guest of a nation made great by private enterprise. It is hoped that Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru will find time for talks with the great leaders of industry and business, wholesale and retail, in the United States. And not with them alone, but also with the leaders of organised labour there. He will find no desire for nationalisation among the latter. On the contrary, he will find that the very thought of nationalisation is repugnant to those chosen to lead the organised labour of the United States. They believe in private enterprise. They believe in profits. They believe in unfettered trade, internal and external. Their faith is in multi-lateral trade between the nations.

They propagate ideas of co-operation with capital in increasing profits because they know that only when profits increase can wages be increased; that the money for higher wages comes from profits—there is no other source, whether industry is run by private enterprise or the State. And American labour thinks that private enterprise is more efficient, less wasteful, and more certain to produce

the profits needed to raise its standard of living.

It knows, too, that unless labour and capital working together can produce more at a smaller cost, there can be no increase in wages. Let me quote from the monthly periodical of the American Federation of Labour. Discussing what is necessary to increase real wages and living standards it says: "First productivity. This is important for increasing real wages and living standards depend on a steady rise in production per man hour. To keep productivity moving upwards is not easy. It requires constant effort of management and labour to improve production and cut costs." Would that organised labour in India were of the same opinion. We would then see fewer strikes, hear less of "go-slow" in workshops and factories, and in the fields. Management and labour would co-operate in increasing output and reducing costs, so that consumers could get more for less money, workers higher wages, and industry have more money for expansion. And Governments, Provincial and Central, would be able to release industry and trade from the shackles of quotas and departmental interference. I commend to trade unions in India the advice given by the American Federation of Labour to its members: "Know all you can about your industry and company. Be ready to help improve your company's competitive position as a basis for a wage increase." Boosting profits is not merely helping the capitalist—it is the only way to raise the workers' living standards.

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

Further, as regards profits, about which much nonsense is spoken on political and labour platforms, here is what the report of the British Trade Union Council says: "In considering profits, account must be taken of the rise in the cost of capital replacement and development; apparent profit is not necessarily available as a real surplus." And again: "Once profits are made they are subject to a high rate of taxation... This means that between 50 and 60 per cent (it is more since the further addition was made to the distributed profits tax) of all profits are taken by the State." The position is much

the same in India. Consequently, the community, here as in Great Britain, is, to a greater extent than ever before, a beneficiary when profits are made.

Analysing the accounts of 2,095 British public companies for the year ended June 1949, the "Economist" finds a fall in net dividend rates from 7.9 per cent to 7.6 per cent, and that the dividend on the real equity, i.e. total capital employed of the companies, fell from 3.7 per cent to 3.3 per cent. Anticipating a continuance of the decline in profits, the "Economist" remarks: "This may have repercussions on industry's capacity to finance its own expansion programme. We know that a similar combination of causes has made it impossible for Indian industry to finance its own expansion programmes. The remedy in both cases is a reduction in direct taxation, and India's Finance Minister has already admitted this need. For that we who are engaged in private enterprise are grateful."

It is a tribute to private enterprise that in most countries the State-controlled industries are closely modelled upon those of capitalist big business, with the additional disadvantage that "The State is neither a good employer nor a bad employer. It is just a remote, impersonal, inarticulate employer incapable of inspiring its workers or winning their respect." (Aldous Huxley).

In proof of the above we have the remark of a Lancashire delegate to the Colliery Winders' Federation meeting in August, 1949. "We are fed up with this Government, the National Union of Mineworkers, and the conditions in mining generally. We would rather have private ownership." Similar sentiments were expressed by speakers at the Bridlington Conference of the British Trade Union Council.

In regard to the third problem which I mentioned the present Government were returned by a very large majority with practically no effective opposition in provinces as well as in the Centre. Our leaders, staunch patriots and good men as they are, wanted to bring Ramarajya, and the provinces and the Centre have been vying with each other in introducing so many new bills without giving proper time for the popu-

lation to understand the implications of these various bills placed on the statute. I would advise a great deal of caution in bringing new laws into being. Take the Zamindari Abolition Bill, for instance. Government do not realise what damage they have done to themselves and to their credit by not specifically stating the quantum of compensation these people will get for being displaced from their estates. I have heard it said by responsible men that the Government in their present attitude might even refuse to pay compensation bonds on the due dates, and bring in some legislation instead to legalise their action.

We are told that we are short in our food requirements by approximately 5%. After spending crores of rupees in subsidising imported foods and in propagating the grow-more-food campaign, we cannot expand our food production by 5%. On this one account alone Government stand self-condemned. Many millions of acres of land are lying absolutely fallow, land which can and should be reclaimed and cultivated by proper planning. In South India alone we are told several millions of acres of good cultivable land are not being cultivated. The Government would do well to ask themselves why this is and whether other measures are not necessary than those followed to ensure the efficient cultivation of land, methods involving bigger capital than the average cultivator can command.

