

Ver. 12/13



65

He eats food cooked with
DALDA
— it helps to replenish the
energy he uses up
every day!



Supplies the fat you need in a balanced diet

COTTON YARNS

Of all Descriptions

for

Power-loom, Handloom or Hosiery

MADURA MILLS CO., LTD.

(Mathurai, Tuticorin and Ambasamudram)

Have established a reputation for unrivalled quality.

Specialities:

Single Yarn, Double Yarn,

Cone Yarn, Cheese Yarn

etc., etc.

5,00,000
Spindles

Counts
Up to 80s

Managers:

A. & F. HARVEY LTD.

MATHURAL

THE ANDHRA BANK LIMITED

Estd. 1923.

Head Office: MASULIPATAM

PAID-UP CAPITAL AND RESERVES
Rs. 34,00,000

TOTAL WORKING FUNDS EXCEED
Rs. 6,00,00,000

Madras Branch: 378, Esplanade

Mylapore Office:
49, KUTCHERY ROAD.

Thyagarayanagar Office:
31/82, Pondy Bazar.

OTHER OFFICES:

Amadalavalasa (Vizag Dt).
Amalapuram.
Anakapalli.
Arundelpet (Guntur).
Bapatla (Guntur Dt.).
Berhampur (Ganjam).
Bhimavaram.
Challapalli (Kistna Dt.).
Chicacole.
Chirala.
Cocanada.
Duggirala.
Ellore.
Golaprolu.
Guntur.
Gudur (Nellore Dt.).
Governorpet (Vijayavada).
Jaggayyapet.
Jayapore (Orissa).
Maharani (Vizagapatam).
Masulipatam.
Narasaraopet.
Nellore.
Ongole.
Palakol.
Parvatipuram (Vizag Dt.).
Pedana (Kistna Dt.).
Peddapuram.
Pithapuram.
Rajahmundry.
Ramaraopet (Cocanada).
Salur (B. N. Ry.).
Samalkot.
Tiluru (Vizag Dt.).
Tuni.
Tenali.
Vijayavada.
Vinukonda (Guntur Dt.).
Vizagapatam.
Vizianagaram (B. N. Ry.).
All kinds of Banking
Business including Foreign
Exchange transacted.
TADAPALLE SREERAMULU,
Managing Director.
K. VARNASY,
M.A., B.COM., LL.B., CALLB.,
General Manager.

1949

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV NO. 43

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1949.

CONTENTS

PAGE

On The Cover: Mrs. M. D. Law,
Managing Editor of a mammoth,
new Chamber's Encyclopaedia now
in the making. She was a director
of Encyclopaedia Britannica from
1925 to 1943.

The Tea-Shop (Poem)—By
Manjeri S. Iswaran

Editorial Comments

Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara

Kalakshetra—By "Natyapriya"

The Pet And I (Short Story)—
By Nena C. Dowsett

Andhra Province Problems—By
S. Rajagopalan

News From The Capital—From
Our Special Correspondent

Rajendra Babu—By Dr. B.
Pattabhi Sitaramayya

Luigi Einaudi: President Of New-
Born Italy—By Emil
Lengyel

Thakin Nu: Saint Or Softy?—By
Andrew Roth

Democracy In Practice

America's Reception To India:
Then And Now—By Dr. N. S.
Hardiker

The Maid (Short Story)—By M.
Krishnamoorthi

"Ebony And Ivory"

White-Negro Marriages In U. S. A.
—By P. G. Krishniiah

Kamaladevi—By G. S.
Bhargava

Cultural Unity (Azad Qalam)—
By K. A. Abbas

Sidelights—By Saka

The Compleat Englishman—By
Santha

Film Fare—By Sirocc

THE TEASHOP

(A Malabar Folk-song)

Rendered by MANJERI S. ISVARAN

There's a teashop in Calicut
and in the shop the boss;
O, he is never cross,
he has a smile
to beguile
everybody into his shop,
this teashop in Calicut.
O, how many are the dishes
delicious as your wishes
stand arrayed in the shop!
Like mohurs of gold
the glass jars hold
the crisp banana chips
drawing the water to your lips!
Here are heaps of parched rice,
and puddings seasoned with spice;
here are platefuls of fishes
as white as coconut flakes;
here are varieties of cakes
to melt and float
adown your throat,
cakes like a punch
to bite and munch;
cakes, cakes, cakes, cakes—
glory to him that bakes!
Some are flat
and some are fat,
some are thick
so smooth to lick!
O, take a hop
into the shop
and call for a cup of tea,
a nice cup of tea,
and a mutton chop,
merrily, merrily,
in the teashop,
this teashop in Calicut!

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 43

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE CONSTITUTION

LAST Saturday when Dr. Rajendra Prasad put his signature to the document finally produced by the Constituent Assembly after three years' labour, everyone called the event historic. Yet, curiously, there was notable lack of enthusiasm for their own handiwork on the part of many of the constitution-makers. In the debate during the third reading of the final draft as a whole, (without the distraction of new amendments), as member after member gave his personal reactions, this sense of disappointment became unmistakably evident, not least among the Congressmen in the House.

What was responsible for this dissatisfaction, which clearly went deeper than the feeling of anti-climax that attends the completion of any task? Perhaps Arnold Toynbee can help one to understand. Was not the whole three-year debate in Delhi an illustration of his theory of the clash of civilisations?

After Western civilisation began to influence India there emerged two main strands in the nationalist movement: the anti-Western, revivalist tendency which visualised a free India rediscovering her soul and drawing strength from her own characteristic way of life; and the tendency to accept the technology and social organisation of the West as superior to our own, and to plan for an industrialised, Westernised free India that would take her place as an equal with other free nations in a radically Westernised world.

Both the urges, mutually contra-

dictory though they were, helped to energise our nationalist movement. To the logical mind it must have seemed that the time for decision in favour of one or the other path had arrived when we became free and could therefore shape our future as we—in effect the majority party—liked. But the two tendencies had not been organised separately under the banner of different political parties. No doubt the Hindu Mahasabha consciously developed the anti-Western, revivalist tendency but it was by no means absent from the Congress. Pro- and anti-Western urges have in fact co-existed in most individuals. There can be no doing away, except forcibly and to our hurt, either with our ancient Indianness or with our recent Westernisation.

Fortunately neither the extreme Westernisers nor the extreme revivalists were any considerable force in the Assembly. The overwhelming majority were Congressmen, compromisers in the conflict between the two reactions to the impact of the West on India; but unconscious compromisers most of them, and therefore neither happy nor very effective; with no idea of what they were about. This, surely, accounts for their surprise and disappointment that the constitution they have devised is not distinctively Indian.

South Africa And U. N.

THE trend of world opinion towards South Africa is indicated in the resolution of the United Nations

Trusteeship Committee submitting to the World Court at The Hague the question of the international status of South West Africa. The need for the resolution arose from the consistent flouting of the authority of the U. N. General Assembly by the Government of South Africa. Except Russia no power has shown itself so firmly impervious to international opinion as reflected in the U. N. In view of the fact that practically every mandatory territory not yet freed politically has been placed under a trusteeship system, the General Assembly of the United Nations has been urging that South Africa should come in line by submitting a trusteeship plan for South-West Africa, a German colony prior to the First World War, since 1920 being administered by the South African Union Government as a League of Nations mandate. After continually ignoring the wishes of the Assembly, the Union finally claimed South-West Africa as an integral part of its own territory and disputed the right of the U. N. to step into the legal shoes of the defunct League of Nations. The natives of South-West Africa do not of course relish the Union regime which holds the palm in all the world for rabid white racialism, and look to the U. N. for liberation from its increasingly intolerable pressures. The reference to the World Court is for settlement of the legal aspect of the dispute between the U. N. and the Union. The future of the U. N. organisation hangs on the extent to which, after obtaining the verdict of the Court, the U. N. will prove itself capable to subdue recalcitrant Dr. Malan to the will and conscience of its appropriate international agencies for protection of oppressed people.

Compelled To Lend!

THE Madras Finance Minister's proposal for a compulsory loan of Rs. 6 crores to be extracted from agriculturists, is evidence of the despera-

tion of his plight. It is very puzzling that the Central Government should have approved the measure, as it is reported to have done. Lately, there has been a recurrence of conflict between Central directives and the policies of the Madras Government. The latest instance was the rejection on purely communal grounds of officers of the I.A.S. assigned for the province, in defiance both of the spirit and letter of the Constitution just passed, and the oft-repeated emphasis on equality and non-discrimination contained in the public utterances of top leaders of the Congress like Pandit Nehru. It is not unlikely, with this experience of scant courtesy before them, the leaders of the Central Government felt disinclined to tender to our provincial stalwarts advice which might share the same fate, and so left them to stew in their own juice. What with the reckless squandering of public money for the private benefit of Ministers' relatives and friends, of which instances have been given in SWATANTRA without being till now disproved, people are in no mood to put up with further exactions. They would like to have evidence of wiser spending and greater trustworthiness before they can consent willingly to make more sacrifices to place more money at the disposal of the Finance Minister. Agriculture is scarcely a lucrative occupation, and the singling out of agriculturists for the payment in a single year of twice the annual burden of taxation, is not likely to enhance the Finance Minister's reputation for economic sanity. How will he deal with those who may be genuinely unable to pay? Will they be penalised for their disability? As the penal cost of tax-collection rises, the atmosphere of goodwill between people and Government is destroyed, and the seeds are sown of the decay of Congress power. These six crores will mean a very heavy cost to the party and Government for whose benefit the exaction is planned.

Sotto Voce

The New Dubash



THERE was a friend of my uncle, one of the generation bred on Macaulay and the R. P. A., who had an enthusiasm which struck me as bizarre in the extreme. He went about saying that the greatest gift of the Britisher to India was not Shakespeare, nor John Barleycorn, but the share scrip. He rated the joint stock company among the major inventions of humanity. And he regarded with awe the holder of gilt-edgeds. Britain, which ruled India by Divine dispensation, did not disdain to borrow of these lordly individuals. What a pinnacle of achievement for a mere black man!

But he was a patriot, too. And in those far-off Swadeshi days nationalist economics taught that if the mills of Glasgow were able to produce cheaper cloth than the handlooms of India it was because Glasgow men had had the wit to pool their savings to set up mills. In India on the contrary men were content to put their cash in ornaments which paid no dividends but merely cumbered their wives' necks and arms. An ever more foolish thing to do was to pay fancy prices for land. The man who resisted these age-long impulses and gave his money into the safe keeping of seven directors was a public benefactor. As for the *entrepreneurs* themselves, there was no praise too high for them.

Gandhian economics repudiated the thesis of my poor enthusiast as born of the slave mentality. But, while it denounced the mills as Satanic, it allowed the mill-owners to flourish. Like the yogi who prises out the thorn of ignorance with the thorn of knowledge, hoping to throw them both into the fire later, the khadder-clad heroes told them-

selves that they would use the money bags to sand-bag the British and then puncture them with the stiletto of democracy. They fancied they already heard the chink of the pouring coins as the poor fell upon them and grabbed them.

But today Gandhian economics is in eclipse and Walter Bagehot is again on top. Only, thanks to the inverse racialism our Government have developed, our economy will, Janus-like, have two faces. For foreign investors India will be a paradise of free enterprise. But indigenous "vested interests," destined for *nirvana*, are invited to conduct themselves meanwhile as if they were ticket-of-leave prisoners. Far from being grateful for this privilege, many of them have, like the tortoise, most discourteously retired into their shells.

But quite a number of them have put service before self; they are nobly aiding the Government's efforts to induce foreign capital to flow into India. From fertilisers to fancy goods, from pickaxes to Packards, everything that the heart of man can covet will soon be "Made in India." That is, they will be made by British or American brains, hands, tools and money. These, however, by a subtle transformation will become Indian because the assembling yard is located on Indian soil and our patriotic merchant-princes will receive a nice commission for lending their names and playing dubash.

Your international financier is a wary bird, who never ventures far out of sight of his country's guns; he must have the "Capitulations," nothing less. And the Sardar does not like it; he would prefer to give the reins into

the hands of Indian capital if it can be induced to come out of its hiding place. Hence his consent, given I am sure with great reluctance, to a preposterous plan by which tax-evaders are to be assured that no questions will be asked if only they will irrigate the parched fields of trade and commerce with their liquid gold.

But, what if this "hidden hoard" should prove a myth? In any case the demoralisation that would result from thus compromising with law-breakers will be too high a price to pay for a hypothetical advantage. Would it not be best to say nothing about this black money—but collar it swiftly if it should ever put out its ugly head?

Meanwhile the income-tax could be reduced to more sensible proportions and men given an inducement to earn an honest penny.

Grandiose Tata Plans might not be realised that way. But the country will at least be saved from the New Dubash. Those who argue that we must be able to produce everything in India from pin's heads to atomic piles never bother to ask themselves who will buy what we produce. While we gape at the gewgaws from our factories like bumpkins at a village fair, the land decays. And our rulers may find too late that India is too poor to have both bread and circus.

VIGNESWARA.

KALAKSHETRA

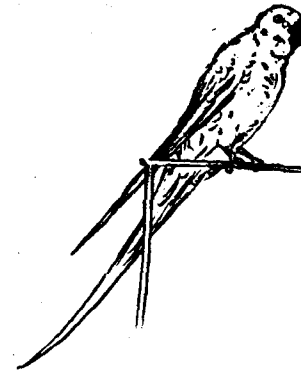
By "NATYA PRIYA"

AN oasis spot certainly Kalakshetra is in the otherwise arid art-atmosphere of Madras. When everyday you have dances of new stars emerging in the horizon with their inch-deep make-ups and eyesight-blinding brilliants all over the body, it is strange—surpassingly strange—to find only in the Kalakshetra figures draped in costumes which invite eyes-fill of gaze by their delightfully soothing colour harmony under a mellow lighting that sets to much advantage even normal attractions. Again, the ornaments worn by the dancers do not offend the eye by any distracting shine of their own. If at all they are worn, they only contribute to a sense of completeness in the colour scheme. Beyond the needed touching-up of appearances, the pupils of Kalakshetra never repel the audience by any thickly-laid rouge on their faces or lipsticks or costly cosmetics, which are the disgusting features of dances nowadays. It is by this relieving contrast to what we are accustomed to everywhere else, that lovers of art at the outset begin to be prepossessed of a programme of dancing at the Kalakshetra.

The items of an "Art Evening," as they call it at the Kalakshetra, (as the one witnessed on Wednesday when Mr. Walter Lippmann was the chief guest) contains a few folk-dances by groups of boys and girls

interspersed with a few representations of Bharata Natya. The tunes to which the group dances are conducted deserve special mention. For, apart from the general subdued tone which fills the atmosphere to expectation, there are patches of old moulds in songs which allure the *rasikas* to a sense of utter enjoyment. The piece in *Mangalakaishiki* of Ramadas Swami in Telugu which was sung was one such, reminding by its peculiarity (in not ascending to the higher *stayi* or descending to a lower one) its age-oldness.

Whatever impressions Mr. Lippmann and his party carried with them, we cannot hesitate to express our deepfelt thankfulness to Sri Rukmini Devi for her devotion in bringing back to us glimpses of an ancient art's purity and precision. Though one feels it enjoyable to have group dances occasionally, still the thirst for the more sophisticated Bharata-Natya representations persists. The classicism in them accounts no doubt for the unceasing eagerness to watch them. But still one feels doubtful whether, whatever other types of dances permit of artistes drawn from both the sexes, Bharata Natya can at all look so very enthralling as it does, if in portions like the *Tillana* anything but the graceful and supple limbs of a woman were to sway and gesticulate before our eyes.



THE PET AND I

By LENA C. DOWSETT

A man's home is his castle, or should be. Mine was until a friend presented us with Figaro. That was the name my wife gave him, not that he was musical, far from it. I could never imagine why she gave him that name, unless perhaps she thought it might give him some inspiration—but there—I have given up trying to find a logical reason for several of my wife's actions. Our friend had found him wandering in the bazaar, apparently homeless. After making a few enquiries, he discovered that he had been abandoned by his last owners when they had moved to another district. When he had been in our house for a week I could understand why, and I did not blame them.

He was a parrot of the gaudiest and loudest type; he was crafty, repeated any conversations he heard, and was no respecter of persons, least of all me. When he was first brought into our house he just went into roars of horrible laughter, flew into the back of my armchair, and perched there talking to himself ten to the dozen. When I went in to see the cause of all the noise he promptly closed his mouth and glared at me, then said, "What is it." My wife remarked how intelligent he seemed to be; a fact which I firmly denied. As I approached my chair he lowered his head and hissed at me, the look on his face was awful. At this moment our two children came in with their Ayah, and he let out such a shriek that it frightened the poor woman into hysterics, but the children leapt

on him with great jubilation. He let them ruffle his feathers and tickle him, and my small son was delighted when he discovered that their new found friend could chatter in Hindi as well as English. He walked up and down on the back of my armchair, his head bent forward, looking as if he had the responsibilities of the world resting on his shoulders. I think he must have sensed my antagonism and was just putting on an act for the benefit of my wife. Later on, when I discovered how cleverly the mind of that bird worked, I knew quite well he was playing up to her, and furthermore he could sense that the final decision as to whether he stayed rested with her. He looked up at her with an innocent eye, and said, "Pretty girl," after which he gave a piercing whistle on two notes. The children shouted with laughter, and my wife promptly seized the opportunity to say, "There, you see the children love him, we must let him stay." The children joined in with, "Oh Yes Daddy, do let us keep him." I could see that they were amused at his chatter, and to them he was a novelty, and I knew that they would not readily give him up, and after his devilishly clever remark to my wife, I could see that it would be useless for me to make any objection. I gave in with as much good grace as I could muster, at the same time declaring quite firmly, only on condition that he did not disturb me at my work. I must mention here that I am a writer. My wife and children hooted with laughter. I am afraid they have never

looked on my occupation as work. After this he became a permanent member of our household, and, as I said before, my wife named him Figaro, turned a blind eye to all his faults, for he had many, and never failed to remark, on her return from shopping in the morning or any other time if she had left us on our own, that the poor dear looked sad. After which she would give me a speculative glance, as if she was debating whether or not I had been unkind to dear Figaro. I think my instant dislike of him was born the moment he started to talk, some voices are like that, and grate on one's nerves. It was a voice that vibrated into the very depths of the solar plexus, echoing as a sharp pain in the back of the head. Yes, it had become as bad as that. He chattered incessantly when we were left alone, in a peculiar high pitched manner, but when my wife appeared he would immediately lower the tone and furthermore could, and did look thoughtful, in other words just acted the innocent, but I knew he was quite the reverse. I knew that this state of affairs could not go on indefinitely, for my work was suffering, and I was becoming irritable. He was the central fact of my waking consciousness, the antagonist of my dreams. For me there was no longer any peace in my household. His favourite trick to aggravate me was to climb on the back of my chair, just as I was feverishly attempting to finish an article in time for the post, and whistle one of the latest horribly popular tunes, not in harmony of course, but complete with sharps and flats where none should have been. If I attempted to put him out of the room, he would promptly bite me, and revile me in three different languages, and a bite from his beak was no joke. When I tried to complain to my wife she just looked painfully surprised and said she could not understand it, for he never attacked her, and he let the children do any thing they liked with him. I was desperate, something had to be done.

The climax came one afternoon. I had been through a particularly busy morning on an article that had to go off on the afternoon post. I had the typewritten sheets ready on my desk to

go into the envelope when the telephone bell rang. I went into the hall to answer it. When I returned I found him standing on my desk tearing my finished article to pieces with his beak. I knocked him off the desk and shouted angrily for my wife. She and the children came running in; and to further my annoyance, at once started to sympathise with poor Figaro. "This is the last straw," I said, "this wretched bird will have to go." My wife picked him up and soothed his ruffled feathers and murmured something about a big bully ill-treating a poor defenceless little parrot. I banged my fist on the table and said, "I can stand it no longer, he must be out of this house today, give it away to one of the servants, if no one else will take it." Both the children started to cry, at which I gave them a slap. My wife looked aghast and called out to her mother, who had just arrived for tea. In she came and my wife asked her, did she think I was going mad as I had just ill-treated poor Figaro and hit both the children, just because he had torn up a few sheets of paper with some stupid writing on it. My mother-in-law gave me a long look which conveyed to me that she had suspected it for a long time and was not in the least surprised. Again I clenched my fist and banged it down, unfortunately this time I upset the ink. At this their tears turned to smiles and from Figaro came chuckles of raucous laughter. My wife patted me on the arm, and told me to stop playing with the ink and behaving like a would-be Napoleon or Hitler in the house, and that if we sent Figaro away now, I would be the cause of our dear children growing up with split minds, as they were so terribly fond of him. I gave in, of course, and sat down to type my article all over again. I could not settle. I had to think of a way of getting rid of this pest that was so firmly entrenched in our home. At last I hit on the plan of setting him free so that he would fly off somewhere. I could think of no other way and it would have to be done at night—but tonight was full moon, and my wife sleeps very lightly at the time of the full moon. Well I could stand it, I suppose, for another few days.

I laid my plans carefully. At the end of the week was the Literary Club dinner, I would do it then, as by the time I arrived home everyone would be in bed and asleep. That evening as I was leaving he seemed to give me a most penetrating look. I said "Good night" to the children and my wife. "I will leave some hot coffee in the flask for you," she said. "Thank you, dear" I replied. I went out thinking, Hot coffee, I shall need a good strong drink if I finish this deed tonight.

As I entered the house later that night I was trembling, not with fear but with excitement, an excitement born out of all the past moments of anguish which were coming to an end. I felt sorry about the children for they would be upset, but there, they would soon forget, and I would buy them something new to make up for it. I opened the door quietly and, removing my shoes, crept silently along to the back of the house where he slept on the verandah, in fact we all slept there most of the time for coolness. There was a very small moon, but the sky was bright with the light of the stars. I heard the chirruping of the crickets, and in the distance the clock tower was striking midnight, and I stood there waiting until the last note floated away on the still night air.

Each bed on the verandah was covered by a mosquito net, I looked in at my wife, she turned in her sleep but made no other sign that I had disturbed her. I moved on towards the corner, where he slept in his special sheltered spot. I stood looking down at him for a moment, silent enough now in his sleep. I opened the door of his cage quickly, then I had him firmly in my grasp, my fingers were clasped tightly over his beak, so that he was unable to cry out in his horrible piercing way. He struggled a little, but could make no sound. I carried him back through the house, out of the front door and up the street, the end of the road should be far enough I thought, he will not find his way back from there. He will fly off somewhere. I reached the end of the road and, holding him high in the air I flung him far out into the night. There was a flutter of wings, a squawk, and I heard no more.

I returned home, and feeling utterly weary, I got into bed. I fell into a disturbed and restless sleep, full of unpleasant dreams. I dreamed I was in my study trying to write, and horror of horrors, there he was bigger and louder than ever, shouting and screaming to such an extent that I thought my head would burst. But what is this? I am not asleep! I am awake, and there I can hear his voice, what is he shouting? FIRE: MURDER: POLICE: HELP: on and on without stopping. I closed my eyes again, this, I said to myself, is the end—I have gone mad. But wait, I can hear many voices in the house, my wife's, the children's, men's voices. I sat up and looked around, there were many lights on in the house, something had happened. I sprang out of bed and looked at my watch, it was nearly two o'clock. Heavens! I thought, I have been asleep nearly two hours. I ran into the house and found gathered together in our dining room, my wife, children, a police official and several neighbours, and there on my small daughter's shoulder sat my living nightmare, Figaro. His red beak looking redder than ever, and his green feathers seemingly unruffled. He became silent when he saw me, and strange to say I did not feel quite so hostile towards him. They all tried to tell me together what had happened. After a while I managed to get the story from my wife. It appears that a thief had got into our house, and was taking my wife's jewellery from her drawer, and that Figaro had somehow got out of his cage and had given the alarm by shouting out. His cries had awakened our neighbours, who had come rushing in, and also my wife and children. The only one who had not been disturbed was me. They caught the thief and he had been taken off to the police station. I had slept through all this excitement and came in at the tail end. "You must have been very tired after making your long speech at the Literary Club," said my wife, "but never mind, it was lucky we had Figaro here, and don't you think he was clever to call out for help. But I wonder how he knew there was danger, and what made him shout murder, help, in such a peculiar way, and

what was he doing out of his cage? I do wish he would tell us."

I looked at Figaro, and he looked at me, he then gave his most piercing whistle on two notes.

After the police official and the neighbours had left, and my wife and children had gone back to bed, I went into the dining room where we had left Figaro to spend the rest of the night. I went up to him and he let me scratch his head. We regarded each other very solemnly, then I said: "Old chap, how you found your way back I do not know, but you have done us a great service and I thank you. Let us then call a truce, and in future, when I am writing, leave me alone, then in return, when you are sleeping, I will leave you alone."

"OKAY. OKAY. What a night," he shouted as loudly as ever.

That morning at breakfast, Figaro was the hero of the household, and a great fuss was made of him by one and all, but I did not mind. I could feel that he and I no longer irritated each other and I was pleased. My wife's mother came in and after patting Figaro on the head, sat down and murmured something about good for nothing men coming home late at

night from club dinners, and being too heavy with drink to protect poor wife and children from robbers and bandits and who might have been murdered in their beds. I made no reply and sat quietly looking at my newspaper. Suddenly I glanced at my wife. She was drinking her tea and staring dreamily into space. I did not like this, for it meant that either she had discovered something, usually about myself, or else her intuitive powers were at work, and that meant that she would shortly find out what she wanted to know.

She put down her cup and saucer, and then said: "Do you know, dear, I really cannot think how Figaro got out of his cage last night, because I know I fastened the door securely. I suppose you didn't open the door in the hope that he would wander off and get lost, did you?" "Well, really," I replied, "what strange ideas you women get into your heads."

There was a scratching noise behind me. I looked round to see Figaro climbing up the back of my chair. Our eyes met, and if parrots can wink, then I swear he winked at me.

"What a night" he shouted, "What a night;" and finished up with his special whistle on two notes.

A study to determine the food-purchasing power of workers in 19 countries from October 1948 to April 1949 has been completed by the U. S. Labour Department. Results of the study show Australia in first place with the highest average, followed in order by the United States, Norway, Canada, Great Britain, Sweden, Finland, Switzerland, Israel, Czechoslovakia, Ireland, Chile, France, Hungary, Germany (Bizonia), Italy, Austria, and the USSR.

Here is a story of Chesterton meeting Bernard Shaw.

"When I see you, I think there is a great famine in the land," remarked G. K. C.

"And when I look at you, I think you are the cause of it," retorted G. B. S.

MARRIAGE:

When you are a married man, you will understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but whether it is worth while going through so much to learn so little, as the charity-boy said when he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter of taste.—CHARLES DICKENS.

ANDHRA PROVINCE PROBLEMS

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

THE decision to create an Andhra Province *lo instanti* on the lines of the J.V.P. Report will, one hopes, put an end to the cold war and needless sabre-rattling indulged in by certain Andhra and Tamil politicians in recent months. In truth, few can demur to an Andhra Province; even Sri Aurobindo has blessed its formation. Indeed if only Andhra Desa had been a little less Congress-minded the British Government itself would have established the Andhra Province perhaps even earlier than the Orissa Province. In recent years, the delaying as well as the complicating factor has been the claim for a virtual partition of Madras City; which of course cannot be countenanced for the obvious reason that Madras City is just a part of India and can be claimed neither by the Andhras, nor for that matter the Tamilians, exclusively. Madras City is ever so different from Madras the provincial capital, which is the home not only of the Telugus and the Tamils but of the Kannadigas, the Malayalees, the Gujeratis, the Anglo-Indians and the Europeans not excluding the foreign missionaries, who are entitled to it on the principle adumbrated by the Kumarappa Committee for the acquisition of proprietary rights in agricultural land. The capital was not built in a day and owes its prominence and equipment to the labour and money contributed by people from Khallikote to Karaikkal and from Tambaram to Tenkasi.

Several factors are essential for a province. Linguistic self-sufficiency on which so much unnecessary stress was laid by certain speakers at the Corporation Stadium gathering the other day, by itself may not mean much. What matters most is the contiguity of the tracts. For example, Tamil is spoken in Colombo, Kandy and Jaffna: still would they on that account be annexed to Tamil Nad? Telugu is the mother tongue of some of the influential and even numerically strong communities in Tamil

Nad, such as the Vysyas, the Beri Chettis, and the Reddis, and yet no one will think of assigning them over to the Andhra Province when formed. Again history tells us that there were at least three distinct political entities in South India speaking the same language, namely, the Chola, Pandya and Chera kingdoms. Hence on the ground of contiguity and common mother tongue, the claim of the Andhras for a province of their own extending from Jeypore to Chittore, is incontestable.

A province has to be a viable unit, that is to say, it has to be economically self-sufficient and able to inaugurate capital schemes and projects without, as far as possible, subventions from the Centre. It should be a self-contained unit, enabling its people to rise to their full stature. Madras City is one such area. Apart from the Secretariat, the High Court and the Harbour, its educational and technical institutions, public and university libraries, medical and other institutions like the Museum, the School of Arts and Observatory, not to mention its aerodrome, radio stations, telephone exchange, and banking institutions, have made it one of India's major provinces. How many crores spread over how many years, will have to be spent if all these have to be duplicated? Yet that will have to be done because a province cannot be created just for the sake of a few minister-ships or High Court judgeships or just because of disagreement amongst ministers. In this respect the Andhras are less favourably placed than even the Keralites and the Kannadigas who can respectively look up to Trivandrum and Mysore, each of which have become fully furnished for a provincial capital by their able and energetic Dewans. The foundation of Andhras' claim to Madras City possibly rests on these circumstances. Perhaps Hyderabad may be a better substitute than a truncated Madras City.

The Andhra claim to Madras City deserves dispassionate examination. In the scheme for an Andhra Province prepared by Sri Konda Venkatappayya and Sri V. Ramados Pantulu and in the Sri Bagh Pact no mention at all was made of Madras City. Certain things have happened since then. The Congress Parliamentary Board which selected candidates for the Legislature in 1946, chose three Andhras for the city and they were duly elected. The Board also consisted of certain members of the Tamil Nad Congress Committee like Sri Avinashilingam and Sri Bhakthavatsalam. Again at the recent Corporation elections, the Tamil Nad Congress Committee declined to set up any candidate officially, but almost at the eleventh hour, an *ad hoc* body put forward a number of candidates to contest the election on the issue of the "Tamil ownership" of Madras City, but it so happened that a good many of them were defeated. Now these happenings may not conclusively prove either that the Tamil Nad Congress tacitly recognised the Andhra ownership of the city or that the Corporation electorate has decisively given its verdict one way or the other. But all the same it might have led to certain Andhras honestly feeling that they have obtained a foothold in the city. At any rate there can be no justification whatsoever for Mr. R. K. Shanmukham's comment that it was all a set of "Goebbels' lies"—the comparison was both odious and inappropriate.

It is a tragic irony that when Orissa was separated from Madras by a fiat, as it were, of the foreign Government, very little bitterness ensued, compared with the grave misunderstanding and ill-feeling which have quite unaccountably crept in now between the Andhras and the Tamilians. In illustration of this, one has only to allude to the various comments in the language papers and to the resolution of the Madras District 'Congress' Committee, which will not permit Madras City even as an interim capital for the Andhras. The Andhras and the Tamilians have in the past, under the aegis of an alien Government and in adversity, marched, fought and suffered together, when some of those who are

now interesting themselves in this controversy, were basking in the sunshine of official favour. Why cannot they join as they did before, when their own heroes are their rulers? Why can there not be a little give and take on either side? Even now there is greater affinity and amity between the Andhras and the Tamils than amongst the component parts of Tamil Nad; and it is a significant fact that both the Andhra and the Tamil masses are yet supremely unconscious of the struggle going on.

The difficulties of an Andhra Province are by no means settled and a rational solution is not yet in sight. The possibility of locating the two capitals in Madras City under the aegis of the India Government, on the analogy of Delhi and Simla, which subserve the interests both of the Union Government and of East Punjab, seems to be definitely ruled out though why the status quo should not be preserved, has not been satisfactorily explained. After all, do not Hindus and Moslems live together in Kashmir and in Calcutta even after the great killings? Are the differences between the Telugus and Tamils more fundamental and far-reaching? Perhaps the matter can be examined afresh after the present tempers on either side have cooled down. A goodwill mission, rather than a boundary commission is the prime need of the hour and this should be composed of eminent and enlightened people who have so far stood out of the controversy such as Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer, Sir Vepa Ramesam, Sri V. V. Giri, P. V. Rajamannar, A. Ranganatha Mudaliar, V. Nagiah, P. Ramalingam Pillai, K. Srinivasan and Srimati M. S. Subbulakshmi who may succeed in bringing the two peoples together. Certain bodies like the South Indian Journalists' Federation and the Madras Advocates' Association may also help. After all it must be admitted that Andhra is still largely Congress-minded. Movement like Dravidistan, anti-Sanskrit, anti-Hindi and anti-Jana Gana Mana cannot flourish there. And it is worthwhile mentioning that when the Tungabhadra and Rampadasagar projects are completed, they may be of infinite help to not only Tamil Nad but to the whole country as well.

NEWS FROM THE CAPITAL

(From Our Special Correspondent)

IN connection with the formation of the Andhra Province, approved by the Central Cabinet, the details of partition have been left to the Home Ministry, which will take steps in consultation with the Partition Council, consisting of Andhra and Tamil Nad members of the Constituent Assembly. In agreeing to the formation of the Andhra Province, the Government of India has made it clear that the new administration cannot expect any financial help in the initial stages in view of the prevailing economic crisis. It, however, does not deprive the Andhra administration of the right to claim its share of revenue and assets of the united province of Madras.

Details of the procedure involved in the partition of Madras Province cannot be known at this stage, but it can safely be assumed that arrangements made for the separation of Orissa and Sind will be closely followed. The Government of India has also the experience of separation in recent months, when the Punjab and Bengal, were divided after the decision of the Congress to partition the country in June 1947. Since then, there have been other drastic changes in the map of India in the process of integrating some 562 States.

The formation of the Andhra Province will not, therefore, be a major problem for the Government of India. Of course, it will mean a great deal to the Madras Government and the interested parties, namely the Andhras and Tamilians. As the partition is to be carried out under the constant advice of the Home Ministry, no obstacles are expected. In the event, however, of a dispute arising between the contending parties the Home Ministry's decision will be final. This will be in keeping with the position and authority of the Home Ministry, whose word is final in inter-provincial matters even under the present set-up.

Now that separation has been agreed to by all parties, the date of the inauguration of the province and

the location of its capital are subjects engaging the attention of the legislators here. Both Andhra and Tamil representatives of the Constituent Assembly are anxious that the announcement should come before the commencement of the Constitution. It is suggested that the Governor-General should proclaim an Order-in-Council giving effect to the decision before the commencement of the Constitution on January 26, 1950. If that happens, the Andhra Province will figure in the First Schedule listing the number of States in India. The Government of Madras will be fully consulted before final touches are given to the partition scheme.

The future of Madras City itself is not settled. It is generally conceded that Madras will have to accommodate temporarily the headquarters of the Andhra section, which may later on shift to a suitable place in the Andhra area. Madras City will continue to be a multi-lingual centre and capital for the rest of the province, which still includes Malayalee and Kanarese speaking districts. Unlike the Andhra areas, they do not seem to be keen on immediate separation. The possibility of Madras being made a centrally administered unit is still not ruled out. In any case, it seems certain that Madras will set the pattern for both Bombay and Calcutta. Opinion in official circles in Delhi, however, is in favour of Madras being made a centrally administered unit in the interests of the country's unity and industrial development. Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta and Madras will then become metropolitan cities under the direct control of the Government of India.

The future of Hyderabad is linked up with the impending changes in Madras Province. The final decision rests with the people of Hyderabad, who will elect a Constituent Assembly on adult franchise in March, 1950. That assembly will decide not only the future of the Nizam, but also the territorial distribution of the State

on linguistic basis. The desire of the Andhra section of Hyderabad to merge with the new province has been noted in Delhi. For the time being, Hyderabad will send sixteen representatives nominated by the Nizam to the Dominion Parliament when it assembles here for the winter session. The nominations will be on the recommendation of the Chief Civil Administrator. Before that Hyderabad will have acceded to the Indian Union provisionally under a *firman* of the Nizam. There is no danger to the position of the Nizam in the immediate future. The Constitution guarantees him the status of a Rajpramukh, even though he may still be called the Nizam. Article 366 of the Draft Constitution, now under discussion, defines as follows: "Rajpramukh means, in relation to the State of Hyderabad, the person who for the time being is recognised by the President as the Nizam of Hyderabad."

The third reading of the Constitution has been completed with few changes in the draft. The session of the Assembly has been rounded off with a social engagement in honour of the constitution-makers. The Governor-General gave a party on Thursday evening to the Assembly members who will assemble again for the final and last session of the Constituent Assembly on the night of the 25th January 1950. Between now and then the choice will have to be made of the provisional President of the Indian Union. According to an informed source, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari may be asked to continue as President for the interim period. The final decision rests with the members of the Constituent Assembly.

The dissolution of the PEPSU Ministry and its replacement by a Caretaker Government have not come as a surprise to New Delhi. The change now announced is considered in political circles here as a somewhat belated attempt by the States Ministry to set right political affairs in the States Union, which is very near the Pakistan border. PEPSU had been sadly lacking in political stability ever since its formation nearly a year ago. Party

politics at the time of inauguration made ministry formation impossible and Sardar Patel came back to Delhi disappointed. Later in January, 1949, attempts were made to set up a composite Ministry which were partially successful, but even then the Government could not be called fully representative. A few weeks back, representations were made to the States Ministry to include in the Union Government parties not represented. With a view to solving the problem finally Sardar Patel called the party leaders to New Delhi for discussion. He was again disappointed to find lack of agreement among the parties on important issues. Sardar Patel, therefore, was compelled to advise the dissolution of the Ministry and its replacement by an official Caretaker Government. The other alternative was to make the Union a centrally administered area, which was not possible in the very nature of things and which would have resulted in further complications. The decision of Sardar Patel to have a non-political administration till next elections, therefore, reflects the anxiety of the Central Government to maintain political and administrative stability in the States Union, which is not far from the Pakistan border. Furthermore, there was the danger of communal politics being introduced in the administration, if the Akali party was allowed to join the Ministry. Recent speeches of the Akali leader, both inside and outside the PEPSU Union, have left no room for doubt as to the aims and objectives of the party, which are outspokenly communal and encourage hopes of an all-Sikh Province if not an all-Sikh State as desired by Master Tara Singh. It is against this background that recent developments in the PEPSU Union have to be viewed. Curiously enough the Pakistan press has shown keen interest in the claims of the Akali party to have a separate State. Political circles in Delhi are watching these developments carefully. It is even suggested by a section of legislators that the distinction between East Punjab Province and E. Punjab States should go and a homogeneous unit of one East Punjab should emerge to serve as a stable and prosperous border province.

RAJENDRA BABU

By Dr. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA

GREAT men are not necessarily good men, nor need good men be always great men. The combination of greatness and goodness is somewhat rare and therefore rich for its very rarity. Greatness itself may be the result of goodness and goodness may sometimes be only a synonym of greatness. A good man is sometimes found to be a weak man, one who is unwilling to be stern and unrelenting in the execution of his duties. That is not goodness. Weakness cannot make for goodness, any more than tyranny can constitute greatness. Goodness is of the heart, greatness is of the heart as well as of the head and of the hand. Both are ensured when the hand, the head and the heart act together, the hand rejecting nothing that the head wills, and the head always heeding what the heart impels. In this full view of the picture Rajendra Babu is both good and great.

If there is a belief that Rajendra Babu lacks the vigour and decisiveness of the Sardar, the differences are attributable to causes relating to professional training and physical health. Between two lawyers of eminence, one distinguished for success in criminal work and the other reputed for eminence in civil practice, there must be natural differences begotten of the work that engages them. It is the work that makes the man, trains the temperament and ultimately shapes character. The criminal lawyer has no time to lose, must construct his defence and adhere to it, and can ill afford to change horses in mid-stream. Not so the civil lawyer who goes on constructing his case with the progress of the trial, developing his points with the depositions of his witnesses, evolves new theories in the midst of the court's proceedings and has no finality till he begins his concluding arguments. That is why Rajendra Babu's decisions are not as quick as the Sardar's and his nature exhibits a certain softness and susceptibility to change in contrast with the Sardar's quick and unrelenting decision and remorseless action. If

Rajendra Babu differs from the Prime Minister, his health is largely responsible for the absence of bodily mobility which is a necessary asset to intensive political life. Even so, it may be within the memory of the public how he toured almost every district of several provinces during his presidentship of the Congress in 1934-35-36. On every occasion when an emergency arose, it was Rajendra Babu's name that occurred to Mahatma Gandhi and his colleagues to supply the gap—as when on the resignation of Sree Subhash Chandra Bose in May 1939 or of Sri J. B. Kripalani in November 1947. His sobriety and sedateness stand in contrast with the haste and hurry of many a politician. He is neither impetuous nor impulsive, neither obstinate nor even persistent. His frank and outspoken character reveals a habit of mind and spirit which may well be the envy of those who are disposed to be diplomatic in their ways.

Rajendra Babu makes himself not merely amiable to but loved by his colleagues whether seniors or juniors through his perfect sense of regard for all alike. His reverence for his elders, his respect for his equals and his affection for his "youngsters," constitute the real foundation which can bear the weight of many an onerous duty cheerfully undertaken and faithfully performed. He is easily able to enlist co-operation by engaging the goodwill—nay, the affections of his fellow-workers. There are no mental reservations in him to puzzle them or exhibitions of temper and outbursts of fury to confuse them. You can seek his advice on any point—be it your future or his future. He is sure to tell you what he feels, though in answering the latter, he may preface his reply with a gentle smile.

All of us have heard of mannerisms, though they are not in all of us. Some twirl their lips while talking, others raise the angles of their cheeks, a few lower their upper lip. One ex-Member of the Central Executive Council was rolling every now and

then, his eye-balls upwards and outwards, making the black (cornea) invisible and had twitches of the muscles of the forehead and neck which lifted the head towards the left and turned it back. One leader at least scratches his scalp with one finger, places it for a hundredth of a second at the tip of the nose and resumes his talk only to repeat the feat every now and then. Rajendra Babu has a small mannerism which he does not know like all the rest. A mannerism is a habit of body observed with unerring regularity but unconsciously. I have seen some people make their protruded tongues follow the full movement of their hand while writing. Rajendra Babu does the same operation with befitting grace with his lips closed which keep moving to the right and to the left, now pouting forward, now pursed up tight, and now rotating a full circle.

Rajendra Babu is a scholar—in Law and Literature, in English, Hindi and Persian. He has in his speeches an easy and flowing delivery,—his powers of expression, the elegance of his diction, his precision of thought and phraseology—all marking him out as a truly eloquent speaker. He combines a refined legal sense with unsophisticated commonsense. He never obtrudes his opinions and views on the public, but when occasion demands and national interests dictate, he never hesitates to guide the public by his opportune pronouncements, which may be agreeable or otherwise to the people concerned but which is made in a spirit of thorough impartiality and utter helpfulness. His last minute guidance on the election of the Congress President of the Jaipur session as well as his advice in the matter of the official language of Bharat, are examples in support of this observation.

Few people know that Rajendra Babu was at the very threshold of a promising and already remunerative legal career in Patna, when he was invited by Gandhi to help him in Champaran in 1917 to give relief to the thousands of indigo cultivators who had been paying 64 illegal taxes to their European planter-bosses. It was here that he did his apprenticeship in politics as the junior of Gandhi. Six thousand statements,

affidavits, were then taken. It was then that Rajendra Babu was an eye witness to the service of notice under Section 144 on Gandhi to quit the district, Gandhi's first open act of passive resistance and triumph against bureaucracy, for the order was forthwith withdrawn. It was here that he learnt that facts are more than perfervid oratory.

Gandhi had a certain partiality for those who had worked with him in Champaran, Borsod and Ahmedabad, then for those who were with him at Sabarmati and Wardha, then for those who served the nation with him, and lastly, but not least, for those who resisted him and his programme. Rajendra Babu came under the first category and continued to occupy a high place in his affections. The leader of Patna has had the threefold advantage of being a speaker, a writer and worker—rather a rare combination. As a speaker he is lucid and eloquent. As a writer he is painstaking and thorough. As a worker he is sincere and whole-hearted. What else could Satyagraha ask for? The regard for truth promotes depth and humility. The love of *ahimsa* ensures patience, freedom from anger and malice, courtesy to opponents and the obligation to forget and forgive. Not that Rajendra Babu does not get angry but he knows how to control his anger, transform it into constructive energy. His work in the Behar earthquake relief movement was a monument to his capacity for organization, for it remains unique in the social service annals of India alike for its magnitude and magnificence.

Many people are intrigued about Rajendra Babu's future. He himself is indifferent to it. He has publicly declared that he would not be a rival candidate for election to the Presidency of the Indian Republic. But if his name is proposed, it is said he will not perhaps withdraw from the field. Apart from this political prize, he is the one man thought of for constructive work. He had raised Behar in Khaddar from a low place in India almost to the first place in the space of seven years.

As President of the Constituent Assembly, he has sustained his reputation of being an *Ajatha Sathru*. He had not, during three years of arduous work, uttered a harsh word,

nor given a questionable ruling, nor hurt the feelings of a single member of the Assembly. His is the name much sought after in the large fields of constructive effort. He is the President of the Sarvodaya Samaj and the Chairman of the organizing committee of the Conference of World Peace that is to meet shortly at Shanti Niketan. We need not be surprised if after the conclusion of his president-

ship of the Constituent Assembly, he is called upon to bear equally heavy burdens in the promotion of causes even more abiding than India's freedom, and more extensive in their range of operations. Whatever be his future, he is content to be a life's devotee in his pilgrimage on earth,—a perpetual seeker of truth and an indefatigable worker for peace and goodwill.—N. P. S. (Copyright).

LUIGI EINAUDI: PRESIDENT OF NEW-BORN ITALY

By EMIL LENGYEL

A frail-looking 74-year-old "strong man" with piercing eyes and tremendous will power, Luigi Einaudi, first President of the new-born Italian Republic, is an economic wizard, a great scholar and yet a peasant. Called the "Thomas Jefferson of Italy" because of his important role in framing his country's post-liberation liberal constitution, Einaudi towers far above any other public figure in Italy today.

As President, he occupies a strategic world position in a strategically located country. The Italian constitution gives him more power than the President of France, although not as much as the President of the United States. He has the right to serve as an umpire of parliamentary struggles and to give direction to the national executive. His country is strategic because of its situation between East and West, facing both Greece, an outpost of the West, and Yugoslavia, an outpost of the East. The city of Trieste is looked upon by many as a potential Danzig, unless reason prevails in the world.

Curiously, the first President of Italy is a monarchist and he voted for the continued rule of the House of Savoy in the national referendum two years ago. Now it is his lot to occupy the residence of the former ruling house, Rome's historic Palazzo Quirinale, recently vacated by crowned heads. Elected for a seven-year term, President Einaudi looks the reverse of the strong man he really is. His looks and voice are colourless and

sometimes he is afflicted with a nervous stutter. His eyes can look freezing cold. All over his forehead intelligence is written.

Einaudi is the greatest living economist of his country. He is also one of the great scholars of Europe. In another way, too, he is unique; his scholarly writings are not lifeless but are throbbing with life.

He is a "dirt farmer"—another achievement for a man of his age and scientific record. On his farm near Dogliani, he produces a wine with a characteristic tang, and it may one day be named after him, if the ardent neighbours' solicitations are heeded. The peasant-scholar-President has a model farm which is the showplace of the region.

President Einaudi is known as a deeply religious person. When told about his election, he exclaimed: "May God forgive me for my pride in accepting." "Conservative-Liberal" is his political tag. He is deeply attached to Italy's national institutions and has a firm belief in the intelligently conservative national traits of his countrymen. He believes, as he explained to the writer in Rome not long ago, in the idea of the "co-operative state," in which free enterprise is rendered free of monopolists by its devotion to the good of the majority. What is not good for the majority of the people, he said, cannot be good for the individual, either. He contrasted that type of commonwealth with the "monopolistic state," in which the

destinies of millions are directed by the might of a few. Free exchange of opinion is the only permissible method to bring about the gradual transformation of society for the benefit of an ever-increasing number of people, he believes. "Everybody must have the right to say and write what will be found proper by a jury of 12 citizens," he says.

For years Einaudi represented the Rockefeller Foundation in Italy and was Italian editor of the economic history of World War I, published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. He translated several works from English into Italian. One was a writing of Henry A. Wallace, former Vice-President of the U. S., entitled "America Must Choose." Einaudi wrote a long introduction to that book, making an attempt to acquaint his Italian readers with the New Deal. The Italian President is an honorary member of several top-flight North American and British learned societies. His eldest son, Mario, is a noted social scientist at Cornell University.

Italy needs President Einaudi as a one-man brain trust, not as a figure-head. The services of Italy's greatest economist can be utilized more fully in the presidential palace than in the political arena, with its daily bull-fights, for which Einaudi has no taste. The economic rehabilitation of Italy is written large on the agenda of the nation.

For Einaudi's work in halting Italy's headlong plunge into national bankruptcy, he has been dubbed "The Wizard of the Lira." When he took over the economic worries of his country, Italy was despoiled by war and years of reckless rule by an autocrat. Hosts of half-starved children overran the country. It required a vast amount of energy to face the spectacle of utter desolation without a quiver and Einaudi, past man's allotted three score and ten, had that energy—and more.

As Vice-Premier, Finance Minister and head of the Bank of Italy, he

routed the blackmarketeers with incredible celerity and skill. This apostle of free enterprise "packed a wallop" by imposing a stiff capital levy, increasing taxes and halting a disastrous monetary inflation.

When Einaudi looked up from his arduous work, Italy found that the value of the national currency, the lira, had increased greatly, that she was in a position to send surplus goods overseas to "dollar-rich" countries, that the hard-working little people of Italy had bread as well as "pasta," and could feed their children. This was indeed the "Italian miracle," and Einaudi was its unpretentious author.

Many-sided is the word for the new President. He has been statesman, university professor, writer, lecturer, editor, journalist, exile and national hero. A generation ago he was a life-member of the Italian Senate, before the days of Mussolini. He was the financial editor of Italy's leading newspaper, *Corriere della Sera*, for a quarter of a century and abandoned that post only in 1925, when Italy's dictator started to "purge" the press. Einaudi also taught economics at the University of Turin.

During most of the Fascist regime, he was kept from speaking to his country through the press. But he did speak up in his publications in foreign countries. Finally, he had to leave Mussolini's Italy during World War II and, crossing the Alps, found asylum in Switzerland. When fascist might appeared to be rising, he foretold its decline and end. At the foot of the glaciers, Einaudi sketched out his plans for the economic rehabilitation of his native land.

The war was not quite over when he was recalled to liberated Italy. Appointed head of the national bank, he began his heroic labours.

In an age that produced few outstanding men, Einaudi stands out as one of the great creative minds of Italy. Unassuming, modest, he captured the imagination of his countrymen by the sheer weight of his achievements.—Copyright.

THAKIN NU—SAINT OR SOFTY

By ANDREW ROTH

FEW world figures have been bracketed by such contradictory tags as "sex maniac" and "saint," "Marxist" and "reactionary," "nationalist revolutionary" and "servitor of imperialism." All of these have been pinned on smiling Thakin Nu. Premier of rebellion-harassed, China-frightened Burma.

His friendly, humorous face does not look "saintly" in the ascetic sense, but he is a deeply religious Buddhist. When Burmese cartoonists depict their Premier, they invariably include Buddhist rosary beads, which are as much Thakin Nu's trademark as the cigar is Churchill's. Thakin Nu came into contact with religion when young because his father was an ecclesiastical merchant, selling such things as saffron robes to Buddhist monks. Despite this, Nu became religious only after a very wild youth during which he "did everything" according to his own description.

Even in Burma's present-day turbulence he takes time out for religious retreats and makes detours in battle-front inspections to worship at Buddhist shrines. His political speeches resemble sermons and his fondest ambition is to take himself to a monastery. The only obstacle is that he is the acknowledged heir of his assassinated predecessor Aung San and the only man capable of giving any semblance of unity to fragmented Burma.

Although only 42, Thakin Nu is the "old man" among the thirty-year-olds who went on from the famous student strike of 1936 to lead the nationalist movement. Nu was older than his fellow students. He had already received his bachelor's degree in 1929 and served as a school principal. He returned to secure a law degree.

It is curious that, as Premier, Thakin Nu is the Chancellor of the very university from which he was expelled. In 1936 he was the president of Rangoon University's strongly nationalist students union and was expelled for leading the attack on the "imperialist" slant of the educational system and the "arrogant" attitude of

some teachers. Soon thereafter Aung San, who edited the student magazine, was also expelled for protecting the identity of a contributor who also attacked the university administration. These two expulsions sparked the student strike which served as the training ground for Burma's future nationalist leaders.

Like most other young Burmese intellectuals of the time, Nu emerged from the university with distinctly socialist ideas. Leftist pamphlets were the rage because Burmese students felt that Marxism explained why Burma was so rich but its people so poor. Subsequently Nu wrote a book entitled "Marxism" in which he attempted to reconcile Buddhism and Marxism, accepting the economics of Socialism while rejecting the inevitability of a forcible seizure of power. In 1937 he founded the "Red Dragon Book Club" which popularized leftist books in Burma much as the "Left Book Club" did in Britain.

In the 1936-39 period he seemed to try his hand at almost everything. He attempted to direct a film about a nationalistic student leader but failed miserably and was fired. He did a good bit of translating, ranging from Marxism to that capitalist manual of super-salesmanship, Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People." He and some friends attempted to found a "National College" but it closed for lack of funds. The diversity of his activities probably stemmed in part from the indecisiveness which, as Thakin Nu admits, is a feature of his personality. He himself tells of finding a dangerous snake in his backyard. He grabbed up a *dah* (dagger) but his Buddhist aversion for killing living things paralyzed him with indecision for enough minutes to enable the snake to escape.

He earned his reputation as a "sex maniac" through his great interest in playwriting and his preference for challenging themes. It was his plays that first introduced to Burmese playwriting the strains of Ibsen and Shaw. One of his earliest plays dealt with sexual promiscuity in secondary

schools, with a teacher's wife becoming the mistress of a school boy. Nu preached that such sexual maladjustments were largely the result of Burma's backward "hush-hush" policy on sex education. He was applauded by the advanced youth and roundly scolded by his elders.

When the Japanese invaders reached Mandalay in 1942 they found Thakin Nu sitting in a jail cell. In 1939 the young Burmese nationalists had postulated that they would aid Britain in the war only if they received complete independence at its end. Thakin Nu and most of the others were jailed. Aung San managed to avoid the dragnet and went to Japan for military training and returned at the head of a Japanese-sponsored Burmese army. Thakin Nu, always conscientious and hardworking, didn't waste his time in jail. He lectured his fellow prisoners on how they could secure sexual gratification without homosexuality. He also wrote his literary masterpiece, a novel on prison life in which he castigated the atrocities of jailors.

Like most other Burmese nationalists, Thakin Nu learned about the Japanese the easy way—by collaborating with them. The chief collaborator was erratic, dictatorial-minded Dr. Ba Maw, and Thakin Nu served as the link between him and the younger nationalists. Nu served as Secretary General of the Japanese-authorized Maha-bomma Association and was Minister of Propaganda and Foreign Minister in Ba Maw's Cabinet.

With most of the other young nationalists he came to hate the Japanese and favoured contacting the British to help throw them out. But, with typical indecisiveness, he almost went along with Ba Maw when the latter retreated out of Burma with the Japanese. Ba Maw dissuaded him and he returned to the country and wrote an anti-Japanese indictment entitled "Five Years of the Japanese Regime in Burma."

Although Thakin Nu nursed a deep-seated desire to lead a quiet literary life in the country, his highly developed sense of duty made him respond when Aung San called on him to become Vice-President of the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League

(AFPFL) of which Aung San was President. When Aung San became head of the Provisional Government, Thakin Nu became Speaker of the Constituent Assembly.

Thakin Nu's courageous acceptance of an onerous job which he did not desire saved Burma from a severe crisis when it was still on the verge of independence. The wholesale assassination of Aung San and six other leaders in July 1947 robbed Burma of the bulk of its few solid and influential leaders. Only Thakin Nu and Mrs. Aung San commanded universal respect in the fledgling country. The crisis passed over when the British Governor, Sir Hubert Rance, moved swiftly to name Thakin Nu to the vacant leadership.

Thakin Nu accepted Burma's top job on the condition that he could retire after he had seen the young Republic through six months of its early growing pains. But although the six-starred flag of independent Burma was hoisted on January 4, 1948, Burma has not had so much as three months of peace and Thakin Nu is still at the helm, caught between the cross-fires of Communism and Communalism.

Meeting Thakin Nu after a lapse of two years, one is surprised at the bitterness he shows for the rebellious Karens. Not only is he a very tolerant man, but he was formerly one of the very few Burmans fully trusted by the hill peoples. Today he is angry at the Karens' indiscriminate killings of Burmans and what he considers to be the treachery of their leaders.

Thakin Nu has always worked strenuously for the unity of the Burmans, a people of the plains, and the Karens, Kachins, Chins and Shans, who are predominantly hill peoples. He was Speaker of the Constituent Assembly which drafted a constitution as liberal as any in the world in its guarantees for minorities. During Burma's first year of independence he tried strenuously to work out a formula whereby the Karens could have an autonomous state without destroying Burma's unity. But this was very difficult to carve out because many Karens are scattered as minorities among Burmans. As negotiations dragged on, sporadic clashes spread, partly because many of Thakin Nu's

subordinates were not nearly as tolerant as himself, and one excess begot another. His own patience gave out when he found that, under cover of negotiations, Karen leaders were, with the aid of a few free-lancing British Tory agents, planning to destroy the Union of Burma. Gathering animosity exploded into a widespread Karen uprising which almost flattened Thakin Nu's Government, already staggered by the revolts of the Communists.

If this former half-Buddhist half-Marxist can be considered a rightist today, he is entitled to sing to Burma's Communists: "You made me what I am today. I hope you're satisfied!" A close friend and keen observer describes his current position as follows: "This is Thakin Nu's 'reactionary' period. He has become so thoroughly disgusted with the Burmese Communist Party in action that he is inclined to go with anyone, rightist or not, who can show more principles or scruples."

The argument between Thakin Nu and his long-time friends in the leadership of the Communist movement arises partly out of the Nu-Attlee agreement, but more fundamentally out of the Communists' attempt to seize power forcibly. When Thakin Nu returned from London in October 1948 with the Nu-Attlee Agreement, he felt he had made a reasonably good bargain. He secured Burma's complete political independence in exchange for reasonable military and economic concessions. Britain was given the right to train Burma's army and use Burma's airfields in time of war. Burma also promised to pay its debts and to pay equitable compensation for nationalized British firms.

The Communists attacked the treaty as one of "slavery and national humiliation," castigated Burma's new status as "fake independence" and labelled Nu a "servitor of imperialism". They apparently felt that Nu was a "Burmese Kerensky" and that by exploiting Burma's chip-on-the-shoulder nationalism and unsolved post-war economic problems they could oust the elected Nu Government from power. Heavily encouraged by the Indian Communist Party, the Burmese Communists moved into

open insurrection in March 1948, narrowly escaping Thakin Nu's attempt to nip their plot in the bud.

In his political battles with the Communists for the allegiance of Burma's overwhelmingly leftist youth, Thakin Nu has frequently used a folksy approach. Attacking the Communist insistence on mad haste, he has quoted the folk-saying: "We cannot expect to eat fruit from the mango tree we planted only yesterday." He has also reproached them with "cherishing their (Soviet) aunt, while forsaking their (Burmese) mother."

He has said: "Leftists know best where they can hurt fellow leftists most," and put his own knowledge of Marxism to cutting use. He has used their jargon to attack the Communists as "deviationists" and quoted Stalin to contradict their assertions. Justifying his own compromises with Great Britain, he has cited the U.S.S.R.'s retreats in signing the Brest-Litovsk Treaty and their treaties with Nazi Germany and the capitalist West. Recently, in justifying his invitation to Anglo-American capital, he sprinkled his speech with quotations from Stalin, Lenin and Molotov during the Soviets' "N.E.P. period."

Premier Nu's leftist critics can, with some justification, claim that "he talks left but acts right." They point out that, while he has campaigned for "leftist unity" on the basis of equally friendly relations with the Soviet and Anglo-American blocs, he has no diplomatic relations at all with Soviet Russia or her satellites.

Naturally, British and American diplomats have been very happy to welcome Thakin Nu on the rebound. But they shake their heads over the difference between his favourable intentions and his hesitant and poor execution. They feel that his indecisiveness and lack of drive may prevent Burma's consolidation before the direct impact of the Chinese Communist victories makes itself felt here. A leading Western diplomat summed him up thus: "He is a charming and idealistic man but Burma needs an iron-willed man of action, not an indecisive saint." But, indecisive or not, high-minded Thakin Nu is the best...battered Burma has.

DEMOCRACY IN PRACTICE

AUSTRALIA'S CONSTITUTION

ON December 10, about 5,000,000 Australians, exercising their democratic right, will go to 10,000 polling stations throughout the country to vote in the general election of members for the two houses of the Federal Parliament.

Having reached its three-year life span (the present Labour Government under Mr. J. B. Chifley was elected in September, 1946), Parliament has been dissolved and electors will be asked either to allot another three-year term to Labour or to choose a Government from the Liberal Party and the Country Party, now in Opposition. Since the last election, provision has been made to enlarge the Parliament. A hundred and twenty-three candidates must be chosen for the enlarged House of Representatives; 30 candidates for the enlarged Senate which will consist of 60.

In the 18th Parliament which ended its final session on October 27, 1949, there were 75 members of the House of Representatives and 36 Senators. The 75 members of the House of Representatives included a member for the Northern Territory, which was transferred to the Commonwealth by the State of South Australia in 1911.

Senators are elected for a six-year term; half of the members of the Senate retire or stand for re-election at each ordinary general election. The Senate is made up of representatives from each of the six States of Australia, directly chosen by the people of the State voting as a single electorate.

The Constitution under which the Federal Parliament has its being came into force on January 1, 1901, by Royal proclamation of Queen Victoria. Since that date, Australia's population has more than doubled, from 3,765,339 to an estimated 8,000,000 in November, 1949.

The Act constituting the Commonwealth of Australia is dated July 9, 1900 and it is known as the Commonwealth of Australia Constitution Act.

Under the Constitution, the Commonwealth's legislative power is

vested in Federal Parliament, which consists of the King of England, the Senate and the House of Representatives. The King is represented in Australia by a Governor-General (at present Australian-born Mr. W. J. McKell). With one other exception (Sir Isaac Isaacs,) other Governors-General have been English-born.

The Governor-General has power to appoint the times of parliamentary sessions, to prorogue Parliament, to dissolve the House of Representatives.

After any general election, Parliament meets not later than 30 days after the day on which the writs are returned—in this case, January 25, 1950.

Resembling the Constitution of the United States of America in many ways, the British system in other ways, Australia's Constitution has limited powers. Certain specified authority is delegated by the States to Federal Parliament; the six States (New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia and Tasmania) remain constituent and sovereign, with full plenary powers. But where a valid Federal law and a valid State law are in opposition, the Federal law prevails.

Where Australia's Constitution differs most from the constitutions of other countries is in the great powers of alteration it possesses (Chapter 8). Any proposed constitutional amendment must first pass by absolute majorities through the House of Representatives and the Senate. After that, it is submitted to a referendum of the electors of each of the six States. For adoption, the amendment must be approved by a majority of the States and a majority of the electors.

Since 1901, the people of the Commonwealth of Australia have taken part in 10 referenda to decide proposed constitutional changes. The last time this was done was in September, 1946, when the people were asked whether the Commonwealth should be empowered to legislate on social services, marketing of primary

produce and employment in industry. In only three instances have the people approved of major changes. The first time was in 1906 with regard to election of Senators; the other referenda carried were in 1910 and 1928, with regard to State debts.

Powers of alteration do not extend to these other fields:—There must be no reduction of proportional representation in the Federal Parliament, and in the minimum number of representatives in the lower House of any State. Geographical limits of a State are unalterable unless a majority of that State's electors approve of changes.

The Constitution of Australia has this other point of difference with the U. S. Constitution. In the Federal Parliament, the Ministry appointed by the Government of the day is open to criticism from all members and, if at any time the administration does not satisfy the majority of members of the House, that Ministry can be deposed from office.

In America, members of the President's Cabinet, the Executive, are responsible to the President alone, not to Congress, which makes the laws. Congress cannot depose the Cabinet, as can Parliament in the case of Australia.

The Australian Constitution, while granting the Federal Government certain defined powers, which cannot be exceeded, as the U. S. Constitution does, thus approaches the British system in regard to the responsibility of Government Ministers to the Parliament as a whole.

As provided for in the Constitution, a Cabinet Minister in Australia cannot hold office longer than three months unless he is a member of Parliament. If a Government wishes to appoint a Minister, he must be duly elected to the House, and, if no constituency will elect him, he must leave the Ministry.

Some 37 paragraphs in one section of the Constitution cover the range of powers delegated by the States to the Federal authority. These include posts and telegraphs navigation, customs and excise, interstate and world trade and commerce, currency, census and vital statistics, banking, migration, fisheries, quarantine, and external affairs and treaties. When

industrial troubles extend beyond the borders of any one State, they become a Federal matter.

The Constitution includes special measures to deal with deadlocks between upper and lower Houses of Federal Parliament. So far, this power has been exercised only once, in 1914, when the Senate twice rejected a Bill which had twice passed the House of Representatives, with the necessary three-month period intervening between the two passages. The Governor-General then dissolved both Houses.

Executive power of the Commonwealth of Australia is formally vested in King George VI. This power is used by the Governor-General as the King's representative and it extends to the maintenance and execution of the Constitution and of the laws of the Commonwealth. The Governor-General chooses a Federal Executive Council, to advise him in the Government of Australia. However, in practice, as in England, the Royal powers are used by the Governor-General only on the advice of his Ministers.

Judicial power of the Commonwealth is vested in a Federal Supreme Court—the High Court of Australia—consisting of a Chief Justice and other Justices, not fewer than two, as prescribed by Parliament.

Voting in Australian general elections is compulsory; non-voters or people who fail to have themselves placed on the electoral rolls are liable to a fine. Those entitled to vote are all natural-born British subjects of 21 years of age or older, not of unsound mind or convicted criminals, who have lived in Australia continuously for not less than six months, and all naturalised subjects not similarly disqualified.

During World War II, a measure added to the list of voters all those not less than 18 years of age who had served, or were serving, in the armed services outside Australia.

First used in the Colonies of Victoria and South Australia in 1856, the present-day free and secret ballot was adopted by Britain in 1872, British Columbia in 1873, Canada in 1874, Belgium in 1877, Massachusetts, U.S.A., in 1888, and by most of the other States of America by 1903.

Australia also showed the way in

the case of votes for women. In Australia, women have been able to vote in Federal elections since Federation in 1901. They have also been eligible for election to Federal Parliament since then.

Dame Enid Lyons, widow of Mr. J. A. Lyons, a former Federal Prime Minister, was the first woman member of the House of Representatives. She has been Liberal Party member for the Darwin electorate in Tasmania, since 1943.

Senator Borothy Margaret Tangney, Senator for Western Australia since 1943, was the first woman to be elected to the Federal Senate.

The first Federal Parliament (1901-1903) was led by Sir Edmund Barton, a Protectionist; the first labour Government, led by Mr. J. C. Watson, came into office in 1904.

Melbourne, in the State of Victoria, was the first seat of Federal Parliament. In 1908, Parliament selected the site of the present Federal capital in Canberra, 190 miles south-west of Sydney. The Government of New South Wales helped in acquiring 900 square miles for the new Federal Territory. At Jervis Bay, another two square miles were set aside as a Federal port and naval base.

Federal Parliament met in Canberra for the first time in May, 1937,

when the Duke of York, now King George VI, opened the new Parliament House.

Government in the States of Australia is carried on similarly to the Federal Government, with an executive responsible to the House, with a State Governor appointed by, and responsible to, the Crown.

All States, with the exception of Queensland, which abolished its Upper House (Legislative Council) 28 years ago, have upper and lower houses of Parliament and electors for the Legislative Councils, or upper houses, must have property qualifications. But Legislative Councils in these States have shown an increasing readiness to meet the wishes of Legislative Assemblies, or lower houses, and there has been a gradual decrease in the values of property qualifications of Council electors.

The Commonwealth Electoral Office controls voting in Australian general elections. Politically independent, this organisation looks after electoral rolls and has more than 30,000 officials to supervise polling from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. on the day that votes are cast.

The Electoral Act limits spending on electioneering to Rs. 5,000 for candidates for the Senate and to Rs. 2,500 for candidates for the House of Representatives.

Paddy was hauled before the magistrate for beating up his neighbourhood grocer. "Well," asked the magistrate, "can you explain your attack on this man?"

"Oi certainly can, yer Honour," answered Paddy. "Oi was jest tryin' to show him the error of his weighs."—TRUCKS.

LINCOLN'S WISH:

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower, where I thought a flower would grow.

THE ROAD TO WISDOM:

There is no short-cut, no patent tram-road to wisdom: after all the centuries of invention, the soul's path lies through the thorny wilderness which must be still trodden in solitude, with bleeding feet, with sobs for help, as it was trodden by them of old time.—GEORGE ELIOT.

A visitor spent a week-end at a hotel. On leaving, he presented the manager with a huge bouquet, saying "These are for the telephone operators." "What a nice compliment," remarked the manager. "Compliment?" retorted the visitor. "I thought they were all dead."

Enough milk is produced every year in the United States to fill a river 3,000 miles long, 40 feet wide and three feet deep, the Milk Industry Foundation reports.

AMERICA'S RECEPTION TO INDIA: THEN AND NOW

By Dr. N. S. HARDIKER

"I do not propose to do anything with the draft resolution that you have submitted to me. I am going to stop all foreign propaganda. I do not propose to spend even a farthing for that purpose. We must shine by our merit. We must be known to the world by our actions. Let us stand on our own feet and show our worth to the world." Thus said Mahatma Gandhi in 1921 at the time of the Ahmedabad Congress when I handed him a copy of a draft resolution on foreign propaganda which I wanted to move in the Congress session.

I had just then returned from my eight years' sojourn in America. I was introduced to Mahatma Gandhi by my political teacher—Lala Lajpat Rai. It was on the advice of Lalaji and Mr. N. C. Kelkar that I had prepared the draft and given it to Mahatma Gandhi. He dissuaded me and asked me not to think of foreign propaganda but to work in the country strenuously and create enough fire in the minds of the Indian people so that the heat emitted by its flames may be felt by all those foreign countries where we intended to carry on our work.

As I was reading reports of the reception given to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru in America and Canada I was reminded of the advice given by Mahatma Gandhi in 1921. How true it was that until we stood upon our own feet none would pay us any respect that was due to us. Mahatma Gandhi's utterances were indeed prophetic and the one quoted above has proved beyond doubt that until one was capable of showing one's mettle, it was not possible to shine in this world.

Mahatma Gandhi did really stop the weekly *India* which was being published in London by a committee and which was financed by the Indian National Congress. After that he did not pay a single pie for propaganda outside India's own boundaries nor

did he encourage anyone to do that work.

In 1918, during his stay in London, Lokamanya Tilak gave Rs. 50,000 for carrying on propaganda on India in the daily published by the British Labour Party and assured them further help for this purpose. Once in a while a news item here and there about India was being published by that British paper. Articles of worth were never written nor was much space for India allotted. It may be true that India might have secured a few British friends by this action of Lokamanya Tilak. But nothing tangible was achieved by his contribution. Britishers did not change their opinion about India and the Indian people. They continued to treat both as before.

I worked with Lala Lajpat Rai for four years in the United States of America. Lalaji was the President and I was the General Secretary of the Indian Home Rule League of America. He treated me as his own son and trained me in the political field. I know how Lalaji—a great thinker, a popular leader and a true patriot of high calibre, was treated by the Americans. He had to earn his living by contributing articles, reviewing books, publishing his own works and by delivering lectures. Were the Americans interested in his mission? They were not. They were neither interested in India nor in the Indians. Lalaji was asked by the Irish people to speak to their audiences, by the Theosophical Society to address their members and by the Tagore clubs to speak to them about India. But the isolated Americans had absolutely no regard for India and they had nothing to do with the movement that was going on in India for freedom from British bondage.

The same experience came to me in 1916, when I was working as President of the Hindustan Association of America, an organisation of Indian students in the United States. They

did receive Sir Rabindranath Tagore. They did greet him. It was because of his poetry, his writings and his superb personality and not because of India. "Oh! He looks like Jesus. Look at the snow-white shining beard of his. How grand he looks. I love him." So said the Americans who saw and heard him in 1916. They used to throng to his meetings in order to have a glimpse of him. That was all. As early as the nineties of the last century Swami Vivekananda had also received ovations at the time of the Parliament of World Religions at Chicago. But that was due to the spiritual personality of the Swami and his expositions of Indian philosophy. Americans even refused to listen to India's political story. They had not a word to say against the British bureaucratic rule in India.

Those of us who lived in America for a number of years know the way in which the Indian people were received and treated by the Americans. We had absolutely no hope of receiving attention from either the Americans or the Canadians. Lala Lajpat Rai when he was invited by the Indians living in Canada, refused to enter that country as did also Sir Rabindranath Tagore. This was because of the treatment meted out by the Canadians to the Indians living in their country. The KOMA-GATAMARU incident of 1912 was yet fresh in the minds of the Indian people. So both Lala Lajpat Rai and Sir Rabindranath Tagore refused to enter Canada until the Canadian Government mended its method of treating the Indian settlers in Canada. However, Lala Lajpat Rai asked me to go to Canada and study the living conditions of the Indian people in that country, firsthand. I did go and had some bad experiences. The report I made pained Lalaji.

All this was thirty years ago. During his stay in the U.S.A., from 1916 to

1920, Lala Lajpat Rai suffered immensely. He was not recognised as even a fighter for Indian freedom. But De Valera, kith and kin of the Americans, received recognition at their hands. He too was, like Lalaji, a fighter. One received honour, the other got nothing.

Today in 1949, we see a vast change. Within thirty years, the world has changed immensely. All that the Americans did then has been forgotten by them. The change that has overtaken them is exhibited in the greeting they have given to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru.

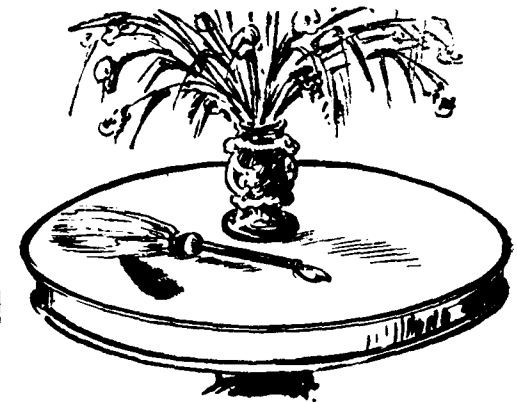
What is the reason? The reason is clear. Mahatma Gandhi has made us stand on our own feet and has taught us to shine by our own deeds. It is the freedom that we have won without shedding a drop of the blood of the enemy that has made the Americans greet us and meet us half-way. Besides, the world circumstances have changed and the strongest of the enemies of America—Russia—is knocking at their door. The Americans have to find friends in the world and create goodwill in order to save themselves. Their friend—Chiang Kai-shek—upon whom they depended in the East is now out of the political arena. India and India alone can save the face of the West in the East and therefore they are now pampering the Indian people. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the Premier of India, heir of Mahatma Gandhi, the lovable Idol of the Indian people and a master writer, has attracted the Americans. It is through him that they intend to secure Asian good-will and help in the defence of their interests in the Pacific Zone. Hence, the unprecedented reception to India in 1949.

Mahatma Gandhi's prophetic advice quoted at the beginning of this article stands good for all ages and at all times.

CONFERENCE OF COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY TEACHERS

The fourth annual conference of the Association of University Teachers (also known as 'The College Teachers' Union') will be held in the Madras Christian College, Tambaram, on December 29 and 30. Dr. A. J. Royd, Principal of the Madras Christian College, will inaugurate the conference, and Dr. R. Vaidyanathaswamy, Professor of Mathematics of the University of Madras, will preside.

THE MAID



By M. KRISHNAMOORTHY

HER hair she disliked; and her eyes. They were both black. They were lovely, too, so lovely that biped wolves going past her along the roads could scarcely help turning round, sometimes furtively, sometimes indolently, to take another look at her. And she was well worth a second look; even a third and a fourth. But she would have preferred her hair to be brown and her eyes greenish-yellow, like a cat's. She wanted to be taken for a European and those two traits would have helped her. Her skin was no handicap; far from it, in fact. It was as fair as any Scandinavian's and the blue of her veins stood out against the pale beauty of her skin—"white" was how she always thought of it—that the poetic fancy of any lover she might have liked to encourage could easily imagine ichor flowing through her goddess-like body, perfect in its curves, graceful in its carriage and full of the pride of virgin youth. It was some queer trick of heredity that gave her that skin; neither of her parents was anything but swarthy. Perhaps it was the blood of some forefather asserting itself after three or four generations. Her parents were very proud of her and determined she should have none but a white as a husband. It was not easy to keep the suitors from the neighbourhood away from her; they were importunate and ignored snubs like ducks ignoring rain-drops. When she walked in her beauty along the streets, the men ogled her and some whistled their approval. A few rougher boys derived a

peculiar satisfaction from brushing past her, their momentary nearness to her intoxicating their fancy and adding more point to their swagger. Some eligible men tried to pay court to her in a more orthodox fashion and sought the approval of her parents. But they said Tillie—Matilda was her name—was too young to marry and that, anyway, she was her own mistress. On one thing daughter, mother and father were all united; she must marry an eligible white man and, if possible, leave India and go away to England. To obtain a white husband would not have been difficult; the Cantonment had enough tommies in it. But she wanted a husband who could give her a high social position and a home not in the East End of London. This was difficult. Only a few young bachelors among the officials and officers of the station were to be seen and they were either voluptuaries or already the marked prey of women with daughters for whom they had to secure suitable husbands. Rarely did the Europeans of the town come into social contact with those of mixed blood; except, of course, the tommies, who, though of pure European blood, were consigned to the Eurasian haunts by a strange whim of their own officer class. At Christmas or at Easter the two sections met at Church or at the Railway Club; sometimes the European Club threw a party to the tommies, with an air of offensive patronage, and permitted them to bring a woman companion each with them. Then there would be a flutter in the Cantonment and

the tommies found that there were more girls than they could take with them to the Club and, when the choice had been made, many tearful faces and sad hearts were left behind, pining for the singing, the dancing, the drinking and the bright lights and polished wooden dancing floor of the gorgeous Club Hall. And, yes; also for the inevitable love-making that followed the gala nights at the Club. But Tilly never bothered herself about that Club. She seemed serenely indifferent, her chin up as proud as ever, and every Tommy, who had desired passionately to take her to the Club, was disappointed by her firm refusal to accept his invitation. One day she would go to the Club; but not as a Tommy's girl. Of that she was sure. Her Prince Charming would happen along, inevitably. At present she was quite content with going once in a way to the Club patronised by her own community. She sought no giddy pleasures and she threw herself on no man. Several Europeans came to her Club, "to have a good time" with the girls and go back drunk to their own Club. They invariably made amorous overtures to her and she invariably spurned them with the contempt they deserved.

That Easter Day, however, she felt quite uncomfortable under the gaze of a European who sat at a table a few feet from the one occupied by her party. He was handsome and distinguished-looking, neither young nor old, but at his prime. The way the secretary of her Club hovered around him convinced her of his importance. Two dances were over and he had not danced. A glass of beer was in front of him but he had scarcely touched it. He seemed to be there only for politeness's sake, because he had been asked to come. There were whisperings in the hall about his identity and several girls of exceeding boldness gave him the come-hither look but he refused to be tempted. His clothes were quiet and added to his dignity.

"Who is that fine chap, Jack?" asked Tilly's father of the Club Secretary when that bustling individual passed by.

"Oh, he? That is the new tea estate general manager. I asked him to come and he was kind enough to accept the invitation. Not a snob like

the others. They say he is of an English aristocratic family, a younger brother of a Earl or something. Very nice person, indeed."

"Oh," said Tilly's mother, a look of yearning in her eyes. What would not one give for a son-in-law like that! But, no; that was impossible.

"Where is his wife?" asked Tilly's father, "Hasn't she come?"

"Oh, no," replied the Secretary, "He has no wife. One of Nature's bachelors, I suppose."

At that moment the subject of this muttered conversation got up from his seat, even as there was a bustle of concentrated movement towards the dancing floor. He made straight for their table and said to the Secretary, "Will you introduce me, please?"

"Surely, surely, Sir," said Fernandez, in a flurry, "Mr. Buller, this is Mr. MacAwley, Mrs. MacAwley and Miss MacAwley. The G. M. you know" he added in explanation to Tilly's father. There were the usual how-doyou-dos and polite scraping of chairs.

"Won't you join us?" asked Tilly's mother.

"I was wondering," said the tall and handsome Mr. Buller, "Whether I could have the honour of dancing the next one with your daughter?"

Tilly got up from her chair with a murmured "yes" and he led her on to the floor. Her mother swore later she heard a gasp of envy go up from the other girls in the hall!

From that day onwards he paid assiduous attention to her and all the neighbours were envious and said nasty things from their easy-chairs in their verandahs. The tea estate loomed large in that community. Along with the railway, the telegraph and the police it was a large employer of their men and women. Tilly's father was in the railway but he knew how important an individual the General Manager of the tea estate was. It was flattering that Mr. Buller should pay such marked attention to Tilly but it seemed too much to hope that he would ever marry her. He was behaving perfectly; too perfectly for Mrs. MacAwley. He never took Tilly out to pictures without taking one or both of her parents along; so also when he went a-riding far into the lovely countryside in his magnificent car. He treated Tilly with af-

fectionate familiarity but never with even the slightest approach to passionate abandon. He never got drunk as the tommies did and he never did what the drunken tommies did to their female companions. He never wrote passionate letters to Tilly though he gave every indication of being in love with her. His love was too restrained to suit Mrs. MacAwley who would not have much minded if he had become indiscreet occasionally. Nor, truth to tell, would Tilly. She adored him and her body cried out for his but she, a lady, could never make the overtures which he should have. Never was there a trace of racial arrogance in him; he treated them all as his equals and without even a hint of patronage. They were grateful to him immensely in their hearts for this; but they could not help wistfully wishing that he would make his intentions clear. Did he want to marry Tilly or not? He could not go about with her so constantly, making all the neighbours talk, without marrying her; that is what her mother felt when she was in an optimistic mood. At other times she felt ill at ease and depressed and badgered her husband to talk to Mr. Buller about it. At long last the poor man gathered up sufficient courage and said he would have a talk with their frequent visitor when next he called on Tilly. But, before that, much happened. For one thing the 15th of Aug. 1947 intervened. That historic morning, shortly after breakfast, Buller called on Tilly.

"Tilly," said he, urgently, "Will you come apart from the others for a moment. I want to talk to you. Come to my car; that will be convenient, quite convenient."

Her heart all in a flutter she went out with him to the car, her parents watching them queerly.

"Tilly, darling," he said, in a rush, "This is the end. I can't stand it: I just can't. All that we worked for, all that we lived for, gone, gone in a single day! Three hundred years of great work undone by a pack of cranks! Do you think these Indians can rule themselves? No. The whole country will be bathed in blood and for that, too, they will blame us. Let that pass. It is their country and their future and their blood. If they

want to cut their own throats who are we to stop it? But I just can't stay on here. I must go. I must leave. I have sold off the estate to some banias. They've paid me even half of what it is worth, blast them! Quit India, indeed! I'm quitting while the quitting is good though many others, blasted fools, are staying on. They seem quite serene and hopeful. Will you come with me to England, Tilly Darling? That's what I've come to ask you. You have no place here hereafter. White people just can't stay here, that is all."

