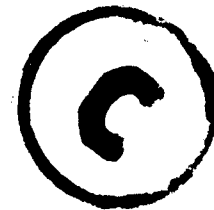


64

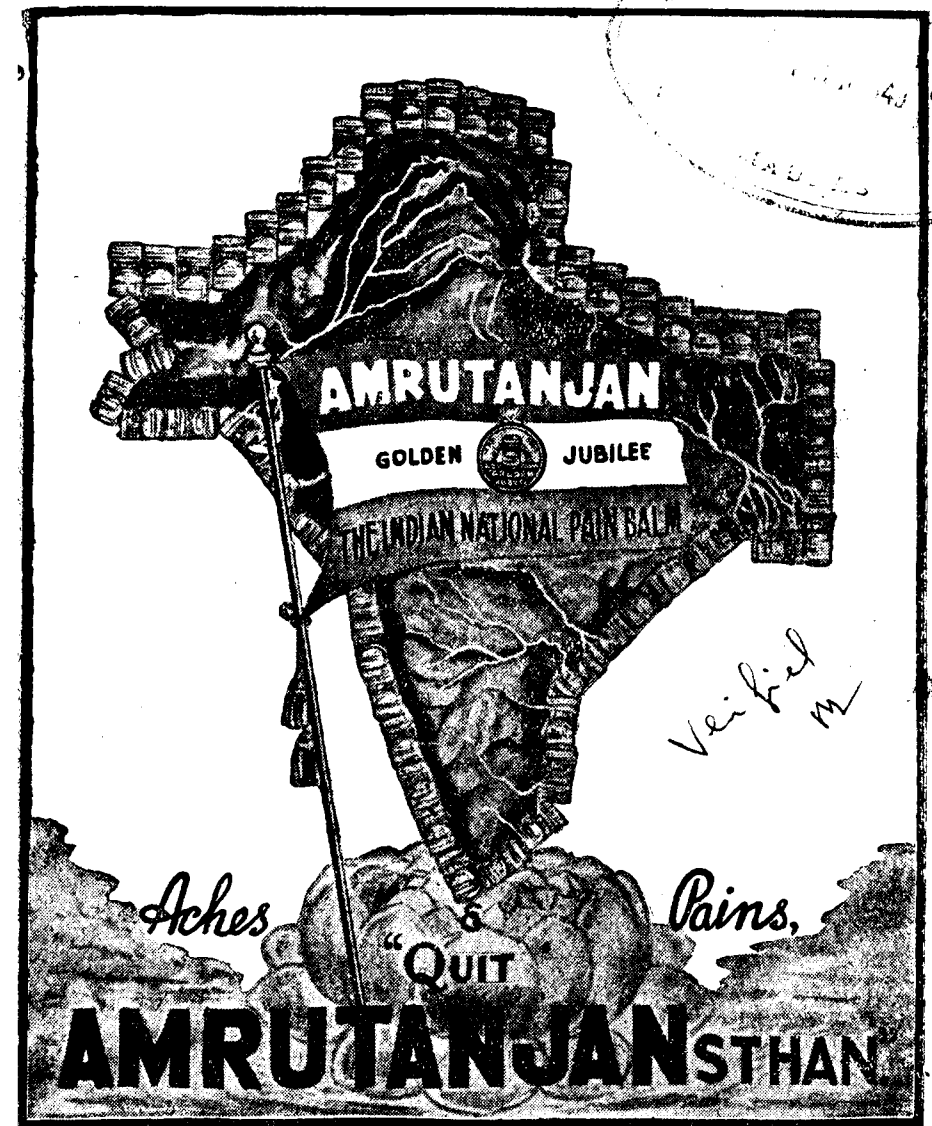
Swatantra

Vol. IV

1949



JL
m2, N46
N49.4.9
93622.



The HUB of ASIA
and eventually of
The One World

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 9

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE LEADERSHIP MARKET

POPULARLY elected leaders replace hereditary chiefs in democratic government. The right choice of leaders is therefore very important under democracy. People who aspire to be democratic should know whom to elect as leaders, who is to be selected by them to wield the power pertaining to the State. Choice of wrong leaders will mean abuse of the power of the State, and lead to disaster.

What sort of persons can be regarded as right leaders? The answer to the question depends on the purpose for which the leaders are selected. A good doctor may turn out to be a poor engineer. Equipment has to be suited to purpose if leadership is to justify itself. In a democratic State it may be accepted as an axiom that promotion of the happiness and prosperity of people in a comprehensive non-sectarian spirit of justice and human sympathy inflicting persecution on none and pledged to a vigilant endeavour to draw out the best that gifted individuals can be made to contribute for the benefit of the common mass, is the purpose that deserves to be exalted above all others, and it is in the light of such a purpose that its leaders should be chosen.

As an organisation pledged to the good of India, the Congress therefore wisely decided that no communal bar shall be allowed to defeat the ends of social justice and impair the prospects of equality of treatment for all citizens. National leaders like Mahatma Gandhi and Pandit Nehru risked their lives to fight the frenzy and madness of communalism when in the wake of

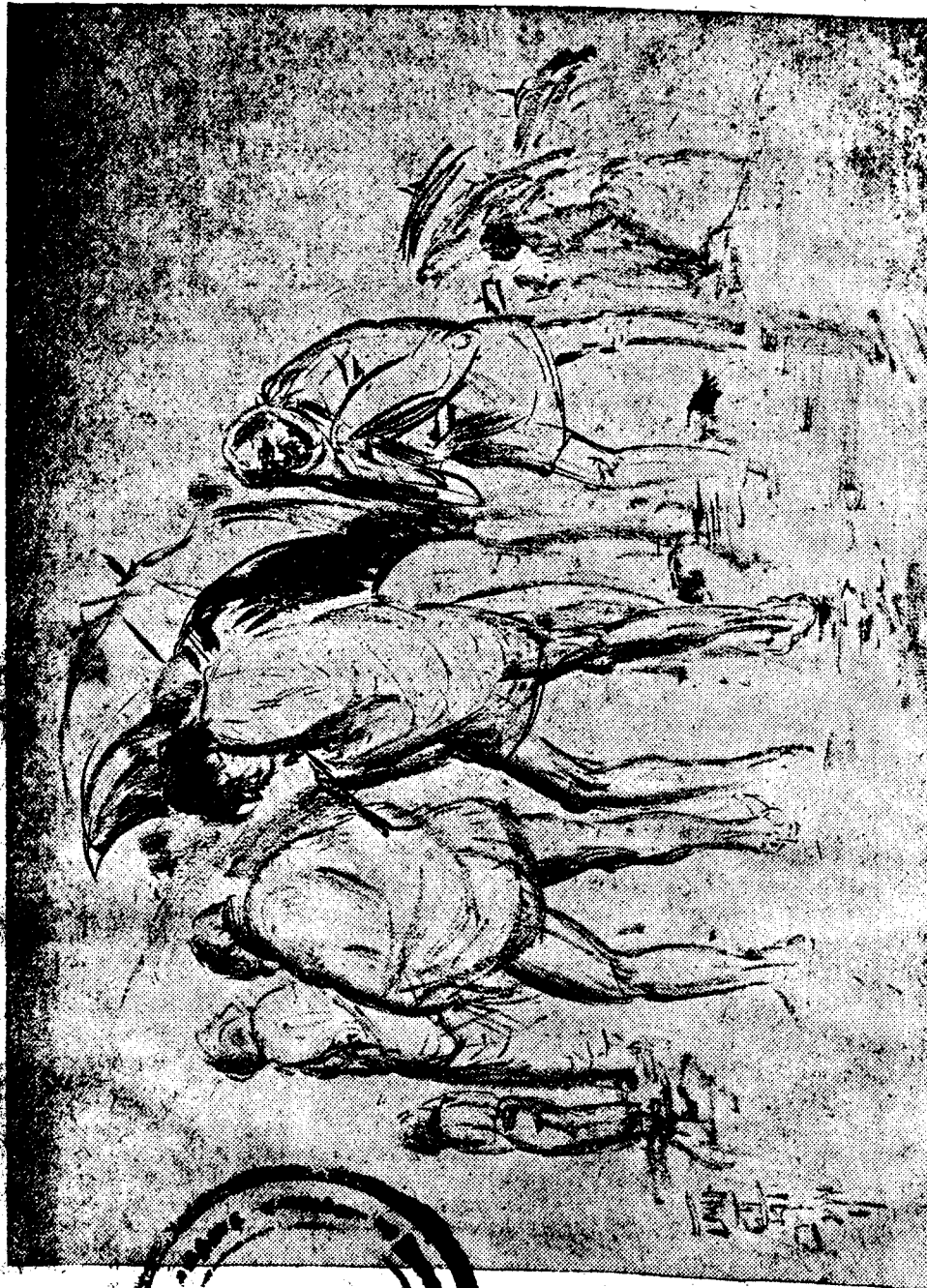
the partition civil war between Hindus and Muslims threatened to convulse the peace of the whole country. They defined the national objective as the creation of a democratic secular State in India.

If the national objective of a democratic secular State is to be safeguarded, it should be realised that there is no room for communalists in the governance of the country. The leadership of communalists is not compatible with the national objective of India as defined by the nation's leaders and sought to be incorporated in the constitution of the country.

Hindu-Muslim communalism is not the only communalism. There are other forms of it masquerading under Congress colours but the Prime Minister of India has made no secret of the fact that he is opposed to all kinds of communalism, whether they are Hindu, Muslim, Sikh, Brahmin, Non-Brahmin or any other.

Yet in Madras, communalism is allowed to be the governing principle of politics. In the last two elections in connection with the leadership of the Congress Legislature Party, there has been no pretence of any attempt to elect the leader on considerations based on fitness. Leaders have been sprung upon the province without any thought being bestowed on their competence for being entrusted with power. There is balance and equilibrium in the position of Pandit Nehru as Prime Minister since it is unthinkable that any other could be chosen if the people and not merely the legislators had been called upon to make the choice. This is far from

—Drawn by Devt Prasad Roy Chowdhury—



being the case with the incoming and outgoing Premiers of Madras Province. They have been thrust on us unpredictably. In no competition admitting experience, knowledge and ability as factors to be taken into account, could they have the ghost of a chance of winning against the humblest of their subordinates. This emergence unpredictably of third-raters into first-rate positions is an ugly product of the rampant communalism that has invaded the Congress organisation in Madras, and it is a sign of national impoverishment which the leaders at the helm in the Centre can ill afford to ignore. The basic fact is nowadays being dinned into the consciousness of people everywhere that what we receive can in the end be no more than what we produce. Production is treated as a comprehensive State responsibility to be perfected with encouragement of every means for adding to the stock of social welfare, and the highest care is taken to discover talent and nurture it with lavish opportunities for research and extension of the boundaries of knowledge. But a regular drive to dethrone merit from its non-sectarian pedestal in a spirit of pernicious communalism wholly alien to Congress principles has begun to disfigure our provincial politics. It has given us Ministers and Premiers that are no credit to the province, and their limitations and pranks have demoralised public life and led to progressive deterioration in the standards of the administration. When leadership is the reward of talent it will command respect with ease and act independently in the public interest. But when it is the outcome of the intrigues and rivalries of pressure groups, it is handicapped by a puppet status from the very beginning. The price of its dependence is paid by the public in the form of extraordinary concessions to its supporters. The record of maladministration due to the abject enslavement of Ministers to vote-sellers to whom they owe their positions has ruined Congress prestige

in the public mind, and unless the High Command take care and act in time to stem the rot, it will dethrone the Congress from its predominant position and arm its opponents with the power to supplant it.

The New Ministry

THE new Premier of Madras is not one whom the people of the province would have chosen to govern them had they been given any choice in the matter. Neither by attainments nor by past record has he shown himself distinguished enough for the position into which he has been pitchforked. He owes his elevation to the premiership entirely to a combination of strategists in the legislature and outside who have converted the leadership of the Congress Party into a matter of arrangement and adjustment between themselves without regard to any honesty of conviction or constitutional propriety. The leadership of a ruling political party is inseparable from the actions of the Ministers with whose support it carries on the administration. If a leader goes, the whole set of Ministers connected with his administration has also to go, unless they had previously given notice of their dissociation from him by resigning their seats on his Cabinet. But here in Madras, Sri Gopala Reddi the Finance Minister, while actually continuing a member of the Omandur Cabinet, informed his now deposed chief that he and some of his fellow-Ministers had decided to shift their loyalty to Sri Bhaktavatsalam and accept him as leader. Actually they played with their own loyalties once again within a few hours and it was not Bhaktavatsalam whom they chose, but an improvised eleventh-hour nominee, Sri Kumaraswami Raja. On an earlier occasion when Sri Bhaktavatsalam himself decided on a change of leaders and wished to pass on from Sri Prakasam to Sri Omandur he at least conformed to technical propriety by resigning from the Prakasam

net. It was only the fact that the resignation was timed to take place just a few hours before termination of the Prakasam Ministry that knocked the decency out of the act. Sri Gopala Reddi and his friends have been even less fair to Sri Omandur now than Sri Bhaktavatsalam and his friends were to Prakasam two years ago. What kind of treatment they would accord to the new idol whom they have installed in the Premier's chamber, only the future will show, and show it, may be, much earlier than most people now realise.

All this shows the sad pass to which the premiership has come in this province. It has become a thing of shreds and patches. No longer is it the reward of eminence, service, worth or character. It has become an unpredictable by-product of intrigues and manipulations among pressure groups. Naturally, the loyalties with which it is built today turn to potential hostility tomorrow. Not respect for merit but an ugly blend of self-seeking and time-serving has come to be the governing factor in the selection of the leader. The drive of the prevalent influences is to make the premiership an emblem not of power but of dependence. Sri Omandur's regime was one of futility because such virtues as he possessed were poisoned by the passion of hatred inseparable from the communalism that actuated him, but that was not the cause of his downfall. He was removed because he refused to be a puppet in the hands of the makers of his fortune. But he did the office he held the honour of preserving its

supremacy. He provoked the antagonism of his supporters by rejecting the ordained role of a dummy.

What sort of Premier is Sri Omandur's successor likely to prove? Already, a steep descent from authority to dependence is indicated in the manner in which the Ministers have been selected. The new Premier started by speaking commendably of the need for a "broad-based Ministry," but it was the dictation of Sri Kala Venkat Rao that no truckle should be made with Sri Prakasam, that eventually prevailed. Broad-basedness has been sacrificed to the anti-Prakasam animus of a power-group in exchange for its political support, and the result is that the Premier is exhibited before the public not as the head with a free will of an impartial administration but the tail without independent volition of a party involved in heavy quarrels. Dr. Subbarayan is a parliamentarian of unrivalled experience and skill while Sri Prakasam is a leader of towering stature commanding in Andhra a measure of popular affection not unlike that of Pandit Nehru in the whole country. The rickety nature of a regime based on wilful exclusion of two such stalwarts is patent. While such exclusion lasts, no Madras Ministry will deserve to be characterised as "popular." We are sceptical of any public good emanating from a Ministry so outrageously composed as the present one, but should the new leader belie the initial exhibition of subjection to others' dictation which he has started his regime, we shall not be wanting in alacrity to proclaim as his due full credit for it.

Few will be found to enthuse over the Ministry with which Mr. Kumaraswami Raja takes the field. The difference between it and the Ministry which it displaces is as exiguous as that between Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

..... Team spirit and party discipline alike posit agreement on fundamentals and the subordination of personal ambitions and vanities to the need for promoting the welfare and advancement of the people of the Province as a whole. A Ministry which is the plaything of cliques and cabals will have neither self-confidence nor the confidence of the public. — (From The Hindu).

Sotto Voce

An "Oscar" For Morarjibhai



MR. Morarji Desai, the fiery Home Minister of Bombay, deserves to be awarded an "Oscar" for the most striking bit of social reform achieved this year by any Government. He has persuaded the Legislature of the Province to refer to a Select Committee the Bill outlawing excommunication. He made the flesh of the Members creep by reading out the pledge of fidelity which the Dawoodi Bohras have to take to their Mulla Saheb. It recites a formidable array of punishments, ranging from forfeiture of property to denial of the *jus connubium*, to which the transgressor renders himself liable. The right to punish, said the Home Minister, is the prerogative of the State and an *imperium in imperio* which invokes terrestrial sanctions in the name of religion cannot be tolerated in the era of the secular State.

It seems the Mulla Sahib sought to defend his authority on the ground that he was both the temporal and spiritual head of his community. Mr. Morarji Desai is vastly tickled by the claim. "If the Mulla Saheb is the temporal head," he asks, "what happens to the State?" Apparently this live wire of the Bombay Ministry has not heard of such an institution as the Papacy. It is not many days since the Roman Pontiff excommunicated with due ceremony every one of those connected with the trial and conviction of Cardinal Mindszenty.

Social ostracism was not unknown to the Congress when it wandered in the wilderness. Many a *jo hukm* who sought to curry favour with officialdom found himself treated as a *pariah* (no offence meant to those who once bore that honest name!) in his

village and caste circles. Indeed the ability of the Congress to promote such boycott was regarded as a measure of its strength. And black-balling still remains the recognised mode of keeping out the unwanted from those fashionable clubs which Congressmen no longer sniff at but snuggle up to.

Indeed the wheel has come round full circle. The hunted patriots, to whom even mothers and wives were forbidden to offer food or shelter under threat of the direct penalties, feel no qualms about launching the same thunderbolts against other unfortunates, now that they occupy the seats of the mighty. The other day a poor Moplah woman was sentenced to a year's rigorous imprisonment for giving her Communist son in hiding a mouthful of food. "But, then, this is a people's Government," I shall no doubt be told by shocked constitutionalists. When the Britisher affected to be equally shocked at our defiance of the Government "duly established by law," did we not turn round and ask, "By whose law?"

The Mulla Saheb's ecclesiastical ukases, we are told, constitute a gross violation of fundamental rights. Is it not a far more scandalous violation of basic liberties to lay down that a man may not choose whom he shall dine with in a restaurant or whom he shall worship with in a temple? "The observance of untouchability in any form or shape" has been solemnly banned by law. But those who are most zealous in this behalf are those who are creating a new class of untouchables, the Brahman who will not forswear his faith at their bidding. And no Mulla Saheb can fish out of

the old sacerdotal literature imprecations half as wild as those which the party hierarchy, smug in its self-righteousness, hurls at the unbeliever.

Social ostracism, as it was practised in the old rural communities, is today undoubtedly an anachronism. But in its origin it was not intrinsically unjust any more than are the numerous professional codes which govern large bodies of our highly intelligent contemporaries. For like these it was voluntarily accepted. And those whom it irked had always the option to get out. If nevertheless they preferred to remain within the communion, they had to accept the rules and restrictions without which the community would have fallen to pieces. The emergence of numerous castes and sub-castes, to mention only one line of division, was our forefathers'

characteristic way of reconciling freedom and discipline.

To say that the State should have paramount authority in its sphere is one thing. To contend that it should have that authority in every sphere is to opt for legalised slavery. And the only way of curbing its pretensions to omnipotence is to leave to the individual large regions of conduct where he may give himself to other loyalties. The black ball has as recognised a place in civilised society as the policeman's baton. Bertrand Russell has observed that if death were to be prescribed as the penalty for defeat in football the game would cease to rouse any enthusiasm. That was the error into which some of the old theocracies fell. But it infects no less the thinking of our Fuehrer-ridden "democracies."

VIGHNESWARA

God will not lock you over for medals, degrees or diplomas, but for scars.—ELBERT HUBBARD.

Divine Justice weighs the sins of the cold-blooded and the sins of the warm-blooded in different scales.—DANTE.

FIRST
and BEST

MYSORE SANDAL SOAP

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

Available everywhere.

Govt. Soap Factory, Bangalore.

ON EXAMINATIONS

By "LENS"

AN unprecedented situation has been created by the wholesale leakage of question papers intended for some recent examinations of the Madras University. While authority looks discomfited, there is no counter-vailing comfort or complacency among the students. I do not intend to hold an inquest over the events that have happened; indeed, I do not believe in one since I do not know of a single instance of a victim ever coming to life as the result of a post-mortem! But as I have a suspicion that the present onslaught on examinations is but the symptom of a mental disease which is spreading fast in the widest commonalty, I think it needful to probe into it fully in the public interest.

Recent trends in our public life have served to encourage a holiday-mood among students. Leadership, particularly in the provincial sphere, has not cared or dared to speak with that degree of peremptoriness which alone could give the quietus to amorphous impulses stirring youth to unguessed-at suicide. Wherever condemnation has been voiced forth, it has been at variance with acts of commission or omission. Wherefore the ghastliest part of the mess is that most students are hugging the delusion that they have the secret sympathy of their so-called leaders.

But a historical and rational view of examinations is well calculated to rob them of much of the tragic significance which they have come to assume in the minds of students no less than of parents. Examiners and examinees have been like hunters and the hunted. There are either no rules of the game, or such as are at the mercy of the hunter-examiner. As duels of wit, they have a hoary history going back to the origins of civilization itself. They have been abused from time immemorial, but, they have never been defied, denied or denounced as now by 'emancipated' Indian youth. The reason is that they have always terminated to the entire satisfaction of both the parties—sooner or later; the victim becomes

the victor in good time, and has his revenge on another generation which, like the fabled camomile, flourishes the more, the more it is brow-beaten or trodden under-foot!

The germinal classics of the world are no more than catechisms which examinations are. The Socratic method is the ideal of all examiners; and Plato has embalmed it in the purple patches of his poetic imagination. The toughest of our Upanishads are not merely ideal examination papers, but what is more to the point,—they furnish ideal answers. This is more than most of us who have been examiners are capable of!