Only recently I did quite a lot of touring round the world. In England, Canada and the United States I have seen many great things. I am convinced that in our country too we can achieve marvellous results which have been achieved by other nations, in surprisingly short period.

We have almost all the raw materials necessary for industries. We have excellent labour, and we have a colossal home market which will consume all the goods we can produce. We have also the capital necessary to proceed in gradual stages to complete industrialisation. Why then is the pace of industrialisation so slow? My answer would be, given proper planning and the goodwill and support of the people we, too, can achieve results of which we can be proud.



WHEN my father died, he left no legacy, so I was thrown into the resources of the world, naked and desperate, to look out for myself and seek the new life of man—independent and free, with all the sufferings of a cynic in a pessimistical world. But I did not like the death of my father. I was finishing my fourth year in the medical college, and though not brilliant, I was good enough to be qualified a doctor if I did but have some financial support.

I wrote to all the uncles I had and even humiliated myself by offering to marry their daughters as soon as I passed out—but they turned down my offer, not because of myself but because of my father, who according to the world and them was a debauchee and a wretch.

Women have raised mortals to heaven and brought angels down to earth and my rich father sank into poverty through wine, women and song. The dirty tale goes around that my birth was the cause of my mother's death and that he had loved her with an undying flame only to find it smouldering into ashes along with her body. In desperation, he spent all his earnings in a frenzied passion till he went to the grave a sorry but wiser man.

As I grew up, I was supposed to be precocious, so wildly I set about my ambitions. It was my own mind that sent me to school and college and finally put me in medicine. With mutual faith my father and I carried on, that as time passed, house after house began to be sold, land passed

out of hands and the profits in the shares began to lessen and finally failed to draw anything. Securities I had, but in my guardian's name, and due to certain conditions they were so useless that the only consolation I had was in burning them, to control my hate and contempt.

So I left the medical college, having passed my fourth year and tottered into the world without a degree, ashamed at my state of life.

I started hunting jobs and it was a hunt that looked like a tasteless joke. For one post there were three hundred applications, and everybody wanted experience and all I had was my knowledge in anatomy, physiology, pathology, pharmacology, hygiene etc. Then I stumbled across Madan, a young renegade of my age, tall and well-built, with a pagan look in his eyes.

"Hell, I'm starved. I want work and there's none."

"You ought to see Mr. Paliam of Paliam & Sons Ltd.," he told me, "He'd give you a job if you want one."

"I'll work even as a coolie but I won't starve. And I won't like to be a parasite on anybody. You work there?"

"Oh, yes, I do, but it's not important. But if you work there, you must be a man of caution and discretion."

"I understand. I'll contract my orbicularis oris."

"Hell, what is it?"

"I am sorry. It means shutting my mouth."

"Well, damn you, I don't know what

By E. THEODORE KING

you mean using all your medical language, but wait someday and I'll catch you on the raw."

So I got work at Paliam & Sons Ltd., a firm which was a patriotic organisation to the world at large—dealing in hosiery from one side, grain from the other, and black-marketing from behind, with an occasional boot-legging during the days of prohibition. I was a clerk, paid well enough, but I was to shut my mouth and instances had been related to me where three or four were sent on the road to eternity for trying to be clever.

It was hard life but my persistence to be a doctor made my work light, and I did not grudge or fumble as Madan did, who found fault with everything, and always drew cartoons instead of posting figures in the ledgers.

"I think I will drink to hell," he said one day, "also I'll go mad. I'll turn Omar Khayyam."

"Why?"

"I find life too dull and uninteresting. I want gaiety. But I can't afford it. I've got a mother to look after and a brother who is going to school and is sort-of smart and hardy. It's a sacrifice on my part to live and let live—only my life's isn't a sacrifice, it's a slow, torturous death."

"Madan" I said, "We needn't be so low-spirited. Let's go to the beach today. The sea will drown your sorrows."

"Go to hell!" he said angrily. "I hate the sea. I'll go to the sea only when I contemplate suicide and it's not too far away either."

"I was afraid of saying anything, so when he left for home that evening I walked to the seashore to regale myself and make sure that I existed."

It was then that I met Rani, a hard, stern beauty with the fiery eyes of a savage, glaring at you with a feeling that made your knees totter and your mouth twitch. She was there with her father, one with a "bald pate and a breadbasket," happy and contented with the world and himself. She was playing in the water, this girl of twenty, proud like a monarch to let the waves wash her feet—a haughty stare about her which made her rather beautiful—like when you see an eagle and are fascinated by its proud mien.

I was there, not conscious of them till the father spoke, for he was an old man and wanted to talk, and since he looked happy he wanted to pour his joy on someone and I fell an easy victim.