"Yes, dear," she murmured, happy beyond dreams, "I'll come with you. We must ask daddy and mummy."

"I shall ask them," said he, holding her hand in his and going into the house.

"Mr. MacAwley," said he, "I want Tilly to come away to England, leaving India for good."

"With you! You mean..."

"I mean, may I have the honour of marrying your daughter, Sir?"

"Why, yes; of course," cut in Mrs. MacAwley, rather too quickly, "when shall the wedding be?"

"Say, next week," said Mr. MacAwley.

"I'm afraid that can't be," said Buller, "You see I'm leaving by air tomorrow afternoon. Tilly must start at once. I can get her passport in a jiffy. I've already spoken to White, the D. C., about it. The papers will be ready; we've merely to pick them up by calling at his office. I want the marriage to be performed in our village in Surrey. My mother is there and she will be happy to receive Tilly. I'm her only child and she is old and she has been telling me for so many years now to get married."

"But to take her away without marrying her!" wailed Mrs. MacAwley, "What will people say?"

"Tilly," said Buller firmly, addressing her direct, "There is no time to lose. You know how I feel about you though I'm hardly of the demonstrative type. I know, too, you like me. Will you not trust me? Will you not come away with me? The moment we reach my mother's place I shall arrange to marry you. Have I ever made passes at you? Have I ever used you as an instrument of my pleasure? The decision is yours, my

dear. Will you not trust me and come with me?"

For one moment she was undecided, as her father and mother were. Then she spoke up.

"Give me an hour, darling. I shall pack up and be ready. I have a few things to buy."

"Don't bother about it. We shall buy everything in London. Here, Sir," turning to Tilly's father, "May I make a small present to you? I know you are due for retirement by the end of this year. As soon as you do so I want you and Tilly's mother to come and join us in England. Here are a couple of thousand rupees. Please don't say no, don't refuse to take it. I shall feel very much hurt if you do so." And before they could say anything he had left the envelope on the table and rushed out of the house.

It was a lovely village about twenty to thirty miles out of London to which he took her and, in the twilight of an autumn evening it seemed to her, who had for even so long dreamt of belonging to this country, the loveliest village on earth. She grasped his arm with a thrill of exhilaration and smiled up into his eyes. She became more erect than usual in her seat with a sense of pride at having achieved her ambition. They passed the little

Church in the corner of the street and drove past in their taxi until they arrived at a large house standing in the middle of a spacious compound.

"Please drive in," he directed the cabman.

They got down near the front door. He walked ahead, up to the bell, the driver busy taking their bags out of the car. He pressed the bell. A nice-looking old lady opened the door, after some time. Her eyes lit up with pleasure.

"Jimmy, my dear boy," she murmured, folding him in her arms, "Why didn't you let me know you were coming? Even Ethel is not here. She will be so happy to see you."

"Never mind, mother," he said, with a laugh, "Everything in good time. How good it is to see you! Thank God!"

"Jimmy," she whispered, "who is that girl behind you, standing near the car?"

"Oh, she, I got your letter complaining about your inability to get any servant at all, you know I've got her from India." He beckoned to Tilly.

"Come forward, Tilly, and meet the mistress," said he, "mother, this is the Indian cook *cum* maid I promised to get you."

But Tilly came not forward: she had collapsed with grief.

THE ANDHRAS

The Andhras love sobriquets more than hot stuff. They had an Andhra Gokhale; they had an Andhra Nestor; an Andhra Northcliffe, an Andhra Leverhume, an Andhra Shelley, an Andhra Burns, and even an Andhra D. H. Lawrence. They must be now having an Andhra T. S. Eliot. At one time, they had even an Andhra Hanuman and were thinking of having an Andhra Gandhi. For nearly two decades after Tagore won the Nobel Prize, they grew long hair and went about almost like Andhra Tagores. Almost every third Andhra is a poet, almost every second Andhra is a politician and almost every first Andhra lacks a sense of proportion.—Magnus in SHANKAR'S WEEKLY.

In the Senate the other day Senator Glen H. Taylor, Democrat of Idaho, suggested that Great Britain's former Prime Minister Winston Churchill, "stay home and mind his own business."

"Without objection, so ordered," said Senator Edward J. Thye, Republican of Minnesota, absent-mindedly.

"Good, let that appear in the Record," said Mr. Taylor.

Senator Thye, who had been reading, looked up with surprise when the Senate roared with laughter.—THE NEW YORK TIMES.

"EBONY AND IVORY"

MALAN PLANS ASSIMILATION OF PROTECTORATES

A small place called Serowe in Bechuanaland in South Africa has hit the head lines in the world press because a sinister drama involving the fate of Bechuanaland has just commenced there.

Three months ago Dr. Malan, the Prime Minister of South Africa, was so enraged at the marriage of a white-girl typist, Ruth Williams, with the black chief, Seretse Khama of Bechuanaland, that he pressed the British Government to appoint a commission to enquire into the Chief's accession which was unanimously upheld by the Bamangwato people of the Protectorate who were glad to have him as their chief, no matter what the colour of his wife's skin was.

In fact, there was nothing to enquire about; but Dr. Malan's Government was determined to create problems in the Protectorates and ultimately pave the way for their absorption in the South African Union. Tshekdi Khama, Seretse's uncle, became a willing tool in the hands of the Union Government and got himself nominated as Regent, but he is now in voluntary exile and at the crucial moment he submitted a petition to the commission that there was a "considered plot" against his life and that he did not wish to come to Serowe to give evidence.

The people of Bechuanaland, on the other hand, met under the shade of trees in the Oriental style, affirmed loyalty to their chief and decided not to let Seretse Khama go before the commission to give evidence.

There are three Protectorates in South Africa—Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Swaziland. Together they have an area of 293,420 square miles and a population of 993,000 Natives, 6,700 Europeans and 3,627 Asiatics. Bechuanaland alone has an area of 275,000 square miles and a population of 250,000 Natives, 2,325 Europeans and 1,710 Asiatics. These Protectorates are not conquered territories though they are administered by the British Colonial Office. They were excluded

from the Union by the South African Act of 1909.

At the time of the second reading of the South African Bill before the Commons, Mr. Asquith said:

"As regards the Protectorates, we—I assert this most strongly—stand in a position of trustees with regard to these natives. But the important point is that you cannot bring any one of these territories into a state of subordination to the Union Government or Parliament, as Clause 151 shows, unless the King with the advice of the Privy Council—that is the Cabinet here—agrees."

"That is a most proper recognition on the part of the South African communities that the Imperial Government has a voice, and the ultimate voice, in relation to this matter. They do not deny our right in the least: on the contrary, on the very face of the Act, they admit it and invite us to exercise it."

Hot heads of the South African Government, however, believe that if the Union Parliament presents an address to the Privy Council for merging the Protectorates with the Union, the British Government would give formal sanction. They point to Section 151 of the Act which vests power in the hands of the British Government to transfer the Protectorates, as they contend, if and when the Union Parliament asks for transfer.

Divergent views are held on this point, but it was proved time and again that the "transfer" could not be a "formal" affair. Successive South African Governments tried to incorporate the Protectorates in the Union but failed, and the question is seriously asked whether Dr. Malan, who is Dutch, would succeed where General Smuts, who is held in great esteem by the British nation, failed.

There is a schedule to the South African Act which provides a wide amount of autonomy to the Natives in the event of transfer. Eminent jurists hold that this schedule is obsolete at the present day and that a separate treaty will have to be negotiated between Britain and South Africa if the Protectorates are to be

incorporated in the South African Union. Mr. Lionel Curtis is of this view.

It is wrong to think that Dr. Malan is not aware of these constitutional provisions. He knows that the British Government's policy is to make South Africa the white man's close preserve.

The farce of enquiry which the British Government has engineered now is a device to divide the ranks of the Natives and indirectly help the South African Government to tighten its hold on the Protectorates. It is just the beginning of the drama. More things are in store for the non-whites of South Africa.—G. Rajanna.

WHITE-NEGRO MARRIAGES IN U. S. A.

By P. G. KRISHNIAH

NEW YORK: The question of intermarriage between Negroes and whites is at length being discussed candidly as an issue. The picture magazine of Negro life, *Ebony*, has a spread in its current issue on "Famous Negroes Married to Whites." Jumping off from the recent marriage of NAACP head Walter White, it discusses the increasing number of mixed marriages among Negro leaders. I wonder whether the general mass circulation magazines and the newspapers too will have the courage to follow *Ebony's* lead on this subject, which has always been thought to pack dynamite. The old taboos are crumbling, as witness the movies like "Lost Boundaries" and "Pinky." But the marriages *Ebony* presents are not a matter of Negroes passing as whites but are a direct and clear-eyed challenge to the legal taboo in all the states against miscegenation and the social taboo in all the states against the love that cuts across the colour-line. The *Ebony* list of the Negroes and their white mates is worth reporting here: Negro leader Walter White (married to Editor Foppy Cannon), movie star Lena Horne (to music director Lennie Heton), novelist Richard Wright, dancer Katherine Dunham (to costume-designer John Pratt), conductor Dean Dixen (to pianist Vivian Rifkin), composer William Grant Still (to pianist Verna Arvey), social worker Julian Steele (to Mary Dewes, relative of a former U. S. Vice-President) Paul Robeson Jr. (to former Cornell co-ed Marilya Greenberg). What the list makes clear is that even away from the South, and even in New York, mar-

riage across the colour-line is feasible only among the intellectual groups, the writers, artists, professional people, in whose minds the old prejudices are not caked so hard. But even for them it is not easy. When my friend and former student, Julian Steele, married a white girl back in 1936 he wrote me that many of his former friends and his wife's had drawn an iron ring of ostracism around them. I am sure this is true of most of the others too. Mostly these difficulties come from the white community. But there are also some that come from the Negro community as Walter White has discovered. While he was away on a round-the-world trip with his new wife, the Negro press in America waged a fierce debate about his marriage. Some Negro papers felt that White, as a Negro leader, was somehow betraying his race by choosing to marry a white woman. What they did not see was that the levelling of racial prejudices cannot be a one-way street, to be travelled only by whites but not by Negroes. Myrdal suggests in his classic book on the Negro problem "An American Dilemma" that segregation is maintained largely to keep the two races from meeting socially and thus prevent what most whites still regard as contamination. But segregation is breaking down and with it the deeper taboos as well. On the question of how far this will go, and whether it will lead to a complete biological amalgamation, Myrdal's guess is that it will for many generations be limited in scope and effect. The present racial mixture among Negroes, he says, will be relatively stable for sometime.

KAMALADEVI

By G. S. BHARGAVA

AT a despondent moment before the Russian Revolution Lenin said: "There are many people but no men." That was typically the case in 1922 when Kamaladevi left her desk in the Bedford College in London and plunged into Gandhiji's Non-Co-operation Movement. Boycott of schools, colleges and courts was one of the salient features of the movement, and like so many other young men and women, Kamaladevi in London, was stirred to her depths by the Mahatma's clarion call. The love for her country and the desire to see it free could not be overcome by considerations of comfort and material uplift. So she left England where she had specially been for higher studies and returned to India to take part in the national struggle.

Since then, for the last three decades, hers has been a story of suffering, sacrifice and tireless service. Born of a well-to-do Saraswat (Konkani-speaking) family of Mangalore in 1903, she had, at birth, absolutely no touch with politics. Her father was a District Collector to whom nationalism was naturally anathema. But before she was thirty, she not only strayed into the thick of the political struggle but has shot up to meteoric heights therein.

Kamala, as she was then called, grew up in the lap of luxury. Theirs was a wealthy and luxurious house. Her mother though a strict disciplinarian, could never be called orthodox, in the accepted sense of the term. In Kamaladevi's own words, "she would be what I call a feminist with a very strong consciousness about women's rights and probably for her time that was a new thing in this country. There would not have been very many women then who were so intelligently and discriminately conscious about it."

But Kamala's inspiration was from her grand-mother who was very learned in Sanskrit. Many "men" used to consult her in Vedic lore and young Kamala learnt a lot about philosophy and mythology through their discussions. However, as far as at-

tending the school and learning her lessons were considered, Kamala did not show much aptitude. But for her disciplinarian mother she would not have put up with the drudgery of school-going. "It was a good training, because it did a great deal of good to me," she admits now.

In 1910, when Kamala was only seven years old, her father died with-



out leaving any will for the disposal of his vast property. Kamala's step-brother, as the only son of the father, claimed the entire property barring some maintenance to Kamala's mother. A strong-willed woman, her mother refused such pittance and decided to bring up Kamala by herself, with the help of the property she had brought from her father.

Such unbending will and robust self-confidence are among the sterling qualities which Kamaladevi has inherited from her mother.

This had more than a passing effect on Kamala's young mind. The realisation of their helpless position brought about a revolutionary change in Kamala's tender heart. She began to take her studies seriously and by 1919 passed her Senior Cambridge. By this time, she had already been married and also lost her husband. At that young age, however, she did not understand what widowhood meant in orthodox Hindu society.

More than anything else, love for theatre and passion for social work marked her youngest years. Her whole personality is moulded around these aptitudes and had she not crossed into the dusty arena of politics she would have remained the Queen of Art. The zeal for social work, Kamaladevi now concludes, has perhaps come as a reaction to the life she had at home. "Our household was organised on a very aristocratic basis and my mother was deadly class-conscious, in the sense that she restricted my contacts and associations... But the more I was driven into this exclusiveness the more I disliked it and wanted to mix with the servants and the poorer people, play with their children and understand their life."

Now arose a minor storm in Kamaladevi's life. Against severe opposition from orthodox circles, she insisted on continuing her studies and shifted to Madras for that purpose. It was here that she first came under the spell of Mrs. Cousins whose influence over her lasts to this day. She also came to know the Chattopadhyaya sisters and their talented, poetic brother, Harindranath.

By now, Kamala was in the full bloom of her youth and her originally beautiful form was radiating with a new charm. Harin, an indefatigable seeker after beauty, naturally did not miss her. Besides, both she and Harin had common interests which brought them together. To quote Harindranath: "Literary and artistic activities had led my footsteps into crowded halls and on to innumerable platforms. Kamala was then studying at the Queen Mary's College, a young, rather attractive girl, with large eyes

which almost seemed to be conscious all the time of their limpid quality... The moment I saw her I realised that that was the face which I felt was destined to play an important role in my life."

Thereupon, she had to shock the already hostile orthodoxy by announcing her inter-provincial, inter-lingual re-marriage. "I would not call it a marriage in the purely emotional sense," says Kamaladevi. "It was much more our common interest in art. We had great dreams of doing things together and we thought it would be difficult to work together unless we were married. Perhaps, in a way, that was helpful because, in spite of many difficulties, we were able to work together."

To us, in 1949, widow re-marriage or inter-lingual union might not sound revolutionary or shocking. But in the good old 'twenties, social sanctities in South Kanara and elsewhere would not treat it so lightly. It was whispered in every society circle, with appropriate comments; it was discussed, with winks and nods, in pious households; it must have been debated upon and dealt with by religious heads and *swamijis* also. Today, there may not be any novelty or social opprobrium about a woman riding a bicycle on a thoroughfare, but twenty-five years ago, the pioneer in the field as in the realm of social reform, was never forgiven, at least not by her generation; she never got restored, in the eyes of society, to her former status. What obstinate hostility what irreconcilable ostracism, what dreadful separation from kith and kin. Kamaladevi must have put up with, it is difficult to imagine now. Worse still should have been the case with her aged mother, who had no other hope in life except her daughter; Kamaladevi had at least youth and unbounded optimism to fall back upon.

After marriage, Harin set out on his first foreign trip and the next year she joined him in London. There, she joined the Bedford College for higher studies in sociology and economics. On her return to India, she joined the Congress and busied herself with constructive work. She found the Gandhian constructive programme more in conformity with her own ideas at that time. In 1927, she

as elected to the A. I. C. C. and began to take a prominent part in the Industan Seva Dal.

Now began the most eventful and appy period of her life. Both she and Harin started a dramatic troupe, to be ultimately evolved into a mobile theatrical unit (first feelers of the Indian National Theatre). *Abu Hasan*. Harin's play—he wrote it when he was eighteen—was staged to packed houses in Bombay. Besides he husband and wife who took prominent roles in it, their five-year-old son, Ramakrishna, was also brought on the stage.

It was a revolution in the field of drama. For the first time, a family ady came on the stage and showed hat the people are hungry for something better than the *double entente*. She has elevated drama to an art, a portrayal of real life, from what it had lapsed into at the hands of commercial interests, a combination of sex and mass appeals. Also for the first time, the gaudy paraphernalia of scenes and costumes was discarded. A black curtain with changing shades of light served the purpose: (the Indian National Theatre ballet, *Discovery of India*, prepared under Kamaladevi's direction, presented the history of India from 5000 B. C. against this background only, with the most telling effect.) *Abu Hasan* established her genius on the stage.

The women's movement in the country also claimed her attention. Mrs. Cousins organised the All-India Women's Educational Conference and persuaded Kamaladevi to accept its general secretaryship. In that capacity, she rendered yeomen services to the cause of women and earned country-wide recognition. Later, she became the organising secretary of the All-India Women's Conference. By this time she was already a radical and even into the incorrigibly bourgeois atmosphere of the women's conference she carried her radicalism. In one of her articles in a *Congress Socialist*, in 1936, she made a brilliant analysis of the woman's problem. She wrote: "In most countries, the women's movement is still mostly controlled by the bourgeoisie who try to colour it with their own light and interest. And though the women's organisations have been waging incessant war against the evils that affect

women such as child mortality, traffic in women, trade in drugs, unequal laws, etc., they have barely touched the fringe of the problem... Women in primitive society, and even today women in tribal tracts, enjoy many more rights than women in many other parts of the globe. Her position is determined by the measure of her economic independence..."

"The feminist movement in India, as in most other countries, is in the hands of the few bourgeois women who colour it with their own needs and reactions. It does not reflect the demands and problems of the large mass of women... This should sound a warning to the workers in the women's movement that they can do little to free the woman if they are to carry on their activities within the frame-work of capitalism. If they mean business, they will have to chalk out an entirely new line of work among the peasants and the workers to secure for these toiling women, their husbands and children, complete economic freedom by the establishment of a non-exploiting socialist society." In 1944, she was elected President of the All-India Women's Conference.

She had her share of service for the youth movement also. The advent of the Simon Commission and the spontaneous popular resentment it generated found Kamaladevi in the forefront. She led many an anti-Simon-Commission agitation. In 1929, as the President of the Ahmedabad Youth Conference, she demanded complete independence or *Purna Swaraj*. Only next year did the Congress under the presidentship of Pandit Nehru demand full independence!

Kamaladevi was the heroine of the 1932 Civil Disobedience movement just as Aruna Asaf Ali in 1942. She led batches of law-defying volunteers and organised the movement. She was the first woman to be arrested in that connection. Then followed her intermittent terms of imprisonment. Except for a short time, she was in prison till the end of 1934. During the short intervals between periods of prison life, she organised the women's section of the Congress Volunteer Corps. She swept the country like a hurricane, recruiting, training and organising the corps. She worked for more than 14 hours a day and built

up the organisation. For the first time in India, women were given training in lathi drill, route march, etc. The volunteer corps soon became an eye-sore to the bureaucracy and was banned.

By the end of 1933, Harindranath had returned home from abroad. Suddenly it was discovered that there arose a gulf of difference between their outlooks and aspirations. It became impossible even to get on together. So they separated. It was a rude shock to her. All the castles they had built together crumbled to dust. She survived the shock with almost a philosophic resignation.

As against this domestic catastrophe, she won country-wide popularity. She joined the Congress Socialist Party at its very inception and very soon became one of its tribunes. She presided over the second conference of the CSP at Meerut. Inside the party, Kamaladevi established herself as an intellectual of high integrity.

Kamaladevi is the most widely travelled among the Socialist leaders. She has thrice visited Europe and once gone round the world visiting America and the Middle and Far East. She participated in international women's conferences held at Geneva, Berlin, Prague, Elsinore and Copenhagen. In 1941, she visited U. S. and took that continent captive. She carried on an extensive study tour of the States from New York to San Francisco, and from Boston to Mexico City counteracting the false propaganda of the British agents against India's national aspirations. Then she visited China and Japan, where she made history. She received a tremendous ovation from the Jap populace before whom she fearlessly condemned the Jap aggression on China. After she returned to Hong Kong, the British police put her under arrest. Only the intervention of the Chinese Government brought about her release. Later she visited both occupied and free China. Last year she visited the Middle East and Lebanon.

Back home in 1942, she participated in the August movement and went to jail. These recurring terms of incarceration told upon her health. Nevertheless, on her release in 1945, she founded the Indian National Theatre to counteract the propaganda of the Communists through the Indian People's Theatre. Her former love and zest for the theatre came back with re-doubled vigour. The INT ballets, *Discovery of India* (based on Nehru's book) and *By 1951*, are living monuments to her artistic genius and organising capacity. She has also evolved a comprehensive plan for a National Theatre for India.

Kamaladevi is a voracious reader and a prolific writer. She is today classed among India's top-rank writers. She has made a special study of the socio-economic problems of the different countries and produced thought-provoking theses. Among her books, "America, the Land of Superlatives" and "In War-torn China and Japan," have particularly earned her a good royalty. Her recent article in reply to Pandit Nehru's contention that the Socialists are "reactionaries" shows her command of satire.

Co-operation has been another field where she has worked miracles. She founded the Indian Co-operative Society and set out to rehabilitate the uprooted "refugees" on a co-operative basis. She has organised a township called Chattarpur, near Delhi, and provided hundreds of "refugees" with shelter and means of living.

In national service, self-sacrifice, constructive activity and crusading zeal she is second only to Sarojini Naidu. In ideological consistency and intellectual brilliance, she has even surpassed Sarojini. In short, Kamaladevi is undoubtedly a "great man," to borrow Voltaire's remark about Catherine the Second of Russia. Braving bitter, social odium and severe bureaucratic repression, Kamaladevi has worked her way up with a dogged step and dauntless heart.—Copyright.

SPEECH-MAKING:

The manner of your speaking is full as important as the matter, as more people have ears to be tickled than understandings to judge.

—CHESTERFIELD.

CULTURAL UNITY

IT is unfortunate, but true, that wars, acts of violence and political controversies get more prominence even in the soberest newspapers, while constructive efforts and humanitarian deeds are dismissed in a few lines on some obscure back page.

When Dog Bites Man, it is news; when Man Bites Dog, it is big NEWS; but when a scientist, after years of patient and heroic toil in the laboratory, discovers a cure for rabies, it is no news. Sub-editors would either throw such a news-item in the waste paper basket or shove it, without a headline, in the "News In Brief" column.

This is mentioned not as criticism of journalism but of collective human attitudes which newspapers reflect in their news display. After all, apart from newspapers, is it not a fact that far more people have heard of Robin Hood than of Louis Pasteur, and while a football match draws excited crowds, a sermon on peace and brotherhood would only make us yawn with boredom?

HATE PAYS DIVIDENDS:

During the last several years, inter-communal massacres, riots, stabbings, arson and lootings have been front-page news in India and Pakistan. Yet how many newspapers have ever cared to give equal prominence to the many acts of humanism which shone out in that dark hour of the eclipse of humanity? It is not that it was difficult to collect this kind of news. Almost every refugee in India and Pakistan can tell you of some act of humanity and goodwill, on the part of some friend or neighbour of the other community, which saved his or her life and honour. It is only that, as a rule, we are more interested in (and excited by) news of violence and abnormality and only bored by news of normal, decent, human behaviour.

Then, of course, there are also the "vested interests" to whom the spread of fanaticism and the

perpetuation of inter-communal animosity and bitterness pays dividends in various forms. There are the "merchants of hate" and the enemies of peace and unity, the saboteurs of goodwill and the engineers of disruption whose material or ideological interests are served by "playing up" the hate-inspiring acts of inhumanity and "soft-peddalling" the love-inspiring acts of humanity.

HEALERS OF THE SPIRIT

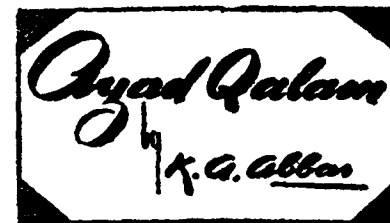
It was not surprising, therefore, that when, last month at Mahableshwar, a serious attempt was made by a group of intellectuals and scholars—"engineers of the soul," as Lenin described them—to discuss and devise practical ways of healing the wounds of the spirit, of purging our collective national consciousness of hate and bitterness and fanaticism, and of rehabilitating the ideals of a humanist culture, the newspapers hardly devoted any space to it except, of course, to report the Bombay Premier's opening address.

And yet, from what I have been able to gather from friends who attended the "Convention On Cultural Unity In India" (held under the auspices of T. A. Parekh, Education Endowment) was one of the most significant and hopeful manifestations of the constructive spirit in our country asserting itself to combat the growing evils of jingoism, exclusivism and communalism which are the enemies not only of cultural unity but of culture itself.

To this Convention came scholars, educationists, university professors and sociologists from all parts of the country to discuss national problems which are no less important than the food shortage and production crisis which engage so much attention of our politicians.

PROBLEMS POSED

Here are some of the problems that the conference set out to tackle: Is there a cultural unity in India? If so, what part can universities play in promoting this



unity? How best to reconcile the claims of national language and regional languages? Is it possible to eradicate communalism and combat regionalism, provincialism and other such narrow loyalties? What is the place of religion in society in the face of scientific advance? What is the spirit of Indian culture; if any? What part does education play in the building up of civic consciousness and national character? How best to co-ordinate educational and allied agencies in promoting understanding, peace and harmony in India?

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT

It was a formidable list of problems but, I gather, a long and lively discussion ranged over all of them and there was a free frank exchange of views, though one of the observers found "a sense of unreality" in the speeches of some of the elder scholars present. Divergence of outlook was manifested behind the polite and scholarly phrases and the ideologies that coloured the arguments ranged from the "revivalism" of some U. P. professors, through the broad humanism of Dr. Zakir Husain, to the robust Marxism of Dr. Mulk Raj Anand. And yet a thread of common ideals was visible. Dr. Zakir Husain (whose speech was regarded as the highlight of the Convention) spoke on 'education as the basis of national character.' He stated that he stood for a non-exploitative, co-operative state working through a secular democracy, and opined that education of national character must be guided by these ideals. Dr. Anand who seems to have made a vital contribution to the discussions suggested that in any plan to inherit the past culture, we take from the ancient cultural heritage that which can be really integrated into our present social needs and become part of a living and vital tradition, adding that this approach would be a corrective against revivalism 'which is the conscious or unconscious acceptance of all the old forms of the past in order to compensate for the paucities of the present.' And K. G. Saiyedain, in his concluding speech, made a timely re-assertion of the duties and responsibilities of

intellectuals as the moulders of national character.

UNITY-IN-DIVERSITY

Here are some of the important points which emerged from the discussion during the Convention and which deserve the serious attention of thinkers all over the country if the cultural crisis is to be resolved:

1. We are living in a world of serious conflicts, material and ideological. We cannot and should not try to suppress and steam-roller differences but to understand and harmonize them.
2. It is necessary to cultivate consciously a common outlook and approach to life which will give us 'unity-in-diversity' and check the serious differences developing in the country.
3. It is wrong and unscientific to formulate a rigid dualism between western materialism and eastern spiritualism. Actually, these two elements are to be found in all cultures and no stable culture or civilization can be built up without both these elements.
4. We must strive to build in our people an integrated outlook based on (a) faith in dignity and equality of man and in real democracy, (b) a scientific attitude of mind, (c) a dynamic attitude, eager to welcome new things critically, and (d) recognition of the need for cultivation of good qualities in self.
5. In the world of today culture is acquiring a world connotation—the old geographical and racial labels are losing their meaning. Narrowness in the concept of culture is false. Not only all Indian languages but English and classical languages like Arabic and Persian are part of our cultural heritage. While different national or even group cultures have their different characteristics which may have their special values, it is necessary in this age to find common meeting points of cultures and to stress them more than their divergences.
6. Freedom of thought is essential for progress.
7. We must deprecate undue worship of the past and a revivalist attitude to culture.
8. We cannot divorce the concept of social justice and the economic well-being of the masses from culture. If there is no social justice, culture itself will become anaemic and atrophied.

9. Tolerance has been a valuable ingredient of Indian culture and must be re-established as such.
10. The caste system and other such evils must be eradicated.
11. We should not sacrifice the values of Democracy for the sake of totalitarian "efficiency."
12. Through education we must undo the harm done by the system of education imposed by imperialists.
13. There should be a scientific, rational re-interpretation of history.

CROSS-ROADS TO CULTURE

These are but a fragment of the problems discussed and issues raised at Mahabaleshwar. Yet they offer food for thought not only to the scholars and sociologists but to all thinking people in the country. Are we to go forward to a rational, progressive, humanistic, integrated culture, or to slide back into the cruel superstitions, the blind prejudices and passions of the past? Culturally, as otherwise, we stand at the cross-roads.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

Those who have been following the strange, exciting and historically significant adventures of that nearly-mythical character, Lanny Budd, in Upton Sinclair's "World's End" series of novels will assuredly welcome the ninth, and last but one, volume, ONE CLEAR CALL. (T. Werner Laurie, London) which has just been published. The more one reads of the amazing exploits of Lanny Budd, Presidential agent, (the playboy Pink who is on visiting terms with Hitler and his gang even during the war and is able to bring vital secrets from inside enemy territory for the ears of his boss, President Roosevelt), the more one is amazed by the ingenious inventiveness and imagination of his creator. The "World's End" series is not only the world's longest novel (Over 7,000 pages!) packed with an astonishing variety of real-life and imaginary characters, it also provides a key-note view of the world's history during the last 35 years, ever since the outbreak of the First World War broke up the trinity of school boy friends (the American Lanny, the English Eric, and the German Kurt) studying dancing at a continental school. The remarkable juxtaposition of historical fact and imaginative fiction is an

achievement unequalled in the history of literature.

The present volume begins with Lanny and his writer-wife enjoying a holiday in Florida when there is a summons from Washington and soon Lanny is catapulted into the vortex of the war. He is smuggled into Italy on the eve of the invasion of Sicily and is an eye-witness of the collapse of Mussolini's fascist regime. He goes to meet Hitler and finds that super-madman harried by the double-front war. He learns of the conspiracy to "remove" the Fuehrer and brings back some vital information about Germany's secret weapons. He meets Goering and Himmler. He returns to America and later pays a second visit when the wily Himmler at last sees through the alleged "American pro-Nazi's" ideological disguise. Lanny's escape from Germany has the exciting flavour of a real "thriller." The trans-Channel invasion brings Lanny face to face with his Nazi friend Kurt, and their 35-year old friendship explodes in a climax which was inevitable.

"One Clear Call" shows that the 70-year old Upton Sinclair's vision is still undimmed, his grasp of the technique of fiction-writing as strong as ever, his understanding of political issues as remarkable as his delineation of psychology and character, and his sympathies with the progressive forces unchanged. We now look forward to the next volume—the last in this series but (we hope) certainly not the last to come from the pen that gave us such immortal masterpieces as "Jungle," "Boston" and "Love's Pilgrimage."

STRAWS IN THE WIND

"OTTAWA: Field Marshal Lord Wavell urged people of the Western world to "pay more attention to Pakistan" than to "India (which) tends to get all the limelight."

"NEW DELHI: Establishment of "Hindu Raj in Akhand Hindustan" is likely to replace the Hindu Mahasabha's pre-independence aim of "attainment of complete independence."

"NEW YORK: India is rapidly losing its dollar market because American importers have all but lost their faith in Indian products and Indian businessmen."—"Times of India" New York Correspondent.

SIDELIGHTS :

Half a fact is a whole falsehood.
—E. L. MAGOON.

ADVERTING to disclosures made under *Sidelights* in SWATANTRA dated November 5, Sri B. Gopala Reddi declared in the Legislative Council that there was no "Secretariat Scandal" as alleged, and "no investigation was, therefore, necessary." He then gave what was represented to be "the facts of the matter." Here are "the facts of the matter" as represented by the Honourable Minister to the Council:

"The Government published advertisements in the newspapers calling for tenders for the purchase of some of their condemned vehicles including a Chevrolet delivery van. No tender was received for the van. Then the Assistant Secretary, referred to in the article, offered Rs. 500 for it. This was on August 13, 1949. With a view to ascertaining whether higher offers would be forthcoming, the sale of the van was again advertised in *The Hindu* and *The Mail* in two consecutive issues. In a letter dated August 23, 1949, received by the Chief Secretary to the Government, the proprietor of a firm in Egmore offered Rs. 500. But this was not accompanied with a deposit fee of Rs. 100 as required in the advertisements, nor did it comply with other conditions specified in the advertisements. This was not, therefore, a valid tender. It was, however, decided to consider his application at the proper time. The Provincial Motor Transport Controller was then consulted by the Government regarding the value of the vehicle and he reported that the offer of Rs. 500 for it might be accepted. An enquiry was made on September 21 whether the proprietor of the Egmore firm would be prepared to take delivery of the van and pay the price immediately in case the Government decided to sell it to him. On receiving his affirmative reply, the Government considered both the applications. They decided to sell the van to the Assistant Secretary as his offer was the first. There was nothing wrong or improper in the Government choosing to sell the van to him. There was nothing shady or suspicious in the transaction. There was no loss to the Government and it can be definitely stated that the purchase by the Assistant Secretary was not effected under any circumstance

involving fraud or abuse of official position. Some days after buying the van the purchaser seems to have decided to sell it as it would not be useful for his purpose. The Government are not concerned with this or the rest of the story. It may, however, be mentioned that the proprietor of the firm in Egmore has sent a lawyer's notice to Government accusing them of breach of contract, etc., and he has been informed that his claim is unsustainable."

As soon as the Minister completed reading his statement, Mr. S. B. Adityan asked: What steps have Government taken against such newspapers publishing articles without any basis? (Mr. Adityan runs a newspaper called *Tantri*).

The Minister replied: I wish we had some powers to curb some of these mischievous papers.

Mr. R. Suryanarayana Rao asked: Would Government, in the interest of the officer concerned, and in fairness to him, issue a press note so that such scandals may not gain strength?

The Minister: We do not think it worthwhile to contradict all the scandal published in that particular paper.

In order to enable the public to judge where the mischief lies and whether the officer concerned has been fairly or unfairly dealt with, I reproduce below the entire correspondence relating to the Minister's "facts of the matter":

(i)

Chief Secretariat O. P. II
Fort St. George, Madras,
Dated the 21st Sept. 1949.

Letter No. 4311 B/49-19.

From

Mr. A. E. Abraham, B.A.,
Asst. Secretary to the Govt. of
Madras.

To

Messrs. Victor S. David & Co.,
Automobile Dealers & Public
Carriers,
Post Box No. 759, Madras-8.

Sirs,

Chevrolet Van MSC. 4768—Sale.

Ref: Your letter dated the 23rd Aug. 1949.

I am directed to enquire whether, in case the Government decide to sell the

van in question to you, you will be prepared to take delivery of it at Secretariat immediately by paying Rs. 500 offered by you plus sales tax.

A very early reply is requested.

Yours faithfully,
(Sd.) A. E. ABRAHAM,
Asst. Secretary to Government.

(ii)

22nd Sept. 1949.

Mr. A. E. Abraham, B.A.,
Asst. Secretary to Govt. of Madras,
Chief Secretariat O. P. II,
Fort St. George, Madras.

Sir,

Re: Our letter dated 23rd Aug. 1949.

Your letter No. 4311 B.49-19

dated 21st Sept. 49.

Chevrolet Van MSC 4768—sale—Accepted.

In reply to your letter regarding the sale of Chevrolet Van MSC 4768, we write to say that we are prepared to take delivery of it at Secretariat immediately by paying Rs. 500 plus sales tax.

We shall arrange to remove the vehicle at once on hearing from you.

Yours faithfully,
for Victor S. David & Co.,
(Sd.) V. S. DAVID,
Proprietor.

(iii)

No. 4311 B.49-21

Government of Madras,
Chief Secretariat.

Dated Fort St. George,
the 28th Sept. 1949.

Office Memorandum.

Sub:—Motor vehicle—M.S.C. 4768—offer—
Non-acceptance of.

Ref:—From Messrs. Victor S. David & Co.,
dated the 22nd September 1949.

Messrs. Victor S. David & Co., are informed that their offer of Rs. 500 for the Government vehicle M.S.C. 4768 has not been accepted and that the vehicle has been disposed off.

A. E. ABRAHAM,
Asst. Secretary to Government.

To

Messrs. Victor S. David & Co.,
Automobile Dealers and Public
Carriers,
Post Box No. 759, Madras-8.
Forwarded/By order.

(Sd.) S. B. SUNDARAM,
Superintendent.

(iv)

Advertisement in *The Hindu* and
The Mail on 3-10-49.

MOTOR CARS AND CYCLES

FOR SALE: Covered delivery van—
Chevrolet—1938 model—excellent run-

ning condition. Well suited for caterers, beedi factories, film studios etc., Rs. 5,000 or nearest offer. Philip, 11 Sivaganga Road, Nungambakkam, Madras-6.

(v)

Received cheque No. H. 47/126583 dated 10-10-49 drawn on the Indian Bank Ltd., being the price of delivery van Chevrolet steel body M.S.C. 4768. After the cheque has been cashed the van will be delivered and the ownership transferred.

(Sd.) A. E. ABRAHAM,
3-10-49.

Adanyapuram,
Sivaganga Road,
Nungambakkam,
Madras.

(vi)

10th Oct. 49.

The Secretary,
Indian Bank, Ltd.,
Madras.

Re: Cheque No. 47/126583.

Sir,

We have issued a cheque for Rs. 4,500 to Mr. A. E. Abraham, Asst. Secretary, Govt. of Madras with the above no. and since there is some trouble over the matter, please stop payment to it if it is presented.

Thanking you,

Yours faithfully,
for Southern Studios Ltd.,
(Sd.)
Director.

The following points are worthy of note:

When Mr. Abraham made his enquiry on 21st September as to whether Mr. David will be prepared to take delivery of the van by paying Rs. 500 plus sales tax, his position was not that of an officer exercising an unprejudiced mind on the subject of the enquiry. He had himself, as stated by the Minister, offered to buy the van for Rs. 500. He had entered the lists as a competitor. In the competition, he had the influence of his official position, and seems to have used it in his own favour to the fullest extent, an advantage denied to his rival. Is it fair to call for a tender from members of the public, while an official of the standing of an Assistant Secretary himself holds the field as an undisclosed tenderer?

Says the Minister: "Some days after buying the van the purchaser seems to have decided to sell it as it would not be useful for his purpose. The Government are not concerned with this or the rest of the story." If the Government are not concerned when an officer of theirs embarks on trade making a profit of Rs. 4,000 in two days on an investment of Rs. 500—a profit of 800 percent—they may as well abandon all effort to check corruption, blackmarketing and the like. The impression of a time lag between purchase and sale of the van thrown into his statement by the Minister is illusory. It was not *some days after* the van was bought that its sale was attempted. It was almost simultaneous. The van was

bought on September 28 and taken delivery of the next day. The advertisement for sale was published in the morning papers on October 3 and should have been handed in a day earlier. Between September 29 and October 2, it was a period of holidays for firms, and not even the pretence of any substantial expenditure on reconditioning of the van, could be indulged in. An officer of Government, after buying a van for Rs. 500, advertises it for sale three days later for Rs. 5000, and actually sells it for Rs. 4500, and yet the Minister proclaims that it is no concern of his, and seriously claims that "there was no loss to Government"! Minister of Finance, do go and learn some arithmetic!—SAKA.

THE COMPLEAT ENGLISHMAN

By *SANTHA*

THE discovery of India is starting all over again.

Three hundred years ago, when colonising Englishmen first set foot on this huge tractless land peopled by brown-skinned idol-worshippers, all that mattered to them was that there was enough wealth on that land to feed an Empire. The East India Company marked the initial exploitation. We have come a long way since then. The East India Company has gone and so have many Englishmen. There is a lot of talk among us now, on the one hand, of the advisability of rediscovering ourselves, of shedding from us the veneers of white civilisation which we have been forced to acquire around our simple souls and of steeping ourselves once again in our ancient and pristine culture; and on the other hand, of the unavoidable need to adjust ourselves to current thought and ways of life all over the world. We are being exhorted by the 'progressives' to "move with the times." The decision isn't easy, for to go back is even harder than to move forward: to stand still and give ourselves a brief breathing-time to make up our minds is hardest of all. Nor is it easy for us to decide how exactly to treat our ex-masters. There is no doubt the attitude of the average

Englishman in India towards the 'native' has changed considerably. Quick changes in manners and attitudes and habits do not come easy to Englishmen. There are Englishmen today in India who have been in the country for a generation and more and who haven't for a single day swerved from their bacon and eggs in the morning! But Aug. 15, 1947 has jolted even these reposeful people. The condescension of the Englishman has now dissolved to an easy friendliness, his handshake is no longer an act of supreme grace. It is an acceptance—as far as a race which goes back to Canute and the Norman Conquerors can accept—of equality. Many of those who had settled here two or three decades ago, have indeed come to love this country as their own. A few others, chips off the old John Bull stock, who have mostly dwelt on plantations and tea-estates or had been imported as heads of vast industrial concerns and whose work has kept them in contact with only the working classes are suddenly waking up to a new race of Indians with a significant difference. There is, of course, the 'die-hard' even among Indians with whom a white skin will always denote superiority. They are the Justicites of Indian politics gone bad.

The British have had more than three centuries to learn our culture, to discover our cults and creeds, to familiarise themselves with our rituals and religions and simultaneously to arrange for the teaching of their way of life to us. As we now look back and weigh their achievements with unbiassed minds, we can see they did neither of these things. They have not taught us anything which we would not, by the inexorable and inevitable process of Evolution, have learnt by ourselves. And they know exactly as much about us as they did when Robert Clive first set his imperial foot on this heathen land. In effect, culturally and artistically, their colonisation has been ineffectual. They constructed our roads, built our bridges, laid out our parks, sent us to schools and carnivals, introduced us to electricity and waged a tireless battle with our diseases. They gave us government. But as to intercourse between us on any high intellectual or aesthetic level, there has been deplorably little. American colonisation, from this point of view, has been more effective. An American colony, in the course of one single generation, becomes typically Yankee—from its skyscrapers down to its slang. A British colony ends up as hybrid. This unwillingness or incapacity of the British to impose their culture on other peoples is testimony to an attitude of mind which respects institutions—even other people's—too much to destroy them and build in their stead others of its own pattern. Of course, it has been said that this attitude also speaks of the consciousness of race superiority among the English and their conservative desire to preserve it to themselves without sharing it with others. Whatever the reason for this attitude, the core of the problem is the indiffusibility of British culture. It is the child of tradition. It is centred in places, institutions, memorials and is born of associations. It is thus true that an Indian who spends a year in England absorbs more of the spirit of English life than we have done in three hundred years of British rule on our home soil.

Our way of life, I believe, like that of the Chinese, is fundamentally of the British type. It is bound up with

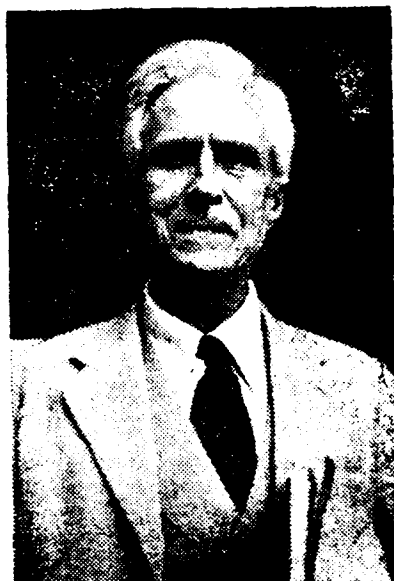
our soil, our temples and mosques, our houses and our way of eating and the things we laugh at. It is in the stories that our grandmothers tell their grandchildren at night and in the virtues that are sought to be inculcated in us from the moment understanding dawns in us. In short, our culture is not the type which can be transplanted or carried over in a glass case for exhibition to foreigners.

What exactly does 'cultural contacts' between nations mean? There are those who feel Culture is Art; there are others to whom Culture is Knowledge. There is still a third class to whom Culture is Manners or Good Taste. And I dare say to the Marxist school of thought, Culture is economics and class consciousness. Culture is a composite of all these—it is the root of feeling and knowledge. All others, like Manners, Art, etc., are the outward aspects of this inner refinement. We cannot have cultural contact without a close living together. An Indian can come to know the British way of life and thought and habit only by living among the English for a considerable period of time. And the only Englishmen who have so far established any understanding with our countrymen are the missionaries.

Sir Eugen Millington Drake who was with us last week-end, is a charming gentleman, handsome, scholarly and indubitably British. Strip him of his shirt, and put him in Spain with rings in his ears and a brightly-coloured handkerchief round his head and it would still be obvious to anyone with half an eye that his home is in the Emerald Isle. His very stance was typically English. His speech betrayed Eton and Oxford and his manner was that of an enlightened imperialist. He looked what he indeed had been for a great many years in his life, a distinguished diplomat. He might also be mistaken for a retired actor whose line had been High Tragedy. Unaccountably enough he did not look the weather-beaten, toughened much-travelled type though his work in connection with the British Council and his ambassadorial missions must have taken him quite half way round the globe, nor did he look the 'sporty' English squire, bluff, ruddy and high-spirited which

one might be forgiven for expecting him to be when one learnt that he was a good sportsman and had served on the reception committee of the last Olympiad. The finely-drawn, sensitive face, the straight nose and thin lips seemed to indicate a sheltered, fastidious living, an interest in the arts and refined pastimes. Of English poetry with which he entertained us in selected readings, he perhaps knew not much more than any well-read student of English literature in India. The only thing about him which led one to suspect poetic inclinations was his high, broad forehead with the fair hair sweeping back, which could surely be traced back to his eminent ancestor, Will Shakespeare. He had five public engagements in the city. At two, he read out poetry; at the three others he talked of sport, prefacing his talk with the rather obvious pun on culture including physical culture. His interest in boating was a nostalgic hang-over from happy Oxford days. His interest in poetry, however, gave one the impression of having been more recently acquired, when he had retired from active diplomatic duty and had leisure to pursue what it was right and proper for gentlemen of his distinction to pursue—the Muses. But his scholarship did not seem deep, if one could judge from his selections for the readings. His emphasis, indeed, seemed to be more on the manner of reading than on the matter. The stage, one might think, lost a good actor when Mr. Millington Drake took to

diplomacy. Of cultural contact which he was ostensibly seeking to establish



there were not any soul-shaking tremors in his poetic communions with his Madras audience. To not a few of them, it was merely a chance to brush up on old favourite pieces of poetry and see in the flesh the typical Englishman of the conservative school—diplomat, traveller and intellectual with just enough interest in sport, art and current political trends and movements to make the English ideal of the Compleat Man.

SRI N. K. THIRUMALACHARIAR COMMEMORATION COMMITTEE

The National High School (Girls), Triplicane, with a strength of nearly 1,000 girls has now been housed in a magnificent building in Dr. Besant Road, Triplicane, Madras. The construction of this structure and placing of the Institution on a permanent basis is due to the untiring efforts of Sri N. K. Thirumalachariar, the Founder-Secretary. This institution is among the biggest of its kind in the Province. There is a widespread desire in love as in duty to recognise and commemorate the services of Sri Thirumalachariar in a form which will add to the amenities of the Institution. For this purpose, it is proposed to construct a spacious hall in the open grounds of the school itself and name it after Sri N. K. Thirumalachariar. A committee has been formed with Sri C. R. Srinivasan as President, to collect contributions. Remittances may be made to Sri R. K. Murthy, Treasurer, 38, Edward Elliott's Road, Mylapore, Madras.



M. G. M.—THE FILM COMPANY WITH A PAST —AND A FUTURE

EVERYONE has been hearing the roar of the lion for the past twenty-five years. The whole nation knows that film business is on the march, spearheaded by the roaring

came out of the merger of a small studio built in 1915 for Triangle Films—later taken over by Samuel Goldwyn—with the old Metro studio and the studio of Louis B. Mayer. When these film tycoons put their trade marks Metro, Goldwyn and Mayer together in a package, Leo the lion began emitting growls that were to be heard around the world.

The property covered about forty acres. That was the beginning. Today's studio seems a miracle of achievement to its old timers who remember it 25 years ago. The studio covers approximately one hundred and seventy two acres. This has



CLARK GABLE FRANK SINATRA

ion. Much has been done during its entire history. Dating back to BEN HUR, GRAND HOTEL, GONE WITH THE WIND, GOOD EARTH, SAN FRANCISCO, the products of M. G. M. are in the mouth of everyone in this world. With 1949, they complete a golden era of screen achievement.

It all began on a sunny day in 1924, when Conis B. Mayer, the head of the M. G. M. studios, was presented with a huge key, symbolic of the founding of the new M. G. M. studios in Hollywood. Film stars of the day, executives and other prominent persons gathered on a broad lawn since then obliterated in the march of progress and replaced with concrete buildings and towering sound stages—to help launch the new studios.

In the past twenty-five years the then rather modest film plant has grown into a veritable city, today housing the largest motion-picture producing organisation in the world. The M.G.M. studios of that early day

FUTURE BETS



JANET LEIGH ARLENE DAHL

become a big city with ten miles of paved streets running among its thirty sound stages and 177 buildings. To the east of the fenced-in studio proper is the ultra-modern office building named in memory of Irving G. Thalberg, whose pictures are high achievements in the history of the industry.

The stars of that new studio 25 years ago are names that inspire nostalgic memories. Flitting across the sha-

dows of the past are great names, remembered and unremembered who left trails of star dust to mark their passing. Norma Shearer, destined to become the screen's first lady in later years, was on the roster.... John Gilbert was one of the greatest of all leading men..... Ramon Navarro, Lillian Gish, Lon Chaney, Conrad Nigel and a host of others. Among the directors were Victor Lea Storm, Reginald Barker, Fred Niblo, who directed the studio's first great picture BEN HUR. Its counterpart this quarter century later will be QUO VADIS, to be produced on a huge scale in Italy. This will be directed by John Huston, 1948 Academy Award winner.

The first year of the studio's quarter century was an active one with pictures as 'HE WHO GETS SLAPPED' with Norma Shearer and John Gilbert followed by many more great hits. Star power was developed as the years passed by. There was Jean Harlow who died all too soon. Marie Dressler, a success on the stage, was brought to the motion pictures to achieve still greater glory. Myrna Loy was

stamped as an exotic siren until M.G.M. gave her romantic leads. In Europe was discovered a shy Swedish girl who blossomed into the Great Garbo. A chorus-girl find Lucille Le Seuer was re-christened Joan Crawford. Clark Gable was an extra in Mae Murray's MERRY WIDOW. A young college cellist named Spangler Arbrington Brugh hit the screen as Robert Taylor.

All that was twenty-five years ago. Today we see in Leo the Lion's studios, new names, new talent besides the group of great stars such as Gable, Garson, Hepburn, Kelly, Sinatra, Taylor, Tracy and others. Top stars, valuable entertainment and industry leadership are the policies of M. G. M. The studio has turned out great motion pictures unparalleled in their triumph and is now ready to put a new smile upon the faces of exhibitors and movie-going public. With their releases such as BATTLE-GROUND, THAT FORSYTE WOMAN, you would certainly say that M.G.M. is great always.

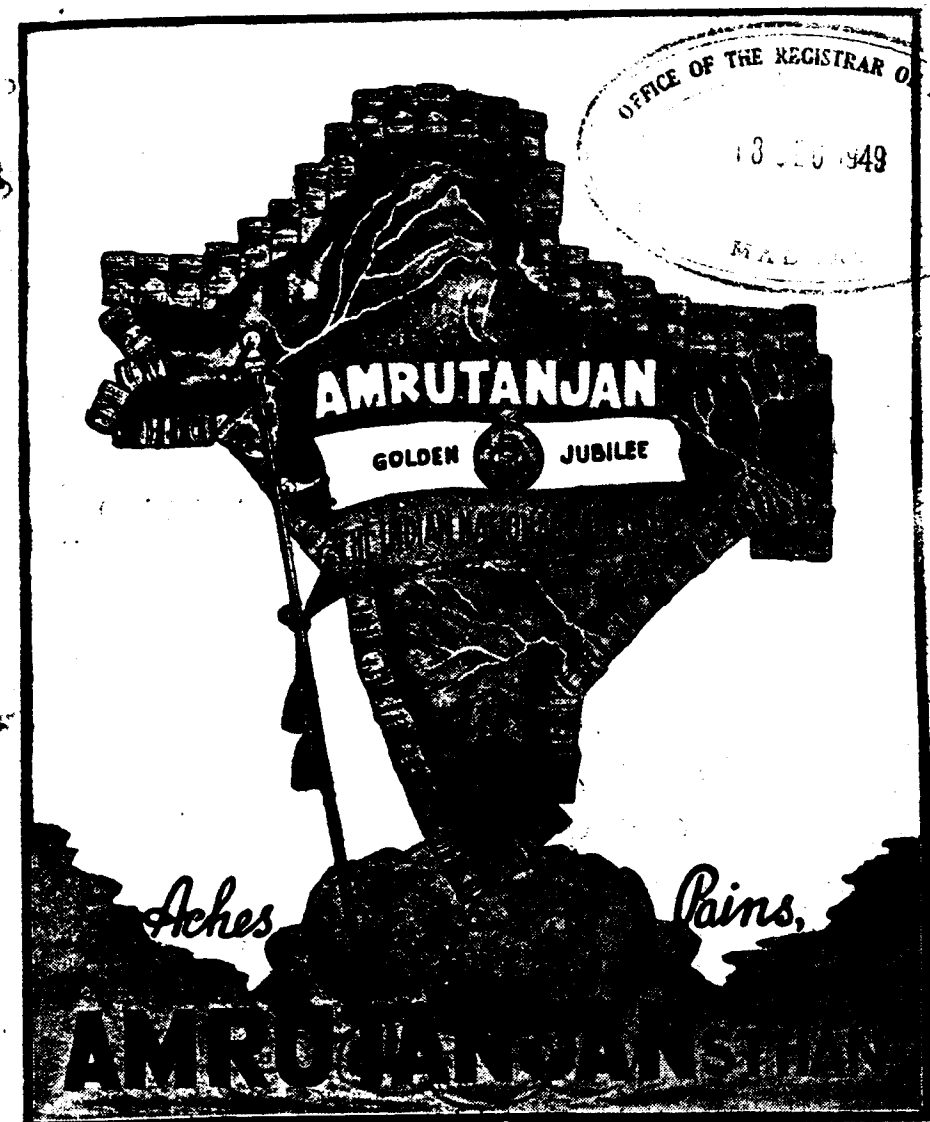
SIROCCO.

FIRST
and BEST

MYSORE SANDAL SOAP
Cleanses and beautifies! Recommended for use on the most sensitive skins.

Available everywhere.

Govt. Soap Factory, Bangalore.



The HUB of ASIA
and eventually of
The One World

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV, NO. 44

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1949

CONTENTS

ON THE COVER: MR. ARTUR LUND-
KVIST. (See page 7)

EDITORIAL COMMENT

SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara

THE COCK (Poem)—By Manjeri
S. Isvaran

A FOREIGN POET: A FIRST IMPRESSION
—By Santha

SIDELIGHTS—By Saka

THE FINANCES OF PURANA DESH
—By S. Parthasarathy

A "SCANDALOUS" BARGAIN—By S.
Rajagopalan

PAGE

3

4

6

7

9

11

13

ARUNDALE THE JOURNALIST—By A.
Sita Devi

THE MYTH OF RACE SUPERIORITY
—By C. H. Shetty

MALARIA THROUGH THE AGES—By
P. Shantaram Rau

ADVERTISING IN THE INDIAN PRESS
—By R. Madhavan Nair

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE (Short
Story)—By Theodore King

YUSUF MEHERALLY—By G. S.
Bhargava

AN INTERVIEW WITH JOHN HAYNES
HOLMES—By P. G. Krishniah

POPULAR GOVERNMENT IN
HYDERABAD—By K. S. S.

NEW DELHI DIARY

RIVER VALLEY PROJECTS IN INDIA
—By Kumud Bhushan Ray

AGE AND YOUTH (Azad Qalam)
—By K. A. Abbas

FILM FARE

MAJOR-GENERAL CHAUDHURI: A
SOLDIER-STATESMAN—By S.
Swaminathan

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

15

17

19

22

25

28

33

34

35

37

39

42

45

48

SWATANTRA

VOL IV
No. 44

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

PARTITION PROBLEMS

THE signal given by the Govern-
ment of India for the formation
of the Andhra Province, has given
rise to a certain acrimoniousness on
the part of provincial Congress lea-
ders who ought to have known better
and set a worthier example. Some of
them have assumed towards the Gov-
ernment of the province-to-be an
attitude of impolite dictation. "Quit
Madras and go, the quicker the
better" is the dominant note in the
recent public utterances of prominent
Tamil leaders, and Sri Kamaraj has
declared, with a sense almost of
personal possession over Madras City,
that not even temporarily could he
tolerate the idea of any part of the
city being allowed to be used as
capital for the Government of the
Andhra Province. It would appear as
though, overnight, opinion has
crystallised in favour of treating the
Andhras like hostile strangers from
an alien country. This is a sad off-
shoot of the principle of linguistic
division. It is not limited to a mere
matter of difference of opinion over
the suitability of Madras to serve as
capital for the new province even if
temporarily. Its ramifications of
illwill threaten to spread, poisoning
the relations between communities
that have lived in perfect amity for
many generations hitherto. Visitors
from practically every province have
settled down in Madras City and some
of them have acquired vast wealth
and are in control of important
industrial and commercial institu-
tions. Through their hold on local
economy, they exercise an influence in
local politics that is by no means
inconsiderable. This is as it should

be, because the integrity of a common
citizenship for all India implies that
no provincial administrative arrange-
ment should be capable of impairing
it; any citizen of India from any pro-
vince should be free to live in any
other part without being treated like
an alien not entitled to equality and
citizenship rights. The formation of
the Andhra Province does not take
away the rights of such Andhras as
choose to exercise them, to live in
Madras or anywhere else in Tamil
Nadu. Provocative talk breathing
inhospitality is therefore to be depre-
cated. It is not in consonance with
conceptions of inter-provincial cordi-
ality and goodwill on which the
foundations of common citizenship
for the people of all provinces have
to be laid in the new free India.

It is to be hoped therefore that the
leaders concerned in the division of
Madras Province will abandon their
present deplorable attitude of rivalry
and hostility, and deal with the vari-
ous issues on hand in a spirit of
common enterprise and mutual
accommodation. The setting up of a
new Government is a task beset with
many difficulties, and those to be
entrusted with it have need of all the
assistance that better-placed collea-
gues inheriting a ready-made admini-
strative machinery can give them.
The occasion of partition is an appro-
priate opportunity for a radical
overhauling of the administrative
system itself in the direction of
greater simplicity. Each of the two
provinces to be formed by the parti-
tion of Madras will have less
resources with which to discharge
their administrative responsibilities

**water and Cunjee
are easy to make this way**



BARLEY WATER: Mix a paste of two level tea-
spoonfuls of Purity Barley with water and simmer
for only five minutes with one pint of water. Add
salt, sugar or lime to taste.

CUNJEE: Make this in the usual way, but it only
takes twenty minutes to prepare. Remember
one spoonful of Purity Barley is
worth eight spoonfuls of
ordinary pearl barley.

**PURITY
BARLEY**

ATLANTIS (EAST) LTD. POST BOX NO. 664, CALCUTTA

than the larger composite province that is soon to come to an end. Unless quick means are found to eliminate waste and render more efficient service at less cost, the partition may not turn out to be a blessing at all. We suggest that an intervening Secretary between the Minister and the head of the department is a superfluity that should be put an end to. The profligacy of throwing public money on incompetent persons elevated through favouritism to responsible positions where they are unequal to their duties has meant starvation of public welfare, frustration for the talented, decay of the

prestige of the ruling party, and the conversion, through desperation, of the discontented and the disappointed into violence and anti-social ways. Much of the success of Chinese Communists is reported to have been due to the thoroughness of their planning while they had time on their hands for the prospective functions of government. They had blue prints ready for every contingency, a suitable man marked out for every post to be filled. Likewise, our new provinces need a brain trust for the fullest mobilisation of all the talent it can garner into the production of the greatest good for the common people.

Sotto Voce

Juggernaut.



WHEN did the Government of India establish a corner in titles? According to the Governor-general it has not only done that; it may be legitimately accused of restrictive practices! For it can alone award titles and it will not. But be assured, reader, that the position is not so desperate as all that. It is only Mr. Rajagopalachari's picturesque way of justifying what in the case of another man might have been regarded as momentary wilfulness. There are eighteen universities awarding some scores of honorary degrees every year; quite a few of these are gathered in C. R.'s satchel.

And titles, indicative of merit and esteem, were being conferred by the convocations of the learned long before the British, whose titles have vanished with them, ever appeared on the Indian scene. The Mukti Mandapa Sabha of Puri vies in anti-quity and authority with the great

scholar polity of Benares. Your Royal Societies and French Academies are things of yesterday compared with these historic fellowships of learning and piety. Tulasi, the Rama Bhakta, likened the assembly of the saints to a moving Prayaga. That godliness and wisdom may yet be found in many a humble pandit.

Such men are not given to flattering the great, because they expect no favours. If the Mukti Mandapa felt it must honour the Governor-General with a title, it was presumably because it remembered the ancient dictum, "Naa Vishnuh Prithiveepathih." Brought up in a tradition that regarded beneficent kingly power as an attribute of God, the pandit-world of Puri could not have thought of a more felicitous honorific than "the Sun of India" for the holder of an office which symbolises Indian sovereignty. Mr. Rajagopalachari, who told them that "all constitutions come to

this—you must obey the law," apparently could not see that the pandits were trying to say in their own way that self-respecting men must assume that authority was worthy of respect before they could obey it.

His humility was beside the point, as his gratuitous reminder that arrogance may go with scholarship was rather out of taste. If the Pandits of Puri were not humble men they might not have placed themselves in a position to be run over by this verbal juggernaut. But it is no new experience for C. R. or for other popular leaders to be acclaimed in the language of superlatives. And *Magister Artium* is a mantle that alights with equal agility on the shoulders of Milton and of the mutt who has scrambled through the academic wire-fence with a third class in Islamic History. The holder of a doctorate in scientific laundering might rate himself as good as the Seraphic Doctor himself. But nobody suggests that degrees should be abolished because we cannot have an infinite gradation of them.

Incentives are indispensable as a stimulus to good work, as even Soviet Russia recognises by the institution of Stalin prizes. And in a world which resents economic inequality and is coming to demand that duke and dustman shall be paid the same wages because they have the same quantum of hunger, there must be some way of registering valid claims of superiority. Such distinctions can hardly be regarded as sops to vanity. They have a very definite social purpose. They are the least harmful way of inducing the spirit of emulation in

the young. Even for those who have arrived they may perform the useful service of reminding them that they have "to defend their title," the prize being self-respect.

Go into the junior common room of a college or listen to the talk of the clever subordinates who dissect their "covenanted" superiors over their tiffin. You will see how contemptuous they are of the man who, having passed a competitive examination, finds himself at the age of thirty invested with authority over veterans and cannot get on for a day without the zealous and too deferential P.A. at his elbow to prompt him. If his work is technical and he is an easy-going person not given much to poring over books and journals, he soon gets out of date. And the brilliant youths milling at the bottom of the ladder are not slow to take his measure.

Luckily, age is no handicap when it comes to keeping oneself morally fit. The middle-aged team leader in a laboratory may find it intolerably irksome to burn midnight oil; and it is the fate of even a Joe Louis to be supplanted by fewer years and tauter muscles. But it should be a chastening experience for a receptive Governor-General to be hailed as Bharata Bhaskara. In the old days of personal sovereignty the man who remembered he was God's anointed never outraged the modesty of nature. Dasaratha, not Vena, was our kingly norm. The Yank who clambers on to Arthur's throne, there to stand on his head, is a modern phenomenon.

VIGHNESWARA

He could neither read nor write, but when a distant relation died and left him a small fortune, he started to cut a dash. He bought a cheque book, but instead of signing his name on cheques he put two crosses, and the bank paid.

Then one day he handed the cashier a cheque signed with three crosses.

"What's this?" demanded the cashier. "You've put three crosses here."

"I know," was the reply, "buy my wife's got social ambitions now. She says I must have a middle name."

"I say, waiter, the flowers on this table are artificial, aren't they?"

"Yes, sir, that's the worst of running a vegetarian restaurant—if we use real flowers, the customers eat them."

THE COCK

(A Malabar Folk-song)

Rendered by MANJERI S. ISVARAN

O Cock with the crimson crest
that wobble with swagger your breast,

*I tell ye, I tell ye,
don't peck at the paddy,
don't peck at the paddy,
drying in the sun.*

What? Your feathers you ruffle
at me for a scuffle,
you squawk
to mock,

*I tell ye, I tell ye,
don't peck at the paddy,
don't peck at the paddy,
drying in the sun.*

Now run,
silly one!
Run; ken
yonder clucks your hen!

What? Still must you peck?
Sure as a gun,
I will wring your neck,
your plumes will I pluck
and throw on the muck,
and with my sickle
mince you to mickle
bits for the curry
and in no hurry
eat you with pickle!

O Cock with the crimson crest
that wobble with swagger your breast,

*I tell ye, I tell ye,
don't peck at the paddy,
don't peck at the paddy,
drying in the sun.*

A FOREIGN POET: A FIRST IMPRESSION

By SANTHA

POETS are tricky people to write about. So few of them come up to the romanticists' delusion of them that actual encounter leaves us with the unhappy feeling of having been cheated. To most of us poetry is enchantment and music. And our favourite conception of the glorious creature who dabbles in this sublime art is a pale-faced god who wears his sophistication as he does his hair—down. His innocence of the world is the innocence of the child, he being capable of no other creative effort except the poetic. He has dreamy eyes, thin lips, he is spare in build with a look of the other world about him, almost ascetic and very, very sad. His voice is sweet and melodious and when he speaks, words pour from him like a gentle cataract. The less frustrated among us, however, like to imagine our poet as not so spare in build, with full lips, delicate strong hands who wears his hair long (that is inevitable, I don't know why, but it somehow seems to go with the rest of the picture) and is possessed of a virility as unscrupulous as it is insatiable. In other words, if he has the bad taste to be married, he must be capable of moral lapses. But to whichever type he belongs, if he is bad, he must be thoroughly bad and therefore completely fascinating. If he is good he must be a saint and burning with unroused desires and unused energy, which condition is also exciting to those who like to savour their pleasure via the imagination. Our models are Byron and Shelley and Rabindranath Tagore and currently that irresistible contemporary of ours, Harin—Harindranath Chattopadhyaya to you. But a poet who looks like a stock-broker or a policeman—no, that would not do at all. That would be as decorous as the Sphinx playing Lady Macbeth with Shaw for an audience. In other words, it would be most unsuitable.

Mr. Lundkvist (pronounced Loonthkvisth), visitor to India from Sweden. Looks like an engineer or an architect

of the better type. He might be mistaken for a clever actor whose niche second lead. Some people might even mistake him for the editor of a progressive journal. But if there is one thing he doesn't look like it is a poet. He is tall—which is against the rules—and looks as well proportioned as an athlete. He is not fragile, but a giant of a man according to Indian standards. He is not pale, he looks swarthy and he cuts his hair short. There is nothing other-worldly about him. His eyes are not soulful but have a great deal of humour in them. He has a wide, merry mouth which breaks into a pleasant smile at the slightest provocation. He speaks like 't's as 'th's and has an accent as wide as the seas which separate his country from the English-speaking world. I did not drop his aitches but I dropped many other things including a few bricks.

Mr. Lundkvist is, notwithstanding such treading on our idealistic corner, a poet. He works on the *Dagens Nyheter* in Stockholm, Sweden, whose columns he embellishes with art and literary criticism. He is forty-three and looks thirty-four. He has written twenty-one books in Swedish, all with the most intriguingly fascinating titles. He has published two collections of verse. When he is not engaged in writing a book or a poem, a literary critique, he is travelling and reading. His scholarship in English and French is extensive. He knows enough Spanish, I think, to carry on a conversation with a pretty Spaniard. His knowledge of English and continental literature this side of the war—if this war can be said to have this side at all—seems profound which is not surprising in one whom writing is a profession, but what is surprising is his decisive attitude towards it. Existentialism does neither bewilder him nor does it revolt him—as it does me, for instance. I know all the new post-war 'isms' and philosophies and what is worse, able to understand them. He is

even something to say about that vulgar-sounding literary abortion—Red Cubist Poetry. I asked him if Cubist poetry meant the words being arranged in the form of cubes, straight or resting on angles or in combinations or rows or formations. He looked at me with that humorous look in his eyes and kept a straight face. He talked of Communism, about Russian literature, about American reading. He derided Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One* as the work of a Catholic, he airily dismissed George Orwell's 1949 as a type of writing which had been done in his language infinitely better by a lady novelist more than a decade ago, and had something derogatory to say even about that beloved master, Somerset Maugham. He scoffed at or patted other contemporary writers on the back with an admirable confidence of being absolutely in the right and a brazenness which defied opposition. He discussed manners, morals, the Life Force, the conception of Dharma with equal facility. To cap it all, he announced he did not drink, did not smoke and was a happily married man with children, and made enough money to live comfortably.

All of which, as you must yourself have concluded by now, hardly sounds like a poet of the old romantic type, who sat beside lakes or gazed at mountains or ran away into silences waiting for the great inspiration to seize him. Mr. Lundkvist, I am sure, works at a shining, glass-topped table with a familiar, ink-stained desk-set before him, a big toe on the call-bell

and an eye on the clock (he has to strike off work a little before lunch-time and see that publisher chap about his new contract, you know) and a pen in which the ink gets stuck. The stenographer clicks away at his (or her?) typewriter comfortably within hearing and a telephone interrupts his creative effort every few minutes or so. And just when he is getting that lovely rhyme in the last stanza but one, the news-editor comes and says What about his column? Has he finished it yet? And so Mr. Lundkvist impatiently pushes his unfinished poem under a paper-weight and smiles a bright smile and turns to do his piece of literary criticism for the day.

Or perhaps I am wrong. It is more than difficult for one to form a first impression of a man from an hour's conversation in the company of two dozen other people who are as anxious to form their first impressions. So, perhaps, he really does go and sit under a tree or whatever they do sit under in Sweden and close his eyes and a lovely pink cloud comes and wafts him away to regions far from this maddening humanity and the little flame inside him grows bigger and bigger enveloping him, consuming him and words come tripping into their places falling into line like girls at a music-hall chorus (only he forgets to bring his paper pad and pencil, a pity!) And when he passes, people shake their heads and say: Poor Artur! he is a poet, you know. Not quite right in the head, poor chap! What beats me is why the dickens doesn't he wear his hair long?

SIDELIGHTS :

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.—SHAKESPEARE.

WHO is to be the first President of the Indian Republic? A decision on this question is overdue. Certain members of the Constituent Assembly have been active canvassing opinion in favour of Rajendra Prasad. A good deal of adroit exploitation of anti-C. R. sentiment has gone into this canvassing. The displacement of Hindi by English would take place at a quicker pace, they said, if Rajendra Prasad were the head of the State. A north versus south passion is also being sought to be imported into the discussion. On behalf of C. R. there has been precious little of canvassing on the part of the M.C.As. But Pandit Nehru, it would appear, is so thoroughly satisfied with his work as Governor-General that he feels that nobody else could fill the office of President in a worthier way. Sardar Patel, if he has any preference, has not so far revealed it by any sign. He has studiously preserved an appearance of absolute non-commitment. It is not likely that the Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister will fall out on the choice of President. Though temperamentally adverse to each other, they have composed every difference between them likely to imperil the harmony of their joint responsibility at topmost level for the government of the country. The original incipience of a Nehru party and a Patel party which threatened to cut a furrow across the whole field of the administration, has failed to yield its expected results. The two major leaders have settled into an unshakable comprehension of the complementarity of each to the other. They have emerged as a perfect team of two. It is not likely that they will serve as centres of dispute for followers to rally round. In view of the unconcealed preference of the Prime Minister for C. R. as first President, it is not to be expected that Sardar Patel will encourage a battle among the ranks over the issue by advocating a contrary choice. If Nehru insists, the Sardar will comply,

and when both are agreed, no combination of forces in the legislature can prove stronger. But Nehru is given to spasmodic fits of playing the democrat in the course of which he will sit back and firmly refrain from exerting his will, leaving it to others to fight things out among themselves and come to conclusions. Because of the unpredictability of the occasions when such fits occur, there is unpredictability as to who will eventually become President.

As between two leaders of the outstanding eminence of C. R. and Rajendra Prasad, any invidious comparison of merits and defects to decide who is better fitted for the office to be filled, is difficult and may not be desirable. Nor is it necessary either, in view of the condition of Rajendra Prasad's health. He is ill every other day. He should be freed from all strains and preserved as in a glass case from every turmoil likely to tax his energy and strength. C. R., on the other hand, is in perfect physical condition, never more hale and vigorous, and good for any load of work. As Governor-General he has acquitted himself with ability, credit, honour and dignity. We cannot have a better President, just as we could not have had a more competent Governor-General. Except in response to some imperative need of the State, his displacement would be rank folly.

That such a need does not now exist cannot however be taken for granted. The southward Communist advance in Asia is a phenomenon that calls for alert statecraft in India, the more so as it has stimulated American prodigality in global counter-defensive measures. The rest of the world is being netted from the East and the West for involvement in some form or other in the fast developing Russo-American conflict. If knowledge is power, the powerlessness of ignorance hedges us in all matters connected with Russia. In a moment of crisis, the British Government sent their

MEDICINE CHEST

A COMPLETE DISPENSARY

For Every Home

Consists of a set of 8 remedies to treat common ailments expeditiously and economically. The medicines are harmless even if given wrongly. Used for Rural Medical Aid by Governments, Institutions and Homes all over India, Burma and Ceylon.

Price: Rs. 2-8 and larger sizes.

J. & J. De Chane,

HYDERABAD

::

DECCAN.

Distributors for Madras & Andhra:
P. R. SEKHAR & Co., GUNTUR.

most astute leader to Moscow, and Cripps as ambassador achieved what his predecessors failed to do by inducing changes in Russian policies conducive to Britain's advantage. Indian interests just now demand the singling out of our most astute diplomat for the Russian assignment. A philosopher like Radhakrishnan is lost in the mundane wilderness of the Soviet, and is no match for the strategians of the Kremlin. C. R. is the man for the job. He could get round Stalin somehow and devise with his wit an Open Sesame for gaining admittance within the closed enclaves of the Kremlin. He could get the right measure of the Communist peril and plan out the adequate defence. For the safety of India we must send C. R. to Moscow.

For the office of President, the

aptest choice after C. R. would be Dr. Ambedkar. The vision of a Harijan girl as the first President of the Indian Republic fascinated the Mahatma for its historical significance as a symbol of reparation by Congress leaders for the age-old suppression that had been practised on Harijans. In mere femininity however there is no political virtue, and lack of it need not disqualify Dr. Ambedkar, who is the one leader of Harijans that can fill any post without the need of patronage on the strength of his own merit. Foremost among the architects of the Constitution, his elevation as President of the Republic would be an emblem of social revolution worth far more than all statutory provisions for the advancement of Harijans and the eradication of untouchability.—SAKA.

NEW SURGICAL TECHNIQUE TO CURE ARTHRITIS

FIVE years ago an American nurse, Elizabeth Sheehey, resigned her hospital position. Chronic arthritis was stiffening her knee joints. She was told that in a short time she might be unable to walk.

Today Miss Sheehey is back at her old job. Her joints are as limber as they were when she first began nursing. All pain has disappeared.

Her seemingly miraculous recovery is due to a combination of nylon plastic and a surgical technique perfected by doctors of Robert Breck Brigham Hospital in Boston, Massachusetts, the only hospital in the United States which treats only arthritic diseases.

Miss Sheehey is one of 20 persons upon whom the unique operation—called an arthroplasty—has been performed in the last five years. All but one of these persons were able to walk within three weeks after the operation.

Chronic arthritis destroys the membrane that normally covers the heads of bones where they come together in a joint. Without this membrane, the cartilage that normally cushions the

bones ossifies, and the joint becomes stiff and useless.

The technique of the arthroplastic operation was devised many years ago, but some operations were unsuccessful because doctors failed to find a material suitable to serve as an artificial membrane over the bones.

About five years ago, Dr. John G. Kuhns, chief of orthopedic surgery at the Boston Hospital, and Dr. Theodore A. Potter, who is credited with perfecting the arthroplastic technique, found the needed substitute for membrane. It was nylon plastic three-thousandths of an inch thick. Experiments on animals proved that nylon plastic did not irritate surrounding tissues, did not absorb moisture, and was fairly elastic.

In performing the operation, surgeons make an incision around the knee-cap and move it aside to get at the damaged joint. They cut away diseased tissue, then apply the nylon plastic over the lower end of the thigh bone, and sew the plastic to healthy tissue with silk thread. They then replace the knee cap and close the incision.—USIS.

THE FINANCES OF PURANA DESH

By S. PARTHASARATHY

IT was early evening when the Goddess Lakshmi, rejecting other recreations, decided in favour of a walk through the woods that adjoined her abode in Sumeru. The Champak, the Kadamba and the Asok trees were in full bloom. The air was sweetly fragrant. Sri Lakshmi walked without heaviness on her feet, without anguish in her heart, without discrimination in her look, without discordance in her ears, without care in her head and without thought in her mind. Inspired by her example and presence, the fallen leaves on the ground rose up a little to afford a soft cushioning to her feet; the sun divided himself into parts and peeping through every opening in the canopy of leaves sought to light up her heart with his mild effulgence; the carnivorous and the gentle beasts of the forests strode along cordially together trying to present to her sight the non-distinction of good and bad; the bees that had flown into the wood to drink in the honey intoned her favourite Akshara and attempted to set up a reposeful melody for her ears; the scented air gently stroked her brow to smoothen the absent crease; the sluggish stream quickened its flow in an attempt to rid itself of the dead leaves and twigs that cluttered on its surface. The Rishis who witnessed the scene prayed to the Gods that it should be eternalised. But it was not to be. For the scene in the rest of the universe was out of harmony.

Sri Lakshmi spent a little while walking about before she heard the patter of running feet. She turned in the direction of the sound and saw her chamberlain hastening to meet her. She halted in her walk and, when the chamberlain drew near, she asked "Why this unseemly haste?" "Pardon, Majesty," answered the chamberlain, "the Finance Minister of Purana Desh has arrived without notice and he craves immediate audience with Your Majesty." "The affairs of Purana Desh must be pretty bad for their Finance Minister to come to us

in such haste," commented Lakshmi, and added, "Inform the Minister that his request will be granted." After the chamberlain left, Lakshmi also retraced her steps to the Palace, and once she arrived there she lost no time in granting audience to the Finance Minister.

The Finance Minister stood up and bowed low thrice. "Your Majesty, we have no money in our coffers. We have no money to pay for the salaries of our servants or for the foodstuffs we buy from other countries. Unless Your Majesty comes to our rescue with a grant of a trillion million rupees we will be ruined." "Why don't you seek assistance from Naya Desh?" asked Lakshmi. "We have asked them not once but many times," answered the Minister, "but they are niggardly. Even the mockery of a loan they would give us is tied up with so many terms and conditions which are humiliating and of disadvantage to us."

"Listen to me carefully," said Sri Lakshmi in a stern voice. "I do not manufacture material wealth to give it to others. To those who may pray to me with devotion, I direct the distribution of a larger share of wealth. I do this because all wealth in the world belongs to me. But nowadays, I find that even my devotees forget this fact once they have acquired wealth through my intervention. Just as a king or minister should regard the revenues he collects from the people as the wealth of the people even though it be in his coffers, so also the people should regard the wealth in their possession as mine. The wealth of a nation or the wealth of the individual should therefore be utilised for purposes which I hold as meritorious. The people of Naya Desh have acquired most of the gold in the world and stored it in a rocky recess. That wealth is lost to the people of other countries. In olden days, when the State coffers began to overflow, the wise kings used to empty the coffer and distribute the stored wealth

again to the people from whom it came. When State coffers became empty, the kings used to collect wealth from rich men and from subordinate chiefs by persuasion or by force. When the coffers of the people became poor, the kings used to undertake works of public benefit such as road building, irrigation projects and temple construction. The money of the State went back to the people as wages for work done instead of as mere doles. The people kept their self-respect and the country benefited. But after World War I, your countries are all dominated by the political boss working in collaboration with the business boss. These bosses have come to believe firmly that only a war can boost up the economic resources of a country. So, during the peace that follows a war, they are engaged in fomenting another war. Soldiers get killed; men, women and children get destroyed; cities are razed to the ground by bombs; but the political and the business bosses flourish at the expense of so much misery. How many political and business bosses are there today who do not think 'How I wish there were another war!' In your own country, you have behaved like the sons of a parsimonious but rich father who had kept them short of funds during his lifetime. You have been spending money recklessly and now when you find your coffers empty, you think of me. But what have you done to check your expenditure? You have cut out all schemes intended to improve the face of your country. Public health, education, irrigation projects and housing projects, are being given up. But you will not cut the extravagant salaries, the needless personnel in your departments, the futile conferences which are of the size of public meetings and the pomp and show in India and abroad. In deference to a great man, you abolished the salt tax, but in its place you collect tax on sale of foodstuffs which costs the poor man many times more than the salt that he used to buy. You have taxed his transport, you have taxed his entertainments and you are practically

taxing him out of existence. You fix the prices of your essential commodities either too low or too high. In either case, the business boss benefits. You fix the ceiling price on fibres too low. The business boss benefits, you State loses the export duty and the tax on the profits made. You fix your price too high in the case of foodstuffs, and the people must perforce buy them at that price. The business boss reaps an undeservedly large profit. A starving nation cannot be made to look for long robust and healthy before the eyes of other nations by pomp and show alone. The starving voter cannot be lulled for long by psychological speeches alone to keep his confidence unshaken in his well-fed representatives in the Government. You cannot for long successfully pose as the guardian of the poor when every action of your is either designed or results in transferring the money of the poor into the pockets of the rich." The benign form of Lakshmi was rapidly transforming itself into the terrible form of Kali as she proceeded. "Purana Desi cannot be governed by words alone. will not look with equanimity if those who deny my existence come into power as a result of your misdeeds. would rather destroy everything than allow unbelievers to take your place as a result of your defaults. Go back to your country and tell your colleagues in the Government that a nation cannot be governed by men without hearts, tell them that the wealth of the country is held by them in trust for me and that the objects dearest to my heart are the well-being and happiness of the people and of the nation as a whole and not of any section of it." The drear ended at this stage, and I who was spectator throughout saw the light of another dawn in the endless succession of dreary days streaming through the window of my room. I blinked a few times before I realised that it was all a dream. But the feeling too hold of me that the future is not going to be all so bleak as I have been thinking so long.

When Goethe was taken to task for an outburst against an older writer, Wieland, who had criticised him, he broke out: "Perhaps Wieland is right. But he is wrong. He was no right to expect me to think like him. That paternal tone! That's what made me so furious."—From
ROY PASCAL.

A "SCANDALOUS" BARGAIN

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

THE recent episode in the Madras Secretariat concerning the sale of a motor vehicle to an Assistant Secretary raises certain issues of grave public importance, and one is clearly amazed at the amount of nonchalance displayed by the Minister in charge as well as two members of the Upper Chamber over the question. The "facts of the matter" appear in the Minister's statement in the Council and in certain correspondence which has been published in **SWATANTRA** of 3rd December '49.