Leaving aside the hoary and legendary past, examinations had a mystic pull over us when we were young. We looked forward to them, we prepared for them, and built up a whole future of honour, wealth and dignity on them. Our motives were old-fashioned, for they included, respect for authority, the desire to achieve excellence, and the first incipient stirrings of the last infirmity of 'noble minds!' In those days, first in examinations meant first in getting the pick of life's prizes and perquisites. Academically no less than politically, we were eager to stake our claim for self-government. Men like Gokhale begged to be put on any kind of probation to show the stuff they were made of. For it must be remembered that one of the arguments used to keep us down in those days was that we 'niggers,' were backward, that we could not manage our affairs and that therefore the British had been divinely ordained to be our everlasting guardians. Surendra Nath Bannerjee was a fair-skinned Bengalee with an oratorial style who used Shakespearean English to convey sentiments and reflections inspired by Burke's political philosophy. A high-ranking Tory, Lord Salisbury, rather swarthy of skin, disparagingly referred to him as that black agitator. Morley took the chair at a public meeting in London which was to be addressed by Surendranath. He

introduced the Bengal lion as somewhat fairer-skinned than Lord Salisbury, and invited the audience to judge for itself whether his oratorial powers bespoke a 'backward nigger.' In short, the struggle for Swaraj was taken up at one stage with a chorus of voices insisting that we Indians should be tried, examined, tested and employed in all departments of the Government.

I do not assert that examinations are infallible. Methods and technique must vary from time to time to suit changing conditions; but the principle itself should be left inviolate. It is this that is in jeopardy now.

There is a lighter side to examinations which is not exploited except by the resourceful, the courageous and in short, the clever ones. I could never understand and have never been in sympathy with the student who believes in mugging up set answers to a few questions alone and who is completely at sea when he is confronted with unexpected questions. To such, my tip would be in the nature of a small anecdote. It is said that a lazy young man went up for his Bible examination, without any preparation; as a child, he had heard at his mother's knee, the hapless story of Israel's experiments with a human monarchy. When he went in for his ordeal, one of the questions which floored him was: "Give a brief account of the minor prophets." That gave him a brain-wave. And he plunged into the fray with the memorable exordium: 'Far be it from me, an obscure and unworthy individual, to institute invidious comparisons between the blest prophets as major and minor! Let me rather proceed to give—what is happily free from controversy—an account of 'the Kings of Israel'. It was cheeky, magnificent,—albeit irrelevant; and such a resourceful young man could not be ploughed by any examiner. The odds are that he probably ended up pretty high in the diplomatic service of his country!

It is said that Communists are responsible for the present attack on examinations. If so, they must be using up prevailing discontents as means to their grand end. But depend upon it, the moment they come into power, they are certain to

increase the rigours of examinations ten-fold. A recent campaign prompted by *Pravda* denounced colleges, research institutes and universities in Russia for failure to produce first-rate quality.

But the real authors of the trouble are the communalists. By communalists, I mean all those who want a share of the *good things* because of their *inability* to get them by their own efforts. There is a general vendetta against merit as part of the propaganda, the chief aim of which is to hold up traffic because some people have not yet decided how soon they hope to get across the street. In the name of social justice, what is attempted is to prevent the fit man getting into the right place because there are too many who are unfit for it! People who cry down merit are an unhappy lot. They are impaled on the horns of a dilemma. If they mean what they say, they must abolish all examinations. But if they mean that present examinations are not quite satisfactory tests, the onus is on them to devise better substitutes for them. In either case, some standard of judgment must come into play with a view to winnow the chaff from the grain.

There is another mischievous idea abroad that goodness is superior to cleverness, and that it is more easily achieved. Kingsley knew the lurking fallacy, for he exclaimed: 'Be good, sweet maid, let who will be clever.' Cant, humbug, pharisaism—all masquerade under goodness, until ignorance and fanaticism go up to a premium. And do we not all realise how we suffer from the ravages of our clever men, and how many of them there are in all walks of life to confuse and confound us!

The truth of the matter is two-fold. The older generation, wherever it is in continued possession of the saddle, is doing all it can to sterilise the fruitful and creative elements in the national revolution. At the other end are the youth of the country, in the grip of false prophets and blindly promoting a rank reaction, by proving truant to the noblest impulses of crescent manhood. And between the two, unless something is done to check it, the country is gaily going down the Gadarene slope!

THE RE-EXAMINATION

IN a statement sometime ago the Registrar of the Madras University revealed to the public that the Intermediate examinations are to be re-held. The reason, being understood, was left unsaid. Having so mismanaged affairs as to allow the question papers to leak out, the University has now decided to penalize the students. For no fault of theirs, the boys are to see their summer programmes crash to pieces.

A re-examination is a punishment to the students. It probably costs the University some money. It costs the students something more than cash. It means extra expense of time, labour and energy. The results will not merit this extra labour, for a re-examination has a peculiar psycho-physiological effect on the students which the University authorities (long past their student days) can never understand. Even financially the homesick hostellers are not in charitable institutions where food and shelter are provided gratis. Moreover, re-examination questions are not usually of the sort that make the candidates throw up their hats in joy and cheer thrice. They are notoriously and uncharitably stiff.

Yet another point that causes the thinking man to raise his eyebrows is that the cancellation of the examinations was announced after practically all the papers in Parts I and III were over. Surely, the information regarding the leakage of question papers must have reached the University far earlier. Was the University weighing the *pros* and *cons* of a re-examination in a sensitive balance, taking turning points and all? Why, then, this delay?

Many reasons for the leakage of the questions were given by the various sections of the student population. Some accused the Communists who have been accused of every sinful act during the past few months. Others believed that the

students of the fair sex were responsible for the dark deed. Yet others felt that there was money behind it all and rumours of doubtful propriety were spread mercilessly. Some pointed out that the very same set of students (now in the Intermediate) suffered a re-examination in the S.S.L.C. two years ago. They predicted, logically enough, that there will be a re-examination in the degree classes of 1951! Somebody has been spilling the beans and the resultant bean-stalks are assuming gargantuan proportions. There is something fishy and the University would do well to seek the aid of Sherlock Holmes, if possible. Even he might not find it "elementary," as question papers never leaked out in his land.

The re-examination time table is no improvement on the original. It is in fact worse from the students' viewpoint. Nearly six hours of writing on four consecutive days is no matter for laughter. Is the University really unable to space out the examinations in a saner and more human way? The candidates have a right to expect some human sympathy from the University which instead of being an *Alma Mater* proves to be a Step-Mater!

Disraeli wanted universities to be 'places of light, of liberty and of learning.' Unfortunately some of them have turned out to be dark dens wherefrom question papers leak out conveniently and surreptitiously by a backdoor. Of course it is no use crying over spilt milk; for, as someone said, it only makes the milk sour for the cat! All this probably fits into the jigsaw puzzle of our provincial politics, being in keeping with the general trend of events. We are drifting away from the path of rectitude and rectitude. The sooner we check this progress downhill, the better, or it will become stronger than us—and God help us then.—MAR-CELLUS.

The victims of poverty and of fascism are one and the same. Liberty and preventable poverty cannot live together. Intellectual freedom and racial tolerance are not secure and do not earn the right to be secure in any society in which large numbers of people are tormented by social wrongs.—JENNIE LEE.

SPOTLIGHT

NEWFOUNDLAND DRAMA WITHOUT TEARS

TO acquire freedom is easier than to retain it; to profit by its preservation, most difficult of all. Just as power corrupts, so freedom sweeps down barriers which are better left standing. Restraint and reticence tend to disappear and over-confidence to undermine stability. The natural corollary of all this in individuals, as in institutions, is loss of equability and soundness. The former become erratic and vagrant and the latter unsettled and chaotic. Salvation in such a contingency lies in association with a fundamentally stronger institution till such time as a nation can steady itself and reconsider its position.

A sad little drama has recently been played in an island east of British America in the Atlantic Ocean. It was a drama played without tears and with a profound sense of resignation. Newfoundland, Britain's oldest colony, which had enjoyed self-governing status since World War I and since 1933 has been administered by a Commission of Government headed by Sir Gordon MacDonald, has become integrated as a province of Canada. Self-government was a failure. There was a financial crisis. Due to inability to meet the service charges on its 90 million dollar debt, the finances of the little island crumbled and became so chaotic that a Royal Commission of inquiry headed by Lord Amulree had to be appointed to investigate the situation. They recommended the suspension for the nonce of the Newfoundland Parliament and the rule by a commission of six appointed by the United Kingdom. That had not been successful either. There was another crisis and so another solution had to be found.

Last July, Newfoundlanders went to the polls to choose between Dominion Status, commission rule and administration as a Canadian province. Seventy-eight thousand people voted for union and 71,000 against. Out of 25 electoral districts, seven opposed

union. The strong opposition to union was because of certain fears and apprehensions felt by the people regarding the benefits which their country would acquire through integration the terms of which were embodied in the "Arrangements for the entry of Newfoundland into Confederation" submitted to the Canadian Parliament by Mr. Mackenzie King. The ban on Newfoundland's trade with the United States, one of their chief markets, aroused considerable anxiety. Nor did the people like the revenue they derived from certain forms of taxation being transferred to the Federal Government, resulting in budgetary deficits in their own territory. It was also feared that the fisheries industry, chief of Newfoundland's interests, which was being administered by the Fisheries Board, would suffer under a change of control. Some even thought that Newfoundland's possession of Labrador, the 110,000 square mile dependency at the most easterly point of North America, would be challenged. They objected to the higher Canadian income-taxes. They resented the industrial competition which the seemingly generous offer of removal of customs duties between Canada and Newfoundland implied (though really, such a removal cut both ways. It jeopardised the position of local industry, but at the same time cut living costs). They refused to allow interference with their educational systems. Many Newfoundlanders felt indeed that their country was being "sold by the British Government to Canada."

It must be said with Viscount Jowitt that Canada's terms for integration were "by no means ungenerous" though fundamentally, nothing, however wonderful, can be good enough compensation for loss of liberty. But one certainly cannot agree with the Viscount's statement that "for many years this will undoubtedly be a heavy burden on the people of

Canada." Canada has undertaken to take on her own shoulders the major part of Newfoundland's public debt. The Railways, showing an annual deficit of 1½ million dollars and the department of civil aviation, are also to be transferred. An inducement which a large number even of dissentients could not resist was the offer of employment and allowances for ex-servicemen and pensions and annuities to destitute old men.

A revised agreement was signed at Ottawa on Dec. 11, 1948, in which many of the causes of complaint of the Newfoundlanders were got rid of. Restrictions on the import of essential American goods which Canada was unable to supply, were removed. The grant from the Federal Government was increased from 26½ million dollars to 42½ millions. It was also agreed to let the Newfoundland Fisheries Board continue to be in charge of the administration of the fisheries industry. Disquiet regarding Canada's interference with Newfoundland's system of education was dispelled by Mr. St. Laurent's personal assurance that it would be unaffected.

Legislation towards the union was completed about the middle of February when a resolution embodying the terms of integration was debated by the Canadian House of Commons which by a vote of 140 to 74 gave it its approval. The House also called upon the British Parliament to implement the terms of the union as agreed upon in December last. The Progressive Conservatives opposed the resolution on principle alleging that the procedure involved a constitutional adjustment which they could not allow, though at the same time they admitted that they had nothing to say against the integration as such. The British House of Commons last month passed the British North American Bill confirming and giving effect to the terms of the union from March 31.

Mr. Mackenzie King took a more comprehensive attitude when, speak-

ing in the Canadian Parliament for the first time since relinquishing office, during the debate on Newfoundland which he referred to as "one of the memorable debates in the annals of the country's history," he said that the union would be of advantage not only to the parties concerned but also strengthen the desire of other nations to protect their security. "It is only too true," he said, "that sometimes it takes the small nations of the world to confound the great," and that it might be that "out of this union of two communities on the North American continent, out of this union of two British democracies, out of this union of forces which are not comparable to some of the great world forces, there may nevertheless come to other communities that strength which will help to preserve the freedom of the world."

Dispassionately considered, the union of Newfoundland with Canada seems one of those things which are almost ordained by Nature. Newfoundland is geographically part of the bigger colony. It seems fitting and proper that this territory with its wealth of iron mines, its extensive forests of spruce, pine, birch and larch and its rich fishing grounds netting cod, halibut, hake and herring, but administratively weak, should form a province of the potentially strong and amazingly vital state of Canada. Newfoundlanders are coming to think so too. Even those who for one reason or another opposed union are beginning to admit that it is perhaps "the inevitable destiny of Newfoundland." Freedom has gone, it is true, but freedom to the Newfoundlanders had meant isolationism the bleakness of which they were not able to dispel. It had meant maladministration which they were not able to improve. And in these days of regional, national and international alliances, isolationism seems synonymous with lack of security. So, perhaps, Newfoundland is not so badly off, after all.—SANTHA.

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm.—R. L. STEVENSON.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

MR. Prakasam made an excellent speech the other day in Parliament on Communism and its cure. But the A.P.I. didn't get him right. So we have *The Statesman* commenting thus:

From the somewhat inconsequent available summary of his remarks during first day's debate on the Finance Bill, it is unclear how Mr. T. Prakasam expects conscription to act as a cure for Communism. Presumably he did not offer the suggestion in a Blimpish sense. But it is difficult to see how this connects with his other suggested remedy of a co-operative basis for agrarian reforms. We think neither conscription nor co-operation is likely to serve the purpose, nor even the third and multiple "C," the Commission to inquire into Communism's spread, which Mr. Prakasam also proposed. Were such a body appointed it would perhaps find that its investigations had also to be directed towards showing where Congress had failed. That is the question which older Congressmen like Mr. Prakasam need to ask themselves without reliance on a Commission. If the Communists' influence is growing and theirs declining, there must be an answer. Possibly it is that they have not moved fast enough with the changing times.

Now let us turn to the summary I wired to my paper, apprehending that the news agencies won't recognise an important speech when they hear one (having been myself a News Agency Correspondent of some experience!) I wired:

"Dr. John Matthai is a man who is highly qualified in his field. But what he should do is to give up the old system of budget-making handed down by the British, and adopt a system of co-operative enterprise in the place of the present capitalist budgeting," declared Andhra Kesari Tanguturi Prakasam Pantulu, opening the debate on the Finance Bill in the Indian Parliament today. The Andhra Kesari was loudly cheered as he rose to speak.

Mr. Prakasam pointed out that until the taking over of power from the Bri-

tish, the leadership of the Nation had proceeded along right lines but thereafter it seemed to flounder and deviate from the lines laid down by the Mahatma. In the field of constitution-making, they had adopted the much detested Government of India Act of 1935 as their model. They had paid little attention to cottage industries and were perhaps leading to lop-sided development of the country's industry.

He urged that the Capitalist regime should be rapidly replaced by co-operative enterprise. Making a reference to his own experiences when he introduced producer-cum-consumer co-operatives in Madras Presidency, former Premier Prakasam declared that all those vested interests which would be affected by such a change of economic order would create vehement opposition. But that was the only method of going to the help of the common man.

Mr. Prakasam suggested that the only way of meeting the Communist menace too was the introduction of the co-operative system through the establishment of village republics. Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant had been going ahead with the scheme of establishing village republics in the United Provinces, and so was the Assam Ministry. The Government of India should follow the example of these Ministries and support the scheme of village republics forthwith. As Congress President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad had advocated co-operative farming, and co-operative farming would be effective only when there were village republics. There should be no difficulty about the immediate creation of village republics because the Indian Constitution contained this feature.

Mr. Prakasam squarely laid the blame for the development of the "Communist menace" at the door of Congressmen themselves. He declared: "We are ourselves responsible for the growth of Communists. I suggest that a Commission should be appointed forthwith to go into the question of how far we ourselves were responsible for the growth of Communists." Mr. Prakasam thought that in order to meet the perpetual Communist threat there should

be the introduction of conscription. Prime Minister Nehru had not reacted favourably to the idea of conscription but that was the only way of tackling the question. The Prime Minister thought that the way of strengthening defence was to develop scientific weapons and have more aeroplanes, but real defence would consist in enabling the people to defend themselves. There need be no fear—as the British had—that the people would turn against the Government.

I guess this account would have left little doubt in the mind of *The Statesman*. In fact on the question of the other "C," ("Co-operation") he gave a vivid description of the working of the co-operatives in Madras. Each Provincial Government, said he, can with the money of the people bring into existence co-operative organisations with the aid of which they can procure and carry out distribution all over the country. In Madras the Prakasam Ministry brought into existence within six months 29,000 village food committees, so that food might be distributed. Food procured would go into the hands of the committees so that the people in the villages might not have the fear of starvation or complain about distribution. The co-operative organisation in one district of Malabar collected over a crore of rupees from the people and they started both procurement and distribution for relieving the poor of their troubles, and that proved to be a perfect success. In the coastal districts the people themselves came forward paying over two crores of rupees within less than two months. The organisation was flourishing and they were making small profits not merely

for themselves but they were giving food to the poor as well. There was such potentiality in it but it could not be continued. "By some chance or other our Government was overthrown," said Prakasam, "and another Government came into power which set their face against the whole scheme and organisation." The organisation remained there still in form. But it was a case of the body being there without the life in it. Prakasam suggested that those organisations should be restored. Co-operative organisation must be made the basis and the Government would not be required to spend any money. Capitalist friends had pointed out that the money had gone into the hands of the villagers. Assuming that it was so, Prakasam said, he would suggest the encouragement of co-operative organisations. If that was done, procurement could be successful as well as other Governmental programmes, and Communism could be resisted. That was his point from the very beginning. If these organisations had been extended throughout the Presidency and the country, there would not have been any Communism at all, whereas now the people were in the throes of Communism on account of the wretchedness that had overtaken us, said Prakasam.

I am afraid few in the Central Government here have either the vision or the energy of a Prakasam or a P. C. Ghosh. They seem content to establish a Police State and keep things going.

THE PRIMACY OF THE HOME

Neither exhortation nor coercion can win men over to new values. Both methods have been tried throughout history, particularly in the realm of ethics, without conspicuous success. Men and women follow the line of their conditioned inclinations, and whether or not they take to other values will depend on inclinations formed in the home. For this reason there seems to us to be necessary renewed emphasis on the primacy of the home, its importance taking precedence over the affairs of any corporation, university, laboratory, school, stock exchange, political party or legislative assembly. It is the home that is the source, the direct source, of most of the personal and social disorder of our time, although that disorder traces back to factors involved in the undermining of the home. The home, in fact, is in such poor condition that it merits a special government department devoted only to its affairs, and to the affairs of the sadly battered women and children in it.—FERDINAND LUNDBERG & MARYNIA F. FARNHAM.

THE FRONT-SEATERS

By H. SUNDER RAO

I hope readers will excuse me for the rather ugly phrase which I have employed in the title of this article. But the people indicated by the phrase are much worse than the phrase itself! We see them everywhere—a whole world of pompous imbeciles who think that the entire universe and all its contents have been specially created for them. Have we not often seen (and cursed) the man who, arriving late at a public meeting, walks pompously and noisily into the crowded hall, pushes himself through the serried rows of the audience and ostentatiously occupies one of the front seats, as if God in His infinite wisdom had ordained that none but he should occupy the seat? We may call him an egotist, for egotism masquerades itself in myriad ways, or we may regard him as a megalomaniac who is obsessed by a sense of his own importance. But there he is, by whatever name you describe him. He is one who wants the eyes of the whole world to watch him and admire him. If the world is so stupid as to ignore him, he will not let the world do that. He owes it to the world that he should make it sit down and look at him. His bumpiness is nothing but a subtle manifestation of his craving for attention. He is like the petulant child who bawls and shouts so as to get the attention of his parents. That he is likely to make a nuisance of himself is something he can understand no more than a child does. He is supremely unconscious of the annoyance he causes to every one. He is insensitive, and to a large extent callous.

There are many curious ways in which this "egotism" expresses itself, and the smaller the man (I mean "small" in a moral and spiritual sense) the greater is his sense of his own importance. The type is Protean, and whatever be the particular "incarnation" in which he might appear amongst us, he is immediately spotted out. Shakespeare's Bottom and Dogberry are unforgettable examples of this type. They are two of the best-known of these "front-seaters" in

English literature. But they do not repel us. They are saved from being odious by their sense of humour. Nor do they do any harm to others, and their vanity pleases us and we enjoy life through them.

Today as a result of the tremendous upsetting of the values of life, we have amongst us a rich variety of "front-seaters" many of whom are not so innocent or amusing as Bottom and Dogberry. They are to be found in every sphere of life and represent many types, from the noisy late-comer at public meetings to the pompous policeman who thinks that a front seat in a public bus is one of his divinely preordained privileges. Speaking of policemen, I remember how I told a "pre-Independence" police sub-inspector who had most unchivalrously usurped the front seat in a bus allotted to a lady passenger, that on the day a policeman quietly and unobtrusively took his place amongst the rest of the passengers in a bus, that day India would get *Swaraj*. India has become free but I regret I cannot say that many of our police officials, in spite of constant ministerial warnings, have become less attached to front seats. I have very lurid recollections of a recent occasion when at a crowded theatre, the play was about to commence, a few minor police officials entered the theatre preceded by policemen carrying special chairs, and took their seat in the front row. The sooner our policemen give up their front-seat mentality, the better it is for all, and I am sure, this single act of self-renunciation on their part will make them more really respected and loved by the general public than anything else which they might be called upon to do. I am not complaining against any official big or small being shown the respect and consideration that are his due, like any other citizen. But the visible persistence of this front-seat mentality is perhaps the saddest and the most perilous factor in the field of public administration in our country today. To get rid of this vicious and annoying habit will be

the hardest of the self-disciplinary tasks which freedom has brought to us, whether officials or non-officials.

What a miracle the front-seat works in the behaviour and demeanour of small men! They think they are lords of life and look with supreme contempt on the back-seaters. There is a tone of authority in their voice, an air of self-assurance and self-complacence which cannot belong to those who have to squeeze themselves on one of the crowded back-seats of our buses.