"It's this sea," he said jubilantly. "It's this sea. Think of its vastness, the beautiful blue and the endless sheet of lapping glass—goah, it would thrill you to frenzy."

"I know," I said rather shyly. "It's the only consolation I have. It drowns any sorrows."

"Not only that—no—there is much more. It's a poetry of life, a great poetry, unwritten, unsung, but felt—deeply... deeply in the heart, when your emotions bubble and passions sway like crazy pendulums."

"I don't know what to say."

"I wanted to build a house by the sea, but my wife was against it and my daughter... she said that she'll scratch my eyes out if I did. Though she's playing there, she hates the sea. But I... oh, I am mad about it."

"The sea offers you a rhythm that you miss in this humdrum of existence and it's song to the dull prose that disgusts and bores. You must be an artist to appreciate it. The sky is so blue and the clouds are so white that in everyday life you only look but never observe. Here you feel... oh, I can't describe the emotion. It tugs at your heart like a magnetic pull, and you get lost—the aesthetic senses making you giddy, where you lose yourself and become a visionary, the body so unimportant while the soul takes greater flights."

I was thrilled but greatly embarrassed. Though I liked him I could not get familiar, partly due to shyness and partly because I was unaccustomed to such verbosity. I remained silent, unconsciously watching the girl enjoy herself.

"I've been rattling away," he said, suddenly apologetic. "I see you are bored."

"Oh, no, no, no. Rather I'm interested. I—I just can't tell how, but I am not bored."

"What is your name?"

I told him and he smiled. Then he laughed.

"What are you?"

"A clerk."

"Oh!"

He said it so casually that it hurt me; so I added hastily, "I was a medical student till a couple of months ago. I've chucked it up."

"Why? Don't you like it?"

"On the contrary, I do, but—well, I'm financially distressed." I cursed myself for saying that and I looked angry.

"I'm also a doctor," he said seriously. "An M. D. My mother used to call me a motor driver and my daughter says it means mentally deficient. Anyway I am supposed to be one of the great authorities on venereal diseases."

"You must be Dr. Rajagopal."

"I am."

"Glad to meet you, sir. You're quite a famous man, too exemplary, too practical."

"Damn it, it's too flattering. In what class were you?"

"I've finished fourth year. There's a year left behind and I'll make good."

"Do; but are you specialising in any one subject?"

"No, sir."

"Then take my tip. Specialise in V. D."

"Fancy, sir! why?"

"It's natural for a man to have sexual congress with a woman. From boyhood to manhood, so many changes take place in the human body that age scars the life of man giving him passions and dreams, the virtue of vice and seasonal pleasures."

But the conversation was interrupted by Rani's laugh. "Papa! You are gabbling again."

The father introduced his daughter to me but she paid no attention to my good looks. Though it hurt my vanity, I liked it, for I hated to be made fuss of.

"Let's go home, Papa. It's too late. Mama will be waiting and here you are talking away."

"Let's go home, Rani. I think it's late." He smiled at me and twinkled his eyes. "I say, why don't you come tomorrow to our house for tea? We might finish the conversation we left unfinished—unless you are bored."

"I don't know what to say, sir. I feel funny."

"I don't know what to say either, but come tomorrow. I'll be expecting you."

"You will, but I don't know where

you stay," I laughed.

He gave me the address, and I thanked him.

Next day and every Friday week, I found myself in his house for tea, enjoying the conversation and drinking in the healthy outlook of their family life. Rani changed her rather rigid attitude towards me, and from acquaintances we became great friends and ended up as lovers.

Dr. Rajagopal often harped on my taking some subject and specialising in it but I wanted to fight death in all its mysterious ways, not by killing one germ or only a kind of a microbe.

"You must give up your work at Paliam & Sons Ltd. and get back to your studies," said Dr. Rajagopal.

"Why?"

"I want you to become a doctor. I'll help you through."

I got up and looked serious. "I'm sorry, sir. I must go. Goodbye."

In spite of protests, I left, and never turned up for tea anymore. Time had erased my vanity but it had not cured my humiliation. I had offered to marry any of my uncles' girls but they had not let me. Money at that time seemed all too important and the girl was only to be tolerated because a career was at stake. But now I knew how mean I had been.

Madan's friendship had taught me a lot about life and its environment. He was a writer, a savage, inhuman writer, hard and tough-boiled who called human beings pigs. His writings seethed with contempt for all humanity and his hate made him a morbid man with torpid ideals. A few editors liked his stories and published them but most of them returned them with fear because they were so dangerous, so outspoken and so unconventional.

But when his jolly figure began to grow morose, his eyes became lustreless and dim, his spirits began to drop and sag, and his face acquired lesions and rupa, it didn't take long to diagnose what was the matter with him. His throat was parched and uneasy, his voice grew hoarse like as if he had a terrible cold and when he spoke, he had to make a great effort.