A Chevrolet delivery van, 1938 model, "in excellent running condition," came to be condemned by the concerned authority of the Government and was put up for sale. No offer was forthcoming but the Assistant Secretary in charge of the transaction, offered to buy it up for Rs. 500. Another outside bidder also came in, and that too was for Rs. 500. The Provincial Motor Transport Controller, who was consulted, appraised it, curiously enough, at the identical sum of Rs. 500. Thereupon the Government accepted the bid of the Assistant Secretary in preference to that of the other party on account of priority. The Assistant Secretary took possession of the vehicle but in a couple of days thereafter advertised it for sale for Rs. 5,000 and succeeded in finding a purchaser for Rs. 4,500 almost on the very day of the advertisement.

Now, on these facts, the following questions arise:

1. How was it that a big Chevrolet delivery van in *excellent running condition*, had been damned as 'condemned' by the concerned officer of the Government?

2. When the Government were seized with two offers for Rs. 500 why did they not consult their legal advisers? Can the Government, especially the Secretary of the Department, be unaware of the fact that in these public sales, officers engaged in carrying them through, cannot bid for or buy the property for their private benefit? Are the Government obli-

vious of the peremptory legal provisions, such as for example, Order 21 Rule 73 Civil Procedure Code, which forbids any officer or other person having any duty to perform in connection with any sale, directly or indirectly bidding for or acquiring any interest in the property sold and Rule 26 (c) Schedule IV Madras District Municipalities Act, which prevents the executive officer or any municipal servant directly or indirectly purchasing any property that has been distrained and put up for sale?

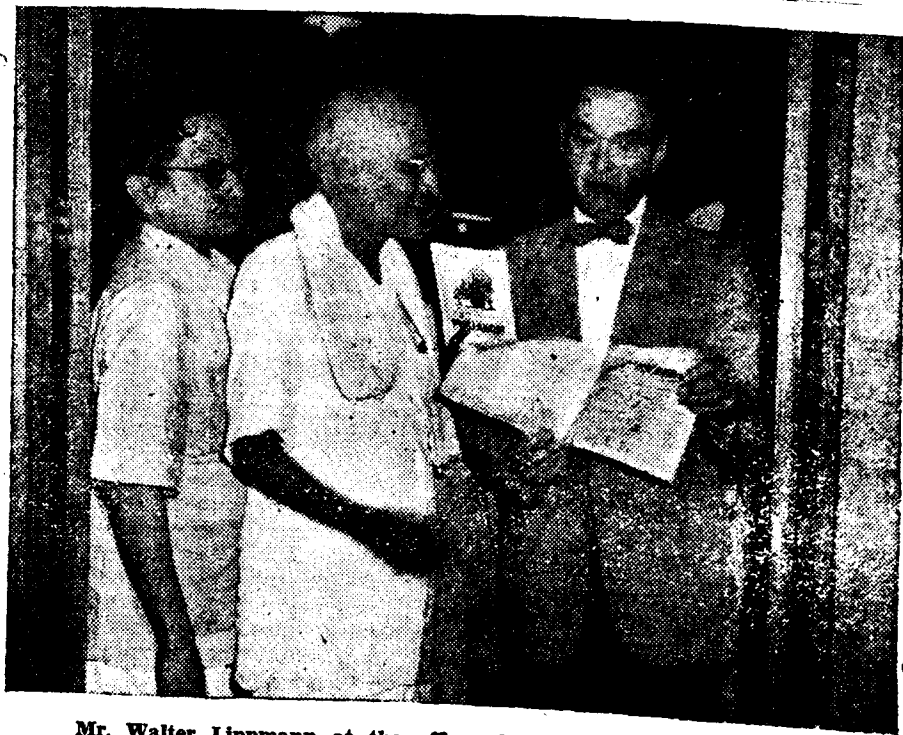
The Minister cannot say that the sale in the present case was not "wrong or improper" or that there was nothing "shady or suspicious." Why should an Assistant Secretary who buys Government property at nearly one-tenth of its actual value, immediately on taking possession discover that "it would not be useful to him" and arrange for its sale forthwith, though under a seemingly different address? Apparently, the gentleman regarded it as a business proposition, but then trading by civil servants, which flourished in the days of the East India Company, has long since become obsolete. That he came to acquire the vehicle by virtue of his official position, can scarcely be doubted and when he got a profit of Rs. 4,000 it became the clear duty of the Government to seek their remedy under Sec. 88 of the Indian Trusts Act which obliges an agent or other person bound in a fiduciary character to protect the interest of another person (here the Government) gaining a pecuniary advantage, to hold for the benefit of such other person, the advantage so gained. The illustration appended to that section is apposite to the present instance. A, an executor, buys at an undervalue from B, a legatee, his claim under the will. B is ignorant of the value of the bequest. A must hold for the benefit of B the difference between the price and the value. That is to say, a Government servant buying at an undervalue Government property for Rs. 500, while the Government is ignorant of its proper value, namely

Rs. 4,500, must pay the latter the difference between Rs. 500 and Rs. 4,500, that is, Rs. 4,000.

Finally there remains the attitude of the Government towards the press which had unearthed the whole of this unsavoury business. Government, generally speaking, are under a duty to protect public servants against unjust calumny; but when concrete facts are placed before them in regard to any transaction, it should be their prime concern to order a detailed and impartial enquiry and publish its findings along with the relevant exhibits and the correspondence, in fairness both to the officer and the paper concerned. As it happened, in the present instance, the Minister's statement in the Council together with the interjections of the two

M.L.Cs, appeared in the daily press, but not the relevant correspondence which had passed between the parties; and those who are unaware of the latter, might be tempted to join issue with them in castigating the paper as a purveyor of "mischievous and scandalous" things. At other times and in other climes, SAKA would have been publicly complimented for bringing to light this most unfortunate affair, but such is the present political temper in the province that he should have to come in for a good round of abuse. Journalists who perform their functions conscientiously amid a thousand and one handicaps, certainly deserve better consideration and it behoves those in the counsels of the various press organizations, to move in the matter.

Goethe once ruefully told an acquaintance, after some of his literary squabbles were settled: "Now I'm on good terms with them all—that doesn't suit me in the least. I am so made that, just as I must have something for the ideal; I can make an ideal of excellence, so I must have something for the ideal of my anger."—From ROY PASCAL.



Mr. Walter Lippmann at the office of the Southern India Journalists Federation, Madras, where he was presented with a copy of the first issue of THE SOUTH INDIAN JOURNALIST.

ARUNDALE THE JOURNALIST

By A. SITA DEVI

GEORGE Sydney Arundale or "G.S.A." as he was affectionately called by his co-workers, had a marked flair for journalism which was known to all who read his stirring views-paper "Conscience." Whether or not you agreed with his views of the events that were rapidly moulding India's and the world's future in those cataclysmic days of 1939-45, you would be intrigued by the vigour and understanding with which those views were written. As he denounced and upheld both Britain and India alike and worked ardently for their union, naturally he received condemnation from both. British patriots thought him very pro-Indian; Indians often thought his sympathies too pro-British, but all who knew of his unflinching devotion to India in the educational and political fields throughout four decades could never believe him un-Indian. He was the most Indian of us all. He delighted in telling a story from his Central Hindu College days when one of his students had complimented him by saying, "Sir, you have a white face but a truly black heart."

The origin of the first issue of "Conscience" was in defence of India's calves. He was incensed by a report of the torture that these young creatures endured during the preparation of vaccines and resolved to start a journal wherein protest could be made against all cruel practices.

But "Conscience," started with this humanitarian motive in February 1939, as a fortnightly, soon found itself involved in world issues. In March, Germany entered Czechoslovakia and seemingly the world did nothing about it save talk. Here was material for his dynamic pen and from that time forward he devoted himself to stirring every neutral nation awake to the need for immediate action. His associate editor for the 31st March issue brought him a report of the invasion with a map of the German tentacles reaching outward. With considerable pride the sub-editor pointed to what was meant to be a slashing headline. G. S. A. drew his

pencil through it vigorously. "You must learn to be dynamic, my dear. This headline is very weak." He then printed out slowly in his legible strong writing, "THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT MUST DIE"—as the main



head, and as sub-head "THE GERMAN PEOPLE MUST AWAKEN"—a declaration of war made against a dictator when all other nations were quietly and fearfully watching to see what was to happen next. Obviously only the editor himself could write such a challenge. And some may say, "He had nothing to lose. Therefore he could write freely what we all wanted to say but dared not, because of the interests at stake." Had he nothing to lose? He was the President of a world-wide organization, with many members both in Germany and Allied countries. And, with friends dearly beloved throughout the whole of Europe, his heart was torn with personal suffering every time there was report of a new disaster and he received much dreadful news from the stricken countries withheld from the world at large. But he dared, as always he would dare, and blazed a trail in the world of thought to be followed later in the world of action by all.

Strangely enough, though he had suffered internment during the previous war in 1917, Government, even in the midst of a world war, was lenient with his utterances when condemnatory of its Indian policy. Yet a number of times when other journals reproduced such statements from "Conscience," they were warned they must not be subversive. Government had learned that G. S. A. was working wholeheartedly to maintain the link between West and East and even if men in power might writhe under his criticisms as we Indians ourselves also writhed at times, they knew his efforts were constructive rather than destructive, and so "Conscience" never suffered Government interference. And many a Government official as well as army officer have told us that they read with great pleasure the little journal from cover to cover and often murmured under their breath "well hit," when G. S. A., said something they would have liked to have said but dared not.

Though he lashed out at great issues, nothing was really great or small in "Conscience." Cruelty to the least of all God's creatures met with as vigorous a treatment as the German invasion of Europe. And he often asked us how we could expect to escape concentration camps when we were as brutal to the lesser lives as the totalitarian regimes were to humans.

His prophecies made in the darkest

hours of the war were worth noting. He was sceptical of Russia's motives and the aftermath of Russian participation in the war. He believed in August 1939 that Italy would be the first to break away from the Axis domination. He saw great sufferings for Britain but eventually light as at the end of a great tunnel. He saw for China a magnificent future and the sure shaking off of the octopus of Japan. He saw that the United States must abandon her policy of isolation if she would lead a new age.

G. S. A. was a man of deep insight, irrepressible humour and sympathetic understanding—a man of power and forthrightness. And yet a man who never slashed out when personally attacked. He would read cartoons and criticisms written of himself and "Conscience" and would have as much fun in the reading as the writer or artist possibly could have had in the writing or drawing. If his path was obstructed, he would mildly say, "How tiresome," and go his serene much-challenged way. It is difficult to tread the middle path and do it ardently and wholeheartedly. But that was the achievement of one of the largest-hearted, clearest-minded lovers of our country—one whose greatest joy was to be known as Indian and yet who loved equally devotedly the land wherein he was born. He will always remain a hero to many young Indians who love him even as he loved them.

U. S. HAS 40,000,000 TELEPHONES IN USE

There are now 40,000,000 telephones in service in the United States, about double the figure reported 10 years ago, the U. S. Independent Telephone Association reports. More than 13,000,000 of the telephones have been added since the war.

About 27,000,000 telephones are in private homes, while 13,000,000 are used by business firms. Sixty-three per cent of the families in the nation now have telephones, the association says.

Telephone conversation average about 160,000,000 a day, compared with 111,000,000 in 1940.

Most of the telephone service in the United States is furnished by the Bell Telephone System, a public utility owned by individual stockholders. In addition, there are 5,700 independently owned companies whose lines connect with those of the Bell System.

A new stainless steel railroad passenger car, powered by twin 275-horsepower diesel engines, is being demonstrated in the United States. The air-conditioned car carries 90 passengers at a speed up to 83 miles an hour. The car, manufactured by the Budd Company of Philadelphia, in the state of Pennsylvania, is being shown to transportation officials in 30 cities throughout the country.

THE MYTH OF RACE SUPERIORITY

By C. H. SHETTY

THE Jefferson Military College in America has recently been offered a tempting handsome bequest of about £50,000,000 subject to certain conditions. Some of the conditions are that no instructor or employee should be of African or Asiatic origin, that the faculty and students should be composed of persons of Anglo-Saxon and Latin-American origin and that the curriculum should be chiefly devoted to the teaching of Christianity and the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin-American races.

Though the spirit of our age is equality we deny this in practice. The abolition of slavery, the American declaration of independence and the assertion of the rights of man in the French Revolution had done much to improve the lot of men; but group slavery, that is to say, the enslavement of one nation or country by another, has been tolerated and gone on. The imperial races dislike the people whom they rule over. Europe is controlling many nations by power and might and so every European is considered a member of a ruling race. The idea of a master race is inherent in imperialism.

In the beginning all men belonged to the same stock. The cradle of mankind was supposed to be in central Asia or in India or somewhere in lands now submerged under sea called Lemuria. People of this same stock branched off in different directions and in their new environment and climatic conditions developed in their own way their civilisation and culture. Their colour and physical characteristics also varied according to the local conditions in which they were brought up. Some of these made rapid progress while others lagged behind. Those who were more advanced began to consider themselves mentally and morally superior to the rest.

A French diplomat by name Count de Gobineau, an ambassador to Turkey, wrote a treatise on the equality of the races. It is said that this gave an

impetus to the superman theory of the German philosopher Nietzsche. But neither of these two writers countenanced the theory of the superiority of race. While the former treated the subject from an anthropological point of view, the latter treated it from a philosophical and moral aspect. Dr. Gauch of Germany wrote a treatise which is considered by many as a standard work on race study. Unfortunately it is this treatise which preached the theory of race superiority. He considered the Nordic people superior to the rest of mankind and classed non-Nordics with animals like apes and called them sub-men. He stated that there can be no comparison between the Nordics and the non-Nordics. The vehement and exuberant nationalists of Europe took this up. This is what is now generally called the Herron-volk or the master race theory. The Germans evinced their dislike for the non-Nordics in every matter and would not allow them credit for any noble act or achievement. Everything that was good was attributed to the Nordics. They claimed that Christ was a Jew only on the mother's side and that Einstein found a clue to the theory of relativity in the diary of a dead German soldier. The arrogance of the race superiority of the Germans was vividly brought out in the Karkov treason trials by Lt. Hans Ritz, Commander of a S. S. detachment. He cited Hitler's direct orders for the inculcation of systematic cruelty and the doctrine of exterminating inferior races including the Russians. He also quoted Himmler, the Gestapo chief, as having declared that in imposing capital punishment one need not consult the statutes but only one's Aryan instincts. During the last war the Jews were a hunted people and no country in Europe was prepared to shelter them and everywhere they were treated as foreigners and intruders. The Jews till recently were a wandering race without a homeland of their own. The Ger-

mans preached anti-Semitism and their extermination of the Jews was everywhere thorough and systematic. Iliya Grigorievich Ehrenburg, a Russian writer who has gathered information about German atrocities, narrates an episode of an Ukrainian with a Jewish wife. "The wife had been killed and done away with by the Germans in an earlier purge leaving the husband with a baby to take care of. One day three months later with the child in his arms he opened the door in answer to a knock. He was confronted by three S. S. men. Producing a typewritten list one of them asked sharply if he was so and so and if that was his child. The man nodded a bewildered affirmative, whereupon without further ado one of the S. S. men grabbed the baby from his arms, bashed its brains in against the housewall, handed him back the limp bleeding body and informed the man that they were members of a commission enforcing race superiority. But this doctrine has been condemned by the leaders of the United Nations. Although we do not find in all countries racial arrogance of the German type noted above, still we find traces of its existence in a milder form in all countries where the whites dominate. In South Africa the coloured people and the Indian population are segregated from the whites by a system called the "Apartheid". In America the Negroes are treated badly. The Negro problem in America is a standing blot and a continuous reproach to their professions of democracy and equality. Everywhere the backward people are denied the bare amenities of civilised life and are treated as helots.

This theory of the master race has now been exploded after the two great world wars. Biologists tell us that racialism is a myth and there is no such thing as a master race. Distinguished anthropologists like Ripley and Professor Hootan have arrived at the conclusion that while races can be identified by physical character they cannot be distin-

guished by mental character. The difference between the races is only physical or morphological like the shape of the forehead, the shape of the nose, form of the lips, the colour of the body, eyes, etc. It is further pointed out that on account of infusion and admixture of races the pure races or primary races as such have become extinct and it is difficult in modern times to differentiate the races and find out whether there are any peculiar mental and psychological differences. The races we see all over the world today are all secondary races. Pure races as such if at all they exist can be found only among the aborigines. Prof. E. A. Hootan, the American anthropologist, says: "If mental and psychological inequalities are to be tested the experiment can be done and the differences can be established only by the segregation of pure racial types and the subsequent investigation of their psychological attributes." He has described a race as a great division of mankind the members of which, though individually varying, are characterised as a group by a certain combination of morphological and metrical features principally non-adoptive, which have been derived from their common descent. Hence we see that, while races can be separated by physical character, they cannot be picked up by mental character because no marked racial, mental or moral superiority can be observed. The superiority of a race therefore means superiority of power.

People of this kind have a debased conception of human rights and international obligations. They are a danger to the full growth and healthy development of the community of nations and international fellow-feelings. Instead of trying to raise them to their level they try to keep down in perpetual social, economic and political inequalities the backward people. This assertion of superiority is due to egoism and has been the cause of a lot of misunderstandings, distrust and wars.

In Korea, a pencil which sold for half a won in 1940, now sells for a hundred won.

MALARIA THROUGH THE AGES

By P. SHANTHARAM RAU

MALARIA, the disease caused by a micro-organism attacking the blood cells of man, is among the most destructive of human ailments. This small malarial organism has undoubtedly influenced the destiny of man since ages. Today, in spite of our vastly increased knowledge about malaria, we are still far from completely eradicating it. The influence of malaria in the past on human activities has been great and it has even been suggested that malaria was one of the chief causes for the decline and fall of the ancient Roman Empire! Even today we can safely say that the sluggishness and backwardness of most of the countries of the East are due to the wide prevalence of malaria in those regions. The thousands of deaths caused by this disease have prevented the cultivation of vast tracts of arable land all over the world and in India today when we are tackling our food problem in an effort to make our country self-sufficient, the scourge of malaria and its control have to receive the greatest attention.

It is estimated that approximately 300 million people are attacked by malaria every year and about 30 million die of it. In India alone, in 1944 the number of deaths due to malaria exceeded 2 million. Hence the Food and Agricultural Organisation and the World Health Organisation of the United Nations have rightly gauged the importance of combating this disease. The World Health Organisation has therefore recently sent a team of malaria experts to India who are now touring the country. It is hoped that their efforts in fighting the disease would prove fruitful.

There are few countries in the world which are free from malaria. The malarial organism is however not known to thrive in the cold countries of North-Western Europe. In Great Britain and Italy, malaria has been completely eradicated by adopting drastic methods.

We owe much of our knowledge of malaria to Italy. The word malaria itself is Italian in origin. (Mala—bad; aria—air) The idea prevailed in the olden days that malaria was caused by inhaling the foetid air of the marshes, as it was observed that people living near marshes or swampy places often fell victims to this fever. This idea is also embodied in the French term 'Paludisme' and the English 'marsh-fever,' by which malaria is designated. It was believed in those days that malaria was due to some ague or miasma which came from the foul air of the marshes. This early observation was only partly correct and malaria was connected with the marshes, but there was nothing wrong with the air.

It is said that there are few events in the history of zoology more fascinating and instructive than the history of the malarial parasite. It is of great interest to us to note that as early as the 5th century A. D. an Indian physician, Susruta by name, had stated in his writings that malaria is to be attributed to mosquitoes. But this important discovery never received the proper publicity it deserved, for obvious reasons, and the scientists of the West proceeded on their own independent lines of research and came upon this discovery after the lapse of another fifteen centuries! We owe our present knowledge of malaria to the great work of a galaxy of scientists and medical men belonging to different nationalities, who grappled with this problem under the most taxing conditions and who unravelled bit by bit the romantic life story of the malarial parasite.

The earliest known scientist to hint at the relationship between mosquitoes and malarial fever was the Italian, Lancisi, who in 1717 worked on the life-history of the mosquito. In 1880, a French army surgeon, Laveran, while on active duty in North Africa, discovered certain micro-organisms in

the blood of Algerian malarial patients. He could, however, only just hazard a guess that the mosquito was somehow connected with the propagation of these organisms. He could not exactly determine the relationship between the various stages of the life-history of the parasites he had discovered and he could not also vouch for their animal nature. In 1885 Marchiafava and Celli gave the malarial parasite the name 'Plasmodium' which is retained even to this day. In 1886 and 1889, Golgi contributed a great deal of information by discovering the various stages of the parasite in the human body. He also found out that the different kinds of malaria were caused by distinct species of Plasmodium. In 1887, Metschnikoff discovered that the malarial organism belonged to the animal kingdom and to the phylum Protozoa. This was followed by the researches of Danilewsky who worked out the life-history of the parasite in the mosquitoes. Sir Patrick Manson, the great English doctor, now entered the field. He elaborated upon the work of Danilewsky. But it was left to Sir Ronald Ross in 1898 to prove conclusively that malaria was transmitted from man to man by the bite of the female mosquito belonging to the genus Anopheles. This India-born English doctor was inspired in his work by his great friend and mentor, Sir Patrick Manson and by the work of MacCallum who had just completed his detailed study of the life-history of Plasmodium. Sir Ronald Ross experimented on sparrows attacked by malaria. The discovery of Sir Ronald Ross that the mosquito was the carrier of this disease laid the foundation for our modern methods of combating and preventing malaria. For this great discovery of his, Sir Ronald will go down in history as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. One can truly say of him, what was once said of the great Louis Pasteur, that 'he saved more lives than Napoleon took in all his wars.'

The Malarial parasite which is a microscopic organism attacks the red blood cells of man and feeds upon them. It not only destroys the blood cells in large numbers but it also produces certain poisonous substances which are highly injurious to health.

The parasite multiplies very rapidly and gives rise to innumerable progeny and with every act of multiplication the fever recurs and more and more blood cells are infected. If this process is allowed to continue the patient may ultimately die and along with him the parasites also are killed. To safeguard itself against such a contingency the parasite produces a different kind of individual. These are unable to undergo any further development in the human body. They enter the body of the mosquito when the latter bite a malarial patient and inside the mosquito's body they undergo their further development and when this mosquito bites another healthy human being the parasites enter his blood and he gets the malarial attack. Thus the mosquito serves as a carrier in transmitting the malarial organism from man to man.

Three distinct kinds of malarial fever are recognised which are prevalent all over the world. Each is caused by a distinct species of the parasite. Plasmodium viva causes Tertian malaria in which the fever recurs every third day. Quartan malaria is caused by Plasmodium malariae in which the fever comes every fourth day while in Malignant malaria there is intermittent fever without definite intervals which is caused by Plasmodium falciparum (lavernaria). The last mentioned type of malaria is more dangerous than the other two.

The treatment of malaria consists in the destruction of the malarial parasite in the human blood. The drug most commonly used for this purpose is quinine which is highly valued in medicine for its tonic property, its power of reducing temperature and of killing disease germs, especially those of malaria. This drug is extracted from the bark of the cinchona tree. The bark is peeled, dried and powdered and is then treated with alcohol. The product thus obtained is an alkaloid which is however not used as such, but is converted into some soluble salt like sulphate or hydrochloride, in which form it is administered.

The history of quinine is an interesting one. The cinchona trees had their original home on the slopes of the Andes in South America. From there they somehow spread all over

Europe and came to be known as Peruvian Bark or Jesuits' Bark. The discovery of the value of quinine as a drug resulted in the felling of a large number of cinchona trees which therefore gradually became depleted in numbers in South America. Thus the supply of quinine from South America had to be stopped as it could not meet the increasing demand. Therefore seeds of the plants were brought away from South America to be planted elsewhere. They were first introduced in England in the middle of the 19th century and later they were also planted by the British in India, Burma and Ceylon. The trees grew successfully in all these countries although in Ceylon they deteriorated due to disease. The Dutch planted seeds in Java where the cinchona trees grew so luxuriantly that Java became the world's chief source of quinine. In India we get sufficient quinine to meet our own heavy demand with a little left over for export. In spite of the recent discovery of various synthetic drugs in the treatment of malaria, quinine still remains the most popular remedy owing to its cheapness.

Some of the synthetic drugs that have to some extent replaced quinine as a remedy for malarial fever are Plasmochin, Mepacrine and Atebrin all of which are effective in destroying the malarial parasite in the human blood. The safest and most effective drug, however, is Paludrine, which was discovered in 1944. It was very successfully used against malaria in the last war, especially in Burma and Malaya and the other theatres of war in the Pacific.

More important than the treatment of malaria is its control and prevention. The various methods adopted for this purpose are based on our knowledge that only the mosquito can transmit this disease from man to man. Thus if we can exterminate mosquitoes, destroy their larvae and prevent them from breeding, we can root out malaria from any locality. All this, however, requires organised effort. We can kill mosquitoes by

spraying Fint, DDT or Pyrethrum on them. The mosquitoes lay their eggs in stagnant water and these eggs hatch out the larvae in a few days. These larvae also live in water and have a breathing apparatus in the form of a tubular structure which they stick up above the surface film of water for taking in atmospheric air. The mosquito larvae can be destroyed by various means. The simplest method is to spray Paris Green, Crude oil or Paraffin oil on the surface of stagnant water. This oil spreads out on the surface of the water in the form of a thin film and the larvae find it impossible to push their breathing tubes through this film of oil. Hence they get suffocated and die. Another device for the destruction of mosquito larvae is the introduction of fishes like Gambusia, Anahas, etc., which feed upon the larvae. The clearing away of bushes, filling up of breeding grounds and the draining of swamps, marshes and other water-logged areas are useful in preventing the breeding of mosquitoes. One interesting method which is adopted in the campaign against malaria is the cultivation of a plant called Melilotus in gardens and fallow lands. These plants produce fragrant honey-bearing flowers and mosquitoes are attracted to them, and feed on the honey in them. Once they do so it has been found that the mosquitoes no longer relish human blood and give up their blood-sucking habit for life!

The control and prevention of malaria is a problem which all countries in the world, especially those of the East, have to solve at an early date. Malaria is widespread in our country and in our own province the chief malaria-infested regions are Rayalaseema, Chittoor, Nellore and North Vizagapatam districts. In the eradication of this disease every individual has his part to play in co-operating with the health authorities in their efforts for the elimination of mosquitoes, destruction of their larvae and for preventing mosquitoes from breeding.

ADVERTISING IN THE INDIAN PRESS

By R. MADHAVAN NAIR

The Government of India's ban on the use of national emblems and legislation by some Provincial Governments against indecent advertisements have focussed attention on the problem of advertising in the Indian Press as a whole. This article, pointing out the snags in the application of the ban, urges the view that the A.-I.N.E.C., to succeed in its campaign against scurrilous writing, must join forces with the powerful advertising agencies.

“LET no one scorn the writer of modern advertisements,” cautions C. E. Montague. “It is the one true Jacob’s ladder of our time, the authentic Beanstalk.” As everywhere else, in India too, advertising has grown with the dizzy rapidity of Jack’s Beanstalk. Newspapers today no longer wait, cap in hand, on the advertiser. They give him the creeps with warnings of dire peril: “The man who does not believe in advertising will have his first advertisement inserted by the Official Receiver.” For sheer audacity, it surpasses even Mark Twain’s technique which consisted of delivering a spider along with the morning paper to the leading grocers in town. To those who complained, he would explain that cobwebs would soon close up the doors of such of them as did not advertise.

Whether advertising really sells or not is a matter on which the wise may still shake their heads. Either it must pay to advertise or it must be vehemently imagined to do so. Thanks to this fact or fiction, advertising has not only assumed the proportions of an industry but of a racket. Certain Provincial Governments have tried, not very successfully though, to ban what are called ‘indecent’ advertisements while the Government of India have, by a recent order, banned the use of pictures of the national flag, national emblems and national leaders in advertisements. The basic idea inspiring both these bans will hardly be questioned, but in actual practice there are bound to be snags.

The national flag especially has had to do heavy advertising duty since Independence, and the thing must stop. But where? There is no ban on

the use of the Union Jack to boost British exports. A nation of traders, the British would appear to operate literally on the principle that trade follows the flag. This is not a plea that the Indian flag should similarly be used for purposes of export promotion, but it serves to illustrate the anomalies of a blanket ban even when a country’s flag is concerned. Names and pictures of national leaders present a more tricky problem, especially when the leaders concerned had in their pre-leadership days engaged in business or industry for a living. These industries and business houses sometimes sport the names and pictures of these leaders as founders and patrons. To the advertisers it is a demonstration of loyalty to a former chief, but from the public point of view it is a case of commercial exploitation of leaders’ names.

Again, innumerable traders, big and small, carry the legend on their letter heads and wrapping paper: “By Appointment to His Excellency the Governor.” These legends may or may not be accompanied by pictures of the Governors. Now, Governors may only be sub-national leaders, but the fact remains that their name and office are being used for commercial purposes and no questions asked. A distressing habit has also grown up, particularly in the Provinces, of leaders in office being ever ready to perform the “opening” ceremonies of trade premises and commercial houses, even eating houses. These occasions invariably serve as excellent commercial advertisement for the business interests concerned. The leaders are photographed with scissors cutting the tape or turning the

key; they are photographed sipping tea at the party following. The photographs, together with the leaders’ speeches, duly appear in the next day’s papers. Now, if this is not commercial publicity, what is? When a visiting leader is entertained in a hotel and the name of the hotel appears in newspaper reports, is it commercial exploitation of leaders’ names or not? When newspapers print the news that Minister XYZ left Calcutta for Bombay by ABC Airways plane, is it commercial advertisement for the airway company or not? When Pandit Nehru lost his coat brush at Ottawa, a firm replaced it in no time with a request that the name of the firm be announced to the world by Pandit Nehru. The world still remains in ignorance of the name of the firm which means that Pandit Nehru did not oblige. When Mahatma Gandhi lost his watch it was replaced by a watch company—with what attendant commercial publicity for the company I do not remember.

An extreme specimen of the degradation of the names of national leaders (not this nation’s) was mentioned in the editorial columns of a leading English daily the other day. The paper, to mention whose name might amount to giving it free commercial publicity, quoted visitors returned from Lahore to the effect that restaurants there were doing a roaring trade in “Jinnah Kababs” and “Liaquat Pulao.” True, we have not yet had “Nehru Cutlets” or “Patel Patties” but it may mollify our horror at such a possible sacrilege that Lord Woolton achieved immortality by his “Woolton Pie.” The Government of India have banned representations of national emblems, but are likenesses of the emblems permissible in comeestibles? Among the items on the menu at the banquet in honour of Pandit Nehru at the Waldorf Astoria were “one filet of Halibut-Pompadour, two sweet potatoes Imperial and three Dharma Chakra friandises.” This strange concatenation of concoctions was annotated by a correspondent as follows: “Halibut refers to the famous fisheries of Newfoundland, now part of Canada; Imperial is, of course, Commonwealth; friandises refers to a cake made in the form of a wheel after the model of India’s national symbol.” Coming to garments, the

“Gandhi Cap” will for ever remain a tribute to the Mahatma and an unrivalled advertisement for the cap itself. But the difference between the “Gandhi Cap” or the “Jawahar Jacket” and “Mae West” or “Mac-Arthur bathing suits” guaranteed to land a man on any beach is a difference not of kind but of degree.

When banning indecent advertisements we are on even more disputed territory. There is no knowing where precisely decency ends or indecency begins. The Premier of Bombay recently gave a graphic illustration of the difficulty when he said that eating with the palm may be considered indecent. Members from the South promptly protested: “We do it in South India, Sir.” But this is a clear case of slipping away from the point. Everybody knew what type of indecency was the subject of debate and there was little use in pretending that they did not know. Sex appeal has been and is the most powerful of appeals and it is doubtful if it could ever be completely eliminated from advertising. Civilisation at any time in the world has been sex-frantic, and sex frenzy is the condition of the world’s continuation. Whether it is Vanaspathi or textiles or the 1949 model of an automobile it is the woman in the advertisement that takes the eye. To deny the sex element in these advertisements would be futile, for sex is not merely the nude and the lewd.

At the same time it is possible to stretch the point a little too far as when the Principal of the Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, one of the premier women’s educational institutions in the country, protested against the abbreviation “I. T. College” and requested Governor Mody to see that it is stopped. “We do not like to be branded as it, either officially or unofficially,” she said. But why? It is a perfectly innocent word and contains pitfalls only for leader-writers in newspapers whom Fowler so mercilessly berates. The objections which the Principal had at the back of her mind against it were different and they have their origin perhaps in the American vaudeville and the popular song called “They All Do It” which was considered pretty naughty even half a century ago when it first appeared. It is unfortunate, but to

seek to ban the use of "I. T. College" from the signboards of Government Roadway buses as an indecent advertisement is asking too much.

It is also difficult to determine how far certain advertisements of proprietary medicines can be labelled indecent. The law in Britain is fairly tight against this form of offence, but even tighter is the agreed code which newspapers themselves have evolved governing the form and content of advertisements for proprietary medicines. Here, in India, if there is a law it is not without loopholes and it rests with newspapers themselves to accept or reject advertisements. There are newspapers which of their own accord ban liquor advertisements or in which it is banned by the Government. The amazing increase in matrimonial advertisements, some of which provide very salacious reading indeed, is one of the major social phenomena of our times. It might either be in response to a genuine demand for establishing contacts between potential brides and bridegrooms or it may be, in a definite proportion of cases at least, the satisfaction of some hidden psychological urge or impulse. But separating the sheep from the goats is no easy matter.

Incidentally, the increasing restrictions on advertisements are not without their serious repercussions on the newspaper industry itself. As long as newspapers are sold to the public for less than they cost to produce they will need a supplementary source of income and the recent Royal Commis-

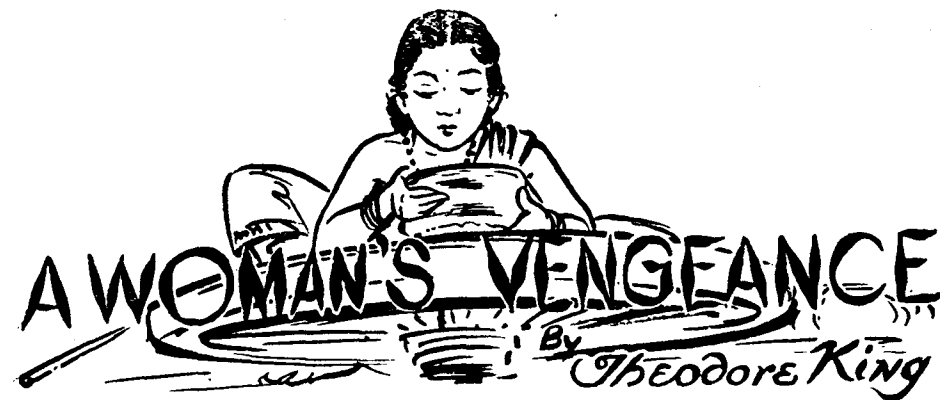
sion on the British Press went on record that "the sale of space to advertisers seems to us to be one of the least harmful." An advertiser seeks the highest return for his money and places his advertisement in papers with the largest circulations. And the largest circulation, as Francis Williams in his book *Press, Parliament and People* points out, goes to the gay and gaudy papers. He says: "The optimistic paper, the paper that makes its readers feel gay and in a mood to spend is therefore likely to find more favour with the advertiser of popular goods than is the paper that concerns itself with social reform at home and, when there are clouds abroad, does not pretend that they all have silver linings." The All India Newspaper Editors' Conference has for some time now been engaged in devising ways and means of stamping out scurrilous writing from a section of the Indian Press. There can be little doubt that much of the scurrilous writing is considered by the writers and their readers as bright writing. The reader is out to get his money's worth and if possible an extra kick also out of it and the scurrilous writer offers him both. Before the A. I. N. E. C. can stamp out scurrilous writing, it needs to be investigated how far this type of writing is induced by the competition for increased circulations in order to attract more advertising. If the relationship is proved, then the A. I. N. E. C., for its campaign to succeed, will have to join forces with the powerful advertising agencies.

On one occasion, the First Earl of Birkenhead was addressing a meeting. He said at one point: "And now I shall tell you exactly what the Government has done for all of you."

"Nothing!" shouted a woman in the gallery.

"My dear lady," said Lord Birkenhead, "the light in this hall is so dim as to prevent a clear sight of your undoubted charms, so that I am unable to say with certainty whether you are a virgin, a widow, or a matron; but in any case I will guarantee that you are wrong. If you are a virgin flapper, we have given you the vote; if you are a wife, we have increased employment and reduced the cost of living; if you are a widow, we have given you a pension—and if you are none of these, but are foolish enough to be a tea drinker, we have reduced the tax on sugar."—From Churchill's "GREAT CONTEMPORARIES."

A recently discharged soldier, who had established a shoe-repair shop in a town, was asked how he was getting along with his work. "Couldn't be better" was the cheery reply. "Two weeks behind already."



SADHU Srinadha looked rather sad when he heard the tale of the youth before him—a tale of frustrated love and the triumph of evil. He showed no outward physical sign of sorrow, but in his heart the turmoil raged—and his breast heaved a heavy sigh at the wickedness of this shallow world.

He tried to offer the youth some consolation, but the words got choked in his throat and he could scarcely speak. He dismissed him with a gesture of his hand and got up, took his small vessel, and headed for the rivulet that flowed by his small hermitage.

Sitting on the banks of the stream, his thoughts lingered on the tale he had just heard while the forest rang with the cries of birds and animals.

It was not an easy life that he led. It was a tough life where you had to put on the bark of the trees for dress and have roots and fruits as food—and what is more, like it.

The youth's tale had definitely affected him, not so much by its originality as by the way it resembled his own before he had renounced the world. Srinadha's mind raced back along the years, and memories he had been trying to push into some dark corner of his brain, came crowding, tormenting him.

His father, Anjaneya, had been a merchant-king, commanding three large trading-vessels that scoured the seas for purposes of business and trade and the huckster grew rich day by day as profits poured in, as his shrewd, calculating mind planned more and more profitable ventures.

Srinadha grew up a pampered child, with no aim in the world but just to enjoy and loaf about with nothing to do except to fill up the gaps of an indolent existence. He had whatever he wanted—his father spared nothing except the rod. And as the lad grew, he was inclined towards recklessness, heterodoxy, and pride.

He had friends in plenty, friends like him, good-for-nothing sons of their rich fathers, who dallied and played with life. They were all good hunters, chasing beasts and women, through the jungle-grooves or the city-streets, through the dreadful forest shades or the village musty roads, intent on the kill, be it a woman to be raped or an animal to be killed. The deer was good game, and when the bows twanged, the arrows flew with the deadly accuracy that made marksmanship a showmanship. Srinadha indulged in the sport with a brute's instinct for blood, till he killed a certain deer and met its owner.

She was Vijayavalli, daughter of the village potter, sharp of tongue and fiery of temper. She was a haughty beauty with deep, penetrating eyes, gathering storm with every jolt of sordid life; a happy woman withal till the deer died. She had bred it from the time it was a tiny babe, but it was a wild animal, and roamed the jungle as it grew, returning home every evening to an anxious mistress.

The death brought a torrent of abuse that not only hit and lashed at Srinadha, stirring his senses not to anger but, funnily enough, to a painful longing for a crude but familiar physical satisfaction. His mouth

said he was sorry but she would not accept his apology, but spat in his face and said, "Skunk!"

"The skunk sometimes fascinates, my dear. It has a meaning."

"I know that filth is filth. It always remains filth. If you find any meaning in that, it must be filthy, too."

"O woman, thy name is temper!"

Time and again he met her, but she would have nothing to do with him.

"You think you love me, don't you?" she said savagely, anger and hate choking her voice. "But you don't. You are in love with yourself—you vain, boasting fool, and the lust in you makes you look like a hideous brute. You are a brute, a beast!"

"Oh, stop it!" Srinadha muttered. "I care for you. Even if I don't love you, I care for you. Do you understand that?"

"Perfectly," she said coolly, "Perfectly."

He slapped her hard on the cheek, and she winced at the blow. Then he pulled her into his arms and mashed his mouth against hers. Then he bit her. He felt the blood spurting in his mouth, and when she fell down limp on the ground under the trees, it was flowing down her neck.

When he saw her the next time, he could hardly believe it was she. She looked so pale and thin and wasted, but the fire in her eyes was more savage, more deadly and more vicious.

"Good day," he greeted her. "I hope you are feeling well."

"Go away!" she spat out with venom, walking as fast as she could from the village well. He laughed, blocking her way with the steed.

"Let me alone," she shrieked. "I've done you no harm. Let me go."

He leaned over from his horse, his breast heaving with mixed passions and emotions. "I'm not sorry for what happened," he said. "I liked it, Viji, and I care for you. I want you to marry me."

"There are pigs in the backyard of my house," she said. "There is a handsome bride for you if you choose there."

His face reddened. "I bit you once. Next time, I'll kill you."

"Is that all?" she said composedly. "I thought you would bite like a mongrel but you yap like a puffy."

"Will you marry me?"

"I told you, but you talked of killing."

With the suddenness of a lithe puma, he swooped down on her, and both fell to the earth. The ground was hard and hit her head, and she bled but she did not scream. The pot broke with a crack and the water splashed itself into a small puddle; she fought him, scratched his face till the gashes formed and bled easily, and pieces of flesh stuck to her fingers. She nearly pulled his eyes out, but he had managed to subdue her, and rising up, carried her off on his horse.

Srinadha took her to his house, and locked her in a room; and that night he ravished her.

Within a year, Vijayavalli had given birth to a son, and Srinadha went crazy over him. He fussed over the lad, thrilled with paternal joy, lavishing love with a passion that was almost fanatic. The babe was his father's image and this made the latter all the more happy and proud and as the boy grew up, Srinadha thought that life had given him the best it could.

He loved his wife—he had married her in the course of time, doing to death her father to stop all scandal. His early passion for Vijayavalli did not cool him down but set his nerves vibrating at her every touch. She was a quiet woman now, and seldom spoke, but the savagery in her eyes had deepened to a deadliness that made him sometimes quiver with fright.

Anjaneya advised his son about the consequences of having a wife who hated him, but Srinadha assured him that everything would be all right. "She likes to hurt me, father, but I'll cure her of that mania. It can't last."

"I don't know. You could never trust a woman where hell is brewing with vengeance. She may be kind for all you know, but don't trust her. You killed her father, she'll bury you alive."

"I'll be on my guard, father. Thanks for the advice."

Srinadha watched over his wife, watched but underrated her. His heart was torn between the boy and the mother, and the boy took all the longing love and demanded more. He

spent all his time with the lad, played with him, taught him the use of arms and weapons, brought tutors to educate him about books and the ways of the world—he did all that a proud father would do for a son and more. He lived for the lad, and in that absorption he forgot his wife who however never so much as said a word of reproach or of anger.

Fifteen years glided away, and Ranjan grew up, a smart and vivacious young man, bubbling with the zest of youth, daring to do the bravest feats, and everybody called him a fool-hardy adventurer.

And then it happened.

"Ranjan, you are a man now," his mother one day said. "You are young and daring. I gave you birth and brought you up, but you have never shown your gratitude by a single deed."

"You are a strange person, mother," the boy said boldly. "You are silent like the dead, and you have never made demands on my life, never spoilt or pampered me, but I know you love me. I am a man, mother, and I will do anything to please you. What would you have me do, mother?"

"A dangerous feat, my son. If you come out successful after the venture, I shall come out of my silence and mingle with the gay world; if not—I don't know what will happen."

"Name your venture, mother, and Ranjan shall do it."

She looked at this son who had been wrested from her by the man who had married her, and in her heart was not even a flutter of tenderness or compassion. Only hate. Hate.

"I had a father, Ranjan, but he died. He was the village potter, and a good man. But before he died, he cursed me and your father, and said that a snake would come and destroy us. He must have been mad to curse us so, since no snake came, but the truth of it is, the snake exists. It exists in the house of my father, guarding his skeleton with care, waiting for the day to strike. Your father has nightmares and sleeps ill and is in constant danger of death. I

know you love him terribly, and so do you me—will you kill the snake?"

He was just a boy, and he did not think well. He did not care to ask his mother why her servants were not sent up or why his father had not laid a trap and killed it. With a fool's bravado, he said, "I'll go to the end of the world to make father happy, mother. I'll set you both free from the curse. I'll kill the snake."

That's how it was. He entered the hut and fought the King Cobra, the Naia Hannah, the deadliest of all snakes. Twelve feet long with vicious fangs, black like coal and wicked, the cobra hissed with an insolence that set Ranjan's heart aflutter. The eyes reminded him oddly enough of his mother's, as if boring into him, tearing his very soul to pieces. But he killed the snake but not before it had dug its fangs into him in a fatal bite.

Srinadha who had a little before heard of the venture, ran to the rescue, only to arrive too late. His son was dead, the snake curling over him like a piece of black rope.

The mother saw the boy and smiled. Srinadha saw the smile and understood. She had dug her father's skeleton, managed to capture the Naia Hannah with the help of snake-charmers, and set Ranjan on a mad adventure, filled with a story of curse and falsehood. Vijayavalli continued smiling, then broke out into a laugh, gathering itself into a hysteria. Then she fell weeping, and lay on the floor. A little later, she was dead.

Anjaneya looked at his son, and the son looked at the father.

Beside the rivulet Sadhu Srinadha cried, then recovered himself and washed his face. He had renounced the world for good. To look upon the past was only to see the sins and despairs and—tears. He smiled bravely. To look at the future was more hopeful. "The ruling passion of man is just a woman" he thought wisely, "but you must tame her, and bridle her passion and turn it along proper lines. After all, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

Yes, he would tell the youth—he would offer him consolation.

YUSUF MEHERALLY

By G. S. BHARGAVA

LORD BYRON said that he got up one morning and found himself great. Though Meherally is too modest to put forth any such claims, he too overnight shot into prominence. One single day, February 3, 1929, put him on the pinnacle of popularity; his name was on the lips of everybody, his reputation reached the four corners of the country. Not that there was no spade work before it but, as in the case of Byron's lyrical genius, the recognition was sudden and complete.

On that day, he had not only dared to shout "go back, Simon!" (a slogan of his own creation, which echoed in every nook and corner of India) but he had also defied the injunctions of his political superiors who counselled inaction. His impetuosity and dare-devilry, the extreme originality of his ideas, struck even Gandhiji who complimented him. In a primitive world, he would have become a legend, an Ajax defying the lightning of despotism. Poets would have made of his heroic songs for a nation. The tale of his perils and patriotism would have been the model to inspire and inform children.

Born in late 1903, Meherally was only twenty-four at the time of the Simon Commission's visit. His father, Jaffer Meherally, was a prosperous businessman and the children were brought up in the typical aristocratic way. Fifty years earlier, his great grandfather had built India's first textile mill in Bombay and laid the foundation stone for the country's light industry. The transition from feudal to capitalist economy was fairly set; factories and slums were multiplying in the urban areas.

Their family was traditionally pro-British and all the upper class prejudices were handed down from generation to generation, as a part of ancestral bequest. When Yusuf went to jail in 1930, several of his elders said it was a disgrace to his family that one of its members was a "law-breaker." No doubt, his father had even earlier broken the family tradition. He was, however, inclined towards the terrorists and was helping them. It was

more because there was no organised (non-terrorist) national movement. But Yusuf never hob-nobbed with terrorists and desperadoes.

The first nine years of his life were spent in Calcutta, then the storm-centre of *Vande Mataram* and anti-Bengal-partition agitations. But only after Gandhiji arrived on the Indian political scene and took the country spell-bound, did he enter active politics. His father was a man of measureless self-confidence and an excessive strength of will. Twice in his life, he lost and regained his property, which depended on market fluctuations. Yusuf inherited this trait from his father. He has never given up a task as beyond his abilities nor is he disheartened by obstacles.

At the age of ten, Yusuf returned to Bombay, his birth place. He then joined the St. Xavier's High School. While still in the high school, he studied the revolutionary movements of the different countries and was impressed by the role youth had played in them. He read Mazzini and Garibaldi and closely followed the Russian and Chinese (Sun Yat-sen's) revolutions. The successful boycott of the Milner Mission in Egypt and the birth and growth of the Sinn Féin movement in Ireland interested him deeply. In Gandhiji's Non-co-operation movement, he found a parallel to these liberation struggles, but its abrupt and inconclusive end, on grounds of alleged excesses at Chauri-chaura, dismayed and puzzled him. He shared the depression which set in among the youth after the calling off of the movement. He thought that if a group of young people, intellectually well-equipped and properly trained, dedicated themselves to the cause of the country, the revolution could be led to a successful conclusion. This idea found fruition in the Bombay Provincial Youth League which was inaugurated in February 1928.

The Youth Conference inaugurated a new era in the country's political history; for the first time, youth was canalised for national action. About

1700 delegates from all over the province attended the conference, which was presided over by K. F. Nariman. Meherally was the moving spirit behind the organisation. It was in fact the birth of his brain-child. The conference, for the first time in the country's history, demanded full independence. Only two years after, in 1930, the Congress made Purna Swaraj its goal. The conference also passed a comprehensive resolution, again the first of its kind, on Imperialism.

The most important decision of the conference was to organise an effective boycott of the Simon Commission and a detailed, though ambitious, programme was chalked out for the same. Though this decision was in consonance with the principle of the Congress decision, yet in the matter of procedure it went a long way ahead. And here lay the rub.

The Congress, the Muslim League, the Hindu Mahasabha and the Liberal Party were all united on the principle of boycott of the Commission. At that time, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu was the President of the Bombay Congress, Jinnah the President of the League, Jayakar was in charge of the Mahasabha and Setalvad was guiding the destinies of the Liberals. These luminaries met and formed a joint committee to conduct the boycott, which, according to them, should comprise of a public meeting where speeches would be delivered and resolutions passed. To the Youth League, with Meherally at its helm, this seemed the most ineffectual way of boycott.

February 3, 1928, dawned a decisive day in the history of Bombay. The Youth Leaguers planned an ambitious expedition on boats to meet the Commission on the sea itself, but it leaked out and the police took precautions to scotch it. They also wanted a hartal in the city but without Congress sanction it would not materialise. But, undaunted, a band of 400 resolute young men, led by Yusuf, formed into a procession and marched to the harbour before day-break. There, they staged one of the most heroic and resolute demonstrations the country had ever witnessed. They were thrice lathi-charged but did not budge an inch. Meherally himself was cruelly manhandled by an over-zealous police sergeant. None of the Congress lea-

ders who later claimed kudos and votes for the incident, cared to attend it. The news of the demonstration and lathi charge, exaggerated as usual, spread like wild fire and shops and establishments observed spontaneous hartal. The bulk of the students were with the Youth League and so naturally abstained from classes. Thus, a good part of the Youth League's boycott programme came to be implemented in spite of the non-association of the Congress with it.

Meherally was the hero of the day. The following incident speaks of the popular esteem he had won that morning. After the lathi-charge, Yusuf was returning home, his bruised, bandaged hand in a sling when he was accosted on the way by a youthful passer-by. "Were you hurt in the morning's lathi-charge?" he asked. "Yes," Yusuf replied. "Our leader, Meherally was also badly injured. He is in the hospital," the stranger informed Yusuf. Suppressing his laughter, Yusuf retorted: "That is all exaggeration, he was not so much hurt." The man got angry and cursed the apostasy of Yusuf. Later, in the evening's public meeting, when he was revealed as Meherally himself, the confounded stranger came to him and apologised.

The incidents in Bombay proved the depth of popular consternation at the Commission. The boycott had a brilliant start which was kept up throughout the length and breadth of the country. In Lucknow, Jawaharlal was injured in the demonstration, at Lahore Lala Lajpat Rai was assaulted by the police, and in Madras, Prakasam bared his breast to a shooting squadron. Bombay's lead had been gloriously kept up. But Dr. Pattabhi, the Congress historian, dispensed with it in three sentences. In his "History of the Congress" (Page 542) he wrote: "The boycott began by an all-India hartal observed on the day of their arrival. *The day was otherwise uneventful!*" (Italics mine)

That year, Yusuf lost his father and as the eldest of the four children he had to take up the family responsibility. His father originally wanted him to be a barrister and arranged with Mr. Jinnah to take him as his apprentice. But Yusuf's ambition was from the beginning to be a full-time

political worker. The sudden death of his father created difficulties. As the head of the family he had to start earning, to maintain the old family standards. He did not want to give up politics, especially at that time, and so brought about a revolutionary change in the domestic standards so that they could live within their means.

He had by that time qualified himself for the bar. Relations and friends like Nariman were pressing him to apply for the advocate's sanad. He was reluctant but at last gave in. Here again, his anti-Simon demonstration came in the way. At the instance of Nariman, Yusuf launched prosecution against the police sergeant who assaulted him on that day. The case lasted nine months and the lower court fined him fifty rupees. On appeal, the High Court acquitted the sergeant. But, it is believed, because he launched proceedings against a police officer, Yusuf was refused enrolment as an advocate. His is the only case in the whole of India, where a qualified lawyer was refused sanad by the High Court for political reasons.

When acquainted of this, Jinnah was angry that, disregarding his advice, Meherally participated in politics. "Young man, your life is ruined" he shouted at him. "No, Mr. Jinnah, a life is not so easily ruined," Yusuf retorted with his characteristic optimism. He actually welcomed the refusal because it supplied him with an excuse for full-time political work.

Then came the Bardoli Satyagraha. The Youth League was again at work. They sent batches of young men to go round the villages and prepare a comprehensive socio-economic analysis of the struggle. In Bombay, they collected 18000 rupees in small coins for the Satyagraha and presented the same to Sardar Patel. It was on that occasion, at the Empire Theatre in Bombay, that Vallabhbhai made a historic speech debunking the *Times of India* propaganda imputing Bolshevik inspiration to the Bardoli peasant struggle.

Another memorable crusade organised by the Youth League was against the increase in the tuition fees of schools and colleges. The Government at that time, as now, enhanced the fees but united action on

the part of the Youth League resulted in the repeal of the measure.

By 1930, the Youth League was a formidable organisation in the province. It had its branches at all the important places and Meherally as its secretary was highly popular. He was also editing an English weekly called "*Vanguard*," which established a high reputation for its fearlessness and frankness. Nehru and Sarojini Naidu were among its directors.

In 1929, Meherally launched a volunteer body, called the National Militia. His mastery of organisation and his understanding of popular psychology were evident from the thoroughness and discipline with which the National Militia functioned. He divided the whole organisation into regiments, captained by a person who was responsible to the supreme commander. Each regiment, smartly dressed and fully equipped, was supplied with a set of written speeches, slogans and road maps of the localities they were to move in. Morning and evening, these volunteers would go round the localities allotted to them, stop at street corners, also decided by the commander, shout those slogans and read out the speeches. The duration of a speech was not to exceed two minutes and the speeches and slogans varied with the class of people residing in the locality. Each regiment was to report about the work done and the reaction it produced among the people of the locality. There was also a detective squad to keep a check on the regiments on duty. To get over the monotony of routine procedure, Yusuf invented newer and newer forms of propaganda. This way, each regiment used to address not less than ten meetings a day.

During the 1930 civil disobedience movement, when processions and public meetings were disallowed, as today, these volunteers did marvellous work in keeping up the morale of the people. During the Salt Satyagraha, Yusuf and his associates gave a great fight to the bureaucracy. The local Congress higher-ups courted imprisonment and went to jail. The whole movement was run by him. He also saw Gandhiji twice during the Dandi March and got his sanction for his plan of work. At that time, he published in his "*Vanguard*," which

was suppressed just after that, an interview with Gandhiji, which proved unique. He was also bringing out the "*Congress Bulletin*," an illegal publication which was selling like hot cakes in Bombay. But the local Congress leaders, after their return from jail, stopped it and disclaimed responsibility for several of the activities, which were, however, used for electioneering purposes in 1936.

He was first arrested in 1930 and sentenced to four months' imprisonment. Again in 1932, he was charged with conspiracy and sentenced to two years. It was then, inside the 'C' class of Nasik Prison, that he established close contacts with his Socialist colleagues. He is one of the founder-members of the Congress Socialist Party. In 1934, he was for the first time elected to the Bombay Congress by seventeen first preference votes whereas the minimum required was nine. Even Nariman came second to him while Mr. S. K. Patil, the present Mayor of Bombay, was defeated.

During 1935-36, he extensively toured the country. He used to address four to five meetings a day, at a place. For fifteen days in a month he was on tour and this strain affected his health badly. He also organised the Gumastha Mandal in Bombay. The *Gumasthas* or clerks in the commercial firms were the most exploited people. They did not have a single holiday, there was no limitation of office hours, emoluments were scandalously scanty and there was no pension or gratuity. Meherally organised them into a union called the Gumastha Mandal which was at that time one of the biggest trade unions in the city.

In 1937, during a tour of Kerala, he was served with a prohibitory order asking him not to visit the Moplain (Muslim) parts of the province. He naturally defied it and was imprisoned. It was only after the Congress Ministry took over in 1937 that he was released. The then Minister for Jails in Madras, late Raman Menon, received him at the jail gates in Cannanore and travelled with him up to Madras. Premier C. R. received him at the Central Station in Madras.

He was again arrested in connection with the Individual Satyagraha in 1940, and was released the next year. That year, he presided over the All

India Students' Conference at Patna. Later, during a tour of the Punjab, he was again arrested on a charge of having defied a prohibitory order. In this connection, he was, for nearly an year, in Lahore Jail where he wrote his satirical master-piece "*My Trip To Pakistan*." Politics and personalities of the Punjab were dealt with in such great detail that even long residents of the province had something to learn from it.

While still in Lahore Jail, he was elected Mayor of Bombay. His mayoralty again was unique, not for got-up receptions and publicity stunts but for real constructive work and civic service. He was at that time the General Secretary of the Congress Socialist Party and accepted office only on the express condition that he would be allowed to devote himself to party work as usual. He created a new precedent by personally attending to citizens' complaints on civil matters; he initiated the system of quick despatch of files and put down official slackness with an iron hand. On the question of A. R. P. finances he literally made history. His predecessor in office, with the support of the majority Congress party, sanctioned 24 lakhs of municipal money towards the Government A. R. P. scheme. But Meherally, as Mayor, refused to pay even a pie. He met the Governor in this connection and frankly told him that the people had no faith in the Government and that they were afraid the British would withdraw from India also, as they did in Burma and Malaya. So, he argued, the defence organisation of the people should be in the hands of those who would remain on the scene whoever might come. This led to the organisation of the People's Volunteer Brigade. Bombay is the only city in India where the municipality was allowed to run the A. R. P.

While Mayor of Bombay, Meherally inaugurated the U. P. Kisan Conference at Muzaffarpur and also visited Madras where he was given a civic reception. He was the first and last Mayor of Bombay to travel third.

Just before August 8, 1942, Meherally conducted a C. S. P. camp at Poona, where was discussed a comprehensive plan of revolt. But somehow the police got the whole information in advance and wrecked the plan.

On August 9, 1942, he was arrested and detained. It was during this period that he got the heart attack, which has now reduced him to a bundle of bones. The authorities offered to give special facilities for treatment at St. George Hospital, but he demanded that two other colleagues of his should also get the same facilities. They refused and he remained in prison. In 1943, when he was released he was already collapsing and the doctors gave up all hope. For seven days, he was lying unconscious in the general ward of the J. J. Hospital, this darling of Bombay's thousands! In 1947, he left for America for treatment and returned in November 1948, considerably improved. This was his second visit to U. S.; earlier in 1938 he had toured Europe, America and Mexico. He attended several international conferences, including the World Youth Congress at New York and the World Cultural Conference in Mexico.

Among his acquaintances are world-renowned artists, sculptors, writers,

and politicians. He possesses a rare collection of art works and is considered a top-rank art critic. His house is a warehouse of books and magazines which he is never tired of poring over. Even in sickness, books are his companions. He claims that they make him bear the bodily pain. The Indian National Exhibition, a portrayal in drawings of our national struggle from the 1857 revolt, is one of his brain-children and is the only one of its kind.

Among his publications, the two volumes of "Leaders of India" (biographies of national leaders) have run into six editions. As a biographer, he is unsurpassed. Study of personalities and their impact on history has come to him naturally. Even today, mention any place in India and he will tell you all about its politics and personalities. A brilliant conversationalist, a voracious reader, a fluent speaker and a born organiser, Meherally has nobly served the country, during the last three and half decades. He has literally given his life-blood for the country's cause.—Copyright.

A PARISIAN ANSWERED

A seventeenth-century Londoner, visiting Paris, met a Parisian who, pointing proudly to the Seine, asked, "Have you anything in London to compare with that?" The Londoner replied, "Yes, and we call it Fleet Ditch."—From John O' London's "LONDON STORIES."

.. ..
 "Anything new in the paper, dear?" asked the wife.
 "Yes, there was an earthquake at a town that was called Kneoj-kareslau," replied her husband.
 "Does it say what it was called before the earthquake?"

.. ..
 This is one of the many stories attributed to George Bernard Shaw, but we do not vouch for its truth.

G. B. S. was having lunch in a London restaurant one day, when an orchestra struck up a particularly noisy tune. Without any intermission, it followed with another. Shaw called the head-waiter and asked:

"Does the orchestra play anything on request?"
 "Yes, sir," the man replied. "Is there something you would like them to play?"
 "There is," said Shaw. "Ask them to play dominoes until I have finished eating."

AN INTERVIEW WITH JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

By P. G. KRISHNIAH

NEW YORK: John Haynes Holmes, Mahatma Gandhi's greatest friend and admirer in America, who is retiring from his active pastorate of the Community Church on his seventieth birthday, took time in an interview to reminisce a little on the past, to ponder a bit on the present and to make some predictions about the future. On his birthday he becomes pastor emeritus of the church and intends to leave all direction to his thirty-four-year-old associate and successor, the Rev. Donald Harrington. I am already beginning to feel the break, he said, but I am convinced the church must be put into younger and more vigorous hands to meet the challenge of the future. And besides, I am looking forward to other tasks I want to complete.

Mr. Holmes was interviewed in his book-lined study on the eleventh floor of 10 Park Avenue, a few floors below the apartment where he has lived with Mrs. Holmes for many years. He plans to continue living there but will pass longer seasons at his summer home by the sea near Kennebunkport, Maine. He intends to rest, study and write; and his first new book will be on the late Mahatma Gandhi who was his personal friend and who greatly influenced his thinking for nearly thirty years. In summing up his chief feeling about his past, he also expressed much about his view of the present and the future. He feels grateful, Mr. Holmes said, that he was born in a generation privileged to have lived through the unprecedented world disasters he has experienced; and now to live on for a space amid the present crisis in history, where mankind faces its greatest of all challenges. On the other hand, Mr. Holmes said, he has envy for the new generation. It may have, awaiting it, even worse calamities, but it has even higher opportunities for action. As to the outcome, he has no doubt. Why, it is the greatest thing in the world to be alive today and to try to carry on to the peace and

brotherhood that will come to the world eventually, he said. There has been a keen consciousness in the world since 1914 that mankind is faced with the tremendous task of building a new civilisation, and the idea we are doomed is defeatism and cowardice of the worst kind. The world situation is very critical and many more disasters may await us, but the challenge remains; we must rise to it. That is why I envy the generation which faces that challenge.

As to the state of religion in the world today, Mr. Holmes is just as optimistic. He predicts no immediate world revival of religion, but the dawning consciousness that materialism must give way to spirituality can be seen on every side, he said. Spirituality is a tide and the tide is running, he said. But like the tide, it may seem imperceptible at first. When I look at Communist gains in the world and realize that Communism is religion's enemy, I know that suffering and persecution give all the more strength to religion. Never in the history of the world has religion been successfully repressed. The trouble is, we have not thought things through; we seem confused. I believe the churches themselves will have to be transformed for, as they exist today, they are part of the materialism afflicting the world. The church that will lead is the church that will build the new brotherhood of man, that will fight war, oppose creeds and divisions. The disaster of Protestantism, as churchmen now realise, was its breaking up into some 300 denominations. Discussing his own career as a fighter for liberal causes and for civil rights, Mr. Holmes said he had held to these convictions since he was a young man. He has earnestly believed from the beginning of his ministry, he added, that religion should address itself to everyday affairs and for that reason he never hesitated to enter the tumultuous arena of politics and current events. He said he was grateful that his con-

gregation had supported him in this, and even encouraged him.

He is a great traveller and he made it clear that no place in the world interests him more than India. It seems to me India is making progress today against a situation, on similar scale, that confronts the world, disease, starvation and the other seeds of war, he said. Around his study he had portraits, bronze busts and autographed mementos of Gandhi. He believes his Gandhi library which he has given to Harvard

University, is the greatest collection extant. Mr. Holmes says his health is pretty good. He feels tired, he said, but it was nothing that a little rest would not cure. His hobby is reading and his personal library numbers 3,000 or 4,000 volumes. Theological works do not predominate, he said smiling. My main interest is in history, biography and poetry. I have over 600 volumes of poetry. His memoirs? "It is much too soon for me to think of those," he protested. One leaves one's memoirs to the last.

POPULAR GOVERNMENT IN HYDERABAD

By K. S. S.

IT might have looked scandalous that while the Government was handed over to popular leaders in Kashmir in the face of external aggression by Pakistan, the people of Hyderabad have not been blessed with a popular Government even though law and order were restored long ago and peace is now reigning supreme all over the State except in the two Communist-affected districts of Telangana. But a careful analysis of the political situation in Kashmir and the political situation in Hyderabad would convince any impartial spectator that the central Congress bosses were after all justified in continuing the present "bureaucratic regime" in Hyderabad.

A Government is called "popular" when those who are charged with the responsibility of administration enjoy as a team the confidence of the people at large and command a decent following. Judged from this standpoint, even a nominated Government may be said to be popular, as for example the Madras Government. The Government of India granted popular Government to Kashmiris because Sheikh Abdullah's popularity among the masses was not in the least disputed and he had no rival like Mr. B. Ramakrishna Rao claiming the majority of the people on his side. The same is not the case in Hyderabad. A popular Government in Hyderabad can be formed only by the State Congress as it is indisputably the most popular political organisation here. But the

pity is, Swami Ramananda Tirth does not occupy such an enviable position in Hyderabad as Sheikh Abdullah does in Kashmir. The loyalty of the masses which he claims simply because he happens to be the official President of the State Congress, has been questioned, and even the central Congress leaders doubt his hold among the masses. Had they had absolute confidence in Swami's popularity they would have very gladly made him the first popular Prime Minister of Hyderabad. Swami does not seem to be in a mood to agree to the formation of a Coalition Ministry. Besides, there is the Umri Bank Scandal. Swami's studied silence over this and his indefinite postponement of the Working Committee meeting have not made a good impression.

But since he happens to be the President of the State Congress, Sardar Patel cannot possibly eliminate or ignore Swami in forming a popular Ministry in Hyderabad. Nor can Sardar Patel trust Sri Ramakrishna Rao and ask him to form a popular Government as there is no positive proof that he commands a majority in the Congress. Moreover, he is charged with capitalist leanings. The Centre, therefore, is compelled to shelve the issue for the present, as the central leaders are not certain which of the two leaders really commands the majority among Congressmen.

NEW DELHI DIARY



NEW DELHI, which bore the burden all these years of routine and red-tape, is preparing for the great event on 26th January 1950. Notwithstanding Pandit Nehru's efforts to keep the celebrations at austerity-level, the date has assumed special significance and many in the capital have the feeling that a new era of politics will begin for the country. At any rate, a psychological change is gradually coming over New Delhi, which one could not notice when power was transferred from British hands to Indian leaders on 15th of August, 1947. That was so because India still remained a dominion in the British Commonwealth and, therefore, she was not able to feel her stature. Then there was the post-partition massacre in the Punjab, which hardly left time to the people to think and reflect on the political changes.

It is all different now. Freedom of the country is a settled fact and, what is more important, that freedom has been consolidated in the internal sphere by Sardar Patel and in the external sphere by Pandit Nehru. Having ensured some kind of stability and security for the country, India has decided to become a Republic on the 26th of January, even though she will maintain her links with the Commonwealth on a co-operative basis. India will thus acquire a new stature and assume new responsibilities as a Republic. These thoughts are the uppermost in the mind of Delhi, official as well as non-official.

What 26th January, 1950, will really bring to the country and its people, few can say. The date will, however, mark the severance of all links with the Crown, visible and invisible. India will from that date owe no allegiance to the Crown. The King will no doubt be accepted as the symbolic head of the Commonwealth, but the Crown as such will not count either in the Con-

stitution or in administration. The Crown has already become a casualty of Republican India. This morning a big-sized Crown, gold-plated and made of bronze, weighing 500 lbs, was brought down unceremoniously from the Central dome of the Constituent Assembly Hall. The Crown was placed there in the year 1926 during the time of Lord Irwin, when the Assembly was first inaugurated after the construction of the new capital. An impressive ceremony preceded the installation of the Crown on the spot. After 23 years without much reverence the Crown was dismantled by a few labourers. The Crown will now be replaced by an Asoka Pillar, most probably in stone. Orders have already been issued by the Government of India to take out all the Crowns from the Secretariat buildings and to replace them by Asoka Pillars of the same size. The Crown on the top of the President's chair in the Central Assembly was removed recently. The date 26th January, 1950, therefore means "No Crown" day in the strictly constitutional and legal sense. The disappearance of the Crown does not carry with it any disrespect to Britain or mark distrust of the British Government's intentions. On the contrary, it will signify the establishment of good relations between the two countries based on equality and common purpose. Even though the Crown link is broken, ties with Britain have become stronger today than at any time in Indo-British relations during the last century and a half.

Administratively, 26th January, 1950, will put the new Constitution into force. It will also mark the completion of large scale territorial re-adjustment that has been going on for several months now. It will be a new India in every sense of the term—new in Constitution, new in territorial composition and new in political spirit. It is learnt from authoritative

sources that the Vindhya Pradesh Union will break up before the inauguration of the new Constitution. The districts of the Union will be merged partly with U. P. and partly with C. P. All Unions and Provinces will be called States after 26th January. The biggest State in India will then be the Central Provinces covering an area of more than 130,000 sq. miles. Rajasthan will come next with 123,000 sq. miles, while Bombay, including Sirohi, will cover an area of 115,000 sq. miles. The United Provinces will come next with 112,000 sq. miles. The Presidency of Madras, which now covers an area of 127,000 miles will suffer a reduction by nearly half the size by the formation of the Andhra Province, if it is announced before the 26th of January. Hyderabad will cover an area of 82,000 sq. miles, while Kashmir, including the raider-held territory, will have almost the same area. The formation of Andhra Province on or before 26th January depends entirely on the spirit of accommodation of the Tamil and Andhra Members of the Madras Assembly. If the Partition Council can send an agreed note on the details of partition to the Home Ministry, the Central Government will have no objection to Andhra Province being included in the First Schedule of the Constitution.

Important Cabinet changes are likely to take place simultaneously with the inauguration of the Indian Republic. The coming into force of the new Constitution offers, it is stated, an opportunity to recast the Cabinet to suit the new administrative arrangements and also to signify the democratic spirit of Republican India. While no change may be made at the top level, reshuffle is expected in other ranks. A complete change in the Cabinet structure cannot be ruled out and may be announced on the day of the inauguration of the Indian Republic. That change may involve the creation of several new departments and the abolition of some old ones. There may be as many as 24 Ministries with almost an equal number of Ministers, but only ten Ministers will enjoy Cabinet rank, and will be eligible to participate in regular Cabinet discussions. The rest will be without Cabinet rank. The idea underlying the scheme appears to be to train up a second line

of Ministers to be always available to fill the posts of Cabinet rank whenever they fall vacant. The new arrangement would mean that the present rank of Deputy Ministers and Ministers of State will disappear. It will also necessitate a thorough reorganisation of the Secretariat, plans for which are well under way in accordance with the recommendations of Mr. N. Gopalswamy Iyengar's Committee.

The Prime Minister held a press conference on the 5th instant, (this will hereafter be a monthly feature) when he reviewed current affairs. He did not have much to say about Red China. It is however learnt that the Government of India's recognition may be announced in the course of the next few days. Exchange of diplomatic missions between India and new China may be agreed to, and Sardar Panikkar may then proceed to Peiping, the capital of new China. Communications on the subject are being exchanged between Delhi, London and other Dominion capitals. Even if there is no simultaneous recognition by Commonwealth Governments, India is expected to take her own decision in the matter—which, as already known, is in favour of recognition being granted, now that the Nationalists have given up Chungking and Chengtu.

The future of Tibet in relation to these events is still obscure. China still holds nominal suzerainty over Tibet, but the latter has continued to enjoy autonomous position for more than a century. Britain has not declared her policy on the future of Tibet, but, judging from reports received from London, it would appear that she would favour a completely independent status for Tibet. So far as the Government of India is concerned, her relations with Tibet are governed by a treaty which is practically a continuation of the old arrangement that British India had with that country. The Government of India, however, may have to revise its policy in view of the latest developments. Mr. H. Dayal, India's Political Officer in Sikkim, who recently visited Lhasa, is on his way to Delhi. The Government of India's policy will be finalised after his report is considered by the External Affairs Ministry.

The Premier of Assam, Mr. Bardoloi,

has already warned the country to be vigilant on India's eastern borders. This warning has come soon after the visit of the Governor-General to Assam and the Tribal areas. Recent developments in China, Tibet and Sinkiang, may necessitate a drastic revision of India's defence policy. India's eastern borders may claim as

much attention as India's western borders. Viewed in this context, the relations with Nepal acquire special significance. The new treaty that is being negotiated between India and Nepal will undoubtedly take into consideration all these factors as the integrity of Nepal will be of vital concern to the Government of India.

RIVER VALLEY PROJECTS IN INDIA

By KUMUD BHUSHAN RAY

THE Tennessee Valley Authority, in the USA, has constructed a number of dams in the Tennessee and its tributaries, so that the Tennessee is no longer a running river, but a series of pools behind dams. Because the water, instead of flowing, is backed up and still, it is spoken of as SLACK. In the Tennessee Valley, by the slack-water-channel-type of river control, flood control, navigation and power generation have been ensured, but there is no irrigation. The slack-water-channel-type of river control is economical in water, as the least water goes the longest way, for deficiencies are made up in space only. For the Missouri, the Army Engineers of the USA, who are in charge of rivers, proposed slack-water-channel-type of river control with 112 dams. But later on, this idea was abandoned in favour of the open-river-channel-type of river control, on account of the fact that enormous quantities of silt and sediment are washed into the Missouri, which would collect in the 112 reservoirs and would have to be dredged out. The open-river-channel-type of river control is costly in water, as deficiencies must be made up in space multiplied by time.

IRRIGATION Vs NAVIGATION

Unlike the Tennessee, where river water has not been used for irrigation, irrigation is a major requirement in the Missouri Valley. The open-river-channel-type of river control, proposed for the Missouri by the Army Engineers, brought up the question—"How costly in water would the open-river-channel-type be, and would enough water be left for irrigation?" In their 1933 Report, the Army Engineers calculated that a discharge

of 30,000 cubic feet per second will maintain a 8 to 9 feet deep channel in the Missouri. The Bureau of Reclamation, who are in charge of irrigation works in the USA, were of the opinion that, even if the Army Engineers were right, irrigation and navigation would be contending for some of the same water; and that, at best, only half the proposed new area could be irrigated and, at worst, no new area could be supplied with irrigation water, while even the effectiveness of the existing irrigation might be impaired. The Missouri Valley Authority (MVA) Bill, brought before the Congress in 1944, could not be passed so far owing to the rival claims of irrigation and navigation.

RIVER VALLEY PROJECTS IN INDIA

At the Orissa Multi-purpose Rivers Conference in 1945, the Labour Member stated that "Orissa must adopt the method, which the United States adopted in dealing with the problem of its rivers. This method is to dam the rivers at various points to conserve the water permanently in reservoirs." River Valley Projects in India were at first designed on a "basin-wide plan for the development of the river valley," which "should normally comprise the construction of a series of dams on the main river and its major tributaries." But as envisaged in 1946, the Mahanadi Valley Project in Orissa comprised "the construction of three dams on the Mahanadi River." Later on, even this was curtailed and in 1947, the Mahanadi Valley Project was split up into three units, each of which "will be individually capable of independent development, irrespective of whether the other two are done or not," and as a first step, "it is proposed to make a

start with the construction of the Hirakud Dam Project." It appears, therefore, that a SINGLE dam has been adopted as the type for river control in India. Thus in the Kosi Valley Project, there is a proposal for a single dam. A single dam has also been proposed in River Valley Projects in other Provinces.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE STANDARD OF LIVING

River Valley Projects are expected to raise the standard of living of the inhabitants. In the Tennessee Valley, there is complete Flood Control, Navigation and Power. The Chief Engineer of the Tennessee Valley Authority recently stated that "cheap electricity was partly the cause" for the improvement of the standard of living, but "the other causes were cheaper transport afforded by the new 630-mile waterways, greater availability of fertilisers, richer produce from the soil and better health through control of malaria." Without a basin-wide development, there cannot be complete flood control by a single dam. The Damodar and the Mahanadi below the dam will not be navigable. Without cheap water transport, additional food crops or manufactures from new factories cannot be taken to the consumers, while without flood control damage to crops will continue, so that there cannot be improvement in the standard of living.

FINANCIAL ASPECT

The Hirakud Dam Project is estimated to cost Rs. 48 Crores. It is doubtful if even in the distant future funds will be available for the construction of the other two dams, not to speak of "a series of dams on the main river and its tributaries." The Kosi River Project is estimated at Rs. 100 crores. Several such River Projects are under investigation in other Provinces. Even a rich country, like the USA, has so far been able to complete only the Tennessee Valley Project. Can India afford to take up several River Valley Projects simultaneously?

RIVER TRAINING WORKS

Floods, which cause annual damage to food crops, can be prevented by improving the river channels, so that the maximum discharge is accommodated and drained off without

overtopping of river banks. In pre-war Germany, flood damages occurred in the Weser River, while its wide and shallow channel was not navigable by even small river-craft. By River Training Works, its channel was made uniformly narrow and deeper, from its mouth upstream, so that there is flood control, while ships of 26-feet draft can go up to Bremen. By River Training Works, the Ganges and other rivers in India have been guided to fixed alignments at several railway bridges. These River Training Works consist of a Pair of Guide Banks, which have been found to straighten a river equal to 26 times its guided channel. Successive Pairs of Guide Banks, constructed at suitable intervals along a river, will guide it to a uniformly narrow and deep channel, with a fixed alignment. The improved river channel will have greater discharging capacity, so that Flood Control will be ensured, while the deep channel will provide Navigation.

FOOD PRODUCTION

India produces 42 million tons of food grains and imports annually 3 million tons. A large part of this shortage is caused by flood damages to crops. Flood Control, ensured by River Training Works, will minimise the shortage. Railways are now congested with traffic, so that food from surplus areas cannot be transported to scarcity areas. The deep river channel, ensured by River Training Works, will provide alternative cheap transport by water, so that food grains could be carried to consumers. River Training Works need materials, such as bamboos or bullahs, boulders or bricks, which are locally available. Works can be taken on hand and completed by local labour, while trained staff for such works are available in the country. The cost of River Training Works—for example on the Kosi—will be about Rs. 7 crores, which is a small fraction of the Rs. 100 crores for the Kosi Valley Project. River Training Works can be completed in 2 or 3 years. These are great advantages compared to River Valley Projects, which take at least 10 years to complete and for which enormous amounts of material, as well as technical assistance will have to be obtained from outside the country.

AGE AND YOUTH

MORE Birthdays have been celebrated during the last few months than during any comparable period that one can remember.

Pandit Nehru's completion of "sixty glorious years," of course, was celebrated with such eclat that the Prime Minister felt obliged to express his "embarrassment" at being offered costly, diamond-studded gifts on his Birthday.

A few days earlier, Sardar Patel had been the recipient of congratulations on his 72nd birthday.

Then came the 80th birthday of "Thakkar Bapa," Mr. A. V. Thakkar, the tireless and selfless social worker and humanitarian who received the congratulations from the Prime Minister, Deputy Prime Minister and other Ministers at a special meeting convened in Delhi.

The latest birthday to be celebrated is that of Babu Rajendra Prasad who has completed 65 years of a life dedicated to the service of his people.

WHITE-HAIRED LEADERSHIP

Each of these birthdays has been marked by special celebrations—meetings, flag hoistings, congratulatory telegrams, presentation of gifts ranging from flowers to diamonds, special supplements of newspapers, or, at least, special articles about one leader written by another leader. India is, indeed, becoming Birthday-conscious, and our leadership is fast becoming a tight little "mutual admiration" society.

I wonder, however, if many of us have realised the obvious moral of these birthday celebrations—that our leaders are fast growing old, so old that the youngest of them is over sixty today! This a sobering thought. Along with the wisdom of old age, are we not also acquiring the halting step, the hesitant approach, the compromising attitude and the love of *status quo* which all go with advancing years?

In his Autobiography, Pandit Nehru has recalled his

youthful impression of the elderly Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru who would always sit at the edge of the swimming pool, too timid to plunge in—a symbol of the inaction and hesitancy of old age and the "Moderate" outlook! Aren't many of our leaders also losing their once-famous spirit of mental adventure, and likewise, sitting at the edge of the pool of social change, too old and afraid to plunge in the cold but invigorating water?

Twenty years ago in an address to the Bombay Youth Conference, Pandit Nehru spoke words that have proved to be prophetic: "Many of you... when you grow older, may unhappily fall into ancient ruts and forget the spirit of adventure and dare-devilry which was yours when you were young."

A birthday can be a happy as well as a sad and sobering occasion!

MISDIRECTED YOUTHFUL ENERGY

If age can be too anaemic and weak-willed and averse to change, youth can be too dynamic, too impatient, too aggressive and violent and irresponsible in the manifestation of the youthful spirit of adventure and daring!

There is the report from Arrah, for instance, where forty students of a local school, armed with daggers, iron rods and hockey sticks, dragged out a Travelling Ticket Examiner from a Guard van and belaboured him because he had charged some students for travelling without tickets in Class I coaches. The Ticket Examiner was so badly beaten up that he had to be admitted into a hospital.

The hostility between students and Ticket Examiners (and other representatives of governmental authority) is both ancient and proverbial, not only in India but everywhere in the world.

Student-police clashes and riots are a phenomenon which can occur in Oxford, Cambridge, Aligarh, Benares—or Arrah! The "Boat Race Night" in London is always marked by



students de-helmeting some "Bobbies," while Guy Fawks Day is the signal for more mildly "anarchical" fire-works on the part of students in British universities.

These violent manifestations of youthful exuberance are never judged too legalistically—otherwise most of the budding intellectuals and future Cabinet Ministers in Universities all over the world would spend most of their term-time in jails. In these matters a sense of humour is as necessary for the authorities, as a sense of proportion is desirable for the students bent on "ragging."

It must be remembered that, by nature, youth is dynamic, aggressive, impatient and anarchical, disliking all forms of discipline and authority. It is inevitable that now and then youths break bounds and "run riot." If such outbreaks of youthful violence are to be avoided, it can be done only by directing the youth's dynamism and sense of adventure into healthy constructive and fruitful channels, instead of by ultra-disciplinary restrictions and gags and impositions.

Sports, scouting, hikes and excursions, mountaineering expeditions, sociological study tours, are some of the ways in which over-abundant youthful energy is generally canalised in Europe and America. Likewise it can be, and must be, canalised in India. Opportunities for travel, for adventurous expeditions, for pitting their strength against nature, will be the surest means of keeping the students away from mischief like that they perpetrated in Arrah.

WHAT ABOUT POLITICS?

But as man does not live by bread alone, young men and women are not to be, and cannot be, satisfied merely with sports and scouting. Youth seeks adventure of the body as well as of the mind. It would be as disastrous to keep students away from sports and other means of expending physical energy as to keep them away from radical politics. Debates, political discussions, student and youth organisations, magazines, all conducted in a spirit of freedom, are essential for the mental health of students. Thwart and frustrate them in this respect, and you will have them beating up Ticket Examiners, organising

secret societies, smashing up and burning trams, and even making bombs.