I enjoy a bus-journey, because a bus has more living contacts with the stream of life than a train that speeds along its pre-determined path in "railed" isolation. I like the dust, the din and the bustle, and the spirit of comradeship that is insensibly promoted in the course of a few crowded hours in a public bus. What the gentle Washington Irving called "the democracy of the road" can be seen and felt in its most intimate sense only in the course of a bus-journey. Here we form contacts with our fel-

lowmen more really human than those that are formed during the monotony of those interminable hours we spend in a railway compartment. But as I am sped along in the bus and feel one with the fruit-vendor on my left and the talkative rough-looking farmer on my right, my eye wanders to the front-seater who sits in his solitary dignity beside the driver, the monarch of all he surveys! I feel that this man by excluding himself from us has broken in some mysterious manner the harmony of human brotherhood, and introduced ugly class-distinctions into a sphere of travel so peculiarly fitted to bring all sorts of people together on a basis of perfect equality. And if the front-seater is a uniformed official who thinks that he has an inherent claim to the front seat, I know he belongs to a species of odious people who by their very arrogance, self-complacence and lack of consideration for others, spread a blight over the whole world!

ECONOMICS AND POLITICS IN BRAZIL

By YUSUF J. MEHERALLY

WHAT is Brazil like politically? A democracy—shall we say a "paternalistic" democracy? From 1930 to 1945 it was a dictatorship ruled by President Getulio Vargas. In 1945 Vargas was removed by the combined threat of revolt of the Army, the Navy and the Air Force. Surprising to say, that during these fifteen long years of dictatorial rule, when civil liberties crumbled away, the press was under the most rigorous censorship, progress in some other directions was made, industrial development took place, suitable labour legislation was passed and various other schemes initiated. These gave to President Vargas a certain amount of demagogic popularity, which caused quite an amount of alarm among his opponents. He was planning an election and hoping to win it with uneasy alliances. His opponents declared that under the guise of an election, he was really planning a new *coup d'etat*. Anyway, before the elections could take place, the threatened revolt of the armed forces dethroned him. General Dutra was elected instead.

President Dutra after his election restored the traditional trappings of democracy. What sort of a person is he? A man of very few words evidently. Sometimes he sits through a whole diplomatic reception without saying more than 'Glad to meet you.' This is literally true.

Brazilians tell you that their President is a soldier and not a scholar. They frankly say that he lacks the glamour of politics and that he understands next to nothing of economics. But nonetheless, they speak of him with consideration. Typical comments are: 'He is a man of character.' 'He is honest and incorruptible.'

There are over a dozen political parties in Brazil. Scanning the list I was very intrigued by one fact—well over half of the political parties have got the word "Socialist" or "Social Democratic" or "Labour" in their

names though there is nothing specifically 'Socialist' or 'Labour' about them apart from their names.

The Federal Parliament consists of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. The majority party that forms the main core of Government is the P.S.D. (Partido Social Democratico), the Social Democratic Party to which the President of the Republic, General Dutra and the Vice-President, Dr. Nereu Ramos both belong. The next in importance is the U.D.N., the National Democratic Union, which is also associated with the administration. The former dictator, Getulio Vargas, who is now a Senator heads the P.T.B. (Brazilian Labour Party). Then there are the Socialist Labour Party (P.S.T.), the Progressive Socialist Party (P.S.T.), the National Labour Party (P.N.T.) and the Republican Party (P.R.). The ex-Fascist leader, Dr. Plinio Salgado is President of the Popular Representative Party, the P.R.B. The Communist Party was outlawed in Brazil in May, 1947, and its leader Luiz Carlos Prestes is believed to have gone underground.

The Socialista Vanguardia is devoted to the spread of Socialist ideas and activities in Brazil.

The next Presidential election is due in 1950. President Dutra is credited in informed circles with the view that the two leading parties—his own, the Social Democratic Party (P.S.D.) and the National Democratic Union (U.D.N.) should reach an agreement on this issue. Meanwhile ex-President Vargas is also quite active. Reliable rumour has it that the Governor of Sao Paulo, Adhemar de Barros and the Governor of Bahia, Octavio Mangabeira, a former Foreign Minister are also in the field. There are many who would like to see Oswaldo Aranha, a distinguished son of Brazil, ex-Foreign Minister and ex-Chairman of the United Nations Organisation, to win the Presidency.

During the past half a century Brazil has achieved an amount of

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.

Industrialisation that though modest is yet striking. At the great Volta Rodonda Works near Sao Paulo, over 900,000 tons of steel are produced every year—a worthwhile achievement, if one may say so, in the whole of South America. A cotton textile industry has likewise been born and has even found it possible to produce for the export market. Cement, paper, porcelain, chemicals, electricals—quite a range of important articles are being made in Brazil, which before very long had to be imported.

The potential raw material resources of Brazil make one feel giddy. There are enough high grade iron deposits in Brazil to last the requirements of the whole world for five hundred years. Brazil possesses 22% of the entire known iron ore deposits of the world. This is really very high grade ore. Similarly, here is manganese ore in plenty, not to mention quite a number of similar items. Gold and diamonds have been other precious commodities.

Brazil is the largest coffee producing country on earth. At other times she has been the sugar, the gold and the rubber capital of the world.

It seems almost incredible now to think that coffee was not indigenous to Brazil but was introduced from outside, so closely are coffee and Brazil associated in the public mind. The coffee plant originally came from Ethiopia. It was the Arabs who first discovered and perfected the seed. Carried to Arabic in the 14th century and to Turkey in the 16th, it gradually spread to other countries. It arrived in India in 1610 and found the first congenial home in Mysore. It was not till 1727 that it was introduced in Brazil. Today Brazil produces more coffee than all the countries of the world put together.

What are the obstacles to industrialisation in Brazil? Roughly the causes may be summarised as: (a) Dearth of capital, (b) shortage of machine tools and industrial equipment as also those of trained technicians and skilled labour, (c) lack of coal and oil, (d) very poor transportation facilities.

It will be noticed that most of these factors would apply to many other countries of Asia and Africa as

well as to those of a Latin America. They are true largely of India as well, even though she has achieved a much larger measure of industrialisation and financial strength.

Such industrialisation as has been achieved is to an appreciable extent due to foreign owned and controlled concerns, which established subsidiary factories in Brazil. The British pioneered the way by building railways and acquiring other interests; the Americans followed suit and there are branch factories of General Electric, Goodyear and Firestone tyres, the Corn Products Refining Company and of the gigantic Chicago meat packing concerns, Armour as well as Swift, to mention only a few. American capital investments are conservatively put between 400 and 500 million dollars. Canada comes high on the list too, especially in the light and power field.

But with the rise of Brazilian nationalism, foreign capital has been shy and unresponsive. It is perfectly willing to come in but on its own terms, which the Brazilians find onerous. Foreign capital would like to preserve Brazil as a semi-colonial field for investment, with quick and large profit returns; it is not too keen on building up diverse new industries and make Brazil a modern industrial nation. International cartels and monopolies have obstructed the acquisition of capital as well as of machinery and equipment; nor have they been over-zealous about training local technicians. Of course, things have improved under the pressure of war development and President Roosevelt's Good Neighbour Policy.

To these difficulties are to be added lack of good quality coal and oil. Recently oil has been sighted in more than one area but lack of agreement on the form of its exploitation by foreign capital has reduced well-made plans to just paper schemes. In recent months hopes of some progress again seem visible. This lack of fuel has greatly hindered transportation facilities, which in their turn are holding up not only industrialisation but agricultural development as well.

Who are the Tatas and Birlas and Sri Rams of Brazil? Francescò Matarazzo belonging to a wealthy Italian immigrant family built up, in the

course of two generations, quite an industrial empire. His group owns the biggest cotton textile mills, it has interests in artificial silk, chemicals, flour mills, sugar and what not, from perfumery to insecticides and crockery to sheet metal goods. The grand old autocrat passed away in 1939 just as the shadows of World War II had appeared on the European horizon.

An event brings us psychologically up-to-date with the progress of the Matarazzos. Some time ago a daughter was married off amid great pomp and splendour. Two hair-dressers were flown direct from Paris for the occasion; Champagne flowed like water, while the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo gave a special performance for the invited guests! Even our Maharajas in their one time glory would have cause to feel some envy!

What about industrial profits? Captains of industry have a remarkable similarity of taste everywhere. In 1942, 256 different concerns made an average profit of 34%. Of these 89 companies averaged 50% or more.

In 1944 a textile concern made the unbelievable profit of four thousand per cent. This means, in plain words, that just one year's profits paid the entire cost of the construction of the mill and all its plant, forty times over! These peak years have now gone. With the war boom partly over, the Government which, in quite a few cases now, is part owner of industry (by holding a percentage of shares, usually half the share capital in various concerns) has recently taken steps to restrict the amount of profits, though very half-heartedly.

Labour conditions in Brazil are far from satisfactory. Wages are low and inflation has played havoc with their standard of life. The railway, textile and cement workers, and the other categories of labour have been waging a constant struggle to improve their conditions. Whether in the coal areas of Santa Catarina in the South, the coffee plantations of Sao Paulo and the mines of Minas Geraes in Central Brazil or the cocoa and tobacco fields of Bahia or the sugar districts of Punambuco in the North a new stir is clearly visible.

Already a body of useful labour legislation is on the statute book. But outside the big cities they are not

much implemented and there is urgent need for forging a proper machinery for the purpose.

The industrialisation of Brazil is nowhere so dramatically reflected as in the rise and growth of Sao Paulo, after Rio the second city in the kingdom. A variety of industrial goods manufactured in her 4,500 small and large factories are carried to all parts of the country. From here fifteen million bags of coffee, via the great port of Santos forty miles away, are sent to the four corners of the world. Situated on a plateau 2,500 feet high, her bracing climate has been another advantage. Her busy mills, factories and workshops constitute the heart of industry in Brazil. It is also the largest centre of the working class and the headquarters of the trade unionism in the country.

In 1872 its population was 26,000, in 1920, 529,000; in 1947 it was 1,700,000 and rising at the rate of 70,000 a year. Population experts estimate that in a decade it will have surpassed Rio's.

No wonder with its skyscrapers and parks, its factories and its busy air, the city looks to them like the image of their future in miniature. Too long Brazil was a one-crop country, depending particularly on export of coffee for its prosperity. Whenever coffee prices slumped on the world market there was an acute economic crisis. Still this dependence remains, but hopes of a more diversified economy seem also within measurable achievement.

The Sao Paulo State has the largest population of any State in Brazil—of eight millions, while it also services another four million people, adjoining its area. This means that in the Chamber of Deputies where representation is on population basis, Sao Paulo has the largest number of legislators. This combination of economic and political power makes it not only the industrial capital of Brazil but one of the key cities of South America.

Brazil gives the impression of a sleeping giant now awaking slowly to a new consciousness of strength and power. With its tremendous wealth of raw materials and endless prospects of development the future beckons to her smilingly.—(Copy-right).

COMMUNISM IN RETREAT

By M. N. ROY

I have just concluded a three months' tour of the country. When I began it, early in December, the eyes of an anxious world were fixed upon China. The spectacular advance of the Communist armies southwards appeared to be irresistible. Everywhere to the north of the great river Yangtse, Chiang Kai-shek's demoralised armed forces were either in flight or surrounded by the swift-moving enemy or, in the typical Chinese fashion, deserting the sinking ship of the discredited nationalist regime of Nanking, to climb on the band wagon of triumphant Communism. It appeared that the sweeping of the whole of China by Communists was only a matter of days. What would happen then? That was the question nervously asked from every quarter. How strong were the Communist parties in the neighbouring countries? At Delhi, I was bombarded with such questions by a number of pressmen. They almost laughed at me when I told them that all their alarmist or jubilant questions were much too premature; that the Chinese Communist armies could not be stopped anywhere to the north of the Yangtse; but they would not cross the great watery barrier to advance further south. Therefore, there was no ground for the fear of South-East Asia going up in a mighty red flame. But I added that the danger of chaos spreading far and wide was there, although that would not be a revolution.

Who would stop the Communist steam-roller on the Yangtse? It did not seem that the Americans would risk a war with Russia by intervening directly in the Chinese civil war. As a matter of fact, by the end of last year, they had given up their protegee Chiang Kai-shek as a lost cause. Why, then, should the victorious Communist forces stop on the Yangtse, foregoing the almost certain chance of seizing the whole of China? Well, they did, as I anticipated. They have not been stopped there; even to-day they can easily cross the river and continue the triumphal march south-

wards. But evidently they have no intention of doing so. They naturally do not want to bite more than they can digest, and it is doubtful if they will easily digest what they have already eaten. The perspective at present is of China becoming a no-man's land between the Russian advance line pushed forward and the Americans falling back on a new line of defence anchored in Japan on the north and Australia to the south.

The movement of the Communist armies in China is determined by the grand strategy of World Communism on the defensive, if not actually in retreat on all the fronts. The forward push in China is of the nature of a local counter-offensive in the larger scheme of a strategic retreat. The position and perspective of World Communism to-day must be described in military terms, because the revolution can no longer succeed in any country except under the protection of the Red Army. The strategy of the proletarian world revolution is not planned by the resurrected Communist International, which has been replaced by the Russian General Staff.

The purpose of the communist offensive in China was to divert the attention of the world away from Berlin, where the Russian bluff was called last year. To recover the prestige lost in consequence of the discomfiture of the Communist parties in France and Italy, the Russians wanted to drive the Western Powers out of Berlin, and seize the whole of Germany on the threat of war, which they did not want to risk themselves. Thus it was a grand bluff, and the bluff was called by the Western powers taking up the challenge. Baulked in Europe, the Russians hit out in China with the object of pinning down American military forces and resources in the Far East. The Americans parried the blow by withdrawing from China, throwing her to the wolf. The Communist victory in China is more likely than not to be a pyrrhic victory. A liberal supply of gold bullets will encourage ambitious war lords to keep China in a chaos.

The canker of militarism breeds in the stagnant waters of a perennial social crisis. Having made political capital out of that national misfortune, the Communists cannot be expected to put an end to it. Thus, America has not surrendered China to Communism, but to chaos, with the intention of fishing in troubled waters. With their hands full at home, the Chinese Communists will have little chance of spreading revolution to the neighbouring lands. On the other hand, the Communist victory in China does not materially improve the strategic position of the Russians in Europe. Therefore, the prospect of World Communism is not very bright, although the only alternative may still seem to be chaos everywhere.

In Europe, the Communist tide touched the high-water mark towards the end of 1947. The debacle of the political general strike in France in the autumn of that year indicated a turn of the tide; but at the same time, it appeared almost certain that the Communists would come to power constitutionally in Italy. The strategists of the world revolution, that is, the Red Army General Staff, could wait no longer and decided to mount an offensive all over the front. The Communists could not seize power in France before the Red Army reached the Rhine to counter-act the danger of American intervention through the intermediary of Franco's Spain. But the Red Army in Germany could not advance westwards with its left flank threatened. That threat would disappear in consequence of the certainty almost of the Communists winning the election in Italy in April 1948. The star of Communism had reached the zenith. The time had come for the final blow. It struck Czechoslovakia. That salient jutting out into the heart of Germany thus secured, the Red Army would march westwards as soon as the Communists captured power in Italy. The next move would be an insurrection in France to seize power. That was the perspective early in 1948. Communism was on the point of sweeping Europe.

The result of the Italian election was one of the proverbial slips between the cup and the lip. It upset the whole plan of the grand strategy

of revolution. Since then, Communism has been on the retreat on the European front, then in China. Both the fronts, one across Germany and the other on the Yangtse, may be stabilised, and the forces of Communism entrenched behind them. But the turn of the tide in the rest of the world cannot be arrested. After all, the future of World Communism will be snapped not by banditry in the jungles of South-East Asia, but by the revolutionary action of the proletarian cohorts in Europe and America. With this consideration, one naturally turns his eyes to France and Italy. No serious observer attaches any importance to the "Communist menace" in the U.S.A., not even in Britain, the classic scene of capitalist decay. The future of World Communism will be made or marred in France and Italy. In both these key positions, until recently at its mercy, Communism is losing ground. For a short period, from 1945 to 1948, in Italy, the Communist Party was the largest and strongest outside the Soviet Union. It was the only country where practically the entire middle-class intelligentsia enthusiastically responded to the appeal of Communism. In 1947, about one third of the membership of the Communist Party belonged to that class, which moulds the mind of the rising generation. Communism could capture no more strategic position in any country; during the last year in Italy, Communism has lost the confidence of the middle-class intelligentsia, being seriously weakened in consequence. In France also, the Communist Party is fighting losing battles on the industrial as well as the political front. Having forfeited the confidence of the non-proletarian classes in both the countries, the Communist parties can no longer hope to come to power constitutionally. And the much talked of road to insurrection cannot be taken without risking sure defeat. Nowhere has revolution succeeded in that, except under the powerful protection of the Red Army. That is the most outstanding lesson of contemporary history. Communism must swallow the bitter pill or come to grief. The Red Army cannot extend protection to its vanguards in France and Italy without precipitating an international armed conflict. Pro-

letarian revolution, thus, in our time, means war—which, in its turn, will bring not Communism, but a total destruction. In despair, the Communists may yet court that catastrophe; but its victory is ruled out by the given relation of forces.

The future of Communism was irreparably prejudiced when, thanks to their incredible stupidity, the Russians threw away the moral leadership of the civilised world which they had conquered by rescuing Europe from the danger of a relapse into mediaeval barbarism under Hitler. Even now, Communist tactics may create chaos in one country after another. The countries of Asia are likely to be the

easier victims. But it offers no other perspective than of a continued chaos or war. That is not a very captivating appeal. It is therefore bound to lose its force, and make room for commonsense in political practice and social engineering. Communism has missed the bus; but the pre-war *status quo* is also a dead post. The choice is not restricted to Communism and Fascism. Human ingenuity is capable of finding a new way out of the present crisis. The debacle of Communism, therefore, is a challenge to the creativeness of human mind and imagination. It may be the dawn of a really new era. —(Copyright).

TEACHING SURGERY THROUGH TELEVISION

With the installation shortly of special television apparatus, Guy's Hospital, London, will become the first institution in the world to have permanent television as an aid to teaching medicine and the first in Europe to televise operations.

As the skilled fingers of surgeons operate, their every move will be watched by students sitting outside the operating theatre. Television will make possible this new step in teaching surgery and will allow the students to see intricate details as if through the eyes of the surgeons.

A camera will be suspended over the operating table and worked by an engineer from a remote control box. The camera will have three lenses enabling close ups and long shots to be taken, as well as a full view. The apparatus has taken more than three years to design.

THE MYSORE CHEMICALS & FERTILISERS, LTD.

WORKS:

BELAGULA

On the way to

"BRINDAVAN GARDENS,"

Telephone No. 435

(Mysore State Railway)
Krishnarajasagar

REGISTERED OFFICE:

1129, Vani Vilas Road,

Telegrams: "CHEMF" Mysore.

Mysore

Telephone: No. 243

MANUFACTURERS OF:

Sulphuric Acid
Hydrochloric Acid
Nitric Acid
Chlorosulphonic Acid

for CHEMICAL INDUSTRY

Liquid Anhydrous Ammonia
Liquor Ammonia Forte and
Ammonia Compounds.

for REFRIGERATION
PHARMACEUTICALS &
CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

Sulphate of Ammonia
Mixed Fertilisers
Super Phosphate

for AGRICULTURAL
PURPOSES

Short Story

FAREWELL

By S. Krishniah

THE Guard blew a shrill blast and waved the green light. In another second the engine whistled and imperceptibly tugging at each other the long line of carriages which formed the West Coast Mail got on the move.

Hurried footsteps ran alongside the moving train and suddenly the door of a first-class compartment was wrenched open and a porter who was also on the run shoved a small suit-case and a holdall into it. A lithe figure in khaki jumped on to the foot-board.

"Cheerio, old boy!" the man on the train shouted. "Pay the porter, will you?"

"Allright," a voice shouted back. "Don't forget to write when you're coming back." "I won't!"

The khaki figure stood at the doorway clutching the hand-rail and waving to his friend on the platform.

The engine puffed and wheezed, slowly gathering speed. He stood for a long time at the door as if reluctant to lose sight of the glimmering lights in the distance which to him meant Madras. A thousand memories came surging into him—pleasant ones, tender ones.

He heaved a deep sigh and turned into the compartment and he was surprised to see that he was not alone as he had imagined. At the far corner was seated a lady in a white saree. In the dim light he could not distinguish more than the fact that she was a young lady and that her saree was of white crinkled silk.

"I'm sorry," said Captain Menon in a well-bred tone that conveyed an apology. "I had no idea this was a ladies' compartment. I'll change into another next stop."

"No, you're mistaken," the lady replied in a quiet voice. "This is not a ladies' compartment."

Capt. Menon did not know what to say. He felt slightly awkward.

"There was no room in the ladies' compartment," the lady informed him as if she realised his awkwardness and would fain relieve it. "In fact the whole train is crowded."

"Then perhaps you'll have no objection if I occupy this berth," said Capt. Menon indicating the vacant one.

"Oh no, I've no objection at all."

Capt. Menon took the holdall from between the seats and put it on the unoccupied one. Stencilled on the suit-case, the lady passenger read 'CAPT.

K. B. MENON, 1ST GURKHA RIFLES.' With his foot he shoved the suit-case under the seat and sat down. He fished out his case, took a cigarette and lit it. The lady who was sitting diagonally opposite him troubled him. There seemed to be something out of the ordinary in her. Although she had spoken freely to him she had shown no familiarity. And then there was that in her voice which excited one's curiosity. It appeared as if there was some deep, poignant grief in her which tinged her voice with a delicate sadness.

Through the cloud of cigarette smoke Capt. Menon peered at his companion. His eyes had got themselves used to the dimness of the illumination. He saw her face as it was turned looking through the window at the unrelieved blackness of the night. She had a long shapely nose and a delicately rounded chin which showed strength of character. Her cheekbones were rather high and prominent, her eyes sunken and mild. Her small ears were completely covered by luxurious wavy hair. Even in the dim light fine lines were discernible all over her face which seemed prematurely aged. Capt. Menon wondered how old she would be—twenty, thirty, thirty-five?—he was not sure.