I took him to Dr. Rajagopal who on sight diagnosed him and then examined him with a thoroughness that amazed my simple, furtive mind. He dismissed Madan and he said he

wanted to talk to me.

"He'll die, that's sure," he said, smiling as if it was a big joke, "it's too late to cure him."

"How late?" I rasped angrily.

His brows went up, but the amused smile still lay on his lips. "Too late, my son. And—oh, it is too late for tears, too."

"Couldn't you cure him?"

"I'll try the treatment, but I won't promise."

"Thank you, sir."

"I miss you a lot—terribly. I don't care if you don't become a doctor, but come every week as usual. You have become part of myself, and I am in pain. Rani is always in tears and blames me. Do come."

"I couldn't, sir. Not yet. Today, Madan is more important than you or Rani."

"I like that outspokenness of yours, though it hurts me. My house is still open if you care to come."

Madan had told me what had happened. He was on a drunken spree and wanted a woman, and when he had one, he was cursed to rot.

But the terrible news came when one rainy day, I read about a man being fished out of the sea, bloated and blue, looking dirty and sick. I got frightened and hurried to Madan's house, and his mother told me that he had not been home for a couple of days. I rushed into his room—for I was a family friend—and ransacked his desk. I found an odd assortment of articles and a manuscript of four hundred pages called, "THIS LONELY LIFE" dedicated to me—I wonder why—with a note pinned to it. The note stated that life had got rather hard for him, and he had gone to the sea—never to return. He wanted me to publish that novel somehow and on its royalties to finish my medicine and specialise in his disease, so that others who suffer from it may be relieved to lead reformed lives.

It was at that time that Penicillin was discovered. Not that I discovered it—but men like me who felt the urge to give peace and comfort to a sick world, who had toiled and sweated to perfect a drug that was wanted badly—so bad that the craving became insane.

Putting the novel into the market

was not an easy thing, but with Dr. Rajagopal's help, it achieved the heights of fame. On Rani's advice and entreaty I accepted the offer of her father to finish medicine, then went abroad and specialised in study of the so-called "dangerous and ugly" disease.

When I came back to India after a lapse of four years, Dr. Rajagopal had died and Rani was waiting for me. I married her and asked her if I could build a sanatorium—by the sea.

"Fancy," she said, "why there?"

"The sea, Rani, is a problem. It is an answer to an eternal question: What is life? It is a solace and comfort to the distressed; it is a song of life to a poet; it is a vision of delight to a contented man; a vast emptiness to a philosopher; fickleness and danger to the pessimist; freedom to the enslaved; and heart-beats to the lover. It is everything, Rani. Life and death lurk in it, but also the joys and sorrows of a groaning universe. Moreover, the sea air is good for health. Your father might have appreciated the idea."

"All right. Whom will you dedicate it to?"

"To Madan—who died to make me a man."

"What do you mean?"

"I was a coward, Rani, till Madan died. He meant a lot to me and his death was a blow to my pride and empty dignity. I used to run away from things and then cried out in solitude. He was a comfort, a handsome gift God could give a man. In his note he wrote to me, 'I loved you with a love that could be called devotion, but you don't deserve it. You are prejudiced. But you are a great dreamer, and hence I am fond of you. If you could build your dreams on rock, then is the world paved for human beings and not pigs. The meaning of life is to suffer, but to suffer you must be an idealist. You see, humanity with all its sufferings is still human, cherishing itself on an ideal that bears the onslaught of time and hate and frenzy. Will you cure that suffering?'"

"But remember, my friend: Nothing is so practical as an ideal."

There were tears in Rani's eyes, but they were tears of joy. I found that I was also crying.

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FIVE MINUTES WITH GOETHE

Goethe Johann Wolfgang, described by Matthew Arnold as "Europe's sagest head," born August 28, 1749, in Frankfort. Died March 22, 1832. Son of lawyer Johann Kasper Goethe and his 17-year-old wife, Katharina Elizabeth. Sent to a university to read law, but spent his time learning about everything else. First book was a love story.

He decided "to dedicate himself to worldly affairs, so as to leave none of his powers unemployed." Administered the tiny German State of Weimar. Painter, scientist, poet, author, philosopher. Greatest literary work, "Faust." Wrote at great speed. His work is not read widely in other countries because it is difficult to translate well. But here are samples:

THE PROGRESS of knowledge is very much retarded by the fact that people so often devote their attention either to things which are not worth knowing or to such as are not knowable.

IF A MAN stops to ponder over his physical or moral condition he generally discovers that he is ill.

EVERYONE has always enough power to carry his convictions into effect.

HE WHO does not think much of himself is greater than he believes himself to be.