STUDENTS AND SOCIALISM

Let it be clearly understood that, just as the natural bent of students and youth in the Twenties and Thirties was Nationalist and anti-Imperialist, their natural bent today is, has to be, and must be, towards Socialism—if not Communism! This historically inevitable tendency can no more be checked by the Congress governments' ordinances than the Nationalist fervour of youth could be checked by the British.

All restrictions, impositions, gags and bans which the government might devise to frustrate the naturally radical and socialistic impulses of the students will inevitably create a psychosis of frustration and desperation. Ban politics—which means Socialism—from Schools and Colleges and the certain consequence would be an impetus to communalist, fanatical and fascistic elements among students, or the creation of irresponsible, embittered youthful anarchists.

In the Thirties, there was comparatively far more discipline and decorum among students, and far less irresponsible "ragging" like that evidenced at Arrah, because the youthful energy was being duly canalised in the struggle for freedom. If today there are many such recurrences of youthful indiscretion and violence, could it not be because youthful energies are being thwarted in their natural expression?

Far from fearing the youth's healthy and natural trend towards Socialism, the authorities must welcome and encourage it. For it is the only guarantee of directing youthful energy of mind and body into healthy and normal channels. Dam (and damn!) this fast-flowing, tempestuous current of youthful energy and be prepared for disaster.

But then, according to capitalists and die-hard pro-capitalists, there is no greater disaster than the spread of Socialism!

ON POLICE FILES

According to a Delhi report, the name of the Orissa Governor, Mr. Asaf Ali, was found on the "bad

character" list of the Delhi Police Administration, when the Senior Superintendent of Police inspected the register of the Juma Masjid Police Post a few days ago. The register, it was revealed, was prepared some years back during the old regime when prominent Congressmen of this area (as of every other place in India) were considered "bad characters." It is amazing that only after two years and a half of Congress regime, the Delhi police should have realized that Mr. Asaf Ali is no longer a "bad character," and only now ordered the scrapping of the old, "bad character" list.

This business of the Government-in-power compiling lists of political "bad characters" is as old as History itself. You can go back as far as you like and you find the same phenomenon—the dreamers, the idealists, the revolutionaries, the architects of nations and founders of republics, the rebels and redeemers—being listed as "bad characters" by the ruling clique of their particular age.

One can imagine Christ being on the Roman imperialists' list of "bad characters," as a disrupter of their political hegemony and preacher of sedition. Socrates, of course, was listed as a "corrupter of the morals of youth." Not unoften the "bad characters" in police files have turned the tables on the Police—Mazzini, Juarez, De Valera, Lenin, Stalin, Gandhi, Nehru and Patel being a few of the many who were once on the "bad characters" lists and later rose to positions of power in their respective countries.

At the time of the "transfer of power" in August 1947, it was revealed, that the retiring British burnt or destroyed many files and dossiers concerning Congress leaders. But for that timely destruction, it would have been interesting—and edifying—to read what the C. I. D. records contained about Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel, for instance.

The case of Mr. Asaf Ali, however, once again brings to light the fact that the Police and the C. I. D. still maintain lists of political "bad characters." Mr. Asaf Ali's record may have been expunged but what about others? Are there not lists of "bad characters" which contain names of

Communists, Socialists and other radical opponents of the present Congress regime? And are not such "black lists" a shameful legacy of imperialism, and a sign of the Police State? In a democracy the oppositionists of today are often the rulers of tomorrow. At any rate, it is the constitutional right of every citizen and party to criticise, oppose and try to bring down the existing regime by appealing to the electorate—the ultimate rulers of the country! Is it fair and decent, then, for such Police methods to continue?

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

CHENGDU: Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek virtually took over as President as non-essential Government personnel began fleeing from this temporary Nationalist capital... Acting President Li Tsung-jen who departs from Hong Kong for United States has appealed to the United States to take a paramount part now in China's fight against Communism... He insisted that he was travelling to U. S. A. "purely for medical treatment," but members of his entourage confided he would seek some assistance for carrying on the "common struggle" (against Communism).

NEW DELHI: "About 5,000 Pakistan nationals who have been waiting for long periods in the Jullundur transit camp for evacuation to Pakistan are not being allowed to enter Pakistan..."

PARIS: The French Communist Party struck out Thursday against the "grave danger" of the "massive" invasion of France by American Coca Cola. Communist deputies have introduced a bill in the National Assembly for a ban of the sale, importation and production of the beverage in France. "Coca Cola has set aside the first sum of 40,000,000 dollars for 'propaganda'" the Communists said.

MADRAS: Sardar Panikar, India's Ambassador in China, told pressmen that "Indians in Red China are perfectly safe."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

BOMBAY: The house of a Deputy Commissioner of Police was burgled and property worth several thousands of rupees was removed by an unknown gang of thieves.

NAGPUR: Government servants, it is learnt, have been warned not to visit cinema houses free of cost."



FLAMINGO ROAD

(Warner Brothers)

FLAMINGO Road, in Hollywood lingo, stands for Prosperity Street, the street of security and of untroubled living. It is Everybody's goal. There may not be peace there, but one can pay one's grocer's bills, dress-maker's bills and run up to town whenever one felt like it. There is very little of love there and affection and even that little is hard to find and even if one found it, harder to stick to. Strangely enough, Lane Beilamy found it there and to stick to it she had to commit murder.

This Warner Brother's story of love and political intrigue and murder totters in a stilted fashion through nearly eight thousand feet of celluloid in the typical Hollywood melodramatic fashion. It would be unbearable if it were not for Joan Crawford who gives it an emotional intensity which, for all Sydney Greenstreet's malevolence, it lacks.

She is Lane, a circus girl, a hard-living, ungentle creature with a passionless manner and a carefully concealed heart of gold. She had been knocked about so long from one town to another, always on the move, a rootless existence which finally gets on her nerves. So she stays back and listens to gramophone records in the deserted circus tent and here it is that Fielding Carlyle (Zachary Scott), Deputy Sheriff, finds her when he comes with a vagrancy warrant in his pocket. Fielding is a spineless weakling, handsome, with a liver white as a lily, while Lane is a hard-hitting character who had never said die in her life and had never run away from trouble, evidently the stuff of which

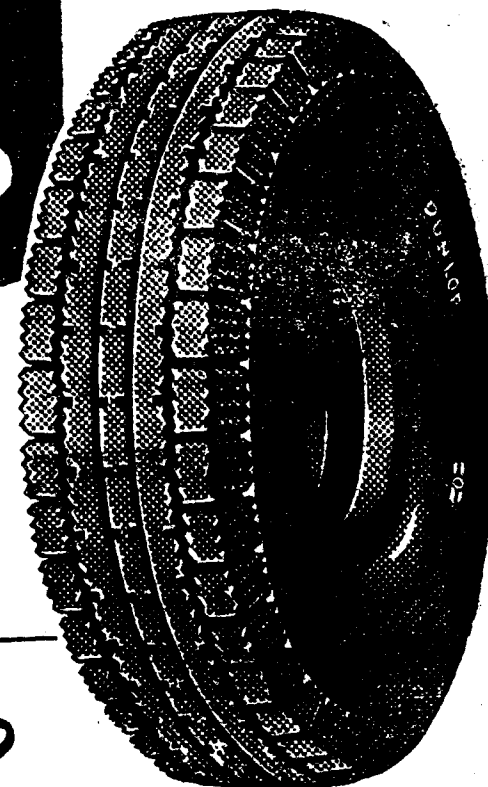
pioneers are made. Obviously no good could come out of a combination of these two. But neither of them sees it as clearly as does Sheriff Titus Semple (Sydney Greenstreet), the fleshy Mephistopheles who has his own plans for setting up his deputy as a candidate for the Legislature and reaping the benefits of such an accession himself. And so enters the villain as a spoke in the wheel of love. And who, after all, is a circus girl against the law of the land? Lane is turned out of one job after another, arrested in a frame-up and sent to jail. When she comes back to town, a little harder about the mouth, a little less ready to smile, she finds Fielding married and a Senator and the Sheriff not at all being nice about her reappearance. But she is the girl who Never Gave Up. And so she starts life all over again and via Dan Reynolds, king-maker, the charming, ruthless political boss who made Senators and unmade them, ends up in Flamingo Road. As her battered soul finds peace in Dan's love, sanity returns and her heartburn cools off. But matters have so interlocked themselves that Dan finds himself pitched against Sheriff Titus in political intrigues. The Sheriff has the upper hand. He is the law, and he knows more about Lane's past than Dan has ever dreamed of. All he has to do is to involve Dan in a frame-up, which he does, and rouse the goody-goodies of the town to moral indignation against the goings-on of the creature from the circus tent, which also he does. Lane gets involved in another crisis when the drunken, frustrated Fielding chooses her house wherein to shoot himself. There is nothing else for Lane to do except walk in on the Sheriff with a revolver, a threat on

AN ENTIRELY
NEW
DUNLOP

R.H.S. TRUCK
and BUS TYRE



MILES AHEAD



**MASSIVE
TREAD**
**RIBBED
SIDEWALLS**
**REINFORCED
CONSTRUCTION**
**LATEX-BONDED
CORD**
**NON-SKID
PATTERN**

gives **EXTRA** mileage because there is actually **MORE** rubber to wear away.

give **EXTRA** protection, ward off damage from kerbs, stones, etc.

gives **EXTRA** strength—greater resistance to bad roads and arduous service.

gives **EXTRA** dependability—each fibre and ply is **BONDED** into a single structure.

gives **EXTRA** grip because of the tractive efficiency of this exclusive design.

All these EXTRAS mean EXTRA mileage.

her lips and murder in her eyes. But wily old Titus turns the tables on her and in the scramble for the revolver which is knocked out of her hand, Titus meets the fate he richly deserves.

The story is mushy. Politics, Love and Hate are hard things to mix. The mixture is neither uniform nor explosive. It is patchy, muddy. Sydney Greenstreet has so often been the dead-pam villain that he no longer convinces. Zachary Scott as the ineffectual Fielding acts as only Zachary Scott can. Holding the flapping pieces together, binding them with the steel spring of her vitality is Joan Crawford as Lane the circus girl. She is old, haggard, her face is lined, but the virility of her performance makes her almost beautiful.



The film brings to the screen for the first time rugged newcomer David Brian as Dan Reynolds. It no longer startles anyone in Hollywood when somebody who had never been in pictures before is picked to play the lead opposite an established actor or actress. It is happening everyday in Hollywood's feverish attempt to create overnight a new galaxy of stars to replace the old ones who are fast showing signs of falling off.

Brian is an Irishman from New York, thirtyish, who had made his way into Broadway starting as doorman at the corner cinema house. The

war took him out of it and into the Coast Guard. On his return Brian tried his hand at business and flopped. The chance to play opposite Joan Crawford came when Director Michael Curtiz let it be known that he was looking for a player to play 'Dan' in the picture and Mrs. Safford, the nurse of Joan Crawford's adopted children, spoke enthusiastically of the blond Irishman whom she had met at a party. Joan Crawford called Curtiz who called Brian. The upshot of it all was the assignment of the lead in 'Flamingo Road.' It is a start not at the bottom of the ladder but right at the top. Now, the thing to be careful about is for Brian to keep himself there. From all we hear, it is goddam slippery up there.

"MANHANDLED"

IN Hollywood fiction there are two kinds of crime—small crime in which amateurs dabble and Big crime handled by the Big Shots, people with unperturbable countenances who look impeccable, even ascetic, sometimes sad. The work of the latter is planned, organised, systematised. There are laws, regulations which have to be abided by. They are the thoroughbred crooks to whom crime is a profession. The first sort, on the other hand, works in a haphazard fashion taking opportunities as they come, meeting the unexpected by darting through the first loophole they see. They kill when they are cornered, and their first thought is for flight, while their abler compeers in the Big Game direct immediate attention to the disposal of the body. But, perhaps because of the very casualness of their methods, it is the amateurs who are dangerous, do the greater harm to society, give the bigger headache to the police force.

A picture dealing with either of these kinds would be pleasant entertainment—to those who like that sort of thing. But the director has to make up his mind which type he is going to choose and arrange his sets, his characters and his speeches accordingly. If he doesn't make this choice at the beginning but trusts to

the imagination of the moment and is scatterbrained about the whole thing, it would be neither entertaining nor amusing and certainly not convincing. "Manhandled" comes under this category. It deals with amateur crime made portentously to look like the Big thing. The plot stinks. The villain looks so crooked it is surprising why the first cop who takes a good look at him doesn't haul him off to the gaol as the cert for the murderer.

The story deals with the murder of a rich playgirl and the theft of her hundred-thousand dollar worth of jewels. The husband (Philip Reed) is hauled over the coals by the Inspector, who is nothing if not obvious, but he comes out of it blazing clouds of glory of the Shavian brand. The next to be suspected is the family doctor's secretary, a mouse of a dumb brunette, and she is almost in the electric chair before somebody thinks of the real culprit (Dan Duryea) who has been going on through scene after scene giving himself away in chunkfuls. The murderer of course is the doctor—or haven't you guessed it already?—who meets his Nemesis at the dead end of a cul-de-sac. Heart interest is created by the Sterling

Hayden—Dorothy Lamour combination but by the end of the film they have only got to the stage of the man saying to the girl: "How about some tea? I know a dinky little Italian restaurant here..." which is, however, better than their both going off in search of a marriage licence after seeing the murderer into the electric chair.

Dan Duryea can be a nasty villain and looks so obviously the cheap under-dealer he should, in the interests of drama, have been cast as the hero. And the straight-backed tall hero with the open face (Sterling Hayden) is the type who would have made the ladies tremble with fright if only he had been given the role of the gun-toting villain. And if Director Lewis Foster had only made the solemn Dottie flash a smile or two and be a little more human and pleasant, the stage would have been just right for a film of Big Crime. As it is, this Paramount picture is just small fry and no amount of talking through the side of the mouth and chewing of American gum can make it look anything else than what it is, a cheap melodrama which everybody vainly tries to make look like a drama of High Crime.

MAJOR-GENERAL CHAUDHURI: A SOLDIER-STATESMAN

By S. SWAMINATHAN

SEPTEMBER 18, 1948, is the most famous date in the calendar of Hyderabad history and deservedly so, for it marks the foundation of a State liberated from the clutches of a ruthless communal "clique."

On the morning of this day, a tall Khaki uniformed soldier, handsome and extremely charming, 'galloped' into Secunderabad. He was weary with days of hard driving and besmirched with the dust of long roads. He turned his jeep to the Bolarum Residency. He was MAJOR-GENERAL JAYANT NATH CHAUDHURI, the Military Governor of Hyderabad.

A man of deep wisdom, compassion and strength of character, General Chaudhuri nursed Hyderabad which was in a convalescent stage for full

fourteen months and won for himself a place among the great soldier-statesmen of India.

To the people of Hyderabad, during this period, General Chaudhuri was all in all, their law-giver, protector and educator. He was there as a missionary of peace and converted, within a short space of time, the land of pillage and plunder into a land of peace and plenty and today "a man might walk here from end to end with his bosom full of gold."

A plain and simple man, he restored calm and confidence in an atmosphere surcharged with fanatical and hysterical passion.

"Regard me and my administration as what we are, the friends of Hyderabad": With these significant words,



the Military Governor took up his post of duty. He immediately rushed to the Deccan Radio and announced: "Military administration is non-communal and non-partisan. We are here to protect the peaceful citizens and those who observe law. We will however take strong action against unsocial elements and law-breakers."

General Chaudhuri was true to his words till he lay down his office on the first of this month. His administration remained throughout non-communal and non-partisan. He had many sympathies, but no antipathies.

A firm believer in the maxim "trust begets trust," Chaudhuri had literally "stolen away the hearts" of millions of Muslims of Hyderabad. For several days after the police action, the Muslims, the erstwhile members of the proud ruling class of Hyderabad, were afraid to stir out of their abodes and they had the feelings of a 'vanquished' people. To them, Chaudhuri gave cheer and confidence and re-assured them of their future. To them, he soon became, as it were, an idol, "a lover of justice and fair-play, a gentleman and a humanitarian." They rallied round him as their 'well-wisher.' They were nervous about the prospect of the withdrawal of the Military adminis-

tration and dreaded the possibility of the installation of an interim Ministry which, they felt, might launch on a policy of retaliation. Probably, it was in response to the wishes of this community, a 'powerful minority' in the State, that the India Government extended the tenure of the Military administration for over a year.

Whenever the Military Governor toured the interior parts of the State, thousands of rural folk, Hindus and Muslims, lined the "vales and dales" through which his jeep drove and greeted him as their "liberator." Oftentimes, he had to engage a special truck to carry the innumerable lace garlands, addresses and other valuable silver and gold presents offered to him by the peasantry.

General Chaudhuri's relations with the Nizam were marked with absolute cordiality. The Military Governor once told me: "In the administration of the State, those papers which required the Nizam's signature still go to him and he has even disagreed with us on one or two points." He paid frequent visits to "King Koti," the Nizam's palace. He had in fact both mentally and morally conquered the Nizam by his affable manners. It is interesting to recall that when the Prime Minister of India, Pandit Nehru

and the Deputy Prime Minister, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, visited the State, the Nizam was the first to give them excellent testimonials about the behaviour of the Military Governor and his administration.

The foremost reform, besides restoration of law and order, ushered in by the Military Governor was the abolition of the jagirs, the feudal remnants in the State. He managed to bring about a psychological revolution in the Nizam himself, the biggest landlord in India, who without any hesitation agreed to surrender his personal estate, known as Sarf-i-Khas extending over an area of 8,109 square miles, representing one-tenth of the total area of the State and yielding an annual income of Rs. 2½ crores.

When the Nizam took this bold and radical step, the other jagirdars made up their minds to submit to the inevitable and to part with their estates without protest. This bloodless economic revolution wrought during General Chaudhuri's regime will go down as a great landmark in the history of Hyderabad.

General Chaudhuri gave the Press, the fourth estate, a much honoured place. For about a month, after the Police Action, a large number of special correspondents, Indian, British and American, had taken up positions at Secunderabad. All of them agreed that they could not think of a better friend than General Chaudhuri. He never felt shy of the Press. He showed a kindly disposition towards correspondents and he was always in his spirits in their company. He met them collectively and individually and answered questions without parrying them. Whenever he found himself in a delicate situation, he managed to get out of it by his innate sense of humour.

"These are all Chaudhuri's secrets," he used to reply if he was faced with stock questions like "Where have you

kept Kazim Razvi?" "When are you bringing Laik Ali to trial?"

Once when asked as to when the Military administration would end, he drew a laugh by saying "I cannot say; the crystal has gone out of order."

He never failed to make a stern defence of the Police Action directed by the Government of India. While on this subject, he once asked: "Do you imagine that the India Government would be frothing with platitudes while the foemen are forging their arms?" He never left a press-man save as a friend.

General Chaudhuri has achieved a signal victory in the long and arduous battle with the Communists in the Telengana districts of Nalgonda and Warangal. When he took office, these areas were infested with the Communists who had established a reign of terror. For some time these districts were out of control. Slowly but surely, the Military Governor restored normal conditions and several ring-leaders of this subversive movement were trapped. It still remains to be seen whether the calm brought about by General Chaudhuri can be a lasting one in these parts.

General Chaudhuri has to share the credit of his administration with a band of experts who ably assisted him. Mr. D. S. Bhakle, the pre-eminent civilian of Bombay, as the Additional Chief Civil Administrator, Mr. A. V. Patro, the ace police officer of Madras, as the Inspector-General of Police and Mr. Binod U. Rao, an experienced journalist of the Indian Union, as the Director of Information and Publicity, and several others including some local officials, stood as granite pillars around him. Above all, the cultured and sociable Mrs. Aruna Chaudhuri was a source of inspiration to him.

General Chaudhuri has placed Hyderabad on the road to peace and prosperity and leaves her greater, purer and safer than he found her.

A woman was walking past a shop when suddenly a young man dashed out, took a flying leap into the air with his legs wide apart, and collapsed in a heap in the gutter.

The woman hurried over to him.

"Are you hurt?" she inquired sympathetically.

"No," replied the young man, somewhat dubiously, and then added fiercely, "but I'd like to meet the so-and-so who took my bike away."

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.

"Dr. John Dewey, American Educationist."

The account given by USIS regarding Dr. John Dewey in your issue of November 5, may be briefly supplemented. Mr. Dewey's definition of education reminds one of Abraham Lincoln's definition of democracy. His definition of the new or progressive education, as he termed it, was "education of experience by experience and for experience." He himself has made a comparison between his philosophy of education and what he terms "traditional education." Emphasis is placed in his scheme of new education on 'expression and cultivation of individuality' as against 'imposition from above' in the old system of education; on 'free activity' as against 'external discipline,' on 'learning through experience' as against 'learning from texts and teachers,' on 'acquisition of skills and techniques as means of attaining ends which make direct appeal' as against their acquisition by drill, on 'making the most of the opportunities of present life' as against 'preparation for a more or less remote future,' and on 'acquaintance with a changing world' as against 'static aims and ends.'

Propagandists of new education in our province have to learn an important lesson from Dr. Dewey's writings. While the importance of activity is recognised, it is forgotten that the activity organised should be intelligently done. An activity ceases to be educative if it is blind. Dr. Dewey enunciates with great caution the principle which should determine the ultimate foundation for the utilisation of 'activities' in school. "Nothing can be more absurd educationally than to make a plea for a variety of active occupations in the school, while decrying the need for progressive organisation of information and ideas." The educators in our province need to be reminded today of this valuable observation of Dr. Dewey.

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

Godse & Gandhism

While law was right in sentencing Godse to death, a lone voice or two which spoke in favour of commuting it to a life sentence, did so more out of a desire to preserve the sanctity of Gandhism than for preserving the life concerned.

If the body of Gandhi was laid low by a bullet at Delhi, the spirit of Gandhi lies

strangled by the noose that narrowed at Ambala.

Moyar, The Nilgiris.

SAMANANDA.

Bad Precedents

By a stroke of the pen Dr. Pattabhi as Congress President revoked the disciplinary action taken against Sri Mantina Venkataraju by no less a person than Dr. Rajendra Prasad after instituting a thorough enquiry. This has set a very bad precedent.

The recent order staying the disciplinary action against the West Godavari District Congress Committee which had openly flouted the mandate of the P.C.C. by defeating the official Congress candidates in the recent District Board elections, is another indefensible act of Dr. Pattabhi. This disciplinary action, which was subsequently endorsed by the general body of the Andhra P.C.C. by an overwhelming majority of 88 against 16, was nullified by the President by a stroke of the pen. It is sad that New Delhi has not raised a little finger to save the prestige of the Congress from the effects of these bad precedents of the President.

A. VEERESWARA RAO.

Tanuku.

Income of Lawyers

Were you not shocked at the fabulous income which Mr. Kul Bhushan in his article 'This Riddle of Incomes' has set up for the lawyer? He thinks that an ordinary good lawyer's income ranges from Rs. 7,000 to Rs. 13,000 per month. One wonders where he got these figures from. Perhaps it may be true of a few top-ranking men in big cities. But what of other lawyers, the ordinary lawyers of the city or the ordinary good lawyers of the mofussil? How many of them are able to eke out their livelihood or even make both ends meet? One need not be sorry for Mr. Kul Bhushan's blissful ignorance, if it were about the income of the lawyer only. But what about his assertion that they prove the guilty to be innocent and the innocent guilty; that they know so many acrobatics of getting out of rules, regulations and acts, that somehow or other they can find a way out of the most baffling situation? What is his justification for such a calumny of the lawyer?

Periyakulam.

S. SUNDARESAN,

To look well groomed make this a daily rule

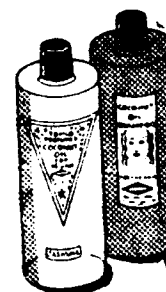
Wash with TOMCO
Shampoo to remove
the day's dirt.



Massage with TOMCO
Cocoanut Hair Oil to
stimulate growth of Hair.
Use of excessive Oil is
unnecessary.



Finish off with comb and brush for
a neat and tidy appearance.



TOMCO Cocoanut Hair Oil & Shampoo

TWIN AIDS FOR
HEALTHY HAIR

THE TATA OIL MILS CO. LTD.



CHINNAPPA
BHANUMATHI-KMALATHI
KRISHNAN-MATHURAM

MURUGAN TALKIES
Ratnakumar
Direction: KRISHNAN PANJU. Songs: SIVAN
Studio: NEWTONE
Distributors: MURUGAN TALKIE FILM Co. MADURA.
 BANGALORE CITY & BEZWADA

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV, NO. 45
 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1949
 CONTENTS

	PAGE
ON THE COVER—C. E. M. JOAD (See page 17)	
CARTOON	4
EDITORIAL COMMENTS	5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	7
SOVIET INFLUENCE IN ASIA—By Andrew Roth	9
M. K. VELLODI: CHIEF MINISTER OF HYDERABAD—By A. V. Rajeswarq Rau	13
RAILWAYS IN ANDHRA PROVINCE —By O. M. Subramaniam	15
SHAW—A GREATER GOD—By Santha	17
PAKISTAN PREMIER LIAQUAT ALI KHAN—By C. H. V. Pathy	21
AN INTERVIEW WITH EINSTEIN —By Dr. Sushila Nayar	23
MACAO, THE RIP VAN WINKLE OF CHINA—By M. A. Friederich	27
WHEN THEY MET AGAIN (Short Story)—By S. Krishniah	29
NEW DELHI DIARY	33
NEW INSURANCE LEGISLATION—By A. Kalyanasundaram	36
MATYAS RAKOSI: VICE-PREMIER OF HUNGARY—By Emil Lengyel	39
THE CO-OPERATIVE WAY (Azad Qalam)—By K. A. Abbas	41
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka	44
FILM FARE—By S. R.	46

CONGRESS EXHIBITION

Congress Grounds: Teynampet, Madras.

Opening on Sunday **18-12-49** at 9 a.m.

by His Excellency

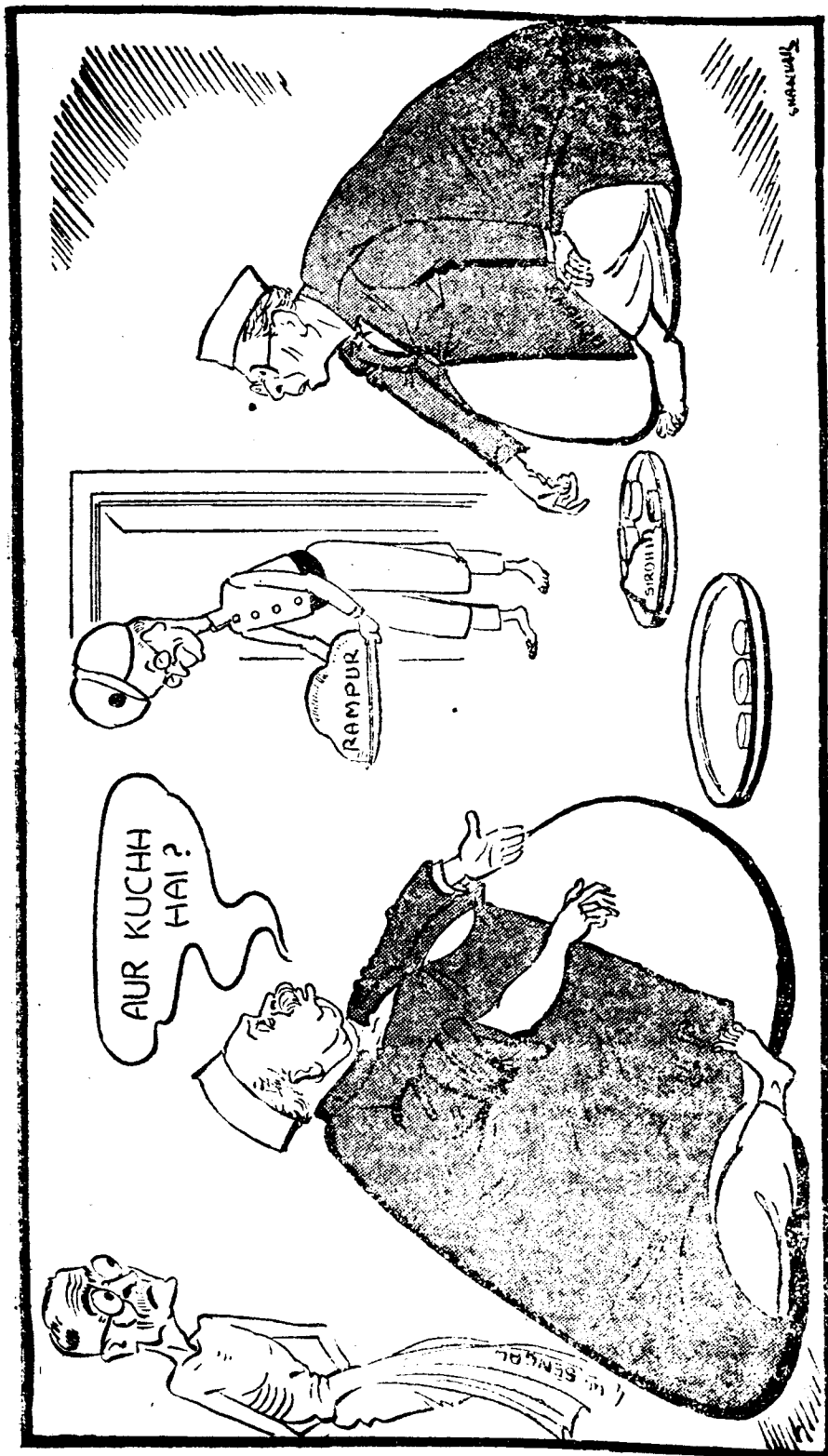
SRI C. RAJAGOPALACHARIAR

A mammoth show that will beat previous Records.
 Entertainments thoroughly new and gripping.
 Instructive Demonstration.
 Satisfaction canteen and other facilities.

Entrance Fees: Annas 4.

EXHIBITION HOURS

Working Days: 2 P.M. to 9 P.M.
 Holidays: 9 A.M. to 12 Noon
 2 P.M. to 9 P.M.



Rampur is the latest state to be merged with U. P.

—Courtesy Shankar's Weekly.

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 45

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE CHALLENGE OF COMMUNISM

THE Government of the USA are being forced into isolation over the attitude to be adopted towards the Communist Government in China. The Commonwealth countries have realised that no other Government exists in China except that of the Communists. The regime of Chiang Kai-shek has come to an end, and is not likely ever to recover its lost position. The Governments of Britain, India, Pakistan, New Zealand and Australia have therefore been impelled to feel that no useful purpose will be served by further postponement of diplomatic recognition on their part to a Government established without risk of displacement in a country so large as China. Recognition of the new Chinese Government by the Governments of the Commonwealth is imminent, but American statesmen are apparently very unhappy over it. Mr. Dean Acheson, the U.S. Secretary of State has announced that so far as his Government was concerned, even to consider the question of recognising the Government in China was premature and unthinkable. Washington has not been content merely to proclaim its attitude of boycott. It expects all other non-Communist countries in the world to adopt its own attitude to China as their own, on pain of being regarded as "unfriendly" otherwise. The U.S.A. desires the whole world to share its own indignation at China's treatment of U.S. consular personnel and fall into line sympathetically with its own treatment of China. If the principles underlying the American attitude on this question are to be worked as a policy to be pursued in international

affairs, it is to be feared that few countries will be capable of standing the test. There is no part of the world so well governed as to meet with the approbation of all the powers having diplomatic relations with its Government. Righteous indignation over wrong in one chosen context alone is not enough. It must become integral and applicable to all contexts if it is to serve as an incentive to set the pace of thought for others. In view of the fact that even the consistently barbarous treatment of Indians by the South African Government has not sufficed to make Washington break off diplomatic relations with the Union Government, it is far too much to expect the spirit of indignant protest to be roused in other countries by lesser injuries to American nationals. Only two years ago, while Chiang Kai-shek ruled, the British consulate in Canton was burnt, with the Chinese police playing the part of approving spectators, but no righteous movement for boycott of China emanated from Washington in consequence.

After the international recognition given to the regime in Russia, it is too late to withhold from other countries a like recognition when the tide of Communism that began in Russia overtakes them. The American attitude lends substance to Russian taunts at American domination of the non-Communist world, and in the interest of international harmony, it should be promptly revised. Washington's fear of Communism is understandable. But as the strength of Communism is drawn from the appeal it makes to the world's masses,

the way to meet its challenge is not that of strategical manoeuvre. Systems threatened by Communism can survive only if they extract from it the secret of its attraction to so many people, and adopt it as their own.

Art And Artifice

THE lovelorn Duke Orsino made a pertinent observation about music being the food of love, and asked his musicians to play on. Had we an Orsino in our midst today to hear the music in Madras, he would have spoken differently. His exclamation would have been something like "If such is the way such music is sold, then for Heaven's sake, choke up!"—and he will not be alone in his wrath. In his presidential address at the Madras Music Academy two years ago, Vidwan Semmangudi Srinivasa Iyer made an observation that was resented by compeers, and went unheard by many. He said that much of the music which comes to the market is second grade. Whatever be the quality of music in the market, the manner of running the 'music-market,' is, to say the least, outrageous. There are academies, societies and sabhas, of course, but the terms they stipulate, the prejudices they create, the politics they cherish, the racketeers they protect, and the money they grab—are out of all proportion to the quality of the music they bring to us, and the facilities they provide to the hearers. Small and ill-ventilated halls packed to more than capacity, and furnished with ancient auction-room sofas badly in need of upholstery, are the places chosen for holding these annual festivals. Basket chairs for the elite whose patrician purses can afford the luxury, take up more than a third of the hall.

Each academy of music has its own sect that attends to its welfare. Sectarianism vitiates most of what it does. The conferment of titles is no longer a recognition of worth; it is,

rather, a reward for knowing how to pull strings well and rub the music-moghuls on their right sides. The great violinist Rajamanickam Pillai was given the title only after the vidwans, whom he had seen as infants, were duly entitled. His chance in the queue for titular baptism would have come earlier had he been born elsewhere and to parents of a higher clan. It is disgraceful that those who cry hoarse for merit, should fail to recognise it when it is inconvenient for them to do so.

Chowdiah, who, not content with mastery over four strings, added three more to his violin, remains un-honoured with a title. Chittoor Subramania Pillai, whose apprenticeship with the unforgettable Naina began long before most modern musicians were born, is yet to get a medal. Chembai, constitutionally incapable of cringing to sabha secretaries, is another whose genius is left unrewarded. Octagenarians whose connection with music is of historical interest; who have to be carried on stretchers to the dais; whose tongues are tied with age; who threaten to collapse during the conference, but somehow postpone the act till a month afterwards—suchlike are the ones sought by the title-giving academies. The *Kalanidhi* for the year is to be Sri Mudikondan Venkatarama Iyer—a harmless individual whose name everybody has heard but whose music very few have. He has been selected heedless of the claims of Chowdiah, Saraswati Bai, Chittoor and Chembai.

Young vidwans whose only chance to mount the platform is during a *matinee* performance and who sing to an empty hall, are viewed as necessary evils both by a public clamouring for Ariyakudis and Semmangudis, and by sabhas, who, like the Bengal Cricket Association, shun those who lack "gate appeal." In music, as in politics, lack of young talent to replace the old masters is a serious problem. It is however no problem to the sabhas whose main

concern is the collection of gate money.

The most pernicious influence in music is that of the ungifted but ambitious rich. Such people manage to foist their music on an unwilling public. They wangle a chance to broadcast over the ether such music as would create "discord in the spheres." They remind us of the Polish pianist who was engaged by an Indian business magnate under a delusion that his daughter was a born *soprano*. The Pole was to act as accompanist to the girl. During a rehearsal, she flatted and flatted and the pianist bade her be quiet and groaned, "Madam! I can play on the black keys. I can play on the white keys. But you sing in the cracks!" We can understand the man's feelings

especially as they are not unlike those of our leading local musicians employed to "teach" diamond studded damsels with voices like peacocks. Artemus Ward once confessed "I cannot sing. As a singist, I am not a success. I am sad when I sing. Those who hear me are even sadder than I am!" If all those whose aspirations to music are based on hope and not ability would make a similar confession and lay their hands off our music, it might improve.

There is no hope for the art if its management is not removed from the hands of those to whom the *idea* of music is only secondary to the accumulation of cash. Art and avarice are deadly enemies, even if artists are obliged to beg at the doors of the avaricious.

Sotto Voce

Islamistan.



IN this unbelieving world the curse of the albatross is still potent, as one may see from the distressing experience of a French Polar ship becalmed in Durban harbour. And if we want a "double" of the Ancient Mariner we need go no farther than Karachi to find him. There Chaudhuri Khaliquzzaman, in the intervals of flitting like an uneasy ghost in the Middle East, retails his twice-told tale:

I pass like night from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

But, while the men he buttonholes may be hilarious at his expense, they are hardly likely to look to him for

wisdom. Poor man, unlike Coleridge's ancient, he has not the saving virtue of loyalty to the soil that bred him. No "dream of joy" can come to him, because he has no native country. Lucknow was his home, as it had been that of his forbears for many generations. Pakistan for him and for others like him is just a shibboleth, the gigantic shadow of self-love which blots out all else—Love, Hope and Charity.

On 15th August 1947 Chaudhuri Khaliquzzaman swore fealty to the Indian flag in the name of the forty million Muslims of India. And yet within a few weeks he had quietly slipped out of the country. He found it easier and more profitable to befriend his fellows in the faith.

by manufacturing "atrocities" stories at Karachi. And now he wants a close grouping of Muslim States "as a counterpoise against the Indian Union." Indian Muslims may not feel particularly grateful to him for thus doing his best to rouse the dogs of war. But he who would ape the Qaid-i-Azam must learn to despise the populace.

Asked whether he could not be more specific about his plans for Islamistan, this ex-"dictator" of Congress Satyagraha days replied pat that he would not. And he took care to remind his questioner that in maintaining this calculated vagueness he was merely following Mr. Jinnah's tactics. Now, Mr. Jinnah's refusal to define Pakistan was no more responsible for his victory than the monotonous jail-going of our latter day Tyagis made Britain quit India. And the Arab States are clearly in no need of either a stooge or a sibyl, though our good Chaudhuri Saheb is ready to oblige in either part.

In the old days of *ma bap* rule, there was an Indian notable called the Maharajahdiraj of Burdwan. He declared on a famous occasion that he was content to be the chorus girl of the Empire. You cannot expect the astute President of the Muslim League to give himself away in this artless fashion. But he is as eager to enter the Arab League as are the newly rich to join exclusive Clubs. And he goes about the business with the same finesse. The parvenu not only stands potential blackballers endless drinks, lends them money and runs errands for them. He puts up with much insolence at their hands, hoping that contempt will breed the

familiarity that makes you almost like a butt.

Pakistan, claims its itinerant propagandist, fought like a lion on the Libya question. But when it came to taking a decision the Arab States coolly ignored her existence. "Do they want Pakistan to be a camp-follower?" asks the apostle of Islamistan in pained accents which should move hearts that had a drop of piety left in them. Alas, the chill winds of atheism rampage round the courts where the Khalifs ruled. And, wholly forgetful of the Shariat, the modern Arab, instead of throwing himself fraternally into the wide-open arms of Chaudhuri Saheb, draws his burnous closer round him with unmistakable hauteur.

But your true snob is a Napoleon in courage. He never admits defeat. And so we find Khaliquzzaman Saheb advising the Arab League, with imperturbable patience and good humour, that it should throw open its doors to non-Arab Muslims for a specific purpose—much as in the old days some Hindu temples threw open their doors to the untouchables on certain days of the year. On these rare and memorable occasions the Arab League would, if Chaudhuri Saheb had his wish, present the appearance of one of those hospitable dens of old Istanbul where the faithful smoke hashish in company and dream pleasant dreams. Only they would behold in their visions not Paradise but Islamistan. But, to descend from dreams to reality for a moment, what a come-down, this begging for crumbs at the Arab table, for the architects of "the premier Islamic State"!

VIGHNESWARA.

The statistical office of the U. N. has calculated that the income of the world for this year may be estimated at about \$531 billion. The largest share, \$240 billion or 45 per cent, is accruing to North America with Europe, excluding the Soviet Union, having \$140 billion or 26 per cent. Official data on the national income of Russia is not available at present, but experts estimate it at about \$52 billion, or slightly below 10 per cent of the world income.—*Christian Observer*.

A tourist from the States was "doing" England, and during the course of her travels she visited the birthplace of William Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. Later, standing on the railway platform, she remarked rapturously, "And just think—it was from this very platform the immortal bard would depart whenever he went to town!"—*C. L. Staup, Woman*.

SOVIET INFLUENCE IN ASIA

By ANDREW ROTH

In this article, the writer explains why Soviet influence has spread in Asia and emphasises that the only way for the Western powers to win friends in Asia is to help its peoples win freedom and food.

IN America and Europe, recent defeats suffered by the West in Asia have provoked loud howls of anguish and widespread gnashing of teeth. Amid all this din, there is very little disposition to analyse objectively what has produced the present situation.

Although in Britain and America there is some tendency on the part of the minority party to put the blame on the party in power, there is a more popular theory which finds wide acceptance in various Western countries. Humorously put, it might be called the theory of "Put the Blame on Joe, Boys" or the "Push-button Theory." Soviet Premier Joseph Stalin has a desk on which all the countries of the world are represented by buttons. When he wants to cause trouble for England, say, all he has to do is to press the button marked "Malaya" and—whoosh—an uprising starts in Malaya. If he wants to bedevil the Americans he presses another button and a general strike is called in Japan.

Although this theory sounds ridiculous when put this simply, it seems to be the only way of explaining analyses of Asian developments by some prominent Western commentators. When Communist successes in Manchuria followed Communist setbacks in Europe, many commentators pounded on their typewriters: "Marshal Stalin has turned his attention to Asia." This theory makes life easy for commentators. They don't have to know, for example, that even before the Communist failure in the Italian elections, the Chinese Communists had captured 95% of Manchuria and, after that, the fall of its besieged major cities was only a question of time.

This theory reached its fullest flower regarding South-east Asia. In January, 1948, a Soviet Legation was established in Bangkok. In April the first of a series of Communist uprisings started in South-east Asia. To

advocates of the push-button theory it was clear that the Soviet Legation was responsible. Although conservative commentators in the West usually have access to the intelligence organizations of their respective countries they preferred to overlook the fact that those intelligence outfits had failed to uncover any link between the Soviet Legation and the uprisings. The weight of evidence is that the South-east Asia uprisings were planned in Calcutta by South-east Asia delegates to the conference of the Indian Communist Party and that, while there were a few European Communists present, the chief instigating influence apparently were Indian Communist leaders, headed by the super-revolutionary B. T. Ranadive. The most that can be said on the basis of the evidence is that the Soviets presumably smiled at these uprisings.

In short, most Western comment on what the West considers to be a dangerous blight in Asia is as close to objective analysis as an African witch-doctor is close to modern medicine. Both the average Western observer and the witch-doctor look for "devils" to blame.

Most Western dailymagicians seemingly ignore the basic facts: that Asia emerged from the war with most of its population's living conditions depressed below even its pre-war subsistence condition and pre-war nationalism tremendously heightened. These strengthened nationalist movements were able, in the cases of Indonesia and Viet Nam, to take advantage of the opportunity afforded by the Japanese capitulation to establish independent regimes. In all the other colonial countries of South and East Asia tremendous pressure was mounted to secure independence. Asian Communists have made their considerable gains in strength by actively supporting these nationalist movements and by, within them, pushing the economic interests of the

peasant and labour majorities. Their desire to align these countries with the U.S.S.R. has usually been kept in the background. Thus, with the exception of Indonesia and Burma where the Communists have revolted against nationalist governments they have been able to stay in the main stream of Asian aspirations.

The colonial powers of Western Europe were confronted by these demands at a time when they, themselves, felt they needed the resources of their Asian colonies to restore their own economies, battered and sapped by war and occupation. Objectively speaking, they could not afford the military or economic expenditures to suppress these nationalist pressures. But only the British Labour Government made the rational adjustment to yield as much in the way of political independence as required to retain as much economic influence as possible. Thus India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon were granted varying degrees of political independence. But Sarawak, which has considerable economic potentialities and no real nationalist movement, was converted from a protectorate to an outright colony. And in Malaya, where the problem of nationalism is complicated by the existence of equally strong Chinese and Malay groups there began a complicated constitutional manoeuvre to retain it for Britain through an alliance between Britain and the Chinese-fearing Malay aristocrats.

American Far Eastern actions have not had the economic limitations which have hampered West European actions, because America emerged from the war richer and more powerful than before. But America has suffered from the submergence of Roosevelt era policies by policies of economic expansionism and a form of strategic colonialism. During the war the U. S. boasted three outstanding leaders who fully comprehended Asia's basic economic and political aspirations: Roosevelt, Wilkie and Wallace. But death has cut down the first two and Wallace's influence on national affairs is now slight.

President Roosevelt's sensitivity to Asia's aspirations can be seen in his artificially raising China to one of the "Big Five" and in his behind-the-scenes battles with Churchill over India. It was largely the Roosevelt

influence on American policies that produced the end of the unequal treaties for China, the political independence of the Philippines and—as a survival—the initial rather democratic programme for Japan. But increasingly, after Roosevelt's death, American businessmen and military strategists came to play a dominant role in Washington.

No nation dislikes being called "imperialist" more than the Americans who think that it means only land-grabbing, as practised by other powers or by the U. S. at the turn of the century. But there can be no doubt about U. S. economic expansion after World War II. In many cases the penetration of American goods and capital was a product of free competition against the war-battered industries of England and other powers. But in the case of the Philippines, it was compelled to give American business economic privileges before it could receive war damages which it had suffered as an American colony.

A far more important factor than economic expansionism in its influence on U. S. Asian policy has been the "World War III" phobia which has led American leaders to look at areas in strategic rather than human terms. By now the whole series of Soviet actions and American counteractions (or American actions and Soviet counteractions) is too long, involved and overlaid with misunderstandings to extricate the burden of blame. But there can be no doubt that the actions of American generals and admirals in East Asia have done much to stimulate Russian fears and counteractions.

The subordination of American policies to strategic preparations for World War III (usually described as "containing Soviet expansion") has tremendously complicated America's Asian relations and is responsible for most of its failures. It has promoted reliance on "safe" allies in the various countries, most of them unpopular with their own people. Thus, America's most important effort to end China's civil war was General Marshall's mediation attempt in 1946. Although Marshall tried valiantly to bring about peace and compromise, American impartiality was already suspect because American planes and ships had rushed Kuomin-

The way of life we cherish



The appreciative silence, the warmly generous applause as friends sit grouped around the home musician—here is a strand woven into the rich tapestry of India's tradition and culture.

Cherish this culture as we may, let us realise that it can be preserved only when safeguarded by industrial vigour and prosperity.

TATA STEEL

THE TATA IRON & STEEL COMPANY LTD. HEAD SALES OFFICE: 219, NETAJI SUBHAS ROAD, CALCUTTA.

tang troops into Communist-won areas. American-administered UNRRA aid was going almost entirely to Kuomintang areas. On the Kuomintang side it was felt that it was not necessary to yield much to the Communists because the Americans would necessarily continue to help the anti-Soviet Kuomintang anyway. After the failure of the mediation effort, America reluctantly continued to help the Kuomintang, fully conscious that it was too corrupt, inept and medieval-minded to be good either for China or American business or even able to utilize American arms efficiently against the Communists. American attempts to stiffen the Kuomintang, at best a flabby cushion against "Communist expansion," aroused the cry of "American intervention in Chinese affairs." In supporting the Kuomintang the U. S. thus put itself against the basic desire of the Chinese for full national independence and an improved people's livelihood. Now four years of U. S. help to the Kuomintang stands as a huge obstacle to the State Department's new tactic of trying to make a Tito out of Mao Tse-tung.

Communist victories in China—instead of showing the West the dangers of leaning on people who are going against the main stream of Asian life—have further stimulated seeking for "safe allies" for World War III. In Japan, Americans, shaping up a "strategic colony," cuddle up to big business.—promising them American capital and opportunities for expansion. In Malaya, British

authorities tend to align themselves with the Malay aristocrats.

In short the West has, for the most part, completely misread the most basic facts of life in Asia. Asian demands emphasize political independence and economic improvement. Soviet influence has spread because its allies, the local Communists, have, with varying degrees of success, championed the basic Asian demands of political independence and economic improvement. Western influence has diminished because in many cases the West has resisted the demand for national independence or has allied itself with people opposed to an improved livelihood for the people. The Soviets and the local Communists have exploited every Western mistake.

However, the present trend is reversible. Thus, even among those in China who favour the Communists, there is considerable concern about Russian activities in Manchuria and Sinkiang. If Russia acts in an aggressive or domineering manner, it is very possible that the Soviets will replace America as the foreign nation most disliked for interference in Chinese affairs. In addition, it is possible for the U. S. to gain prestige if it does, as President Truman has proposed recently, use its technical skill to raise economic levels in backward areas. But, in order to be successful, any such effort had better be divorced from any considerations of military strategy or American economic influence. The only way to win friends in Asia is to help its people win freedom and food.

SMALL PLACES AND BIG THINGS:

That instructive pocket book magazine *Readers Digest* is edited by thirteen people in the tiny village of Pleasantville, U. S. A.

The International Correspondence School was started in a small town. It built up a world-wide business. There is no similar business to compare with it.

When Thomas Bata set out to become the world's greatest shoe manufacturer, he did not go to Prague. He remained in the small town of Zlin, where he was born, and developed it into a city.—From Herbert Casson.

Little five-year-old Jimmy was about to go to a party at a neighbour's house. His mother had a look at him and found that both knees were very black. One knee was nearly coal-black.

She sent him into the bathroom to wash his knees. After he had been for about ten minutes, she asked him.—"Are your knees clean now?" "No, not clean," replied Jimmy, "but I've got 'em to match."

—From Herbert Casson.

M. K. VELLODI: CHIEF MINISTER OF HYDERABAD

By A. V. RAJESWARA RAU, M. A.

"PEACE," it has been said, "is the dream of the wise, war is the history of man." Human nature, always ready to transgress laws, delights to show that her passions are ungovernable and that she is stronger than justice. For, how otherwise was a clash of arms necessary to make the Nizam and his crazy advisers see reason? How could Hyderabad, a land-locked state in the very heart of the Indian Union, convert itself into a sovereign theocratic state based upon a six percent Muslim minority? But that was the dream of the advisers of the Nizam and it had to be ended.

At the first contact with realities, all resistance collapsed. The military operations were a five days' wonder. With the appointment of Maj.-Gen. Chaudhury the first phase ended and the gulf across which interminable negotiations with the Nizam were carried on was definitely closed.

There was nothing military about the administration of Maj.-Gen. Chaudhury. He simply initiated the second phase of restoring order in the state. For fourteen months he laboured with single-minded devotion to root out the fanatical Razakars and has succeeded. The methods that he adopted towards this end were more conciliatory than ruthless. Critics were not lacking who pointed out the many flaws in his administration but, looking back at these fourteen months, we cannot but feel that the New Hyderabad that he has left is full of a new hope and a new self-confidence. But communist gangsterism still remains although its further growth has been arrested to some extent.

Mr. M. K. Vellodi has been chosen at this critical juncture to undertake the heavy burden of being the Chief Minister of Hyderabad. His appointment comes close upon the latest *firman* of the Nizam announcing the accession of his State to the Indian Union.

What manner of person is Mr. Vellodi?



Mr. Mullath Kadungi Vellodi, is a son of the wealthy and cultured Zamorin of Calicut, and was born on January 14, 1896. He had his early education at Zamorin College and later graduated from Presidency College, Madras. At the age of 25, he joined the Indian Civil Service and served his home province for over a decade and a half, in various capacities as Collector and District Magistrate, Special Settlement Officer, Director of Land Records and Secretary to the Orissa Government, first in the Education Department and later in the Revenue and Development Departments for over two years. His quiet dignity and administrative efficiency were soon recognised by the Government of India who appointed him as Price Advisory Officer. From 1942 he was Export Trade Controller (Bombay) until he became Textile Commissioner in 1945. In November 1945, Mr. Vellodi was sent to London as Deputy High Commissioner to the Government of India and after two

years was made High Commissioner. During this period he did a big job in thoroughly overhauling and renovating the administrative set-up of the India House which was then a by-word for inefficiency and indiscipline.

In September 1947 he attended the United Nations Assembly as Secretary-General to the Indian Delegation. He was also included in the delegation to the Security Council along with Mr. N. Gopalaswamy Ayyangar.

On his return from Lake Success Mr. Vellodi joined the External Affairs Ministry as Special Officer for liaison with the U. N. Commission on Kashmir. In 1948 he was appointed Secretary to the States Ministry. In this capacity he took an active part in the historic task of territorial integration of the States under the guidance of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel.

Thus for years he has assisted at the councils of the nation. He has held office in many administrations and in many capacities. He has been praised by men of all parties and persuasions. His manners are easy and in conversation he radiates a charm which makes you feel quite at home in his presence. He talks little but always to the point. He has the knack of parrying an awkward question with a witty remark that helps to keep himself and his visitors in good humour.

Even a casual observer cannot fail to notice that he dislikes particularly two qualities, intrusiveness and cocksureness. His irony, when unkind, is usually provoked by the exhibition of one of these characteristics.

Mr. Vellodi as Chief Minister of Hyderabad presides over a cabinet of picked men selected under advice from the States Ministry. This might, at first sight, seem to be a rebuff to the State Congress which has been clamouring for a popular government. This is perhaps a move initiated by the far-seeing and sagacious chief of the States Ministry, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, and yet another warning to the leaders of the State Congress to close up their ranks.

It is true that the Congress organisation in the State is riven by internal dissensions, some of them personal which could be composed, some of them ideological which could be clear-

ed up. But the main difficulty in the path of unity does not lie here. The leaders of the State Congress are victims of historical circumstances rather than ideological or personal preferences. The ramshackle structure of the Hyderabad State was kept going under the benevolent protection of an imperial power, and its despotic feudal overlord was allowed to reign in pomp over a people reduced to serfdom by the rapacious Jagirdars and Deshmukhs. During those dark days, the State Congress fought bravely for the dispossessed and dumb millions in the State. Its record of sacrifice compares favourably with that of the parent organisation in British India. After the Police Action, there was a radical, almost a revolutionary, change in the outlook of the State Congress leaders. They could no longer think of Hyderabad in isolation. The three linguistic groups began working with their loyalties divided between the State and the contiguous districts in independent India. Hyderabad is no longer a State bound by a common linguistic or cultural tie or even a common fear of the despot. It is a medley of groups each anxious to integrate with a larger neighbouring community of which it is a natural part. The idea of making the Nizam a Rajapramukh will not evoke the slightest enthusiasm in the people. On the contrary it may bring about a minor upheaval.

There is then the question of combating Communist violence. This is not a malady that affects Hyderabad alone. It is an All-India problem, nay, a global problem. The Communists are supposed to draw their inspiration from a world-wide movement with its centre in Soviet Russia. But the Indian Communists are a queer lot. Judging from their latest policy and programme, they are like the Chinaman who burned his house down to taste the delights of roast pork. It is not as though they would stop burning their houses if other fires were provided to roast their pork in. They are a fanatical lot obedient to their leaders. The Prime Minister was right when he characterised the Indian Communists as a nuisance. But they can be a dangerous nuisance at times. Too much publicity is being given to their violent ways today in

the press and on the platform. Instead of alienating the sympathy of the public for them, it is helping to generate a kind of panic in the peaceful section of the community. The Communists are motivated by a blind faith that they are crusaders of a world movement. Only a counter movement can be an effective answer. Half-hearted land reforms and full-throated speeches promising better conditions in a distant future will not be enough. The pace for clearing up the agrarian mess in Telangana must be quickened. Large masses must be re-assured by practical measures, that they are participants in a vast field of constructive social endeavour to improve their lot. To rely merely on propaganda and the strong arm of the Government is to court disaster.

Mr. Vellodi enters the State when these and many other important and

highly controversial questions in the field of domestic policy await decision. In this he has a right to expect the whole-hearted support of the political parties in the State. Political democracy will not be a reality unless the distinction between "party politics" and serious political thinking is broken down. Men of judicial calm and unswerving intellectual integrity like Mr. Vellodi can bring an unbiased mind to the discharge of their duties and help the democratic process.

Mr. Vellodi will be no more rubber stamp for administrative measures but can be relied upon to bring his own independent judgment to the solution of the major questions of the day and the State will profit from his broad administrative experience and his realistic liberalism.

RAILWAYS IN ANDHRA PROVINCE

By O. M. SUBRAHMANYAM

Look at the map attached to the M. S. M. Railway Guide is likely to lead to a variety of thoughts and reflections on the past and the future of the Andhra Province. The map gives the Railway lines of the South Indian Railway and also the M. S. M. Railway. The S. I. Railway serves Tamilnad and we see how the railway system in Tamilnad forms more than a dozen small circles or triangles which constitute a close network of railway connections between almost all the important places in the Tamil districts. It is also very significant that the railway lines are made to touch the east coast at more than a dozen sea-ports. It is no wonder that the facility of communications in the Tamil districts has largely contributed to the consolidation of the people of those districts, and tended to develop the cultural, social and economic life of the Tamilians in general.

When we look at the railway lines that serve the Andhra country, we see a striking contrast. There is the East Coast Railway which connects Madras and Waltair. There is also the Metre Gauge Railway line which goes from Bezawada to Guntakal. These are the

only two main railway systems in Andhra Desa. Both of them appear as if they are intended to guard the frontiers of the Andhra Province that we are going to have, leaving the interior of the country severely out of account. The way in which these two railway lines are formed has developed peculiar psychological traits in the minds of the people of the several parts of the Andhra country in which they pass.

The East Coast Railway that goes from Madras to Waltair has successfully obliterated the differences in language, customs, habits, and social and economic life of the people of the Circars on the one side and the districts of Nellore and Guntur on the other. About 50 years back, the differences between the two tracts of the country were very marked and acute to my personal knowledge. Now the differences have almost disappeared.

The districts of Rayalaseema and Chittoor have striking similarities in language, social life, habits and customs of their people with the districts of Nellore and Guntur. Both these tracts of the country were for centuries under the sway of the Emperors at Vizianagar; and social, political

and economic life, radiated from the centre which was in the present Bellary district, and spread as far as the sea coast of the Nellore and Guntur districts. It is no wonder therefore that the features above noted remain to this day as fresh as they were when Krishna Deva Raya ruled this whole country. In almost every temple of importance in the districts of Guntur and Nellore, we find inscriptions of the Vizianagar Kings which indicate how cultural and social affinities extended from the western frontiers of Andhra Desa to the shores of the Bay of Bengal. But the conditions have completely changed during the past 100 years of British Rule. The historical event of the four districts having been for many years under the Nizam of Hyderabad, and then ceded to the British Government, has created a frontier between the Ceded Districts on the one side and the districts of Nellore and Guntur on the other, which engendered feelings of estrangement between the peoples of the two tracts of country. The railway line from Bezwada to Guntakal has served only to widen the distance between that line and the east coast gradually, until the distance reaches phenomenal proportions. It looks as if the two railway lines were intended to be in the nature of parallel lines which can never meet. The case in question is worse than parallel lines. It is no wonder that there are thousands of us in the districts of Guntur and Nellore who were never at Cuddapah or Kurnool, not to speak of Bellary and Anantapur. The same may be said of the peoples of those districts. We had gone scores of times to Madras, Rajahmundry and Vizianagaram, and never to places on our western border which are half that distance. The same may be said of the peoples of those districts. We have contracted family relationship with the Kistna, Godavari and Vizagapatam districts and not with the neighbouring districts of Cuddapah and Kurnool. The same may be said of the people of those districts. This way the divergence indicated by the railway lines in Andhra Desa, has had the psychological effect of establishing a kind of estrangement in the mentalities of the peoples of the Ceded Districts and the districts of

Nellore and Guntur, notwithstanding the intrinsic similarities in their social and cultural life.

This estrangement has been the cause of the hesitancy of the people of Rayalaseema over the question of the formation of the Andhra Province.

Now that the Andhra Province is to become an established fact, the very first duty of our leaders will be to take steps to connect the Bezwada-Guntakal line with the East Coast railway at as many places as possible and to carry the same as far as the sea coast to important ports.

The district of Nellore adjoins Cuddapah and the district of Guntur adjoins Kurnool. Nellore and Cuddapah are in a straight line. Ongole and Kurnool are in a straight line, and the road between the two is 168 miles. There ought to be a railway line to connect Kurnool and Ongole, and it should reach the frontier of the Andhra Province on the west at Bellary and on the east coast at the port of Kothapatnam. Similarly there should be a railway line to connect Nellore with Cuddapah and it should be made to touch Anantapur on the western frontier and the sea coast and Krishnapatnam. It is possible and perhaps necessary to construct more railway connections from west to east, if we want to make an approach to the excellent way in which Tamilnad has formed a beehive-like network of railway lines.

Similar conditions prevail between the coastal Circars districts and the districts of Telangana adjoining them on the west. The whole tract of country was centuries back the glorious Andhra with its capital at Warangal. Historical and political conditions have created an impenetrable frontier in the mentalities of the peoples of the two areas, and made them strangers to one another, notwithstanding their social and cultural similarities. The railways which take divergent routes have intensified the lack of affinities and emphasised the differences. Fortunately the integration of Hyderabad State has created hopes of a Visala Andhra and it will be found extremely desirable to connect by railway lines extending east and west at as many places as possible, the interior of Hyderabad State with the coast of the Northern Circars.

SHAW—A GREATER GOD

By SANTHA

To write a book about that profusely written-about subject—Bernard Shaw—is an indiscretion which dare not be perpetrated by anybody less equipped and gifted than Mr. C. E. M. Joad. For the task presupposes not only courage. It presupposes a stupendous confidence in oneself, a faith which emanates from a complete understanding of this 20th century intellectual phenomenon, or monstrosity if you will, called Bernard Shaw. Shaw himself has told in plays, pamphlets, treatises, essays, prefaces, books and sundry devices all that a public might ever want to know about himself, immediately contradicted the statements, explained away the contradiction and supported the seeming inconsistency with a wealth of logic and argument which was irrefutable, made new declarations and then sat down and either laughed at us or dismissed us with derision as unfit to converse on the same plane as himself. A complete and thorough study of the works of Bernard Shaw will certainly give us a vivid enough picture of this self-styled “professional thinker” but to put together this mass of impressions and distil from it the concentrated essence is as easy as to gather the sunbeams together and tie them all up to form a sun. To many of us who are acquainted with his works—I say acquainted because it is as difficult to become familiar with them as it is to become familiar with a surgeon’s instruments however often one might have lain on the operating table—he has now become only an irrepressible old gaffer who has something to say about everything and says it better than everybody else. We have sometimes even felt that he was carrying too far the art he had mastered of talking with his gifted tongue in his cheek.

If he does nothing else, Mr. Joad in his recent book on George Bernard Shaw, tries to dispel this notion from our minds. Shaw is *not* an “incorrigible, histrionic mountebank,” he tells us, because he means every word that he says. His exuberant profanities are more than mere spon-

taneous outbursts of momentary irritation or pleasure. They are his way of being out of patience with a world which has never paid proper attention to his words and consequently is paying the price of its ignorance. Mr. Joad must of course have been aware of the profundity and vastness of the subject he had undertaken to write about, but his own brilliance consists in having written finis to the book without belittling himself in the eyes of his admirers in inevitable comparison to the giant figure he was trying to portray. Only one with a feeling of “affinity” with Shaw could have done that.

The book may be roughly divided into two sections, the first a paeon of praise and admiration almost hysterical in language, the second a balanced, dispassionate analysis of Shaw’s philosophy. The first part is full of extravagant expressions and superlatives, the second rather obtuse, reflective in spite of a style which is overwhelmingly tho’ deceptively simple.

The first service that Shaw did to Mr. Joad was to dispel the myth about Women, Empire, Class, Honour, Socialism and Sentiment. “I can never be sufficiently grateful to him,” rejoices Mr. Joad, “for giving me the licence to give women a piece of my mind, to be, in fact, as rude to them as I pleased.” He dashed to the ground the dregs of Victorian goody-goodyism which were settling on the late 19th century. He blew sky-high accepted conventions and customs, he stripped the gilt off codes and canons and, “opened the door of our mind and let in light and air and freedom.” He was anti-sentimental about Family, about the Working Class which it was then the fashion to champion, about Love and Marriage and almost everything else.

Mr. Joad’s admiration of Shaw is evidently the overflow from the hero-worship which started from a strong impact with the Shavian charm at the impressionable age of an Oxford undergraduate. He confesses with little shame and less reticence about that first meeting, that “the combined

effect of the figure, the voice, the intonation, the accent and the gestures was to sweep me off my feet so completely that, where Shaw is concerned, I have never succeeded in getting convincingly on to them again." To this effect on him of Shaw's peculiarly gifted voice with its "intrinsic melodiousness" Mr. Joad refers again and again throughout the book. Mr. Hesketh Pearson in his book published in 1942 relates how, more than once, a famous actress who had refused a part in Shaw's play as unsuitable to her, had succumbed to the charm of his voice and elocution when he read out the play to her himself and had capitulated.

Mr. Joad has much to say of Shaw's clearness of vision with regard to Truth in its absolute form unclouded by sentiment. It is in fact one of the two chief points he discusses in the book. It is, he says, an intellectual inheritance from Socrates, Voltaire, Swift and Mill and others and it is his desire to make people see the truth and nothing but the truth that forces him constantly to give people a piece of his mind. From this utter clearness of view is born Shaw's rationalism, his belief in man's reason and will and of the supreme influence that "the power of ideas" can have on the course of the history of the human race. It is that which makes him see Science not as mystery but as "organised commonsense." It is also the source of Shaw's wit, and the unencumbered lightness of his style. Shaw's wit is not like that of Oscar Wilde which was patterned on the Restoration dramatists. "The Shavian aphorism or epigram does not merely please and titillate; it moves and excites because it is no more than the pointed conclusion of thought which has already convinced. Shaw's wit is not a mere ornament tacked on to a negligible structure of thought; it is the very bones and sinews of the thought, deriving less from the felicities of apt verbal collection than from the logical process of thought seeking expression." But this vision of Truth is restricted to the things of this world. Outside it, Shaw is unsure of himself and this unsureness, when he tries to mask it as he sometimes does in his plays for the sake of effect by a show of words, becomes obvious and blatant. His mystical

characters are mystical in nothing but their "unintelligibility." To Shaw Truth is something he can see clearly and state precisely. Everything that eludes this vision and this expression he throws to the mystics. But from time to time, a little imp of vanity or a teasing sprite takes hold of him and then he really writes with his tongue deep in his cheek, his belly shrunk with suppressed laughter.

Mr. Hesketh Pearson gave us in his book a picture of a Shaw whose childhood, boyhood and youth had been spent in houses in which there was always music. Both his mother and sister were gifted singers and so from morning till night he listened to classical music either sung or played or both together. Young Shaw absorbed the spirit of music into his very soul. The pieces of music criticism which he penned later while working on *The World* and other journals have been judged among the best of their kind ever written in the English language. But in one who was so permeated with the quintessence of music (without, however, being musical) it is strange to find almost an antipathy towards poetry. Shaw's attitude towards music is clear and understandable enough to Mr. Joad who, self-confessedly, shares it. "I doubt," he says, "if Shaw has ever spontaneously written verse in his life;" and adds not without pride, "I confess to a similar abstention." Mr. Joad goes on to prove that his hero's appreciation of music, however, was not of the superficial or literary variety. It went deeper. But Shaw himself, he maintains, did not realise how deep was his knowledge and how intense his affinity to it. Nor was Shaw's ignorance surprising. Shaw, deduces Mr. Joad, had so little of the emotional element in his life that he "tends to find in music what men who live out more fully and variously to the full scope and range of their senses normally find in nature, in sexual relations, in the athletic pleasures of the body and the sensations of the palate," ending with the pious and wholly involuntary exclamation that "from the need for such compensations, I have, mercifully, been spared!"

On Shaw's style, wit and gift of repartee, subjects which Mr. Pearson evidently felt it was superfluous to

comment on, Mr. Joad has nothing very original to say, only he says it much better than it has been said before. The subject of the book himself has written exhaustively of styles. "He who has nothing to assert," Shaw has said, "has no style and can have none," a true original style never being achieved for its own sake. Mr. Joad endorses this as the true criterion of all "effective" style. It amounts to believing that a style fit for a pamphlet is the best kind of style, an assertion with which everyone might not be in agreement. But no one can disagree with Mr. Joad on the effect of Shaw's style on the reader. It produces, he says, "a curious effect of heady exhilaration... for all the world as if it were a draught of intellectual champagne." Mr. Joad also shrewdly diagnoses Shaw's method of assertion. Shaw does not challenge. He drugs the reader's mind and dazes him with his brilliance and injects into the stupefied victim his philosophies and theories and concepts which the latter uncomplainingly submits to because he is in no condition to do anything else. This effect of intoxication is produced because of another significant quality in Shaw's style, namely speed. "Shaw's style," says the author, "rattles at a rate that makes the pace of Swift seem slow." Shaw might also be said to use shock tactics to produce the desired result. He startles and surprises by the force of his assertions, he loves to throw people off their intellectual feet, he boasts so brazenly that one automatically believes him.

Before going to Shaw the Politician and Shaw the Philosopher about which dual role he has indeed a great deal to say, Mr. Joad launches on a rather ostentatious defence of Shaw's plays against all the charges that have been levelled against them. The criticism of lack of action he answers by going to fundamentals, a tactic which leaves the impression of a hit below the belt. "There is something faintly vulgar," sez he, "about the alteration of the position of pieces of matter in space—which is, after all, what action is." As for the inferiority of Shaw's later plays to his earlier ones he cites in answer the cases of Shakespeare and Plato and explains that "it is as if a man who had labo-

rously climbed the rungs of the ladder, on reaching the top kicked over the ladder by which he had mounted." On the effect of Shaw's plays on him, Mr. Joad breaks out into an ecstatic display of reverential obeisance. "My intellectual nerves are tautened," he exclaims, "my spiritual perceptions refined. I see more beauty, more amusement, more scope for my interest and observation in the world than I saw before.... Hats off to Shaw for producing the effect classically ascribed to great drama, purging me of fear and sending out into the world better equipped to cope with its problems." This is extravagant praise indeed, especially coming as it does from a man whose own literary effort is of the very highest quality. But, unwittingly, Mr. Joad knocks over the shrine he has so happily built by explaining that the chief reason for such an effect is the kind of themes the plays deal with. They are about vital problems. Shaw's plays, as we all know, are not about the fundamental problems of human nature. They are about the problems of an age, a time, a class, a period or a system of government. In this very quality of topicality lies their ephemerality. Their chances of survival beyond a generation or two seem poor indeed. Indeed, he is not now read as much as he was in the thirties.

Shaw the Politician interests Mr. Joad least though he is convinced that if only Shaw had consented to accept the power to put his socialistic ideas into practice, half the ills to which the British are heir to because of poor government, bad laws, ill-planned reforms, lack of policy and system, and more than all, lack of courage to take the initiative in tackling moral problems in a more rational way, would have been got rid of and Britain would have entered a social millennium—a view with which Chesterton in his book had also heartily agreed.

The chapter the writing of which evidently gave Mr. Joad the greatest pleasure is the one devoted to an examination of Shaw the Philosopher. This is, he says, the enduring part of Shaw. His doctrine of Creative Evolution is analysed, explained and point-by-point comparison made between the perceptions of Shaw and Plato accompanied by exhaustiv-

quotations from Shaw's plays to prove his points. Theories are traced back to Nietzsche and Samuel Butler and Lamarck. But for the briefest and clearest explanation of Shaw's theory of the Life Force, it is perhaps best to go to Shaw himself. He calls it "a natural agency which the churches call Providence and the scientists Phlogiston, Functional Adaptation, Natural Selection, Vis Naturae Mediatric, the Necessary Myth and Design in the Universe. I have called it the Life Force and the Evolutionary Appetite. Bergson called it the Elan Vitale, Kant the Categorical Imperative and Shakespeare the 'divinity that shapes our ends rough hew them how we will.'" In another context Shaw tries to prove that "the infallibility of God is a fiction" thereby asserting, indirectly, the infallibility of his own Life Force.

In the last chapter devoted to a rather antiseptic description of Shaw's personal habits and likes and dislikes, Mr. Joad makes his one and only *gaffe* in the whole book. He picks out with barely concealed pride and self-acclaim points of similarity between him and Shaw where personal habits and predilections are concerned, a gesture of self-assurance unnecessary and undignified on the part of Mr. Joad.

It is inevitable that Mr. Joad's book should be dragged into a comparison with two other books which have been written about him since the beginning of the war. I refer to the books by Mr. Hesketh Pearson and Mr. S. Winsten, Shaw's neighbour at Ayot St. Lawrence. There is no need to bring Mr. Winsten's book into the discussion at all, it being a non-literary work composed mostly of anecdotes in which Shaw figures and his reflections in talks with the author on various subjects, all loosely strung together by an admirer who discreetly remains in the background. Mr. Pearson's book was more exhaustive of the subject. It was biographical while Mr. Joad's treatment of the prodigy is more critical though the

ebullient Shaw keeps on bobbing up in both books in unbridled impetuosity. Mr. Pearson was of the opinion that Shaw was probably "the only famous man in history whose outstanding mental traits were clearly apparent in his father and mother," deriving from the first his humour, and from the second his imagination, while Mr. Joad is convinced that Shaw is an entirely adventitious growth, having had no roots and no family background. He also finds that *The Intelligent Women's Guide To Socialism* and *Everybody's Political What's What* are the only major Shawian works that he has not been able to read. "I don't believe," he says, "that they are of outstanding importance either as contributions to the subject or as clues to the understanding of Shaw." Pearson, however, felt that the *Guide* contained "everything that he had thought and felt on the subject for 40 years, expressed with a clarity and cogency never before or since achieved by any writer on a technical theme." Pearson's account of Shaw was more personal, naturally, built around a great quantity of anecdote and incident. He was more concerned with Shaw the Man and Shaw the Dramatist than with any other aspect of the great genius. He did not criticise except when he felt bound to bring GBS down a peg or two. His one idea was to let the limelight play upon Shaw. He sometimes had to give him a push or two to keep him in that circle of light, but himself remained in the shadow. Mr. Joad's account is personal in the sense that it is the reaction of Shaw on Joad. But Shaw is on the operating table and the light falls both on the surgeon and on the patient. There is no doubt that Shaw comes out of the operation absolutely unimpaired, as hearty as ever and if anything with a more pronounced halo about his head. Mr. Joad emerges only a little dazed by the bright light and perhaps a trifle tired because of the long standing.

A drunk who was keeping on his feet by the aid of a lamp-post, hailed a taxi. He stumbled into the back seat and said—"Shay, driver, drive me around the park a hundred times."

The taxi driver, compelled to obey his orders, drove round and round the park. At the 65th round, the drunk woke up from his stupor and shouted—"Step on it, boy. I'm in a hurry."—From Herbert Casson.

PAKISTAN PREMIER LIAQUAT ALI KHAN

By C. H. V. PATHY

PANDIT Jawaharlal Nehru has so much monopolised the limelight of publicity that comparatively little is known of Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, the Prime Minister of Pakistan who has today become the question mark of the world. Indian businessmen have cause to know him as the Finance Minister of undivided India who by a subtle manipulation put an end to the prosperity spell we were having. The social world of Delhi once used to be glamourised by the parties which



were thrown at his swanky residence. What is his background? Where does he stand in the global set-up of men? In order to answer these questions we must know something about his early days, his association with Mr. Jinnah and the factors which contributed to make him the first Prime Minister of the biggest Muslim State in the world.

The literature about him is very poor. He has not written any autobiography and even the Pakistan Information Department has only a meagre profile of him.

He was born on October 1, 1895 at a place called Karnal in the Punjab. He is the second son of the late

Rukhnuddaulh Shamsar Jung Nawabali Rustom Ali Khan. The family came to India from Iran about 500 years ago and claims its descent from the King of Iran, Nausherwan the Just. The family being of noble descent had their children taught at home and the Nawabzada as he was then known was educated at home, as it was considered *infra dig* that children of such descent should rub shoulders with the common lot. He was the first member of the family to be sent to a public institution in 1910. He went to Aligarh and was noted for his studious habits. Within a year of his joining the college he was made the monitor in the hostel at English House. A familiar figure in the sports field, he became the cricket captain.

After finishing matriculation, he entered the old M. A. O. College which was affiliated to the Allahabad University and was graduated in 1919. After he passed his Matric his father wanted him to enter Government service and assured him that he could get him the same appointment as he would be getting after passing his B. A.; but Liaquat preferred to continue his studies as Government service had no attraction for him. His father died in 1918.

The Government was at that time taking some people in the Indian Civil Service by nomination and his elder brother, the Nawab of Karnal wanted him to accept nomination to the I. C. S., but Liaquat preferred to go to England for further studies and to take up some independent profession. He went to England towards the end of 1919 and joined the Oxford University, Exeter College. He also got admitted to the Inner Temple to qualify for the Bar. He took his degree in 1921 and passed the Bar examination. He was forced to stay in England for another year to complete his terms at the Inner Temple and was called to the Bar in 1922. During the one year he had to stay there to complete the terms, he

made study tours of a number of countries in Europe. When he was at Oxford, he was elected treasurer of the Indian Majlis. He returned to India in 1922 and after a few months joined the Muslim League.

Though a barrister by profession he interested himself in educational institutions. He got himself enrolled as an advocate of the Punjab High Court but never showed much inclination to the legal profession. Educational and political activities consumed much of his time.

Mr. Liaquat's family before settling in Karnal in the Punjab in the early nineteenth century lived on the other side of the Jumna in the Muzaffarnagar district in the United Provinces for some generations, where they owned big estates. Mr. Liaquat Ali stood for election to the United Provinces Legislative Council in 1926 and was elected as a member. He remained a member of the United Provinces legislature continuously till 1940 when he was elected to the Central Legislative Assembly. He was elected as the Deputy President of the U. P. Legislative Council and held that office for six years. He soon made his mark as one of the best speakers and a fine debater. He was the leader of the Democratic Party in the Council.

A landmark in his otherwise colourless career was his romantic marriage to Ranna Begum whom he met while she was selling a ticket for a dramatic performance. She hails from the Himalayas and is a distinguished economist and educationist who has in no small measure contributed to his success by her outstanding mental, social and domestic qualities. They have two sons, Adhraf and Akbar.

Till 1926, Mr. Liaquat's activities were confined mainly to the United Provinces. In 1937, he went to London as a member of the Indo-British Trade Delegation. In 1938, at the Patna session of the All-India Muslim League, Mr. Jinnah described him as a great asset to the Muslim nation in his capacity as the Honorary Secretary of the All-India Muslim League. The secret of Mr. Liaquat's rise to stardom is his unwavering loyalty to his chief. Mr. Feroz Khan Noon, Mr. Ghazanfar Ali and others were at times wavering but not Mr. Liaquat.

He entered the Central Assembly in

1942 and soon became the deputy leader of the League Party of which Mr. Jinnah was the leader. He soon made his mark because of the fact that his leader was not able to take an active part in the proceedings on account of his heavy political work. He made his mark as an able debater, cool, calm and collected. In marshalling a case either for attack or defence, he shows rare mastery.

He was invited to the Simla Conference as one of the representatives of the Muslim League in 1945 and again in 1946. He joined the Cabinet of undivided India in 1946 and became the leader of the Muslim bloc in the interim Government. He held the portfolio of finance, the first Indian Finance Member to present the budget for the year 1947-48. The budget was acclaimed throughout the country as an attempt at social justice and equality though businessmen got a shock from which they have not yet recovered.

When the Indian leaders were invited to the London Conference, Mr. Jinnah and Mr. Liaquat went as representatives of the League in December 1946 when the decision was taken about Pakistan.

When Pakistan came into being, he was given the assignment of Prime Ministership with the portfolio of defence and foreign affairs. The latter was taken away subsequently and given to Sir Mohamed Zafrullah Khan. Like Pandit Nehru he works very hard and finds rest and relaxation in the company of his wife and children. His only luxury, if it might be called so, is an elaborate shave every morning which stretches into an hour. He has a mechanical mind and is fond of fitting up instruments. He is not a fanatic in his outlook but has to toe the line in order to appease the Maulvis and Mullahs who still dominate the political landscape of Pakistan. He has all along been a strong believer in the link with the British Commonwealth but, at present, he is using the strategic position of his dominion as a lever in the relationship with Russia.

Regular in his attendance to the Pakistan Constituent Assembly, Mr. Liaquat Ali floodlights the proceedings with short, pithy speeches, like a barrister arguing his brief.

AN INTERVIEW WITH EINSTEIN

By Dr. SUSHILA NAYAR

EVER since I came to the United States I had wanted to meet Dr. Einstein, the great scientist and worker for peace.

I had been deeply impressed by his tributes to Mahatma Gandhi, and felt an irresistible impulse to go and pay my homage to the man who was said to have contributed the most toward the discovery of the atomic bomb and yet had such a deep understanding and reverence for the apostle of non-violence, in whom the scientist must have recognised a fellow-seeker after truth, and therefore a kindred spirit.

A few days ago Catherine Owen Pease sent me her book *Albert Einstein*—a biography for young people—and I found it fascinating reading. Dr. Amiya Chakravarty, who has been rendering yeoman service to India by interpreting Indian philosophy and thought to American audiences had promised to get me an appointment with Dr. Einstein and at last I got a letter from him stating that an appointment had been made and on no account was I to miss it. He wanted me to reach Princeton by 2 P.M. and wait for him at the Princeton Inn.

A friend, on hearing where I was going, lent me Lincoln Barnett's *Dr. Einstein and the University*, and, as I sat reading the book at the Princeton Inn lawn in the midst of perfectly tranquil natural beauty, I felt uplifted. The line of demarcation between philosophy and science was very thin after all or, to put it more correctly, physics and metaphysics merge into one another. It is the same truth that the philosopher and the scientist are trying to find, each in his own way. The affinity between Mahatma Gandhi and Dr. Einstein was becoming clearer.

Dr. Chakravarty arrived at 3-30 P.M. We had come from different directions and so preoccupied had we been with the thought of our appointment with Dr. Einstein that neither had stopped for lunch. After a cold drink we proceeded to the

scientist's cottage and after all the precautions to be on time, it seemed we were going to be late, for we could find no taxicab. At last we found one at the Railroad Station and arrived at our destination three minutes before 4-30 P.M. We paused in front of the house to collect our thoughts. I was experiencing the worst examination feeling and suddenly discovered that I had forgotten all the questions I had wanted to ask Dr. Einstein.

The Indian mind reveres age, learning and simplicity of life. For us the trip had been of the nature of a holy pilgrimage and at 4.30 we rang the bell and the secretary, Miss Helen Dukas, opened the door. She took us to the porch where the great scientist sat in an easy-chair with a notebook and a pencil jotting down mathematical calculations. I felt like an intruder breaking into the meditations of a sage. Then the Professor got up and greeted us with such a genial smile of cordiality that I lost all feeling of awe.

It was strangely reminiscent of my days with Gandhiji. Like Gandhiji, the Professor had a knack of putting you at your ease so that you lost the consciousness of being in the presence of a great man.

Miss Helen Dukas brought us some tea and crackers and then left us. The Professor asked Dr. Chakravarty what he was doing. As Dr. Chakravarty is teaching at Howard University, the topic turned to the colour discrimination in this country.

Dr. Einstein's sensitive mind rebelled against the idea; it was so meaningless. The injustice stood out all the more glaringly when it was practised in the nation's capital. Dr. Chakravarty requested him to stop at Howard even for a few minutes if he ever went in that direction. "It might be helpful to focus public opinion, and rouse their conscience to the wrong," pleaded Dr. Chakravarty.

Dr. Einstein was not so hopeful. He had been to another Negro Univer-

sity, Lincoln University, and had written an article on the colour problem some time ago which was just suppressed. "You mean to say it was not published," we asked in amazement.