As he was watching her, her upper eyelid quivered tremulously and he could see a drop of tear detach itself from her eye and tremble on the lashes before it fell down. The youngster's heart went out to her. Here before him was the picture of solitary womanhood suffering some secret sorrow. That single tear melted the heart hardened in the front lines of Burma and Kashmir,—a heart immune to human suffering, even to death.

Capt. Menon knew that it would be silly to ask her what exactly was worrying her but if he managed to keep talking to her, he knew, he would be able to take her mind off the sorrow which she seemed to be nursing in her heart.

"Excuse me," Capt. Menon asked, "are you a Malayalee?"

"Yes,.....why do you ask?"

"It's a long time since I met one," he said breaking into his mother tongue. "Nearly a year, I think. I've been with Gurkhas and Sikhs mostly. It feels like

home to be able to talk and hear Malayalam."

She smiled and taking the hint addressed him in the vernacular. Capt. Menon thought that she looked strange when she smiled.

"Were you at Kashmir?"

"Yes, for over a year. I'm lucky to have got this leave. The Grand Trunk fortunately arrived in time for me to catch this train....How far are you going?"

"Cannanore."

"I'm getting down at Calicut....It is nearly three years since I saw my mother. It would be a great surprise to her because I haven't informed her about my leave."

Again a sad expression seemed to cloud her face and a far-away look crept into her eyes.

"Could you tell me where we could have something to eat? I'm almost famished. I didn't even have a cup of tea."

"Arkonam is the scheduled dinner station for this train....It's a pity I wasn't able to bring anything eatable with me; otherwise I'd have gladly offered you something."

"Oh no. Don't worry at all. I can easily buy something at Arkonam, I suppose. When do we go there?"

"Anytime now, I think."

Capt. Menon put his head out of the window to look ahead. The cool night air was pleasant as it beat against his face.

"Ouch!" he cried as he pulled in his head closing his left eye. "I've got a bit of coal-dust in my eye."

He took his kerchief out of his trouser pocket and applied it to his eye as it had already started watering.

"Don't rub your eye," his companion advised him. "That will only make it sore."

He kept his kerchief pressed to the eye for some time. The foreign matter in his eye hurt very badly. The pressure exerted by the kerchief did not seem to relieve it. He took it off.

His fair companion noticed that his eye was bloodshot and watering.

"Wait a minute. I'll try and take it off. Have you got a tumbler? I'll get some water."

"No, I haven't got one."

She rose up and came near. Standing in front of him she parted his eyelids and peered into them.

"I can't see," she complained. "The light is too dim."

"I've got a torch in my suit-case. Shall I get it?"

"Don't worry, I'll get it. Is it locked?"

"No."

Capt. Menon felt that unobtrusively she had taken command of the situation. She went down on her knees and opened his suit-case.

"It's in the back left-hand corner," he directed her.

She rummaged among the articles of masculine toilet and produced the torch. She rose up and again stood in front of him. Holding the torch with one hand she parted his eyelids with the other. Even with the bright beam of light it took her some time to locate the tiny black speck. Then making him hold the torch she twisted one end of his kerchief into a point and deftly removed the particle of coal.

"Look," she said showing it to him, "One wouldn't think it could hurt so much!"

Capt. Menon smiled but did not reply. He was a little flustered. Physical contact with this girl—or should he think of her as a lady—had disturbed him a little. It was not that he was a stranger to women. No—not that. Practically all his life he had known women. He remembered the proud and petulant girl at college with whom he had fancied himself in love. There were also other girls like her—admired and loved from a distance. After he joined the Army a still different type of womanhood had been his recreation. He had been friendly with a few Anglo-Indian girls at Calcutta, known a few denizens of the Bombay half-world, and many others. For their caresses and the fun he had derived out of them he had paid and paid well.

But this was the first time any woman had voluntarily touched him with delicacy. This girl or lady had been both delicate and deliberate—almost fondling.

"Thank you very much," he said after nearly a minute's silence. He replaced the torch and the train ran into Arkonam junction.

The West Coast Mail stopped nearly half an hour there and when it moved Capt. Menon had quietened his hunger. His companion had been all the time sitting in her corner alone with her depressing thoughts. She had not eaten anything and had declined the Captain's offer to fetch her some food or coffee.

After two days' travel Capt. Menon felt tired. He undid the straps of his holdall and spread out his bedding. He had already decided that since a lady was present he would sleep in his uniform. Suddenly while making his bed he realised that his companion had only one small suit-case and no bedding.

"Haven't you got a bedding?" he enquired.

"Don't worry. I'm allright."

"Oh no, you can't sleep on the bare seat....I can easily spare you a pillow and a blanket."

"Don't bother yourself....I won't sleep anyway."

"Won't sleep?" he echoed incredulously. "You don't mean to say that you're going to be awake the whole night?.....You must take these."



Summer

All day the scorching sun beats down on a dry and thirsty earth. The fields are faded and bleached and on the roads dust whirls up towards a leaden sky.

This is a time when both the land and people suffer from an unquenchable thirst. It is a time when tea offers its utmost bounty.

Cheap and easily available, tea sustains and refreshes you during the oppressive season and keeps you fresh and eager for the tasks ahead.



Tea

Any Time is Tea Time

INSERTED BY THE INDIAN TEA MARKET EXPANSION BOARD

He had taken out of his holdall a blanket, a bed-sheet and a pillow.

"It's no use your giving me these. I don't think I'll sleep."

Suddenly it flashed into Capt. Menon's mind that his presence might be the reason for her decision not to sleep.

"Excuse me," he said rather awkwardly. "If it's my being here in the compartment which is worrying you, I can easily find another berth on the train....I don't want to deprive you of a night's rest."

"Certainly not. Actually I'm rather thankful for your company."

He did not know what to make of her at all. He was still puzzled when nearly half an hour later he threw the cigarette stub out of the window, bade her a casual good-night and lay down. He had left the light on and the door unlocked.

A few minutes later she rose up from her seat and spread the sheet on it. She put the pillow at one end and switching off the light, lay down.

Despite his tiredness Capt. Menon could not sleep. He could not bring his mind to think of anything else except the person who was lying on the berth so close to him. He wondered whether she was married. He had failed to notice whether she was wearing any token of wifehood. He knew that she was not a beauty. Her face was plain and her body of rather a classical mould without even a suggestion of voluptuousness. But she had what one would call personality. She had feminine charm in her. His tired brain was wafting his thoughts into the fairland of dreams and the jolting train was bringing them back to the hard world of reality. Everything seemed so grand and pleasurable in his dreams while in the next minute he was brought to the sickening realisation that he was in love. It might be that he was not in love at all—but only his curiosity piqued by the peculiarities of the strange woman.

Hours passed and the wheels underneath left miles behind. Inside and outside it was all darkness. Capt. Menon was having no rest. He fumbled under the pillow and got out his case. He took out a cigarette and lit a match. Out of the corner of his eye glanced at the other berth. He saw a pair of black wide-open eyes watching him.

She was awake!

He lit his cigarette and rose up to a sitting posture.

"May I switch on the light?"

"Sure."

The light appeared very bright to their eyes accustomed to darkness. Capt. Menon noticed that her face wore a rather whimsical expression.

"Listen," he said sitting down on his bed. "Both of us are not sleepy, I guess. I'm a bit excited about going home after a long time. Why not we talk—at least to while away the time?"

She did not reply but got up and sat down pushing back the curls that were falling on her face in partial disarray.

"Is there anything to talk about?" she asked after nearly a minute's silence.

"I should think there is plenty to talk about," he said and bringing to play all his powers of conversation he proceeded. "You can talk about yourself and I can talk about myself. Not that there is anything about me which will interest you....But being with you so long I somehow feel we are friends...."

"Friends!" she echoed and a sad look again clouded her face. "You don't know what you say."

"Oh, I'm perfectly aware of what I'm saying," continued Capt. Menon ignoring her sad expression. "Isn't it strange that we don't even know each other's name?....Mine's Menon."

"I know that. I saw your name on your suit-case when you came in....I'm Mrs. Nambiar." She looked searchingly at his face. "Does that convey anything to you?"

Capt. Menon's heart sank when he heard the word Mrs., but he kept a level tone.

"I know a lot of Nambiar. Is your husband in the Army?"

"My husband is no more...."

Capt. Menon did not feel sad at this piece of news—he felt childishly happy and Mrs. Nambiar who was keenly watching him easily read his thoughts. Suddenly the solution to the riddle which Mrs. Nambiar seemed to present, flashed on him. He thought that her sadness and peculiarities were due to the recent bereavement she had suffered. Pity surged in him.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Mrs. Nambiar. It was brutal of me to provoke unpleasant thoughts in you."

"Oh no, Capt. Menon. I'm sure you have done nothing of the sort."

"I can easily find out you are very sad. My heartfelt condolences."

Obviously Capt. Menon had said something inadvertently which had touched her weak spot. She looked miserable in her sorrow and tears clouded her eyes and soon they started running down her cheeks. She tried to staunch them with the end of her saree but they were not to be.

Capt. Menon had found himself in many tight corners but never in one like this. He was an army officer used to action, not an adept at consoling heart-broken widows. He decided he would do something bold.

He got up and sat next to her. He put his arm round her and held her close to him. She did not object but she sobbed more. His action seemed to open some flood-gate in her and, caught in a fit of violent sobbing, tears poured out of her eyes in a continuous stream.

"Come, come, Mrs. Nambiar, you mustn't cry like this....I beg your pardon for what I said. I never meant to hurt you. Won't you...."

"Please," she cried. "Please stop talking!"

Capt. Menon stopped talking wondering all the while at her eccentricities. She nestled closer to him. She seemed to derive comfort from his proximity.

It took a long time before she could get over her fit of sobbing. She wiped her face and looked up into his face.

There was a look of kindness, almost one of gratitude, on her face which Capt. Menon could not understand.

"Listen, Capt. Menon," she spoke with a thick voice. "I owe you an apology...."

"Certainly not!"

"Please don't interrupt me....Yes, I owe you an apology for crying like this. But I couldn't help it, couldn't control myself. I've taken too much sympathy from you under false pretences. My husband was dead a long time ago. It was not that which made me cry. It was just that after months and months of loneliness, after months and months of ostracism you are the only person who has spoken a kind word to me. I thought the world to be cruel and hard. But now I'm not so sure. There seems to be really some kindness and sympathy in it...."

She relapsed into silence. Capt. Menon's heart went out to this personification of tortured womanhood. Now at last he knew he loved this woman. It was not just pity that was excited in him by her agonised voice. No, it was something deeper.

Slowly he lent forward and kissed the nape of her neck.

"No," she said. "No—please....At least, not yet. I feel I'm stealing sympathy from you....You and I are good friends. Let's leave it at that, shall we?"

"Of course not. I at least don't want to leave it at that." He cleared lump in his throat...."I want to....well, I want to marry you."

She looked up at him. She had known that it was coming. She smiled at him pitifully.

"No, Capt. Menon," she said emphasising the word Captain. "That can never be. I'm an older woman and know the world better. Your tender emotions are excited just now and in this light may be you think I'm pretty. But I'm not. We are better off as we are. Tomorrow we shall part. At least I shall always carry with me memories of one good friend in this world."

"You are talking sentimental nonsense," said Capt. Menon vehemently. "You think I'm a half-fledged stripling? I'm not. I know as much of life as you do—maybe more. You've got to listen to what I say. Your life before today is to me a closed chapter. I'm not interested

in it. I found you today and you are going to be mine."

She smiled at him again as if he were a boy.

"I'm sorry I've got to disillusion you, Capt. Menon. I've got to tell you about myself—because....well, you're the only person in my horizon."

"That's enough. I don't want to know anything else."

"That's not enough. You don't know I'm a notorious woman. You were fighting in Kashmir all this time. Otherwise you'd have heard of Leela Nambiar. Every newspaper had my name in it for months on end—some even managed to get a photograph of mine, God knows, from where."

"But what has that to do with us?"

"Wait....Listen, because I like you so much I've got to tell you even at the risk of losing your friendship."

"Whatever you say won't change me."

"That's what you say now....For the last six months when the newspapers sported with my name, I was in prison!"

"In prison?"

"Yes, in prison accused of murder!"

"My God....which fool accused you of murder?"

She smiled again.

"I was accused of murdering my husband and brought to trial. The case was so complete that there was no possibility of any line of defence. I was tried and found guilty and sentenced to penal servitude for life."

"Then how are you here?"

"Wait, I'll tell you....Then I appealed and a clever lawyer managed to find some weak spot in the evidence and by a legal quibble got me out. But let me tell you that the lawyer who got me out as well as the judge who acquitted me firmly believed that I poisoned my husband. The lawyer took up my case and won it because he would win a name; and the judge acquitted me just in obedience to the law."

"But to me it is immaterial whether you killed your husband or not. If you poisoned him perhaps you had sufficient reason for it. But I've also killed—cold-bloodedly aimed and shot human beings without any provocation at all. At least at the Burma front we called the Japs our enemies, but here in Kashmir we were shooting down men who a couple of years ago were Indians fighting side by side with us."

"Listen to me, will you? It is nice of you to say all this but the truth is inescapable. Everybody believes me guilty....but I'm not. Only I know it....Do you believe me?"

"Of course I do."

"I did not poison my husband. My husband committed suicide because of a very big scandal. You know that those who commit suicides are peculiar. My

husband wrote out the full history of the scandal on about three sheets of paper giving detailed reason for his taking his life. He left these papers by his bedside table and poisoned himself. When I got up in the morning I found that he was dead and I saw these papers conspicuously placed. I knew what they contained. I also knew that following the suicide there would be enquiries and other things and so I burnt them because I did not want our family scandal to come out. But I did not think that I was destroying the only evidence that cleared me. It never occurred to me that anybody would think of me as a murderess. But I was wrong....Not a person who knows me believes in my innocence. My own father refused to believe me. That's why I'm travelling alone. That's why I did not get into the ladies' compartment because I'd be recognized and shunned...."

Capt. Menon did not speak. He slowly drew her to him and kissed her—passionately. She also yielded to his caresses. Six months of prison life—six months an outcast to be jibed at as a murderess! It was good to be trusted and made love to....

They woke up very late at Shoranur Junction. They had breakfast in the compartment without exchanging a word. When the train moved Capt. Menon looked up.

"Look here, Leela, you can't go to Cannanore. You'll have to get down at Calicut and come with me. My mother will like you. We can get married and go North."

"No. You'll have to forget all this. I'm happy you are still a friend of mine—even after what I told you last night. But marriage is out of the question. I yielded because I knew you were no stranger to women and because that is the only thing I can give in return to your kindness and sympathy....But believe me when I say that if you marry me you'll be marrying notoriety and will ruin your life."

They were still arguing the point when at noon they reached Calicut. Capt. Menon got down and a porter unloaded his luggage.

"You won't come with me, Leela?"

"No. I'm sure I won't."

"Will you write to me or may I write to you?"

"You haven't got my address nor have I yours."

He gave her a long address.

"I'm sure I'll forget it," she said with a disarming smile.

The engine whistled.

"I'll always love you, Leela."

"If God wills it we'll meet again."

Capt. Menon stood transfixed on the platform gazing at the West Coast Mail disappearing swiftly round the bend.

THE ATTITUDE OF LABOUR IN OUR COUNTRY

By Dr. B. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA

(Modern life has shifted the centre of gravity from duties to rights, from co-operation to competition, from culture to commerce. The attitude of Labour is a matter of vital concern to the nation as a whole. In this article, Dr. Pattabhi points out that, though the Labour problem was neglected both as a subject of study and as a department of administration during our struggle for freedom, it is now receiving increasing attention both from the Congress and the Government because Labour is life itself.)

IF life is multifaceted, the neglect of any one or more sides is bound to affect its fulness as the neglect of even one of the sixty-four sides of a Belgian-cut diamond will necessarily detract from its resplendence. Indeed our ancients had spoken of our *Chathus-shasti* arts and surely Labour finds a place as at least one, if not the most important one among them. In ancient times the artist, the artisan or the craftsman in our country was not a lifeless "hand" as the mill-hands are spoken of at the present day; they were factors of creation, endowed with a personality who poured their soul over their works of art—whether it be sculpture or painting, architecture or weaving, printing or dyeing, carving on metals or wood on ivory, horn or bone,—not indeed for wages, but for the realization of an idea and the representation of an ideal. That was the attitude of Labour in our country towards its tasks—which indeed were not tasks but works of art. Time was no element of consideration. Wages were not a factor of economics. King and Subject were equal labourers in the vineyard of life and the achievements that emanated from the patronage of the one and the performance of the other were the equal pride of both. Standards of life, scale of wages, hours of work, holidays, period of rest and recreation, plans and estimates and bills on the 31st March were unknown. The nation was one joint family, the earnings were the common assets of life and achievement was its one purpose, thus building up a culture which was higher than economics.

Times have changed and with them the whole philosophy of the nation, its moulds of thought and its cast of society. The impact of the West against the East has shifted the centre of gravity from duties to rights, from the corporate to the individual, and from co-operation to competition, from culture to commerce. Labour has thus become not merely a field of activity but also a department of administration as it has played a notable part in the politics of the country. And like any other department of actual government which neither claimed nor obtained attention at the hands of the Congress during the twenty-seven long years of its struggle for independence, Labour too was neglected both as a subject of study and as a department of administration except for the solitary instance of Mahatma Gandhi having studied and solved some of the Labour problems of Ahmedabad. His great experience and achievement stand today as an example to the whole of India and the Hindustan Mazdoor Sangh has become the model for the All India Trade Union Congress. Otherwise, Labour was allowed to drift into the hands of any one who cared to extend his affections and influence to the profession. Accordingly, different cities have come to present different attitudes to the problems of Government, and even in the same city and under the same category of labour, a like variation of experience is not uncommon. Thus labour has developed a communistic trend in certain places and a merely socialistic outlook in others, while the Congress trends remained passive, or at any rate did not show any positive,

(ESTD:

1907)

Branches and Sub-Offices in all the important places
in the Madras Presidency and in Bombay.

Issued & Subscribed Capital	Rs. 72,00,000
Reserve Fund	" 62,00,000
Paid-up Capital	" 53,00,000

ALL KINDS OF BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

N. GOPALA IYER,
Secretary.

THE INDIAN BANK LTD.
HEAD OFFICE... INDIAN BANK BUILDINGS,
NORTH BEACH ROAD... MADRAS.

much less aggressive sympathies, affinities or affiliations. But during the past two or three years, Labour has undergone a change of front, rather the Congress has undergone the change and organized its activities in various parts of India so as to include Labour, and bring it under the Congress wing and thus ensure orderly development. Under the benign influence of the Congress and its helpful organization, the votaries of Labour now stand in the country for the eradication of all exploitation and speedy improvement of their conditions of work and life.

Labour will do well to recognize the vicious race established between prices and wages so that although Labour is provincial and concurrent in point of administration, it has necessarily to look to the Centre for legislation and for the integration of policy and action. Labour must recognize the loss to production by avoidable strikes and demand that, in any case, public utility service be exempt from such vicissitudes. The attitude of Labour to the various agencies with which it comes into contact, and towards itself as a profession, as well as Labour's outlook on the larger problems of the nation, are a matter of intimate concern not merely to those directly engaged in Labour problems but to the nation as a whole. The peace and progress of the country depend upon the satisfaction given to Labour as an occupation. And when we recognize, as we must, that Labour is the eternal wealth of the world, Labour is the inexhaustible capital that shapes and sustains the organized industry of towns and the unorganized occupations of the village, we must recognize that Labour is life itself in all its manifold activities and that Labour has not merely to be studied and satisfied, but should be positively befriended and enlisted in favour of the political and economic forces of the country. The reason, if reason is demanded, is that every labourer over the age of twenty-one is a voter and has, therefore, a potent part to play in shaping the political set-up and the destinies of the nation. Labour can feel satisfied when its wages are ensured at a minimum, when its disputes with the employers are capable of quick, easy and

just settlement, and finally when schemes of health, housing and education guarantee to the labourer and his children adequate facilities in each of these amenities of life.

Have the Government of the day acted promptly enough to attempt a satisfactory solution of these issues? The Minimum Wages Act of 1948 is designed to meet the first and foremost of these demands. The Employers' State Insurance Act meets an urgent need in the direction of social security. The Factories Act of 1948 and Coal-Mines Provident Fund and Bonus Schemes Act, 1948 have been welcomed as the Charter of Workers' Rights. The Factories Act benefits 25 lakhs of industrial workers. The tripartite machinery set up at various levels in connection with the Industrial Disputes' Act, through peaceful and lawful methods of arbitration and conciliation serves to avoid loss of production, through strikes and lock-out. When in addition, we recall the fact that a plan for building fifty-thousand houses for coal-miners has already been launched on the coal-fields of Behar, C. P. and Bengal and there is still another plan to construct a million houses for industrial workers all over the country, we must concede that the needs of labour are being so far attended to as to induce in it an attitude of friendliness towards society and Government. Labour has in addition to take note of the comprehensive scheme of National employment service with a network of employment exchanges and technical and vocational training centres, which ensures the proper utilization of the vast man-power resources of the country.

Again while when we talk of Labour, we are apt to confine ourselves mainly to the sphere of industries, concurrent progress, though not in a measure commensurate with actual need, is noticeable in the region of agricultural labour as well in that, under the Minimum Wages Act 1948, powers have been derived to regulate wages in agriculture as in industry wherever considered necessary. After the experience gained by the Ministry of Labour, through the recent preparatory Asian Regional Conference of the I.L.O. held in Delhi, Labour must be in a position to recognize

the rapid strides made and the prompt initiative taken by the Indian Union in respect of its demands and needs. Labour is witnessing, in a word, a silent revolution to establish a new order in which its own exploitation will become a chapter of past history.