THE MASSES cannot get on without men of energy and ability, and yet the latter are always a burden to them.

I AM ASKED: which is the best Government? That which teaches us to govern ourselves.

THERE is nothing more frightful than ignorance in action.

THE USEFUL encourages itself; for the multitude produce it, and no one can dispense with it. The beautiful must be encouraged; for few can set it forth, and many need it.

YOUR BLOCKHEAD is the only person that can never be improved, whether it be self-conceit, stupidity, or hypochondria that makes him unpliable and unguidable.

HE WHO would reproach an author for obscurity should look into his own mind to see whether it is quite clear there. In the dusk the plainest writing is illegible.

THE MOST original modern authors are not so because they advance what is new; but simply because they know how to put what

they have to say as if it had never been said before.

BY NOTHING do men show their character more clearly than by what they think laughable.



THE WITTY man thinks almost everything ridiculous; the wise man scarcely anything.

WE DERIVE from nature no fault that may not become a virtue, no virtue that may not degenerate into a fault. Faults of the latter kind are the most difficult to cure.

SOME of our weaknesses are born in us; others are the result of education. It is a question which of the two gives us most trouble.

NOTHING can be more beautiful than that which is inspired by truth and which conforms to the laws of nature.

THE MIND is found most acute and most uneasy in the morning. Uneasi-

ness is, indeed, a species of sagacity—a passive sagacity. Fools are never uneasy.

WHAT has love to do with intellect? We love a young woman for everything but her intellect.

GENERAL ideas and great conceit are always in a fair way to cause terrible mischief.

GOD provides the nuts, but does not break them open.

JOYFULNESS is the mother of all virtues.

NATURE alone knows what she wants.

UNQUALIFIED activity, of any kind whatsoever, will at last lead to bankruptcy.

THERE ARE two powers that tend towards peace—the sense of right and the sense of fitness.

ALL the English write well.

IT IS a great mistake to expect to find men in agreement with us.

WHEN a man is old he should do more than when he is young.

GRACE makes a man irresistible.

LUCK makes courage.

LET the past be past.

THE HIGHEST art lies in the knowledge of limitation, and in the power of self-isolation.

WE ARE really alive only when we find delight in the good will of others.

LAW alone can give us freedom.

THE DEED is everything; the fame is nothing.

WHISPERED insinuations are the rhetoric of the devil.

DIVIDE and rule—a capital motto. Unite and lead—a better one.

AMBITION and love are the wings of great actions.

WITH WOMEN one should never venture to joke.

WITHOUT HASTE, without rest (Goethe's motto.)

NO MAN has ever yet thoroughly mastered the knowledge of himself.

WHO does nothing for others does nothing for himself.

SUPERSTITION is the poetry of life.

HE WHO seizes on the moment—he is the right man.

TERRIBLE is he who has nothing to lose.

LAW is mighty; necessity is mightier.

DOUBT grows up with knowledge.

THERE IS nothing more fearful than imagination without taste.

ONE SHOULD be careful not to carry any of the follies of youth into old age; for old age has follies enough of its own.

THE SELECTING SEASON

By V. P. RAMAN

A friend with a remarkable flair for questions that defy answers asked "Who selects these selectors?" I could not answer him, and even if I did he would have come out with "Who selects the selectors of these selectors...." He is an indefatigable interrogator, whose presence would have been more welcome in the court rooms than at my tea-table. The immediate provocation for his enquiry about selectors is that the selecting season is now on, and hundreds of team choosers are going about their jobs all over the country. My friend's curiosity sometimes became very suspicious and he smelt a rat almost everywhere. In those moods he would not scruple to peer through key-holes or eavesdrop behind barred

doors. One such mood coincided with the "trials" held at Bombay to "select" a combined universities' team to meet the Empire XI. We went there uninvited and came back, like Le Beau, with his mouth full of news.

Parti-pris seems to have predominated in the trials at Bombay. Insular choosers did a fine job of it and a team supposed to be the best that Indian colleges could possibly put on field drew the match with the visitors. My friend thinks the day is not far-off when teams will be selected solely on provincial or communal considerations. I thought I could get my own back on him and asked "If some under-represented province asks for an additional player, will we start playing twelve a side?"

This contingency did not befuddle my friend who replied "We will."

The new star in the firmament, little Medh, who made little impression on us a year ago, is not viewed favourably by my friend. He maintains that Medh's performance in the trials was largely due to the friendly influence of a powerful personality who practically allowed him to help himself to a sweet innings off the short leg-breaks of a bowler of doubtful promise. Now, I thought, was a chance to give the perfect squelch, and asked "But you surely cannot accuse people like Pepper and Fitzmaurice of any vested interests in this young leftlander? If he really was no good, how did he make 63 runs in the match? Maybe the scorers helped him, eh?" He adjusted his tie, and said "There is all the difference between the Bombayite and the Madrassi. In Bombay, if you give even an average young man a push into big cricket he finds his own way in it. If he was no good before, he makes good afterwards. In Madras, if you rocket a promising young fellow into cricket heights, he falls down like a balloon if only he was heaved upwards."