"Oh no, it was published in some obscure magazine," he replied. "Even there they must have had difficulty, for it took them a year to do so. And then, it was put under the rubbish heap and forgotten."

The secretary explained that generally, when Dr. Einstein writes anything, all the newspapers display it prominently. But no one took any notice of that article. We decided we would try to dig it out and bring it to the notice of our friends.

From the place where I was sitting, I could not see the Professor's face fully as he talked and had a little difficulty in catching some of his words. I changed my seat. Dr. Einstein was saying something about the purpose of nature. He did not think nature had any purpose except the purpose that we human beings bring to it.

It was rather startling. "If the whole of nature had no purpose," asked Dr. Chakravarty, "no meaning outside the relationship that we might create, then what was the purpose of human life or its meaning as part of the entire creation?"

"No one can answer that," replied the Professor gravely.

What did he mean when he said nature had no purpose? Dr. Chakravarty could not help asking again. "Of course, by purpose one does not mean any link with passing human desires, but the entire meaning and significance of existence itself. There is some kind of order in nature. Things do not happen in a haphazard fashion. Can that happen without some kind of purpose? There must be a background of ultimate values in all that is and all that becomes and moves into the future including nature and humanity."

Having contributed more than any living man towards the understanding of the laws of natural phenomenon, the Professor agreed that there was order and law in nature, but it was not the same thing as purpose.

"What you call laws of nature, Gandhiji called truth. Truth and God

were synonymous terms for him and he said God was the law and the law-maker. Would you say the purpose of nature is manifestation of truth and the purpose of human life is quest after truth?" I asked.

"It is not necessary to look for a meaning after all!" answered the Professor with a smile.

He had demonstrated the oneness of matter and energy. Did he think science would be able to solve the mystery of the human soul and human mind in terms of energy? That was our next question.

"I do not like the use of these terms which come from the realm of psychology. It causes confusion," he replied.

He was thoughtful for a moment and added, "You can call it mental energy. But I would rather not do so."

Dr. Chakravarty paid a tribute to the finer aspect of modern science and mentioned the great contribution of Europe. What did Dr. Einstein think of American scientists and the scientific spirit of America in general?

The Professor laughed. He thought "Modern Western people generally lacked depth. They were too absorbed in superficial things. No time to think."

"Did he think there was too much emphasis on applied science and less regard for the values of pure science?"

"No, some work is being done in pure science too," he replied, "though a vast amount of energy is being wasted on superficial things."

He was unhappy to note how much money and materials were being wasted on the race for armaments, and on the perfection of weapons of destruction.

What did he think of the international situation today, we asked. When Dr. Chakravarty had met him earlier this year, Dr. Einstein had been very upset over it.

"The hysteria is a little less," replied the Professor briefly. He did not think the Russians wanted a war although they had used aggression against Finland and Poland in the face of grave danger to themselves. The danger to peace today, Dr. Einstein felt, was from the fear and misunderstanding on both sides, and the other nations were equally responsible.

"I do not hold a special plea for Russia, nor have I anything against her," I remarked. "But what about the suppression of truth and individual liberty in other countries as well?"

Gandhiji used to say that the failure of the French and Russian revolutions lay in the fact that they used tainted means to achieve their high objectives. There could be no freedom for the masses except through non-violence. And there was none in Russia, too, so far as one could make out.

"You cannot get rid of the tradition very easily," replied Dr. Einstein. "Don't forget that the Russian people have been suppressed for centuries and though a people stands up under a strong stimulus, they lapse back when that stimulus is no longer there."

Dr. Chakravarty felt sorry for the sufferings of the Germans who had made such great contributions to literature and science and to Western civilization. The German people had been most unfortunate in that they had again and again had aggressive and ruthless leadership which led them to sorrow and suffering.

Dr. Einstein did not share Dr. Chakravarty's feelings. The Germans had that kind of leadership, he felt, because they are an aggressive and ruthless people.

It reminded me of Gandhiji's remarks that whereas in the past it used to be said "as the king, so the people," in our times it is more correct to say "as the people, so the rulers."

Leaders reflect the quality of the people, for the leaders come from the midst of the people.

Dr. Chakravarty mentioned that some peace workers had gone to Germany to help the new German nation on the road to democracy.

Dr. Einstein laughed. "They will be disappointed. There is no democracy in Germany" he added.

"Is there real democracy anywhere?" I asked.

"Not in the political sense," replied Dr. Einstein. "But you are impressed by the fact in America, especially when you come here from Europe, that here the man in the street holds his head up and really feels that he is as good as you. As for politics,

there money controls!" he added with a laugh.

We talked about religion. Dr. Einstein became thoughtful. There was much more emphasis on form than on reality. "It had been so from ancient times. Men have believed and practised the superstitions and the rituals associated with religion rather than the spirit of religion."

"That was one thing that Gandhiji emphasised all the time," I added. "He insisted on the practice of the spirit of religion and asked us to forget the tables and the rituals and the ceremonials."

"But did not he realise that ritual has always preceded the spirit of religion," said Dr. Einstein. "In every religion you find the mention of human sacrifice to please God. Can you explain that?"

Timidly I replied that probably the underlying idea had been to offer to God the most precious gift that they could find, and realisation of the fact that human life was the most valuable thing in the world might have been the basis of human sacrifice.

"But imagine God being pleased at that!" remarked Dr. Einstein laughing.

I was thinking. A man who wanted to offer the most precious gift to God should offer his own life rather than someone else's. And a more refined way of offering sacrifice was dedication of one's life to the service of God's humanity. That is what Gandhiji had called the spirit of religion.

I wondered if the blood-thirst that human beings attribute to God was not a reflection of their own state of mind. And I wondered if it was not the same blood-thirst which was being reflected in the form of wars and preparations for war in our own times. The only difference was that instead of offering one or two human sacrifices we butcher millions and, instead of God, we do it in the name of the gods of freedom, rights of man and so on, because they are more acceptable to our times.

Dr. Chakravarty asked Dr. Einstein whether he believed there was anything left of man after death. "No, I do not. Thank God, otherwise what a collection there would be!" he added laughing.

It was interesting to hear this great scientist referring to God more than

once as a scientist. Probably he has no use for God and yet in his very denial he had to make use of the divine entity—what the ancient Hindu philosophers have called worship through negation.

"Not in the material sense," continued Dr. Chakravarty, "But the spirit of man would persist on its onward march. Even on earth there is a persistence of that spirit. For instance, the spirit of Christ still endures. The spirit of Mahatma Gandhi is still there."

Dr. Einstein was full of genuine admiration for Gandhiji. "He was a unique man. I have read his autobiography. What honesty! How he has his weaknesses! No other man has ever been able to do that. Some men vilify themselves, but that is different. In their case the self-vilification gives you an impression of inverted vanity. Not so with Gandhiji."

Dr. Chakravarty explained: "He had so completely conquered the ego and made himself an instrument of the Divine."

Dr. Einstein wondered whether Gandhiji's idea of limiting production to primitive means was a measure of expediency or he believed in the necessity of avoiding machines under all circumstances.

I explained that Gandhiji was opposed to the idea of centralised pro-

duction. He did not approve of the machine when it became the master of man. He welcomed it when it served man as in the case of the spinning wheel itself or the sewing machine. Dr. Einstein agreed that centralisation was undesirable, but it was a necessity as things stood today. He believed it could be combined with decentralisation.

At this stage the secretary came back. There was a cold wind and she wanted to take him inside. It was 5.30. We had had a most inspiring and friendly hour together. We got up.

"Will the Professor be upset if I take a picture?" I asked the secretary.

"Oh no," she said, "He is used to it." He stood up. My hands shook as I took a picture. We thanked him for his kindness in giving us all this time. We had brought India's homage and respects to the great man.

No respects or homage were due to him, he quickly added. "They have thrust greatness upon me and, when I protest, they say it is humility," he laughed.

His open face was lit up by the evening sun under snow-white locks. In his expression there was a strange child-like innocence and a mixture of tranquility and alertness which, coupled with a hearty laughter, was strongly reminiscent of Bapu.—PTI Features (Copyright).

THE HAPPY MORALIST

Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. And it is the trouble with moral men that they have neither one nor the other.... If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say "give them up," for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people.

There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbours good. One person I have to make good is myself. But my duty to my neighbour is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make them happy—if I may.—R. L. STEVENSON.

A PHILOSOPHER'S PUZZLE

After contemplating the inscrutable relation between brain and consciousness, and finding that we can get no evidence of the last without the activity of the first, we seem obliged to relinquish the thought that consciousness continues after physical organisation has become inactive. But it seems a strange and repugnant conclusion that with the cessation of consciousness at death, there ceased to be any knowledge of having existed. With his last breath it becomes to each the same thing as though he had never lived.—HERBERT SPENCER.

MACAO, THE RIP VAN WINKLE OF CHINA

By M. A. FRIEDERICH

An inside story of how the tiny Portuguese possession of Macao lives by smuggling gold and thrives on China's misery.

MACAO is the old-time California of today. for Macao is flooded with gold. The tiny Portuguese-owned peninsula on the coast of China is virtually one big gold warehouse of five kilometers square. You can't find any tough, unshaven, pistol-girdled prospectors with pick and pan, but gold-fever is none the less intense. And the cruelties and robberies practised by those who want to grab a share of the yellow metal are no fewer.

Just a few days before I arrived in Macao, two girls working in the local Coca-Cola plant boarded a gold-laden junk bound for nearby Hongkong. The next day the junk was found drifting aimlessly. Those aboard were dead, the girls horribly mutilated and the gold was gone. It was not difficult to guess that pirates had got wind of the trip, boarded the ship and seized the gold.

The use of gold (and to a lesser extent silver) is one of the few things that keeps China's inflation-ridden citizens from becoming completely frantic. A Chinese cannot bring a wad of paper-currency to the bank to be deposited in his savings-account because it would probably lose at least half of its value in two or three days. Instead he tries to convert his surplus money into gold, knowing that the value of gold will remain steady. Thus in China gold has become the "little man's bank."

Macao thrives on China's misery as the supplier of gold. It can do so because it is not a signatory to the Bretton Woods Agreement by which most countries agreed to ban private trade in gold and keep the world-price of gold at 35 U. S. dollars an ounce. This agreement, supervised by the International Monetary Fund, was made with the intention of facilitating money transfers between the countries. The canny Portuguese didn't see why they should sign the Bretton Woods Agreement. Portuguese-owned Macao has been able to

flourish, therefore, as the legal staging ground to smuggle gold into China.

Some gold goes into China via Hongkong. Hongkong would have been the obvious entrepot for the whole of the gold-trade. Macao has only a shallow harbour, no airport and only one overland connection with a part of China that does not give easy access to the rest of it. Hongkong is infinitely better equipped for the purpose. But Hongkong is a British colony and Britain signed the monetary agreement. The Hongkong authorities, therefore, cannot officially allow gold to be imported. Nor can they officially allow private firms or individuals to own or trade in gold at all. At least not openly. Thanks to Hongkong's more or less "abiding" by international agreements, however, Macao gets the bulk of the benefits of the gold trade.

The gold originates in gold-producing countries, most of which, bound by the ties of the International Monetary Agreement, are not supposed to sell it on the free market. The gold disappears into China, India and other Far Eastern countries where legally it is not supposed to go. The trading is financed by five or six Chinese banks in Hongkong which are not supposed to indulge in this sort of deal. The only legal, guiltless and above-ground centre of the gold-line is Macao. The beginning and end of the line are mystery-veiled.

The international trade in gold, with prices well in excess of those fixed by the IMF, has become so extensive and is so often blandly backed by governments that one hardly can speak any more of "smuggling" and a "racket." Nevertheless, with those countries still paying lip service to the IMF, the trade in gold is mostly illegal. That is why the agents of gold-brokers in Macao and Bangkok became vague and elusive when I asked them where the gold originated.

Facile tricks are resorted to to dodge

the regulations. In the United States, for example, unrefined gold—nuggets and gold-dust—can be sold freely. Big business in gold bullion is carried on under the euphemism of “gold in its natural state.” South Africa, the greatest producer of gold sells “semi-processed” gold for “industrial and artistic purposes only” at a higher price than the internationally stated U. S. \$35 per ounce. But not much of the gold ever seems to reach its industrial destinations. The number of “jewellers” obtaining gold for “artistic” purposes in South Africa had increased from 10 in 1939 to over 200 in 1948 and is still rising.

Once the gold has trickled into the hands of gold-buying firms, the brokers wait for orders from Macao. And they come readily. The gold import dominates Macao's trade. For 1947—later figures have not been released—the figure of the total imports of Macao amounted to 390 million petacas US \$97.5 million). Of this, 286 million petacas (US \$71.5 million) were spent on gold imports.

A Macao firm that wants to import gold has to obtain a license from influential Mr. Pedro de Lobo, head of the Economics Department. First the firm has to deposit a bond of 1.2 million petacas (US \$300,000) in order to get a license to import a minimum of 50,000 ounces of gold. In addition the firm has to pay a tax of two petacas (US \$.50) per ounce of the gold to be imported. Moreover the firm has to pay the Macao Government Bank US\$35 for every ounce of gold imported. The importer gets petacas in return and Macao gets hold of a fair amount of foreign currency.

This is the legal procedure; but there are some “surcharges” about which Mr. de Lobo does not talk. Sometimes three petacas (US \$.75) of tax per ounce is charged for gold “in transit.” (I have never heard of gold in Macao that is not in transit).

In practice, Mr. de Lobo writes out his licenses to the Macao agents of some five or six Hongkong Chinese banks. These banks divide the licenses into shares which they resell to gold importing firms. The agents of gold-brokers in Bangkok and Saigon told me they were angry with the Hongkong banks because the banks

add an extra “squeeze” of some five or six petacas (US \$1.25 to 1.50) per ounce of gold. Despite their irritation they still string along because the gold-merchants, after transportation and insurance costs, make a two or three per cent profit on their regular dealings of millions of dollars.

The gold is brought out East by plane. But tiny Macao does not have a land airstrip. Only seaplanes can splash down alongside Macao's pretty coastline. The gold therefore has to be transferred from the regular airliners to Catalinas in Rangoon, Bangkok or Saigon, which the gold-brokers supervise. Insurance firms dislike these trans-shipping stops because, on occasion, gold has been highjacked on its way to the Catalinas. Siam's biggest robbery occurred in May 1948 when three million dollars worth of gold was stolen by a gang dressed in police uniforms. It appeared that those uniforms were not altogether a disguise, because many policemen were arrested for the robbery. A big part of the gold was recovered after a reward of 10% of the value was offered and lots of policemen suddenly discovered piles of gold.

The gold does not stay long in the vaults of the import firms in Macao. But where it goes is a question one is not supposed to ask in Macao. The gold-smuggling out of Macao is strictly secret and off the record. The men who operate it don't talk and the Macao officials do not know—or pretend not to know—anything about it. Opposite the 1947 figure of 286 million petacas (US \$71.5 millions) of gold imports stood the meagre figure of 9,924,000 petacas (US \$2.5 millions) for licensed gold exports. I asked the official who gave me the figures if the rest of the almost 70 million dollars worth of gold had been lost. “Not lost,” he answered straight-facedly, “not lost. Some of it is still here, some elsewhere.”

Macao's rulers are hopeful that the sun will continue to shine on them in spite of the recent changes in China. But the parasitic little peninsula that has been thriving on China's misery knows what is in store when things begin to happen. “The day that China is stabilized,” Economics Director de Lobo said sorrowfully, “Macao is done for.”—N P. S. (Copyright.)

Short Story

WHEN THEY MET AGAIN

By S. Krishnich

“COME on, Pradeep, let's be going.”

Pradeep ignored this invitation. He cocked a leg over the high stool in front of the bar and rested both his elbows on the counter to steady his swaying body.

“Pradeep!” I called again digging him with my forefinger, “Let's go. I'm hungry.”

“Oh, don't be silly. We'll have just one more drink. Where'll you get such good whisky when you go back to Ooty?”

“I think I've had enough.”

“Come on, kill-joy, buck up. I know you are capable of gulping down a lot more.”

“That's not the point.”

“You think I can't stand any more, eh? Well, it's my funeral and you shut up, will you?... Here!” he called turning to the barman, “A large whisky, and one for this skulker too.”

“Really, Pradeep...”

“Oh, come on. I know what you fellows do up there in Ooty. You drink tinctures, don't you? Sort of kills the taste for good whisky, eh? Horrible this prohi-hi-bition!”

I knew it was impossible to make Pradeep get up leaving the drinks he had ordered. So I gulped mine down and waited for him to finish his. He took a long time over it and I was forced to listen to his bibulous dissertations between every sip. At last he got up and I walked close to him because I was aware that he was not very steady on his feet.

“Do you think I can't walk straight?”

“Not at all,” I lied. “As a matter of fact I'm not quite steady on my feet.”

We reached the vestibule.

“Hold on, Pradeep. I'll go and fetch the car.”

“Just a minute, old fellow,” he said clutching me firmly by the arm and peering into my face with red and fiery eyes. “What do you take me to

be? A fellow who can't stand his drink? I'm going to drive my car, understand?”

I had to give way. I knew Pradeep was in no fit condition to drive but I didn't want to quarrel with him. He walked down to the car-park and he got into the driving seat. I got in beside him. He fumbled for a while with the ignition key and pressed the self-starter with the gear engaged. With tremendous difficulty I refrained from speaking because any comment or advice from me would have only had the effect of infuriating him the more.

At last we drove out of the hotel and Pradeep accelerated to an extent that frightened me terribly. I knew that if I asked him to slow down he would put his foot down harder on the accelerator and so I clenched my teeth and writhed in impotent fury. I kept gazing at the road and wondering what I could do to prevent an accident which seemed inevitable. An island at the junction of roads was barely a hundred yards away and Pradeep was racing well over forty miles an hour.

“Look out!” I cried in spite of myself.

Pradeep turned to look at me.

“Scared?”

His foot went slap down on the accelerator pedal.

I had committed the greatest blunder possible. I think my wits were also slightly fuddled and without thinking twice I pulled the hand-brake with all my might. The whine of braked tyres on the asphalt road was ominously shrill and it was no wonder that Pradeep lost control of the vehicle.

I ducked and I do not exactly recollect what immediately followed. We must have turned over and crashed into a tree. I was aware only of the fact that I was knocked about pretty badly inside the car and that the car had come to a stand-still resting on

its off-side. I was able to open the door and climb out.

At the casualty ward in the hospital to which we were taken we received prompt attention. A house-surgeon examined Pradeep and, not quite satisfied with himself, he sent for another doctor. Meanwhile, a nurse took me to another room and attended to the few cuts and numerous scratches on my body. I emerged from the dressing-room with a plaster on my right cheek, a bandage on my arm and iodine painted nearly all over my body. I did not enter the casualty ward directly because I found that a conspiratorial air pervaded the two doctors and two nurses who were whispering to each other.

I waited for a minute in the verandah and the older of the two doctors, having espied me, came towards me.

"Could you tell me his name?" he asked me pointing to the table on which Pradeep was stretched out unconscious.

"Pradeep Kumar."

"And yours?"

"Krishniah."

"Are you a friend or a relative?"

"A friend....Why, doctor?"

"You see, Mr. Krishniah, I'm afraid your friend will have to be operated on."

"Operated?"

"Yes."

"What for? He is not badly injured, is he?"

"I think he is. You see, I'm the R.M.O. I've sent for Dr. Ghosh and I think it will be for him to decide when to operate."

"What's wrong exactly?"

"I can't tell you. Dr. Ghosh will be here any minute and I hope it's nothing serious."

This was really a bolt from the blue. I could not possibly imagine how an operation could be necessary.

After a few minutes an elderly gentleman arrived whom I rightly presumed to be Dr. Ghosh. He examined Pradeep thoroughly while I waited alone in the verandah. Then the three doctors had a small consultation and came out to me.

"Mr. Krishniah?" Dr. Ghosh asked.

"Yes, doctor."

"I'm afraid your friend will have to be operated upon immediately."

I looked sheepishly at him.

"Do you know whether he has any relatives here in Bangalore?"

"No, doctor....Why?"

"Because I think it'll be quite a serious operation."

"What is this operation, doctor?"

"You see, your friend has fractured his skull."

"Fractured his skull?" I asked incredulously. I had always thought that if a man fractured his skull he would die straightaway.

"Yes, but I hope we can set it right....Now, if you'll excuse us, we'll go and get ready for the operation."

I was left alone and I sat down on a bench. I realised that things were serious for Pradeep. It was rotten for a happy-go-lucky chap like Pradeep to crack his skull in this way. I had always been Pradeep's best friend since the time I had met him three years ago at the bar in Connemara Hotel. I knew he was a fine young man with a lot of money who had messed up his life. At the time I had first met him he had been just released from the Air Force. He had always been reluctant to talk about the past but by careful questioning over numerous pegs of whisky I had managed to get out of him the salient points of the sad episode which had wrecked his life. He had become a cynic, an atheist—a man addicted to alcohol just to forget the hard cold realities of life.

I was thinking about all these things when a nurse put an end to my reverie by coming up to me and standing in front of me.

I looked up at her.

"I was wondering whether you were asleep."

"No....Just thinking."

"You brought in Pradeep, didn't you?"

"Yes....but....but do you know him?"

"Yes. A long while ago."

"About '39, '40?"

"Yes."

"Then you must be Joan—Joan Fernandez."

"How do you know that?"

"I know that part of Pradeep's life well."

A cynical smile flitted across her face.

"So he talks about it, does he? I always thought a man would be

ashamed of such things. Look at that chap lying there—drunk, half-dead....Don't you think there is a God above?"

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm saying that there is a God above."

"You must be mad," I said standing up to face her, "Pradeep is the best fellow I've ever met."

"Nonsense. You think you know him better than I do?"

"Yes. During the last few years. And he has suffered, I tell you, God knows how much."

"Rightly too. That is what he deserves, doesn't he?"

"You are cruel."

"I am cruel, eh?" I could find even in the dim light that tears had gathered in her eyes. "Then what do you call him? All these years of suffering he has heaped on my head...." She went on passionately as if glad of an opportunity to talk—to pour out the sore affliction she had had to suffer in privacy.

I listened to her for a long time until, quite exhausted, she stopped.

"Listen, Miss Fernandez. You do not know the other side. What a terrific misunderstanding! That day when he was supposed to have met you and didn't, his squadron moved from Madras."

"But he could have written to me."

"No, he couldn't. The departure was so sudden and secret that he himself didn't know. He took the first opportunity to write to you. But the first opportunity came only a month later. Pradeep's squadron went from Madras...."

Somebody from inside the casualty ward called her and she went in saying that she would come back. I looked at my watch. It was half-past-eleven.

They were getting Pradeep ready for the operation and after a little time he was taken to the operation theatre. Joan came to me in the verandah.

"You didn't tell me your name."

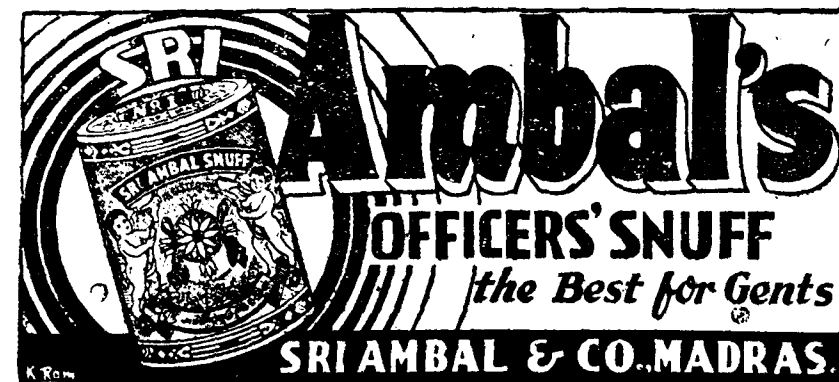
I told her.

"I knock off at midnight," she told me. "I shall meet you here at twelve-thirty."

She came punctually at that time.

"So you say, Mr. Krishniah, that he did not jilt me purposely?"

"Of course not. It is criminal to say such a thing of Pradeep. As I told you his squadron moved from Madras by sea to Egypt. It took them a long time to reach Egypt and when they landed there they were sent to the front-line straightaway. He wrote to you from there almost every day but he never got a letter from you. By that time as you told me you must have resigned your post at Madras and gone to Bombay. Pradeep returned to India only in 1942 and, during a month's leave, he searched every possible place for you. But there was not a single bit of information he could gather about you and so he went back to Ambala. He was released in '45 and for nearly four years now he has searched for you. Lately he lost hope and he took to drinking badly. He has become a cynic and a snob and always tries to be in a state of alcoholic intoxication if only to escape the thoughts which would otherwise make a lunatic of him."



Joan was quiet beside me and in the dim light I could only perceive her bosom heaving and hear an occasional suppressed sigh escape from her.

We sat in silence for ten minutes. "Miss Fernandez!" I called softly. "Excuse my impertinence....What happened to the child?"

"He is all right," she said in a husky tone that betrayed a smouldering passion.

"He must be about ten now."

"Eight and a half. His name is Pradeep."

"That was the thought that drove Pradeep, my friend, nearly mad."

We were silent again.

I glanced at my watch. Two A.M.

"They are taking a long time over this operation," I said.

But I must have said the wrong thing.

Joan covered her face and started weeping. Convulsive fits of sobbing shook her lithe frame. There was nothing I could do or say to comfort her. I rose up from the bench and leaving her alone started pacing the verandah.

I do not know how long afterwards it was Dr. Ghosh came.

"Well, Mr. Krishniah...."

"Is he all right?"

"....I'm sorry."

I swallowed hard and exercised all my will to control my tears.

"Already?"

"No....He is in the surgical ward. But I wonder whether he will regain consciousness."

"May I go and see him, doctor?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Do you mind if I take Miss Fer-

nandez with me? She knew Pradeep a long time ago."

"I don't mind at all."

Joan and I stood near the bed of the unconscious man.

"Pradeep! Pradeep!" I called softly.

He did not seem to hear me.

I asked Joan to call him.

There was nobody else in the ward then as she stood to speak in his ears. She whispered something—something which I will not reproduce here. Let me say that she kissed him.

"Pradeep! Pradeep!" I called again.

"Pradeep, I found Joan for you. Yes, your Joan. Don't you want to see her? She is here, near you....Come on, Pradeep, look this side."

But the eyes of the unconscious man were fixed on the ceiling.

"Do you think he will be conscious at least for a minute before the end comes?" I asked Joan.

"It is likely."

"Then why don't you go and bring your son. It is worth taking a chance, isn't it?"

It was almost dawn and without answering me Joan slipped out.

I sat on the bed and watched the countenance of the dying man.

The doctor came in and felt the pulse.

"It won't be long," he told me and went out.

"Pradeep! Pradeep!" I called again and I thought I saw a gleam of recognition in his eyes.

"Pradeep, I've found Joan for you. Your Joan and your child will be here....soon. Pradeep! Pradeep!"

A sarcastic smile twisted Pradeep's lips and his eyes ceased to blink for ever.

JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH

Johnson had nothing of the bear in him but the skin. As he was quick to retort, so was he quick to repent.

"Dr. Goldsmith," cried Dr. Johnson in a loud voice, "something passed today where you and I dined; I ask your pardon."

Goldsmith answered placidly, "It must be much from you, sir, that I take ill."

MICAUBER'S ADVICE TO COPPERFIELD

"My other piece of advice, Copperfield," said Mr. Micauver, "you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds, eight and six, result misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the God of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and—and in short, you are for ever floored. As I am."

—Charles Dickens: *David Copperfield*.

NEW DELHI DIARY



THE Parliament started off this week with the long-awaited discussion on the Hindu Code Bill. Both the Government and the opponents of the measure had anticipated a lively debate, not without moments of heat and excitement, but they did not bargain for an ugly demonstration that took place here in front of the Council Chamber. For the first time after the advent of freedom, shouts of "Down with Nehru," "Down with Congress" and "Nehru Government Murdabad" were heard. The demonstrators, who could easily be identified with R. S. S. ideology, did not stop there. They lit up a bonfire in front of the Council House, when they burnt copies of the Hindu Code Bill and a dozen Gandhi caps. The language used by the demonstrators in condemning the Hindu Code Bill and the Government's action was extremely vulgar. Anybody could see that the demonstration was an organised show by the reactionaries, who were able to exploit the sentiment of disgruntled refugees to pour ridicule on the Government. Curiously enough, the demonstrators contained several women and young girls. The police who were on the scene behaved in an exemplary manner and were more than tolerant towards the mischief-mongers, probably on instructions.

For all the excitement outside the House, the debate within the Chamber was a tame affair. Mr. Mukat Lal Bhargava resumed his unfinished speech with Mr. Ananthasayanam Ayyangar in the chair. There was a loud cheer when the Bill was taken up for discussion. Both Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel were in their seats when the discussion commenced, but seemed unconcerned about the demonstrations outside the House and the special pleadings of the opponents inside the Chamber. There were strong criticisms of Pandit

Nehru's statement making the issue of the Hindu Code Bill one of confidence for the Government. It must be remembered, however, that Pandit Nehru was provoked to make the statement, whose purpose has been misunderstood by large sections in the country. He was only asserting the time-honoured principle that when a bill sponsored by the Government fails to secure the majority vote of the House, then the Government goes as a constitutional practice. It was in that light that he stated that the passage of the Hindu Code Bill would affect the position of the Government. There was no threat or challenge in that statement, implied or otherwise. He was quick to realise the strong tone of the declaration and followed it up by saying that his Government would consider reasonable modifications of the Bill to make it acceptable to all sections and communities. With that end in view he wanted a committee to be appointed to bring in all essential features necessary to make the Bill a progressive piece of legislation. There was an invitation, therefore, to the opponents of the measure to stop dilatory tactics and to work honestly for a beneficial measure, irrespective of the time taken by it. But the opponents are in no mood to listen; they are now taking the Prime Minister's first statement literally and making the issue of confidence the sole plank.

It might well be asked what the future of the Bill would be. Despite the false sense of urgency, which the opponents of the measure have read into the Prime Minister's declaration, the Bill will continue to be discussed in the normal parliamentary procedure. The first stage of the second reading will be completed in this session. During the Budget session the second stage will start, when the discussion will be clause by clause. A committee will then be appointed,

representing all sections of the community, to go into the details of the measure and suggest suitable modifications. It is known as much to the Nehru Government as to the so-called defenders of Hindu society, that the Bill is an intricate measure and would have to take into consideration the traditions and sentiments of varying types of people. Progress on the Bill will, therefore, have to be necessarily slow, and, if any solution is to be achieved, it should be through compromise and acceptance of legitimate claims of all schools of thought. To suggest, therefore, that the Nehru Government is intent on getting through the measure in one session or in one stage is to betray ignorance of normal parliamentary procedure. Pandit Nehru has also stated that the Bill as it stands today is not perfect and he does not agree with all the provisions of the Bill. There is, therefore, ample room for honest discussion of the details of the measure. What Pandit Nehru would perhaps not think of giving up is the right of the Parliament to enact a legislation of this kind, which is questioned by the opposite section. It could do so only by voting this Government out of office. All the heat and excitement that we witness today may disappear at the time of the next session, when most of the opponents will be working in the committee to make the Draft Bill a progressive and useful piece of legislation. The approach to the problem has been made similar to the one made to the language issue, which evoked so much controversy inside and outside the Chamber. The ultimate result was, however, a compromise, an agreed formula and a binding decision. Pandit Nehru is putting his faith again in the Indian genius for compromise and understanding of the opposite point of view.

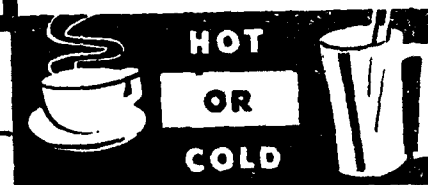
That the jute crisis in East Pakistan following the "No Devaluation" policy of the Pakistan Central Government has assumed serious proportions, is confirmed by private advices received here from Karachi. As the whole economy of Pakistan is based on jute production and sale of surplus jute, the refusal of India and some other

countries to purchase jute at Pakistan's official exchange rate, has put to serious test the economic solvency of Pakistan. The deadlock in Indo-Pakistan trade relations, following Karachi's "No Devaluation" policy, has hit Pakistan's jute cultivator the hardest, who finds himself unable to continue his occupation. The whole of East Pakistan being a jute growing area, the bulk of the population is getting restive. How serious the situation has turned can be judged by the fact that Mr. Hamid Ul Haq Chowdhury had to resign from the East Bengal Cabinet and two more Ministers are reported to have taken the same decision. Mr. Nurul Amin, East Bengal Premier, has attempted to deny that their resignations are a result of the jute crisis, but reports received in the capital do not support his contention. Observers here, who know conditions in East Bengal, maintain that unless Pakistan revises its "No Devaluation" policy a revolutionary change may take place in the attitude of East Pakistani growers, who would vote for severance of all links with West Pakistan and the Karachi Government. There may even be a movement for an independent East Bengal, which would directly control trade relations with India and other countries. Frequent visits of prominent Pakistan Ministers to Dacca are indication of the anxiety of Karachi to assuage the feelings of East Pakistanis, who are already feeling neglected. Added to the discontent is the frustration of the scheduled Castes in East Pakistan to the point of compelling even Mr. Mandal to protest against the high-handed and rough treatment of his community by the Pakistan Government.

So far as India is concerned, she has decided not to go in for Pakistan jute at the official rate of exchange with the result that jute prices in East Pakistan are quoting 40% lesser than pre-devaluation level. Although the official rate of exchange has been fixed by Pakistan at 144 Indian rupees to 100 Pakistani rupees, the Pakistani rupee is stated to be available for 102 Indian to 100 Pakistan rupees, but even this has no relation to facts, because goods in Pakistan are selling at lower prices than the pre-devaluation level. In other

DRINK YOUR HEALTH

For ATHLETES and INVALIDS alike BOURN-VITA gives you MORE goodness, MORE nourishment, and therefore, MORE ENERGY. Children love the chocolate FLAVOUR. Take TWO teaspoonfuls in a cup or glass of Milk—HOT or COLD—Morning and Evening.



Cadbury's
BOURN-VITA
RICH IN CALCIUM AND VITAMINS A & D

CADBURY FRY (INDIA) LIMITED
P. O. BOX 1417, BOMBAY - P. O. BOX 231, CALCUTTA - P. O. BOX 1725, MADRAS

words, the Pakistan rupee in real terms is on the minus side, in the ratio of 80 Indian rupees to 100 Pakistani rupees. How the Pakistan Government will get over this serious economic situation created by itself, remains to be seen. So far the Reserve Bank of India has not recognised Pakistan's official rate of exchange, even though it has allowed Indian banks to purchase Pakistani rupees at the cheapest level at their own risk. Meanwhile, the Government of India has called a conference of jute growing interests in Calcutta to explore further possibilities of increased production of jute within the country, in order to attain self-sufficiency.

Pakistan's trouble is not confined to its eastern province. Her North-West, which used to be India's frontier before partition, has proved a veritable thorn to the Karachi Government. Frequent revolts among tribesmen (Shinwari and Mohammands in particular) are reported. The Azad Pathanistan movement, which now claims a duly constituted legislature and Government is attracting considerable interest in the N.-W.F.P. and Afghan tribal areas. Pakistan authorities, it

would appear, want to establish military outposts in tribal areas after realising that the wholesale withdrawal of troops from Razmak, the strong garrison during British rule, was a tactical blunder. The tribesmen are in no mood to allow any encroachment, and are resisting Pakistan military units. Fighting between Pakistan Army units and Mohammands has been reported by Kabul Radio. The Kabul daily *Islah* has reported from its Rome correspondent that the ex-King Aman Ullah, who is now in exile in Rome, met the present Afghan King Zahir Shah, who passed through Rome on his way to France. This was their first meeting after the abdication of Aman Ullah Khan. According to the newspaper the king assured the Afghan monarch of his loyalty towards him. He is also believed to have supported the Azad Pathanistan movement. The news, if true, has considerable significance. More than once Pakistani leaders have tried to bring pressure on Afghanistan by pleading the cause of ex-King Aman Ullah Khan and making him a claimant to the present Afghan throne. It was this intention of Pakistan that made her suspect in the eyes of Afghanistan, with all the political complications.

NEW INSURANCE LEGISLATION

By A. KALYANASUNDARAM

THE Insurance Act of 1938 has been amended almost year after year since it was placed on the Statute Book. But the present Amending Bill running to 65 clauses may be said to be a comprehensive one.

This Bill is based on the recommendations of the Cowasjee Jehangir Committee set up by the Government in 1945 and the Special Informal Committee appointed by the Standing Insurance Advisory Committee. But it makes three major departures, in regard to limitation of expenses, control and supervision by Government of investments.

The interlocking of interests between insurance companies and banks necessitated the provisions relating

to capital structure and voting rights. Big financiers buy off insurance companies at premium rates which neither reflect their dividend-yielding capacity, nor bear any relation whatever to the market value of their shares. They also obtain control of the funds of insurance companies by possessing a majority of the company's share-capital, and thus utilise them to serve their own interests in speculative ventures, which is detrimental to the interests of the policy-holders. In several cases, both banks and insurance companies are started under the same management, where the assets of the insurance company are shown as investments in the bank, and the assets of

the bank are shown as investments in the insurance company. Thus a few shareholders are able to control the funds of insurance companies, and the policy-holders are always at their mercy.

The Bill provides that there shall be only one class of shareholders, ordinary shareholders, with equal voting rights, and no person could hold more than 10 per cent of the shares, without the permission of the Government. This provision cannot be said to be adequate enough to prevent the acquisition of the interests of insurance companies by a few people, and their speculative activities. "On the question of shareholders' control, it is clear that the ideal of democracy upon which the joint-stock system is founded is more honoured in the breach than in the observance." The corporate administration, though in theory a democratic one, yet in practice is oligarchic. Impelled only by the profit-motive, the shareholders are apathetic towards the company's activities, and they are scattered all over the country. Thus even less than 51 per cent would give a working majority. Hence, as has been suggested by Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, no person should hold more than one per cent of the total voting rights in an insurance company; and the "Controller-General of Insurance" should have powers to appoint at least one director, in order to safeguard the interests of the policy-holders.

The Cowasjee Jehangir Committee attempted to limit the expenses of insurance companies by fixing a definite statutory maximum. Though nobody could dispute the necessity of fixing a ceiling limit to the expenses of insurance companies, the system by which this is sought to be achieved should be an elastic one. But the limitation of expenses by fixing a definite statutory maximum is not advisable, for it cannot be based on any scientific basis, and thus is not a satisfactory method. The present Bill departs from this provision and departs wisely too; and substitutes an institution known as the Indian Insurance Association, in which every insurance company is obliged to become a member. This Association would be the representative body of the insurers'

interests, and would make representations where their interests are involved. It is left to this Association to fix a ceiling limit to the expenses of insurance companies. And the Superintendent of Insurance, who hereafter would be known as the "Controller-General of Insurance," would take action against insurance companies that are "extravagant." It does not appear as though this elaborate machinery would work satisfactorily. There would be a tendency on the part of big insurance companies to ignore the interests of smaller companies, and thereby to oust them from the field ultimately. So, a Government official, well-versed in matters of insurance management, should be nominated to the Council, in order to safeguard the interests of smaller companies. And the Controller-General of Insurance should give careful consideration to the recommendations of this Government nominee in the Council.

Some argue that Government should not interfere in the internal administration of companies and fix a limit to their expenses. This is not just, because the money that is involved in insurance companies is the money especially of the poor and middle-class people who invest out of their earnings with the hope that they may enjoy it later. This is very necessary in the case of life companies. But in the case of general insurance companies, the Executive Committee need not worry much about fixing a ceiling to the expenses, for no prudent company would in such cases over-spend.

As regards investment, at present an insurance company should invest 25 per cent of its assets in Government securities, 30 per cent in approved securities, and the remaining 45 per cent in others. But under the present Bill, an insurance company should invest only 50 per cent in Government securities and approved securities, and the other 50 per cent in "approved investments." These provisions do not seem satisfactory, as the insurers are capable enough to circumvent any restriction, with the assistance of their legal luminaries. The setting up of an Investment Board, as suggested by Mr. Krishnamachari, would not also work satisfactorily.

from the practical point of view. By a gradual process, the investments in foreign securities should be abolished.

The Bill prohibits a person from being an officer in both an insurance company and a bank. An ex-employee is not eligible for directorship before the expiry of 5 years from the date of his ceasing to be the employee of the company. A maximum limit is to be fixed to the commission received by the executives of the insurance companies.

There is also provision for conversion of proprietary companies into mutual companies, under certain conditions. This is very helpful, particularly in the case of life companies.

But even the present Bill cannot be

said to have gone a long way in meeting the needs of the country. No amount of rules and regulations seem to prevent the manipulations of the profiteering financiers. Thus it is clear, the sooner insurance is nationalised, the better for the community. The total amount insured is estimated at something like over Rs. 600 crores. Especially when the country is in need of funds, this huge sum would be instrumental for nation-building activities. Moreover, if insurance is nationalised, there would be a reduction of about 20 per cent in the working expenses, which means that there will be a corresponding reduction in the premia also. Thus the volume of business would be increased.

He was doing his best to fit his key into the lock, singing a happy song meanwhile. After a time a head looked out of the window above. "Go away, you fool," cried the man upstairs. "You're trying to get into the wrong house." "Fool yourself!" shouted back the man below. "You're looking out of the wrong window."



MATYAS RAKOSI—VICE-PREMIER OF HUNGARY

By EMIL LENGYEL

"FROM the death-house to the throne-room" sums up the career of Matyas Rakosi, Hungary's uncrowned king and "Little Stalin" of eastern Europe. He is now the top man in the Communist Information Bureau, Cominform, taking the place of the late Georgi Dimitrov, Bulgaria's strong man. He dictates to Presidents and Premiers, while his own title is only that of a Vice-Premier. Besides, he is Secretary-General of the Hungarian Communist Party, editor, author, pamphleteer, publicist, radio commentator.

He has been called Danubia's La Guardia, because of his pint-size; Hungary's Walter Winchell, because of his radio voice; a "Gauleiter" and "Cheka man," because of his high-handed manner. His portrait is displayed everywhere in Hungary where he has been built up as an all-wise, all-good, all-round friend of the common man.

This strong man looks anything but strong in real life. He is short, tubby, unimpressive, with a bullet-shaped head, polished skull, shrewd eyes and lots of gold teeth. He is 57.

Rakosi has a remarkable mind, an encyclopaedic knowledge, a surprisingly retentive memory, and unusual linguistic ability. He can converse in many languages, including such outlandish ones as Turkish. He is a voracious reader of periodicals and books from all over the world. When I saw him recently, he recalled several passages from my book about Hitler although it was published many years ago.

He also knows how to size up people, pull wires and keep six balls in the air at the same time. He never raves or rants, nor even raises his voice. But he wears down people by talking to them for hours, when need be, until they get so tired they will concede anything.

He was scurrying with his short legs from the parliament chamber to his parliamentary offices when I caught up with him on a recent visit. Any-

body could get into the building, and I saw no "iron curtain" around Rakosi. The spacious office where he saw me was used for royal receptions under the Hapsburg rulers before World War I. He was very friendly, but managed to manoeuvre much of the interview into reverse. He asked me questions, especially about public reaction to the regime abroad and what I thought was wrong with what they were doing. I told him plenty.

He, in turn, told me about his plans. Land reform was his pet—the distribution of Hungary's large estates among 250,000 peasant families who had little or nothing until then. The next step, as he saw it, was to change a backward agriculture into a highly modern one, so that Hungary could produce high-priced vegetables and more fruit, instead of cheap grain which, he said, could not compete with U. S. and Canadian wheat. Then he spoke about the problem of the "kulak," the rich peasant, for whom he coined a curious term "zsiros paraszt" or fat peasant. The fat peasant is the villain in the plot, who must be removed from the scene if the new Hungary is to live.

He said Hungary did not want collective farms, but was encouraging co-operatives in which individual peasants could retain their holdings. He did not say so, but it is well known that he is aiming at collectivising the Hungarian country-side because he believes that is the only way Danubia can be modernized. But he knows that after his re-union with the beloved soil, the Hungarian peasant is passionately attached to it and would revolt if it were to be wrested from him.

Rakosi, saw the next step as the industrialization of the country, because only industries could raise the standard of living and enable even a small country to cut a figure.

In international relations he repeated the cliches with which the world has become familiar, but did not seem to think for a moment that the

cold war would degenerate into a hot war. He blamed Anglo-U. S. striving to achieve a balance of power in which their voices would be dominant.

Rakosi talks quietly and with restraint. He gives the impression of a man with iron nerves, well-balanced, very intelligent and with a fanaticism which does not show on the surface. It is certainly hard to see how a man, who has gone through as many things as he, could escape injury to his nervous system. Three times in his life he stood in the shadow of the gallows, and he spent 15 years in some of the world's most terrible jails.

His ambitions have always been towering, but his beginnings were extremely modest. His father was a storekeeper in a small Hungarian village now belonging to Yugoslavia. Matyas was keen to enter the foreign service of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy but that was almost impossible for a lowly merchant's son, especially if the merchant were a Jew. Just the same, young Rakosi matriculated at the Budapest Oriental Academy, which was preparing gifted linguists for the foreign service.

There was nothing wrong with his marks at school, but there was everything wrong with his origin and so he went west, instead of east, and qualified as a store attendant in London, instead of a diplomat in Teheran. In England he made the acquaintance of the left-wing and may even have joined the British Labour Party, which later he was to regard as his foe.

When World War I broke out, he returned to Budapest and volunteered for the Austro-Hungarian army, was sent to the front against the Russians, and was taken prisoner. That was a crucial event in his life and a historic moment for eastern Europe, because he met Lenin and became an ardent Communist.

The war over, Rakosi returned to Hungary just in time to see the establishment of the Communist regime under Bela Kun, another ex-prisoner of war in Russia. Still in his 20's, Rakosi became Commissar of

Commerce. That regime had a brief life, as Hungary's neighbours began to bear down upon it and pint-sized Rakosi led army units against the Russians and Czechs, giving a good account of himself as a military commander.

The Kun regime was crushed in August 1919, and its leaders faced the gallows under the rule of Regent Governor Nicholas Horthy. Rakosi just managed to sneak out of the country, made his way to Russia where he proved useful in missions to foreign countries. In 1925, he returned to Hungary to organize the Communist Party anew. Betrayed by presumed associates, he fell into the hands of the police and was placed on trial for his life, as Communism was rated treason. He heard the gallows being erected in the courtyard. Nevertheless, he displayed extraordinary courage telling his judges that in due time they would be judged themselves. International opinion was aroused on his behalf and he was sentenced to "only" 8½ years in jail, much of which he spent in solitary confinement.

On the day of his release he was re-arrested, charged with "mass murder" and treason for deeds allegedly committed by the Kun regime many years before. This was in 1933, and again he faced death, and again world public opinion saved him. This time he was sentenced to hard labour for life.

Again Rakosi spent many years in jail. In 1940 the tension between Hungary and Russia relaxed briefly in the wake of the Soviet-German agreement the year before, and Rakosi was exchanged for several tattered Hungarian banners the Russians had wrested from Magyar fighters in their mid-19th century war of independence. Back in Moscow, he was entrusted with top-drawer diplomatic transactions, and when the Russian army swept into Hungary on the Germans' heels, he returned there as the leading statesman.

"Bill, you young scamp, if you had your due you'd get a good whipping."

"I know it, Daddy; but bills are not always paid when due."

THE CO-OPERATIVE WAY

THE spectre of economic distress falls across our land.

More and more mills and factories are closing down, throwing tens of thousands of workers out of jobs. There is talk of Government taking over some of these idle plants and run them as state-owned enterprises.

Millions of refugees are still either unemployed or only partially employed or inadequately paid. The Government is spending a tidy amount on "Rehabilitation," but the money is just going down the drain, without the creation of economic conditions which would solve the problem of refugees or of the unemployed on a permanent basis.

The 'Strike of Capital' continues. Despite all the alluring concessions made by the Government, very few new industries are being started. Hundreds of highly qualified young men, educated and trained in Europe and America (at the tax-payer's expense!) as industrial chemists and physicists and electrical engineers and technologists are wandering about unemployed or accepting any clerical jobs that come their way.

LESSON FROM AMERICA

The India of 1949, economically speaking, bears a striking resemblance to the U. S. A. of twelve to fifteen years ago. Ten to twelve million people were unemployed and had to be given "doles" to prevent a bloody revolution. In the State of California alone, one million people were receiving relief. More than 400,000 able-bodied workers were out of jobs in this state.

It was a strange situation. There was food in plenty but people did not have money enough to buy the food. Workers needed jobs but factories were lying idle and closed. And the Roosevelt Administration was spending 5000 million dol-

lors every year on the New Deal projects to "rehabilitate" the purchasing power of the people and to save the economy of "private enterprise" from completely crashing.

And yet the problem of unemployment was not solved—till the War came and solved it! At what expense?

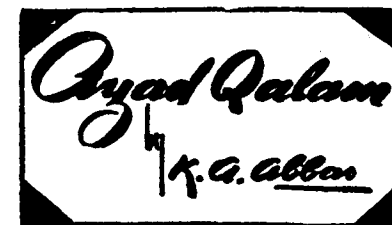
The industrial unemployment, coupled with the presence of large numbers of destitute refugees, makes the economic situation in India very much similar to the situation prevalent in U. S. A. in the Nineteen-Thirties. Will it require a war to solve our problems, too?

18 BILLION DOLLARS WASTED!

At that time a practical suggestion was made to President Roosevelt that the vast numbers of unemployed should not be given any charity "doles" but put to fruitful labour, producing those things they themselves were going to consume. Cooperative self-help and barter were to be the basis of this programme of "rehabilitation."

"President Roosevelt," wrote Upton Sinclair in 1937 in his book *Letters To a Millionaire*, "did not adopt this plan, but on the contrary allowed his officials to sabotage and practically destroy the excellent self-help groups which the unemployed had started for themselves. There is, of course, bitter opposition on the part of business men to letting the unemployed produce anything; it pleases the manufacturers better to have the government give money to the unemployed and let them come to the regular stores and buy. Also it may be that relief officials are not indifferent to the fact that when the unemployed get machinery and become self-supporting, there are fewer arm-chair jobs for bureaucrats. Whatever the reason, the California self-help groups were starved out...."

And so after three years of providing Governmental relief, "the unemployed are just as numerous, and the suffering just as great. Eighteen billion dollars have been spent, and 10 million unemployed have increased to 12 million; many hopes have died, and no problem has been solved."



Likewise, how many millions has our Government spent on Refugee rehabilitation? How many millions more on plans, schemes, enquiry committees and reports on industrial organisation and expansion? What have we got in return, besides the bulky files? What problem have we solved, except the problem of unemployment in the case of a few highly-paid officers?

END POVERTY IN INDIA

Upton Sinclair, the Socialist author, when he stood for Governorship of California as a Democratic Party candidate in 1933, started a campaign which he called E. P. I. C.—i.e. End Poverty In California! There was much in that plan which is still applicable to conditions in India.

What was the EPIC plan? Primarily, it was to let "the people produce food on the lands in the State which were not, at this time, being used. Let others work the factories that stood idle; they could produce clothing and other necessities. They would barter; food for clothes, and so on."

Here are two of the more relevant points in the EPIC plan:

1. A legislative enactment for the establishment of State land colonies whereby the unemployed may become self-sustaining and cease to be a burden upon the tax-payers. A public body should take over the idle land and erect dormitories, kitchens, cafeterias, and social rooms, and cultivate the land using modern machinery under the guidance of experts.

2. Another public body would be entitled to acquire factories and production plants whereby the unemployed may produce the basic necessities required for themselves and for the land colonies and operate these factories and house and feed and care for the workers. The two public bodies would exchange each other's products. The industries would include laundries, bakeries, canneries, clothing and shoe factories, cement plants, brickyards, lumberyards, thus constituting a complete industrial system, a new self-sustaining world for those the prevailing economic system cannot employ.

Even if India is not yet 'ripe for socialism,' as some believe, and socialization of land and factories is a distant dream, at least a net-work of

co-operatives on the EPIC model are an urgent necessity to solve the twin problems of refugee rehabilitation and industrial unemployment.

KASHMIR SHOWS THE WAY

'Cooperatives'—i.e., self-help communities producing basic necessities on a collective basis—were found in capitalist America even before they became such a prominent feature of Communist China. But in America, the bankers and the bureaucrats crushed the cooperative movement, while in Red China, both during the anti-Japanese War and the Civil War, the entire economic structure was built on the foundation of these co-operatives.

One should have hoped that, using imagination and resourcefulness, our leaders would solve the problem of Refugee rehabilitation on a cooperative basis. The very money spent on running camps and providing free rations could have been used to start various cooperatives, both agricultural and industrial. That would have been better psychologically, as it would have saved the poor, hapless refugees from accepting State "charity" and it would have canalized their natural bitterness into constructive and fruitful channels. But it was not done. Why? Perhaps, because co-operatives not only minimize the scope of capitalistic exploitation but also psychologically create a 'climate for socialism!'

As in many other respects, the "New Kashmir" which is emerging under the Sheikh Abdullah administration has taken a progressive step to popularise the co-operative ideal. According to an article by Kamaladevi who recently toured Kashmir, "co-operative undertakings in agriculture and in industry are the most interesting" features of the New Kashmir. Here are a few details given by her:

"...In pursuance of the policy of giving land to the landless (peasants) as well as of bringing new land under cultivation to increase food production, steps have been taken to reclaim a total of 200,000 kanals, out of which 233,000 kanals are already brought under the plough. This is formed into collective farms, where the land is collectively held by a group of

cultivators through a co-operative society.

"The first such farm was established at Gopalpur near Srinagar, measuring 1,300 kanals of which 800 was lying waste—land that has been reclaimed.... Since then the experiment has been extended to two other farms, one at Shalteng which has 1,600 kanals and practically all of it newly brought under cultivation, and the other at Marwan. Social, educational and cultural amenities are provided for in each of these farms such as school, radio, co-operative store, dispensary, a radio and the like."

There are co-operatives distributing consumer goods, other co-operatives carrying on the handicrafts and the famous cottage industries of Kashmir, like shawl-making, wood-carving etc., and even "Service Co-operatives" to supply labour. In the forest service, for instance, the contractors have been eliminated and labour is hired from the Service Corps—i.e. a group of workers banded into a co-operative. There are several hundred

co-operatives of these different varieties functioning.

Why can't the co-operative ideal be practised on a big scale all over India to solve our various economic problems of unemployment and under-production? Why can't idle mills be turned over to Workers' Co-operatives and idle land to Peasants' Co-operatives?

Is it because, as Kamaladevi points out, "The Co-operative way is the road to democracy"—not merely the political democracy of the ballot-box but also the real economic democracy?

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

KARACHI: "I can assure you that in Washington and in certain circles in our country, Pakistan is known, admired and respected; what you have accomplished here against the heaviest odds will be recorded in history as one of the world's great achievements," said Mr. George C. McGhee, U. S. Assistant Secretary of State for Middle East and African Affairs at a press conference here.

PATRUDU'S 'BALASANJEEVINI' (Regd.)

Cures Infantile Liver & Spleen Disorders.

Dr. PILLA PAPIAH PATRUDU & BROR.

11, South Mada St., Mylapore, Madras.

KUMBAKONAM BRANCH:

7, Sarangapani Koll
East Street.

TRICHY BRANCH:

15, Pugulal Pillal Street,
Teppakulam Post.

Consult our specialists at the above places

SIDELIGHTS :

What is difficulty?—Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing particular objects; a mere notice of the necessity for exertion; a bugbear to children and fools; only a stimulus to men.—SAMUEL WARREN.

THE attempts being made for the formation of the Andhra Province do not seem to have made the Andhra Ministers happy. There is in the attitude of most of them, a conspicuous lack of enthusiasm. They seem to be depressed, all on a sudden, by a consciousness of the difficulties in the way. The Partition Committee has held two meetings so far, but Sri Gopala Reddi who was appointed a member of the Committee, has not attended any of the meetings. At the time the Committee was holding its meetings, he was on a tour in Vizag. It does not appear that at Vizag he did any tremendous public duty of a superior sort that he alone could do and was bound to perform then and there without postponement. Very different, and quite commendable by contrast was the manner in which the Premier acted up to his responsibilities as a member and chairman of the Partition Committee. He was scheduled to go out on tour, but he cancelled it in order to be able to give his attention to the work of the Committee. The second Andhra Minister on the Partition Committee, Sri Sanjivi Reddi, attended the first meeting, but failed to turn up at the second. Bodies like the Partition Committee have to do intensive work with great concentration in an extremely limited duration of time. Their efficiency should not be sabotaged by undue hospitality being accorded to evaders. There should be some means for the prompt replacement of the indifferent with the conscientious among their personnel.

Prior to the constitution of the Partition Committee, the Premier had given public expression to the view that the formation of the Andhra

Province prior to 26th January next, in time for inclusion in the First Schedule of the Constitution, was an impossibility. There are at least two Andhra Ministers of the Madras Cabinet who are not sure of retaining their positions in the Andhra Province to be. It is naturally not to their liking to hasten the day of their prospective elimination from office. Nor is it surprising if, protected by their inclination for dilatoriness, some of the high-placed permanent officials of the Secretariat felt called upon to indulge in a similar sort of responsive dilatoriness. Expatiating on the peculiar characteristics of the journalist, J. A. Spender (whom Lord Northcliffe described as the only man who could edit *The Times*) remarked on one occasion that he is not a good journalist who can do today what he can postpone till tomorrow. Probably a certain similar incorrigible hunger for procrastination resides in the heart of most other professions, civil servants being no exception. The result is that their initiative is often not equal to their energy, and has to be whipped up with directives not to be ignored without risk of indiscipline. There are few civil servants that will fail to rise to the occasion if given a job as a command. The ignition for their efficiency must come from a policy-maker's directive will. How to make the most of the potential executive capacities of civil servants is an art that Ministers should master.

Opinionativeness is fatal to prompt completion of executive tasks, and while the civil servants were encouraged to dwell on difficulties, prospects of the formation of the Andhra Province quick enough for 26th January, seemed at first to recede into the background. The significance of 26th January lies in the fact that on that day the new Constitution comes into force; afterwards no new province can be carved out of the territories of the old, without an elaborate constitutional pro-

cedure likely to take a long time. Almost the very first achievement of the Partition Committee was the blowing up of the myth of the impossibility of completing all essential preliminaries bound up with the division of the province earlier than April. This result was due, in no small measure, to the practicality, resourcefulness and dynamism of the most active of the members of the Committee, Sri T. T. Krishnamachari. He swept all obstacles before him. If one secretary proved slow or unhelpful, the Premier readily agreed to seek the services of a more congenial one. Practically the whole of the spade work for separation is now reported to have been fully done, and what remains is only agreement between the parties on the one major issue of the location of the capital.

Inside the Committee the atmosphere has been one of mutual trust and sweet reasonableness. There have been no bickerings. Credit is due to the Premier for the smooth and pleasant way in which he has conducted the proceedings. He won goodwill by exhibiting openness of mind and receptivity to other points of view besides his own. He has impressed all with his desire to be absolutely fair. Non-official Andhra members seem to have been won into believing that not a rupee to which they are justly entitled will be denied to them in the division of assets and liabilities. Of course on either side there are vicious elements interested in passing cheap cantankerousness off for valour. The evil that these can do is now the thing to be averted.—SAKA.

Newton and Kelvin were famous scientists at twenty-four. Charles Dickens was twenty-four when he wrote "Pickwick Papers." McCormick was twenty-three when he invented the reaper. Westinghouse was the same age when he invented the air-brake.—From Herbert Casson.

Have You Read

K. A. ABBAS'S

Hindi Monthly Magazine

SARGAM ?

• Short Stories • Special Articles • Film Reviews

Ideal Medium To Learn The National Language

Send For A Free Specimen Copy

Today

SARGAM PUBLISHERS,

Advani Chambers,

Sir Phirooseshah Mehta Rd.,

FORT

BOMBAY-1.



THE HOLLYWOOD BUILD-UP

IN Hollywood, all hands are being mobilised to help in a fabulous enterprise which the Powers that Be launch on once every half a dozen years or so. It is called the Build-Up, the process by which little Miss Nobody from way back the hometown who was doing bit parts in third-rate movies and living from hand to mouth, is transformed into a scintillating top-notch star. This is not mere publicity. Every star or player automatically gets some amount of publicity; the bigger the size of the billing he gets on the posters, the greater the push into the limelight and vice versa. But the Build-Up is publicity with a capital P, it is a process of artistic creation, it is a fusion of the best ideas of the best publicity men turned into a magnificent, thrilling spectacle in words and in pictures. It is the wistful, gaudy monument erected on a hope. A dozen columnists work on it, a score of photographers are absorbed into it and about a million words written on the subject before the job is done. The tremendous will-power of a dozen remarkably shrewd brains is behind the enterprise. Its variety is infinite, its vulgarity is insufferable. Its suggestion is constant, persistent and insistent. It is overwhelming, yet irresistible. It is like the sound of the sea. It never ceases till it becomes part of us. Its impact is so terrific that the public mind is dazzled into an avid credulousness.

Elizabeth Taylor, eighteen, china-blue eyed star of Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, is receiving this tremendous advertisement. Hers, in case you may entertain contrary delusions, is far from being an enviable life. She has

no peace. She is entirely at the mercy of her benefactors, she has to appear



when and where she is wanted to appear with men chosen for her in clothes selected to fit the role she has to play, be seen talking to people who are paid to be seen to be talking to her. She has to wear an old shirt and rolled-up corduroy trousers and work in her garden and be photographed; she has to wear an apron with embroidered hearts all over it and appear behind a buffet table serving her guests at small informal parties and be photographed; she has to be present at premieres with one hand resting lightly on the arm of a handsome escort and be photographed; she has to sit on a high stool in the corner drug-store wearing a loose, comfortable dress and pedal-pushers with half a dozen other kids of her age—and be photographed. There is much more attitudinising. Her life is not four stages or even seven. It is a dozen and the gimlet eye of the camera bores through her life with unflagging persistence. From the moment she gets up to the time her exhausted young head falls dizzily on to the pillow, it is for her one widening round from photogra-

pher to photographer, from one columnist to another, from one gay cafe to another. Every minute of the time she has to keep smiling, remain smoothly-dressed, not a hair out of place—except when she is gardening or cooking when her hair falls in carefully arranged disorder over a flushed face ('Tint it up a bit, Joe. She looks callow in this one'), her eyes must ever be fresh and star-like. If she is not able to make the mark along any of these lines, she need not worry. The boys in the dark room can perform miracles with their delicate beautiful brushes. She has to affect to seem unaffected, she has to be casual with artful care. Her every movement is reported, the clever remarks she did not make are quoted verbatim as if they were the prophecies of the Delphi Oracle, the public is scrupulously informed of what she eats, when and how she exercises to keep that slim, youthful figure ('Trim her up a little, Joe. The gal is getting a bit wide about the hips') and as for the affairs of her heart they receive more meticulous attention than the ponderous, momentous declarations of national policy. Her face everybody worries over but what runs inside her head nobody cares about. The day she begins to have an idea of her own, she knows herself, will be the day which will spell trouble and since no glamour-infatuated young star wants trouble, Elizabeth will surely prove a most malleable pupil.

When every publicity man in Hollywood has tired himself into a coma, the cameras stop clicking, and the columnists rest their elbows awhile and look around them, and the nation—I almost said the world—sits back to contemplate a new star. She has made the grade. She becomes a star, not necessarily a great actress. These two are not co-related. She becomes the exquisite, the perfect magazine cover. Thereafter she becomes national property. She might as well begin to live in a glass case and spare herself a lot of talking.

There are in California three women of the names of Hedda Hopper, Louella Parsons and Beatrice Cole who hold almost all the strings of this dizzy racket called Hollywood.

What they say goes. If a star refuses her breakfast one morning they are the first to know of it; if she buys a new dress, it duly appears in their columns the next day. If she is seen with the Wrong Set they explain that advantage is being taken of her Innocence. If she stays home one evening out of seven, she is Carrying a Torch for So-and-So. If she fetches a glass of water from her kitchen on the maid's day off she is a Home-lover and Loves To Do Her Own Cooking. If she neglects to put her lipstick on when going shopping, she is Neglecting Herself and Can You Guess Why. If she throws her mother into a fit keeping late hours, she is Passing Through That Awkward Phase and Asserting her Vivid Personality. If the day her *decree nisi* comes through she does not appear at the Stork Club in the evening, the Poor Child is Taking It To Heart. If she throws a tantrum on the set because she doesn't like the colour of the cameraman's hair, the columnists are the first to chide her and explain to an awed public that what she needs is a Vacation in Florida. In short, they have an explanation for every action. They are stern or fussy, kind or teasing as the situation demands, but the attention they lavish is strictly impersonal. If the star is so misguided as to fall out with them or turn Philistine, then God help the poor lass. She will glide down the glittering mountain faster than a speed rocket.

Elizabeth Taylor (her latest role was in 'Little Women' a review of which will appear in these columns next week) who is the current cynosure of all eyes and the centre-piece of this Build-Up, is the daughter of a prosperous art-dealer, Francis Taylor and was born in London. Her mother had histrionic leanings—but strictly leanings, she never fell over. When the Taylors migrated to California after the war and set up shop in Beverley Hills, the writing on the wall came true. Elizabeth was spotted, signed on and pushed before the cameras. She acted in a couple of B pictures, attended school at the studio and even wrote a little story called 'Nibbles and Me.' And then one day Elizabeth realised she was too big to play with dogs and rabbits or lie on

ed when she passed; there were letters in her mail bag. Producers began to think she was ripe enough for her first screen kiss and, to crown it all, some Annapolis midshipmen voted her The Girl We Would Abandon Ship For, which, we must admit, marks the height of disloyalty and devotion.

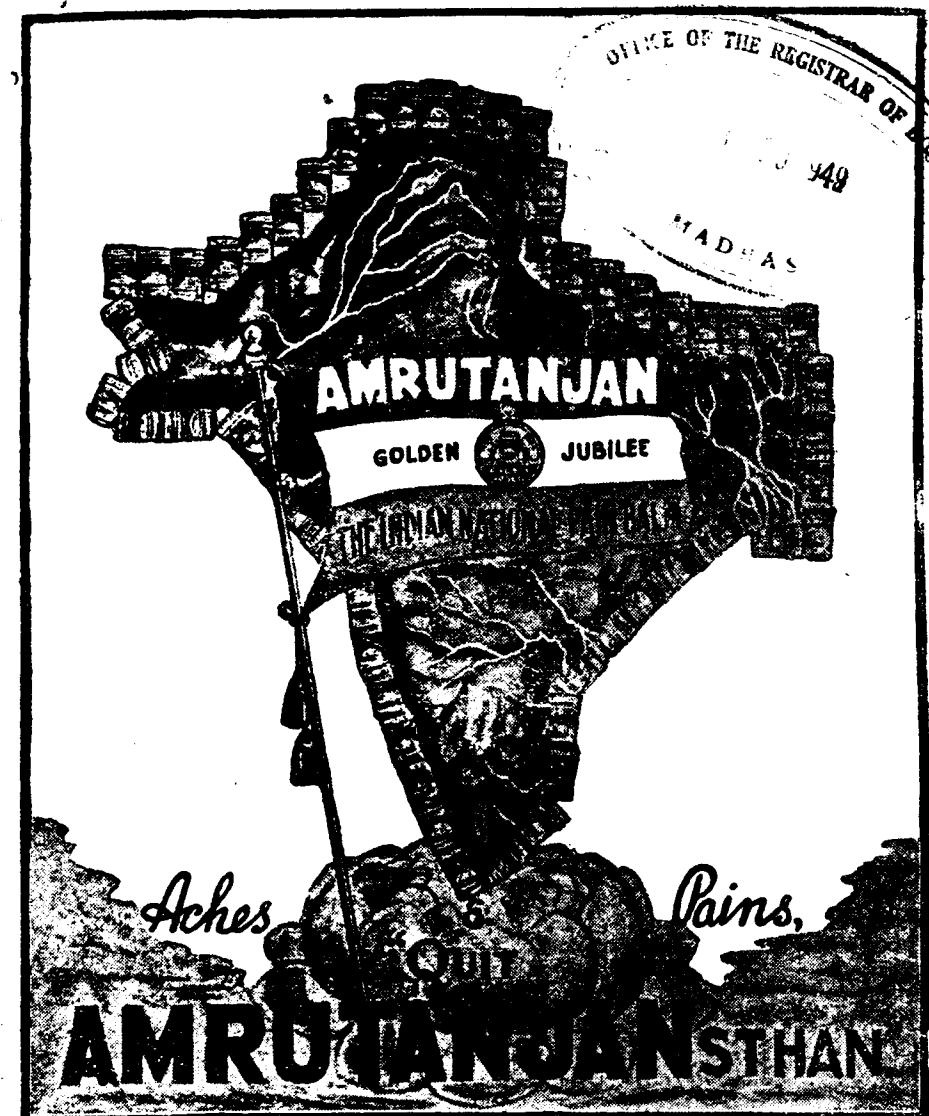
She fell first in love at the right time with the right man. There was more publicity. Her fiance was a famous football wonder. He presented all his trophies to her. She took them and was photographed taking them. But as suddenly it was all over and poor disillusioned Elizabeth was photographed at the premiere of a Hollywood show looking glum and miserable. The Poor Child was evidently Taking It To Heart. M. G. M. paid their young protege a thousand dollars a week and watched her growing pains. They even paid her mother to look after her specially.

Hardly had the orchids her football hero had given her, faded, than Elizabeth got herself a new beau. The news was carried to all corners of the globe. And nations rejoiced. Hedda Hopper at once interviewed the radiant Elizabeth and waxed eloquent in print on the "soft, gay look" in her eyes and the gold bracelet on her wrist and ladled out "the final straight dope on the Taylor love tangle." Elizabeth had fallen for Bill Pawley (fiance No. 2 and son of William D. Pawley, ex-U. S. Ambassador to Brazil) "like a ton of orange blossoms." Note the simill. Significant. But it did not mean anything. It was a facade she built to attract the sympathy of the old-fashioned.

When Hollywood Publicity men got to this point, they suddenly realised they were going too fast with her and that such over-emphasis on the love angle might prejudice box-office returns. Better keep her young a while longer and whet public appetite a little more. Fiance Bill was please to move over just behind the limelight. And so there has been a slight switch over. Elizabeth who has been confessing to being thrilled at being treated and called "a woman" has now suddenly begun to burble that Seventeen Is A Wonderful Age

because in that lovely borderline "there is a hint of childhood that is comfy." Bill is there and of course she loves him but also there is her new automobile, the mink stole she has been wanting a long time and is going to buy any day now. Even *Time* unbent and said fondly that Elizabeth is just like any other teenager, "hates school, loves ice-cream sodas, convertibles and swimming pools, and admires big strong men."

And so a new star is being born. Not just a star, but a tremendously important personality who for the next decade or so will dictate America's fashions and morals and modes. She is being watched, shaped, care is being taken to preserve her "temperament" (whoever heard of a star without temperament?). Elizabeth Taylor is the latest of a long series of Hollywood beauties to whom this strong treatment has been given during the last half a dozen years. Montgomery Clift has had it, in fact is having it even now; Kirk Douglas, Ava Gardner, Ruth Roman, Shelley Winters, Farley Granger, Burt Lancaster and Peter Lawford have become box-office personalities via the Hollywood Build-Up. But the hullabaloo that has accompanied them is chicken-feed compared to the national coverage Elizabeth Taylor is receiving. Her vivid physical beauty is undeniable. But her attractiveness is now all outside. It is chiefly the unique grace of youth and health. But in the hot-house atmosphere in which Hollywood is bringing her up, there is little chance for her mind to develop, for understanding to be quickened. What little she will learn of life will be through trampling and seeing others trample the muck and mire of the divorce court. We will soon be seeing a lot of this million-dollar baby or I am much mistaken. Unless, of course, she gets married and disappears from the Hollywood scene altogether. But escape isn't so easy for Elizabeth. Hollywood is the place where the High-Ups will spend a lot on a girl with domestic leanings (there is no objection to domestic leanings as such, you understand?),—but only *leanings*. She must not fall over.—S. R.



The HUB of ASIA
and eventually of
The One World

FROM 23rd DEC.
MADRAS
PARAGON·MAHARANI·LAKSHMI
AVM Productions'

Life



MADURA
COIMBATORE
BANGALORE
MYSORE
TRICHY
KUMBAKONAM
SALEM
KARAIKUDI
VELLORE
TIRUNELVELI
CHIDAMBARAM
PUDUKKOTTAH
ERODE

AVM
PRODUCTIONS

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV, NO. 46.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1949.

CONTENTS

ON THE COVER—Governor-General C. R. Photographed At The Opening Of The Non-Rice Canteen at Madras Recently.	
THE RECRUIT'S SONG (Poem) —By T. V. R.	4
EDITORIAL COMMENT	5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	6
OUR NAVY: THE SENIOR SERVICE —By V. C. Sekhar	9
THE NEW KASHMIR—By Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya	11
NEW LAND UNDER THE PLOUGH—By Dr. G. V. Chalam, M.Sc., Ph.D.	15
THE LETTER (Short Story) —By Santha	17
"SPECULATION IS RIFE"—By Pothan Joseph	23
CORRUPTION IN PUBLIC LIFE—By Major D. V. Raja Rao	25
ANDHRA PROVINCE: RICH IN TALENT AND RESOURCES—By C. H. V. Pathy	28
BEVAN'S STAR IS RISING—By Mathew Halton	30
CHRIST—A REVOLUTIONARY! (Azad Qalam)—By K. A. Abbas	33
CZECHOSLOVAKIA TODAY—By Keshav Chander	36
NEW DELHI DIARY	39
"PLATO'S PHILOSOPHER-STATESMAN"	41
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka	42
SCANDALOUS—By An Ex-Permanent Servant	43
U. N. FOURTH GENERAL ASSEMBLY —By P. G. Krishniah	44
FILM FARE—By S. R.	46
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	48

for over 15 years



PRODUCTS

have been prescribed regularly by Physicians, and have an established reputation for reliability and maximum efficacy

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. EXTRACT OF MALT WITH COD LIVER OIL | 8. GLUCONATE D |
| 2. GRIPE SYRUP | 9. VITOMALT |
| 3. ITEOL | 10. HYPER-D COD LIVER OIL |
| 4. JECOBAL | |
| 5. RETICULIN | |
| 6. SEDATIN | |
| 7. VITOFERRIN | |

Manufactured By
The Mysore Industrial & Testing Laboratory Ltd.,
Mallawaram, Bangalore.

Selling Agents:

BEST & COMPANY LTD.,

PORT BLOT No. 52, MADRAS.

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 46

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE RECRUIT'S SONG

(Rajaji on Navy Day appealed to our brave boys to join the Navy).

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor,
We all must die.
So let us to the Navy, boys,
To die on the Wavy, boys.
We may be shaven
But are not craven;
Growing a beard
We are not afear'd;
So off to the Navy, boys,
To die we Savvy, boys.
By sea or land,
By mind or hand.
Worth-while work
We will not shirk
So on to the Navy, boys,
Maybe not to Davy boys.
Soldier, Sailor, Tinker, Tailor
We all must live.
So let us to Glory, boys
And live for ever in Story, boys.
Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor,
If die we must
And turn to dust,
Live we will
For good not ill
Wearing a smile
Laughing awhile
Singing a song
Marching along
SO UP AND SWING YOUR HIPS BOYS
MOVE ON TO YOUR SHIPS BOYS.

T. V. R.

TIME FOR PRUNING

IN a very short time the vacancies in the Constituent Assembly will have to be filled up, and the first President of the Indian Republic will have to be elected. The manner in which the Constituent Assembly was formed has not enhanced the credit of the Congress leaders responsible for it as defenders of democratic freedom. There was nothing like popular representation in it. All that was planned for was a hole and corner affair. Among members of the Assembly, there were some like Pandit Nehru, Sardar Patel and Dr. Ambedkar who were of the highest importance politically and were capable of getting elected with thumping majorities by any constituency in the country. But by far the larger number were of a different category. These owed their seats entirely to the favour of the provincial party bosses. There is a difference in spirit between legislators owing their positions to their own worth vindicated against all competitors in a free election, and those owing them to the favour of the mighty. The introduction into the Assembly of a very large number of dummies of the Congress bureaucracy elevated by sheer favouritism to legislative rank, has had quite unfortunate repercussions both on the character of our Central Parliament and the morale of politics and public life in the country. It has meant a dead weight of inferior elements in the membership of the Assembly consisting of low grade persons incapable of taking an intelligent interest in its proceedings. The presence in Delhi of so many persons of meagre capacity invested with the highest public

importance, has meant the injection at the Centre of corrupt influences that have spread to the administration and become a pervasive effect of government itself as such practically throughout the country. Weird stories have been going round about the doings of some of the more disreputable sections among the members of the Constituent Assembly. While the proceedings of the Assembly went on, they abstained from attendance to haunt the Secretariat for permits and the like. Even the residences provided for them were by some let out at exorbitant rates. They exploited every loophole of the regulations to get the maximum possible amount of allowances, rendering precious little of public service in return. It is true that the Constituent Assembly contained some very able men who did excellent work. But it has also had a very liberal admixture of non-entities who were no more than merchants in disguise given to black-marketing their opportunities for purely personal ends.

The decision which has now been taken that members of provincial legislatures should retire from the Constituent Assembly, ought to have been taken long ago. Its postponement until the very last moment when it could be postponed no longer is a reflection on the generous scale of tolerance to bungling established as a habit even among the highest grade of leaders responsible for the determination of Congress policy. If the initial errors of the first two years should serve at least now as an impetus for better judgment, it shall have served a social purpose and led

to the promise of more estimable standards hereafter. The occasion should be used for a complete weeding out of the cancerous growths that have converted the Congress into a diseased organisation destroying its virility. As an example of diseased mentality, mention might be made of the Madras Government's policy of rewarding supposed patriots with grants of land. The principle sounds magnanimous in theory, but in practice it has let loose on the scene a host of commercial exploiters of patriotism, while the finer spirits that fed the nation with their sacrifice in its need kept aloof, deterred by innate decency from joining in the scramble. What is advertised as a plan to reward patriots is thus in effect found to be a trick of patronage for cementing the loyalties of the greedy and the vociferous to the powerful. What

right have our administrators to part with public land that belongs to all for the benefit of noisy claimants ready to turn the priceless things of life into a matter of cheap commerce?

They have as little right to single out self-boasting traders in politics for seats in the Central Parliament. The choicest persons capable of rendering the ablest service to public causes often lack the vulgarian knack of beating their own trumpets. They are driven to reserve and frustration in the confusion and turmoil of election techniques. They have to be found and wooed, in order that the best brains and talent in the land may be made applicable for the many difficult and complicated tasks of government in our time, each calling for wise planning and expert knowledge.

Sotto Voce

Pity The Poor Women



TWENTY-EIGHT months after partition India reports the recovery of 12,000 abducted Muslim women, while Pakistan has found just half that number of Hindu victims. These by all accounts form but a fraction of those who were caught in the maw of human bestiality. And the debate in Parliament the other day brought out two noteworthy facts. Not one speaker favoured any abatement of our Government's efforts to discover and restore these unfortunates to their relations on the other side of the border. At the same time Mr. Gopalaswami Ayyangar confessed that the rate of recovery in Pakistan was much lower than in India

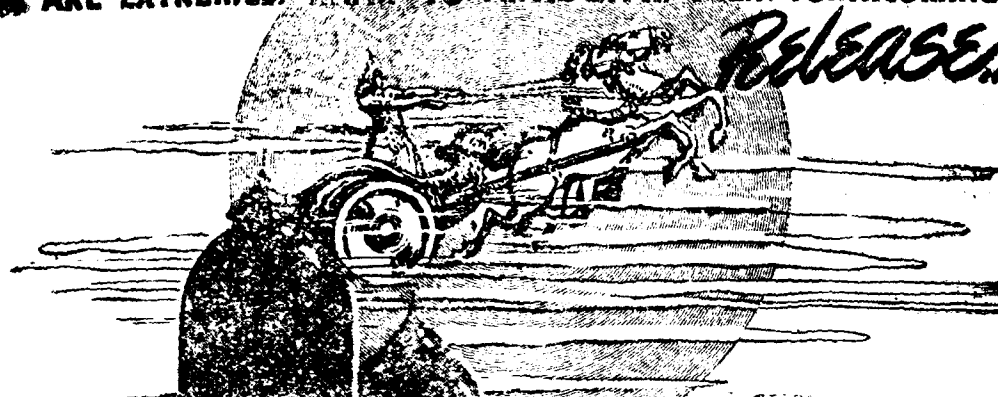
because of a marked lack of zeal on the part of the public there.

He no doubt added that of late volunteer bodies and public-spirited individuals in Pakistan had shown greater desire to help. And he also testified that the Government of that Dominion had in this matter given their fullest co-operation throughout. But we can only go by results. According to the Pakistan Government itself more than 2,000 non-Muslim women are today in the "custody" of Government servants. Surely the Pakistan authorities should be able to put pressure on their own officials to surrender women whom they are un-

JUPITER PICTURES

ARE EXTREMELY HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE THEIR FORTHCOMING

Release



Krishna Viayam

DIRECTOR: SUNDAR NADKARNI
STUDIO: CENTRAL

A SONGFUL... DANCEFUL...
JOYFUL STORY of the GLORY
of LORD KRISHNA....

lawfully holding in captivity! If that is not done how can we expect public opinion in that country to take their Government seriously?

We are told that both Governments have undertaken that forced marriages and forced conversions shall not be recognised. But it is difficult to believe that such an undertaking will be implemented in regard to one category alone of persons impounded against their will, that is, abducted women. For there are persistent reports that large numbers of Hindus, especially of the depressed classes in the distant parts of the Punjab and the N.-W.F. Province, are prevented from escaping to India and are being forcibly converted to Islam. Proselytising religions regard it as a meritorious thing to pluck brands from the burning.

No doubt they energetically repudiate the slightest desire to gain converts by coercion. But mass conversions were never the result of a genuine change of heart. And when a modern State solemnly declares that its public policy will be founded on the Shariat, the masses which such declarations are intended to enthrone can hardly be expected to jib at methods of "persuasion" which might trouble the conscience of scrupulous divines. It may have been an accident that a Muslim fathered the historic boast that "neither a rupee nor a virgin would be left in Bengal" if the British retired. But subconsciously at least some of the urge to make good this boast came from the realisation that Hinduism could not strike back.

The Shuddhi and Sanghathan movements were started to show that Hinduism or at least some Hindus could and would strike back. To me the sorriest part of the business is that in doing so we should have unconsciously come to ape the manners of the aggressor. It was humiliating enough to find that

in the madness that followed partition large numbers of Hindus should have demeaned themselves to woman-stealing—a thing they had never done in the wars of a thousand years in the face of the gravest provocation. Far more saddening is the discovery that there is no conviction behind the facade of fervour displayed by the men in power to redress this latest wrong to womanhood.

They say that irrespective of what Pakistan does we must recover and restore all abducted Muslim women, even if the abductors are Muslims. That, of course, is the only decent thing to do. But they also say that any woman who elects to stay with her captor should have absolute freedom to do so. Indeed as good egalitarians they cannot say aught else. Even if they would, our Durga Bais and Renuka Rays would not let them. But our gay Lotharios might not be slow to profit by the discovery that "marriage by capture" would be ratified by the State if only the predatory male had the wit to lie low for a time leaving the woman to tire of kicking. It would be the story of Hottentots all over again.

Our blue-stockings would laugh at my old granny who devoutly believed the tale about the Goddess of Small Pox. The unnamed chronicler said that a great Brahman pandit had an only daughter who married his brilliant pupil who had come from nobody knew where. She accompanied him to his father's house. And when they came to a remote village she discovered to her shocked dismay that he entered the untouchables' quarters and revealed himself as the son of an old woman who lived there. I forget how the story proceeded. But this I remember that the young woman neither came back to her parents nor lived with her deceiver but took her life and became a Goddess—Avenger, but also Mother.