The time is not far off when under the benign care of the Indian Union and the benevolent policy elaborated by it, the objects of the Indian National Trade Union Congress will soon

be realized,—namely: “to establish an order of society which is free from hindrances in the way of an all-round development of its individual members, which encourages the growth of human personality in all its aspects and goes to the utmost limit in progressively eliminating social, political or economic exploitation and inequality, the profit motive in the economic activity and organisation of society, and the anti-social concentration of power in any form.”

JAIPUR CITY, OLD AND NEW

By P. R. KRISHNASWAMI

IT was a ceremony of profound significance when Sardar Patel—after his providential escape from an aeroplane accident—inaugurated the formation of the Rajasthan States' Union at Jaipur on the 30th March 1949. A vast territory, the romantic home of the reputed warrior caste of India, split up hitherto into innumerable states, has now become politically one unit. It has an area of 120,000 square miles and a population of about 13 millions and the annual revenue has been computed at 10 crores of rupees. As the capital of Rajasthan, Jaipur attains now great prominence. The city has come into the lime-light ever since the Congress held its last session there a few months ago. Besides political importance, Jaipur has added academic glory as well to itself by becoming the centre of the Rajputana University.

Rajputana is a romantic part of India where beauty and poverty are mixed up both in the gifts of nature and in the products of art. Ajmer, where the Agent to the Governor-General lived through the years of British rule, occupied till now the position of Rajputana's capital, now taken over by Jaipur. We travel about eighty miles east of Ajmer to reach Jaipur, the largest city of the States with a population of very much over one lakh. Two British travellers who have written eloquently about Jaipur may be cited here, Bishop Heber, a century and a quarter ago, and the poet Sir Edwin Arnold, fifty years later have written

eloquently about Jaipur. Sir Edwin wrote: “There is nothing like it in India or the world.”

The country between Ajmer and



“Ram Bagh Palace, Jaipur

Jaipur is typical of Rajputana. Several small States are passed through. The peacock parades everywhere, camels are seen roaming over the fields and the sambhur crosses your path, after dark. Round about Jaipur the hills rise abruptly from level fields, and waterfalls descend from their sides in the wet weather. Jaipur is a beautiful city with the principal streets laid out in great width. The new city was founded only in 1728, and rose-coloured buildings line the streets. The sporting taste of the Maharajah is evidenced by a well-kept polo ground which costs much over half a lakh annually for its upkeep. Water is pumped to keep the grass green in the worst summer months.

Jaipur is famous for its observatory. It is the largest of five, erected here and at Delhi, Mathura, Benares, and Ujjain, by Maharajah Sawal Jey

Singh early in the eighteenth century. The Jaipur observatory has been rebuilt at the beginning of the present century. These edifices of masonry have substituted the earlier instruments of brass, of small magnitude. Among the dials of this Solar observatory are the Nariol the sundial, the Druv Nal, or pointer to the North Pole and the Yantar Samrat, King of Dials.

The city has industrial and artistic importance connected with brass and wood work. Jaipur brass with inlaid enamel work is known everywhere, and no drawing room is without some specimens of it. Ornamental vases, plates and cups are turned out in large numbers. In the Jaipur museum are to be inspected "textiles, carpets, sculptures, coins, brass-work, pottery, lacquer carvings, glass, enamelling, jewellery."

The city has a costly water-supply system, for all the water is first pumped up to the top of a hill and it is filtered and cleansed there before it is distributed for use.

The old palace, Chanda Mahal is full of curiosities. Heavy old time weapons are there suggesting the giants who alone could have wielded them. There is a magnificent collection of carpets some of which date back to a thousand years. The most valuable possession of the museum however is the illuminated copy of the Persian translation of the Mahabharatha by Abul Fazl, prepared at Akbar's bidding. It is illustrated richly with coloured and gilded miniature pictures painted beautifully and is said to have cost forty thousand pounds. The gardens below the seven-storeyed old palace are also full of attraction. In a pond there are kept crocodiles which are called up to the bank by the man in their charge to be fed with mutton by the hand.

From the old palace you look at a wonderful castle on a hill where the kings are said to have had their treasury, and which nobody is permitted to visit. The old capital Amer lies seven miles off. A huge palace is built on a fortified hill, leading up to still another fortified hill to which visitors are not permitted. Bishop Heber remarks about Amer: "...for wild beauty of situation, for the number and singularity of the apartments,

and the strangeness of finding such a building in such a place and country, I am able to compare nothing with Umeer." Once a year, the Viceroy took his tea at this ancient royal seat—will the Governor-General of India now follow the example?—and the grandeur of the preparations preceding that annual event are better imagined than described. This homage of British times may remind us of a story of Moghul times, in which imperial wrath had to be averted by a wholesale architectural alteration overnight in the palace. The Dewani Aum, hall of audience, had been planned and built exactly on the model of the Delhi prototype, and when an imperial visit was impending, the pillars were all built up round, so as to look different from their analogue in Delhi.

When we turn from the old to the new we note the top of modern luxury embodied in the Maharajah's palace. A large number of guest rooms decorated in a variety of taste, a banquet hall to seat a hundred, where each chair cost near a thousand rupees, a magnificent, covered swimming bath with galleries all round and electric illumination under the water, and pictures and furniture of the rarest collection, are among the notable features. An expert came flying all the way from England some years ago (when flying was not so common) just to see to the proper fixing up of the table in the banquet hall. The hot weather is so hot in Jaipur, that electric fans are kept running in the hundred rooms of the palace all the months, to preserve the delicate English furniture, while the ruler himself is away in Europe perhaps.

In Moghul times Jaipur gave the Princess Jodhbai to Akbar to become his honoured queen, and helped to bring about Hindu-Muslim solidarity. Today she plays a part to unite all Rajasthan.

A new era dawns on Jaipur now. The old time romance will go and with it the old time bondage of the common man. The luxury and grandeur, the red palaces and the aristocratic polo are no more useful, for we look for

"joy in widest commonalty spread."

I. N. E.

Indian National Exhibition

AZAD MAIDAN, BOMBAY.



THOUSANDS of trade buyers from Bombay City, the suburbs, Poona, Ahmedabad, Baroda, Surat and neighbouring places would gather at this exhibition. Special coaches will be run from important centres to bring students and trade buyers to Bombay to visit the Indian National Exhibition.



THE India United Mills, Lipton Limited, Hindustan Plastics, Phoenix Fans, Bata Shoes, Amrutnjan Limited, Texmaco of Gwalior, Hindustan Fans, Hubli Industries, Vaziralli Limited, Amzel Limited and several other traders and manufacturers would welcome trade buyers at this exhibition every day.



THE British Information Services, the United States Information Services, the Bombay Municipality and Government departments will show cinema films on educational topics to entertain the visitors.



AT I. N. E.—1949—from the 23rd of April, 1949, for nearly a month, several exhibitors will display the latest developments in trade, industry and commerce. Leading INDIAN & FOREIGN industries are invited to attend and participate in Bombay's greatest assembly of national and international products. An excellent opportunity for the Millowners, industrial organisations, trading classes and business organisations.



Stalls 10'x10'—Rs. 250/- and Rs. 200/- each. Pavilions 20'x20' Rs. 800/- each. Arrangements for the lodging and boarding of exhibitors and their staff will be made.

MANUFACTURERS & TRADERS BOOK YOUR STALLS AT ONCE

Information about exhibitors, special displays and facilities at the I. N. E., and literature can be obtained from the office of the Indian National Exhibition, Co-operative Insurance Building, Sir P. M. Road, Bombay.

MEMORIES, TRAGIC AND INSPIRING

"EXCUSE my putting it this way, General, but was it not a form of frightfulness?"

"No, it was not. It was a horrible duty I had to perform. I think it was a merciful thing. I thought that I should shoot well and shoot strong, so that I or anybody else, should not have to shoot again. I think it is quite possible that I could have dispersed the crowd without firing but they would have come back again and laughed and I should have made what I consider to be a fool of myself."—General Dyer's version of the Jallianwala Bagh massacre, as given to a commission of enquiry.

"YOUR ACTION CORRECT. LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR APPROVES."—Sir Michael O'Dwyer's telegram to General Dyer.

The observance of the National Week recalls the events in the Punjab in 1919 which had such far-reaching results in rousing the whole country and quickening the tempo of the national movement for freedom.

BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS

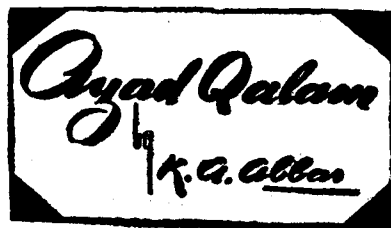
Jallianwala Bagh has become a by-word for imperialist frightfulness. On April 13, 1919, under orders of General Dyer who was himself present, 1,600 rounds were fired at a congested mass of 20,000 people including women and children who had no means of escaping—and the firing was stopped only when the ammunition ran out—and the casualties, even according to the Government's version, were about 400 dead, while the wounded were estimated at between a thousand and two thousand. The firing was done by the Indian troops, behind whom were placed the British troops—on an elevated platform in the Bagh. As Doctor Pattabhi Sitaramayya says in the Congress History, "the greater tragedy really was that the dead and dying were left to suffer the whole night without water to drink or medical attendance, or aid of any character." Indeed, Dyer unashamedly confessed before the Hunter Commission that "as the people openly defied him, he want-

ed to teach them a lesson so that they may not laugh at him. He would have fired, and fired longer, he said, if he had had the required ammunition. He had ONLY fired 1,600 rounds because his ammunition had run out."

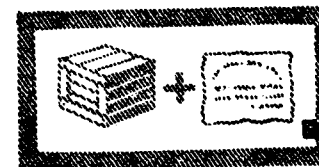
THE CRAWLING ORDER

The massacre in the Bagh was only one incident in a long and calculated programme of frightfulness which was carried out all over the Punjab "to teach the people a lesson." This is how even Gandhiji, who always believed in under-statement rather than exaggeration of the Government's oppressive actions, described the events in the Punjab in the April of 1919: "Government's policy of lawless repression was in full career.... and was manifesting itself in the Punjab in all its nakedness. Leaders were put under arrest, martial law which in other words meant no law, was proclaimed, special tribunals were set up. These tribunals were not courts of justice but instruments for carrying out the arbitrary will of the autocrat. Sentences were passed unwarranted by evidence and in flagrant violation of justice. In Amritsar innocent men and women were made to crawl like worms on their bellies. Before this outrage the Jallianwala Bagh tragedy paled into insignificance in my eyes though it was this massacre principally that attracted the attention of the people of India and of the world."

The notorious 'Crawling Order' was one of the original forms of frightfulness invented by General Dyer. There were other punishments, equally devilish and ingenious. The water supply and the electric supply of Amritsar were cut off. Public flogging was common. The issue of third-class tickets on the railway was prohibited. More than two persons were prohibited from marching on side-walks or pavements. Cars and bicycles "other than those owned by Europeans" were commandeered. People who had closed their shops were forced to open them, under

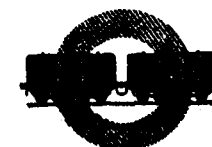


$$GP + CL = S(S + X)$$



The equation atop is not a mathematical quiz but a simple answer to an old problem. It means that, in consigning goods by rail, good packing plus clear labelling and marking (GP + CL) saves suspense and expense S(S + X). The suspense in not getting the goods at the expected time is known to everyone who has experienced delay in receiving his consignments. The expense is incurred not only by the individual consignor and consignee owing to the failure of the transaction to come off but also by the railways who pay nearly two crores of rupees in compensation for goods lost or damaged in transit. When consignments are packed strongly, labelled properly and marked correctly, they are sure to reach their destination in good time and in good condition.

GIVE YOUR WARE **P**ack **L**abel **M**ark **C**ARE



Issued by the Indian Government Railways.

severe penalties. A public platform for whippings was erected near the fort, and a number of 'triangles' for floggings were erected in various parts of the city. Students of colleges were ordered to report themselves four times a day to military authorities at various places.

In short, as Doctor Pattabhi has recorded, "The tragedy of the Punjab was not confined to Amritsar. Lahore, Gujranwala, Kasur and other places shared the scengs of confusion and carnage and the gruesome details of events and the atrocities, the barbarities and inhuman acts perpetrated by Colonel Johnson, Bosworth-Smith, Colonel O'Brien and other officers, both Civil and Military, are really blood-curdling."

MORAL EFFECT OF MURDER

Bombing and machine-gunning (from aeroplanes) of unarmed crowds "wherever found" was another feature of the O'Dwyer and Dyer regime in the Punjab. Colonel O'Brien, in his evidence before the Hunter Committee, related how Lieut. Dodkins, R.A.F. found a crowd of twenty peasants in the fields and machine-gunned them and dropped bombs on them, not because he knew them to be engaged in any subversive activities but because he "had no doubt in his mind that they were not a marriage or funeral party." Here, again, is the testimony of Major Carbey, R.A.F. who bombed a party of people:

"The crowd was running away and he fired to disperse them. As the crowd dispersed, he fired the machine gun into the village itself. He supposed some shots hit the houses. He could not discriminate between the innocent and the guilty. He was at a height of 200 feet and could see perfectly what he was doing. His object was not accomplished by the dropping of bombs alone.

"The firing was not intended to do damage alone. It was in the interests of the villagers themselves. By killing a few, he thought he would prevent the people from collecting again. This had a moral effect.

"After that he went over the city, dropping bombs, and fired at the people who were trying to get away."

Another example of British justice—and the famous British sense of humour—was the order issued by the military authorities, compelling school boys to parade three times a day to salute the British flag. The order applied to the infant classes and children of five and six years of age were included. It is actually alleged that there were fatal cases of sun-stroke resulting from this, and it is admitted that children fainted from undue exposure to the sun.... In some instances the boys were made to repeat: 'I have committed no offence. I will not commit any offence. I repent, I repent, I repent.'

As a school boy of seven, I remember being taken three miles out of town in the hot May of the Punjab to salute the Union Jack and, in my case, as in the case of thousands of others, our hatred of imperialism (as symbolised by the flag of the empire) dates from those days.

NEWS FROM HELL!

When all this and more was happening in the Punjab, a strict censorship was clamped on news going out and the rest of the country knew nothing—or very little—of what had happened. Pandit Jawaharlal has recalled in his Autobiography:

"Odd individuals, who managed to escape from that inferno, were so terror-struck that they could give no clear account. Helplessly and impotently, we, who were outside, waited for scraps of news and bitterness filled our hearts."

According to Doctor Pattabhi, "the censoring of news was so strict and the ingress and egress of people to and from the Punjab was so rigidly regulated that the All-India Congress Committee learnt, in detail, the news of the Amritsar tragedy only when it was broken to it in July 1919 in Calcutta, not only with bated breath and in whispering tones but with the charge that it should be kept strictly confidential."

In his Autobiography, Pandit Jawaharlal records an incident which throws light on the unrepentant mood of the British imperialists who perpetrated these atrocities:

"Towards the end of that year (1919) I travelled from Amritsar to Delhi by the night train. The compartment I entered was full and all the berths, except one upper

one, were occupied by sleeping passengers. I took the vacant upper berth. In the morning I discovered that all my fellow-passengers were military officers. They conversed with each other in loud voices which I could not help overhearing. One of them was holding forth in an aggressive and triumphant tone and soon I discovered that he was Dyer, the hero of Jallianwala Bagh, and he was describing his Amritsar experiences. He pointed out how he had the whole town at his mercy and he had felt like reducing the rebellious city to a heap of ashes, but he took pity on it and refrained. He was evidently coming back from Lahore after giving his evidence before the Hunter Committee of Inquiry. I was greatly shocked to hear his conversation and to observe his callous manner. He descended at Delhi station in pyjamas with bright pink stripes, and a dressing-gown."

GARDEN OF MARTYRS

The memories which come rushing to one's mind during this week of national remembrance are inspiring as well as tragic—memories of imperialist atrocities and memories of a people's heroic resistance of tyranny. Jallianwala Bagh—and the other Punjab massacres—gave a sharp turn to the whole national movement, quickened its pace, removed the cobwebs of compromise and shattered the "faith" in the fair-mindedness and benevolence of the British Raj.

The solitary memorial to that grim and glorious epoch is a badly-painted sign-board which stands at one corner of the desolate and almost unapproachable Jallianwala Bagh in the midst of the narrow and filthy lanes of Amritsar:

"This ground was hallowed by the mingled blood of fifteen hundred innocent Hindus, Mussalmans and Sikhs who were martyred by British bullets on 13th April 1919. The ground was acquired from the owners by public subscription."

To its left is another, smaller, sign-board which simply records a grim and horrible fact; PEOPLE WERE FIRED FROM HERE.

This, indeed, is hallowed, consecrated ground and generations of Indians to come will go in pilgrimage

to it to seek inspiration. But will this 'Garden of Martyrs' be allowed to remain in its present desolate state? Now that we are free, shall not the people and the Government raise a fitting memorial at Jallianwala Bagh, to enshrine the memories of those historic days of our freedom struggle? Or shall that ugly sign-board be allowed to stand there as a witness of our national apathy and neglect?

BOOK OF THE WEEK

It is symptomatic of the universal lack of appreciation of serious critical literature that, while superficial fan magazines are being sold by the millions, PENGUIN FILM REVIEW could not go beyond 25,000 and the publishers are now forced to turn it into an Annual. In the latest issue they announce that "the costs of publication and distribution are now so high that it is no longer economical to print the Review specially in view of the fact that it does not contain any advertising." This is a pity and the serious students of the cinema will miss the Review which was one of the few forums for serious-minded discussion of filmic problems—both in their artistic and technical aspects.

The latest issue (which is Number 8) contains, as usual, a number of interesting, informative and controversial articles. "European Cartoon" is a study of the development of animated cartoon films in Europe which seem to be acquiring greater depth and subtlety than even the best efforts of Disney and other Hollywood cartoon-producers. Roger Manvell's critical appraisal of 'Hamlet' is an article of great value to the serious student of cinema as well as of Shakespeare. "Psychology of Film Experience" opens a new vista of study of filmic influence. No one who takes films seriously should miss this and the next of Penguin Film Review which will be the last issue in its present form.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"NEW DELHI: The special correspondent of the Hindustan Times reports that an 'Anti-Communist United National Front' is being organized in Delhi by the Hindu Sabha leaders, which is said to include also Muslims, Sikhs and other minorities."—Letter in BLITZ.

"MUZAFFARPUR: I do not know what will be the outcome of the

London Conference (of Commonwealth Premiers) where I am going shortly.... It is possible that the form of the Commonwealth may be so shaped as to permit India to continue in the Commonwealth without compromising her independent status. It is also possible that it may not be so."—Prime Minister Nehru's speech at Bihar Political Conference.

"LONDON: Responsible Indian circles here are inclined to accept the theory that in some measures India and Pakistan have both committed themselves to a benevolent relation to Western defence strategy.... If Gordon-Walker's talking in Delhi and Karachi cause Pandit Nehru and Mr. Laquat Ali Khan to attend another Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, the safe assumption will be that notwithstanding public protests India and Pakistan are being committed in the event of another world war to fight against the Soviet Union."—U.P.I. message quoted in "Current Affairs."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"NEW DELHI: Nathuram Vinayak Godse (murderer of Mahatma Gandhi) receives a regular fan mail from all over the country addressed to his Red Fort cell. On

an average he gets daily about 60 letters, most of them extolling his "great patriotism" and "supreme sacrifice."—BLITZ.

"NAGPUR: The Home Minister stated in the C. P. Assembly that 355 Government servants had been suspended pending departmental enquiry in connection with the R.S.S. agitation.—News Item.

"NEW DELHI: A Muslim member of Parliament spoke for six hours and fifteen minutes to denounce the Hindu Code Bill, describing it as "Fifth Veda" which sought to abolish all the existing customs, rules and laws of the Hindus. He was followed by Pandit Mukhut Biharilal Bhargava who held that the Bill aimed at the "utter demolition of Hindu society."—News Item.

"BHARATPUR: A beautiful young refugee girl was recovered from the custody of a Sadhu. The Sadhu pleaded that the parents of the girl had given her to him as 'Daan' (alms).—Milap, Delhi.

"BOMBAY: Eighty-five per cent of primary school students in Bombay city are suffering from one defect or other, revealed Dr. M. D. D. Gilder, Bombay's Health Minister."

—Bombay Assembly Report.

WORLD RICE PRODUCTION

Shortage Likely To Continue

EVEN if the world production of rice is raised by 10,000,000 tons of paddy in the next two years it would still not make it possible for the peoples of rice-eating areas to secure the pre-war level of consumption. This is one of the facts contained in a bulletin just published by the Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations.

Asia accounts for, the bulletin reveals, 94 per cent of the area under rice and of the production of rice. In the current year the area is estimated to have reached the pre-war figures but for a number of reasons output is reckoned at 6.2 million tons less than in pre-war years. Bad weather, shortages of tools, irrigation plant, fertilisers, insecticides and the planting of poor land have resulted

in a reduced yield per acre. At the same time, the population of the main rice-consuming countries has increased by 10 per cent.

Improvements in yield from land under cultivation and expansion of rice lands might give an increase of 10,000,000 tons, but the bulletin emphasises that such an increase would still fall far short of the demand not merely because it would fail to bring supplies up to the quantities per head which were available before World War II but because there is need to raise the consumption level.

The survey underlines the urgent need for peace in China, Indo-China and Burma where the area under cultivation is still smaller than before the war.

POST OFFICE FOR M.P.S.

By WILSON KENT

BRITAIN'S House of Commons, in London, has its own private post office situated in the Members' Lobby. The Post Office opens at 6 a.m. but members of the staff never know when they will be leaving for home because the time of closing is "half an hour after the House rises." This may be any time—and sometimes the House sits throughout the night.

All the ordinary post office facilities are provided, including the despatch and delivery of mails, transmission and delivery of telegrams and cables, and a telephone service. Correspondence for Members is available each morning by 8.30 at the latest and each member has his own box.