Now that we had changed our roles, I asked my friend, "From what you say it seems as if George Duckworth is unnecessarily complimentary to all the people he has met so far. In a local daily he presents bouquets like a professional florist. Do you think he is doing justice to his job?" The Omniscient replied "You are right. We are utilizing Duckworth's new pen, instead of his ripe experience. He is just following the principle that it is always safe to praise everybody, rather than criticise anybody. He has tipped practically all the juveniles he has seen in action so far for Test

caps!" Then looking at the newspaper, he added, "Don't worry, George. You can lick our old men as easily as the young; no need to canvass."

Nearer home, the Physical Directorial Daniels have judged Madras collegiate cricket. A team of twenty has been announced and our University Eleven is included in this score. With such a large safety margin, the selectors have escaped comment for the time being. My friend interposed: "Comments will come when the final team is announced, and that final selection is going to be a two-aspirin problem. Talent is uncomfortably profuse and crowded this year. This year's team can say 'After us, the Deluge.' To borrow the meteorologist's phraseology, the outlook for the next few years in university cricket is not bright."

The conversation drifted into Miller's omission from the South African Tour. "I entirely agree with Jack Fingleton, who is perhaps the only cricket-writer whose ability in the game has not warped his judgment. Our press does not understand that every famous cricketer cannot be an equally famous commentator. With the exception of Jack Fingleton, and to some extent O'Rielly and Hammond, other ex-cricketers who have taken to writing, allow their personalities to creep into their views. So much so, their position is not dissimilar to that of a newly appointed judge who passes verdict on a case, which he had handled himself as a barrister not long ago. Of course a good writer does not mean a fine player, as you ought to know from personal experience..." I deplored the implied reference. "*Force majeure* can have a sinister effect on a great game" summed up my friend.

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AMERICAN WELCOME TO PANDIT NEHRU

(By P. G. Krishnayya's Service)

New York: Below are some representative American comments on Prime Minister Nehru's visit to U.S.A.:

THE arrival of Pandit Nehru in the United States should provide more than the opportunity to express our friendliness for a great contemporary and a great new nation. It offers a reason for the study of one of the biggest and most critical problems in the world today and it may be that the Administration's analysis can lead to action. During the war President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull gave advice on India that the British then considered uninformed and unwise. It was based on theoretical principles of anti-imperialism that may or may not have had validity at a time when the Japanese threatened to invade India. After the war we went on encouraging Britain to grant Indian independence. We also made it a part of the Anglo-American Loan Agreement that Britain should seek to block sterling balances and not use them to channel trade toward London and the greatest debt was to India. The British felt that the two suggestions were incompatible. They are trying to keep India within the Commonwealth by making it worth her while to stay there, and naturally they want to keep the vast Indian market to the greatest extent possible. Hence, Sir Stafford Cripps permitted the Indians to draw on the sterling balances to a degree that shocked Washington, as well as British economists. It was a mixture of politics and economics, a sort of enlightened self-interest. Now, say the British, the United States has a moral responsibility towards India. Washington wants India to be a bulwark against Communism and a great and growing market. Yet India has been able barely to keep going at her present dismally low standard of living. The Government under Pandit Nehru is enlightened, courageous and within its historic limits, democratic. But independence was not a release from economic problems; on the contrary it intensified them, because it

forced India to become self-supporting at the same time the country was split in two. Pakistan is proving economically viable but India is yet to get on her own feet. Thus far independence has cost India more than the loss of the Empire cost Britain. It could be argued that India has not made the best of her opportunities, certainly, she finds herself today without financial reserves, with a declining production and a worsening balance of trade. However, in a world where financial and trade equilibrium has eluded the most experienced industrial countries no one can afford to be critical. That is especially true in the case of a country as India starting with such handicaps and facing a continuing population increase of more than 90 per cent and she will always be a predominantly agricultural country but the economy should be much better balanced than it is now. There is a great field for investment and for credits, but whether it is a field that will attract the private American business investor and banker is doubtful. What Pandit Nehru can do by this visit is to crystallize attention on his immense human and governmental problems. India is potentially a great counterweight to China. We of the West have temporarily lost China. India is in safe hands but she is vulnerable from two directions, her economy and Kashmir, and the two are linked because the threat of conflict with Pakistan over Kashmir has forced New Delhi to keep up a military establishment that consumes half the country's revenues. The President's recent effort, along with Prime Minister Attlee, to bring about a solution of the Kashmir problem was sharply rebuffed by his present guest. There is now an opportunity for a better understanding. India needs peace and prosperity, which in practical, present day terms means a settlement of the Kashmir dispute and economic help from the United States. —New York Times editorial.