VIGNESWARA

OUR NAVY—THE SENIOR SERVICE

By V. C. SEKHAR

DECEMBER 7th was called Flag Day and the public were exhorted to think of the ex-servicemen and of the men in service. The nation paid its tribute to its brave sons. Flag Day was expected to bring the armed forces closer to the mass of our people. December 17th was celebrated as the Navy Day with the object of familiarising the people with the Indian Navy, its officers and men, and its ships.

The Royal Indian Navy is by tradition the senior of India's services and its origins go back to 1612, when the East India Company established armed vessels to protect their commerce from the Dutch, the Portuguese and pirates. Since then under varying titles a naval force has always been in existence in India. But as a modern combatant force, it is still young, as the Royal Indian Navy was inaugurated only on 2nd October, 1934. It is not understood why December 17th was selected to be the Navy Day instead of 2nd October, which happens to be a national day for us. During the five years just before the outbreak of war it built up a small but efficient coastal defence service.

Until 1939 India was paying an annual sum of Rs. 15 lakhs as a contribution to the Commonwealth naval defence. Thanks to the Chatfield Committee's report on the question of modernising India's defence forces, the annual contribution was surrendered by His Majesty's Government and in return the R. I. N. assumed increased responsibility for the defence of India's coasts and borders. By September 1939, the R. I. N. had a strength of 5 sloops (escort vessels), a patrol ship, a survey vessel and a number of small crafts. They were fit to do escorting of merchant ships, coastal patrols and mine-sweeping. World War II brought home the necessity to expand the Indian Navy to the utmost and in the shortest possible time.

In 1941 India actually set to work to turn out fast sea-going motor-boats, powerfully armed carvettes and mine-sweepers, in Indian yards. July 1941 saw the launching of the first vessel for R. I. N. to be built in India—H. M. I. S. "Travancore"—and the same month we heard of the completion of the first aircraft assembled in an Indian factory. We were unable to build any other better class of ships, and therefore England and Australia built sloops and mine-sweepers for the Indian Navy. The blanks were filled up by requisitioning merchant ships and equipping them for use in war-time. Even now we are depending upon England for supply of war-ships. The strength of the men-of-war steadily increased with the increase of responsibilities thrown on the young shoulders of the Indian Navy during the war.

By the time we were having just enough of escort and mine-sweeping vessels, the partition of the country came. And with that the partition of the Navy too. We had to give away to our parting sister Navy some ships which were very well-equipped and which had built up traditional pride for the Indian Navy during the war. With a greater length of coastal line than the other Dominion and with a reduced complement of ships, India's navy became a little weaker. If at all there was any one of the partition committees which came to a unanimous agreement regarding the affairs of Pakistan and the Indian Union, it was the Naval Partition Sub-committee. There was no trouble at all regarding giving away or retaining any particular ship.

It was decided to go ahead with the plans to acquire more ships and that too of a more useful and powerful type. The first of these new additions to come to India was our cruiser, H. M. I. S. "Delhi." Three destroyers are on their way and with one aircraft carrier we will be having a small but complete fleet for our Navy.

During the last war the Indian Navy played a great part towards the Allies' victory. Our ships escorted supply ships and troop-carriers. They did a lot of mine-sweeping from the Aden Gulf in the west to the Chinese waters in the east. R. I. N. ships took part in the important operations which led to the fall of the Italian Empire in East Africa and later in the Arabian campaign against the Japanese. The re-occupation of Berbera on March 16, 1941 was the first occasion in which the Indian Army and Navy took part in a combined operation—the masterpiece of Admiral Mountbatten. In peace time, just now, we had to use our Navy in the Junagad operations and the Indian Navy felt jealous of its other two sister forces for its inability to participate in the Hyderabad and Kashmir campaigns. Today the Indian Navy is training itself for more advanced methods of fighting, through exercises with the Royal Navy. One ship is doing a very useful work and that is marine-survey.

With the expansion of the ship-complement, the strength of the personnel had to expand quite rapidly. In 1944, the number of our sailors was twenty times it was in September, 1939. During the war the regular officers of the mercantile marine were taken in as R. I. N. reserve officers and they were all experts in navigation. Volunteer Reserve officers were recruited from the general public and these were not quite useless at the time of emergency. The other ranks, called "ratings" in the Navy, were recruited in two additional classes. Short service ratings were raw recruits signed up for five years' active and five years' reserve service. Merchant-seamen were recruited in a special class, 'Hostilities only,' and they were the real sailors who did a great job at all hard moments. Today, recruitment is made only in continuous service for twelve years.

We have a Vice-Admiral as the Commander-in-chief of the R. I. N. and he is directly responsible to the Defence Minister for affairs concerning the Navy. He is assisted by a large number of able officers in the Naval Headquarters at Delhi. Bombay has been the chief place for India's Navy since 1612 and in Bombay we have a Commodore-in-charge. There are

Resident Naval Officers in Madras and Calcutta. Cochin has been developed into a principal training centre for our Navy, the other training centres being situated at Jamnagar, Bombay, Lonavla and Vizagapatam. The Naval Dockyard in Bombay has done a tremendous job during and after the war in refitting and in repairing service for our own and allied navies.

In the matter of public relations with our Navy, during the last war, districts and provinces adopted Indian warships providing the men with extra amenities and maintaining contact with them by frequent correspondence. Many might know that H. M. I. S. "Kistna" is the adopted sloop of Madras citizens. She should have been present in Madras harbour on Navy Day. Ample opportunities are provided for the public to visit the naval ships coming to the port now and then. The hospitality committee never fails to entertain the visiting sailors. While the big-guns of officialdom make use of occasions like cocktail parties aboard ships to come into contact with the officers of the ships, the common man and the ordinary sailor do not have any possibility to contact each other unless they are already relatives or friends.

But the main reason for shutting off the sailors from the public is the age-long tradition of the forces keeping out of politics. And it is a justifiable reason too, for in India we have seen enough to understand how the interested parties play hell with the zeal and intelligence of the youth, by misguiding them into most wrongful deeds. The public have a duty to guard these service youths from such influence; they have to understand their brave sons better than before.

Apart from defending our coastal lines and merchant-ships, our sailors have another duty to the public and the nation. They have to share the burden of overcoming the economic difficulty. We know that the military officers are paid quite a good amount as pay and allowances. The men get an adequate sum in addition to the free ration and accommodation. And as such it is the officers and men of these forces than can very well afford to contribute freely to the compulsory savings scheme and thus help the nation.

THE NEW KASHMIR

By KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

AMONGST the old States, Kashmir was the largest, covering an area of 84,471 sq. miles. The tragedy is not that this land is poor; the tragedy lies in its being potentially wealthy, yet remaining poor. It is rich in grain and fruits, while tea, cinchona and hops are also cultivated besides the basic cereals such as rice, wheat, barley, millets and pulses that are able to thrive without very much rain due to greater humidity. In addition it has certain potential mineral wealth—coal, lignite, petroleum, bauxite, iron, copper, lead, zinc, nickel, ore, manganese, gold, arsenic, chromite, gypsum, beryl, aqua marina. But the old regime had never cared to develop any of this wealth, leaving its existence merely to the whims and freaks of tourists. The present interruption in the supply of tourists has meant great depression for the people of this fair land. Agriculture is the main occupation of the people but the holdings of the self-cultivators are small, the larger tracts going to the non-cultivating class. It was estimated before the advent of this regime, that about 16% of the peasants had holdings of about 16 kanals each, which netted an annual income of about Rs. 74-8, the per capita income being in the neighbourhood of Rs. 10 per year. The main urban occupation was cottage industries, like paper making, wood carving, embroidery, carpet-making, silver work, etc., all of which, needless to say, catered for the tourists. For the Kashmiris themselves they were only luxury articles and completely beyond their meagre means. The very nature of their production became a hindrance to the establishing of a steady income for the artisans. For the goods were not standardised and so the prices also could not be; and as the only clientele the producers had to depend on was the tourist population, the salesmen tried to make the best out of every tourist season, playing on the fancy of every newcomer and doing the best to outwit him. These and several other factors, such as the low wages paid

to the artisans and poor conditions of work, lack of any organisation amongst them exposing them to severe exploitation, added up to the general instability of the economy. Leaving the country's resources untapped meant a continued state of depression for the poverty-stricken masses. Moreover, forced to live on the seasonal influx of tourists drove them to depending more on their wits than on their industry.

The advent of the long fought-for freedom brought with it new terrors and tribulations for the people. The country began to be ravaged by the raiders. The tourist season drew a blank. The economy trembled on the brink of collapse. The popular Government under Sheikh Abdullah and his colleagues, however, faced the situation bravely and with imagination. Undeterred by the besetting troubles, they proceeded to put into effect their long-popularised programme for *Nai Kashmir* with commendable success. Behind the din of war and the desperate struggle of the people for survival a transformation in the pattern of the national life has been taking place in Kashmir.

The test of any principle is in its weakest link. Democracy has to be evaluated in terms of the commonest citizen of the land—what it has meant for him. In a non-industrialised, semi-feudal land such as Kashmir, headed as it had been for decades by an autocratic feudal class, the life of the peasant is the measuring rod. So let us begin with the land and the tiller. It is however necessary to recollect that the present administration was born in great travail and had to face difficulties which almost seemed at times insurmountable. That it has been able to maintain law and order without recourse to excessive coercion and repressive measures is commendable; that it should introduce reforms and utilise the ardour and spirit generated by the war to bring about these social changes, is indeed exemplary. Those who use an exigency as an excuse to retard progress would do well to look at

Kashmir and stop their bluffing. The basic problem was the poverty of the masses, especially the cultivators and the artisans.

The co-operative undertakings in agriculture and in industry are, however, the most interesting experiments. In pursuance of the policy of giving land to the landless peasants as well as of bringing new land under cultivation to increase food production, steps have been taken to reclaim a total of 800,000 kanals, out of which 33,000 kanals are already brought under the plough. This is formed into collective farms, where the land is collectively held by a group of cultivators through a co-operative society. The first such farm was established at Gopalpur near Srinagar, measuring 1,300 kanals, of which 800 was wasteland that has been reclaimed. Here a small watering canal has been dug about a mile and a quarter long. Cross roads have been laid and on both sides fruit-bearing plants have been put in. All these are of course the joint and common property of the members of the society.

Since then the experiment has been extended to two other farms, one at Shaleng which has 1,600 kanals and practically all of it newly brought under cultivation, and the other at Harwan. Social, educational and cultural amenities are provided for in each of these farms such as school, radio co-operative store, dispensary, and the like.

The most outstanding land reform was the State Tenancy Regulation enacted last September which terminated the old system where the tenant got only half the share in addition to his providing the seed as well as implements. Under the new system, the cultivating tenant is entitled to three-fourths of the total produce from Abi-land—that is, land producing rice, wheat, oil-seeds; and two thirds from Khushak-land, producing cotton, pulses, etc. There is also a provision that no tenant who has cultivated the land for 7 months can be evicted unless the land-owner proposes to farm it himself without recourse to wage labour.

The State regards this only as an interim measure and has appointed a committee representative of all

interests to go into the question of how to translate the slogan "Land to the tiller." Needless to say that zamindari has been abolished and the age-old serfs liberated.

Projects for extensive and intensive cultivation are being synchronised with the land resettlement schemes, and out of a total of 800,000 kanals of waste-land, some 233,000 have been brought under the plough and on this the landless peasantry is settled through State collective farms. Mechanisation as well as improved methods of cultivation with new and better seed are tried out on these tracts. Thus many a destitute and vagrant who had not owned land or possessed any permanent gainful occupation is now a settled citizen with a habitation and job of his own. These lands include the Maharaja's lands and military rakhs (preserve areas). Of the latter out of a total of 16,700 acres about 50% is being brought under cultivation. Two lakhs are allotted for immediate irrigation purposes, such as strengthening the existing bunds and digging new nullahs. The prospects for mechanisation are, however, limited due to the character of the terrain and the heavy cost of diesel oil. Some light tractors with pneumatic tyres and one or two heavy medium weight ones are being pressed into service. This should certainly go a long way in improving the food situation for, as in the rest of the Indian Union, the food output has not kept pace with the rising population. To add to this, the havoc wrought to the food crops by the foul invaders has put a severe strain on Kashmir's resources. The Government has in hand also long-term irrigation schemes, big and small. The most important of the former is the Sind Valley Hydro-Electric Project, a combined scheme for power and irrigation. This is expected to produce 12,000 kilowatts of electric energy which could be utilised all over the valley, as also irrigate 3,000 acres through 475 cuses of water carried by a canal about 96 miles long. The short term ones consist mainly of plans to extend and improve the irrigation system by digging anew the existing main canals and constructing small dams at suitable places so as to provide water to areas which are

Are oranges
good for
the
blood?



Oranges are indeed a wonderful fruit. They contain both vitamin C and mineral salts which are indispensable to healthy physical functioning of the body. Oranges enrich and purify the blood and have even healing properties in cases of anæmia (poor blood). And yet we could not live on oranges alone because our body as a whole requires other food values as well. In other words, for full health and strength we need a *balanced* diet containing all the food values — namely, proteins, carbo-hydrates, vitamins, minerals (found in fruits, raw vegetables, milk, pulses, eggs, fish, meat, nuts, cereals) and *fat*. One of the finest forms of fat is Dalda. Made only of the purest vegetable oils it reaches you safe in sealed tins to help replenish your daily energy.



WHAT SHOULD OFFICE WORKERS EAT?

Write for free advice today — or any day!

**THE DALDA
ADVISORY SERVICE**

P.O. BOX NO. 353, BOMBAY I

HVM. 94-172

lying barren at present. These are estimated to cost Rs. 5,00,000.

The war in Kashmir served to intensify the already existing crisis in essential articles. Due to heavy rains and floods, the food supply, which normally just about rounds the corner, ran short. Kashmir had to depend on other parts of India for such essentials as salt, cloth, kerosene, sugar, matches, etc. With the breakdown in the normal communications brought on by the war, these articles became scarce and those which were there, kept disappearing into the black-market. Prices skyrocketed as hoarding increased. But the Government did not dilly-dally with the problem or hobnob with conscienceless black-marketeers. With lightning speed the old co-operative organisation which had been driven by neglect into a state of coma was revived. In Srinagar, the Kashmir Co-operative Wholesale Ltd. was remodelled and the share money reduced from Rs. 100 to Re. 1 per share so as to enable the vast majority of the people to become members and take an active interest in the policy and working of this institution. The Government put 20 lakhs of rupees into it which now assumed the functions of a central body and performed two roles: it acted as the agency in taking over from Government all the essentials and in turn created channels for their distribution throughout the country. In the first instance they went to 12 regional stores and from there were again sent by each store to the various multi-purpose societies working within its area of operation or, in the event of there being no multi-purpose co-op. in a certain area to co-operative sale centres which it set up. The total number of co-operative sale centres including the multi-purpose societies is 440, catering to a population of 17 lakhs, out of which 55 such depots are in Srinagar alone. The number of multi-purpose societies is 200 with a membership of about 75,000 individuals with a paid-up share capital of Rs. 186 lakhs. Inside the Srinagar belt they distribute food articles as well to 39,000 people. In the case of non-rationed but scarcity articles, the central co-operative itself directly imports such commodities, so that

individual private business is prevented from exploiting the situation. This system of supply and distribution had a healthy effect on prices and the violent fluctuations which used to lead to panic and distress were brought under control. It also served to reduce black-marketing to the minimum. As the hoarded stocks came out, more items were released for the open market.

The Government however faced the situation with imagination and courage and have brought the co-operatives to the rescue of the unique Kashmir handicrafts as well. As the tourist trade declined, the production of Kashmir crafts also dwindled causing terrible distress. The new regime decided to reorganise Kashmir economy and in particular put these goods on a business footing, standardise the quality, stabilise the cost of production and then fix the prices on a rational basis. Actually these goods need not be at all costly if the middle men are eliminated. The co-operatives provide the best channels of trade. For they protect the interest of both the producer as well as of the consumer. With this in view several industrial cooperatives have been organised.

The co-operative way will serve in revolutionising the structure of Kashmir economy. Production will be transferred from fancy goods to commercial items. Kashmir has also begun the experiment in service co-operation, especially for the supply of labour, in order to eliminate the middleman. In the forest service for instance, the contractor has been completely eliminated and labour is supplied through the service corps, that is, a group of workers form themselves into a co-operative society which is then registered, and this society takes the contract directly for the piece of job to be done. Thus whatever money is paid for the work is distributed directly amongst the workers themselves; there is no middleman to eat up a share of that money. Labour Service Corps are yet new to India and it is indeed very praiseworthy that Kashmir should be amongst the pioneers of this method in our country.

The largest mechanised industry Kashmir has is silk, which accounts

for the livelihood of hundreds of thousands of people. Money and thought have been expended on this during the last one year, experiments carried out to improve the quality of the cocoons at a cost of 2 lakhs of rupees. That progress touched a new high is borne out by the fact that the workers of the factory received Rs. 1,59,750 as bonus, being a third of their earnings from October 1948 to June 1949.

Another noteworthy enterprise is the nationalisation of transport. This forms one of Kashmir's chief lifelines. Were there to be any breakdown in this, Kashmir would be dangerously isolated with serious repercussions on her vital supplies. For Kashmir is completely dependent on the Indian Union for several essentials such as salt, sugar, kerosene, cloth, etc. When this administration took over, it faced a grave transport situation. The invaders racing down the main all-the-year Pindi highway, had seized most of the lorries and buses. The war made the rush of supplies even more imperative. Even requisitioning all the available transport did not mean getting any nearer the solution. The Government very wisely decided to treat it as a major industry and launch it as a State concern. Kashmir secured from the Indian Government a loan of 50 lakhs for this purpose, which, it is said, was given with no little misgiving considering nationalisation a very doubtful venture. For the belief in Delhi is that when Government goes into

business, especially transport, it reaps the notorious whirlwind. But the Kashmir leaders were full of faith in the principles they enunciated and they had confidence in themselves. And they made good. In the first six months it brought in a net profit of six lakhs. But that is the least part of it.

Today it has become one of the leading industries of Kashmir. The State has set up a very modern workshop and builds its own bodies. It has been able to put on the road about 300 trucks and lorries. Each day 35 vehicles start from each end of Kashmir's vital road—the only road which links the valley with India, known as the Jammu Road. It is a hazardous trail over the dizzy Banihal Pass. Kashmir's very existence is dependent on keeping these vehicles moving. In the old days this very fact was exploited by the bus-owners to demand exorbitant freightage and fares from the public. And during the early days of the war, this had become a regular racket. All that is gone now. Today reasonable rates are fixed and controlled by the State.

With the opening of the University, education in Kashmir comes to be put on the map in a land noted for its appalling illiteracy. Those of us in other parts of India who are always being told that this is no time for trying out new things, that in trudging the worn and shabby beaten track of security, have only to look at Kashmir to test the wisdom of this caution.—N. P. S. (Copyright).

NEW LAND UNDER THE FLOUGH

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

BY 1951-52 we must be self-sufficient in food. On the average we produce 43 million tons of food grains per year. Taking 5½ million tons as our seed requirement we have 37½ million tons to feed 320 million population. Taking a minimum of 8½ chattaks of food grains (7 chattaks cereals and 1½ chattak pulses) per capita for 240 million adults we require at least 41½ million tons of food grains. We are deficit by at least 4 million tons. The major portion of

this deficit is rice, amounting to nearly 2½ million tons.

We produce about 8 maunds of rice per acre and Japan produces more than 40 maunds per acre. If ever we can reach even half the average acre production (20 maunds) of Japan, deficit would be a long forgotten story.

From 1909 to 1938-39 our yield per acre in rice has fallen from 12 maunds to 9 maunds.

In almost all the provinces there is

a difference of 6 to 8 maunds per acre between the irrigated and non-irrigated lands. Irrigation with heavy manuring is the secret of high production in Japan. The entire area of 7.3 million acres of paddy in Japan is irrigated.

Application of higher doses of fertilizers is not possible without irrigation. A crop can take more fertilizers with enough of water.

Consequently schemes of intensive cultivation are to be preceded by irrigation projects which are now under progress in almost all the provinces. In the meantime we can develop our fertilizer plant, devise well balanced manures, and evolve suitable types of crops to stand heavy doses of manures and fertilizers.

To tide over the present crisis we have to bring new lands under the plough from our reserve stock of 104 million acres of culturable waste lands. Besides meeting our food deficit we will be providing more land for annual increase of 4 million population. Here we can expect tangible results within one season. Provinces like C. P. and U. P. have launched their land reclamation schemes.

Orissa though declared as a surplus province in food is doing her bit in this direction to augment the food production of the country. Orissa has nearly 5.5 million acres of culturable waste lands. She has launched a land reclamation scheme with a modest target of 10,000 acres. These 10,000 acres are selected in a small zamindari i.e. Sukinda in Cuttack district. Sukinda is more or less on the coastal tract situated between two rivers, the Brahmani and the Baitarani. Sukinda has nearly 40,000 acres classified as culturable waste lands. Out of this at least 20,000 acres can be brought immediately under cultivation. The soils in general are loamy. A number of small hill streams run over these blocks from Mahagiri hill ranges, which form more or less the northern boundary of these blocks.

The vegetation is of shrubby nature with small trees of poor timber value sparsely distributed over the area.

On 4th June 1948 the first stroke of the axe fell for the clearance of the jungle. Since the monsoon had already set in, much progress could not be made during the rains. From

October 1948 there has been good progress in the work. By August 1949, within a period of ten months, 1,200 acres have been cleared. On the average the reclamation has been progressing at the rate of three acres per day. There are no tractor units nor any heavy reclamation tractors. One H. D. 5 and another cultivation tractor are engaged. Besides some monkey jacks and monkey winches are utilised in the uprooting of the trees and stumps. Nearly 1,000 to 1,200 Adivasis are working on this scheme. Most of them have become trained workmen with this machinery. The average cost of reclamation per acre is nearly Rs. 180 taking the establishment and supervision charges also into consideration.

Into these impenetrable jungles 15 miles of roads with numerous bridges and culverts have been laid. Attempts are being made to make some irrigation projects also materialise. Immediately after the reclamation, follow-up cultivation also has been taken up. Consequently, there are nearly 1,000 acres under the crop and 200 acres more to be brought under the winter crops. At least 10 to 12 thousand maunds of food grain, (paddy, millets and pulses) are expected during the current harvest. Of course this is a drop in the ocean of 108 million maunds of the food deficit of our country. But this is the humble beginning and offering of Orissa.

Besides the production point of view, there is the social aspect of the question. Adivasis in more than 20 villages all around the blocks have been benefitted immensely. Today they are no more at the mercy of the Mahajans (money-lenders) and starving during the rains. They have now three square meals every day and something to cover their nakedness.

Medicines are freely supplied to them and rations are supplied at the controlled rates. On the weekly payment-day with their traditional bow and arrow in one hand, their mirth and joy breaks into songs accompanied by the guitar and bamboo flute.

During all these months of reclamation the staff of the Agricultural Department live in sun and rain in small huts cut off from all the normal amenities of civilisation. They have braved the wild life of the forest.

The Letter

By SANTHA

RUNNING up the steps of his house on his return from office that evening, Balachandar called to his servant.

"Perumal! Come here."

A face like an old, dried nut topped by sparse greyish hair appeared at an upstairs window.

"I am here, sir," it said.

"What are you doing up there?" shouted Balachandar. "Come down. I want to ask you something."

The head was withdrawn and soon a heavy tread was heard on the stairs. Balachandar waited on the front steps, his eyes bent in a critical scrutiny of his bright and gleaming car standing under the porch.

"I see you had the car cleaned and washed," he said.

"Oh yes, sir," said Perumal, his whole face beaming with gratification. "I took it to the company first thing after you left this morning."

"I hope you did not forget to put the petrol in," said Balachandar casually, not looking at him.

Perumal composed his face into a penitent expression and tried to attract his master's eye towards him. His face, he knew, was his good angel. Nobody could look at that face and not feel sympathy and a certain furtive affection. It was round, brown and full of lines. There were lines on the forehead, deep, parallel gashes in the skin running from temple to temple, his eyes were embedded in a veritable upholstery of lines and when he smiled, it looked as though the whole face smiled. The eyes were old and peered guilelessly out from above a nose astonishingly severe in outline. Almost Grecian. It was a scandal. You couldn't do anything with that nose but laugh at it, so incongruous it looked on that wizened face. It

was not his mother's, it was not his father's; nobody either in his father's family or his mother's had had a nose like this. There had been nondescript noses, broadbased wide noses, there had even been one bulbous nose and his grandmother had had a nose so snub that the middle of her face was like a desert with two small eyes for oases. Perumal's nose had caused his father a great deal of unexpressed resentment when he was a boy, for if it were not that his mother was such a mouse of a woman, anybody looking at that nose could have come only to one conclusion, that it was the dividend of a foreign investment.

But it was no use. Balachandar would not look at him but continued to gaze in apparent absorption at the car. Perumal sighed.

"I forgot, sir," he said.

Balachandar turned slowly and looked at him.

"How many times did I tell you this morning?" he asked with no mercy in his voice.

"Four, sir."

"Isn't it strange," asked his master, "that you should remember the number of times I told you about it and yet forgotten what it was? And, anyway, the mechanic would himself have suggested it."

"He did, sir," said Perumal. His confession of the truth was not a moral triumph, but a habit. Years ago, when his master first took him on as a servant, the one and only thing he had warned him against was the telling of lies. "The day you tell your first lie," he had said, "will be the day you go." It was a little hard at first, the temptation to cover up a fault or to shift it on to someone else's innocent shoulders, was so unquenchable. But he had gone on with

dogged determination until at last the telling of the truth became a habit, so much a part of him that he once embarrassed his good mistress, Balachandar's mother, by blurting out the disgraceful truth when she upbraided him for staying away the night.

"And yet you forget?"

"Yes, sir," said Perumal. "You see, I got talking with him about his family, he has eight, sir, and another coming in a few hours, and what with consoling him and telling him about my own grand-mother who had thirteen and came out of it all without a scratch, it slipped my mind, sir."

Balachandar turned before his servant had exhausted his explanation and went into the house. Curse the fellow and his over-fecund grand-mother, this was going to mean a quarter of an hour's halt on the way.

Half an hour later, bathed and refreshed, he stood before the mirror and commenced to dress. He ruffled his wet hair with his hand, a boyish gesture which had stuck to him through the years and dried it again vigorously with a towel. He noticed mechanically as he did everyday the few strands of grey on the right temple. Today they irritated him. "Why, you have grown grey," she had said, startled. "Oh no, not, at thirty-four!" As if she was a girl in her teens in the full bloom of a confident, healthy youth instead of pushing thirty and looking it. Her hair was not yet grey but she looked her age alright. Lovely in a way, though, he had to admit with a tight, angry feeling at his heart. But there was a repose, a calmness about her which had not been there before. The face had not changed, though it was thinner, paler; the eyes seemed larger, deeper—those beautiful eyes. Not so beautiful now unless you liked that kind of shadow in them, the shadow of defeat. But there had been a little animation in them, a slight excitement when she came to see him this afternoon. "Your eyes have changed," he said. "They don't dance any more."

She looked at him with a funny smile on her face.

"And you look thinner," he said critically, not caring if he hurt her. "Keeping well, I hope."

"Oh, yes," she said quietly. "Keeping quite well."

She didn't talk much, but she would have talked, he knew, if he had given her the slightest encouragement. But he didn't. Oh yes, he had taken care to keep the conversation on strictly formal, unintimate lines. No looking back and remembering. If she had hoped to find him a sad, unhappy man she would certainly have gone away disappointed. Disillusioned. Sane. But not unhappy. Not happy either, but no one knew that. This afternoon he had been cheerful, hearty, smiling easily, in an impersonal way even charming. When she offered her invitation to dinner at her house to-night, he had frowned in an apparently absent-minded way and said: "Just a minute. I will see if I have a prior engagement." He knew there wasn't, but it gave the right impression.

Balachandar put oil on his hair and passed a comb through it. As the comb passed through the hair, he noticed, peering into the mirror, the grey seemed to be more pronounced than usual. He leaned closer and twisted and turned his head. There were more grey hairs than he had thought. He must be looking old. He looked at his picture in the frame on the dressing table, but that had been taken ten years ago, in fact on the day he opened his dispensary. Ten years. Ten years was a long time. Ten years ago, the day that picture was taken, he was the unhappiest man on earth. But busy days had followed... the thermometer taken out of one mouth and put in another. The charts signed. The mixtures poured and stirred, measured. The standing before the balance watching his compounder weigh the white powders, giving himself no time to think or stand or stare. The words of comfort calmly spoken with his heart stony inside him. Every woman's face he looked at was hers, every pulse was hers. The sound of high heels turning the corner sent his heart thudding till their owner came into view. Was it she? The work finished mechanically, perfectly. The lingering at the door for a last minute wondering, hoping... visiting the sick child in the big yellow house and the confinement cases, seeing her face on every sick pillow, looking at the babies... jumping into his car, not tired even after all this work, and

going home. The evenings would deepen into the night, and still he would sit at his window, haunted and hunted by memories, his heart thudding an insistent question: *Why... Why... Why*. Why did she have to treat me like this? She had promised and broken her promise. "I shall wait for your letter," he remembered the exact words. "Your decision will be mine."

Balachandar pulled open the left-hand drawer of the chest of drawers, took out a beautifully-wrought sandal-wood box and fitted the small end key in his key-bunch into the wood-work. A face looked up at him from above a pile of letters, a happy face with eyes set wide apart under straight unsophisticated eye-brows, a small delicate nose and a wide laughing mouth. Not a beautiful face but a face as fresh and innocent as the dawn. The eyes were clear, guileless. So false and yet so gentle-looking, so sweet and yet so deceitful. Was it that she was afraid of being poor? It must have been that. What else? She wanted money. What she wanted was perhaps only his money. And when she knew he would not have much if he married her, she had quietly thrown him over. She had not loved him at all but had sold her loveliness for gold. "I have known women," his father had warned him with a bitter twist to his mouth. "She will throw you over when she learns you are going to be entirely on your own without a rich father to back you. Take my word for it."

"She will not, Father. I know it."

"Are you under the delusion she is going to stick to you if you are poor?" his father had said derisively. "Women can't live without money, son. That has been my experience. Don't throw away all this," he made a wide sweeping gesture embracing the ostentatious, heavy furniture, the silver tea-tray on the occasional table, the rich draperies and, as seen through the open door, the long, vulgar-looking car, "for the will-o'-wisp chances of happiness with that impoverished clerk's daughter."

"You don't understand," he said wearily for the hundredth time. "She is sweet and gentle and she has been poor all her life. It isn't anything new to her. All this is new. She

will share my poverty willingly and happily. I know it."

"Are you still determined to marry her?"

"Absolutely."

"You will break your mother's heart. And mine. But I don't suppose you have considered that. I refuse to have that girl here as my daughter-in-law and be the laughing-stock of everybody. Now, go."

That was the last time she had been discussed in his family. He had then gone up straight to his room and sat at his desk and written to her to meet him at the station at 4 o'clock when he would catch the train to Madras. Two days later she was to come there with her father when he would have the marriage licence ready. That was as far as they had seen it then and that far they had seen clearly enough. There had been no doubt in their minds. Balachandar shook his head at the gay young face which laughed up at him. He could have sworn she loved him. He could have sworn that she meant all that she had said ten years ago. It didn't make sense otherwise. Why should she have deceived him? It could not be the prospect of moneylessness after her marriage. She had been trained to a Spartan outlook on life. As far as money was concerned, it was he who had had a thousand doubts and fears and hesitations and she had laughed them out of his troubled heart. In fact the silly girl had wondered for a moment whether he was weighing her up against all that he would forfeit, judging if she was worthy of the sacrifice. He had explained. Had she not understood? For the hundredth time since that miserable day a doubt came to Balachandar. Was it she who had made the sacrifice? Did she give him up so that he should continue to have all that he had had from childhood—the comfort of wantlessness, the small luxuries, the adoration of parents? Oh no, it couldn't be. She had made no sacrifice. It was she who had weighed him up against another and found him wanting. But wanting in what? Why the duplicity? *Why... Why... Why*.

He turned again to the mirror and suddenly remembered.

"Perumal!" he shouted.

"Yes, sir?" said a voice immediately behind him.

"What are you doing here?" he asked sharply.

"I came to report the petrol has been put in the tank, sir. Raju is waiting outside."

"Good," said Balachandar briskly turning back to the mirror and for the dozenth time that morning passing his comb through it. "Have you taken my old *jubba* out?"

There was a gasp from behind him. Balachandar turned to face his servant.

"You did not forget, did you?"

A dumb shake of the head was all the reply he received.

"Tell me," thundered his master, "did you forget?"

"I don't know what has happened to me," moaned Perumal beside himself with penitence. "I have never forgotten so many things in one day."

Balachandar stood looking at him thoughtfully.

"I don't know why I keep you here," he said at last. "You are careless, forgetful and talkative. I never am able to find a thing when I want it and where I want it, and as for the dust everywhere," he flicked a duster over a bookshelf and a fine cloud of dust rose up, "I am surprised it hasn't choked me yet."

Perumal continued to look at him with a hurt look in his eyes. All this was not new to him but everytime his master took him to task for his forgetfulness, he winced as at an unexpected blow. He knew he deserved it, but he had come to look upon his poor memory as a kind of infirmity, an affliction for which it was hardly fair to blame him.

"I am old, Sir," he said, in self-defence, as he did every time, "and I do make an effort to remember."

"Do you write down all that I tell you to do? Where is the note-book I gave you for jotting down my instructions?"

Perumal continued to look at him. Not even his nose could save him from this. It was a bad day. He must have seen a cat when he got up. Nothing else could explain this series of lapses. Balachandar waited a moment more for an answer and then turned away with a tired shrug.

"Bring me some coffee," he said.

He sat down in a chair before the mirror again, all the excitement of going to the dinner gone out of him. Why had he accepted the invitation? Why was he trying to contact the past again and marooning himself in a backwater of emotional introspection?

"You will come to dinner? Shall I expect you?"

"Sure. Sure. What time? Eight?"

"Yes, but come earlier. We shall talk—that is—I mean, if you want to."

"Well, I don't know if I can make it earlier. But I will be there in time for dinner."

Talk what? What was there for them to talk about? But why the invitation at all? Fool. Fool. Fool. Was he going to deceive himself all over again? She had made a dupe of him once. With a tender look in her eyes and a tender word on her lips she had thrown him over. What did he care for her now? It would mean evasion, falsehood, bluff and a woman's artful guiles all over again. A creature who had played her part so well ten years ago, why should she come chasing him again..... Into Balachandar's mind came rushing pictures of ten years ago, pictures which he had thought he had forgotten.

"Are you sure you don't mind?"

"You doubt me, Sushi?"

"No, but you look so worried, so anxious, so unhappy and I feel so guilty."

"I am not unhappy because of that but because I would have liked to give you more, take you to my home and give you a decent life."

She shook her head smiling softly and put her hand on his arm, the first and last gesture of familiarity that had passed between them. She touched him on his right arm, just above the wrist—here—and said something. He was not listening because her touch had made him warm all over and he had wanted to take her hand between both of his and put his arm round her. He got up unsteadily feeling too restless to sit down and put his hands behind him. She looked up startled and got up too.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing. Nothing. Why?"

"I thought you were going to say something."

"I was," he had said feeling suddenly very strong, very confident and too happy for fear. "I was going to quote something."

"What?"

"Remember the poet who said:

*We spoke no wistful words of love,
No hint of sympathy and dearness,
Only around, beneath, above,
There ran a swift and subtle
nearness.*

I was reminded of that just now."

She flushed. They stood for a while longer, each perhaps waiting for the other to make the first move. He certainly waiting. He could have done anything with her then, Balachandar now knew.

"I shall write to you," he said finally.

"When?"

"This evening."

"Then I will get it tomorrow morning."

There was a small silence.

"What will you write to me?" she then asked in a voice half coquettish and half timid.

He suppressed a smile and kept a straight face.

"I shall write that I can't marry you and you had better go your way and I will go mine."

"Don't" she said tremulously. "Don't write that. Write only if it is alright. But if it is not, don't write. Just don't write."

"Don't be a goose," he said smiling at her seriousness. "Of course I will write."

She looked at him and her face was red and her chin trembled a little.

"Look!"

"Yes?"

"I mean it. If you want to break off, don't write. Don't write at all. I shall understand. But if you do write, I shall understand without having to open the letter that it is alright between us."

"But why?"

"I don't know," she said. "But don't write an unkind last letter to me."

"And if I ask you to come, will you come?"

"Yes, Balu, yes. Anywhere. I will come. Your decision will be mine."

He had spoken to his parents that evening and written to her that night.

He remembered it so clearly. He had then packed with a tearful mother and a silent fuming father moving about the house. That evening at the station was a long wait but she had not come. Nor had there been a message. He had come home and waited. Night came but no letter and no message. That was the most tortuous night he had ever spent. The week passed and then the next. No message, no letter of explanation. And exactly ten weeks later she was married to a man she did not know. Lies at the sacred fire, the faithlessness and deceit, the sordid surrender of her youthfulness, the smiling dishonour. Balu's lips smiled wryly. Fool that he had been to have had any illusions about the intricacies of the human heart.

"Your coffee, sir," said Perumal.

"Perumal," said Balachandar. "I am not going out. I have changed my mind. I shall dine at home."

Perumal busied himself with his master's clothes for a few minutes.

"I have brought your *jubba*, sir," he said "and your shoes are brushed and ready. Shall I ask Raju to wait or will you drive?"

Balachandar looked at Perumal's impassive face. How much did he know? Or was he just being stupid? Not that it mattered anyway.

"Alright," he said pushing the chair from behind him with a show of briskness. "I shall go. Have you got my buttons?"

"What buttons, sir?" said Perumal.

"The platinum ones. Don't you remember?"

Perumal shook his head and Balachandar suddenly remembered. Of course Perumal couldn't know. He had come after everything was over, in fact the day he last spoke to Sushi wearing that *jubba* and those buttons.

"I shall get them," he said. "They are in the old almirah upstairs. You take the car keys down. And ask Raju to wait."

He looked at his watch, let out a sharp whistle and took the stairs two at a time. On the almirah the dust lay an inch thick. It had not been used for years. He fitted the rusty key in the key-hole. It turned with a rasping sound and he had to pull the door open with an effort. The smell

or mellowed moth-balls came to his nostrils. Before him arranged neatly was a pile of old clothes and beside it half a dozen boxes of various sizes which had contained the hundred and one knick-knacks required for a young gentleman to dress in a fashion to please his fastidious taste. He opened one and rummaged through the contents. Old snapshots. A bundle of fresh shoe-laces. Nothing else. He opened the one next to it. It was crammed full of torn and rumpled socks and frayed garters. Balachandar took the red box next to it. His heart jumped to his throat. Lying on top of a pile of old ties and collars was a letter, a stamped, addressed envelope, now grown brown. He turned it over, his mind paralyzed to an incapacity for thought, and her name written in his hand stared up at him. His hand shook and his concentrated gaze on the envelope made it seem as if all around him was darkness and the envelope was a white square of light and the letters dark fingers pointing at him. She had not received the letter. That was why. That explained everything. She had not received

the letter. She had waited for it and it had not come. What had she thought. . . . But how did he forget it? Had it been here all these years? Was that why her eyes were sad and the radiance all gone out of her? She had waited and the letter had not come, and she spent a sleepless night, not wondering why because she would have had her own answer—that he had, after all, chosen—but letting disillusionment seep into her inmost being. Balachandar put his hand before his pain-pricked eye-lids.

There was a cough behind him.

"Your car is at the door, sir," said Perumal.

"Perumal," said Balachandar without removing his hand, "do you remember the day you came I gave you a certain letter to post? That night?"

"Yes, sir," came faintly after a pause.

"Did you post it?"

Perumal's gaze shifted from his master's tormented face to the square of white in his hand. There was no need for him to answer, he knew, but force of habit prevailed.

"I forgot, sir," he said.

"SPECULATION IS RIFE"

By POTHAN JOSEPH

THE latter day vogue of holding Press Conferences on appointed days and on special occasions has crippled the spirit of newspaper enterprise because news is centralised and rationed out on a uniform quota. Public Relations Officers are busy in the vestibule of Secretariats and other bureaucratic depots, their main function being to look affable and suggest that the main-switch in the release of news will operate for the benefit of all, if only they have the patience to wait until 10 a.m. next Tuesday when the Minister will give *darshan* to special correspondents. The President of the U. S., since Roosevelt's time, is expected to hold breezy conversations every week with the members of the World Press when there are dialectical manoeuvres for securing solid facts, but when it comes to something substantial, the warning is given that it is "off the record." The public know nothing about it while vapid jokes find their way into print. What is rendered "off the record" is in the meanwhile supposed to furnish "background material," and the political magnate who holds the conference reserves the power of ostracising any venturesome knight of the pen from future audience if His Nibs is displeased. Further, it is customary to snub juveniles who talk ahead of the veterans, and put awkward questions when it is the business of youngsters to take notes and record palatable answers. In English Public Schools fresh recruits have to "fag" for senior mugwumps in the upper classes, but they in turn have their opportunities of bullying timid entrants. Similar practices exist in the realm of newspaper production. Secretariat instructions that newspaper correspondents should be kept off certain tape-lines and that the dole of information allowed should be equal, are sufficient to repress reporters with a nose for news who are palmed off with "hand-outs" composed by sycophantic underlings. If any scoop appears there is a head-hunt after those who are suspected of being responsible for the leakage.

What makes the story of one correspondent different from that of another depends on the capacity for observation and the talent for vigorous objective writing, as much as possible free from clichés and shibboleths pertaining to what is supposed to be happening in the "lobby," in official circles, and in well-informed quarters.

In the British Press, the tradition of exclusive news and startling revelations by special correspondents has become so faded that big newspapers like *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*, calling off competition, club together for foreign news service, a modern innovation at which the shades of ancient scoop-artists like Blowitz and Greenwood should turn ghostlier still. Still, the gift of imagination and the instinct for anticipating what is probable can assist in able reporting. Drew Pearson so agitated the White House that more than one President was driven to condemn him in virulent language; but then he takes his stand on the well-known dictum that no rumour should be believed until the official denial of it is published. His exclusive reports attained the consistency of superior character largely through trimmings set round the factual element in a story, which gives the stamp of originality for the whole despatch from beginning to end, rendered in novel-sque style. In India, news speculation is best developed round the pivot of personal power and patronage instead of on democratic usages and urgencies.

For instance, if New Delhi reports that there will probably be an expansion in the personnel of the Supreme Court or the Federal Public Services Commission or the Diplomatic Corps, the task of the shrewd special correspondent should be not to bother about circumstances arising out of the hoax known as "pressure of work," but to go ferretting to discover who has been plaguing those in power, who are able to bestow patronage and fill the vacancies created. For example, it is announced that a situation has arisen necessitating the despatch of some

Jammi's
LIVER CURE
TAKES THE DREAD OUT
OF CHILDREN'S LIVER
COMPLAINTS

Unless it is too late, Jammi's Liver Cure is the one infallible remedy for enlarged liver and spleen in children, as proved by thousands of successful cures in the past years.



Jammi Venkataramanayya & Sons
Mylapore, Madras Sandhurst Rd., Bombay 4. Harrison Road, Calcutta.
(Phone No. 8137) (Phone No. 41593)
Also at: Lucknow, Bangalore, Trichinopoly, etc.

sort of Ambassador-Delegation to Abyssinia, as delay according to Pandit Nehru would be discourteous and therefore (they always use the word "therefore" in such explanations) envoys must be immediately sent. It will be remembered that for some esoteric reason a good-will delegation inclusive of good-natured people like Sardar Sant Singh and Mrs. Ammu Swaminathan had, some months ago, been rushed to Addis Abbaba for openly registering nothing in particular, but then some half-dead seed they had brought about a delegation, seems to have sprouted since their return and their lyrical expansion about Abyssinia before a Press Conference. When the news about filling the imaginary breach in the Abyssinian front came, I made a bet with a friend putting the name of the Party who is going to be sent, in an envelope and sealed it, feeling that I have identified the person who must have been exaggerating the importance of the Abyssinian situation in the international set-up and plagued the External Affairs Ministry to see to the supply of a "long-felt want." I always back certainties.

On a different footing is the type of speculation fomented with the purpose of glorification. Then forecasts are put out that some Big Noise is being pressed to become a bigger Noise still. For instance, when Pandit Jawaharlal was in America, a proposal was aired that our Prime Minister, as the ace-authority in world-affairs, would be appointed as the "mediator between the East and the West." The latest stunt is that Sir B. N. Rau, another expert, is being warmly pressed by nameless persons in Lake Success that he should go as U. N. Commissioner for Libya and settle the problem of Italian Colonies. Incidentally, India's precocity in the management of world-affairs finds her always handling top-drawer subjects in the U.N.O. Security Council and Sub-Committees, so that outdoor obligations of cosmic import are mounting at the expense of attention to domestic problems. The future of Italian Colonies? India points a

way out. The future of Jerusalem? India has a formula. The future of Trusteeship in South-West Africa? India produces a phial out of her medicine-chest. The future of the Atom Bomb? India has a draft in hand. North Korea? Ditto. Invariably the suggestion offered is that there should be a Sub-Committee to go into the question, and then comes the stage of torrential tales about warm appreciation in New York about India's stand. The Prize for the largest number of all-world subjects handled in Lake Success and Flushing Meadow must go to India and the stories of achievement are highlighted by probabilities of individual selection for more formidable tasks in the future.

A noxious form of news-speculation is to say that a particular person is "expected" to be given the Nobel Prize either for Literature or for Peace, the dead as well as the living being mixed in flunkeyish forecasts. Recently I received a notice of a District School debate for publication which contained the news that Pandit Nehru was asked and was expected to inaugurate the function. The point is whether the Prime Minister has agreed, for anybody is free by post or otherwise, to ask the Prime Minister of India to inaugurate a function and to sing a song at the inauguration. More than once in the last two years newspaperas have been issued to the effect that Aurabindo Ghose is expected to receive the Nobel Prize, not to mention Mahatma Gandhi in the form of a posthumous award. It may look flattering that such purposes should be ascribed to the Committee of Selection at Oslo, but really this kind of conjecture is humiliating, and no indulgence in what is heard in the course of "lobby-talks" in Delhi can excuse the puerility of gratuitous anticipations. There is much that is edifying which could be developed outside the orbit of information represented by press-conferences and hand-outs, but unfortunately by the present gauge of progress, forecasts are related to personal adulation and party-glorification.

The Japanese have brought out a new simplified typewriter. It has only 1,132 characters. The old style had 3,126 characters.

CORRUPTION IN PUBLIC LIFE

By Major D. V. RAJA RAO

If I want to get rice or paddy from an obliging friend in a village, I cannot. If I want to get paddy from my fields away from my town, I will have to hang around the concerned officers and clerks for a couple of days before I can get the necessary permit. Even so some slip or an error of omission, deliberate or otherwise, in the permit will stop the consignment *en route* and it will be a three months' job to get it corrected. We hear often in the papers of the difficulties the Government procurement officers are having. Very often the Government procurement is not up to the target. When they procure, they procure only the worst quality of rice (Rasangi and Basangi). The better qualities of rice like Kichidi Krishkatukulu or even Akkullu are not available to the Government. This Rasangi and Basangi after being milled once are offered to the public by the Government. But the black-marketeer gets all the rice he wants of the best quality and double polished without any checks or transport difficulties. How is the miller able to procure these better qualities of rice which the Government is not able to procure? How is he supplying the black-marketeer double polished rice, when the Government have banned double polishing? This certainly is not news to the Government. They know what is happening and how it is happening. Instead of owning their inability to enforce their own orders they blame the public for not co-operating with them. What is the co-operation the public are expected to give? When a black-marketeer is a rarity the public can give information about him to the Government. But is there any fair market now? Is not the black-marketeer doing his business quite openly? It is quite common to go about the houses offering rice at Rs. 3 or thereabouts a measure. Every rice merchant is every day selling rice at that price in his shop. Yet the concerned Government departments, including the special anti-black-market police,

are both blind and deaf to it.

What happens when an aggrieved or public-spirited gentleman complains to the authorities about any specific instance of black-marketing? Mostly such cases are not taken serious notice of, or the immediate necessity of the complainant is otherwise met and the man appeased. When black-marketeers are caught and handed over to the special police, and they cannot escape taking action, the black-marketeer is leniently dealt with and allowed to continue in his trade. When hidden stocks of rice or other controlled commodities are un-earthed and brought to the notice of the officials, the stocks somehow disappear again and mostly the hoarders get them back, if not in full, slightly depleted. The law has to take its course. It is always a long course and in the meantime much can happen and it happens.

The Government have two agencies for distribution of what they procure and allot for public consumption, the co-operative stores and the licensed dealers. The distribution through these agencies is very limited, and one has to spend a whole morning if not a whole day waiting to get his meagre share. The co-operative stores are known well enough. But the licensed dealers are not always so well known. Besides, it often happens that a licensed dealer has either no shop or if he has one he is never available in his shop and his assistants take no responsibility for not selling the rationed commodity. Another most confusing situation is when a dealer exhibits his stuff but refuses to sell because either he is not ordered yet to sell, or even if ordered, the price is not yet fixed. How and why there should be such a time-lag between supply and selling is very intriguing.

Under the circumstances, what co-operation the public are expected to give is beyond one's imagination. It is not so much want of co-operation from the people as it is in reality want of co-operation from the authorities. Perhaps the authorities themselves are baffled by the circum-

tances. When the black-market is so universal what can anybody do? One certainly cannot seize all the rice stocks in the town and divert them to the co-operative stores or some other agency for distribution. If that is done the merchant will import no more rice into the town and when these stocks are over the authorities haven't got any more rice to give us. The Government machinery for procurement and distribution does not meet the demand. Besides, that will be against the Government policy of not interfering with the normal channels of trade. The unhappy official is very much hampered by the existing law in his dealing with the black-marketeer. The only way the public can co-operate, as one responsible officer once remarked, is not to buy anything in the black-market. But that assumes the existence of a fair market which is unhappily not a fact. Black-market is inherent in the Government policy of sharing responsibility with the merchant for procurement and distribution. All measures to fight that inherent defect are mere eye-wash. Some time back the Government contemplated a comprehensive Anti-Black-Market Bill which held out a promise of dealing with this menace effectively but the Bill seems to have gone into cold storage. Why?

In the pre-Independence days the Congress was often dubbed as a capitalist organisation. Though that was a meaningless accusation, the fact remains however that the Congress freely drew on the support of the capitalists. Besides, it was an irrelevant issue then. The issue then was independence and a capitalist can be as much of a patriot as a worker. Besides, the Congress, being a political organisation based on truth and non-violence, expected the capitalist to be a zealous patriot after gaining independence as well. Unfortunately the capitalist did not rise to the expectations of the Congress. He is causing many an economic head-ache to the Government and bringing about a crisis every alternate day in the economic life of the people. It is no use complaining against the capitalist. He is the same all over the world. Everything is fair to him in making money. Nor can we

get rid of him as we are placed today in our economy and industry. We are not rich enough nor organised well enough industrially, to eliminate the capitalist. But one thing is certain, he must be disciplined if life to the common man is not to be an unbearable burden. Unfortunately that is where our Government is not successful. Instead of disciplining the capitalist, they are allowing themselves to be led by him by the nose. The greater irony of the situation is that in theory, in principles, and in policies on paper, our Government is all out to fight the unscrupulous capitalist and discipline him to the best advantage of society. But in practice they are able to do nothing. They have failed in every attempt to discipline him. Their laws are impracticable. He is always successfully evading the Government measures and springing a new crisis on the Government and people.

To fight corruption requires a high moral standard on the part of the fighter. Do our Governments and our Congress bodies have that high moral standard to enable them to fight corruption? The very fact of their inability to fight corruption is proof of their not being up to the necessary standard of morality. The background of most of the Congressmen, leaders, legislators and ministers was such that, during the long period of the fight for independence, they were greatly obliged to the monied merchant class. The merchant class are exploiting that to their own advantage now and the Congress people are allowing themselves to be exploited. Besides, the Congress President himself claimed that for all the sacrifices and troubles the Congress people had undergone for over 25 years, if they were having a bit of a good time now and making good their losses during all this time, we should sympathise with them rather than accuse them for that. The argument is not altogether unreasonable. But one would expect some organised way of helping Congress sufferers but not this sort of promiscuous way of everybody helping himself as best as he can. And worse than that, Government policies cannot be such as to be beneficial to their erstwhile supporters and them-

selves at the expense of the people. The High Command, for reasons best known to themselves, have consistently let down people who tried to fight corruption and the black-market, and brought into power people convenient to them and their purposes but who are either luke-warm or incapable of fighting corruption and the black-market. Mr. Prakasam went down for no fault of his in policies and principles. Mr. Ramaswamy Reddiar went down for unknown reasons but, as widely believed, for standing against some corrupt practices and people in the Government. A Ministry is brought into power, against some of whose members charges of inefficiency and corruption have been pending for over two years now. The public have only a vague and perhaps exaggerated idea of the charges. The charges have not been denied nor the Ministers exonerated. They continue in office and the enquiry into the charges seems to outlast their term of office. Under the circumstances it is too much to ask the people to have confidence in the Government. Nor can the Government, suspected and lacking the confidence and respect of the people, have the courage to put down corruption.

The Congress Party came into power for standing for independence as also for certain principles and policies. It is claimed that the Congress policies are being implemented by the Ministries by and large. But how is it that every year the Premier is changed or at least feels insecure in his position? The causes cannot be connected with principles or policies but personal conveniences, likes and dislikes. These personal matters have been allowed to dominate our politics over principles and policies. Perhaps it suited the conveniences, likes and dislikes of some people that count in the High Command as well. But this has brought about not only indiscipline and irresponsibility into the legislature but corruption as well, because a legislator who changes his allegiance, not for principles but for personalities, is politically corrupt. The party in power is no more a homogeneous party standing for certain principles and policies. It is a hopelessly divided hotch-potch of groups each owing

allegiance to particular individuals, and Government business has become a matter of accommodating this man and this group or that man and that group. It is a most anomalous position that the ministerial groups and the non-ministerial groups in the same party should disagree with one another worse than enemies. These Ministers and their groups are in their turn dependent on their followers and supporters in the Congress. So that this division has gone down the whole length to the very bottom of the Congress organisation. The politician no more feels strong in his principles and policies but depends on his personal following. So that for his own security he is obliged to use his power and influence to strengthen and increase his following. This sort of thing has made life most corrupt and insecure. The ministerialists and the non-ministerialists everywhere are vying with one another for cheap popularity and influence. Every incident in our day to day life is becoming a matter of interest for the politicians and, irrespective of the merits of the case the ministerialists and the non-ministerialists take up opposite sides. Of course the ministerialists carry the day. The Government authorities feel helpless in the matter. Irrespective of justice and morality, they are obliged to back up the ministerialists. One can imagine to what a state of demoralisation and corruption the services would be reduced under the circumstances.

It is not possible to get rid of this rot of corruption from our civic life unless the Congress purges itself of its personal politics. Unless it can stand up for principles without fear or favour of personalities and wriggle out of this mesh of personal cliques and personal allegiances, Congress cannot deliver us from corruption and the black-market. The glamour of Mahatma's association with it and of having won independence for us still surrounds the Congress and it hurts the common man to think or speak ill of the Congress. It hurts us to think that our heroes of yesterday are our oppressors of today and that they are poisoning our civic life with corruption and insecurity. The towering strength and leadership of Nehru and Patel gives the Congress an

unshakable security. Even so, the Congress cannot ride rough-shod for long. They are doing so now because in their security they are blind to realities. There is no strong public opinion in the country against the evils of the day. In our love for the Congress, we are not raising our voices against all the misdeeds done in its name. But to serve the Congress as well as to help ourselves to a decent Government, we will have to raise our voices against the ills of the day and give our support to principles and not to persons. We must agitate for a good and efficient Government. We must shake our leaders and Ministers from their complacent security and demand efficiency and character from them. We must tell them plainly that it is not they that count but

what they do and what they stand for. A strong public opinion is the backbone of democracy and we will have to build up that public opinion against corruption and the black-market. Criticising and complaining against the Government leads us nowhere. The only way we can help the Government to fight corruption is to build up the necessary public opinion against it and make it plain to the Government that their future depends on the extent to which they can get rid of this corruption. Every responsible citizen must realise his responsibility in the matter and act up to it. It is an inescapable fact that a people get the Government they deserve. Let us strive for and deserve a better Government and an incorruptible and secure civic life. We will get it if we will it.

ANDHRA PROVINCE: RICH IN TALENT AND RESOURCES

By C. H. V. PATHY

THE birth of the Andhra Province has a unique significance because it marks the first territorial carve-out in free India on a linguistic basis and is a pointer to the shape of things to come.

Unlike Sind which was created by the British to appease the Muslims and Orissa, which was an amalgamation of all Oriya-speaking peoples from Madras, Bihar and the Central Provinces, the Andhra Province is a contiguous geographic unit and, as such, its formation will be free from the strains and stresses generally involved in welding a chaotic geographic unit into a composite whole.

It marks the crown and culmination of thirty-five years' agitation, carried on by the Andhras whose sacrifices and sufferings to achieve the freedom of the country are second to none.

A glance at the map of the Madras Presidency reveals the geographic contours of the province which will resemble a triangle tapering to the north. The total area of the twelve districts which will constitute the Andhra Province is 67,284 square

miles. This compares favourably with that of Bombay or Bihar and is bigger than the size of Assam or Orissa. Since Bombay cannot escape partition and Kerala will separate from Madras, the Andhra Province will be territorially the third biggest in India, only exceeded by Bihar and the United Provinces.

The population of the twelve districts which will constitute the province, according to the last census is 188,28,000. This also compares favourably with the rest of the Indian provinces even under the present dispensation.

A territory rich in agricultural wealth, the main contributory factor for the prosperity of the province is that it is fed by the waters of Godavari, Krishna and Pennar and has a rich canal system, running through 1,255 miles. It has also 13,194 miles of trunk roads and 1,647 miles of railway line. It has 154,62,712 acres of land under cultivation and 72,37,774 acres under forest. Rice is the main crop, but the Andhra districts also grow chulam or bajri. Tobacco,

sugarcane and groundnut are additional crops.

The irrigational possibilities of the new province, if all the projects which are in the blue-print are put through, are immense and, when developed, would make Andhra Desh literally the granary of South India.

The Ramapadasagar project, now temporarily put in cold storage, is probably the most ambitious multi-purpose scheme ever undertaken in Asia. Its estimated cost is 150 crores of rupees and, when completed, will bring under cultivation 23 lakhs of acres of which ten lakhs will be devoted to rice. Equally important is the Tungabhadra project, which will be a boon and a blessing to Rayalseema or the Ceded Districts.

The new province has also immense industrial potentialities. It is the nursery of a number of raw materials including antimony, asbestos, barytes, bauxite, coal, copper, corundum, graphite, gypsum, lead, silver, manganese and mica. These resources can be exploited to great advantage, thus making the Andhra Province the Belgium of India.

As it is, the Andhra districts have 565 factories. The handloom industry in South India owes its phenomenal growth to the enterprise of the Andhras who also produce some of the finest Khaddar in the country.

Much is made of the dark financial outlook for the province. The Dhar Committee played up this angle to argue against a separate Andhra Province. A closer scrutiny shows that there has been a jugglery of figures. The abolition of zamindaris will result in a big windfall to Andhra Desh. Even as it is, out of the total of Madras Presidency's revenue and expenditure, as much as 46 per cent is accounted by the Andhra districts. The Andhra Province will also receive at the outset a cash balance which will be over ten crores. There is also the possibility of some compensation being paid for abandoning the claim to Madras City.

Thus the province will be launched on its career under excellent auspices. In this connection, a peep into past history showing the several phases of agitation for a separate Andhra Province may not be out of place. It was way back in 1913 that

the first voice was heard pleading for an Andhra Province, at a conference held at Guntur. In 1917, a deputation on behalf of the Andhra Mahasabha waited on the then Secretary of State, Mr. Edwin Montagu, and urged the creation of an Andhra Province.

Since then, many conferences held in various parts of Andhra Desh have reiterated the claim. It has also been debated on the floor of the legislature. The Simon Commission had the following observation on the subject: "The demand for the formation of an Andhra Province which was put forward seventeen years ago at a conference of Telugu-speaking districts has been persistent for many years but has now become an important political issue. It has on two occasions during recent years become the subject of a formal debate in the Madras Legislature which has, by a large majority, endorsed the proposals for the constitution of a separate Andhra Province."

The first occasion was in March 1922, when the Legislature passed a resolution in favour of welding into a provincial unit, the contiguous Telugu-speaking areas. This was again endorsed on March 19, 1928, on a token cut during the budget debate. The demand was reiterated on three subsequent occasions.

The Nehru Report also underlined the need for a linguistic province. It stated: "If a province has to educate itself and do its daily work through the medium of its own language, it must necessarily be a linguistic area. Hence, it is most desirable for the province to be re-grouped on a linguistic basis."

Sardar Patel himself spoke on a memorable occasion at Bombay: "If India is to achieve rapid progress, the linguistic areas must be reorganised into provincial units."

The Andhras have a top-flight political leadership second to none in India. They have a language and literature of their own. Some of the most distinguished Andhras adorn the editorial chairs of leading English dailies. If all the available Andhra talent is harnessed for the betterment of the province, it has a glorious future in front of it and the rest of India should wish the new province well.

BEVAN'S STAR IS RISING

By MATTHEW HALTON

Aneurin Bevan's brilliant oratory has made him one of today's dominating figures in the British House of Commons. He seems destined for a top role in the future.

THE British Parliament, "mother of eloquence," has produced more than its share of spectacular and colourful statesmen and politicians, but not many men in that hall of fame have been more gifted and eloquent than the former Welsh pit-boy who is now Britain's Minister of Health. Many believe that Aneurin Bevan is bound to become the Prime Minister of his country. So does he.

Outside Great Britain, his name is not yet a household word, but it may become one. His star is rising. Clement Attlee's successor as leader of the Labour Party and therefore as Prime Minister if the party wins the next election will probably be Herbert Morrison, with longer odds at the moment on Sir Stafford Cripps. The leader after that is almost certain to be this brilliant and dynamic Welshman—the most formidable Welshman since David Lloyd George. And in the event of a crisis within the Labour Party—caused perhaps by economic disaster—Bevan might well become a man of the hour.

Hero or demagogue? Statesman or opportunist? These are the questions asked about him, as they were asked about Lloyd George. He is hated by the Tories, whom he has called "vermin," and he is the idol of the Socialist rank and file. He is one of the really great orators, a match for Churchill and at times more than a match; sometimes witty as a sword flash, sometimes caustic and bludgeoning, sometimes movingly eloquent. Without doubt he is one of the dominating figures in the House of Commons.

In that House there is Churchill, one of the great figures of history; there is Clement Attlee who, though colourless, has yet achieved great stature and remarkable prestige; there is Cripps, perhaps the finest brain in politics in any country; there is Ernest Bevin, who with all his faults, is a massive statesman; and

there is shrewd and scintillating Herbert Morrison. But Aneurin Bevan is second to hardly any of these in personality and power.

Churchill hates him—and the sentiment is mutual. Bevan attacked Churchill's wartime leadership when no one else dared to; and the attacks were certainly wrong at times and irresponsible at others. At one time the stormy Welshman accused Churchill of "parading around in a ridiculous uniform," at another he said the war leader was "suffering from petrified adolescence." Churchill called Bevan "a squalid nuisance," "a merchant of disloyalty," "a gamin from the Welsh gutter."

But Bevan needs no lessons in invective, especially when it comes to Tories. Two years ago, for example, though he was supposed to be "mellowing," he spoke of his opponents in these terms: "No amount of cajolery, no amount of ethical or social seduction can eradicate from my heart a deep, burning hatred for the Tory Party... They are lower than vermin."

That distressed even his strongest supporters. It certainly distressed Prime Minister Attlee, himself one of Bevan's great admirers. It distressed all who admire the brains, vigour and sincerity of Bevan. And there is reason to believe that he himself regrets the outburst of spleen.

This quality of intellectual arrogance is the one thing that might keep him from the heights to which his courage, his ferocious vigour and his splendid qualities call him. "He is a magnificent fighter," said Attlee once, "but he hates too much."

Bevan is a passionate, determined and almost revolutionary Socialist, but he is one of the most resolute anti-Communists in the Labour movement. "Communism," he says, "is not the kind of socialism this country would ever stand for, because it is not democratic. The Tories use the

word democracy as a tool to cover reaction, but the Communists use it as a tool to wipe democracy off the slate altogether."

Whether he becomes Prime Minister or not, Aneurin Bevan will have a secure place in history as the chief builder and first administrator of Britain's national health service which guarantees complete medical care free of cost to every man, woman and child in the land. It is not hard to agree with him that this health service is, as he has said, "the greatest piece of capital investment in history." Who can calculate the wealth that is being created by the builder of a healthier and happier Britain?

The work of the Minister of Health in Great Britain includes housing—and in housing, as well as health. Bevan has done notable things since the war. Before the Labour victory in 1945, he had never held Government office of any kind; and when he held office at last, his task was the frightening one of solving the problem created by the destruction and damage of over a million houses during the war, and the serious deterioration of a million others. There was a desperate shortage of everything needed.

But in four years, no less than 750,000 families have been supplied with homes. Priority was given to the most needy, as one would expect in a civilized society but seldom sees. The resources of the building industry, manpower and materials were not allowed to go into the construction of new houses for the well-to-do, new luxury apartments, new movie theatres and country clubs. They were devoted entirely to capital investment in new power stations and so on, and to the building of houses for rent to the low-income groups.

And while attending vigorously and successfully to health and housing, Bevan has continued to act as one of the chief inspirers and spark-plugs of the Labour movement as a whole, and to make speeches of a brilliance which even his foes have had to applaud.

"Nye" Bevan is 52 years old. The son of a miner and one of a family of eight, he was born in the grim coal town of Tredegar in South Wales. The big family lived in a tiny, drab,

four-roomed cottage with a sanded floor, and seldom knew anything but grinding poverty. Aneurin and his brothers and sisters (with names like Myfanwy, Arianwen, Blodwyn, and Iorwerth) went to the local elementary school. One curious thing happened to him. He was left-handed, and was successfully taught to change over to his right hand—but in doing so he developed a slight stammer which he has to this day. (It detracts in no way from the flow and fire of his oratory).

At the age of 13 he was a miner, going down the pit every day for 10 hours—and almost at once the handsome, gifted boy became a social revolutionary. At 15 he was preaching revolt to his fellows. At 17 he was famous in the Welsh valleys as an agitating orator, and as many as 20,000 people would come to hear him speak. He won a scholarship to the Central Labour College in London and was marked down at once as a future leader of the movement. Two years later, back in Tredegar, he became a union leader and the chief of the Socialist majority on the local council.

He first showed his quality as a statesman in the famous general strike of 1926. The strike committee in the Welsh valley wanted victory even at the cost of violence, but Bevan would have none of it. "There must be no violence," he said. "This is to be passive resistance, but such resistance that we are bound to win. If you run into difficulties with the police you will outwit them, but never strike them. It is brains that will win our battles." That battle was not won. The strike was broken, largely by the efforts of Winston Churchill. But Bevan was on his way to Westminster. In 1929, at the age of 31, he was elected to Parliament for the constituency of Ebbw Vale, close to Tredegar; and he has held the seat ever since.

He became a national figure at once. And right from the beginning he and Winston Churchill got under each other's skins.

You need hear only one speech from Aneurin Bevan, if the occasion is a big one, to understand his power. He can be impassioned even on such subjects as housing and health, and he

always has absolute command of his subject. The fiery, glowing sentences come out, each more brilliant than the other, in cascades of magnificent phrases. He is one of the really great orators. Even Churchill cannot challenge him as a spell-binder. And it is no exaggeration to say that even Churchill is afraid of Bevan's repartee, not only because it is almost wickedly caustic and clever, but also because it is coldly logical. At times in the House of Commons I have seen Bevan win the enthusiastic applause of even the Conservatives—and they do not love him.

Sometimes his invective is too cruel, as when he called Lady Astor "a cheap-jack inflicting her rag-bag mind on the House."

And sometimes his chickens come home to roost. Taunting the Churchill Government once because of the shortage of coal and fish, he said:

"This island is built on coal and surrounded by fish. Only a miracle of organisation could produce a shortage of both." But there is still a shortage of coal.

Bevan uses the powerful bludgeon of his oratory to beat down opposition savagely, but by nature he is far from savage. He is one of the most sincere and honest reformers I know, obsessed with the grand vision of a new Britain in which health, happiness and the graces of life are open to all.

"The most shocking thing about capitalism," he says, "is the way it has wasted and squandered humanity, and so impoverished our countries. Think what a nation Britain will be in 20 years as a result of making health, education and social security the birth-right of every child! If we can make it go, we may well have a community superior mentally, culturally

and physically to any other in history."

The former pit-boy has himself added a deep culture to the rich personality with which he was endowed. He is a musician, a student of philosophy, a many-sided lover of life. His favourite recreation is a holiday in Italy with his wife, Jennie Lee, who is also a Socialist M. P. Jennie Lee who is as Scottish as "Nye" is Welsh, is one of the most charming and attractive women in the House of Commons, and its most eloquent woman speaker. The daughter of a Scottish miner, she was elected to Parliament when she was only 24.

Bevan, powerfully built and big with thick black hair and blazingly intense blue eyes in a heavy but handsome face, looks the part of the revolutionary—and sometimes still talks it. He has said he will be satisfied with nothing less than the "total destruction" of British capitalism and the obliteration of the Conservative Party. But high office is notoriously sobering. He does not rant and orate at Cabinet meetings. On the contrary he is one of Attlee's most helpful, co-operative and hard-working ministers, keeping his eyes on the ball and biding his time.

But what time?

Well, if things go smoothly for Britain, and if Labour stays in power, Bevan might follow Morrison or Cripps in the highest office, perhaps in 10 years or so.

If things went badly, if the present Government were forced into a coalition with the Conservatives, Bevan would lead the left-wing Socialists in opposition.

We can only guess about possibilities so far ahead. But it is pretty certain that Aneurin Bevan is cast for a leading role.

The Senate voted recently to refund \$100 fine to John M. Hart of Alcatraz, California, because the fine was too low. Hart, a bank robber, contended he should have been fined at least \$1000. In 1937 he was sentenced to 15 years in prison for bank robbery, and was fined \$100 on each of three counts. Hart paid the fines, but later he got to looking at the law. The legal minimum for the offence charged in one of the counts, he found, is \$1,000. He figured, therefore, that the \$100 fine was illegal and should be refunded. The trial court agreed and set the fine aside. To refund it, however, requires an act of Congress. The bill now goes to the House.—The New York Times.

CHRIST—A REVOLUTIONARY!

TODAY, all over the world, the Christians—and even the non-Christians—will celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of saviours of mankind and master spirits that ever lived.

And yet the mode of the celebrations is in such incongruous and glaring contrast with the personality and teachings of the humble-born revolutionary of ancient Judea that one wonders if even one in a thousand who will be celebrating Christmas today has the slightest knowledge of what Jesus stood for, what he preached, and why he was crucified.

JESUS CHRIST, AN ORIENTAL!

The Anglo-Saxons are proud of calling theirs the "Christian civilization" to distinguish it from the "heathen," un-Christian "ways of life" prevalent in the countries of the Orient. Indeed, the accident of religious growth has created the paradoxical situation that "Europeanism" has come to be identified with "Christianity"—while the historical truth is that Christ was an out-and-out Oriental, an Asiatic, a Semite.

Strange, indeed, that, while paying lip-service to the memory of this great Oriental, the people of Europe and America should arrogantly look down upon Orientals and Asiatics as "uncivilized heathens"!

On Christmas day, they might profitably pause and ponder that in accordance with the Social ritual built up by them in the name of "Christianity," Jesus Christ (were he alive today) would not be eligible to enter many an American university and most hotels in England and America. Indeed, he would not be eligible for immigration to U. S. A.! In a fashionable salon on the Fifth Avenue of New York or the West End of London he would be ridiculed and laughed at as a "Funny Oriental."

The race-obsessed Malanites of South Africa, of course, would never allow this subversive Asiatic a foothold on their Whiteman's Paradise; Christian Australia would not

admit him; the Nazis, of course, would condemn him to death as a Jew. The best clubs in Washington, London, even Bombay and Calcutta, would refuse even to consider his application for membership.

Christmas Day, therefore, is an appropriate occasion for the so-called "Christian world" to ponder over its un-Christian racial prejudice, colour complex and imperialist arrogance and, for once, to seek the original principles propounded by the great humanitarian who looked upon all the people, regardless of their colour or creed or race, as "Children of God."

DID INDIA INSPIRE CHRISTIANITY?

Little that is authentic is known about the life of Christ except what is given in the New Testament of the Bible. It is known, however, that he was born in Nazareth, the son of a humble proletarian carpenter, that he preached his "strange preachings" in Galilee and came to Jerusalem when he was over thirty. It was here that he was tried and sentenced by the Roman Governor, Pontius Pilate, and crucified.

Did Jesus, in his youthful wanderings and quest for the eternal truth, ever turn eastwards to India? All over Central Asia, in Kashmir and Ladakh and Tibet, there are legends current that Jesus (or Isa) travelled about there. In his *Glimpses of World History*, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru writes:

"Some people believe that he visited India also. It is not possible to say anything with certainty, and indeed most authorities who have studied the life of Jesus do not believe that Jesus came to India or Central Asia. But there is nothing inherently improbable in his having done so. In these days the great universities of India, specially

Takshashila in the north-west, attracted earnest students from distant countries and Jesus might well have come there in quest of knowledge. In many respects the teaching of Jesus is



so similar to Gautama's teaching that it seems highly probable that he was fully acquainted with it. But Buddhism was sufficiently known in other countries, and Jesus could well have known of it without coming to India."

What is important, therefore, is not the physical fact of Jesus having set foot on Indian soil but the far more important affinity between the gospel of Buddha and the gospel of Christ. Whether the one learnt from the other, or whether they arrived at the same truth through independent thinking and contemplation, is also immaterial. But one cannot but be impressed by the startling similarity between Buddha's abhorrence of violence and his humanitarian view of life, and Christ's doctrine of "turn the other cheek" as enunciated in his Sermon on the Mount.

GANDHIJI AND CHRIST

It was not surprising, therefore, that after his initial conventional prejudice against Christianity, Gandhiji should have come to see the beauty of truth in the life and teachings of Christ, and also been horrified by the un-Christian conduct of the so-called Christian nations. This is, in part, what he wrote on the subject:

"For many years I have regarded Jesus of Nazareth as one among the mighty teachers that the world has had.... I say to the Hindus that your lives will be incomplete unless you reverently study the teachings of Jesus.... The message of Jesus contained in the Sermon on the Mount.... If, then, I had to face only the Sermon on the Mount and my own interpretation of it, I should not hesitate to say "Oh, yes, I am a Christian." But I know that at the present moment if I said any such thing I would lay myself open to the gravest misinterpretation.... But negatively I can tell you that to my mind much of that which passes for Christianity is a negation of the Sermon on the Mount.... Do not confuse Jesus's teaching with what passes for modern civilization, as Christ said to us all, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' Forgive, and it shall be forgiven you. For with what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again'.... In spite of your

belief in the greatness of Western civilization, and in spite of your pride in all your achievements, I plead with you to exercise humility.... You cannot serve both God and Mammon."

COMRADE CHRIST:

While the ritual of the Church has sought to cover the personality and original purpose of Christ in a cloak of mystic symbols and metaphysical jargon, even the more rational and sincere followers of Christ have only underlined his doctrine of forgiveness, of tolerance, of goodness and of non-violence. Thus Christ has been made into a demi-god (or even God), a mystic, incomprehensible being, or at least a compassionate saint, preaching tolerance even of injustice and oppression and turning men's thoughts in the direction of the other world, the "Kingdom of Heaven." Not by accident the Church-State alliance has made Christ into a symbol of "other worldliness" and "Christian resignation" to social injustice, a bulwark of the political and social status quo.

Even a casual study of the life and teachings of Christ is enough to show that far from being a gilded saint as depicted in the stained-glass windows of fashionable churches, he was a proletarian carpenter who preached revolutionary doctrines, protested against the oppression of human imperialism, exposed and condemned the usurious practices of the "money-changers" (fore-runners of modern finance-capitalists) and forcibly turned them out of the temple, so that the house of God should not be polluted by the presence of the Men of Money.

When the Romans condemned Jesus Christ to be crucified, it was not a punishment for his religious "heresies." The Roman empire tolerated all religions—except the religion of social protest or political revolution. Emperor Tiberius had said, "If the Gods are insulted let them see to it themselves." It was not the religious or metaphysical issue that worried Pontius Pilate when he condemned Christ to death. He was sentencing a revolutionary and a rebel whose presence and preachings were becoming a menace to the security of the Roman Empire.

This revolutionary, proletarian aspect of Christ's life has been purposely kept hidden by the self-appointed guardians of the Church that was founded in his name. The irony of the name of this "Man of the People," this revolutionary, being exploited by the modern Romans and Pontius Pilates of the Twentieth Century is dramatically depicted in Upton Sinclair's remarkable and reverent fantasy, *They Call Me Carpenter*, which visualizes the humble Jesus approach in modern America, siding with leading workers on strike, and once again being lynched and crucified by the agents of Capitalism, branded as a "Communist agitator." (He wrote the novel many years ago, or surely, he would have depicted Christ being hauled up before the Un-American Committee). As the lynchers drag him to the second crucifixion, they shriek and yell. "Hi! Hi! The Bolsheviki prophet. Hi! Hi! The Bolsheviki prophet."

In a passage remarkable for its prophetic irony, Sinclair depicts Christ addressing a meeting, condemning the capitalists in these words:

"Go to now, you rich men, weep and howl for your miseries are coming upon you? Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten! Your gold and silver is cankered.... You have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold the hire of the labourers, who have reaped your fields; you have kept it back by fraud, and the cries of the reapers have entered into the ears of the Lord. You have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; you have nourished your hearts, as in the days of slaughter. You have condemned and killed the just—"

Someone in the audience shouts, "What kind of A God-damn Bolshevik

stunt is this?" And another answered, "Hush, dub. He is quoting from the Bible."

Let this same quotation, then be the toast as champagne is drunk and spilled tonight—in the name of a humble carpenter of Nazareth:

STRAWS IN THE WIND

"RANGOON: The Government of Burma has recognised Communist China."

"LONDON: It is generally believed that India would follow as the first Commonwealth member to recognize China."

"NEW DELHI: Informed sources say that Commonwealth countries have agreed to recognise Communist China simultaneously."—*News items published on the same day.*

"LUCKNOW: Some R. S. S. men clashed with organisers of a public meeting in support of the Hindu Code Bill.... Earlier, R. S. S. men made three unsuccessful attempts to break up the public meeting...."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"MADRAS: 'There was a time when people did not like policemen, but I know that the people are quite fond of the Police these days,' said Shree Rajagopalachari, the Governor-General, at a Navy Day party."

"PATNA: Addressing a gathering of students, Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, the Congress President, condemned the use of Western clothes by students after the attainment of independence."

"KOLLAPUR: The axe has fallen even on a deceased employee of the Public Works Department here. A notice was issued on Thursday against a certain Balakasar, who died six months ago. Of 87 clerks and lower-grade servants, the services of 60 have already been terminated and about 10 will go by the end of February."

An unhappy state of affairs in parts of the animal kingdom has been reported by game specialists attending the United Nations Scientific Conference on the Conservation and Utilization of Resources. Colorado is down to its last 26 bears, England's deer are having a tough time of it, and some of Sweden's foxes are running around with practically no fur on their backs. The situation was blamed on capitalism, the "myth of absolute ownership of land," socialism, the absence of the old large estates; and internationalism, the cross-breeding of Swedish foxes with black foxes imported from Norway.—*The New York Times.*

CZECHOSLOVAKIA TO-DAY

By KESHAV CHANDER

CZECHOSLOVAKIA was born on the Treaty table of Versailles. It was the final solution of Allied statesmen faced with the universal cry for emancipation of the Bohemian, Slovak and Moravian peoples from the despotic rule of the Austro-Hungarians. The immense strategic value of this piece of territory was recognised—had not Bismarck said, "Who is master of Bohemia is master of Europe"—and to safeguard the infant State and the security of Europe, the Czechs and Slovaks were forcibly united under one flag and into one nation. And so appeared on the map of the new world a little boot-shaped republic in the heart of Europe, destined to play a great role in European cultural life and politics.

In the twenty years after 1918 Czechoslovakia built up her industries till they were second only to the industrial might of the greater European powers. Skoda and C. K. D. became names as famous in the world of steel and high explosives as Vickers and Krupps. Beauty and culture were not forgotten. Bohemia still jealously guarded her reputation as the conservatory of Europe and as a home for all the finer arts. Education was made free for every child, man or woman, from the primary schools to the universities. The Sokol Athletic Movement became a burning brand of nationalism in the clear, free air of freedom. Czechoslovakia soon took her place as one of the finest democracies in a blase world. Then, in March 1938 came the betrayal, the fall and the darkness of oblivion.

In 1945 Czechoslovakia emerged from the night. The material damage in her territories was not great and much could be restored, but the mental and psychological scars on the mind and spirit of her people were a factor that, probably, time only could heal.

It was the Red Army that swept victoriously into Prague in May 1945, and thus set itself indelibly on the pages of Czech history as the liberators of the Republic. The psychological effect of this Red Army libera-

tion proved almost intoxicating to the shattered morale of the nation. The Russians with their fur jackets and food were hailed as "liberators." Tanks and memorials were donated by the victors as symbols of the liberation, to be set up and venerated in town squares. Teutonic butchers in S. S. uniforms were lined-up and shot without delay. Czechs were told of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth from which their "glorious liberators" came. The doors of the Czech Communist Party were thrown open and the scene for a General Election was staged. It was not surprising, therefore, that 47 per cent of the votes fell to the Communists. But it was only in January 1948, when the country was gradually returning to the pre-war *status quo*, when the Communists in the Coalition Government pulled off their *coup d'etat*, as was inevitable, with the balance of power so finely weighted. An unassuming, taciturn dictator came on the scene as President of the Republic, after Dr. Benes' death. Klement Gottwald was his name, and soon his portraits, photographs and name would be splashed all over the country with a great deal of red paint and red bunting. In less than one year the scene had changed. In 1949 Czechoslovakia was the main bastion behind the Iron Curtain—important, because she was the first heavily-industrialised State to accept Communist leadership.

Before the war, Czechoslovakia boasted of the highest standard of living in Europe, and the Czechs will tell you that they were known as the "Yankces of Europe." They will also tell you nostalgically of the number of shoes and suits each of them once had and the cars they owned. Now, in 1949, one came across shortage of goods, phenomenally high prices, short rations, suspicion and a dead hopelessness. The delicately-balanced economy of the country has been upset.

Czechoslovakia, like Britain, depends on a steady stream of imports of raw materials and food to ensure an un-



—Photo by K. C. Raghavan.
President Klement Gottwald and other Ministers taking the salute on May Day, 1949, in the Wenceslas Square, Prague

hampered flow of exports in the way of manufactured, finished products. But to-day, her political position and her chess-play on the board of Europe is gradually shutting out her Western markets and her Western sources of raw materials. She has tried to rectify her position as best as possible by a series of trade agreements with other countries in the Eastern Bloc. However, it is asserted by critics that one of the main impediments in the fulfilment of her rapid reconstruction is the implementation of her 20-year pact with Soviet Russia, wherein she promised to supply the latter with manufactured goods, often as not, below world prices, as a gesture of friendship and gratitude.