The telegraph room contains the latest type of teleprinter-telegraph instruments, telephones and pneumatic tubes. A heavy traffic has to be dealt with and many of the messages are of unusual length. There is a private branch telephone exchange which is never shut down, day or night. The counter and the switchboard are staffed mainly by men but women telephonists operate the switchboard during the day. In addition to normal business, the clerks have to keep in touch with Members of Parliament and their movements so that correspondence, frequently of an urgent nature, suffers no delay.

Inquiries are another important section of the work, and lists of experts are kept to whom reference can be made to obtain answers to intricate questions. The work fluctuates greatly. There is heavy pressure, for example, when a controversial Bill is introduced. Letters and telegrams arrive from all parts of the country expressing various views on the proposed legislation and advising Members how to vote. Great care is exercised in the disposal of telegrams. The messengers are specially selected, and they must have a good knowledge of the building. Telegrams must be delivered, and if the Member is not in the House, every effort is made to establish personal contact with him.

King George VI is kept in constant touch with the business of the House,

and the summary of the proceedings written by the Vice Chamberlain, an M. P., is daily communicated to him. There are over 600 telephones at Westminster, in addition to private lines for the exclusive use of the Press. Every important Government Department has direct telephones to the House. Post Office engineers are in constant attendance.

Twenty-two posting boxes are available to Members of both Houses for posting their correspondence, and collections are made hourly. Postmen make four deliveries during the day and each round means a walk of over two miles and calling at 100 delivery points.

WEAK NERVES

NEED THIS
PICK-ME-UP



When convalescing after an illness that has rudely shaken your nerves, you need VINOSAN to pull them up immediately.

VINOSAN

A TONIC CORDIAL FOR NERVES

ANDHRA PHARMACEUTICAL WORKS, LTD.
BEZWADA (S. I.)

Madras Stockists:—
Messrs. KOLVENS,
4, Stringers Street, G.T., MADRAS
Also available at all good stores

STRENGTHENING THE STEEL FRAME

By BAROO

MR. Jai Prakash Narain's accusation the other day, that Congress Governments were making use of the same old bureaucracy as had been employed by the British, has found an echo in the Deputy Prime Minister's forthright statement in Parliament that some of the men in the services were worth their weight in gold. The question, however, is not simply which side of the governmental machine the speaker happens to be, though this has naturally a great deal to do with one's attitude. Lack of administrative experience on the one hand and a deep insight into practical affairs on the other are the real reasons behind the difference in the two points of view.

For, no other Congress leader of the first rank is half as conscious as is Sardar Patel of the excellent use to which the bureaucracy can be put in a country like ours. Few people realise it, but the work he has already done or is doing to build up a solid administrative system for India will be considered in times to come to be at least as important as his more spectacular achievement in respect of the States. When the history of the country's integration is written, the administrative aspect of the process will not command less attention than the geographical. For it is one thing to obliterate lines on a map, and quite another to digest new territories into the body politic. And yet that is precisely what the Sardar is engaged in doing, quietly, unobtrusively.

Alone among the Congress leaders, Sardar Patel has grasped the value of the "Steel Frame" to the federal structure of our Government. It is not generally known, but it is due primarily to his efforts that the "Steel Frame" has not disappeared after the attainment of independence. Time was, when the majority of even those provinces which are still within our borders wanted to discontinue the practice of receiving their superior officers from an all-India service like the I. C. S. Apart from the general odium which the I.C.S. suffered from, the reason behind the provinces' stand was a

desire to be more effective masters in their own homes. The logic of provincial autonomy indeed pointed to the right to recruit and control men locally. But with rare foresight Sardar Patel saw that the giving up of the all-India service would strengthen fissiparous tendencies and weaken the hold of the Centre on the parts. It was he who crated the new Indian Administrative Service to carry on the traditions and the work of the old I.C.S., and forced it down the throats of unwilling provinces.

The decision was significant not only from the point of view of political strategy, but also from that of ensuring efficiency in the day to day work of provincial Governments. Political executives as raw and inexperienced as our Provincial Ministers usually are, have a natural tendency to interfere over-much in routine affairs of the Government and to upset systematic work. Even where the Ministers do not interfere at the lower levels of administration, their political hangers-on and constituents do much to the bewilderment of permanent officials. Interference of this kind is the bane of all infant democracies, as most of our provinces and those of Pakistan in particular have discovered to their cost. Till such time as the standard of political education rises appreciably, the only guarantee of good government in a country like ours, is an enlightened, honest and efficient bureaucracy that will resist efforts to turn it to individual or party use. But no set of people, however high-principled, can be expected to withstand onslaughts from a source to which they are beholden for their daily bread. But if the bureaucratic set-up of each province is controlled by men in key-posts who are appointed by the Centre and have comparatively little to fear from the wrath of local nabobs, greater resistance can be possible to local blandishments. The reinforcement of the "Steel Frame" by men of the new I.A.S. is, in this sense, the hope of good government for years to come.

Not only, however, has the Sardar done all that was administratively possible for unity and good government in the province, but he is resolved to carry the same twin blessings to the States too while the Draft Constitution, as it stands at present, contains a reference to all-India services only in respect of the provinces. The principle of manning key-posts throughout the Union by men of the Central services has already been extended to many States and States Unions, although on a temporary basis. These arrangements, according to the Deputy Prime Minister's statement in Parliament, are to be placed on a permanent footing.

In other directions, too, the administrative integration of the country is proceeding apace. Committees are at work examining how the armed forces of the States can be absorbed into the Indian Army, and how best the finances of the States can be brought into line with those of the

Union and other provinces. For the first time in its history, officers of the Indian Police Service from all parts of the country are being trained at one central institution (the earlier arrangements provided for training in provincial centres), and now all officers of the Indian State Railways will receive uniform training at the proposed school at Deolali. The time is opportune for the completion of this historic process by the revival of the old "Imperial" services or rather their resuscitation from their present provincial status. The traditions of the Indian Educational Service, the Indian Forest Service, the Agricultural and the Veterinary and the Medical services are needed more than ever before in the days of constructive endeavour that lie ahead. And needed, not the least because the unity of the country is still not secure from the communal and regional dangers that threaten it.

PIONEERS OF ICE-CREAM

WHEN Sadie Johnson, negro cook at the White House, invented custard ices, in a fit of absent-mindedness in 1809, she was sent to gaol for attempting to poison the guests of Dolly Madison, wife of the fourth President of the United States.

When a party was suddenly cancelled she put some custards in the ice-box to cool and forgot them. Two days later she served them at another function, not realising that they would be frozen solid.

At the first spoonful, one guest shrieked "Poison!" spat out the icy confection and demanded the arrest of the amazed cook, who was immediately gaoled. The party ended in an uproar, but when it had died down Dolly Madison cautiously sampled the custards herself. As she swallowed one chilly morsel after another she was thrilled by their flavour, and then used her influence to secure Sadie's release.

A day later the cook was back in her kitchen freezing custards as quickly as she could, with her salary increased by five dollars a month. Before the end of the year every Embassy in Washington was serving ice-cream at its parties.

But the true origin of ice-cream goes much further back. When Marco Polo returned from the Orient 600 years ago he brought back a recipe for making water ices that had been in use in Asia for thousands of years.

Even today, ice-cream in some countries is made as it was in Nero's Roman court. He sent gangs of slaves into the mountains to bring ice and snow to cool his food and wine, and in modern Rumania "ice men" cut blocks of ice in winter and store it in pits covered with brushwood where it remains intact until summer.

In Mexico City natural ice is preferred to the refrigerator product, and ice-cream comes from the local volcano, Mount Popocatepetl. Above the 15,000 ft. mark, the volcano is perpetually ice-clad and pipes conduct snow water, when the sun is at its strongest, to containers lower down the mountain side.

When the temperature drops this water turns to ice again, and, next sunrise, the blocks are exposed to the sun to loosen the ice, which then clatters down a chute to the central ice-distributing depot which serves the ice-cream parlours throughout the city.—GEORGE MELL in *The Daily Worker*.

BOOKS & AUTHORS

China Viplava Charitra (Telugu). By N. Aswini Kumar Dutt. (Pragati Prachuranalayam, Nidamaru, West Godavari. Price Rs. 4.)

The world is taking more and more interest in contemporary developments in China. In the war that is going on between Communism upheld by Soviet Russia and Anti-Communism sponsored by the United States the former is now almost triumphant in China and this is only a prelude to its extension to other countries of South and South-East Asia. But very few people have cared to go thoroughly into the question of the inherent and irresistible causes that have brought about this result. It is the aim of Mr. Dutt to make clear to the Telugu public the forces that have been in operation in China during the last forty to fifty years—the period of revolution—leading to this inevitable result. The revolution passed through several phases in the twentieth century. In the first phase it gathered round the career and work of Dr. Sun Yat Sen. It was his inspiring leadership that gave a philosophy to the revolutionaries and a programme of action directed towards the realisation of his principles. He succeeded in overthrowing the despotic rule of the Manchus and their corrupt and inefficient bureaucracy. Mr. Dutt surveys all this work with a broad outlook. Then came the next phase in which new forces of a disruptive and reactionary character took advantage of the break-down of the age-long Central Government and these stood in the way of the true revolutionary ideal of the democracy of workers and peasants being realised. In the opinion of Mr. Dutt, Chiang Kai-shek is the embodiment of this reactionism. His

is a bourgeoisie mentality. His allies are bankers, financiers, big landlords, profit-seeking speculators and foreigners interested in the exploitation of China. It is true he succeeded in suppressing the warlords and establishing a Central Government at Nanking ruling in a way over the whole country. But his has been a dictatorial rule based on the supremacy of a single-party—the Kuomintang. Mr. Dutt deals exhaustively with the work of Chiang from this standpoint and brings a large amount of evidence in support of his conclusions. Then he takes his readers through the next phase—the most important phase in this period—when the Communists organised themselves and began their war with Chiang. It is this part of the book that is most valuable. It gives numerous details not found in books written even in English. It describes the nature of the organisation of the Communist Party, the growth of its 'Red' Army, the Soviets which it established in the territories under its control, the economic and specially the agrarian reforms it carried out and the sources of the extraordinary influence which it commands over the masses of people. One of the most brilliant chapters in the book—it is written in a truly epic style—is the great march of the Communists in 1934-35 over a distance of 6,000 miles to North-Western China. There is also a vivid portrayal of the leading personages in the revolutionary drama, especially of Dr. Sun Yat Sen and Mao-Tse-Tung. Mr. Dutt has produced a most valuable book. It is valuable as a piece of historical work based on wide study and also as a book of great literary worth. The Andhra public will be looking forward with much interest to his second volume.—(M.V.)

The professor addressed his class. "It's a strange thing. I was shaved this morning by a man who really is, I suppose, a little above being a barber. He is an alumnus of one of the leading American colleges. He studied in Heidelberg afterward and spent several years in other foreign educational centres. I know also that he has contributed scientific articles to our best magazines and has numbered among his intimate friends men of the highest social standing in Europe and America. And yet," concluded the professor, "he can't shave a man decently."

"But, professor," protested a student, "why is he a barber with all those accomplishments?"

"Oh," replied the professor. "He isn't a barber. I shaved myself this morning."—CHICAGO DAILY NEWS.

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 Correct Word

Writing in the issue of SWATANTRA dated March 26, under the caption "National Holidays," K. A. Abbas referred to the birth of a New Year in Tamil Nad as "Varsha-parupu." "Parupu" in Tamil means dhall. The correct word is "Pirappu" (birth).

K. S. SOMASUNDARAM.

Sartorial Vagaries

Mr. V. S. Natarajan says, in *The Hindu*, "I am not aware that anywhere in our country a responsible person would consider it decent to make a public appearance or receive a respected guest without proper covering for his body." Exhibition of one's paunch and chest is neither pleasing nor dignified." I am sure he is aware of at least one decent Indian, of Mahatmic stature, who was not ashamed to lay bare his heart to, albeit at times impious, international gaze.

R. RAMACHANDRAN.

Araku Valley Scheme

The Araku Valley Scheme has been functioning since four years. The valley consists of a basin of an undulating type, surrounded by hillocks which have been badly denuded due to the destructive type of podu cultivation in vogue in the agency tracts. The rainfall in this area is heavy, and cultivation of the valley slopes together with the podu cultivation of the steep mountain sides, has been causing widespread soil erosion. This is the reason why the yield in the settlement is not quite commensurate with the expectations. The soil is of good quality and if it is preserved from run-off, it will be possible to grow paddy, sugar-cane and a variety of dry crops.

Widespread soil and moisture conservation operations alone would offer the best and the quickest means of building up the agricultural economy of this area.

"SOIL CONSERVATIONIST."

Plastic Straps

With reference to the question and answers in the Madras Legislative Assembly regarding the effect of using plastic wrist strap, let me give for the information of the public my own experience. I had been using the plastic strap for about two months when I experienced a feeling of irritation which in course of time resulted in leaving a white patch. I had to apply medicine to the effected part which is now gradually returning to normal. This is also the experience of

some of my friends. I think that in the public interest Government should investigate this matter and if it is found that the use of plastic strap causes any deleterious effect on the skin, to take steps to stop the production of plastic straps and prohibit their import into the country. I have recently addressed a letter in this connection to the Health Ministers of the Provincial and Central Governments.

C. A. GOPALACHARI.

Madura.

Yellow Journalism

Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, addressing the citizens of Madras in a recent speech, said that the harm wrought upon the public mind by yellow journalism was great, and warned people to be on their guard. Much comment was made on his speech by the yellow journals. One finds them pouring out venom daily and besmirching the fair name of our accredited leaders, provincial and central. These journals capture the attention of the populace with the wild gossip and scandals they publish. It is proclaimed from house tops that in a land of democracy all freedoms are to be there including freedom for the yellow journals to vilify public men. My appeal to the non-yellow journals is that they should combine their forces to knock out the vicious group spreading rant and rancour.

"VAMAN."

Principles Of Criticism

I was glad to see the letter of "Art Lover" on the subject of whether a foreigner can criticise Indian dancing. Art Lover says, "A foreigner has every right to criticise Indian dancing as long as he knows the art." He also thinks that Mr. Prasad has descended to the level of accusing Mr. Fabri as a foreigner and questioning the propriety of his venturing to criticise Indian dancing. I am not a nationalist as implied. I may now recall what I wrote on the subject: "Foreigners who are critics for newspapers in India—like Mr. Fabri—deserve every sympathy and consideration of people like ourselves because we in this country have hardly had any tradition in art-criticism. For most newspapers, art criticism is written by the advertiser." And again: "Mr. Fabri obviously expects Indian dance to look like Western ballet. His comment on painting, drama and dance are noteworthy: but he has not been too sure of

the point he makes in his dance-criticism. It is quite difficult for a foreigner to feel and think like an Indian or to understand how an Indian thinks and feels; and unless he does that it is doubtful whether he can appreciate Indian music and dance. Painting and sculpture are different because appreciation of these two does not demand the same insight into the Indian way of life." If this is a denial of the right of a foreigner to criticise Indian dancing, what is not?

"The worst part of the article is the statement that one famous dancer bribed a critic to publish his own praise," says "Art Lover." This may be the worst part of my article, but I have no doubt that this is correct. It is a pity that persons like "Art Lover" do not know that there are some unscrupulous journalists just as there are unscrupulous lawyers and unscrupulous doctors. Mr. E. Krishna Iyer, the famous writer on Indian dancing, told me when I was recently in Madras that this particular sentence seemed to him to be objectionable: but I explained to him that there is nothing remarkable or sensational in the statement I made because some journalists do take money. It is done by individual journalists as well as by huge newspapers. If the names of the journalists who took money from the Hyderabad State ever come to be published, "Art Lover" will be simply shocked. Correspondents of some of the foremost newspapers in the world are said to be in the list.

I had a talk with Mrs. Mrinalini Sarabhai before she gave her dance-recital in Delhi. She told me that an artist like herself did not want praise, but the right kind of appreciation or criticism. The difficulty, she said, was that one was not dealt with at one's level. To an uncritical observer, the best points in a dance were likely to appear unimportant. He might take up some common-place sequence and praise it to the skies. The dancer was likely to feel hurt by such praise, said Mrinalini Sarabhai. Then I asked her whether she liked the idea of "Ballet-Critic" reviewing her dances. Then she pointed out how different ballet was from Indian dance, etc. Mr. Fabri's appreciation of Sarabhai appeared to me to be right.

The origin of the word "ballet" is Italian, and I am glad "Art Lover" took the trouble of explaining it. But when a word is mentioned, we should look into the English meaning of the word, which is: "combined performance of professional dancers." The French word "spiritual" means "witty." The word "crafty" originally meant "skilled," and "cunning" meant "wise." The word "dizzy" (Old English: dysig) meant godly, and it afterwards came to mean exhilaration, and

now it means dizzy. I am sure Prof. Aiyappan Pillai will bear me out.

Mr. Fabri definitely stated that the time of the solo-dancer is over. If that is so, the age of Bharata Natyam too is over.

I am happy to assure "Art Lover" and other readers that deluge is not yet in sight.

New Delhi.

V. V. PRASAD.

Rural Medical Relief

The Minister for Public Health is reported to have stated in the Assembly that on account of a dearth of personnel the Government have issued instructions for the appointment of practitioners of Indian medicine as heads of rural dispensaries wherever practitioners in modern medicine are not available and have also permitted the B class men to be considered for such appointments. In their anxiety to afford medical relief to rural areas the Government do not seem to have examined the advisability of appointing such B class men in the place of licentiates in medicine who are at present holding these posts.

Dr. J. S. Samuel was right when he pointed out the doubtful nature of such appointments and raised the important point "whether the lives of the patients will be safe in the hands of the B class men." The Minister is said to have replied defending the appointment of B class men on the ground that only ordinary ailments were to be attended to by these men.

Even if only ordinary ailments are attended to, the public will appreciate it if the men already working in the Medical department are selected to be in charge of these dispensaries. In the mofussil hospitals and dispensaries which are manned by a single medical officer the compounder forms the immediate adjunct to the doctor and he is also authorised to a certain extent to render medical aid to the public in the doctor's absence. Will it not be preferable to appoint such compounders with proved ability and experience from mufassal hospitals and dispensaries as rural medical assistants instead of the B class Indian practitioners at least in Allopathic dispensaries?

Compounders in service are low paid with no chances of promotion to any cadre. It would certainly be better if compounders of say 15 years' of uninterrupted service in mufassal hospitals and dispensaries are placed in charge of such dispensaries than B class practitioners of Indian medicine. The selected compounders may be asked to appear for a viva voce test before a committee of doctors constituted for the purpose.

"PUBLIC".

RELEASING IN OCTOBER

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR OF
3
MADRAS



ONE PICTURE is worth A MILLION WORDS

and THAT PICTURE is

BHARANI'S LEILA Majnu

Direction RAMAKRISHNA

BHANUMATHY... NAGESWARA RAO... C.S.R... SIVA RAO...

Dances LALITHA PADMINI

DIALOGUES & SONGS CAMERA DANCES MUSIC TAMIL DIALOGUES & SONGS

SAMUDRALA... B.S.RANGA... RAGHAVIAH... SUBBARAMAN... S.D.SUNDARAM

ANDHRA, CEDED, NIZAM—POORNA PICTURES, VIJAYAWADA
MYSORE STATE—PRABHA PICTURES, BANGALORE
TAMILNAD—JUPITER PICTURE CIRCUIT, MADRAS

Andhra University

JUST PUBLISHED

HISTORY OF THE REDDI KINGDOMS (1325-1448 A.D.)

by

Sri Mallampalli Somasekhara Sarma
of the History Department of the Andhra University.

Written in English, 573 pages, royal octavo size, glazed paper and board binding. Covering a glorious period in Andhra History, this book deserves to be in the hands of all students of South Indian History and in every library. Price Rs. 15/-, postage extra.



LATEST PUBLICATION

INDIAN POLITY (A.D. 1600 to 1948)

THREE VOLUMES

by

Sri A. Govindacharyulu, M.L.A., Madras,
Member of the Andhra University Senate

Written in Telugu, 1700 pages, royal octavo size, glazed paper. Indispensable guide and reference book for libraries, educational institutions and publicists.

Price Rs. 35/- for the three volumes or Rs. 15/- for each volume, postage extra.

For copies, Apply to the Registrar, Andhra University, Waltair.

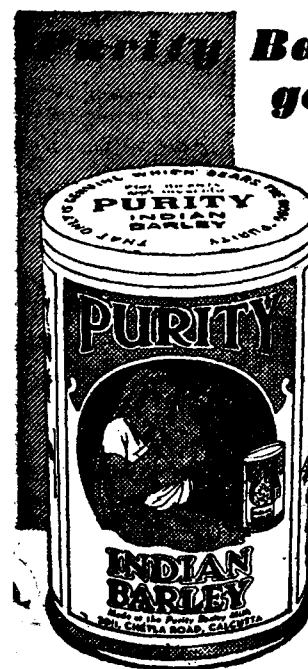
SWATANTRA

VOL. IV NO. 31

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1949

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ON THE COVER: SRI K. P. VISWANATHA IYER	
"JUST YOU AND I" (Poem)—By R. S. Amritharaj	4
EDITORIAL COMMENTS	5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	6
STRAWS IN THE WIND—By K. A. Abbas	8
INDOMITABLE JOKJAKARTA—By Andrew Roth	9
I REMEMBER....—By R. Srinivasa Iyengar	10
"ERNIE" BEVIN: BRITAIN'S FOREIGN MINISTER—By Mathew Halton	14
"TOO EARLY SEEN UNKNOWN...." (Short Story)—By "Rafti"	17
IMMORTAL JATIN—By Bijoy Kumar Sinha	22
BOUQUET TO RUKMINI DEVI	24
THE ANDHRA STAGE—By A. V. Narsu	25
THE SIXTEEN—ANNA ANDHRA—By D. V. R.	30
C. F. ANDREWS: THE APOSTLE FROM THE WEST—By M. S. Srinivasan	33
ENTER—THE SANGH—By Baroo	36
FUNDAMENTAL RIGHTS IN THE DRAFT CONSTITUTION—By M. A. Venkata Rao	37
ABOLISH PROVINCIAL AUTONOMY—By Manu Subedar	39
VETERAN JOURNALIST RETIRES—By "Bharadwaj"	41
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka	44
BHARATI THE JOURNALIST—By V. Subramanian	47



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

"JUST YOU AND I"

By R. S. AMRITHARAJ

Just you and I and the blue dome above,
Bejewelled with a thousand twinkling stars,
And a full round moon, brightest 'midst them all
That fairest treasure in the crown of Gods;
Just you and I and the stillness of night
The western winds whistling a ceaseless tune
The rustling of ruffled leaves far away,
Them, and none else, those mingled melodies;
And the rest—silence around, a song at heart.
The sky in distant splendour to behold
And the fields in moonlit grace, and you beside,
I ask no more.