Pandit Nehru, Prime Minister of India, is the most distinguished statesman in Asia and his visit to the United States is a matter of high consequence. Because of his efforts and those of his associates, India now has more stability than any other nation in the Orient. While India's current domestic problems are grave, and can be solved only if the standards of living of hundreds of millions of people can be raised, the country has leaders of great capacity. If these leaders can carry out their plans for India their nation might become one of the most powerful countries of the world. In the international field the attitudes of India's Prime Minister and of the Indians generally are fairly well known. The first concern of the Indians is to preserve their complete independence. Another of their concerns is to work against the outbreak of any major war and especially of a war in which India might be involved, since another war would place such strains on India that it might wreck everything accomplished there in recent years. A third concern of the Indians is to obtain economic co-operation for the industrialization of their country and to increase its food supply and to do so without in any way mortgaging their control of their own affairs. Still another is to bring to an end colonialism in Asia and to destroy all remnants of imperialism on that continent. Many Indians, including Pandit Nehru, have expressed opposition to alliances with either the Soviet Union or Western powers for the sake of temporary benefits. Some Indians would prefer to be leaders of a third group of powers. Various factors, however, have tended to swing India toward closer relations with the United States and Great Britain. These have included the economic relations of India with the Commonwealth and the United States, the conspiracies of Communists in India, and the general preference many Indians and their leaders have for ideas in the fields of economics and politics that are prevalent either in Western Europe or the United States over those that prevail in the Soviet Union. The trend toward closer relations between India and the West is likely to continue and can be encouraged if Ameri-

cans are careful to deal with the Indians as a proud people, with a notable cultural history, who have shown great political capacity in the early days of their new republic. Success in negotiating with Indians will also depend in part on full recognition of both the present and the potential strength of the nation Pandit Nehru leads. There is no doubt that India should be dealt with as a major power.—*Herald-Tribune Chain Papers.*

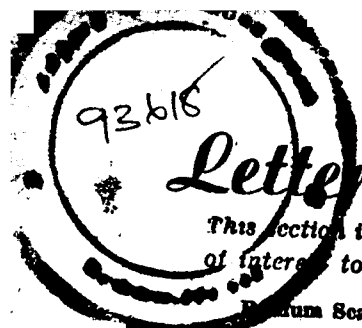
By any number of definitions Pandit Nehru is one of the world's greatest men. Nehru is the Orient's central figure by personality, education and the inheritance of the mantle of Gandhi; by a philosophy developed through 13 years of contemplation as a political prisoner in British jails and by his position as first Prime Minister of a free India which bids fair to pioneer a great industrial revolution in Asia. It was Nehru who applied much of the necessary practicality to Gandhi's spiritual drive for the freedom of India. He enjoys a warm and personal popularity among millions of people which has seldom been approached by any man. When he speaks his audience gather by the hundreds of thousands whose affection is close to worship. The matter-of-factness of Americans will be something new to him. But Washington is making every effort to see that Nehru gets a favourable impression of the U. S. He of course is not unaware of American custom. His handsome sister, Mrs. Pandit, formerly her country's chief delegate at Lake Success is now its Ambassador to Washington. Nehru's visit is billed as a goodwill tour, but it has implications in worldwide foreign policy. Nehru will meet people who can talk to him about his country's financial needs and prospective economic development. It is possible that during his stay he will see his country voted a seat in the Security Council of the United Nations. But overshadowing everything else is the fact that Nehru's India is a non-belligerent in the cold war. He has said repeatedly that he will not become involved between the Russian and Western blocs. He and his sister are both moderate Socialists—Marxists but not remotely connected with Russian

Communism. Communist disturbers in India go to jail. But Mrs. Pandit found nothing during her term as Ambassador to Moscow to lead India into taking sides in the cold war. Yet the Western powers are anxious to see a Far Eastern line drawn against Communist expansion, to have the Orientals themselves form this line. Very little can be done unless Nehru takes the lead.—*Associated Press of America.*

The arrival of Pandit Nehru is a memorable event. We warmly welcome him and voice the hope that he will not be dismayed by what he reads in some of our newspapers. With characteristic distemper *The Daily News* has already warned our political police to watch him closely; he may pick our pockets. The Scripps Howard newspapers suggest a little more moderately that he may try to lure us into a dangerous investment. We hope that India's wise and revered leader has been adequately briefed to understand that a majority of the American people has almost continuously ignored the lamentations of McCormick and Howard during the past decade. We have much to learn from Nehru. Leader of one sixth of the earth's inhabitants, he is also one of the rare figures of any epoch, a man whose place in history is securely established during his own life-time. He has won that place by embodying the aspirations of millions of inarticulate people. He is hated by both imperialists and Communists because he loves freedom and abhors all totalitarianism. Democracy's future in Asia is inseparably linked with Nehru's name. Franklin D. Roosevelt glimpsed that point. He would have been stirred by Nehru's current mission. We hope our distinguished visitor will understand that the same journals which view his journey with alarm were no less hostile to the man we elected President four times.—*Post-Home News Syndicate.*