Shortage of goods and a serious deterioration in their quality has also been the result of the mass eviction of the one to two million Sudeten Germans, who, it is true, had never regarded themselves as citizens of the Republic. Their deportment to Germany has created a scarcity of skilled workmen and factory bosses. This is

especially a complex problem in Sudetenland which is a heavily industrialised area. Sudetenland to-day is an empty hulk of whole villages falling into ruin, gaping houses and sleepy, deserted spas. Unfortunately, resettlement in these territories has been attempted in a very leisurely manner.

In the new People's Republic, concerns of almost every type have been nationalised indiscriminately under the new laws. No shop, hotel, cafe, factory or mill, employing more than 10 persons has been left in the hands of private enterprise. But, though the State has made ambitious attempts at a wholesale re-organisation of industry, the fact remains that output and quality have been falling off. The loyal staff and managers of the old regime have been dispensed with as politically unreliable, party-approved men replacing them, very few of whom have the experience of labour organisation or the wide vision necessary for planning. Even Government administrative departments suffer from the constant changing and shifting of Secretaries and Ministers.

A story which carries with it the cynical humour of the times is current in Prague. It tells of a factory manager who went to a certain Ministry of the "People's Republic" to obtain a few permits. He was shown into the Deputy Minister's office, and after introducing himself explained matters to the official, who surprisingly replied, "You have an excellent pair of shoes on! Could you tell me where you purchased it?" The manager satisfied the official's curiosity, whereupon the kindly official told him that he was afraid he could do nothing except to admit him into the presence of the Minister himself. He soon was explaining the position to the Minister, who surprised him with, "You wear a well-tailored suit. Pray tell me who is your tailor?" The manager, though taken aback, gave the Minister the name of his tailor, and he was then told that his business could only be handled by another department and he was advised to try there. Back in the lift which took him down, the despondent manager was asked by the lift-operator whether he had got his permits. He

related the extraordinary results of his interviews. The man thereupon told the manager to trust him with the necessary papers and he would see if he could do anything in the matter. A few minutes later the man returned with the signatures and permits. He explained to the astounded manager, "The Deputy Minister admired your shoes, because, he was only, till recently, a shoe-maker; the Minister admired your suit, because he was, until lately a tailor; I knew how to get your business done, because I was, until the other day, the Minister!"

A CORRECTION

In the article on "Popular Government in Hyderabad" by K. S. S. which appeared in our issue dated December 10, 1949, the second sentence in the second para should read: "Judged from this standpoint, even a nominated Government may be said to be popular if it enjoys the confidence of the public while an elected Government may be unpopular, as for example, the Madras Government." —Ed.

SWATANTRA

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

ENGLISH
Rs. Twenty
Rs. Ten
Annas Six

Yearly
Half Yearly
Single Copy.

TELUGU
Rs. Twelve
Rs. Six
Annas Four

ADVERTISEMENT RATES

THE RATES APPLY BOTH TO ENGLISH & TELUGU

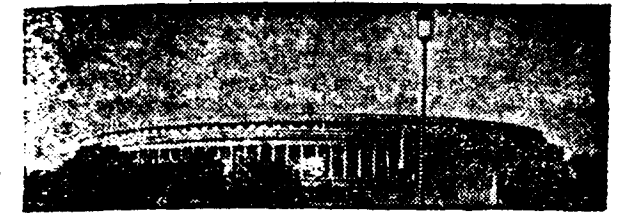
	Full page	Half page	Quarter page
	Rs.	Rs.	Rs.
Casual	80	45	25
Contract (24 insertions and above for a year)	60	35	20

For further details, apply to:

MANAGER, SWATANTRA,

160, Lloyds Road, Madras-14.

NEW DELHI DIARY



THE Minority Report of Dr. Oldrich Chyle, Czechoslovakian delegate on the Kashmir Commission, has thrown new light on the efforts of the U. N. C. I. P. to solve the Kashmir dispute. The exposure of the "Arbitration Scheme" as a calculated political manoeuvre of interested powers has made New Delhi think furiously of the real implications of the Kashmir Commission's decisions. Dr. Chyle's report has surprised New Delhi; but it has come as a bombshell to London, Washington and Lake Success. The main charge of Dr. Chyle is that the Kashmir Commission has so far proved to be an instrument of policy of certain great powers. Of course, he means Britain and America. He maintains that both Prime Minister Attlee and President Truman were getting precise and timely information from the Kashmir Commission on the progress of the negotiations which made possible a synchronised action by the heads of the two Governments in support of the "arbitration" appeal of the Kashmir Commission. In fact, he holds that the secret "arbitration" offer of the Commission was known to America and Britain long before it was presented to India and Pakistan as a solution. The choice of Admiral Nimitz too was the result of a concerted policy of the two Governments in regard to the dispute of Kashmir. Dr. Chyle concludes that only a new mediation organ "untrammelled by any outside influence" can effect a real solution. He, therefore, suggests a new Kashmir Commission, composed of the eleven members of the Security Council.

Now, these are grave charges, involving the integrity of the Kashmir Commission and also the policies of the Governments of Britain and America. Political observers in Delhi, who have studied the Minority Report of Dr. Chyle closely, are of the opi-

nion that several points raised therein are appropriate and call for explanation. It seems clear now in retrospect that when the choice of Admiral Nimitz was made for the post of Plebiscite Administrator, it was done so not so much with the intention of allotting him that particular work but to assign to him the all-embracing task of arbitrator with wide powers. The name of Admiral Nimitz was no doubt accepted by the Government of India and Pakistan. But till to-day no one has cared to find out how his name came to be accepted by the two Governments and as to where the original choice lay. Surely, India cannot claim any knowledge of the political qualities of Admiral Nimitz for the post of a Plebiscite Administrator. All that one has read or heard about him in this country is connected with his achievements in the Pacific Ocean when he was in charge of the U. S. Fleet. From Pacific seas to mountainous Kashmir was, indeed, a big jump --big even for an admiral.

There were many, therefore, in New Delhi who were surprised at the appointment of Admiral Nimitz as Plebiscite Administrator and equally surprised at the ready acceptance of his name by India and Pakistan. Other names might have been considered by the Kashmir Commission or the Security Council, but the task was essentially and exclusively political demanding a strong political mind. To our knowledge no name of an experienced administrator or politician with international repute was seriously thought of. What special experience the Admiral could lay claim to in the organisation of a plebiscite none has cared to explain, except perhaps that his name was likely to find acceptance of both India and Pakistan.

Dr. Chyle, in his Minority Report, opposed the appointment of Admiral Nimitz as Arbitrator, after the original

intention of the Commission to make him the Plebiscite Administrator was given up. India fortunately, opposed the idea of arbitration even for the first time when it was suggested by the Kashmir Commission supported by appeals from President Truman and Prime Minister Attlee. Pandit Nehru rejected the idea outright notwithstanding the fact that the proposal had the official backing of both America and Britain. He gave away the whole scheme and his reactions were available at a public meeting in Allahabad much to the surprise of the heads of the two Governments and to the annoyance of Pakistan, which had expected Pandit Nehru to toe the Anglo-American line.

Pakistan was too eager to accept the arbitration proposal. It was then stated by some that Pandit Nehru's visit to U. S. A. might not prove as successful as planned, because he was going to America after turning a deaf ear to the personal appeal of President Truman to solve the Kashmir dispute. The fear has not come true. If anything, Pandit Nehru's visit to America and Britain appears to have helped Messrs. Attlee and Truman to understand the problem in its right perspective and to know fully the viewpoint of India. In fact, Pandit Nehru strongly defended India's stand on Kashmir in London at a press conference on his way back home.

Dr. Chyle's Minority Report, really serves to fill the gaps in the chronological picture of the Kashmir Commission's efforts to solve the dispute between India and Pakistan. Now, it may be asked as to why, of all the members, the Czechoslovak delegate should choose to strike a different note and condemn the proceedings of the Commission as biased and influenced by the two Big Powers. This needs little explaining. Czechoslovakia belongs to the Russian sphere of influence and the Government constituted in that country is Communist-dominated, if not wholly Communist. Russia's point of view on the Kashmir dispute has never been known, even through normal diplomatic channels. Since Czechoslovakia was nominated by India (this was before the Communist coup) to be on the Kashmir Commission, the Russian point of view or the point of view of the third

Power could be known only through that country. Political observers here are, therefore, inclined to treat the views expressed by Dr. Chyle as representing to a large extent the official Soviet policy. It may not be out of place to mention here the fact that Dr. Chyle's predecessor on the Kashmir Commission, Dr. Joseph Korb, resigned from the Commission, and sought refuge in the United States. In a statement after his resignation he declared that as he was unwilling to follow the dictates of the Soviet foreign policy in regard to Kashmir, he was compelled to resign from the Commission. He also stated that, as Moscow was displeased with him, his Government at Prague, which was dominated by Moscow, ordered the expression of the Soviet point of view or in the alternative resignation from the Commission. He chose the latter course. It is not surprising that Czechoslovakia should have now figured as a bitter critic of the U.N.C.I.P.'s method of approach to the Kashmir dispute. In simple terms it is power politics in Kashmir, which is clearly delaying the settlement. India and Pakistan appear to be playing minor roles in the diplomatic manoeuvrings while actually it is their case which is before the Security Council and the United Nations. The Kashmir Commission has been trying to please both the parties or one at a time. The net result is that we have not gone beyond "cease-fire" in the State, while political tension is mounting all along the borders of Kashmir both on the West and the East.

January 1, 1949 brought about cease-fire in Kashmir. What will January 1950 bring? Whether or not a final solution to the Kashmir dispute will be announced on that date, it seems clear that the problem will be approached from an entirely new angle and it is possible that a new Commission will come into the scene with an entirely new mandate and terms of reference from the Security Council. Whatever happens, war will not be renewed in Kashmir, because it will not be allowed to be renewed. It is true that reports of feverish war preparations from the Pakistan side of the border reach New Delhi and the people of Kashmir have got to remain on the alert for some time.

more. But actual fighting will not be resorted to since Pakistan has come to realise that it is not in its interest now to think of a military trial of strength when it is far safer to succeed through pressure of diplomatic channels. The Prime Minister of Kashmir, Sheikh Abdullah, is now in Lake Success. He is assisting Mr. Girija Shankar Bajpai of the External Affairs Ministry to argue the case before the Security Council. From all available indications, one can draw the conclusion that the new year will witness yet another spell of armed peace in Kashmir. The political deadlock will remain and the efforts of mediation will continue through new organs of the Security Council during the coming year.

The visit of U Maung to New Delhi has spot-lighted Indo-Burmese co-operation in the light of political developments in Asia. The Burmese Foreign Minister came to Delhi not to seek any help, financial or military, to combat local uprisings in the northern districts of Burma. He came to con-

sult Pandit Nehru on urgent political matters arising from the total loss of China's mainland to the Communists. Burma has already recognised Red China. Since India cannot hold back recognition for long, it was natural that leaders of the two countries should exchange views on the subject. Burma is on the border of China and it is futile for her to think of any policy in regard to Red China without taking into account India's views. To Burma the problem is one of urgency and even though she is out of the Commonwealth she is still part and parcel of the Commonwealth defence set-up. Burma, it should be remembered, has for her help the Anglo-Burmese Defence Treaty. She has been invited to participate in the Colombo talks even though she is not a member of the Commonwealth. Pakistan has not so far shown any anxiety in regard to the developments in China, but she too cannot hope to defer the decision on China's developments for long. The visit of Mao Tse-tung, Communist leader of China, to Moscow has also been taken note of by New Delhi.

"PLATO'S PHILOSOPHER-STATESMAN"

Describing to a friend the impression made by Pandit Nehru in America, the Rev. Father J. D'Souza writes:

PANDIT NEHRU...made a great impression everywhere. This was due above all to the courage and sincerity with which he spoke on all occasions. He knew that his consistent refusal to join the anti-Soviet block openly and in a kind of military alliance would not be acceptable to many. But even those who were disappointed liked his frank speaking. I cannot pretend that they understood and appreciated all the reasons of India's apparent neutrality. This needs to be explained patiently and as often as possible. I have been trying to do a little in this line myself. America is really democratic in this sense that free speech is appreciated and does not offend.

Another thing which pleased and surprised people in the States was Pandit Nehru's dignified statement that India had not come to beg but to

make, if possible, friendly arrangements which would be useful to both parties. This dignified attitude was favourably commented on by more than one paper. I was present at several functions where Pandit Nehru spoke. The deeply reflective turn of his mind and his perfect English charmed his audiences. After his beautiful speech at Columbia University, where he received a Doctor's Degree, a gentleman who was sitting near me—a clever young artist—said to me that this was the realization of Plato's ideal of a philosopher and statesman combined.

We have much to learn from the U. S. and I feel sure that Pandit Nehru's visit by cementing the friendship between these countries, will enable us to profit by America's immense knowledge of scientific and industrial organization. Moreover, I think Pandit Nehru discovered what I could not help noticing in America, that it is not all materialism that is reigning here as some people pretend.

SIDELIGHTS : :

No ashes are lighter than those of incense, and few things burn out sooner.—LANDOR.

THE Governor-General, Sri C. Rajagopalachari, did not make a good impression in his recent visit to Madras. In several of his speeches, the dignity pertaining to the high office of Head of State was lacking. At Vizag he warmly commended the Maharaja of Bhavnagar for his courtesy, breeding and good taste. "Look at His Excellency," he said. "He has come all the way from Madras to receive me at the very threshold of the province. Now, would a commoner have done that?" This sort of disparagement of commoner for the sake of illustrating the superiority of the blue blooded aristocracy must have taken the breath away of most listeners. It stamped the G. G., himself a "commoner," with an odd snobbery. Nor was it fair to the Maharaja either. Sir Archibald Nye was a shrewd and brilliant Governor of indefatigable energy with a gift of friendship for all and sundry. He was not an easy man to succeed as Governor, but the Maharaja overcame all initial adverse impressions by means of a certain stolid refusal to "show off," which in time acquired the power and influence of a "character." It was also revealed to people that he was completely free from the standoffishness of the aristocrat to the manner born. The gift of moving with commoners as one of them with no trace of any offensive consciousness of rulership rights, has been the secret of his immense popularity and of his social and political success. Rajaji missed the soul of things good in his manner of rendering honour to the Governor.

Then, in the same speech, by way of counselling patience he brought in the story of a woman with child. She had to wait before she could deliver, he said. Would it be any use, he asked, if in the seventh month, she refused to wait any more and said, "Doctor, doctor, let me have the baby

at once now." Not one mother in a million would act in the manner indicated by the G. G., and what he spoke was not elevating. Neither was it instructive. It was not humour but bathos. He should have chosen an apter example to emphasise the dangers of impatience.

In the city Rajaji spoke of age and of the Presidentship of the Republic. When he spoke of himself as old, he somehow gave the impression that he was thinking of others who were older. After that, his references to retirement failed to convince. They seemed like a challenge to the older ones to retire first. The old scintillating wit is no longer evident in Rajaji's utterances now. It has given place to laboured effort to produce effect. He did positive dis-service by allowing himself to be used to bless Gandhinagar, a dismal perversion of so-called co-operative effort that has ended in regrets and loss to 99 per cent of the unfortunates inveigled into it.

The truth about Gandhinagar was published in an earlier issue of SWATANTRA. Nothing ever printed in this journal elicited so many telephone calls as that did, from victims gratified that, at last, some description of the misery to which they had been subjected should have found at least some measure of publicity. The injury done is not a matter of opinion. The badly constructed houses are there for all to see. If the architect of all this grand handiwork does not deign to answer the charges publicly made, is it the function of the G. G., after the perfunctory inspection of a conducted visit, to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for him by issuing a certificate of merit in his favour? Will it make the walls straight, set right the cracks, or recompense the mulcted for their losses?

At the function at which the beauties of Gandhinagar were advertised with the aid of the Governor-General, Sri Gopala Reddi is reported to have

said that it was all a "miracle" due to Sri Venkataswami Naidu. Not the least of the miracles of this world is the Finance Minister himself. He gave an exhibition of what a prodigy in knowledge he was on the morrow after devaluation when he declared, in an interview to *The Mail*, that "of course this might mean some more money by way of payments of pensions in U. K."! What if there were no such things as sterling pensions after the capitalised payment in full

settlement made out of our sterling balances in Sri Shanmukham Chetty's period of office? Such trifles do not come within the ken of our blithe Finance Minister. His sense of duty is not less impressive than his equipment. Of this he gave fine proof after he was appointed member of the Andhra Partition Committee. While the Committee was holding its first meeting, he was opening a cinema house at Tanuku! Kind calls to kind. One miracle to another.—SAKA.

SCANDALOUS

By AN EX-PERMANENT SERVANT

I brought to light some time back the provisions of the Financial Account Code and drew public attention to what are known as the canons of financial propriety. Ordinarily one would expect the Minister of Finance to apply the provisions of the Financial Account Code and hold the official concerned responsible for what is known as the 'Radium Scandal.' But nothing has been heard about it.

You have done a great public service by focussing attention on another scandal. You have published the entire correspondence relating to the scandalous manner in which a Government lorry was sold to a permanent servant over whose signature a private tender for Rs. 500 had been already accepted. The fact that the private tender had been accepted is clear from the correspondence. It is not revealed as to when the Assistant Secretary to Government in question, did make his tender. If it was anterior to the date of the private tender, how was the private tender accepted over his own signature?

The Press Communique issued by the Government does not add to the prestige of our Ministry. A case is attempted to be made out that the book value of the lorry was practically nothing and that the Government were anxious to get whatever they could get for it. The usual depreciation has been taken into account in order to reach the conclusion that the lorry was not worth anything. If this analogy is to be extended to other Government properties their book value would be nil. Would the Minister of Finance dispose of them for a song? What should be taken into account is obviously their market value. When the market value of the lorry is clearly Rs. 5,000 the official estimate is a negligible figure. Can the official who estimated the current cost so low, be considered as one who has got the interest of the Government at heart?

Indeed, every permanent servant would be ashamed of this incident. A vast majority of them would feel that permanent servants who resort to such practices should have been sacked forthwith without compunction; if the Ministry has done so, it would have added to the honour of the permanent servants. The way in which the Ministry has sought to defend the action of permanent servants who have adopted subterfuge against the interests of Government, can only tend to further demoralise the permanent services. If people complain that the permanent service is fast deteriorating in character, the Ministry should accept full responsibility therefor. Unless and until firm action is taken against the permanent servants who depart from the path of honour and duty, it would only be a question of time before they develop a character unworthy of servants of the State.

I may here add that a veteran permanent servant who had occupied some of the highest positions in India told me that he, as an old official, felt ashamed that Government servants should have been encouraged to descend to such low levels, as in these instances.

The Press as a body should have taken up the question of the Finance Minister having characterised SWATANTRA as "mischievous." The only fault which SWATANTRA committed was to reveal the scandalous facts of the case to the public. The facts are admitted. How dare the Finance Minister take advantage of his position in the Legislature and characterise SWATANTRA as mischievous? The Editor would be justified in challenging him to make such statements from a public platform and to face the consequences; granting for the moment that what he did say on the floor of the house came within the four corners of the 'privilege' of the House.

U. N. FOURTH GENERAL ASSEMBLY

By P. G. KRISHNIAH

LAKE SUCCESS: The fourth General Assembly of the United Nations is passing into history. Its President, Gen. Carlos Romulo of the Philippines, expressed the hope when it began that it would be written down as the peace assembly. But you can write it down instead as the same restless uneasy assembly of the past four years, chilled by the cold war and deeply troubled by the atom bomb. And you can write it down as the assembly in which Russia counter-attacked in the cold war and kept its Foreign Minister, Andrei Vishinsky, talking almost to the last moment, the only Big Five Foreign Minister to sit out the meeting. While Vishinsky made a record number of speeches at Lake Success and Flushing, U. S. Secretary of State Acheson presided over the Atlantic Pact meeting in Washington, journeyed to Europe for talks with Bevin of Britain and Schuman of France, went to see the Germans at Bonn and Frankfurt. And high U. S. military officials also visited Germany while Field Marshal Montgomery visited the U. S. This was the assembly which began on the day President Truman announced the atomic explosion in Russia and Britain devalued the pound. It was marked by rejection of Russia's demand for a Big Five non-aggression pact and the revelation of Russia's atomic programme for peacetime use. It was a session which failed to conciliate East and West on the Greek issue; held off on the major question of China; maintained the atomic deadlock; elected with U. S. backing, dissident Communist Yugoslavia to the Security Council and turned down all of Russia's resolutions in favour of those proposed by the Western majority.

For all these discouraging symptoms of deeper entrenchment of West and East in their hostile positions and continued charges of Western preparations for war, the U. N. emerged with growing strength and firm long range hopes. On the positive side, its

achievements in the economic and social fields, less publicized because they make less dramatic headlines, were substantial. It put on record for the first time the theory that States are responsible for maintaining full employment in the interest of world economic security. It recommended a major plan for economic aid to under-developed areas, the details of which are to be worked out. It set up a Middle Eastern "WPA" which will take care of Arab refugees and thus ease the pressure on the Holy Land. And it set up a colonial watch-dog committee over bitter protests of the colonial powers to shed light on what is going on in the colonies of member States. It heard President Truman dedicate its East River headquarters as an act of faith in progress toward world co-operation and understanding. Sometimes Soviet proposals were turned down because they were obviously unacceptable to the majority, such as the formal charges that the U. S. and Britain are preparing for war against Russia. Sometimes they were turned down merely because they were put forward by Russia, as the Soviet demand for prohibition of the atom bomb, which had the sympathy but not the votes of many delegates. In a cold war it is considered a sign of weakness to accept even a valid proposal if it comes from the other side.

The Russians voted for some of the West resolutions. The West returned the compliment on some minor resolutions. Lake Success continued to be an area where all was either black or white. No intermediate colours could be found. This was the first U. N. Assembly to be televised, and as a result the face and oratorical manner of Andrei Vishinsky became known to more Americans than in any previous Assembly. There was another reason, too. From the first to the last, he made more speeches than any other delegate. He was talking when the Assembly began, and he kept on talking into the last

hours. He talked brilliantly, because he is a spell-binder. It may not seem so when you read translations of what he said, or even when you hear him via a rapid free translator trying to keep pace with him. But the fact is that in few instances did he fail to attract a full house. The delegates always rush to hear him, because they never can tell when he will turn on his wit and sarcasm. Although he may rant and hurl epithets, he is never dull. The press does not pass him up either, because there is no telling when he will provide a choice headline. He has a way of injecting new material into old speeches. And when he is in good spirits, he has a warm ingratiating manner. It was no accident that Britain's Hector McNeill, in swapping Russian fables with him likened him to a snake, but a snake with the voice of a nightingale. Vishinsky made about 15 major speeches and a series of minor ones, not to speak of innumerable sallies of shorter duration, either of rebuttal or points of order. The question is: Why did he talk so much? Why did he go through a full length speech in committee outlining Russia's position and then do the same (with considerable variation in substance, however) before the plenary session at Flushing? The answer is simple. He represents a minority in the United Nations and minorities have to keep talking. The majority, sure of its vote, does not have to talk much. Vishinsky had to talk because he had to get a hearing for Russia in the West where his country does not get a favourable press. And he had to talk to counterbalance those 40 to 50 odd votes that always were stacked against him. No wonder that in one speech he complained, "We keep hitting you with facts and you keep hitting us with votes."

One interesting feature of the Russian speeches, which were always followed by full dress speeches by the other Slav States, was that they were in debating style, as compared with the rather dry speeches of the Western delegates. Few delegates, with the exception of McNeill of Britain, bothered to answer many of the arguments advanced by the East. The Eastern speeches were documented to the hilt, with quotations from the

American and British Press, some of dubious validity, some crying out for reply, some painfully irrefutable. But few systematic efforts were made to answer them. You do not have them to be answered if you have the votes. You can just let the other side talk itself out.

The U. S. has an interesting set-up at U. N. for answering the Russians. Spontaneity in debate is not an attribute of the State Department. American speeches are the product of many hands and have a kind of stolid unidentifiable quality about them; they are full of words like implementation, maximum local autonomy, *status quo ad hoc*, and all the flowering verbiage of the U. N. They are clear and cogent, but seldom witty. Often, when they have to be read by someone like Warren Austin or Benjamin Ochen, they sound a little like some well-cogitated sermon to be endured by a long suffering congregation or a business letter being dictated aloud by a boss seeking to impress his secretary. Being carefully prepared and inflexibly delivered, they often do not answer the immediate arguments of the debating Slavs. To get around this, the State Department public relations staff, headed by the versatile and talented Porter McKeever, seek to get some life into the dead words by holding a press conference immediately after a major Vishinsky speech so that the rebuttal at least gets into the press together with the offending discourse. Vishinsky complained of this one day. He said: "When we give you facts you are silent. In committee you lapse into reticence and after the meeting you gather a press conference and then criticize Russians." Imaginative, epigrammatic, replete with proverbs and fables drawn from Russian literature, Vishinsky's speeches reflect a highly sophisticated culture rather than down-to-earth proletarianism. At his worst, he could be crude and insulting as when he attacked the Chinese delegation as pygmies. However great his contempt for the fallen and discredited Chiang Kai-shek, this was more than an insult to Western ears. You do not hit a fellow when he is down and virtually out as the Nationalist delegation is at the United Nations.

FILM fare

"LITTLE WOMEN"

THE Little Women are Meg, Jo, Amy and Beth, the daughters of a Mr. March in Concord, Massachusetts, an Army parson who intrudes into the action of the story only in a couple of brief interludes, and the rest of the time stays wrapped in a cellophane wrapper of worshipful mystery behind scenes—presumably praying for the souls of soldiers. Meg is slim and pretty, sews beautifully and does not worry about her future. Jo, short for Josephine, is turbulent, boyish, ambitious and fretting under conventions. Amy is empty-headed, vain, and stupid. Beth is the gentlest, sweetest little thing, delicate, shy and quiet. The mother is the type who goes about dispensing light and cheer everywhere and doing Good Works

which mostly take the form of helping to bring babies of impoverished coloured people into the world. Into this plentitude of femininity gingerly steps the Boy Next Door, Laurie, very rich, very boyish and very, very nice.

And so the tale goes on about four girls and a boy, their troubles, their tears, their heartaches, their rudenesses, their unselfishnesses and ends in the perfect Victorian manner. Meg gets married with a glowering Jo acting as bridesmaid; Amy goes to Europe with the acidulous Aunt March and there marries Laurie, who heart-broken because Jo had jilted him, is an easy catch; Beth goes to the good angels and Josephine writes a book and eventually marries the Professor who taught her to write books. You know the story. It was all the rage at the turn of the century. Louis May Alcott belonged to the tradition which Jane Austen had set up earlier. But the characters bred up as they were in the hot-house of Victorian conventions, seem quaint now and unreal, which perhaps is the reason why the film lacks impressiveness. The story moves so sluggishly it is unbearable unless we are able to remember from time to time that living was more leisurely in those days and life more uneventful and people less restless. The film is all too, too sweet, like a Christmas card, as prettified, and as inanimate. Or like waxworks. Or a quaint museum piece, or a snapshot album which contains old photographs and which we like to thumb thro' in sentimental retrospection. Technicolor makes the honey more viscous.

June Allyson comes out easily with top honours. Her sparkle is undeniable, her instinct for acting and her movements faultless. She is the least

June Allyson as "Jo" and Rossano Brazzi as "Prof. Bhaer" in "Little Women".



pretty of the four stars and she is the most lovable. Her spontaneity and unself-consciousness—two characteristics which, more than mere beauty make for a great actress—were apparent even in her first picture, with Van Jonson, "Two Girls and a Sailor," and now she is even better. Her face is mobile and answers to every shade of emotion and her heart is in her character. Margaret O'Brien is a trooper about whom approving comment would be superfluous. Janet Leigh and Elizabeth Taylor, two of the up and coming younger stars of Hollywood may one day become well-known and famous but have to be groomed and acting ability cultivated in them. June Allyson's natural flair for acting is absent in these newcomers. Peter Lawford as Laurie is as delectable as a wolf in sheep's clothing. A Victorian young boy is, one should suppose, the role least suited to this charming young man with the gleam in the eye.

THE GIRL FROM JONES BEACH

IT is a long time indeed since we saw a refreshingly amusing comedy like this M. G. M. production. The story deals with the efforts of impoverished promoter Chuck Donovan (Eddie Bracken) and artist Bob Randolph (Ronald Reagan) to sign pretty Ruth Wilson (Virginia Mayo) to a television contract which was going to bring them all a hunk of yellow trash. But Ruth is a high-brow school-teacher who is more interested in her mind and that of others than in materialistic, earthy things. Quite a commendable trait, of course, except that she has a figure after looking at which men find it very hard to think about her mind. That is the initial obstacle in Bob Randolph's way. He enrolls in her night adult education classes and has difficulty in concentrating his attention on the generals in the American Civil War. Ruth in due course thaws and discovers, much to her chagrin, that she is not able to pay much attention to her mind while Bob is about. With feminine perversity she worries because Bob is self-confessedly in love with her "beautiful mind." In the meanwhile matters come to



Richard Stapley, Peter Lawford (standing) and Janet Leigh in a scene from "The Girl from Jones Beach".

a head when Chuck releases some publicity shots of Ruth as the Randolph Girl and her School Board promptly dismisses her. A newly mature Ruth comes out of her self-imposed cocoon and decided to kill two birds with one stone, appeal against the School Board's decision in court and open Bob's eyes to other charms she had beside a "beautiful mind." And so clad in a bathing-suit and without her mind showing any, she ascends the witness-box as Exhibit A in a court scene which is such a farce nobody can take it seriously. The Judge reinstates her in school and Bob, his apparent blindness to her charms quite ended, rectifies his previous omission in the usual way.

Virginia Mayo has, I think, found her forte. She can hereafter give serious drama the go-by and take to light comedy for which she displays a talent entirely hidden so far. Ronald Reagan makes a husky, romantic young artist. Eddie Bracken, as the hounded promoter obsessed by a suicide-mania, overdoes his role. Dona Drake is perfect as Chuck's pert and empty-headed friend.—S. R.

Letters To The Editor

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

The Hindu Code Bill.

Conservatism has gray hairs and a venerable look. It is shy of the sunshine of the outer world. From pallid parchments of a bygone age it quotes authority as to why nothing should move forward. But in spite of this custodian of the archaic and the obsolete, mankind has marched ahead from the days of clay-lamps and cave dwellings to the era of flood-lighted cities. While praying for the peace of its soul, let us pass the Hindu Code Bill into law and mark another milestone of our progress!

Moyar, The Nilgiris. SAMANANDA.

Presidentship Of The Republic.

The remark that "For the office of the President the aptest choice after C. R. would be Dr. Ambedkar" made by Saka, comes almost as a bolt from the blue.

Saka seems to consider Dr. Ambedkar to be a good choice, on account of his being "foremost among the architects of the Constitution." Obviously it did not suit his purpose to mention that Dr. Ambedkar has of late indulged in a "pre-judiced outburst" against Indian villages. This being the sort of Gandhian ideology the Doctor has chosen to follow, I do not know why Saka should be so fond of him.

Again, if Saka could recommend him for the office of the President, on account of his capacity as a leading constitutionalist, I don't know what prevented him from choosing Dr. Rajen Babu on the same basis.

V. P. DIKSHITHULU.

"Art And Artifice"

Anent your article on "Art and Artifice" appearing in SWATANTRA dated December 17, should the mere artifice of adding three more strings to the four stringed violin alone entitle a gentleman to the Presidentship of the Music Academy? You might as well learn that the 'Strad' violin with its four strings is the 'Ecce Homo' for its violin tone; and God has not created another Antonio Stradivarius in the last three centuries. It might interest you to know that scientific research on the making of violins is being conducted, as the art of making 'Strads' has been lost to the world. (Vide the journal, "Research" Vol. 2 No. 5, of May 1949.) Your article seems to ventilate the writer's private preferences, and those writing in the past on music in your journal do not also seem to me to command any respect from connoisseurs of the musical art.

C. S. AYYAR

Film Footage

No right thinking cine-goer would ever quarrel with the Government of India for their decision fixing 11000 feet as the maximum length of a film. On the other hand one cannot but appreciate such a restriction. While the rest of India has accepted this decision ungrudgingly, Madras alone has lodged a protest. They have advanced curious arguments and pleaded for a relaxation. The recommendations of the Madras Government were found unacceptable by the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting and they have made their previous decision absolute. This has caused great annoyance in the South Indian film circles. This has also given rise to debates, discussions, and vigorous and vehement attacks against the Government of India. To say that the film industry in India is 'infant' is in fact an insult to our intelligence. It has developed adequately enough to occupy the second place in the whole world. While many other important and very useful industries have not improved in any manner whatsoever, the film industry has made excellent progress. When will the South Indian film producers please understand that the public are not of their view? The value or the worth of a film will be assessed not on its length but on its contents, on the colour, character, composition and theme. Cannot good and useful films be produced of shorter lengths? Is not the length permitted by the Centre sufficient to bring out beautiful and useful films? From an ordinary film visitor's point of view, may I say that in the interests of the public at large this restriction on film footage is highly desirable?

S. V. SURYANARAYANA.
Vizianagaram.

Communal G. O. After Jan. 26

I would appeal to the enlightened public of this province to address themselves to the following questions: Is not the communal G. O. of the Madras Government repugnant to the provisions of the new Constitution Act and should it not be deemed to be null and void after January 26? If the Madras Government continues to enforce the communal G. O. after January 26, will it not be guilty of disobedience to the statutory enactment of the Central Government and thereby render themselves liable to be hauled up in a court of law?

Cuddalore. N. GOPALAN B.A. B.L.



RELEASING ON

JAN 14th

JUPITER

Krishna Vijayam

THE GORGEOUSLY PRODUCED
STORY OF MYTHOLOGICAL'S MOST
POPULAR DRAMA....

DIRECTION
SUNDER RAO NARAYAN
STUDIO CENTRAL

FOR ALL VARIETIES OF AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY OF THE BEST ENGLISH MAKE

Needed for Growing More Food

1. NATIONAL DIESEL OIL ENGINES
2. WORTHINGTON SIMPSON
PUMPS for all sizes
3. CROMPTON ELECTRIC MOTORS
4. WORTHINGTON SIMPSON
PUMPSETS
directly coupled with Crompton
Motors
5. WORTHINGTON SIMPSON
MONOBLOC PUMPSETS
with B. T. H. Electric Motors
6. AGRICULTURAL PLOUGHS
(Bullock-Drawn)
SEEDLING & MANURING MACHINERY
FENCING MATERIALS & TRACTORS



Apply to:

INTERNATIONAL AGENCIES

Head Office:

15/16, Angappa Naick St.,
MADRAS.

Branches:

Room No. 406,
Hotel Tokyo,
TOKYO (Japan).

No. 40-III Main Road,
Gandhinagar,
BANGALORE.

N. C. THIMMA REDDY, B.A., B.L.,
Sole Proprietor.

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV, NO. 47

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1949

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ON THE COVER: At The Congress Exhibition	
A PATRIOT'S LAMENT (Poem)—By "A Service Man"	4
EDITORIAL COMMENT	5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	7
NEHRU, THE MAGNIFICENT (Poem) —By Angela Morgan	8
CONGRESS EXHIBITION—By "Photogenic"	9
DANCE IN SOUTH INDIAN FILMS —By P. T. Kumar Menon	11
SHRIPAT AMRIT DANCE—By G. S. Bhargava	12
THE STORY OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY AUTHORITY—By P. G. Krishnayya	15
ADULT AND ALPHABET—By Pothan Joseph	17
PHILOSOPHICAL FOUNDATIONS OF MARXISM—By J. C. Rosson	19
THE CELEBRATION (Short Story) —By S. Krishniah	21
INDONESIA IN THE COLD WAR—By Andrew Roth	24
THE BEE: AGRICULTURE'S BEST INSECT FRIEND—By Fred Weiss	27
RUSSIA AND THE MIDDLE EAST—By Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya	29
FOREIGN CAPITAL FOR INDIA—By C. L. Narasimhan	32
NEW DELHI DIARY	34
GEORGI MIKHAILOVITCH DIMITROV —By M. K. Ummarkoya	35
CZECHOSLOVAKIA TODAY II—By Keshav Chander	37
HAPPINESS IN DISILLUSION (Short Story)—By K. Ramamurti	39
MILESTONE IN ADVANCEMENT—By S. Rajagopalan	41
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka	43
SUSHIL KUMAR MUKHERJEE —By "S. K."	44
EDUCATION THROUGH RADIO—By Prof. K. N. Srivatsava	45
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	48

SWATANTRA

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

ENGLISH	Yearly	TELUGU
Ra. Twenty	Half Yearly	Ra. Twelve
Ra. Ten	Single Copy.	Ra. Six
Annas Six		Annas Four

ADVERTISEMENT RATES

THE RATES APPLY BOTH TO ENGLISH & TELUGU

	Full page	Half page	Quarter page
	Ra.	Ra.	Ra.
Casual	30	45	25
Contract (24 insertions and above for a year)	60	35	20

For further details, apply to:

MANAGER, SWATANTRA,

160, Lloyds Road, Madras-14.

A PATRIOT'S LAMENT

By "A SERVICE MAN"

"Why hate me for my skin?
Why not compete and win?
I'm dark, but not ashamed;
I can be great, far famed.

My opportunity,
Is all I seek of thee;
And that in country mine,
My own and never thine."

Such was my attitude,
Which gave me fortitude,
And cheered me up a lot,
Till India freedom got.

When freedom was a dream,
I used with Hope to beam;
My being an Indian was,
Then *my defect*, alas!

To serve the common man,
Then was not in the plan;
If yet one tried to serve,
One got stung for his nerve.

For obstacles were there,
With pinpricks everywhere;
They wanted then "yesmen"
Always to say "amen."

Dissenting Indians bold,
Received a treatment cold;
The whiteman got the best,
The others got the rest.

The fashion was to shun,
The patriotic one;
Now looking back the dope,
Sustaining me was Hope.

Now freedom has arrived,
But Hope is unrevived;
In India free I know,
The "I" in me should go.

For then, my attitude,
Would have full rectitude;
To serve the Motherland,
The chance I now demand.

Equipped I am to serve,
The chance I do deserve;
But paid well I am left,
Of great the chance bereft.

And hence I now complain,
And speak out of sheer pain;
No poverty me stings,
But that no joy me brings!

Is freedom void of taste?
Has my life been a waste?
Has Hope once been mere dope?
And what is life sans Hope?

Thus disillusioned must,
I give in to disgust;
To India I belong,
And hence this my swansong.

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 47

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

WEED, CUT AND SOW ANEW

REPORTS from New Delhi indicate that the Central Ministry is to be reconstituted on the eve of the inauguration of the Republic of India. It is to be hoped that the shortcomings of the administration as revealed in the past two years will be taken into due account in any such reconstitution of the Ministry. In this period, the record of the Government in some of the departments run by them has been dismal. Among the most noteworthy of their failures has been the failure to check the black market. The food problem has been grossly mismanaged. Corruption is still rampant. The economic position has deteriorated rather than improved. It is undeniable that the talent contained in the Ministry has proved unequal for the tasks that have devolved on the Government. The incompetents must therefore be now weeded out and their places must be assigned to men of superior worth that have been hitherto kept out of the Ministry.

The peculiar position of Pandit Nehru as leader of the Congress Party and head of the administration, calls for a lightening of his routine burdens. The premiership has become so heavy and strenuous a responsibility that, however gifted and energetic the holder of the office may be, it is not to be expected that he will be able to undertake, in addition, administrative charge of any major portfolio. In no important country in the world today we find the position of Premier combined with that of Foreign Minister. The adoption of a different course by Pandit Nehru has brought in its train serious consequences that should not

be permitted to continue unrectified any longer in the national interest. He is so heavily immersed in the routine business of files that he has little time left for supervisory functions enabling him to keep a grip on the administration as a whole. The fatigue of overwork has converted him into a tired man without sufficient freshness on critical occasions to act energetically. The idealistic outlook characteristic of the Prime Minister is not often in evidence in the policies and programmes of the Government as such. From such a disparity between the possible and the actual, a feeling of frustration is inevitable for one so sensitively constituted as Pandit Nehru. Occasionally, in speeches before large multitudes of admiring people, his spirit soars into the pure empyrean of visionary dreaming in quest of a refuge from the irksomeness of official disabilities. But the exaltation of the fine sentiments with which speeches can be packed, is different from the cold realism of cause and effect to which administration as a means of social welfare has to be subdued. The hortative language of the hustings is not appropriate to leaders established in seats of executive power, and the country badly needs a cessation of the orgy of talk and tours, leading to nothing beneficial in particular, in which so many Ministers both at the Centre and in the Provinces have been conspicuously indulging, to the neglect of more essential duties.

In the case of Sardar Patel, as well, there has been overmuch of portfolio assignment. The States Ministry, Home and Broadcasting are each of

them sufficiently important to merit the exclusive attention of a separate Minister. The concentration of the three Ministries in the charge of Sardar Patel was inadvisable in view of the national importance of saving him from every kind of strain that could well be taken over by others. The country needs Sardar Patel, not merely for any specific feat in the concrete handling of administrative affairs, but as a personage inspiring confidence and stability in the midst of grave difficulties and un-nerving situations. His life is a national asset worthy of being preserved for as long as possible through the immediate transference to others of all but absolutely indispensable responsibilities. As it is, doctors' injunctions for the safeguarding of Sardar's health virtually mean the assumption of his power and functions for long periods by subordinate officials of the departments in his charge. It is desirable that this state of affairs should be brought to an end.

As the legislature is the source from which recruits to the Ministry are drawn, improvement of the character of the legislature, which is not of as high an order as it could be, merits the serious attention of the Congress leaders at the present juncture. It is well known that in the choice of Congress candidates for the Constituent Assembly, there has been in evidence neither proper discrimination nor an exacting sense of duty on the part of the responsible selectors in the provinces. In many cases inferiors were preferred to their betters. Men of ability and talent

were shut out through considerations of jealousy and personal rivalry. The public interest was sacrificed to private ends. It is the imperative duty of leaders like Nehru and Patel to see to it that there is no further repetition of the pettymindedness of the past in the choice of the nation's legislators. They should issue directives to the concerned selecting authorities that, irrespective of everything else, only the best men capable of rendering the greatest service to the nation in Parliament should be searched for and nominated as candidates for every vacant seat that has to be filled. Democracy is apt to lapse into totalitarianism if it is built round one-party rule. For the sake of the resuscitation of the Congress from the degeneracy into which it is fast sinking, the experiment of giving voluntary encouragement to well endowed critics of the party instead of suppressing them with the crushing weight of the brute majority at the command of the provincial bosses of the Congress organisation, deserves to be seriously given a trial. The problem of problems on which national welfare largely depends is the enlistment of the first-rate for service in the legislature and the executive. To prefer the second and the third rate for such service is unpatriotic. Congress leaders cannot be absolved from having sunk into this species of unpatriotic behaviour in the exercise of the power that devolved on them through freedom. Our plea is for a correction of this regrettable lapse before it inflicts irreparable damage on the nation and its interests.

Beatrice Lillie the actress once said to Bob Hope: "I'm approaching the age of 30."
Bob Hope looked at her. "Tell me, Bea," he queried, "from which direction?"

The trouble with most people is that they think with their hopes or fears or wishes rather than with their minds.—WALTER DURANTY.

Paternity is a career that is imposed upon you one fine morning without any inquiry as to your fitness for it. That is why there are so many fathers who have children, but few children who have fathers.
—Francis de Croisset.

Sotto Voce



The Irrational Rationalist

BEING in the vanguard of progress, Madras summoned the first Rationalists' Conference. And very appropriately a Brahman presided, showing the characteristically Indian continuity of tradition. But, whereas our ancient Charvakas, while they thought they could do without the concept of God, took care not to lay crude and bungling hands on the fabric of society, the advanced Brahman of today thinks fit to establish his credentials by repudiating his birth. No wonder that others fall for this and in their zeal for destroying caste deny their Rationalism by closing their minds to free enquiry.

Caste entrenches inequality, religion breeds fanaticism, so both caste and religion must go. And as caste is Hinduism, if you lay the axe at the root of the one you lay the axe at the root of the other. Thus the honest Rationalists. But there are prudes who would rather go to the stake than confess to the equation of Hinduism with caste. So they are reduced to contending that Hinduism is neither a ritual nor a way of life but just a faith in some not-too-closely-particularised doctrine. Thus my friend Mr. Santanam magnanimously offered to receive every Muslim as a true Hindu if he would but accept "The Bhagavad Gita and the Vedanta."

It reminds me of Tenali Rama's preference for the tamarind fruit over the lime when it came to choosing a present for the King. He argued that while the tamarind was no whit less sour than the lime it was much longer! Because the Hebrew, the Christian and the Muslim are "peoples of the

Book," so Hindus, too, if they do not want to be rated low in the scale of international respectability, must learn to swear by a Book. And Mr. Santanam like Tenali Rama says, "Why one book? I shall give you two for good measure."

The "Vedanta," as it happens, is not a book, though the Veda is; and of course, your Rationalist cannot afford to compromise himself with the Veda. But when Mr. Santanam offers the Vedanta to the world for its salvation, the world may well turn round and ask, "Which Vedanta—Sankara, Ramanuja, Madhwa, Nimbarka?" And if he were to tell them, urged on by the same fine catholic impulse, "Make your choice according to your pleasure," the world and his wife may still hold back murmuring, "But the Vedanta does not seem to stand alone. It is tacked on to a Siddhanta. And different Siddhantas have a way of expressing themselves in formal differences in the social organisation. And then we are not very far from caste, are we?"

Sir Raghunath Paranjpye and his brother Rationalists are caught on the horns of a different dilemma. Sir Raghunath contended that religion should not be allowed to invade the chaste precincts of the school and infect the younger generation with fanaticism. But Mr. S. Ramanathan, showing that a good Rationalist is nothing if he is not a fanatic, demanded that the observance of caste be made illegal and punishable. The Conference sought refuge in compromise, asking that those who married out of caste and their offspring should be given preference in Government

service. The obtuseness that seems inseparable from official Rationalism cannot apparently see that this is no less coercion.

The gallant Sir Raghunath will not, for all that, bate a jot of his claim that Rationalists are champions of individual liberty. He himself is on principle cheerfully prepared to grant every man the right to hang himself. And energetically sponsoring sterilisation and euthanasia, he points out that the main objection comes from religious people, "but in a society organised on a rational basis such objection should not be allowed to prevail." Not even, I suppose, if the despised "religious people" should happen to make up ninety per cent of that society.

Sir Raghunath is good enough to

say that, while the interference of ministers of religion and religious bodies in the working of the Constitution will not be tolerated, "their rights as private individuals should be fully safeguarded." Which only shows that for all his Rationalism he is not ruthless enough to be a "good democrat." "Democracy," to every minority which is in possession of the State machinery, is just "my doxy." And they all argue, "What is good enough for me is good enough for any man." It is on this postulate that the Hindu Code Bill is being forced down the throats of three hundred millions by a deracinated junta. The Dayabhaga which is followed by twenty per cent is to be imposed on the other eighty on the sacred principle of uniformity. How splendid if we could all become uniformly mad!

VIGNESWARA

NEHRU THE MAGNIFICENT

By ANGELA MORGAN

His words came over the air like golden bells
Heard from a steeple tower, calm and clear;
The very stars of heaven leaned to hear;
The winds were quiet and the hills gave ear,
While sister planets paused to mark the hour
That ushered in a new and wondrous power.

His wisdom needed not the flash of gems,
The pomp of courts, nor blazing diadems.
From trappings of the world his mind was free—
His pulse seemed rooted in eternity;
So vast, so deep, so beautiful and pure!
Here was a master soul that would endure.

Oh, miracle of speech across the air!
The secrets of creation were laid bare
In his bright moment when the depths of space
Uttered their truths unto the human race.
We witnessed in that span of human speech
The utmost glory of the spirit's reach.

His words came over the air like muted bells
Of reverence and loyalty and peace;
The faith of Gandhi had supreme release
When Nehru's voice pronounced his master's name
In tones that shook the silence into flame.
"I am a symbol only!" Thus he spoke,
And told the lifting of his country's yoke
As by a Law above the rules of earth—
The Law that builds a universe, and then
Utters its challenge to the souls of men.

Above the fears of earth, its hates and frowns,
He wears humility as kings wear crowns.
O grieving peoples everywhere, rejoice!
Give heed to this superb, majestic voice;
The triumph of mankind we yet shall see
In the great land of India set free!

CONGRESS EXHIBITION

WHEN I hopped into the office the other day the Editor told me, "Tomorrow the Governor-General is opening the Exhibition at Teynampet. Can you cover it? I want two good portraits of C. R. for the cover." "Okay, sir" and I was handed over the Press Pass we had received from the Director of Information and Publicity and also the invitation from the President and Members of the ALL INDIA KHADI SWADESHI & INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION COMMITTEE.

The next morning I got up with an idea of getting two good photographs of the Governor-General and so I reached the Exhibition grounds in a crowded bus hanging on to one of those greasy handles provided for standing passengers. People were streaming in through both the entrances and by nine o'clock the grounds were full. The pressmen gathered around and were asking each other where exactly was the place provided for them. One gentleman in an immaculate Khadi jubba and dhoti—he happened to be one of the active workers of the Exhibition Committee—waved his hand towards a place which he only could make out and said, "there." Poor reporters and cameramen. They found no separate place for them whence they could do their work without difficulty. I took out the press pass, went through its contents over and over again and at last tore it up and shoved the crumps into my coat pocket—I did not want to make the grounds more dirty.

The G.-G. at last arrived and was seated with the Governor. The sun was fierce even at that part of the day and a real admirer of Rajaji tried to shelter him from the burning sun under an emaciated umbrella. C. R. politely asked him to take it away.

I was very near to him and focussed my camera. As I was about to click the shutter one officer in uniform patted me on the back and asked me whether I had finished. I lost the shot. At the same time I could hear the G.-G. telling him, "No, no, let them come one by one, take the snaps and go."

The G.-G. rose to talk and between the shining mikes I heard him say,

"I used to go through the accounts of the Exhibition every time and see whether they showed any profit. I trust that at least this year the Exhibition would be conducted in such a way as to ensure some profit—" There was a roar of laughter from the audience and I could not understand why.

It was all over in a few minutes—and the distinguished visitor was off in a jeep.

Of course people who came there that day wanted to have some nice time seeing the exhibits and all that. But the Exhibition was not full-fledged. It was only half ripe in spite of the fact that they were all in it for nearly the past two months.

A week after the opening I decided to go again and see the exhibits leisurely. On reaching the bus stop at Mylapore I saw quite a big crowd waiting for the Exhibition Special. People had been standing there for more than half an hour in the scorching sun at about 2-30 or 3 p.m. and yet there was no sign of a bus which could take them to the Exhibition direct. At last one of the buses going to Parry's Corner was diverted to Teynampet and people who could push themselves in got it.

As I was passing along towards Teynampet the big Exhibition posters recalled to my mind the advertisements for the Shakti Kavachas and the Magic Mirrors. An old man with his friends and relatives at my side was grumbling, "Why? It is only two annas from here to T'Nagar and how is it they charge three annas to a comparatively shorter distance?". Somebody who heard it shouted from the back, "This is Government Transport, old boy,—our own—we must pay."

I went around the Exhibition stalls, saw the Government's part in it which was quite interesting. Nothing interested me so much as the Burglar Alarm they have got in the Polytechnic stall. There is a coin placed inside a small cabin and you are asked to touch it. As soon as you place your finger on it a sudden cry is heard, "Thief! Thief! catch." When you turn around, the door of the cabin closes immediately. There is no way out.—"PHOTOGENIC."

THE VANGUARD INSURANCE CO., LTD.
THE VANGUARD FIRE AND
GENERAL INSURANCE CO., LTD.

Head Office: MADRAS.

Transacts

LIFE
ACCIDENT
MARINE

FIRE
WORKMEN'S
COMPENSATION

MOTOR
MISCELLANEOUS,
ETC., ETC.

Liberal Policy Conditions, Moderate Premiums and Low Expense Ratio
 have carried VANGUARD POLICIES to every place.

Branches & Agencies:—ALL OVER INDIA, CEYLON & F. M. S.

H. D. RAJAH,
 General Manager.

Purity Barley
goes eight times further



Purity Barley contains, in concentrated form, all the goodness of pearl barley. One spoonful of Purity is equal to eight spoonfuls of pearl. And you will always buy it fresh because it comes to you in hygienic, sealed tins. You can make a delicious cunjee in only twenty minutes. Barley water can be quickly made by mixing a paste of two level teaspoonfuls of Purity Barley with water and simmering for only five minutes with one pint of water. Add salt, sugar or lime to taste.

PURITY
BARLEY

ATLANTIS (EAST) LTD. POST BOX NO. 664 CALCUTTA

DANCE IN SOUTH INDIAN FILMS

By P. T. KUMAR MENON

AT present there are no South Indian films without at least a couple of dance scenes. The directors and producers somehow or other make room for some dances in the story. If the dance cannot be in any way linked up with the story a dream sequence is put in and the heroine is made to dance. Is this for the better or the worse?

Among the various fine arts, it is in dance alone that South India can dictate terms to the other parts of the country. It is true that in music we have achieved a great standard. But it will not be correct to say that South Indian music is appreciated in North India. The North Indian finds it very difficult to understand, appreciate and enjoy our raga alapana, keertanas and swara singing which some of them consider as acrobatics of the tongue. In the same way, leaving apart the catchy film tunes in Hindi, we here find the classical Hindustani music very difficult to enjoy; it verges on the borders of boredom. The same is the case with painting, architecture and other arts. But in dance the two great South Indian dances—Kathakali and Bharatha Natyam—are understood and appreciated everywhere and they have come to stay as the synonym of the glory of Indian dancing.

While on the stage Kathakali and Bharatha Natyam have reached the heights of perfection, on the screen we find a hazy hotch-potch of limb movements termed, curiously enough, as South Indian dance. A couple of years back we were getting some good dances on the screen. But recently there has been a sudden aversion on the part of the producers to real classical dancing. They seem to be satisfied with some vulgar movements of the limbs which are more a voluptuous exhibition of one's figure than dance.

What is termed as dancing on the screen has now no technique in it. It is neither Bharatha Natyam nor Kathakali nor Manipuri nor Rhumbha nor Jitterbugs, but a peculiar cocktail made up of the worst portions of all.

We also see some instances of dancers who know the art well sacrificing it on the screen. One such example is of Lalitha and Padmini. These sisters had a vigorous Kathakali training under the great Gopinath for more than four years and then under Uday Shanker. When they first made their appearance on the stage and when such appearances were not very frequent it was a real treat to watch them give an exquisite exposition of the glory of Indian dancing. On entry into the films we note that in the first couple of films they gave some good dances but afterwards degenerated into a peculiar mixture of Indo-Anglo-Hawaiian type of dancing in which constant shaking of certain parts of the body plays an important part. In one picture they even went to the extent of imitating Fred Astaire in tap dancing. The result was comical. It is a great pity that people who have real talent and knowledge of the art, do not try to improve it.

A very popular dance director in South Indian films is Vedantham Raghavayya. This artist is a master of Kuchipudy and Bharatha Natyam. But can he point out any part of the dancing he presents on the screen as belonging to either Kuchipudy or Bharatha Natyam? It is more akin to the Hollywood conception of Oriental dancing as presented in their tropical and South Sea pictures.

It is high time that this deplorable state of affairs is improved. If this corruption of our culture is given free rein to, very soon it will spread from the screen to the stage also.

ANOTHER HOLY WAR:

The next war will be a religious war fought with material weapons but with a spiritual object.—Admiral Lord Cork.

SHRIPAT AMRIT DANGE

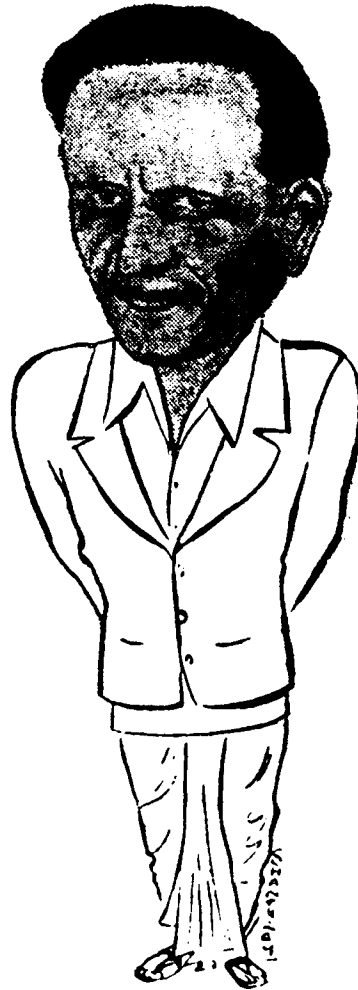
By G. S. BHARGAVA

TWO and half years ago, when the present adventurist policy of the Communist Party was still being finalised, I approached Dange for certain information about himself. He brushed me aside saying, in the typical Communist way, that he had no personality of his own but was only a part and parcel of the Communist movement. That reply, instead of damping my enthusiasm, prompted me to pursue the matter and analyse how far this founder-member of the Indian Communist Party is a cog in the wheel and whether his personality is really so much integrated with his party texture. It is true that in that monolithic organisation, every one except the Heaven-born, like Stalin in Russia and his counterparts in other countries, is moulded and modelled to a set standard. Those who fail to submerge their personalities and ape their leader to the required degree of perfection are purged as deviationists and bourgeois elements. But in spite of the party machine, I can say that Dange, the man, is not totally dissolved in Dange, the Communist.

Shripat Amrit Dange, unlike many other Communists, started his political life as a nationalist. It was the "bourgeois instinct" of nationalism that first stirred him as a youth. Born in 1900, he chucked off his degree examination and rallied round Lokamanya Tilak in the Home Rule Movement. He was nineteen then. Many, including his elders, doubted the wisdom of an immature youth entering politics which was at that time mainly a hobby for retired Government officials. But Dange was not to be cowed down, when once he made up his mind; and never crossed the threshold of college again. After he joined the Communist Party, however, his strong-willed nature was thoroughly ironed out. He had to bow down to the dictates of lesser men, in the name of party discipline, though after a bitter struggle. In 1940, for instance, he had to foment a textile strike in Bombay and pay the price for it, though he was himself

dead set against it. Again recently, in obedience to the party *diktat*, he had to resort to a hunger-strike, much against his will.

The Russian Revolution interested him most and led him to the shrine of Marx. He again showed his power of perseverance by making a systematic study of Marxism and assimilating it.



In 1920, he started an English weekly called "Socialist," devoted to the study and discussion of Marxist theory, and conducted it creditably. His latest publication, the first volume of

"INDIA: From Primitive Communism to Slavery," in spite of its mechanical approach and treatment of the subject, is undoubtedly a monumental work and speaks of the grasp of the author over historical materialism. But, from the time he was initiated to dialectical materialism, the influence of Moscow was preponderant on him. In 1924, Dange along with three other Communists Shaukat Usmani, Muzaffar Ahmad and Das Gupta, was involved in the Cawnpore Trial and sentenced to four years' imprisonment. That was his first taste of jail life.

After his release, Dange was made one of the assistant secretaries of the All-India Trade Union Congress, then a non-party organisation. He also found the Girni Kamgar Union of textile workers in Bombay in 1928, in rivalry to the already existing Bombay Textile Labour Union, founded and led by N. M. Joshi. The Girni Kamgar Union was perhaps the first rival union in this country. For the first time, party politics entered the trade union field and set in a growing schism in the movement. First Communists, then Congress and then the other parties started splitting the working class ranks into sectarian groups, till in 1948, there were as many as six sections in the working class movement. But thanks to the Socialist Party, most of the splinters have been brought together last year and welded into a non-party organisation of genuine trade unions. The harvest of Dange's sowing has at last ended, though the disruption from the Right is still going strong.

But as a trade union organiser Dange set new standards. He developed the Girni Kamgar Union into a live body and had drawn the bulk of the textile workers into it by organising mill committees. In the course of two years, he raised the membership of the union from less than a thousand to nearly 80,000. He also conducted the Bombay textile strike which lasted for six months from April to October 1928 against heavy odds. "The strike was originally directed against measures of rationalisation and a 7½ per cent wage-cut and was extended, as it developed, to a wide series of demands." The Government appointed the Fawcett Committee to go into the demands of the

workers and according to its recommendations, the 7½% wage-cut was restored. The absence of any positive gain and the heavy price they had to pay for it set in a wave of demoralisation among the workers, which Dange overcame by shrewdly hitching his star to the nationalist wagon. Jawaharlal Nehru, then a revolutionary, also lent his moral support to the workers' struggle.

While Dange's star was thus on the ascendant, there took place in Bombay an unpleasant incident which cast a shadow on his reputation. Dange, as one of the leaders of the Girni Kamgar Union, entered into a written agreement on January 12, 1929 with the management of the Victor Sassoon group of textile mills, accepting conditional rationalisation. He was tempted to do so because it meant recognition of his Communist trade union by the management. The agreement also paved the way for personal friendship between Dange and the Sassoons, which perhaps lasts to this day. A few months later, when Dange was facing trial in the Meerut Conspiracy Case, some of his colleagues of the Girni Kamgar Union issued a statement publicly denouncing him as having betrayed the workers in the interests of the capitalists! But the irony was evident when Dange himself as a Communist employed the same language against his political opponents, in later years!!

The Meerut Conspiracy Case remains a land-mark in the history of Indian working class movement. Thirty-two trade unionists from the different provinces, including Communists like Dange, P. C. Joshi, and R. S. Nimbkar (then a Communist), the present Bengal Socialist leader, Sibnath Bannerjee, independents like S. R. Jhabwalla and three Englishmen Philip Spratt, B. F. Bradley and H. L. Hutchinson stood charged of conspiracy "to commit any of the offences punishable by Section 121 or to deprive the King of the sovereignty of British India or any part thereof." The trial which took place at the small inland town of Meerut, far from any industrial centre, dragged on for three and half years and all the accused were awarded savage sentences—the lightest being three years' rigorous imprisonment. The trial and

the sentence evoked trenchant criticism from the British Labour Party which called it a "judicial scandal." Consequently, the sentences were reduced on appeal. In 1930, simultaneously with the hunger strike of Bhagat Singh and his comrades in the Lahore Jail, Dange and his co-accused in Meerut Trial also launched a hunger-strike for better treatment of political prisoners. It was at this time that the obnoxious A B C class divisions among political prisoners came into effect, at the recommendation of a committee appointed to go into the matter. Even today, though the Congress government is in power, these distinctions are still maintained.

In 1929, at the Nagpur session of the AITUC, the Communists, in accordance with the new line of the Comintern, split the trade union front and formed a separate Red Trade Union Congress. Those were critical days for the Communists. While their policy was progressively isolating them from popular struggles in the country, the British Government also let loose an orgy of repression on them. In 1934, the Communist Party along with over a dozen Communist trade unions (registered) were declared illegal. At this time, the Congress Socialist Party was formed and it came to the rescue of the hard-pressed Commies. Meanwhile, the Moscow Congress of the Comintern in 1935, reverted to "popular front" tactics and the Communists were asked to once again make love to sister Leftist parties on whom they were hitherto spitting fire. At the instance of the CSP, the Red TUC once again merged with the AITUC and a Socialist-Communist joint front was initiated. This enabled the Communists whose party was then under a ban to utilise the Socialist platform for their sectarian purposes.

The tale of this uneasy truce and its disastrous effects on the development of socialist movement in the country are too recent and harrowing to be re-told here. But, throughout Dange faithfully maintained the party line and put up with the several sharp shifts in the party. It is said that by his record during these years he could efface the blot on his character, caused by the Sassoon incident, and get back into the good books of the Politburo.

In 1938, the Congress Government of Bombay introduced the Industrial Dispute Bill imposing compulsory conciliation with a four months' delay on the right to strike, as well as restricting registration of trade unions, favourable to company unions. (In 1946, after the Congress Government came back to power, these provisions have been further tightened). In November that year, Dange led a protest strike of 90,000 which was undoubtedly a great success.

As a founder-member of the Communist Party, Dange wielded great influence among the rank and file and was enjoying the trust of the Comintern bosses. He was, therefore, made a member of the Indian Politburo. But in 1939, after the Stalin-Hitler Pact, he could not be immune from the wave of consternation that swept through the Communist ranks throughout the world. He was even reported to have openly remonstrated. So Ranadive & Co., pushed him to prison, against his will, and cured him of his apostasy.

The jail sentence after Meerut trial so badly shattered Dange's health that he developed a dreadful fright of incarceration thereafter. As far as possible he wanted to avoid it; or if the worst happened he was prepared to go underground.

In December, 1939, Dange demanded 40% rise in wages for the textile workers of Bombay and initiated negotiations with the Mill-Owners' Association. They almost came to an agreement according to which the Communist Girni Kamgar Union was to be recognized. Dange was anxious for a settlement and avoidance of strike, but Ranadive pulled wires from behind and the negotiations broke down. On 3rd March 1940, the strike started and Dange and others were arrested. Five weeks after, the workers succumbed to the bureaucratic repression and the strike failed.

In July 1942, before the August Movement started, Reginald Maxwell released all the Communists. The Stalin-Hitler Pact was succeeded by a Joshi-Maxwell undertaking. Dange again took some time to fall in line and was not released till September. By now the Politburo had definite doubts about him and at the next opportunity he was asked to keep himself to party work in the trade union

field and leave politics to others. Accordingly between 1942-45, he rendered yeomen services to the AITUC and inflated its membership from 365,450 to 509,084 (The number of trade unions, however, rose from 188 to 515!). The People's War phase was the rosier period for the CPI. For the first time the party was legalised; not only that, Government assistance was also forthcoming towards breaking up of the national movement, and opponents like Socialists were either underground or behind bars.

In 1945, he led the AITUC delegation to the WFTU Congress and was taken on its executive. The next year, he toured Europe and attended the Executive Committee meetings of the WFTU at Moscow, Paris and Prague. In 1947, he was again in Europe and also visited Yugoslavia where he met Marshal Tito, then a hero of the Communist world. He even wrote articles eulogising Tito's good work, which is today, in the language of the Cominform, the vilest treachery to the cause of "Socialism."

That interview and those articles will be hanging for ever as the Sword of Democles on Dange's head. No doubt, even the Generalissimo said such things, but at the time of purge, no such explanations will hold good. This is, in fact, the trump card in the hands of his bosses.

The series of imprisonments, the power-political rivalry inside the party and his own doubts about the policy he is made to pursue have made Dange peevish and cynical. Those who had earlier kept company with him in jails have been surprised at his present behaviour in jail. His popularity among the working class has also suffered a steep decline. Recently, when this one-time darling of Bombay's working class was on hunger-strike inside jail, hardly hundred workers responded to a strike call issued by his Party!!

Originally clever, well-informed and widely read, Dange has established himself as an intellectual and theoretician, in spite of the dogmatism he is often made to indulge in. He has also a thorough grasp of facts and figures relating to trade union work and is almost an authority on the theory of wages. As a speaker also, he has made a mark. His three-hour harangue inside the Bombay Assembly in 1947, left the treasury benches dumb-founded. He is now a member of the Legislative Assembly to which he was elected defeating a Congress businessman.

But politically, Dange like his party is a pent up force. Whether he remains with the Ranadive clique or walks over to the Joshi group, his talents will remain lost for the country.—(Copyright).

THE STORY OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY AUTHORITY

P. G. KRISHNAYYA

ONE of the greatest social experiments of the United States is the Tennessee Valley Authority, which was created by an Act of Congress on May 18, 1933 to improve the navigability and provide for flood control of the Tennessee River; to provide for the reforestation and proper use of marginal lands in the valley; to provide for the National Defence.... "The story of the fulfilment of this plan is a story of how democracy builds a better, a more abundant life for its citizens." Prior to the Government's

entering the Tennessee Valley, the region was often referred to as the nation's No. 1 economic problem. The river, at times unnavigable, was at other times subject to disastrous floods, and its great potential hydro-electric power went unharnessed. The forest resources of the area had been largely destroyed, while centuries of intense cultivation and heavy rains had almost depleted its soil. The dominant geographical feature of the Tennessee Valley, an area of some 41,000 square miles comprising parts

of seven states, is the Tennessee River with its tributaries. TVA immediately began bringing this fourth largest river in the country (in volume of stream flow) under control by building a series of dams. In thirteen years TVA under the authorization of the Congress constructed sixteen dams and integrated their operation with ten previously existing dams into a single system. Two additional dams are now under construction. This integrated system controls the flow of the rivers for the three major purposes of flood control, navigation and power. High dams on the tributaries provide storage and control in the highlands. The same system has transferred the tortuous navigation channel of the old Tennessee into a 630 mile artery for deep-water inland navigation which connects the Valley and its commerce with the 10,000 mile waterway system of the interior United States. In as much as there was no precedent for a system of dams as the multiple-purpose structures which now regulate the Tennessee River, the planning, design, construction and operation of the system required pioneering in the field of hydraulic engineering. Engineering skill had to take into account the characteristics of the river system and of the watershed, as well as the flood period. Hence the operation of the TVA water control system, consisting of nine mainstream dams and seventeen tributary reservoirs, follows the annual weather cycle. The same dams that hold back floods, provide electric power which is sold to the people of the Valley through agencies of their own creation. These people are now using ten times as much power as they did when TVA took over in 1933. Not only are there more consumers but the average householder is using more than four times as much power as he did in 1933. The TVA electric power system today generates fifteen billion kilowatt-hours of energy. In the navigable channel on the Tennessee River the people of the Valley have a low cost highway for freight traffic, which is now a fac-

tor in the Valley's economic life. Four hundred and twenty million and ten miles of traffic moved on the river, about thirteen times the 1933 volume. Agriculture is the backbone of the Tennessee Valley's economy, with two out of every three families living in a rural area. The main farm problem in 1933 was soil depletion, caused by overcropping and erosion. This was overcome through the use of mineral plant foods which are produced at the Muscle Shoals chemical plants now operated by the TVA. Thousands of test-demonstration farms are found in the Tennessee Valley, in fact about one out of every ten farms is operated as such with the dual purpose of testing the effectiveness of new kinds of fertilisers being developed by TVA and to demonstrate the proper use of the fertilisers in soil and water conserving systems of farming. These are not publicly owned farms, but are normal farms owned and operated by typical farmers who are selected for this purpose by their neighbours, not appointed by the government. TVA is also engaged in a number of activities aimed at conserving and developing the forest resources co-operatively with other agencies as well as with private land-owners to bring about sustained-yield forest management, secure adequate fire protection, restore forest lands by planting and generally develop forests to maximum productivity. Another accomplishment of the TVA is in the field of recreation. At several of the earlier TVA projects, TVA built demonstration parks on the shores of the new lakes. Whereas in 1933 there was no such thing as a state park with vacation facilities in all the Tennessee Valley, there are today 30 public parks. Inspired by TVA's demonstration parks, the people of the Valley, through their state and local governments, created these parks on the shores of TVA lakes. Much of the success of the TVA programme can be attributed to the people of the Tennessee Valley. In this programme TVA represents not government in the traditional sense of the word, but leadership.

ADULT AND ALPHABET

By POTHAN JOSEPH

IN mourning the slash of 25 per cent in the Education Ministry's budget allotment, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad warns us how scarcity of funds would affect the programme of adult education and hamper the implementation of Seminar findings, but the actual business of fighting illiteracy vests in provincial ministries, the function of the Centre consisting of "co-ordination." In the higgledy-piggledy conditions of Lord Wavell's viceroyalty, escapism suggested the creation of a portfolio known as "co-ordination" and the unfortunate member in charge of that occult subject groaned, with the conviction (he told me so himself in the days of Babylonian captivity) that something might be attempted if only they could get rid of the blessed word "co-ordination." The Education Minister has so co-ordinated a miscellany of activities under the sublime word "culture" that it grew into a weed-jungle worthy of tractor-clearance. For some reason, adult education has been re-named as Social Education. According to the Sargent scheme, illiteracy was to be banished after a struggle of forty years, but according to revised plans, it is to be accomplished with the aid of assiduous students acting as volunteer teachers during their vacations, before the completion of fifteen years. Whether the period has anything to do with the extinction of English in fifteen years cannot be divined, but such was the plan, now jeopardised, we are told, by the cut of Rs. 5 crores. When the Congress Government came to power, the Maulana Saheb gave a ruling that Universities should pursue a policy that would instal the national language in five years, and to quote the text of the Constitution, the "State shall endeavour" to see to the ouster of English in fifteen years.

We have all heard of the Christian Endeavour Society for universalising Christianity but it is not bound by any fixed schedule; the target (another indispensable word like "co-ordination") is set, but not the date. The Indian Republic when it func-

tions as the Hindi-Endeavour-Society has to popularize a medium in fifteen years, but meanwhile Social Education will proceed according to Seminar guidance. Maulana Saheb says adult franchise without adult education is meaningless, but the prudent course of limiting the franchise to the literate (those who can sign their names on the register and who take the trouble of exercising the vote) is deemed an irregularity though the contrary vogue is granted as being farcical. 170 million voters of whom hardly 10 per cent can decipher the name-board of a railway-station, let alone understand the contents of an agenda-paper, will be invited to the polling booths and to qualify them for their political role the first endeavour of the State should be to hammer education into adult heads. The opinion of the ignorant will be reflected in herd-voting and it will register response to slogans and fables of hero-worship about how Congressmen wrought freedom. As I visualise the efforts to turn our unlettered adults into book-readers in a country where the average span of life is 26 years, I perceive the prospects of vain endeavour, crude endeavour, cruel endeavour. Much as I love to spread enlightenment through the printed word, I would prefer to let the existing stock of illiterate adults on our hand to enjoy the easier advantages of hearing, social education being congenially confined to media of knowledge like the radio.

There are prodigies who have shone in proficiency of strange subjects late in life: Cromwell never saw a soldier in uniform until he reached 40, Tolstoy learnt cycling at 75 and rejoiced that after a life of many endeavours he had at last got hold of something of which he found himself the master, instead of humming about a man being the master of his fate, the captain of his soul, or vice versa. Such attainments are rare past 40, but social education or adult disciplining for literacy, involves repugnant processes of being schooled in tired hours by peregrinating volun-

Barber: "Well, my little man, and how would you like your hair cut."

Small boy: "If you please, sir, just like father's, and don't forget the little round hole at the top where the head comes through."

teers with no visible attractions of cashing-in knowledge for ration-cards. Weller (Senior) uttered this piece of wisdom for the benefit of his matrimonially-inclined offspring Sam: "When you are a married man, you will understand a good many things as you don't understand now, but whether it is worthwhile going through much to learn so little, as the charity boy said when he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter of taste."

The charity-boy was at least a boy with long years before him and penny-literature in plenty, but here we have veteran yokels vexed about weather and crops and the next full meal outside the marriage season being asked to undergo instruction. Rather than submit them to refined cruelty for no remunerative purpose other than "culture" and adult voting, I am cruel enough (I, a kind-hearted victim of many hard-luck stories in my life) to recommend that the ignoramuses of the surviving generation be treated as dead-wood in the clearing of the jungle-paths and forest-roads in the progress of the nation. Concentrate on the young, put all the money on the next generation. Don't plague the elders with social education and cultural nostrums: give them pensions or other forms of relief for animal comfort. Am I suffering from sub-human psychology?

I ask the question of myself because recently I have been studying the problem of cattle-wealth in India and the minutes of Seth Govind Das's demand that cow-slaughter should be

forbidden by the Constitution, not in the section of Fundamental Rights, but in a new category of Fundamental Liabilities. I know what animates them is the tradition of cow-worship but they present the case in economic terms and I have to consider the claim at that level. Let them pay homage to a quadruped while my kinsfolk adore a biped as the holy incarnation. I am convinced that the cattle-problem in India can never be pushed forward to a step near sane progress until we get rid of the bulk of them, since they are in a dilapidated condition: don't be pious, don't annoy those who like beef, don't mortify Muslim butchers and others in the Hides and Skins trade: secure dollars and as for the home-breed, re-stock them with healthy type and modern processes of insemination. I see no cruelty in such a programme of economic upliftment.

Let us write off the illiterate adults, and let them enjoy what Montagu once called "the pathetic contentment of the masses," at the same time seeing their children are not kept out of schools through lack of means, caste-prejudice or other forms of class-discrimination that turn them into starvelings and Sadhus of the street. Let the adults, especially those who are of riper years who languish in life, be free to die in peace. I am half-inclined to start another S.P.C.A., Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Adults, but then I am deterred by the eternal lack of pence that vexes public men. Still, like the Prisoner of Chillon, I appeal from tyranny to God.

PHILOSOPHICAL FOUNDATIONS OF MARXISM

By J. C. ROSSON

John Carl Rossion, now in his early forties received his early education in philosophy at the Universities of Heidelberg and Oxford, and for a time held a lectureship in that subject. During an active career as a political journalist he has found an increasing interest in the study and exposition of the basic propositions by which the Stalin regime seeks to justify its actions.

BERTRAND Russell, a philosopher whose bias has always been mathematical and scientific rather than religious, has said that modern thought is guilty of "cosmic implety." By this he means the sin of spiritual pride, a self-conceit so colossal that it would set itself above the whole universe.

The stricture is just. For example, few people would question its relevance to the Communist ideology—the doctrine of dialectical materialism, first enunciated by Karl Marx and later applied by Lenin and Stalin.

We are not here concerned with the materialistic element of the Marxian doctrine. Indeed, it would be easy to show that materialism, as such, is exceedingly difficult to reconcile with the latest discoveries of physical science.

In this age of relativity and the space-curvature of quantum theory and wave-mechanics, the materialist is hard put to it to retain a foothold amid the unearthly ballet of protons and electrons, positrons and neutrons. Simple, impenetrable substance has vanished, and the facile theories of Thomas Huxley and Herbert Spencer are long since out-moded.

Far more subtle is the dialectical aspect of Communist doctrine. It is the dialectic that underlines Marx's economic interpretation of history; and to all Marxists this interpretation is essential and fundamental.

Briefly Marx believed that the process of social development was determined by economic factors, by changes in the form and in the ownership of the means of production, and by the class struggle of such ownership.

Moreover, he argued that this dialectical process, by virtue of its own

inherent compulsion, must eventually lead to social revolution. The goal would be the communal ownership of property in a classless society—the State itself, as the "instrument of class domination," having "withered away."

Despite his well-known Messianic pretensions, Marx was not concerned with Communism as an ethical ideal. (This he roundly condemned as unscientific and utopian.) But he was concerned with Communism as the inevitable future of mankind; and he insisted that this inevitability was proved beyond question by his dialectical philosophy of history.

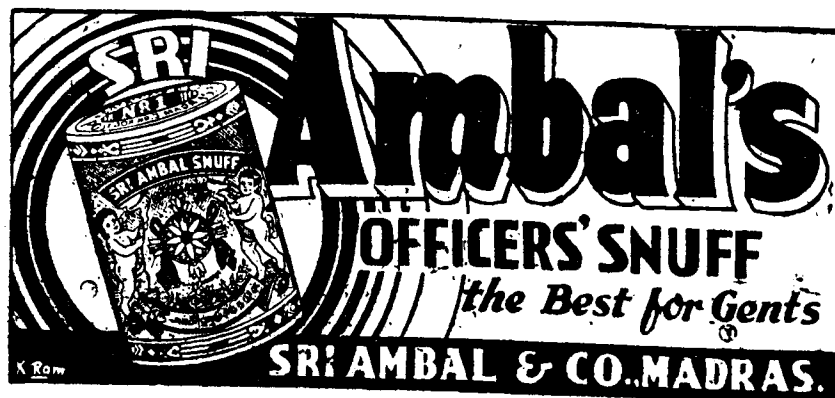
Where, then, did Marx obtain his dialectic? What precisely does "dialectic" mean? To what extent is his use of it consistent and rational?

When we have answered these questions—and not until then—we shall be able to assess the validity or the falsity of Marxian doctrine as a whole.

By his own admission, Marx borrowed his dialectic from the philosophy of Hegel. As a student he was trained in Hegel's dialectical logic, an account of the activity of thought as a process of growth or development.

Hegel's logic describes each phase of the process as passing through three stages. An initial assertion is made (the thesis). Its limitations inevitably produce a contradictory assertion (the antithesis). From the clash of these two emerges the synthesis—a compromise, so to speak or a "reconciling third term"—which does justice to whatever is positive in both.

In its turn, inevitably, the synthesis becomes a new thesis, which clashes and combines with its own antithesis to produce a new synthesis, and so on.



Marx was fascinated by the inevitability of the dialectic. But he believed that Hegel, being an idealist, had misused it by giving ideas priority. Marx therefore set out to modify its application. In so doing, he involved himself in at least three fallacies.

They were:—

1. In Hegel's logic, he said, the dialectic was "standing on its head." He had set it "right side up," thus giving the priority to facts (and, in particular, to economic facts) as distinct from ideas.

To this inversion of the dialectic there are two objections.

In the first place, it is entirely dogmatic. Neither Marx nor Engels, neither Lenin nor Stalin has ever attempted to give it any rational justification. Derisive comments on the "mystification" of idealism are not enough.

In the second place, by turning the dialectic "right side up," Marx deprived it of its driving force. He was left with a vehicle without an engine. For the inevitability of Hegel's dialectic is essentially logical. The sequence of thesis, antithesis and synthesis is a sequence of ideas, a necessity of thinking.

By rejecting the primacy of ideas, Marx unwittingly sacrificed the dynamic power of the sequence. Thus his interpretation of history is vitiated from the start.

2. Closely related to this initial fallacy is the major dilemma on which the Marxists find themselves impaled.

On the one hand, they hold that the march of history is, in the last analysis, a determined process. It is a necessary sequence, and therefore (they say) the social revolution is not only "inevitable" but also in a special sense predestined.

On the other hand, being revolutionaries, they are pledged to work actively for the attainment of their objectives. They have never disowned a *coup d'état* by a trained minority—as in the Bolshevik revolution in 1917.

The Communist is here entangled in the old problem of free will and predestination. In the terms of pure theory, he holds that the dialectic must bring about the social revolution at some predetermined point of time in the future—a point impossible to predict by analysis, yet none the less fixed by destiny.

On this showing, the process cannot be speeded up or retarded. No act of will, no choice of methods, no Leninist exhortation can modify the inhuman, inexorable sequence. And, clearly, if such intervention can affect the process, then the end is not in the Marxian sense predestined.

3. The last of Marx's fallacies is that of finality. In Hegel's logic it is evident that the dialectical process is, by its very nature, unending. Every synthesis becomes a new thesis, and every thesis has its own antithesis, and so *ad infinitum*.

But in Marx's doctrine (as we have just seen) the process comes to a full stop. This happens with the advent of the classless society.

What then? Marx cannot tell us. Why must a classless society be one without conflict? Marx merely reiterates that it must be so. What miracle determines the end of determinism? On this crucial point Marx is silent.

What he does say is that, with the coming of social revolution, "pre-history ends" and "history begins." If this means anything at all, it is a tacit admission that his dialectical analysis is not an interpretation of history.

Mr. H. C. Armstrong tells of the story of the close friendship that existed between General Smuts and Louis Botha. These two men were as different as any two men could be, but nothing ever happened to break the ties of friendship that bound them. During the Great War, Smuts was offered the command of the British Army in Egypt. He wanted to accept, but he first telegraphed to Botha for advice. Botha replied—"Advise you to refuse. We both know you are no general." So Smuts refused. Soon afterwards, he was invited to join the War Cabinet.—From HERBERT CASSON.

Short Story

THE CELEBRATION

By S. Krishniah

FOURTEEN annas. That was all. That was all the money which Balu had in his pocket as he waited for a bus outside the Egmore Railway Station. He had scarcely waited for a few minutes when the bus arrived and mechanically he elbowed his way and secured for himself standing accommodation. As the bus speeded away towards Mount Road, everybody inside seemed to be jabbering about the same thing—horses. They were either deploring their luck at the disappointment that a certain favourite had caused them or praising their own wonderful prescience in picking out the rank outsider. With scorn imprinted on his face Balu could not but listen to all the nonsense that was fanatically argued across the seats.