Together in pure love
To recline and to muse and thank the Gods
That, when in this world, pleasures are denied
A kind moon will shine her smiles and console.
No kiss for me, no fond embrace. Passion
Is like the passing tide that ebbs and dies,
Or like the breakers of the ocean shores,
Their ephemeral fury, their rise and fall;
But Love is serene, like the midway main,
Calm, still and deep; and thus the nobler far
Divine, beyond the worldly wants of flesh,
That is Love—the pulse of deathless soul.
So there by you, through the night to whisper,
Murmur into the winds, "My Love, My Love...."
And know a silent heart there listening lies,
In wordless eloquence, calling me "Love...."
When shall it be? 'Neath the blue sky
In pure friendship, just you and I.

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 31

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE KASHMIR MESS

IN the handling of the Kashmir situation Pandit Nehru has not played his cards well. He rushed to the United Nations for redress. That was a blunder of the first magnitude. It enabled Britain and the United States, the dominant powers in the United Nations, to take a hand in the settlement of India's internal affairs. The folly of the rash rush to the United Nations over the Kashmir issue will be apparent if it is studied in the light of the entirely different attitude adopted by the Government of India over the Hyderabad issue. Prior to the police action, Hyderabad was a non-acceding State. It was constitutionally unaffiliated to the Indian Union unlike Kashmir which had acceded and become a part of India politically. Prior to the police action, Hyderabad was less closely related politically and constitutionally to India than Kashmir. The Government of India never swerved from the view that the settlement of the Hyderabad dispute was their own domestic concern in which outside powers would not be allowed to interfere. There was never any deviation at Delhi from consistent resistance to the importunities of Pakistan for reference of the Hyderabad question to the United Nations. Outside powers never therefore got a foothold for intervention in the affairs of Hyderabad. The case for the non-intervention of the United Nations was even more clear and patent in Kashmir, virtually a component State of India. It was illogical of Pandit Nehru to have gone to the United Nations with the Kashmir case in downright contrast with the al-

together different policy adopted in respect of Hyderabad. Pandit Nehru is now surprised at the letter to himself and the Premier of Pakistan written about Kashmir by President Truman and Mr. Attlee which he has rightly characterised as intervention. But what is surprising is that he should be so surprised. Pandit Nehru invited the intervention which he now resents by his own ill-considered act of rushing to the United Nations for the international disposal of the Kashmir issue. Pandit Nehru's sentimental passion for internationalism prevented him from taking a realistic view of the Anglo-American power politics masquerading under pacific and humanitarian guises at the United Nations Organisation. While Pandit Nehru sought the prestige of an authoritative international decision on Kashmir which he in his simplicity assumed will be impartial, what India got was only involvement in the mazes of Anglo-American global war strategy.

When Pandit Nehru took the Kashmir dispute to the United Nations, the status of Pakistan was that of a marauder in league with raiders and dacoits for rapine and spoliation of territory plainly Indian. All too innocently Pandit Nehru created the opportunity for the promotion of Pakistan from an aggressor accused of grave offences to a co-equal party on a common moral level with the complainant. Britain and the United States were quick to seize the opportunity. Our membership of the Commonwealth seems to have only diluted our political importance in the international sphere, whereas the diplo-

matic dallings of Pakistan with Moscow have definitely stimulated an attitude of appeasement of Pakistan in Anglo-American manoeuvrings. With Britain reduced to the position of a junior partner of the U. S. A. in international politics, membership of the Commonwealth is not so valuable now as before the war, and to us it has only meant being tied and bound to Britain as a satellite of the American system. In the rampant conflict of the present between the Soviet and the dollar imperialisms, independent India unattached to any bloc would have had a tremendous bargaining power in either of the two camps. Pandit Nehru's diplomatic strategy

has made it unnecessary for the United States to woo India and knocked the bottom out of Russian inclinations to do so. Pakistan, on the other hand, has by means of an adroit manifestation of uncertain loyalties, contrived to build itself into a power worth being appeased with a heavy price. The balance of advantage in international politics has passed clearly from India to Pakistan within these two years, with the result that in the event of a direct clash of arms, India stands isolated, while Pakistan, not resisting intervention, has the competitive assistance of other powers to reinforce its resources.

Sotto Voce

The Shades Are Falling Fast



MR. Gopala Reddi has unburdened himself of the weighty observation that the average man is a communalist. But the Average Man is not just another abstraction like the Economic Man; for Mr. Gopala Reddi he is really Everyman. There might be Mahatmas, he said, who were exceptions to the rule; but the broad suggestion is that their number is negligible and their influence just nil. After that you will concede that the emancipation of the Congress is well-nigh complete. Dr. Ramalinga Reddi may gibe that the old Justice Party has incarnated itself in the Madras Congress. But the Reddis who rule would accept that as a compliment.

Mr. Gopala Reddi's observation is really a hypothesis. He finds support for it in the fact that in the District Board elections in South Arcot 21 seats have been captured by the

Vanhi-kula Kshatriyas defeating the Congress. Mr. Gopala Reddi can only explain this by assuming that "this community had defeated the mighty organisation which had won freedom perhaps because of a feeling among the members of that community that they were being 'suppressed and oppressed' by the well-to-do classes." And who may those well-to-do classes be? Hardly the Brahmans, since the Congress in Madras at any rate put the Brahman long ago in his place.

If, then, the Vanhi-kula Kshatriyas, the Agni-kula Kshatriyas, the Visva-brahmanas (not to be confused with the unqualified and disqualified Brahmanas) and all the rest of them have no use for each other, by what right does the Reddi-Mudaliyar Ministry claim to rule? Possibly the same right as that of the Communist State which claims that the best way of making sure that the State will

wither away in time is in the meanwhile to make it omnipotent. The Reddis and the Mudaliyars obeying that natural law will vanish in time and the Agni-kulas and the Vanhi-kulas will sweep the board. And the process will be repeated till one day we shall all on this path of *krama mukti* attain Nirvana via Fort St. George; there is hope even for the Brahman!

The Ministry, the services, the educational institutions, and so on, are apparently to be regarded as a mutual benefit fund—with this important difference that none of the beneficiaries is expected to put in anything. As Mr. Gopala Reddi naively expressed it, "Everybody was a communalist trying to help in his own way somebody or other." And the Communal G. O. is the code laying down the rules of the game. If there are not enough Ministerships, jobs and seats in colleges to go round, ration them as Mohini rationed *amrita*. There will always be some folk who are hard to please; for them the Rahu treatment is clearly indicated.

Unfortunately, whereas *amrita* extinguished the appetite the Communal G. O. powerfully stimulates the *Jaadharaagni*. The touching spectacle of the communalist "trying in his own way to help somebody or other," which the Minister conjured up, has another and less reputable side to it from which he averted his chaste eyes. "Trying to help somebody" has in practice come to mean "trying to keep out all others." Mr. Gopala Reddi nostalgically longs for the day "when religion and commu-

nity will become a purely personal matter." Supposing that millennium does arrive, "mine" and "thine" will not have vanished. They will have merely taken other masks.

Communalism is the current *avatar* of that poverty of spirit which is fast reducing our freedom to a fraud. "Produce or perish"—the parrot cry echoes from the Himalayas to the seven seas. But we have carefully hedged ourselves round against the infection of that creative talent which is the only wealth. We want teachers, doctors, engineers, scientists and artificers of every kind and we want them by the million. But quality is no less important, for we live in a competitive world. No nation which selects its nuclear scientists on the basis of communal proportions will have much chance of making the bomb; the odds are it will go to glory.

"Social justice" is as good an excuse as any other for playing the ostrich. But national insolvency cannot be staved off by clamorously quarrelling over the meticulous division of half a dozen rotten plantains which is all we find in the place of the sumptuous feast that Swaraj had promised. Faced with a crisis, America acts the Quixote, it remits Europe's debts and institutes Lease and Lend; and England puts Churchill, long an untouchable, at the helm. If in the same spirit India cannot put the best man on every job and intensively exploit all her reserves of brains and character there will be no spoils for her classes and communities to quarrel over. We shall all have become somebody else's spoils.

VIGNESWARA

HIGHER MATHEMATICS IN HOLLYWOOD

To find the age of a (film) star, a Hollywood press-agent takes the year of her (or his) birth, subtracts it from itself, and burns the paper the numbers were written on; then adds last week's fan mail to the box-office receipts from the star's last picture, subtracts her salary, divides the remainder by the number of press-agents assigned to care for her career; subtracts the number of her marriages, adds three months for every child she has had (things grow fast in the subtropics), and knocks off ten years just for gallantry. If the age is still higher than the one the boss ordered, he works in slight mathematical errors until the answer comes out right.—*TIME*

STRAWS IN THE WIND

By K. A. ABBAS

PRIME Minister Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has expressed surprise at the intervention of President Truman and Mr. Attlee in the Kashmir issue.

We are surprised that the Prime Minister should have been "surprised." He had reason to be annoyed, provoked, even angry—but not to be "surprised." Unless, of course, it was a tactful and diplomatic expression of the Prime Minister's real feelings!

Ever since the tribal hordes, armed, equipped, officered and blessed by Pakistan, invaded Kashmir—i. e. Indian Union territory—the United States, no less than Britain, has been taking an unusually keen "interest" in Kashmir. In this connection, it is interesting—and significant—to recall that:

- (a) The British officers of Gilgit Scouts led the anti-Indian revolt in that far-flung outpost and went over to Pakistan.
- (b) Under the very nose of their British C-in-C units of the regular Pakistan Army were drafted and despatched to Kashmir and in due course, they almost entirely took over from the early wave of tribal raiders.
- (c) According to the testimony of captured prisoners, there were British officers directing operations in Kashmir on behalf of Pakistan.
- (d) An American—spy, adventurer, 'Presidential agent' or what?—Russell Haight joined the so-called 'Azad Kashmir' forces, rose to the rank of a Brigadier, went back to America to 'report' his observations to his Government—and since then has been heard of no more!
- (e) In their pro-Pakistan enthusiasm, the American newspapers went to the scandalous length of publishing photos of Sheikh Abdullah, describing him as leader of pro-Pakistan Kashmiris and of the women of the Kashmir National Militia as volunteers of the Pakistani 'Azad Kashmir'!
- (f) Anglo-American members of the U. N. O. Commission and of their staff, while in Srinagar, took "surprisingly" keen interest in contacting fifth columnists and pro-Pakistan elements in the Kashmir capital.

The latest diplomatic 'pincer movement,' from Washington and London, is but a new phase of Anglo-American

policy on Kashmir. But it has to be viewed against the background of two new developments.

Ever since the Pakistan Prime Minister announced his intention of visiting Moscow, pro-Pakistan elements in London and Washington have been raising the "Appease Pakistan" slogan—the argument being that if Anglo-America offends Pakistan (which holds a key position in their anti-Soviet strategy) Pakistan might jump into the pro-Soviet bloc.

Then there is the other—and even more important—aspect of the matter. As soon as President Truman's letter to India's and Pakistan's Prime Ministers was announced by U. S. Secretary of State Dean Acheson, the Washington correspondents' very first reaction was significant. They asked Mr. Acheson "whether he would describe President Truman's action as a first step in halting the spread of Communism in Asia," but the astute Mr. Acheson was not going to commit himself so bluntly; so he replied that "it would be a mistake to attach this particular significance to the move." And yet in the very next breath, he added that "the U. S. was deeply interested in the Kashmir question. She was also reviewing the entire situation in the Far East and one of the reasons for the interest was that the only people who would benefit from turmoil and disturbance there, in India, Indonesia or China, were the Communists."

While Prime Minister Nehru expressed "surprise" at the Truman-Attlee intervention, Pakistan's Foreign Minister Sir Mohammed Zafrullah Khan said that "his country attached the highest importance to the recent appeals from President Truman and Mr. Attlee" and added that "Pakistan would, of course, give them favourable consideration." Could President Truman's sudden revival of "interest" in Kashmir have something to do with the presence in America of Pakistan's astute Finance Minister, Mr. Ghulam Mohammed? The U. S. A. is a steady buyer of bases. Could it be that the Finance Minister of Pakistan has been negotiating a deal for Gilgit?

INDOMITABLE JOKJAKARTA

By ANDREW ROTH

THIS cradle of Indonesian nationalism has celebrated the fourth anniversary of Indonesia's independence proclamation very modestly. This mirrors the fact that the Republic legally holds only the thirty-five miles square of the Jokjakarta Residency, its troops are scattered as small units all over Java and Sumatra and—with the exception of President Soekarno—most of its leading political figures are in Holland preparing for the Round Table Conference on Indonesian independence.

There is here a pervasive feeling of quiet confidence one did not find when I first visited Jokja eighteen months ago. Indonesian nationalism has matured considerably. Instead of the swaggering, long-haired, Jap-trained *laskar* soldiers so painfully apparent early in 1948 one finds well-disciplined and quietly determined military police on duty today.

Although the Dutch proclaimed that "The Republic is dead!" after they seized Jokjakarta last December, Jokjakarta and the Republic have survived this "knockout blow." The resistance of its people and the pressure of world opinion have forced a change in Dutch policy. The Dutch freed the Republican leaders, evacuated the Jokjakarta Residency and negotiated a ceasefire with the Republicans. Now independence terms are being argued out in the Hague. If Indonesians are confident of the final outcome, it is because their will and ability to resist are unimpaired.

There is little jubilation as yet because independence is still a promise and the scars of the long night of Dutch occupation are still vivid. Jokja's airfield, Maguwo, recalls Indonesia's "Pearl Harbour," for it was here that Dutch paratroopers attacked on a Sunday morning last December while negotiations under U. N. auspices were still proceeding. On the road leading into town one crosses the bridge where Dr. Santose, Secretary General of the Education Department, was cold-bloodedly killed with six others that first morning by

a patrol headed by a furious Dutch sergeant major who blamed Indonesians for keeping him out of Holland for three years. Arriving at Hotel "Merdeka" one notes that its name has been freshly painted. The first thing the Dutch captors did was to restore its prewar name, Grand Hotel, and paint out the word "Merdeka" (Freedom).

Sidewalk merchants still display an extensive assortment of second-hand clothes and household utensils, but they are not nearly as thick as they were during the Dutch occupation. Then thousands of Republican officials were forced to sell their possessions bit by bit because, with very few exceptions, they refused to work for the Dutch. This startled the Dutch, who thought that, once "troublemakers" like President Soekarno were carried off, the gentle people of Central Java would readily accept them.

In many cases the Republican officials were offered the alternative of collaboration or jail. The chief English commentator on Radio Jokjakarta, 26-year-old G. Harsono, was asked whether he would collaborate. When he refused he was jailed for two weeks in a six-by-nine-foot cell with six other people. When he continued to refuse he was jailed for a further 2½ months for his "treacherous broadcasts" against Dutch colonialism. He was one of ten thousand political prisoners the Dutch were holding last spring.

Central Java has many historical relics, including the world-famous Hindu-Javanese temples at Borobudur and Prambanan. But young Indonesian nationalists are proudest of the "new relics" near Jokja. At Pado-gan a fire-gutted Dutch-owned factory stands stark against the sky, a monument to the folly of Dutch calculations that a second military action would reap economic benefits. Immense stocks of sugar gathered here, awaiting an opportunity for export, were also destroyed. Guerrilla

leaders are proud to show the number of bridges they knocked out.

A young Indonesian mother with baby straddling her hip showed us her house burned out by Dutch troops as reprisal for guerilla activities in the area. When the Dutch seized Jokjakarta, Republican troops split up into small groups based on the villages. Young students left their schools to explain to the village people why the troops were fighting and to see to it that the troops did not demand too much of the villagers. Col. Simatupang, the brilliant young Republican Chief of Staff pointed out the irony of the situation: "The Dutch knew that nationalism was centred in the cities and thought they could suppress it by seizing them. Instead they forced us to take root in the country-side."

At a wayside market I attempted to buy some tangerines with Dutch guilders which, technically speaking, are co-legal with Indonesian rupiahs. Not one of the rag-clad peasants would accept my Dutch money and one of them thinking I was Dutch, walked off muttering happily in Javanese: "Ah! We defeated him!" (After it was explained that I was not Dutch, some rupiahs were produced in exchange for the guilders). This peasant allegiance to a currency backed only by faith in the Republic produced an amazing comeback for the crudely-printed Republican rupiah during the Dutch occupation. Before the Dutch attack last December the exchange rate was 40 rupiahs to the guilder. This plummeted to 400 to one after the Dutch conquest of Jokja but, as the peasants refused to accept any but Republican currency, the rupiah rose by March to 80 to one, at which rate it still stands.

In this area a new nationalist hero surpasses even President Soekarno in popularity. He is the democratic Sultan of Jokjakarta. Sultan Haengku Buwono ("Embracer of the World") was Holland's greatest disappointment and most revealing political miscalculation. During an interview in June 1948 Governor General H. J. Van Mook made it clear to me that he considered the Sultan of Jokjakarta to be pro-Dutch. This view, shared by other high Dutch officials, was pre-

sumably based largely on the Sultan's Dutch training and education from the age of 4. The Dutch ignored his position as Minister without portfolio in three successive Republican cabinets as opportunism on his part.

On the first day of the Dutch occupation the Dutch military commander attempted to see the Sultan. When he refused, the Dutch confined him to his wall-enclosed palace, the Kraton. The Dutch then sent emissaries to the Sultan's brother, making successively higher bids for his co-operation over a period of three days. When they were finished they had offered him the position of Chief of State of all Java's 45 million people and valuable shares in sugar and oil companies. They were furious when they learned that the Sultan of Jokjakarta—unlike some of the other feudal potentates the Dutch had lined up—was not for sale.

Instead of collaborating, the Sultan became the backbone of the resistance. He refused to allow his own officials to work with the Dutch and many Republican officials replied to Dutch offers with: "I'll work with you as soon as the Sultan does."

The Sultan's palace and his office became the secret coordinating centres for the Central Java resistance movement. This harassed the Dutch on the tree-lined roads and in the city of Jokjakarta itself. The first organized attack of guerillas in Jokja was a hit-and-run affair on December 29th which lit the torch of hope. The climax came on March 1st when some two thousand Indonesian guerillas held the Eastern portion of the city for eight hours, pasted up the Republic's red-and-white flag and pictures of Soekarno and Hatta. In withdrawing, many guerillas took refuge in the Sultan's Kraton but when Dutch units, vanguarded by tanks, secured admission into the Kraton, the guerillas were nowhere to be seen.

The next day a stormy interview between the local Dutch military commander and the Sultan ensued. An hour before the interview, five Dutch fighters buzzed over the Kraton, apparently to frighten the Sultan. The Sultan received his Dutch visitors barefoot, a traditional sign of disdain. The Dutch accused him of res-

pensibility for all the turmoil. He retorted that he could be considered responsible if he had invited the Dutch to occupy Jokjakarta. The Dutch accused him of being an "active non-cooperator." He agreed and said he would go to prison if they wanted but he would resign first as Sultan and the Dutch would have to take the consequences. The Dutch were stymied and withdrew.

Dutch unpopularity here derived in part from their inability to discipline the Indonesian mercenaries they commanded. Merchant after merchant tells of being awakened after curfew to find well-armed robbers equipped with trucks—which only the Dutch military forces could operate after curfew—demanding they hand over their *batks* and jewels.

Tension continued to mount, with sniping and ambushes harassing the jittery Dutch. They raced through the streets in Bren carriers and tanks to cow the populace. The Dutch never felt safe anywhere. A Dutch pastor reportedly mounted the pulpit of his church with a pistol inside his handkerchief.

The five hundred Jokja citizens who died and the dozens of burnt-out skeletons of houses were mostly the innocent victims of Dutch reprisal actions. When guerillas attacked they withdrew quickly while the slow-moving Dutch proceeded to terrorize a neighbourhood in which the guerillas had operated, sometimes shooting it up, sometimes burning down houses, or making arbitrary mass arrests.

Those imprisoned agree their worst handling came not from the Dutch themselves but from the Eurasian and Ambonese and other hirelings. Some prisoners, directly suspected of being guerilla, were also tortured with electricity. Confronted with evidence of this Captain L. Vossfeld of the "Intelligence and Security Group" admitted, "Yes, but that was only one case and it was severely punished."

Monsignor Albertus Sugiopranto, the Roman Catholic Bishop resident here declared: "The Dutch occupation has failed. There was no murder and robbery under the Republic. There is robbery and murder under the Dutch. There was terror in Java under the Japanese but not on this

scale." One of his priests, Father Hariada, was threatened with five years' imprisonment for writing a protest to Dutch army intelligence about the shooting of one of his parishioners without investigation.

A Cabinet Minister's wife tearfully told me the facts about a neighbour's son. A Dutch patrol had ordered this 13-year-old to approach. When he hesitated, his mother urged him to comply. As he approached the trigger-happy patrol, a shot rang out and the boy fell with a bullet in his middle, and died five days later. The Cabinet Minister's wife added that her own 12-year-old son, on learning of this, seized his father's hidden pistol and rushed out to join the guerillas on the city's outskirts.