In the last two years Pandit Nehru, Prime Minister of India, has become one of Asia's most significant figures. Mr. Nehru, now visiting the United States, is a statesman of first rank in

his own right. And, with China a house divided against itself, India has become the largest single Government on the world's largest and most populous continent. When Britain liquidated her Indian empire in 1947, after a general uprising against European colonialism, Burma elected to have complete independence. Ceylon, feeling the need for the British Navy's protective arm, chose a dominion status. Prime Minister Nehru, however, has made it clear that his country is charting its own course in world affairs. Apart from the desire to avoid all entanglements, his view is that India will enhance her bargaining power abroad by maintaining an independent attitude. At the moment, however, India has on her own doorstep a problem which has become a distinct threat to peace. That is the dispute with Pakistan over future control of the State of Kashmir. When the new States of India and Pakistan were formed, India was given most of the predominantly Hindu territory while the heavily Moslem areas were assigned to Pakistan. Kashmir's people are largely Moslems, but its ruler decided to cast his lot with India. In the ensuing dispute whole villages were put to the sword before United Nations intervention obtained a cease-fire agreement. Now the United Nations has proposed that Kashmir's people settle the issue by a plebiscite, to which Pakistan has agreed but India has not. Both apparently feel that a vote probably would favour Pakistan. Unless and until there is a peaceful settlement of this controversy neither India nor Pakistan can be considered a good credit risk for the financial aid both seek from America. With a Moslem minority in India and a Hindu minority in Pakistan, war between the two States probably would mean civil wars inside both and the result might be to open the doors of both countries to Communism. So, while welcoming our visitor from India, we should be as realistic in our attitude as Mr. Nehru is in his. It would be folly to invest American money in economic development projects in either India or Pakistan while the explosive Kashmir issue remains unsettled.—*Scripps-Howard Chain.*



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.

Radium Scandal

One should feel grateful to you for bringing to prominent light what is known as the "Radium Scandal" in the Barnard Institute of Radiology, Madras. You have very ably presented the case on behalf of the public.

May I add a few points to bring home the scandal to the mind of our Ministry? In the Financial Code there is a clause known as **Canons of Financial Propriety**. Every permanent servant is expected to use Government money with the same diligence with which a man of ordinary prudence would use his own personal funds. Applying this test to the case in question, we ask whether the person concerned exercised that diligence which an ordinary man of prudence would have exercised.

Before making payment for the consignment of the needles, did he satisfy himself that they complied with the specification? Ordinarily a man of prudence would satisfy himself on this very important point before making payment. On the strength of the certificate of the manufacturers that the needles comply with the specification, payments are made. The question is whether any such certificate was received at all, along with the documents. If no such certificate had been received and if payment had been made, the person concerned should be held personally responsible under the aforesaid **Canons of Financial Propriety**.

AN EX-PERMANENT SERVANT.

The Loud Speaker Nuisance

Nowadays almost every city and town and even some villages have radio sets installed in them by municipalities and panchayats. They have arranged loud

speakers at suitable places without annoyance being caused to people living near by. Moreover, the use of such sets is limited to certain hours of the day only. As such they are not felt to be a nuisance. But what a nuisance these radio sets can be when used in public places like coffee hotels, tea and sweet-meat stalls, soda-vendors' shops, shoe and stationery marts, shaving saloons and laundries! Licences are being issued freely to the owners of concerns like these without regard to the localities in which they are situated and the use to which the radio sets are being put and the hours during which they are switched on. In the city of Madras this nuisance has been keenly felt by the Government and they have imposed certain restrictions to minimise it. If such a thing is done in the provincial capital, why not in the mofussil towns? A coffee-hotel keeper has no right to attach a loud-speaker to his radio set into the public street, and that too all through the day, putting the neighbours to considerable hardship, inconvenience, mental worry and trouble without any peace of mind on account of the roaring noise made by the loud-speakers. This loud speaker nuisance is highly detrimental to the tranquility and peace of the residents of the locality, and is injurious to their health. It causes sleeplessness to persons dwelling in the locality.

The Government should impose rigorous restrictions when they issue licences to these vendors and hotel-keepers. They must not be allowed to use loud-speaking amplifiers. This condition must be imposed, and any violation must be drastically penalised. The hours of tuning must also be restricted.

CH. SRINIVASA RAO, B.A., B.Ed.
Masulipatam.

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