He himself had backed a dead certainty barely two hours ago. But the horse which carried all Balu's worldly possession had been pipped at the post. It wouldn't have been so bad, thought Balu, if the horse had been last. That it should lose by a short head when it meant so much to his future agonized him. Bad luck. Damn bad luck, he thought. But he tried to console himself philosophically. It required men like him who were utter failures in life to make this world—perhaps more failures than successful men.

He got down at Mount Road and proceeded to walk at a leisurely pace towards his apartments in Triplicane. He stopped before a small shop and bought a packet of cigarettes. Yes, he could still afford himself that much luxury.

He had already decided, as the electric train whirled him away from the race-course at Guindy, that there was nothing that he could possibly do to save himself from public disgrace and absolute ruin. His mind had formulated fantastic schemes of doing various things but he had been an army officer during the war and had cultivated the very valuable

friendship of Kittu who had been his colleague. Kittu and Balu had been in an artillery regiment in the 14th Army and had been in the thick of the fray round Imphal. It was Kittu who had suggested when they were both released from the army that Balu should start a business in Madras. Kittu was the son of a businessman and had joined his father in business. Balu had seen bright prospects in the suggestion and had eagerly invested all his life's savings. Things had gone well for a couple of years but the slump had caught him napping.

Now all that was left amounted to the few coins that jingled in his pocket. Balu had gambled and lost. Balu smiled to himself whimsically as he thought of it. Gambled and lost. Yes, that was it. All his life had been a gamble—in the jungles of Burma he had gambled with his life; in the small business he had started he had gambled with his capital; and finally he had gambled in the race-course in a futile attempt to make enough money to pay off his debts. Four or five law suits faced him. His hotel bill and room-rent were due for the last two months. Nothing, absolutely nothing, could save him from the imminent catastrophe. He knew when he was beaten and decided to follow the only course left open to him.

He had reached the big building where in the first storey he had apartments. On the ground floor facing the main road were many shops. One of them was a drug store. Balti walked boldly in. He knew the proprietor well, very well, because he had often patronised that shop for buying tincture zingiberis.

"Hello, Sir," he greeted the proprietor, "How are you?"

"Good evening, Mr. Balu. Haven't seen you for a long time."

"Yes, I've been quite busy. As a matter of fact, I have a beastly head-

ache right now. Could you give me some aspirin?"

The proprietor stretched out his hand and took from a shelf a packet of Aspro tablets.

"Oh no, not that. I don't believe in this patent stuff. Haven't you got pure aspirin—that thing which they sell in bottles of hundreds?"

"Oh yes, we've certainly got them. Why don't you consult a doctor, Mr. Balu, if you have regular headaches?"

Balu smiled.

"I don't think that doctors will be of much use."

He took the bottle of aspirin from the drug store proprietor. "By the way, I haven't got the money with me just now. You don't mind if I pay you in the morning?"

"Oh no, Mr. Balu, certainly I don't mind. Any time you pass this way."

Balu climbed up the stairs to his apartments. It was almost dark and he switched on the light.

It was going to be a tough job swallowing a hundred tablets of aspirin and Balu knew that. He was steeling himself to face the ordeal. It had to be done. There was just no other way. What if people called him a coward? Why shouldn't he attempt to escape the stern unrelenting realities of life if he chose to do so? What was the use of ramming his head against the adamant wall which fate had erected in his path? What indeed was the use of clinging on to the remnants of a wasted life? Balu sat down before the table and wrote a letter. It was not particularly addressed to anybody since he had no close relatives that he cared for nor any intimate friends except Kittu. But he had to write a note as it would avoid a lot of speculation when they discovered his body the following morning. He fetched himself a glass of water and sitting on his bed emptied the bottle into his hand. The hundred tablets of aspirin looked a very large quantity when they were out of the container. So he went to fetch himself another glass of water.

As he was filling the second glass of water from the carafe he heard steps running up the staircase to his room. He felt guilty and ashamed as if he were a thief caught robbing. The steps sounded familiar and Balu had

time to secrete his tablets into his pocket but not sufficient enough to change the expression on his face. The door was thrust open without the ceremony of knocking and Kittu burst into the room.

"What are you up to, Balu?" Kittu asked seeing the terrified expression on his friend's countenance. "Are you up to any mischief? What have you got in the glass?"

"Just water," stammered Balu.

"I thought it was gin or something the way you looked at me as I came in."

"Oh, it is nothing, Kittu. I have a bad head-ache, that's all."

"I looked out for you at the races, but couldn't see you. Why didn't you come?"

"I couldn't," Balu lied because he did not want to reveal to Kittu that he had been to the second enclosure and lost the little he had.

"I specially came to see you about the glue factory I mentioned to you the other day."

"It's no use, Kittu, your talking to me anything about business. I am dead broke and that is the end of the matter."

"But, good God, man, you can't just sit back and say it is all over. You've got to do something. Otherwise how are you going to earn any money?"

"That is what I'm wondering too."

Kittu was quick to note the sarcasm and defeatism in Balu's tone.

"Look here, Balu, perhaps you think that I'm to be blamed for all this since otherwise you might have..."

"Oh, don't be silly. I never blamed you for anything."

"You are just trying to be magnanimous. You can't deny the fact that I made you get the release. For all I know if I hadn't interfered you'd be sitting pretty as a Major or Lt.-Col.!"

"That's all gone. There's no use talking about it. I tried my hand at business and I failed. Your self-reproach is sheer nonsense."

"Let's not digress. I am here to talk to you about the glue factory..."

"That's what I said; that there's no use talking."

"Wait, Balu. I've been making a few enquiries about you. I know you are very badly off. I know you are involved in law suits and that your bills for boarding and lodging are

long overdue. It is no use trying to hide things from me. I've been finding out all this about you. To a certain extent I feel responsible for this state of affairs whatever you may say and this is the only way I can help you. No, don't interrupt me. You see, I told you last time that we are going to make our glue factory a limited concern. We have finalised all arrangements and we had the first meeting of the Board of Directors this morning. We want a purchasing agent to procure us raw materials on a commission basis. I suggested your name to the Board and it was approved."

Balu grinned sheepishly.

"Do you think I'll be able to manage it?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"But I've no money—no capital."

"That doesn't matter. You only buy on our behalf and we foot all the bills and give you the commission."

"Sounds too good to be true."

"But you don't seem to be enthusiastic about it."

Balu got up from the bed on which he was sitting and started pacing the narrow confines of the room.

"Yes, you are right, Kittu, but how can I be enthusiastic about anything? Would you believe that I have only five annas in my pocket now and I have to clear debts for over four thousand rupees? No wonder I'm not enthusiastic."

"That is exactly why you should be. You've got to clear your debts and then make your fortune. Remember, Balu, when we were besieged in Imphal and all hope was gone of ever coming out of that hell alive you were the man who alone was optimistic and no wonder Col. Kelghly liked you so much. Where is all that fight in you now? What has happened to you? Why don't you charge into life as you used to blast into those Japanese five years ago... Let's not talk about this over and over again. You are going to be our purchasing agent and that's settled. You are coming to the office tomorrow and signing the contract. Okay?"

"All right."

"Well, this calls for a celebration, doesn't it?"

"I suppose so," said Balu dispiritedly.

"I don't mean an ordinary celebration. This calls for a bottle of brandy! Does that fellow, what's his name, still sell smuggled brandy?"

"Haven't seen him for months."

"No harm in trying, is there?" asked Kittu and took out a hundred rupee note from his pocket. He rose up from the chair to face Balu and gave him the money. "Cheer up, old man, we'll have a real burst-up to-night here. I've got my car outside and you can take it."

Luckily Balu was able to contact the dealer in smuggled liquor without much difficulty. After arguing about the price for a few minutes he bought a bottle of brandy for seventy-five rupees and returned in the car.

Strange things had happened that day. Balu had touched the lowest depths of affliction and distress and but for the timely interruption he would have been a dead man by then. Kittu had come with a brilliant offer. It was the largest slice of luck that had come Balu's way for many a long year. These thoughts along with the cool night air which ruffled his locks as he was driving fast down Mound Road made his spirits rise up again. And he had the expectation of a tete-a-tete with his best friend over a bottle of brandy! The fates were indeed smiling at him. He had turned the corner and his future seemed paved with sunshine. He parked the car and took the bottle of brandy which was well wrapped up and having hidden it inside the coat under his arm he got out of the car. He banged the door shut and walked towards the entrance of the building.

Just as he was about to enter, a figure, clad in white dhoti and a white shirt detached itself from the shadow of the doorway and accosted him.

"Mr. Balu?"

"Yes."

"What have you got under your arm?"

"None of your business. Who are you?"

Meanwhile, another man in khaki had come up behind.

"I'm the Inspector of Police Prohibition."

INDONESIA IN THE COLD WAR

By ANDREW ROTH

This article explains that America had the decisive voice in the Indonesian settlement. While the U. S. wants to see a stable Indonesian Republic, capable of keeping out Communist influence or infiltration, American policy is influenced by the possibilities of a Burma-type situation in Indonesia during the next crucial years.

ALTHOUGH situated in the steamy torrid zone, the infant Republic of the United States of Indonesia is already being subjected to the wintry blasts of the "cold war." The U.S.A. smiles proudly at the infant republic, the first one in Asia it has mid-wifed into existence after long and painful birthpangs. The Soviets, furious that they have not been permitted to father it, snarl that it is not really legitimate and predict that it will not be able to walk by itself. This conflict is not likely to make Indonesia's first years any the easier.

American policy makers have given considerable weight to their efforts in Indonesia. Of late they have increasingly thought of Indonesia as the Eastern flank of a South Asia anti-Communist containment arc. At the beginning of the Indonesian conflict, the U.S. leaned strongly toward the Dutch because American policy was then emphasising the stability of Western Europe. Then, as its European successes were cancelled out by Asian failures, American policy turned strongly toward strategically-placed Indonesia. From the spring of 1948 on, it acted on the assumption that a formally independent Indonesia under conservative-nationalist leadership would be a more reliable anti-Communist ally than a rebellious colony under Dutch control. This view was strengthened by the Sukarno-Hatta Government's rapid success in crushing the Communist putsch of September 1948.

American policy has, however, always supported the retention of considerable Dutch influence as a "stabilizing influence." This was formally confirmed on September 20 when U. S. spokesman Philip Jessup called in the U.N. General Assembly for the "prompt establishment of independence for the Indonesian people in close association, however,

with the Netherlands Crown and the people of the Netherlands."

The U. S. has lavished more attention on the Indonesian controversy than on any other question in South Asia, and has succeeded in creating an Indonesian settlement in the image of its own policy. World opinion and the actions of Asian nations—such as the Indonesian conference at New Delhi and the refusal of transit rights for Dutch planes—have served as important pressures on the Dutch. But a review of the negotiations demonstrates that the U. S. had the decisive voice in producing the settlement. This was a product of two factors: the consummate diplomatic skill of Merle Cochran, the U. S. representative on the U. N. Commission, and the fact that both the parties to the dispute are hopeful of getting U. S. economic aid. As a result, the U. S. is entitled to both substantial credit for a peaceful settlement as well as blame for the inadequacies of the settlement.

The degree of U. S. influence in the negotiations at The Hague is indicated by the fact that on virtually every important issue it was the compromise suggested by Merle Cochran that was accepted. It was he who suggested the compromise figure of 4 billion guilders for the debt that the Indonesians have taken over. It was Mr. Cochran's formulation which has placed the strategic Surabaya naval base under a Dutch naval commander responsible to the Indonesian Defence Minister. It was apparently his refusal to pressure the Dutch that resulted in their continued stiffness in insisting on retaining New Guinea. The Dutch Cabinet felt that it would have to hold on to something in Indonesia in order to "sell" the Dutch-Indonesian agreement to two-thirds of the Dutch Parliament. It is difficult to believe, however, that under

U. S. pressure Holland would not have accepted a 50 or 100 year lease, which the Indonesians were prepared to grant.

For strategic reasons the U. S. is not anxious to see the Dutch completely pushed out of Indonesia. While the U. S. wants to see a stable Indonesian Republic, capable of keeping out Communist influence or infiltration, American diplomats see possibilities of a Burma-type situation emerging during the next crucial years. Therefore in the U. S. official viewpoint, the continuation of Dutch administrators, the temporary Dutch retention of New Guinea, Dutch operation control of Surabaya, the continued stay of Dutch troops for upwards of six months are all regarded as stabilizing factors in that strategic archipelago.

There is every evidence that U. S. influence is likely to grow during the next formative years. Mr. Cochran, who so considerably influenced the character of the settlement, is to continue on in Indonesia as the first American Ambassador. He will undoubtedly have considerable influence partly because, like so many other South Asian leaders, the Sukarno-Hatta leadership thinks largely in terms of U. S. loans to repair war damage and erect a national economy. Washington, feeling that economic assistance is needed to stabilize the Indonesian economy, has already voted \$37.5 million to buy textiles and rice for Indonesia and another \$100 million will probably be forthcoming soon from the Export-Import Bank. It seems likely that U. S. influence in Indonesia—as in China—will grow primarily through the supervision of the spending of politically-inspired governmental loans, rather than through private U. S. investment.

Since the U. S. has served as mid-wife to the Indonesian Republic and is planning to oversee its infancy, the Communist world has opened up on it with heavy guns. In October the Cominform Journal predicted that the "victory of the Chinese Revolution will inspire the peoples of colonial and dependent countries to intensify their struggle...." And even earlier the Chinese Communists had attacked Sukarno and Hatta as belonging to

the "feeble-minded bourgeoisie of South Asia" who were betraying their countries by compromising with the Anglo-Americans.

The ability of the Indonesian Communists themselves to influence the situation has been curtailed by disorganization and decapitation arising out of their attempt to move too fast in 1948, culminating in the abortive Madiun putsch. At the beginning of 1948 the Left-wing (Sayap kiri) coalition of Socialists, Communists, Laborites and Socialist Youth was the best-organized group in Indonesia, with a substantial portion of the educated and nationalistic youth in its ranks. The leading party in this coalition was the Socialist Party, with ex-Premiers Amir Sharifuddin and Sultan Sharir at the head. In February 1946 moderate Socialist Sharir pulled out with his supporters because he felt that Marxian Socialist Sharifuddin was putting all his eggs in the Soviet basket and moving left too fast. The Sharifuddin-led Leftists came out against the Sukarno-Hatta leadership with increasing bitterness. This was due partly to their belief that the Republican Government was not coping adequately with the economic crisis within the Republic and was leaning too heavily on the Americans. It was undoubtedly sharpened by the 1947 "get tough" policy of the Cominform and the Indian Communists' Calcutta Conference of February 1948. It was pitched even higher with the return of Muso from Moscow in August 1948. The left coalition was converted into a monolithic Communist Party and Sharifuddin proclaimed himself a Communist.

Although the Communists were obviously preparing some type of anti-government action later on, the Madiun putsch of September 1948 was an indisciplined local insurrection by a local Communist hot-head rather than a centrally planned operation. Almost all of the Communist leaders were on tour preparing for a party congress set for October and not in Madiun when it broke. At first Muso attempted to wriggle out of it by conciliating Sukarno, but when the latter insisted on capitulation, the Communists were compelled to back up the Madiun putsch. The Communists were defeated fairly easily and their

leaders imprisoned because, although politically conscious Indonesians had many complaints against the Sukarno-Hatta leadership, they would not tolerate sabotage while the anti-Dutch fight was still on. Most of the able Communist leaders (including Sharifuddin, Muso and Suripno) were executed in prisons by local military commanders after the Dutch attack in December 1948.

The Indonesian Trotskyists lost their outstanding leader, Tan Malakka, shortly thereafter. Imprisoned for an attempt to kidnap Premier Sharir in 1946, he was released in August 1948 because Premier Hatta wanted to use him against the Stalinist Communists. After the Dutch attacked in December, he attempted to lead an independent guerilla organization which clashed with the official Republican army. He was captured and, according to the best available information, was later executed. Without him, his party seems unlikely to gain much strength because it was not well-organized or well-indoctrinated and has scarcely any second-string leaders.

The Stalinist Communists will take long to recover from their defeat and decapitation. Mas Alimin is apparently still alive but staying in the background. The leadership has fallen into the hands of furtive Setiajit, a bearded behind-the-scenes intriguer with little popularity even in his own party.

The Communists' main opportunities lie in their exploiting the economic grievances of the difficult years ahead and recapturing their former place as the extreme wing of nationalism. A large section of the youthful nationalists feels that the Sukarno-Hatta leadership has yielded too much

to the Dutch. Premier Hatta foresaw this possibility when he told Sydney Gruson of the *New York Times* on August 25th: "Militarily we can control the Communists, now. But we must avoid any sign in the negotiations here that we are 'selling out' to foreigners. This will influence our attitude on such questions as leasing a naval base to the Dutch...." In mid-October he was quoted as saying: "If I had to sign on the terms the Dutch are offering now, they might as well hand the power over to (Communist leader) Setiajit." Actually, Hatta did not have to settle on quite as severe terms but, in order to secure a peaceful transfer before 1950, had to make concessions which make wonderful targets for the Communists.

The ability of the Indonesian Communists to make a come-back will depend to a certain extent on the support they get from the Chinese Communists. There are two million Chinese in Indonesia, mostly petty merchants and artisans, almost all of whom have remained aloof from local politics. Under the impact of Chinese Communist victories and propaganda, a substantial sector is becoming somewhat pro-Communist. These allies will probably improve the finances of the Indonesian Communists.

Premier Hatta and Sukarno are conscious that tugs and pulls of the "cold war" are going to be among the worst headaches of Indonesia's first years. Therefore, while relying on the U. S. for economic support they are attempting to avoid antagonizing the Soviet or Chinese Communists. Recently Dr. Hatta has made it clear that Indonesia would recognise Communist China if the Chinese Communists recognise Indonesia. But he seemed a bit fearful.—N. P. S. (Copyright).

The editor of a small town weekly was attacking the habit of borrowing his paper instead of subscribing for it. So he invented this story:

A miserly man sent his son to borrow this weekly paper from a neighbour. Coming back, the boy tripped over a bee-hive and was badly stung. The father went to the aid of his son, ran into a barbed-wire fence and ruined a 20s pair of trousers. The cow was stung, ran out of the gate and was killed by a motor-car. The wife rushed out, knocked over a churn and spilled four gallons of cream. The baby fell into the cream and then crawled over a £2 rug, spoiling it. The mother fainted and broke a £10 set of false teeth. And the daughter took advantage of all the fuss and eloped with the ploughman.—From **HERBERT CASSON**.

THE BEE: AGRICULTURE'S BEST INSECT FRIEND

By FRED WEISS

BEES are the most efficient pollinators known to man, and all fruit and seed crops depend entirely upon pollination. In the United States, about 50 of the most common fruits, vegetables, and legumes are bee-pollinated. Farmers, orchardists, and ranchers have recently discovered that by increasing the concentration of bees in their fields at the proper times, their crop yields can be tremendously increased.

Some years ago, bee-keeping was a comparatively static occupation. The bee-keeper set up his hives, stocked them with bees, tended them, and collected his honey at the end of the season. Today, many bee-keepers take their bees travelling. Their experience has determined the ratio of bees to crop area for most efficient pollination. For a 62-acre alfalfa field, for instance, the bee-keeper will set out 50 hives, strategically placed at roughly equal distances apart. He will place additional hives on other farms in the area until all hives are disposed of. After pollination in the area has been completed, he will gather up his hives again and move on to another region where pollination is needed. The increased yield to the farmer, noticeable on all his bee-pollinated crops, is most marked in the cases of citrus fruits, cotton, and leguminous crops. The arrangement is mutually beneficial, for the bee-keeper gets an increased flow of honey.

The first domesticated honey bees were brought to the United States in the early seventeenth century by English colonists who settled in New England. These bees were of the strain known as German black bees. In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, several new strains were introduced into the country, gradually supplanting the German bees. Among the most important were the Russian Caucasus bee and the Italian honey bee. Today, bees of the Italian strain predominate, although the Caucasus type is

also greatly valued for its gentle disposition and high level of honey production.

Before the introduction of European bees, crops of the American Indians were pollinated by native wild bees. These will bees continued to be of extreme importance in the pollination of crops until recent years. However, as agriculture expanded in the United States, more and more land was cleared, destroying in many sections the natural woodland habitat of the wild bee. The increased use of new and more powerful insecticides, designed to eliminate crop-destroying insects, has also helped to decimate the ranks of the wild bees.

The importance of the bee in pollinating leguminous crops gives the insect a vital role in soil-conservation projects. Legumes provide cover for the soil, prevent erosion, and improve fertility. Many conservation districts in the southern part of the United States have found that using bees in planned pollination projects insures best conservation results. In one Texas soil-conservation district, planned pollination increased the yield of clover seed by more than 40 per cent.

The importance of the bee to agriculture has long been stressed by American agricultural scientists, who point to the monotonous crops and diet of bee-less areas where only the few food crops that are mainly wind-pollinated may be grown. The U. S. Department of Agriculture, at its experimental apiaries in various parts of the country, has carried on extensive bee research projects. There have been two prime objectives of their research—the development of better honey producers and pollinators, and the eradication and prevention of bee diseases.

Much of the work done by the Department of Agriculture has been in the hybridization of bees. Two discoveries, artificial insemination and the use of carbon dioxide to ca-

unmated queens to lay eggs earlier, have made such hybridization easier to accomplish. Several hours after being treated with carbon dioxide, the queen begins to lay eggs. The progeny from these self-fertilized eggs are always males. To produce an inbred line, entomologists mate the same queen with one of her own offspring by artificial insemination. Using these two methods, entomologists, for the first time, can develop inbred lines of known and controlled ancestry. By crossing inbred lines, increased vigour may be obtained.

The Inter-mountain States Bee Culture Laboratories at Laramie, in the western state of Wyoming, have been using the technique of hybridization to produce bees that are strongly resistant to disease. The disease most feared by American beekeepers is American foulbrood, a bacterial infection which usually results in the loss of a complete colony when it strikes. Bee researchers, however, have noticed that a few strains of bees have shown special resistance to the disease. These strains quickly clean out diseased portions of their hive as soon as the malady strikes, before it has time to contaminate the entire bee community. By inbreeding such lines, the experimenters have developed strains that are fully resistant to the disease, though they are relatively poor honey producers. Crossing with a line of good honey producers has resulted in a strain that is highly resistant to the disease and is an efficient honey producer as well.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture is actively interested in fostering an increase in bee-keeping. Throughout the United States today, there are some 6,000,000 colonies of honey bees, each colony having an average population of from 45,000 to 50,000 bees. Each year, they produce about 2,000,000 pounds of honey and about 4,000,000 pounds of beeswax. About half of the honey crop is used for household consumption, the rest by bakers and candy manufacturers. The wax is used principally in the manufacture of phonograph records, candles, salves, and ointments.

Bee-keeping in America is practised both as a large-scale business enter-

prise and as a pleasant and remunerative hobby or sideline for a farmer. All parts of the country are suitable for raising bees; however, California in the West and Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin in the Middle West are the leading honey-producing states. In most of the southern states, there are apiaries which specialize in producing queen and worker bees rather than honey. One phase of this type of bee-keeping is the mass production of queen bees. Apiarists have learned to alter the bees' natural way of doing things so that many queens can be produced at will. These queens are then mated and sold by mail to bee-keepers in all parts of the United States. One large southern bee farm has sent out more than 60,000 queens and 175,000,000 worker bees in one year. When a queen arrives at her destination, she is ready to enter a hive and begin her life work of producing offspring.

Most American bee-keepers use a standardized, mass-produced hive known as the Langstroth hive, which may be enlarged by adding sections. Usually one or two hive bodies are placed on the hive's bottom board. These bodies are removable and interchangeable and contain frames which hold the honeycombs. It is the hive body that is actually the bees' home. Here, the queens lay their eggs and the worker bees deposit the honey needed for the growth of the young and the hive's winter food supply. On top of the hive bodies, the beekeeper may place one or more similar bodies. There, the bees store their surplus honey, which provides the beekeeper with his honey crop. For \$20 or less, a novice bee-keeper in the United States can buy a hive, a queen bee, and several thousand workers with which to start his swarm.

The ways of the "busy bee," alluded to in so many fables and proverbs, are perpetually fascinating to amateur naturalists as well as to scientists. One of the intangible by-products of bee-keeping is the opportunity it affords for close observation of the strange community life of these indefatigable insects. A beekeeper, it has been said, can hardly avoid becoming something of a philosopher. —USIS.

RUSSIA AND THE MIDDLE EAST

By KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

AN event that has sent more than one capital speculating is Russia's invitation to Liaquat Ali, Prime Minister of Pakistan. For Russia is not behind the Iron Curtain. It is the Iron Curtain itself. It is one colossal interrogation. People are either exuberantly enthusiastic about it or bitterly opposed to it. Russia hardly seems to brook the middle way. No country in the world has continued to remain a mystery for so long. It has become a legend, like the land beyond. Diplomats may live there for decades without ever glimpsing an inch beyond the magic circle that is drawn around. Tourists do occasionally traverse parts of this wonderland. Still they continue to ask, "Have we really seen Russia?" Did they see but a show especially put on for their benefit? Nobody will ever know. Will Russia remain the sphinx of the 20th century?

Pakistan has been actively angling for an Islamistan. Little aware of the chequered pattern the Middle Eastern countries form, their internal dissensions which the war with Israel highlighted. What is Russia's game in the Arab land? Has she a master plan and is Pakistan one of the keys to it? In order to seek an answer to this, one must glance over Russia's part in the Middle Eastern affairs from the Czarist days. For many of Russia's foreign policies still have their roots in the pre-revolutionary days.

Russia began to figure in the Middle Eastern world about the beginning of the 19th century when the French started making frantic overtures to the Shah of Persia to enlist his support in an overland invasion of India with Russian aid. This ended ultimately in Napoleon's treaty with Russia who, in the meantime, had begun to use the footing she had been able to secure in the East, for appropriating Persian territory in Transcaucasia for herself by forcing Persia to acknowledge her right over this territory including Baku, the fabulous oil region. Thus Russia came to be established as one of the Middle Eastern powers. Actually her ambitious bid to replace the Ottoman Empire as

the dominant factor in the Black Sea goes a hundred years back to this, to Peter the Great's invasion of the Ukraine when she continued to advance her frontiers to the lower Danube.

Towards the middle of the 19th century when the Egyptian Pasha, Ibrahim, was thundering at the gates of Istambul, the Ottoman Sultan appealed to Russia for help. A Russian force was sent to protect the Sultan. Next Russia claimed the right to protect the Orthodox Christians in the Ottoman empire. Britain and France who were already becoming apprehensive over Russia's growing power, waged the Crimean War against her with a view to cripple her, and by the Treaty of Paris forbade her from bringing her ships into the Black Sea. But this proved very short-lived, for while the others were pre-occupied with the Franco-German war, Russia resumed her freedom of action in the Black Sea. By now what is known as Russian Turkestan had been brought completely under her control to make secure her vital trade route across Siberia, now covered by the Trans-Siberian Railway. By the close of the 19th century, Russia had encroached right on the borders of Afghanistan, raising the scare of the Russian threat to India. The European powers backed Turkey against Russia in the Balkan war and Britain fought the second war against Afghanistan to beat back Russian influence there. Britain began to tighten the cord round the Persian Gulf area, prevailing upon the Sheikhs of that region not to make any territorial concessions or enter into agreements with any government other than Britain, nor accept any diplomatic representative without the approval of Britain. Lord Curzon declared: "I should regard the concession by any power, of a port upon the Persian Gulf to Russia as a deliberate insult to Britain, as a wanton rupture of the status-quo, and as an international provocation to war...." When severe restrictions were imposed upon Turkey, he commented approvingly: "We subsidize its ruler, we dictate its policy,

we should tolerate no rival influence."

By the beginning, of the 20th century, however, the threat of a new and still more formidable rival, the fresh-born German empire, drew the old rivals together into an Entente Cordiale under which the spheres of influence of each were clearly defined, and Persia was split up between Russia in the north and Britain in the south, and Afghanistan was exclusively left to Britain.

Russia took advantage of this to consolidate her position in the East, in Persia and other regions. For this end she recognised German interests in the Baghdad Railway in return for recognition of her oil interests in Persia, and promised an open-door for German trade in her own sphere.

The Red revolution of 1917 completely altered the old alignments. By early 1920 the Red Army entered the Persian territory. At this stage, an outstanding and determined Persian officer, Riza Khan, assumed power as Shah and a Soviet-Persian agreement of amity was signed by the two new Governments.

But the Soviet Union had no diplomatic relations with any of the Arab countries. It had however established diplomatic relations with Turkey. Both, as fellow sufferers at the hands of the Allies, had been drawn together. But it had not extended to the more intimate social or cultural relationship. Up to the outbreak of World War II, Russia was mainly on the defensive, too engrossed in preparing for the coming Nazi assault. The joint occupation of Iran in 1941 by Britain and Russia gave the latter an opportunity to play her hand at the old game of Middle Eastern politics.

As the war came to a close Soviet influence began to manifest itself particularly in the Azerbaijan Province, the richest grain-yielding area and containing about one third of the total population of Iran. It is divided from Soviet Azerbaijan by an arbitrary frontier although linguistically and culturally the two form a single unit. The pro-Soviet movement was fostered by the newly formed Democratic Party with which the local Tudeh party linked itself. It was led by Jaffar Pishevari who had in 1920 taken part in the formation of the Soviet Republic of Gilan. The present coup took a novel form.

The Russian occupation authority would announce that the Democrats were coming to take over and they would not allow any Government intervention. Actually a minority of the population supported this coup as it was, above all, sponsored by the occupying foreign force. Through these means an autonomous state of Azerbaijan was set up. This seemed to be the signal for a number of revolts against the government. Under this softening up process, the Soviet government wangled an oil agreement out of Iran under which a joint oil company was to be set up in which Russia was to hold the major shares. Concessions to others were barred. The Anglo-American powers alarmed at the increasing pressure the Soviet was able to exercise on Iran, decided to evacuate their armies so as to induce the Soviet to do likewise. Moscow, however, qualified her withdrawal by the condition that the Red Army would continue in those parts which were still disturbed, referring obviously to areas such as Azerbaijan. Iranian troops, however, entered that province and leader Pishevari fled into the Soviet territory. Heartened by this success, the *Majlis* rejected the oil agreement made with Russia and threw out the Prime Minister on that issue. There is no doubt that in all these moves Iran had the backing of the Anglo-American bloc, and the resultant alignment of that country is with the Western powers. Iran is now definitely receiving military equipment from the United States and the British are negotiating for further oil concessions. In the first post-war round the Soviet has received a setback in Iran.

With Turkey the Soviet relations worsened as the war came to a close. Turkey had always been very critical of the Soviet social and economic system and the added danger of the Soviet expansionist policy, made Turkey very jittery and to lean more and more on the United States.

Russia for her part has been taking the strong line towards Turkey. She has demanded the return of the provinces of Kars and Ardahan which the new revolutionary and anti-imperialist Moscow regime of 1921 had voluntarily returned to Turkey, and presses a proposal that Turkey and the Soviet Union as the two coun-

tries most interested in and capable of ensuring the freedom of merchant shipping in the Straits should organise jointly the defence of the Straits to prevent their use by other states for purposes hostile to the Black Sea powers. Turkey suggested an international conference of the signatories to the Montreux convention and the U.S.A. Russia rejected this and warned that any attempt to bring the Anglo-American powers into these discussions would be to the detriment of the interests of the Black Sea powers. The offer of financial aid to Turkey along with the aid to Greece in 1947 by the U.S.A. to combat communist forces decided finally Turkey's alignment. She has since become a close collaborator of America.

Russia utilised her war-time alliance with England and America to establish diplomatic relations with the Arab countries. The Arab countries could no more ignore a world power like the Soviet. The Left is still very weak in the Arab countries but the general economic set-up, the continuance of feudalism, the low economic condition of the masses and above all the intrigues of Anglo-American interests to perpetuate their domination, provide a happy hunting-ground for the Communists, although the Party everywhere is in a weak condition.

Czarist Russia like all imperialists, had used the Church as an instrument for advocating Russian interests abroad, mainly through richly-endowed educational missions. After the revolution the new Russian government claimed without success those properties from the Mandatories. In 1945, the Russian Patriarch set up in Moscow, visited the Holy Land in State and celebrated a solemn liturgy at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, attended by representatives of all the other churches. The National governments in the Arab countries that have replaced the Mandatories readily agreed to negotiate on the question of recognition of the Soviet title to properties in Syria, Lebanon, etc.

The most recent part by Russia in this region is in Palestine. For once the Soviet Union was in agreement with the United States on the partition of that country and the setting up of the state of Israel. She, however, did

not forget to advance a Marxian reason for her conduct: that she regarded this as the instrument of the "liberation of the peoples of the Arab East from the last shackles of colonial dependence." It was also given out that the two parties of the left-wing of the Zionist movement merged early in 1948 in response to Russian Communist appeal. Russia has permitted the supply of arms to the Jews by her satellites especially Czechoslovakia. It is being increasingly realised that Russia's main interest is in sending into Israel state Jews from the South Eastern countries that are now in the Soviet orbit. In fact the British government protested to Bulgaria for illegally allowing nearly 20,000 Jewish immigrants to sail for Palestine from Bulgarian ports.

There is no doubt that just as the Western powers welcome the Israel state as a foothold for themselves in the Middle East, the Soviet too has aspirations in that direction, especially as communism has made little headway so far in the Arab countries. A steady infiltration of Palestine is kept up from the Soviet satellite countries to execute this plan. The Russian statesmen regard the Middle East today as practically a 2,000 mile long breach in the deep defensive which they have been busily reconstructing since the last war from the Baltic to the Pacific and as a base from which some of their most precious assets, the corn-lands of the Ukraine and the oil-fields of the Caucasus appear exposed to aerial invasion at short range by the "enemy" powers.

In addition Russia also chafes at what she terms the iniquities of oil possessions; for, while she controls barely 9% of the world's oil, U.S.A., Britain and the Dutch between them own 86%. She has at least for the time being been shut out from Iran, while her rivals enjoy access to Iran, Saudi Arabia and the Persian Gulf region, in the Middle East, in addition to sources elsewhere.

One of the chief features of the post-war II period is the re-appearance of Russia on the Middle Eastern scene. Her technique of expansion today differs from the Czarist days. Now the effort is to bring within Russian influence as many states as possible.

by re-shaping their political structure to conform to the Soviet pattern through support to Communist parties in the various countries and enabling them to set up their totalitarian dictatorships sub-servient to Moscow. The current Russian advance is thus endowed with a kind of missionary character and marches to such slogans as "Liberation," "Emancipation," "Social Justice" and the like which have a strong attraction for the long exploited masses of these countries.

There is poor chance of the Middle Eastern alignment with Russia under the present leadership, for it is predominantly feudalistic and conservative. Its alignments are naturally with the

old reactionary imperialist powers and it is fearful of any change lest it deprive them of their leadership. For so far they as a class are concerned, there is a fundamental difference between the Western and the Soviet powers. The goodwill of the former means a continuance of their own regime; while the dominance of Russia definitely implies a termination of their own rule and the rise of the local communists to power. There is no chance of a compromise in this prospect. Any Arab-Soviet axis can only follow a Red upheaval in the Middle East, such as in China. Even a Communist has no chance of Russian collaboration except on Russian terms, that is, complete subservience to the Stalin directive.

FOREIGN CAPITAL FOR INDIA

By C. L. NARASIMHAN

PANDIT Nehru, during his stay in the U.S.A. repeatedly emphasized that he had not gone there to ask any favours either of the Federal Government or of the private investors. Yet he pointed out that it will be extremely difficult for the young Indian Republic to make any appreciable advance in the realms of industry and agriculture without finance capital, capital goods and technical advice from the more opulent nations of the West, particularly the U.S.A. These two statements are not to be interpreted as mutually contradictory; in fact they flow from a single idea. Pandit Nehru's statement envisaged a business deal to be put through on mutually acceptable terms, neither more nor less. He invited the financiers to find out for themselves the conditions prevalent in India, which would define the profitability of such investments: the tax structure, remittance facilities, relation between State and industry as defined in the statement of India's industrial policy, internal market conditions, etc. Pandit Nehru assured the private investors that equal treatment would be accorded to indigenous and foreign capital and in the event of nationalization full justice would be done to property rights of foreign nationals. He went on to dwell at great length on the viability of the

new State with her development programmes, her new river projects and her rising industries. The advantages from any such scheme of investment will be mutual, the investors would be entitled to fair returns and India would have the badly needed capital. In such a relationship, there need enter no element of charity or obligation.

It is important to bear in mind the nature of the difference between American aid to Western Europe under the Marshall Plan and a flow of capital from the U. S. A. to India actuated by commercial considerations. Whether or not there is any U. S. pressure on the local Governments' policies in Western Europe is a matter of controversy. President Truman has indeed declared time and again that he does not want a hunger-stricken and desperate Europe to be taken in by the imposing panaceas of dictators and accept totalitarianism, be it of the Left or of the Right. American help is given "to keep up the standards necessary for the maintenance of free institutions." In other words, the ideological function of Marshall Aid is to save Western Europe from Communism. Consequently, a considerable portion of Marshall funds constitutes a gift to Western Europe. In contrast, any loan funds advanced to India will have only a developmental function.

This was implicit in Pandit Nehru's emphatic statement of a policy of neutrality for India in the cold war between the power blocs.

A survey of America's position in the world economy would bring out in full perspective the mutual nature of the benefits that would result from U. S. investment in India. In the beginning of the century, the U. S. A. emerged as the leading industrial power in the world, relegating Britain and Germany to secondary places. This superior industrial position was reflected in the favourable global balance of trade which the U. S. A. has built up since the First World War. The present world-wide scarcity of the dollar is only a surface expression of a tendency which began to assert itself in the beginning of the century. The Marshall Plan is essentially a solution to the problem of the balance of payments. For some time now, Europe has been unable to export as much to America as she has been forced to import from her and consequently there has been a dearth of dollars with which to buy American goods. The dollar income of Western Europe as a whole had declined considerably. The dollar income of the British service industries, like shipping and banking, the proceeds of tourist industry mainly depending on American travellers, and the foreign investments from which investors drew regular dividends, all these helped Europe to bridge the gap between its imports and exports. These conditions have ceased to exist in the post-war world. The gap has widened further and the European peoples are now faced with a choice between bridging this hiatus, with all the privation and toil it implies, and complete economic collapse.

These impoverished countries of Western Europe cannot conform to the exacting and grandiose ideal of free multilateral trade as envisaged by America and by the I. T. O. Charter, unless their economies are brought somewhere near their pre-war measure of prosperity. It is therefore in the interest of America herself to build up a potential market if she is to retain at home the high level of business activity made possible by the war.

During the war, the problem of demand was not a vital consideration. As long as the outlay on defence is at the expense of other peace-time needs of the people, demand will create no serious problem. An artificial level of prosperity can be kept up under these circumstances, for armaments do not raise the problem of marketing. Once peace-time industries resume their normal function, the American home market alone cannot consume the entire American production.

Recent economic analysis has shown the importance of investment in a highly industrialized society. The higher the income of a country, the less is the scope for consumption out of a given income, and the greater the portion saved out of that income. Unless these huge savings are offset by corresponding investment, large scale unemployment with a consequent reduction of income is bound to ensue. Eugene Staley in his *World Economic Development* estimated on the basis of 1942 prices that U. S. A. will have to invest annually about \$12,000 million if she is to maintain her present level of prosperity. The money which is being spent on European aid is thus only a fraction of the investment necessary to secure stability in the American economy.

Those who have been observing closely the working of the Marshall Plan are of the opinion that Europe will still be in need of aid at the end of 1952, when the Marshall Plan is scheduled to come to a close. Sooner or later, however, these countries will have to become self-sufficient, even if this involves a reduction in the real income of their citizens. After that, they will neither find it necessary nor be willing to live on loaned funds. The U. S. A., with the European market for her capital shut out, will have to seek other channels of fruitful investment to keep up an even level of employment in her economy. Also, the returns from investments in backward economies are in the nature of things bound to be more substantial and prolonged than those that accrue from corresponding investments in more industrialized societies. The rationale of a possible future U. S. investment in Asia is therefore based on economic rather than political considerations.

NEW DELHI DIARY



NEW DELHI is looking forward to the New Year with great hopes and expectations. The inauguration of the Indian Republic on the 26th of January will give a new turn to political developments in the country. Statesmen all over the world will watch with keen interest the way in which our leaders will pilot the country through 1950. Doubting Thomases, there are, who see bleak prospects for Republican India in view of dramatic and sudden developments in North and East Asia arising out of the success of Communist forces. They are inclined to magnify the difficulties of Indian leaders in keeping their house in order and the borders safe. Unsettled economic conditions within the country are pointed out as the major single factor that will allow the wrong type of ideology to get hold of the masses.

New Delhi, though fully aware of the situation, is confident of solving many of the problems, economic as well as political. Of Communism there is no sizable danger within the country. But India's borders have to be protected against Communist forces in the North, West and the North-East. That will be the main external problem during 1950. Presently, the Government of India is engaged in studying the report of Mr. H. Dayal, India's Political Agent in Sikkim, who recently returned from Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. The future of Tibet undoubtedly concerns India and the Communist success in China has created a situation calling for a revision of our policy. India has recognised nominal suzerainty of China over Tibet for several years, but that was part of a British treaty which was not wholly ratified by China. The position has now altered a great deal. Here is Communist China claiming authority and jurisdiction over the whole of Tibet and Tibetans want to cut off even the nominal suzerainty that they

had conceded to China, while there is very little to show that Tibetans by themselves can prevent Chinese Communists from taking hold of their territory. This is the situation facing the Government of India on the eve of her recognition of the Communist Government in Peiping. The Commonwealth Foreign Ministers' Conference to be held in Colombo on January 9 will have to take note of the situation.

In the North-west, Communist success in Sinkiang has given rise to similar problems, but the still unsolved dispute of Kashmir has minimised the significance of Sinkiang developments. The Security Council is considering the report of the Kashmir Commission on the 27th, to give its final views on the manner in which the problem is to be approached. General McNaughton, Canadian representative who is having private talks with the representatives of India and Pakistan, now before the Security Council, cannot continue his work during New Year. He has already been appointed Chairman of the International Boundary Commission that maintains the peaceful administration of the borders between Canada and U.S.A. India will become a member of the Security Council in the New Year and her success in that organisation will depend to a large extent on the support that she will receive from other countries on the Kashmir question. Mr. Grijja Shanker Bajpai, who will argue India's case in the Security Council on the 27th, is likely to be appointed India's representative on the body, when she assumes her full-fledged membership.

India's participation in the Security Council is expected to strengthen the hands of the body in regard to problems of South-East Asia region, which had hitherto received passing attention. Pakistan tried its utmost to prevent India from becoming a member of the Security Council. It

pointed out the Kashmir problem as disqualifying her from taking that responsibility. Despite Pakistan's obstructive tactics, India's international prestige ensured for her a seat in the Security Council. The credit for this must go to Pandit Nehru, who has succeeded in winning the friendship and goodwill of almost every country in the world, except probably Pakistan. By pursuing a policy of strict neutrality in the ideological conflict between U.S.A. and Russia and by a straightforward and sincere approach to the world problems, he has won the esteem of all the world capitals. Within two years of her independence, he has made India count in world councils.

So much for India's foreign policy. In the internal sphere, the big work of political consolidation has been completed by Sardar Patel. What remains now is economic consolidation and a drive for increased industrial output. Sardar Patel appears determined to achieve these in the New Year. He has already effected drastic economies in the civil and capital expenditure of the Government. His next target is increased industrial production, followed by increased food production. With the help of money borrowed from the International Bank and with resources available within the country, a great step forward will be taken. There is already talk in New Delhi of a Planning Commission to be set up, whose task will be to co-ordinate the nation-building projects, with a view to making India self-sufficient, industrially as well as agriculturally. Much, however, will depend upon the person chosen to

direct the work of the Commission. The integration of various States in the Indian Union has widened considerably the work and the scope of the Commission. Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel, who may not choose to retain any particular portfolio in the Cabinet, will be able to devote a good portion of their time towards making the Commission's work a complete success. It is recognised by the Government that unless the country's resources are quickly mobilised for a single huge constructive enterprise, there is danger of fissiparous tendencies gaining predominance, leading to unfortunate political leanings. In this task, considerable assistance from Britain and America will be forthcoming.

The winter session of the Parliament came to a close last week with an exciting debate on what has come to be known the "Sugar Muddle." The Congress Party meeting a day earlier had decided to let the Government institute an enquiry into the sugar industry as a whole in an attempt to meet the brunt of the opposition. Notwithstanding the Party directive, Acharya Kripalani criticised the Government in the strongest terms and laid the blame for the sufferings of the people at the door of the Government, who, he said, had no aim and principle. Asking the Government either to govern or make room for others, he accused the present set-up as being completely overwhelmed by capitalist influences. He gave the warning that unless the Government took courage in its hands to solve the economic problems, even if it meant putting down a few capitalists, the fate of China may overtake India also.

GEORGI MIKHAILOVITCH DIMITROV

By M. K. UMMARKOYA

GEORGE DIMITROV who died in July 1949, had a remarkable career.

He was born of a peasant family in the town of Redomir on June 18, 1882. At the early age of fifteen he became a revolutionary. The year 1903 saw him as the Secretary of the Sofia organisation of the Social Democratic Party, which later became the Communist Party.

In 1923 he was sentenced to death for leading the Bulgarian people in an armed uprising, known as the great September insurrection. He was forced to leave his country, but surmounting all obstacles he continued to work for the Communist International and also to lead the Bulgarian Communists.

He was again sentenced to death by

the Bulgarian Government—this time in his absence in 1926—for what was known as the Sofia Cathedral explosion.

It was while living as a political exile in Germany that he was arrested in 1933 and charged with having set fire to the Reichstag. This trial known as the Reichstag Fire Trial and the way in which he routed the Nazis at Leipzig belongs to a deathless page of history. The following paragraphs occur in 'Insanity Fair' by Douglas Reed, the well-known journalist who covered the whole trial.

"The first reason is Dimitroff, a man who could not be intimidated by five months in chains, threats of death from zealous examining magistrates, a lurid promise of a private hanging from Goring in court, repeated exclusion from his own trial of which he only had fleeting glimpses at some periods.

"A lone Communist entirely surrounded by seventy million Nazi Yes-men, all itching to kick him, Dimitroff fought the German Reich and at the end stood morally as high above his adversaries as the Eiffel Tower stands above the encircling Champ de Mars. You could only quieten him by killing him, and that was difficult, because you had undertaken to hold this trial in the full light of day and show the world that the Reds had fired the Reichstag. As long as Dimitroff was in court nothing could stop him from pouring his fierce contempt upon the wretched procession of lying witnesses and upon the charge against himself and his fellow accused, from openly suggesting what no other man in Germany dared more than whisper that the Nazis had fired the Reichstag—and from putting questions in this sense even to the terrible Goring himself, so that for the first time in my life I saw a man literally bouncing with rage.

"An unforgettable scene, this encounter between Goring obese, ravishly angry, lobster-red, pounding the air with his fists, and Dimitroff, being pushed and pulled out of court, but straining back towards his adversary, with burning eyes, undaunted, crying through the din, 'Are you afraid of these questions, Mr. Prime Minister Goring?' Above them, on the bench, Lord Chief Justice Bunker, completely

unnerved and jittery at the awful idea that anyone should say such things to the great Goring, shouting 'Out with him.'"

By his brilliant defence he unmasked the Fascists as the real enemies of the people and proclaimed to the whole world the following words in his concluding speech:

"The wheel of history is moving, it is moving onwards, towards a Soviet Europe, towards a World Union of Soviet Republics.

"And this wheel urged by the proletariat under the leadership of the Communist International, cannot be arrested in its progress by measures of destruction, nor by hard labour sentences, nor by executions. It is moving and will continue to move until the final victory of COMMUNISM."

He was acquitted on December 23, 1933—but the Nazis kept him in jail till the Soviet Government offered him Soviet citizenship. He accepted it and was released.

He was General Secretary of the Communist International from 1935 till its dissolution in 1943.

The Second World War saw him actively organising the resistance movement against the German invaders and in 1944 with the aid of the Red Army he overthrew the Fascist regime in Bulgaria. He returned to his native country in 1945 and in November 1946 became Prime Minister of the Bulgarian People's Republic.

Here was a man who dedicated his life for the cause of the working class. He never wavered and he never looked back. Above all he never compromised. He knew that the cause for which he sacrificed everything was bound to succeed. Through thick and thin he fought on with a courage and conviction which was all his own. The secret lay in his immense faith in the toiling masses of the world. And this faith egged him on to battle ceaselessly against all forms of exploitation and oppression. Few men have contributed so much for the cause of Socialism.

His consistent fight against Fascism and war will ever be remembered.

He passed away in a Moscow sanatorium on the morning of July 2, 1949 after a serious illness.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA TODAY-II

By KESHAV CHANDER

AMONG recent trends in the Communist Republic of Czechoslovakia has been the self-conscious attempt to cut the economic and cultural ties she possesses with Western Europe. But the iconoclasts have discovered in time that Czechoslovakia is too closely bound to the West—intellectually and economically. However, the suspicious attitude of officials and statesmen and the occasional arrests and ejection of foreigners, diplomatic corps men included, had destroyed much goodwill and prestige.

To counteract the results of the downward trend in exports and output the State, after a period of threats of punishment for hoarders of foreign currency, has recently thrown open the "For Export Only" departments of their huge stores, where unheard-of luxuries in the way of chocolates, fine-quality textiles, women's lingerie, woollen and leather goods, cameras, etc., are obtainable to those who pay in foreign currency, gold or jewellery. A common sight outside these Prague department stores are the long queues of men and women, with family heirlooms, birthday and wedding gifts and crumpled notes in their hands. The exchange in these transactions is at the Government rate, but with only 70 per cent purchasing power. Thus a £1 note (Govt. rate 200 Czech crowns, before devaluation, of course) gives a Czech customer at these departments 140 crowns of purchases, while 60 crowns in cash are returned to him. As the goods offered to the foreign currency holder are unobtainable elsewhere, it is hardly worth exchanging the note for the thousand odd crowns it will fetch on the black-market.

The two-price system is a peculiarity of Czech economic life to-day. It was instituted as a measure to absorb surplus currency in a highly-inflated economic atmosphere—the legacy of more than seven years of German rule. It was also a deliberate blow at the upper classes, who, though they had already suffered by nationalisation with the virtual loss of their con-

cerns (compensation having been postponed to a date some 15 years hence), were reputed to be sitting tight on large bank-balances. A discriminatory attitude was taken openly by the State in their treatment of State employees and the large section of self-employed or leisurely, unemployed people. Ration cards were distributed to the former, but the latter were left to fend for themselves in the high-priced Free Market. Later, those who were still drawing a few rations and were unable to prove employment after a period of three months were conscripted for work in the coal mines! The Government, however, soon perceived that the two-price system had not revealed any undue absorption of surplus money from the pockets of the upper classes. On the other hand, it had given the workers an opportunity to squander their enhanced wages. Recently, therefore, the State has taken a more kindly attitude to its numerous self-employed citizens. The hardships one suffers without a ration-book are serious, for, even in restaurants food is served on the production of the necessary coupons, though, of course, one has the option of paying doubled prices without them. The prices of goods purchased on the Free Market are extremely high. A suit-length which may cost 2-3000 crowns on coupons (i.e. about Rs. 130 to 200) is 10,000 crowns (Rs. 700) without coupons! Shoes, 400 to 600 crowns (Rs. 26 to 40) on coupons, are sold at 3,000 crowns (Rs. 200), otherwise. A 16 h.p. Czech Tatra car costs a million crowns (Rs. 67,000), if one is not a privileged Government officer to buy it for 60,000 crowns (Rs. 4,000).

In Czechoslovakia today one rarely sees once-famous products—such as shoes, textiles, glass, table-ware and porcelain, and Czech produce such as ham, oranges, butter, eggs and Pilsen beer. Whether it is a fact or not that the trade agreement with Russia absorbs most of these goods, it is certainly true that Czechoslovakia, like Britain, has to export most of her products and produce. But much

of the critical shortage, Communists told me, could be traced to the great drought of 1947 and because as yet the State cannot afford heavy imports of food. Czechoslovakia, they assured me, would soon be in a better position, once her multi-lateral agreements with the other Eastern Bloc countries gained momentum. The agricultural produce of Poland, Hungary and Rumania would be willingly bartered for Czech manufactured goods and machinery. They clacked their tongues and said dolefully, "We are in a most unenviable position. We send, say, locomotives to Poland which will last them ten years, and we get food in exchange which lasts us only one year. We, thus, are continually living on the products of our brains." They had full faith in the success of the 5-Year Plan, which promises to raise industrial and agricultural output to hitherto-unknown levels. Government figures reveal an encouraging rise in recent months, though, on the other hand, one hears of bottle-necks in industry, inefficient staff, shortage of raw materials and the results of bad planning.

There is no doubt at all that the worker is a privileged member of the society of the Czech Communist State. His wage has been raised considerably and he is awarded special privileges not enjoyed by others. Much of the feverish post-war building in the new republic has been the construction of workers' flats. Industrial and wholly self-sufficient town-units are rising, inspired by the the model of Zlin, the town that Thomas Bata built in the "bad old days." The State has made a sincere attempt to improve the living conditions of the worker. Sports clubs and stadiums have been built for him and for his children. Holidays in mountain resorts and at famous spas are planned for him at extraordinarily cheap rates. Omnibus trips, of a week or more, taking him to all parts of the country, are arranged for his special benefit. Hotels and inns have been subsidised to supply him with accommodation and food on his holidays at nominal rates.

This pampering of the worker may be interpreted as a purely political move by a party which recognises that it still does not have an absolutely strong position. But many Czech Communists do take their ideals seriously amid all the cynicism.

In Czechoslovakia one rarely finds the traditional Slav suspicion and contempt for the Western arts and the Western way of life. Prague, unlike Moscow, is still sufficiently "bourgeois" to indulge in night-clubbing and jazz, still occidental enough to read Shaw and Steinbeck and to draw inspiration from Western composers of music and artists when Russia frowns on such frivolities and "reactionary blasphemy." It is heartening to see, amid the gloom in Czechoslovakia to-day, the healthy interest people reveal in news of the outside world. The nationalised daily press and book-publishing houses may put a control on knowledge and news, but there is the yet-unbanned foreign radio. It is also surprising to see in Prague how many Czechs are enthusiastically plunging into the study of English.

The Catholic Church has traditionally held strong loyalties among the Czechs and Slovaks, and the Communists have always recognised that the only possible serious rebel to their authority would be the Church. The new Government at first succeeded for a time in placating the Church by a fairly lenient attitude towards ecclesiastical functions. Then followed confiscation of vast areas of land belonging to the Church, a move accepted by most people as a good economic measure. But the recent riots in Slovakia over the arrests of defiant priests and the gag order and house arrests of high ecclesiastical dignitaries reveal the writing on the wall. The Communists recognise that the Catholic Church will never bring itself to acknowledge the supremacy of the State over God, the Pope, Church dignitaries and Church laws. So begins a slow campaign by the Party to draw the teeth of its deadliest opponent.

A pat on the back develops character if administered young enough, often enough, and low enough.—C. Russell.

Short Story

HAPPINESS IN DISILLUSION

By K. RAMAMURTI

TO begin with, we were ten students—seven boys and three girls—in the M.Sc. class. Very soon however, we had one more addition, Mr. Prem, from U. P. At the very outset, this chap Prem, struck us as rather odd. When he was first admitted to our midst, he did not take his seat with us, but chose a lone bench. At first, we attributed this to shyness, and thought he would join us, as soon as he was sufficiently familiar with us. But days passed, and we found no change in his behaviour. He continued to occupy the same seat day after day. He seldom talked to any of us and was all attention to what was taught in the class. What was more puzzling to us was his absolute indifference to the girls. It passed our comprehension how any one could refrain from looking at our Sheela (it was a custom with us to use the prefix 'our' whenever we referred to our girl class mates) the vivacious and dazzling Sheela—not to speak of our queenly Ranjini or sweet Manjula!

During our leisure hours, we freely discussed love, sex and allied topics—those unprescribed yet assiduously cultivated lessons in the curriculum of college students. On all these occasions, Prem kept aloof from us. Very often, there was a look of derision on his face. Prem became more of a mystery to us. What youth could look with 'lack lustre face' when such juicy topics were discussed!

Slowly, I succeeded in getting Prem's acquaintance. I followed him during his long evening walks, and seized every opportunity to make him feel at ease with me. Prem began to thaw. Bit by bit, he took me into his confidence. He spoke to me about his ideal in life. He expressed his contempt for the ways of boys whose one obsession was sex. Life as practised by ordinary people seemed vain to him; for him, life had a nobler aim than to make love, marry and reproduce. He said he had decided not

to marry but to dedicate his life to the cause of science—wedded to the immortal bride! (That was how he described his proposed pursuit of science).

Our terminal examination was approaching. As usual we had started our campaign of guessing the 'possibles'. Prem however was thorough with the whole portion. He entered the examination hall with a sure step, and while we spent most of the time in scratching our heads for answers that were not there, he went on filling paper after paper. As was to be expected when the marks were announced, Prem topped the list. Our professor was full of praise for his brilliant performance, and asked us to go through his answers.

The girls who hitherto took no notice of Prem, raised their heads towards him in admiration. There was a scramble for his answer books and Sheela was the first to approach him. To Prem seated in Olympian heights, the approach of fair Sheela was nothing more than ignorance begging at the door of wisdom for knowledge. Any one else in his position might have made capital out of the situation; but Prem considered this situation from a purely objective angle. Here was one who wanted knowledge, and it was his duty as its custodian to give it freely. He handed his paper to Sheela, like one giving a gift to the needy. But Sheela saw him, and her glance drew his reluctant eyes towards her.

Days passed by. Our life went on as usual. Lost in vulgar fun, and silly jokes, we took little notice of Prem. One day, however, I noticed that Prem was eagerly listening to our conversation, which was of the usual type indulged in by students in idle hours. There was no resentment on his face. On the other hand, he showed keen interest. I was surprised. I felt a change had come over Prem. I decided to follow him that evening,

and find out the reason for this sudden change.

I joined Prem in his evening walk. For a long time, we were silent. Suddenly, he began to talk. He said "The other day, I tried to smile cynically at the glory that is life, and called it a dream, but now I realise life is no objectless dream. I condemned love as an illusion, but I now know that the lover and not his love is deceived. Love is a true natural religion; it has a visible cult, it is kindled by natural beauties, and bows to the best symbol it may find for its hope; it sanctifies a natural mystery, and finally when understood, it recognizes that what it worshipped under a figure was truly the principle of all good." I stood aghast at this rhetorical outburst. Was it Prem who was talking like this? However, I decided not to pursue him further, and left him lost in his thoughts.

The final examination was near. I had no time to bother about Prem and his philosophy. We placed our preparations for the examination on a war footing, and mercilessly slashed the time usually spent in coffee houses. With one great effort, we faced the ordeal. All of us, except Prem, managed to scrape through with a second class. Prem, as expected, secured first rank.

We organised a party before we finally dispersed for our homes. It was a gala one. Prem, in a farewell speech, waxed eloquent on the duty before us, praised the girls as the embodiment of all that is good, noble and virtuous, and concluded thanking us profusely for the kindness we had shown him.

For two years, after graduation, I remained without a job. In the end my uncle took pity on me, and got me a clerical post in the Accountant-General's office! To my surprise, I found my old friend Bhola, working in the same office. We talked about old days, our bygone dreams and broken ideals. The conversation turned to our friends and what each of them was doing. I was particularly anxious to know about Prem and how far he had succeeded in translating his ideals into action. "Oh, you mean that wet blanket"—answered Bhola in his careless way—"I knew that type

as soon as I saw him. He has married Sheela and is employed as a chemist in the opium factory." To this piece of information, Bhola added his own comment. "It was a case of love at first sight. Didn't you know?"

I was dragging my days in the A. G.'s Office and years rolled on, leaving me in the same position. Somebody has said "Once a thief, always a thief." To my mind, it seemed more appropriate to say "Once a clerk, always a clerk." One afternoon, as I was coming home for lunch, the postman handed me an envelope. The hand-writing was familiar and I immediately recognized it as Prem's. I opened it eagerly and it read as follows.

Dear friend,

You may be surprised to receive this letter from me, after such a long silence. As one to whom I unburdened two stages in my mental make-up, you have a right to know the third stage also. You might have heard of my marriage to Sheela. You might even have guessed it after that sermon I preached you on the divinity of love. It is more than five years since I was married, and I am now the happy father of two children. These five years have done enough to shake off the illusion of changing the world, and worshipping love, from my mind. However, the deception which nature practised on me was not cruel. It was a kindly deception. I am not sorry that my illusions of romantic love have disappeared, for they have terminated in a family life better than the obsolete and chimerical unions which that love dreamed of. Of course, when at first, the disillusionment came, it brought me a momentary shock; but now it has produced a settled satisfaction unknown before—

I will be very glad to hear how you are getting on.

Yours sincerely,
Prem.

I was lost in a reverie. I remembered having read somewhere: We cannot change the world, even if we boast we have made it; we must learn to live with it, whether it be our parent or our child.

MILESTONE IN ADVANCEMENT

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

SLOGANS and catchwords are ever elusive and nothing can illustrate this better than some of the broad statements and generalizations made even in high quarters both in and outside the Dominion Parliament about the Hindu Code Bill, which is weathering many a storm. No enactment making for the consolidation of the Hindu community has been conceived in recent years and yet none has been so greatly misunderstood and misinterpreted. The Bill, in the main, seeks to model the Hindu Law of Succession on the lines of the Dayabhaga which prevails in Bengal. Yet the *A. B. Patrika* has discovered in it a plot engineered by Sir Sultan Ahmed under the inspiration of the Churchill-Amery-Linlithgow team to disrupt the Hindus! Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, in a similar strain, has pointed out that the measure was hatched by the foreign government when Congress was in the wilderness. The same holds good in the case of controls which, however, the Congress Governments are loth to abolish. For much of the criticism and confusion which the Bill has occasioned, its authors, namely, the Rau Committee, have been primarily responsible. They made any but a full and exhaustive survey of the conditions in the Mitakshara-governed tracts and their reasoning was faulty though their conclusions were sound. They should have toured round the areas, both urban and rural, affected by the legislation, examined the causes and cases of rural indebtedness directly attributable to the Mitakshara laws, and also the victims of polygamous marriages. A survey conducted in such a manner would have afforded a complete answer to certain gratuitous assumptions made even in knowledgeable circles. The Committee probably took everything for granted and believed that many of their recommendations, grounded on the principles of equity and justice would evoke widespread approval even as Lord Birkenhead's no less drastic Property Law Reform in 1925 met with little or no opposition in England.

The motive force of the Hindu Code Bill is purely economic and not "social" and, in spite of what its detractors say, it seeks to conserve the best in Hindu religion. Not even its avowed opponent can deny that vexatious litigation, which is the curse of Indian peasantry, exists in far greater measure in the Mitakshara-governed parts of the country than in the Dayabhaga and that other communities like the Parsees and Indian Christians under a codified scheme of personal laws are happily immune from it. A distinguished jurist and Privy Councillor, author of the standard text-book on Hindu Law (Sir Dinshaw Mulla), had long ago emphasised the need for codifying the Hindu Law "if the Hindu community is anxious to save enormous sums of money wasted in litigation." The Hindu joint family is no doubt a hoary institution but in actual working has caused much harm and there has been no limit to ruinous litigation on account both of the managers who sin and are sinned against; and nowhere is this feature more prominent than in the law relating to debts. The 'life estate' of Hindu women, the unnatural privileges accorded to the reversioners and in consequence the comparative insecurity of alienations and titles to properties, these and many more, are anachronisms which deserve to be wiped out here and now. Mr. Alladi Krishnaswami Ayyar's fears that with the allotment of shares to female heirs the joint family may come to comprise strangers are certainly well grounded, but is this a greater calamity than the joint family property itself being snatched away in its entirety by third parties, namely, creditors? An example will illustrate. Under the Mitakshara law, as Mr. Alladi Krishnaswami Ayyar has pointed out, in the case of father and sons, the entire property is liable for the debts of the father. Now the debts may be on account of extravagance or profligacy falling short of immorality or illegality; or on account of immorality. In the former case, a creditor can proceed against the whole pre-

perty whereas in the latter case, the sons can succeed only if they establish the factum of their father's depraved life. Now the former is inequitable and the latter irreligious and embarrassing; and the only just and proper course is to make the sons liable for the lawful debts of their father to the extent of his assets in their hands. That is the Dayabhaga law, which would also be the result of the Hindu Code Bill. And yet the change-over is regarded as a "revolutionary change affecting the fundamentals of Hindu Religion and Society." In all these matters, only those who have felt the pinch can at all appraise the situation effectively, and it is not without significance that two eminent ex-High Court Judges (Sri Bakshi Tek Chand and Mr. P. K. Sen) have been amongst the warmest supporters of the Bill.

The apprehension that the Bill will lead to fragmentation of holdings is groundless if what has happened in the Dayabhaga-governed provinces is any guide. In point of fact, however, the ill-advised recommendations of the Kumarappa Committee, which the Government are contemplating to enforce, may effect it much more quickly and radically than the Bill can do.

Regarding the abolition of polygamy and the divorce provisions, it has to be observed that marriage is a sacrament and monogamy is its natural incident, as enjoined by the Vedas (Eka Patni, Eka Pati). Now, infraction of monogamy, even for so laudable a purpose as to increase Hindu population, is as much of a violation of the sacred laws as provision for divorce. That is why certain Smritis, which permit second marriages for justifiable reasons, give only a secondary status to the subsequently married wife. In actual practice the system has wrought havoc in hundreds of Hindu homes and if only those who talk of "religious freedom and revolutionary changes" and all that, care to examine the countless numbers of the victims of polygamous marriages, they would not hesitate to welcome the new provisions. Dr. Pattabhi says that in India we marry and love and that in England they love and marry and then give up their love. But in polygamous marriages, one neither marries the woman he loves nor loves the

woman he marries. The provision of polygamy has always been a blot on Hindu religion. One can recall the humiliation Lord Sinha (Junior) had had to put up with in entering the House of Lords.

Dr. Pattabhi has urged that the Bill had not found a place in the Congress Election Manifesto and that the legislature has been caught unawares; but, then, is it not a fact that some of the major governmental policies both in the Centre and in the Provinces have honoured it more in the breach than in the observance? The principles embodied in the Bill, however, carry out some of the tenets of the Congress constructive programme, namely, the removal of the inequality between the sexes and the liquidation of rural indebtedness. Indeed as Dr. Ambedkar has pointed out, the existing Hindu Law provisions may come into conflict with the Fundamental Rights of the new constitution, postulating equal rights both to men and women, and, on that account alone, the Bill has to be speeded up.

Dr. Pattabhi requires a mandate of the electorate as a condition precedent to the enactment of the Bill. Now this is certainly a very unwholesome suggestion. In certain spheres of law-making, it is neither desirable nor possible to take the verdict of the electorate. The Government have a certain duty to perform in the interests of society and social well-being, which should be done peremptorily. Take for instance the Child Marriage Restraint Act as well as the various Prohibition laws, which could be and were enacted irrespective of the electorate's choice.

As Pandit Nehru has so admirably put it, "if society is to advance, there must be an integrated advance on all fronts. Advance on one front and being kept back on the other fronts, may mean conflict which means that the first advance also is endangered." Our Rishis were doubtless inspired by this principle when they laid down different Smritis for different ages to suit different social adjustments, and they certainly would not countenance the sort of what C. E. M. Joad styles as "Decadence," which stands in the way of even wholesome reforms or readjustments.

SIDELIGHTS :

No man is quite sane. Each has a vein of folly in his composition—a slight determination of blood to the head, to make sure of holding him hard to some one point which he has taken to heart.—EMERSON.

THINGS have not been moving smoothly in the Andhra Partition Committee. There were occasions when it appeared as if the Committee would break. The hitch arose over fixation of a capital for the Andhra Province. In the whole of the Andhra area outside Hyderabad, there is no town comparable to Trichy, Madura or Coimbatore in the South, big enough to serve as the headquarters of a major province. Nor is there the atmosphere for conscientious judgment, unhampered by local bias, for selection of the best of the places available, in the interest of the province as a whole. More than anywhere else in the country, patriotism is a parochialised passion in Andhra. Everybody therefore wants to be the headquarters. As Dr. C. R. Reddi put it, in an extremely incisive analysis of the Andhra phenomenon,

"I am geographically central," says one. "I am good climate," says another. "I am Rayala Seema," says a third. "I have a good water supply," says the fourth. "I am an ancient ruin and therefore sacred," says a fifth. "I will very soon be a ruin and sacred," says a sixth. "I have had a history," claims a seventh. "Having had no history in the past, I want to have one in the future," says another. "I am backward, so push me forward," says yet another. And so forth.

In this babel of conflicting claims, sane decision is difficult. The difficulty is further complicated by the dispersion of leadership among a number of persons at cross purposes with each other. The prevailing tendency would seem to be to sell the capital to those whose votes are calculated to prove to be the deciding factor in the impending struggle for the premiership. On the other hand, the most important among the Andhras have for years lived in

Madras City, and the lure of it has grown on them. They are reluctant to leave it, and no wonder. Nobody who has spent a considerable part of his life in Madras, and become habituated to its comfort and cleanliness, its natural beauty spots, its cosmopolitan atmosphere, its intellectual keenness, its social freedoms and cultural significance, can ever feel happy anywhere else, and knowing this full well, the Tamils fear that if the Andhras are permitted to have the seat of their Government even temporarily in Madras, they may later on refuse to move out. Hence their anxiety to bundle them out of the city forthwith. The forms in which this anxiety manifested itself in the Partition Committee have not served to promote harmony between its Andhra and Tamil members.

In the matter of the formation of the Andhra Province, the attitude of the leaders of Central Government has been deplorably short-sighted. It is clear that they are averse to any further extension of the principle of linguistic division. If they had pleaded for the reversal of the principle, such a course would have been fair, straightforward and intelligible. There would have ensued, then, a battle-royal between the advocates of linguistic provinces and their opponents, and whichever of the two sides won against the other in securing popular support, would have come to the helm with full power and freedom to shape the policy of the Government in accordance with its view. This is how in major issues Ministers of Government and their critics should react to each other. Actually, Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel have, while yielding to the demand for Andhra separation, acted as if they resented the decision they have taken. In the measures intended to implement the demand, they have failed to do proper justice to the interests of the new province.

The natural territory for an Andhra Province is the whole of the area covered by Telugu speaking people. In

should include the Telugu districts of Hyderabad. The disintegration of Hyderabad into its component linguistic units is an inevitable step if the Andhra Province is to be made worthwhile by the inclusion in it of the whole of the contiguous area inhabited by Telugu people. Hyderabad would then be the natural capital of the Andhra Province. But the Gover-

nor-General chooses this, of all moments, to expatiate on the wisdom of preserving the cultural integrity of the dominion of His Exalted Highness the Nizam! There is no meaning in separating the Telugu districts from Madras Province to form a truncated Andhra with the contiguous Telugu districts of Hyderabad excluded from it.—SAKA.

SUSHIL KUMAR MUKHERJEE

By "S. K."

ON 3rd December 1949 Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar opened an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by Mr. Sushil Kumar Mukherjee in the Indian Union Club, Oota-



camund. That was the first time an exhibition in which every exhibit had been the product of the brush and chisel of a single artist had been conducted in India's premier hill-station and the organisers deserve to be congratulated for making it a success from every angle.

In his speech declaring the exhibition open that versatile genius, Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar, traced not only the glory of ancient Indian art but also its development after what he called the renaissance of Indian art. Mentioning the various schools

of art which had their own good points, Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar paid a glowing tribute to Sushil Kumar Mukherjee calling him 'original.'

Artist Mukherjee studied under that stalwart in art, Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury, whose varied and noteworthy achievements have strongly influenced many an aspiring artist of the present generation. But Mukherjee has tried successfully not to be influenced by what Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar called 'pretty-pretty' depiction and straightforward approach. Mukherjee's approach is definitely individualistic and, although a Bengali, not 'feminine,' as may be said of the so-called Bengal school. He has been a rebel throughout and one can easily perceive that his love for the rebels Van Gogh, Gaguin, and Cezanne has been great although his own individuality has been sufficiently proof against any domination by the impressionists and post-impressionists of the West.

It is also most gratifying to find that artist Mukherjee is essentially Indian in the diverse subjects he has chosen to depict with his brush, and their local colour and broad outlook, with every picture carrying the stamp of his own remarkable individuality serving to raise his work to a level of achievement seldom attained by the mediocre. He has conceived and brought forth bold pictures whose sweeping lines and intrepid colouring hit the eye of the observer with compelling forcefulness. His pictures please the eye with their perfect composition and serve as intellectual tonic because of their

vigour of expression. There is a powerful personality behind each picture and a study of the complex human emotions which many of them struggle to express is in itself an experience.

In his picture "The Builders" (now in the possession of Mr. Ponday) artist Mukherjee has captured with startling effect the grotesque reality which is modern India. Not only as a group study but also for vigour of expression this picture was one of the very best in the exhibition.

In "The Haunted House" (now forming part of the esteemed art collection of Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar) he has successfully brought out an effect that is as eerie as the subject he has symbolised.

"The Hill Station" worked out in pointalism, "The Mother" and "The Thief" are other pictures worthy of mention and serve to impress even the most casual observer with the exclusive but intimate approach of the artist.

Artist Mukherjee's landscapes are living and possess personality. Even these have a certain undercurrent of restlessness infused into them which is so characteristic not only of India but also of modernity itself.



"The Haunted House"

Sushil Kumar Mukherjee has been faithful in his interpretation of India and in the thorny path he has to travel in order to interpret the complexity that is India not only to foreigners but to Indians, he has made great headway.

EDUCATION THROUGH RADIO

By Prof. K. N. SRIVATSAVA

THERE is a new realization throughout the country of the vital role of education in the reconstruction of our national life. We must explore and harness every conceivable instrument of education, whether in the hands of the Government or the public. Radio is one of such instruments, but the question is whether the radio in India has done as much service as it could possibly do in the realms of education.

The radio set in India is still either an amusement-box or a medium of news and information. The mass of 'winged' words during the eleven-hour-a-day utterances from the A.I.R. consists of occasional talks, reviews, discussions, readings, short

stories and feature programmes. The educational broadcasts, radiated only from Delhi, Bombay, Calcutta and Tiruchirapalli are also more or less entertainment programmes specially adapted to the age of children. Occasionally such programmes certainly provide examples of good speech, new inventions, historical dramas and wealth of current material. But they do not satisfy the urges of a modern educated youth. The radio is full of promise for the future of our education, but much of the promise remains yet to be realized.

There have been three stages in the development of radio in India. Before the last World War the possession of a radio was looked upon as a

luxury and the privilege of a few. People looked with curiosity and wonder at the instrument which adorned the corner of a rich man's room. The eleven years between 1937 and 1947 saw an increase in the imports of wireless receivers into India from 26,925 to 1,07,111. Thus the post-war years, the second stage in the development, saw a definite change in the outlook of the people when the Indian market was flooded with cheap sets. The number of licensees is reported to have increased in the country from 64,480 in 1938 to 2,81,998 in November, 1948, a rapid increase of about 450 per cent. The set began to occupy a place of popularity in the panwala's shop, in cafes, messes, restaurants, clubs and other public places besides homes. The third important stage in the development of radio came with the dawn of freedom. The Government, having realized fully its gigantic role in the development of the nation, opened up ten new 'pilot' broadcasting stations in quick succession. These stages of development were not peculiar to India alone. The whole world saw a similar progress. There are, it is said, now 800 stations operating on the short waves compared with 250 in 1938—a three-fold increase in number in a short period of about ten years. These figures clearly demonstrate the remarkable interest the world has taken to harness the potentialities of the radio, although primarily as a weapon of propaganda, entertainment and recreation. The radio has, no doubt, done a useful service as an agency of informal education. As its role always remained informal, the programmes in regard to this field reflected lack of insight and thorough planning.

It is surprising that the radio has not so far entered into the classroom on a large scale to compete with the teacher. Such a replacement, if it could possibly happen even to the least possible extent, would have been welcome at this moment when the implementation of large-scale mass education schemes in the country has been greatly slowed down owing to want of funds and non-availability of the required army of teachers. The introduction of the radio into the class-room could have also

reduced the cost of education which is an item of paramount importance in every central or provincial budget.

Formal education exclusively through the radio cannot satisfy the school needs due to many psychological and educational reasons. Its application will certainly be an asset to class-room teaching because it is only intended to supplement and not to replace the teacher. The radio has rarely been used as an instrument of straightforward teaching on a large scale. It is said that as early as the 'twenties, language classes were broadcast regularly by the B.B.C. but no reason is available to show us why this feature of regular coaching was abandoned. It is highly satisfying to note that the authorities of the A.I.R. have now focussed their attention to this end. In a press note issued recently, it was reported that in pursuance of the Constituent Assembly decision adopting Hindi as the national language, the A.I.R. will shortly introduce a three-month course of lessons in Hindi as part of its regular programmes. The report further stated that 'after a beginning has been made with this course, A.I.R. intends to introduce a separate, more broad-based schedule for school and university students who have the benefit of the teacher providing the necessary visual projection.' This new venture of using the radio as an instrument of formal instruction based on definite courses will be welcome in every educational quarter. Who would not look forward for the day when a Radhakrishnan or a Raman would broadcast a series of lectures on his own subject based on definite courses to thousands of students over a great expanse of the country? The venture would go a step forward if the lecture broadcasts were planned on courses prescribed by the universities for the various examinations.

The radio can therefore provide immeasurable opportunities to educational institutions specially at the collegiate and university level in raising the standard and efficiency of teaching and in expanding the educational facilities. Why should we not visualise the establishment of a Radio University—some centre or centres where broadcasting and univer-

sity teaching facilities are easily available today? Under such a plan, a professor can lecture to hundreds of students. In the case of an affiliating type of university, teaching may be organised on an inter-collegiate basis. If the enrolled listener who possesses the qualifications of eligibility to appear in an examination gets a copy of the lecture programmes at least a fortnight in advance (as today in the case of radio programmes) together with synopses of the material to be presented, he can follow the lectures with great ease and intelligence and can also take notes. The plan may have the provision of correction of exercises (or even conducting examinations through written New-Type Tests) which one can correct for himself on having answers read out to him. Examination through New-Type Tests which are being given an ever-increasing recognition in educational institutions may be held under authorized invigilation and the candidates who take such examination in groups (the group is suggested to minimise expenditure) and are declared to have passed the examination may be awarded degrees by the University. The examinations may also be conducted under 'set' conditions through the current system of paper-setting, examination and marking.

I do realise that it may not be possible for the existing broadcasting stations to free the already-too-occupied short wave frequencies or to provide new ones on account of congestion or non-availability of frequencies. Surely it is by no means impossible for the A.I.R. to erect low-power stations at university centres to be used for exclusively educational broadcasts. The difficulty would

cease to exist if the Government of India were willing to forego their monopoly over broadcasting. In a free democratic country like India where freedom of speech has been guaranteed under the new Constitution, such a relaxation of control should not be difficult. In the U.S.A. and U.K., broadcasting is not a government monopoly. In India, too, the first broadcasting services between July 1927 and February 1930 were established by an Indian Broadcasting Company upon lines similar to those of the British Broadcasting Corporation. The reason for the change-over from an Indian company to Government control and monopoly in 1930 was not political but financial. The Government of India should therefore not hesitate now to grant licences to bonafide universities of free India to instal their own low-power fixed stations for educational broadcasting. Many universities, I am sure, will welcome this gesture.

The A.I.R. itself is intending to take a lead by introducing 'a more broad-based educational programme for school and university students.' The Ministry of Broadcasting should take another bold step to constitute a Central Advisory Board of Radio Education on the lines of the Federal Radio Education Committee, United States Office of Education (although the scope of the latter is limited) in collaboration with the Ministry of Education consisting of eminent technical experts and educationists to enquire into and report on the prospects of radio education at different levels of our educational system including the huge field of social education and to recommend a constructive policy in relation to the problems and needs of the country.

The English Channel was too wide for Napoleon to cross. All he could do was to stand on the French Coast and look through a telescope at the white cliffs of Dover. To cross the channel was a three-hour journey by sailing-ship with a good wind. Then came the fast steamships that crossed in an hour. Today the aeroplanes flash across in a few minutes. The aeroplane pilots never speak of the "channel." They call it the "Ditch."—From HERBERT CASSON.

Drukker relates how he heard a Nazi speaker addressing farmers in the years before Hitler came to power. "We don't want higher bread prices! We don't want lower bread prices! We don't want the same bread prices! We want NATIONAL SOCIALIST BREAD PRICES!" From The Economic Weekly.

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.

Strange Justice

On the 15th instant the Provincial Sugarcane Growers Conference requested the Government not to impose any ban on the manufacture of jaggery. Our popular Government that very day banned the manufacture of jaggery in the two districts of Mathurai and Tiruchirappalli. The sugar mills and the sugar dealers started the sugar mischief, and for their fault the poor jaggery manufacturing cane-grower is to be punished. This is strange justice!

Now the consumption of sugar is small as compared to that of jaggery—a richer and a healthier food component—but the Government want to reduce the production of a commodity consumed by the majority in the interests of a sugar-consuming minority. The total disappearance of sugar increased the demand and price of jaggery, but now the price of jaggery is settling down. This ban is now out to drive out jaggery.

The manufacture of jaggery is no factory industry. Most of the cane-growers manufacture their jaggery as a cottage industry with the aid of rural labour and their idle bullock power when they have no other work to do. This gives employment and gets income to the rural folk in the off seasons.

N. S. SIVASUBRAMANIAN, M.A.

Nerur.

Film Footage

Mr. Suryanarayana is indeed kind when he pays tribute to the achievement of the Indian films in his letter published in SWATANTRA of 24th Dec. I am sure friends like him will also concede that this progress has been possible because of some amount of freedom that was there in this line. While 'good and useful films' may be possible in shorter length also, a restriction that the maximum is so much will mean suppressing the creative abilities of the people engaged in the field. Also quite many attractive themes, and popular stories would not be successfully filmed when the thinker is always worried about the restricted length.

Everyone will agree that the value of a film should "be assessed on its contents on the colour, character and composition and theme"; and free thought to give the best is necessary. Why restriction is opposed is because such thinking process is curbed by the restriction.

And if interesting pictures are interesting and long too I don't think the cine-goer, who pays hard cash, would mind it. Who would not like to have more of a thing for the same payment, so long as the quality is there.

Just because Madras alone has lodged a protest, is the protest to be ignored? Every Provincial Government has to look after the interests of its subjects first and there is absolutely no doubt that the Government of Madras have been convinced that a restriction on film footage is injurious to the trade and to the public. After all, why get less for the money we pay?

The producer is interested in serving his customers to the utmost and that is why he would like to be given freedom to serve what the customers on the whole want.

"NAMBS."

The Mofussil Correspondent

The mofussil correspondent has no scheduled hours of work and no boss to check him on the spot but all the same you can very often find him busy like a bee at odd hours of day or night, dashing off to extract some sensational story from a hard-boiled official or patiently jotting down notes at an insipid though important conference or hurriedly preparing copy on the typewriter at his desk to catch the next mail. But he is not sufficiently recompensed for all his labour.

I have had the opportunity of knowing a number of correspondents at close quarters for the past thirteen years. I am convinced that the need for a professional code of conduct for the mofussil journalist was never more urgent than now to keep the fair name of this great profession unsullied. Taking money from publicity-seekers who gladly pay to see their names as often as possible in print, receiving reward for published photos from those concerned besides the usual payment from the newspaper, playing to the tune of local officers, giving colour to reports to please some interests or groups, these are some of the reprehensible acts committed by certain correspondents today. All this merits the serious attention of a strong and efficient professional organisation like the Southern India Journalists' Federation.

HAVA.