Jokja citizens feel that it was their own resistance and that of other Indonesians—as well as world pressure—that persuaded the Dutch to change their policy last May to one of negotiations. This involved withdrawal from the thirty-five-mile-square Residency of Jokjakarta and permitting the imprisoned Republican leaders to return here. The negotiations over this dragged on through May-June because the Dutch wanted iron-clad guarantees of a cease-fire before restoring the Republican leaders to Jokjakarta. The Republican leaders said they could give only personal guarantees until they could consult other members of the Government in Jokjakarta.

The take-over passed off peacefully and the city came to life with shouts of "Merdeka." On July 8th these shouts rang even louder when President Soekarno and Premier Hatta returned in triumph to the capital from which they had been ejected. Amid thunderous cheers they rode through triumphal arches of bamboo and the red-and-white flag first raised on August 17th 1945 was raised again. President Soekarno told the enthusiastic throng that it was the continued and united struggle of the Indonesian people and the pressure of international opinion that had secured Jokja's restoration.

While all Indonesians are now confident of independence opinions differ on what factor will weigh most heavily in securing it. Street mer-

chants hawk a locally-made cigarette called "White House," bearing the U. S. federal seal. This is perhaps symbolic of the belief of President Soekarno and other conservative nationalists that U. S. pressure, above all, will force the Dutch to yield. But on August 9th, just before the cease-fire went into effect, I saw two trucks

bearing the coffins of three young guerillas who had died in a clash with Dutch troops in the occupied zone beyond Jokjakarta. A dozen of their young comrades mounted guard with Bren guns and expressions that said that the path to freedom has been paved primarily by deaths such as these.—(Copyright.—N. P. S.)

I REMEMBER....

FURTHER ANECDOTES ABOUT SAROJINI NAIDU

By R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

MRS. Sarojini Naidu was a vivacious personality and enjoyed every minute of her existence. Her humour was characteristic of her great personality. The following instances are intended to supplement Dr. Amarnath Jha's contribution on the subject.

Mrs. Sarojini could easily laugh at herself. Once addressing a ladies' conference, she said, "I often feel myself a terrible ignoramus, and get alarmed when in the midst of sisters who are graduates with double degrees and other suffixes." As regards her mission in life, she observed, "Yesterdays require knowledge of history; but there is no check or hindrance when one talks of tomorrows. Being a dreamer of dreams—and one of the futile, useless, stupid romantic people called poets—my business is to dream of tomorrow." "I had my own share of golden dreams, of becoming a priest, a queen or a martyr. The impulse towards poetic expression came later. In fact, poetry came in the wake of mathematics; for numbers are numbers, whether they are lyrical or otherwise."

She herself had stressed the value of humour, and the healing quality of laughter. "We must learn to laugh. Once C. R. warned me that it is not safe to be humorous in public. I am not trying to be humorous. Today we must learn to laugh, not with our mouths, but with our hearts. That is an act of courage that is demanded in our struggle for liberty."

Her humour, on occasions, lay in punning upon words. The following

two instances are very striking. "The message of the Congress teaches us how to be *magnets*, not the *magnate* with an 'ate,' but the magnet with an 'et'. The days of the former are nearly over, and they are making a last desperate effort to save what remains of what the Chinese call 'face.' Our passion for liberty should be so magnetic and dynamic that we should be able to resist the lure of other things." Sir A. P. Patro introduced Mrs. Naidu with the words, "Mrs. Naidu has grown grey." Mrs. Naidu interrupting asked "Have I?" and passed her hand, seemingly annoyed, over her hair. Sir Patro hurriedly put in the words, "I was going to say, 'grown grey in the service of the Motherland.'" Mrs. Sarojini began her speech which was greeted with a burst of laughter and cheers. "It is perhaps very suitable that a grey-haired speaker should have a bald-headed chairman; but this is not the first time when my friend Sir Archbald.... that is how I always call Sir A. P. Patro—and I have met on a common platform."

Humour sometimes lay hidden in her serious utterances also. "With many politics is not a religion, it is not a science, not an art either. Politics is the idle musing of the idle hour. That is why we are a slave nation." "We have many kinds of bondage, but the one which sits heavily on the heart of Mother India is the bondage of sick children." "The first duty and the first *dharma* of every wife and mother is to say, 'We refuse to be slaves any longer so that you cease to be slaves.' "We do not

want each of us to be a Gandhi, because it would be an inconvenient world if it were full of Gandhis." "Gandhi has never had a more devoted or more disobedient follower."

Mrs. Naidu has in a fine humorous vein described how she got into the Swadeshi movement. In 1919, she told Gandhiji while in Madras that he must start a Swadeshi movement. She was wearing at the time a beautiful silk saree from Dacca and "strutted about like a peacock," pleased with the beauty of the saree. But Gandhiji asked her, "Oh, you want Swadeshi! Why do you not begin to wear Swadeshi yourself?" She told him that her saree came from Dacca and was Swadeshi. "Do not be foolish. This is foreign. The thread is foreign." Sarojini Devi felt that he was the only person that sometimes could silence her. The way in which she was roped into the Khaddar movement is still more interesting. When Gandhiji began to enlist followers who would wear only hand-spun and hand-woven cloth, he sent for her and said, "Yes, you are a poet and want to dress like a queen, and you shall dress like one. But, you will begin by wearing what can be got today; and in time you may wear the mull-mulls of Dacca again." Mrs. Sarojini wanted a month's respite to "cry a little over all the trivial beautiful things she wore." A month hence when Mrs. Sarojini saw Gandhiji, he asked her whether she had given away everything; and the poet answered in the affirmative. But he asked, "What is this half-hearted yes?" She told him that for the sake of aesthetic value she had kept one lovely saree which her children called 'enchantment'. The Mahatma said, "Even that must go." Describing this incident to a Madras audience, Mrs. Naidu exclaimed, "Oh that is a *bad old man* who without raising his voice or lifting a finger compels loyalty and obedience, because he is *the spirit of the India to be born*." Then wearing

hand-spun and hand-woven cloth which made her look thrice bigger than herself, she told Mahatmaji that that was hardly good propaganda for Khaddar. Because she had a profound sense of humour and sense of values, she found poetry in the life of Mahatma Gandhi.

Who but Mrs. Sarojini could say at a mammoth gathering that she and the Rt. Hon. Srinivasa Sastri were the vagabonds of the country, meaning great wanderers? Who but she could refer to C. R. as "always an X, always a mysterious quantity and quality"? She had great confidence in her abilities; when someone asked her whether it was Edmund Gosse who launched her on literature, she retorted, "I launched myself." The whole room rang with uproarious laughter.

There was always the vitality and freshness of youth in her which tinged her humour. Once she said that she could not help wondering why young people should want to listen to old ladies like herself. She was always grateful when it did not fall to her lot to go amidst "those old fogeys who cannot speak the language of youth." At a Madras gathering, a lady speaker welcoming her said that leaders should not mislead youth. How inimitably Mrs. Sarojini begins! "I may refer at the outset to the insinuation of the little lady speaker that leaders mislead people and warn you beforehand that being a poet myself I am not sure I shall not mislead you. I am a bad misleader of youth: I will take you to the skies; I will take you into fire. I shall make you jump into a volcano or go to the depths of the sea and into the great unfathomed depths where death reigns supreme! I am not sorry I do that.... I told you I would mislead you. Am I not misleading you? Her humour while provoking laughter takes us to a world of sudden serious thinking. That is the fine characteristic of her humour.

TIPS, TIPPERS AND TIPPEES.

Tipping is frowned upon in Communist-dominated Eastern Europe, and has become sufficiently identified with the capitalistic way of life to rank as a target in the "cold war." Last year, at a meeting of a waiters' union in Prague, a deputy premier of Czechoslovakia described tipping as "a bourgeois relic" and "un-Marxist." Waiters howled him down.

—NEW YORK TIMES

PROFILE:

"ERNIE" BEVIN: BRITAIN'S FOREIGN MINISTER

By MATHEW HALTON

I was lunching at Westminster one day with two British M. P's—a Conservative farmer and a Socialist intellectual—when the conversation came around to Ernest Bevin, Britain's famous and redoubtable Foreign Minister. "Now there's a man!" said the Conservative warmly. "After Churchill, he's the greatest man in England."

"If you're right, heaven help us!" replied the Socialist with some bitterness.

"He should have been a Tory," went on the Conservative.

"He is!" said the Socialist.

"His instinct is always right," added the Conservative.

"But what we need is brains, not instinct," said the Socialist.

And it went on like that for a few minutes, the Socialist attacking his chief, the Tory praising him. They both agreed that Mr. Bevin is a baffling man, and the most colourful Foreign Minister Britain has ever had; but one saw all his faults and the other all his virtues. There are many of both, and they all add up to one of the most interesting persons I have ever known.

I have read this description of Ernest Bevin by an English writer: "He is sprawling in body and untidy in mind, dictatorial in manner and exuberant in utterance, with every human instinct alive and unblunted, rollicking in his jollity and surly in ill-humour, as cunning as a peasant, and yet as genuine as nature itself. . . . There is something in him that makes mere cleverness look silly."

That is a much truer appraisal of this man than Churchill's remark that he is "a working-class John Bull."

In 1945 when Bevin went to Buckingham Palace to receive his appointment as a Minister in the new Socialist Government, he thought he was going to be made Chancellor of

the Exchequer and that Hugh Dalton would go to the Foreign Office. Dalton thought the same; and the story



the switch at the last second will be an interesting one when it is told.

Whatever the story, a homespun, rugged, and even crude man of the humblest birth was now to speak for Britain instead of the smooth and elegant aristocrat who had run the Foreign Office throughout its history. The permanent officials were a bit shocked at first. "Imagine," they said, "he can't even speak French!" Public school men themselves, they were used to Austen Chamberlains and Anthony Edens. But some of them say to-day that Ernest Bevin is the best Foreign Minister Britain has ever had.

After three years in office he is hated by the Communists, hated by the Jews, and detested by some members of his own party. And he irritates many of his admirers by his prejudices, his emotional approach, his egotism, his clumsiness, his diplomatic *faux pas*. In spite of all that he is one of the biggest men in world

affairs—courageous and powerful and almost always right.

Until recent years he knew nothing about foreigners or foreign affairs. He told me as late as 1937 that there would not be another war with Germany, and that Russia and Germany would come together as friends. But there is not much he does not know about foreign affairs today.

Bevin's father was an agricultural labourer in Somerset in the days, 50 years ago and more, when agricultural labourers in Britain still voted as they were told to vote, doffed their hats to their employers and earned Rs. 10 to 13 a week. His father died just before he was born, and his mother when he was seven years old. At the age of 10, the boy was on his own in the world, working on a farm for his living. At 13, he ran away to Bristol and became dishwasher at a shilling a day. There followed years of grinding poverty and unrelenting struggle.

One day when Bevin was 19 years old the unemployed men of Bristol decided to organize a "right to work" committee, and he was made the secretary. That was the real beginning of his career. He became more and more interested. He began to think politically, to brood on the social wrongs he saw all around him. He began to study.

Slowly the uncouth young man won the attention of his fellows. His character was likeable as well as strong. The working class was just beginning to lift itself to better days, and slowly Bevin rose with it. He became chairman of the Dockers' Union in Bristol. His success took him to London, where he became known as "the Dockers' K. C."

From then on he was the most powerful trade union leader in Britain. He created the Transport and General Workers' Union, the biggest in the world. He was still the head of the union at the outbreak of World War II. In 1940 Churchill invited him into the coalition Government as Minister of Labour.

There was nothing spectacular in this rise. It was 50 years of hard work. Bevin is a happy warrior who loves a fight. He developed also out of his peasant's cunning and his shrewd instinct, a genius for negotiation. He learned when to be tough and when

to be gentle, when to bluff and when to play safe, when to slam the door and when to leave it ajar. Moreover, he is warmhearted and lovable (even when he is intellectually most irritating) and he has the absolute confidence of the British working class. "You feel safe with Ernie" they say.

But the party intellectuals do not feel safe with Ernie at all. "He opens his arms," said one of them to me, "and tells you what a simple, honest fellow he is, and then bludgeons you before you can say Bob."

That is Bevin's technique in fact. Take one example. At the Socialist Party Conference held year before last a strong section of the party wanted his blood. They did not like his German policy, they did not like his Palestine policy, and at that time many of them did not like his Russian policy.

When Bevin got up to make his statement on foreign affairs the party's left-wingers were lying in wait. And they had some really cogent things to say. But they never said them. Bevin began in his usual quiet, friendly manner, and reviewed his policy without ever coming to the point. He talked about something that had happened a year earlier when, during his absence in New York, some of the Socialist M. P's had voted against him.

This had absolutely nothing to do with any point at issue, but Bevin became eloquent and emotional about it. "How can I fight for my country," he asked, "if I am stabbed in the back like that?"

I saw with astonishment that the Conference was cheering him wildly. Differences were forgotten. Later they scratched their heads and wondered how he had got away with it. But he had got away with it.

Sometimes Bevin is embarrassingly patronising as well as tactless. Probably the worst example of this occurred a year and a half ago when he was referring in the House of Commons to Georges Bidault, the brilliant Foreign Minister of France, whose physical stature is small. Bevin likes and admires Bidault, yet he spoke of him as "that dear little man." He meant well, but it was clumsy, to say the least. It rankles with Bidault.

—but Bevin does not know he made a gaffe.

In spite of this, Ernest Bevin is a statesman of massive proportions. His critics say his brain is woolly, and at times it is, but it is powerful. "There is something in him that makes mere cleverness look silly." He has a swift and sure instinct for the right thing. When U. S. Secretary of State Marshall made that famous speech at Harward two and a half years ago, tentatively offering aid to Europe if Europe would get together, Bevin "grabbed it with both hands," as he said, and at once rallied Western Europe to the idea. His political instinct has rightly been called "a precision instrument." The intellectuals get angry, and sneer—but Bevin comes out on top.

There is a striking contrast between Bevin and Sir Stafford Cripps, the two biggest men in the Socialist Party. Sir Stafford is an aristocrat with a brilliant mind, while Bevin is a plebeian with an intuitive mind. Cripps is a ascetic and vegetarian, Bevin a lover of luxury and big meals. Cripps is a teetotaler, Bevin likes his glass of whisky. Cripps disdains emotional appeals, Bevin lives on them. It is not hard to guess which of the two is the favourite with the British workers. They call Cripps "Christ and Carrots;" they call Bevin "Ernie."

Cripps is the most valuable man in the Government, but Bevin is the most colourful and popular. His monumental figure, his pleasantly ugly face and his mild profanity, his generosity and humour and love of life and people, endear him to the British. And more than that, he is essentially a man of goodness and goodwill.

But how angry he can get! One day some time ago he was making an all-out effort to persuade the Jews and Arabs to agree on a compromise in Palestine. The negotiations were in sight of success but, at the delicate

point, U. S. President Truman suddenly announced that 1,000,000 Jewish refugees ought to be allowed into Palestine every year. Nothing could have been more ill-timed and injudicious. The Arabs broke off the negotiations and Bevin's anger at Truman, I am told, was something to remember.

I imagine he has been even angrier in the last few months at the U. S. Government's attitude to the Palestine tragedy. Long before the war Bevin said in an interview: "America is like the kangaroo; she moves in great jerky leaps instead of in small, smooth steps."

Perhaps his feelings about U. S. tactics have not changed. But he is a great admirer of the U. S. itself. When someone remarked to him that the Marshall plan was not really generous, but 'only' enlightened self-interest, he retorted: "Why do you say 'only'?" If all nations were as enlightened we would have a wonderful world."

Some Socialist M. P.'s say Bevin has become anti-Jewish because of Jewish terrorism in Palestine, and is taking the side of the Arabs.

Now it is true that there is noticeable anti-Semitism in Britain today for the first time. When the Jewish terrorists kidnapped and hanged two British sergeants year before last they did their cause almost irreparable harm in British eyes. No doubt Bevin was bitter about it, too. But he based his policy in Palestine on an attempt to be fair to both Jews and Arabs.

Bevin has played well for Britain since he became Foreign Minister. To-day he is a worried man because he thinks there is danger of war with Russia. He does not believe Russia wants war, but he fears events may get out of control. He is working harder than most people know to smooth things out and get Western Europe inside the margin of safety. Whatever happens, he will rank with the best Foreign Ministers this country has ever had.—(Copyright).

The only weapon against tyranny that cannot be perverted is true liberalism, since tolerance is of its very nature; directly it becomes intolerant, it is no longer liberalism. It is in the spread of real liberalism over the world that the only hope seems to lie. It is a late growth in history, this tolerance, this realisation of the human right to differ. Perhaps it is too late, too rare, too frail and civilised a plant to defeat the poison-weed. But it seems all we have to fight it with.—ROSE MACAULAY.

Short Story

"TOO EARLY SEEN UNKNOWN..."

By "RAFIQ"

WHEN the proprietor of "Chandni,"

Seth Premchand Agarwal, offered to take me on the Weekly Magazine section of the paper, I felt overjoyed. Knowing full well that a third-class graduate was a derelict on God's earth in the quest for remunerative employment, I had come away from home, desperate and determined no longer to be a burden on my people. Passionately ambitious of a literary career, I considered the "Chandni" offer a godsend. The salary was pretty low, but that, the Seth assured, was not worth worrying about; did he not himself work his way up from far worse conditions? Moreover, they wanted to train up talented young men in this noble profession and, in any other calling, men like me would be wasting their talents like desert blossoms.

The first few weeks at the "Chandni" were indeed a thrilling experience, in spite of the bug-ridden cane chair, the ink-stained old desk and the freezingly cold colleagues. I lived in a world all my own, the world of books, lost in an orgy of literary effort to enhance the "Chandni's" glamour. At frequent intervals, Behari, the bearer, would bring me the staple stimulants of my inspiration—cigarettes and tea.

It was not long before disillusionment set in. The boss proved to be an autocrat. By ruthlessly managing his editors, he kept scrupulously true to the high office of "managing editor." Intriguing and interfering, fond of flattery and fawning, he had an unholy knack for inspiring his subordinates with dissatisfaction and disaffection. After hearing and seeing a good many things, my youthful pride found the conditions of my work disgustingly repressive—but what could be done? I could not mend the state of affairs, I could not afford to quit my job either, so I decided to stay on, patiently awaiting the time when

something would turn up and open the way to the grand career I believed was my inevitable due.

It was at this period that it all happened, a remarkable series of events, whose details remain fresh in my memory even at this distance of time.

II

"Diwali" was drawing near, and it was usual for all papers to bring out on the occasion glitteringly got up "special" volumes. Contributions were usually invited from writers of established renown, but "Chandni's" Sethji was convinced that payment to contributors except of the very highest repute was a pernicious practice—should rising literary luminaries, burning with the honour of their calling, be taught to shine for the love of gold? And so, three of us were enlisted for this noble task of crusading against mercenary journalism—we were entrusted with the work of compiling the greater part of the "Special."

My enthusiasm knew no bounds—this was a great honour, a unique opportunity to make one's impress. I worked relentlessly and finished article after article. We had been told it would not look nice to have the writer's name attached to more than one article he wrote. All right, the rest of them will at least bear our initials, or, at the worst, they will go without any name at all. All the same, the public will know it was our effort and nobody else's.

'Diwali' day dawned, the day on which the "Special" would come out and thrill the world with the depth of learning and the skill of presentation its articles would reveal. I was all excitement, and, earlier than usual, hurrying over a scrappy meal, made for the office. Behari brought me a copy of the "Special" and I tossed him a half-rupee bit as 'Special' bakshesh. Hurriedly looking over the contents column, I turned over the pages for my own article, and,

lo! there it was, in clear bold print, with my full name and degree and one of my best photographs attached. I read some portions at random to see if the nasty printer's devil had distorted any of my choicest ideas and idioms out of shape and meaning. No, everything appeared alright, and, for a moment, I stood vacantly gazing on the paper, my soaring fancy throwing me into favourable comparisons with some of the brightest stars of the world's literary horizon.

Ah, yes, there were my other articles, too. With a shade of reluctance, I opened the page on my favourite unsigned article. Here, here was that short story of mine—that superb study in human emotions!—the story of a woman who abhors the entire tribe of mere males, later loses her heart to a poor but affable artist—musician who cannot reciprocate her feelings, and then, realizing the vainness of her vanity, seeks to drown her woe in humanitarian work, her old aversion to conjugal happiness coming back a hundredfold in the garb of devotion to the service of mankind. How it will enrapture and entrance the reading public, how they will, with one voice, demand revelation of the author's name—but wait, what is this? Whose name goes there? Miss Vidyavathi Agarwal? What the hell does this mean, was not the article the fruit of my own laborious effort? Agarwal? Ah, yes—slowly, the truth dawned on me. Had not the boss said that our names would not go with everyone of the articles we wrote? Well, he must have chosen to distribute the no-name articles among his own friends and relatives. Yes, Vidyavathi, I remembered, was his daughter.

Brimming over with indignation, I turned to my work of the day and was trying to gulp down my feelings, when the boss himself walked in with a portly gait, his plump face all smiles of satisfaction, and asked me what I thought of the "Special!"

"It is attractively got up, sir."

The tyrant continued his triumphant march after asking all of us on the editorial staff to a tea party that evening at his house in celebration both of Diwali and the birth of the "Special!"

III

The party was a small but elegant affair. Besides us from the "Chandni," the guests included a chosen few of the popular Sethji's eminent friends and relatives. Vidyavathi was there, too, the usurper of my legitimate share of literary fame, playing the hard role of the lady of the house as best as her youthful inexperience would warrant. With her none-too-fair complexion and all-too-meek demeanour, she was not exactly beautiful. Surely I was not prejudiced in my judgement—I admit her features had that subtle refinement which expresses and inspires goodness. Next to me sat Suresh, the junior Seth, smart and bright, whose ceaseless prattle helped me agreeably to glide over the boredom of the occasion.

Conversation naturally turned to a discussion of the "Special" and an appreciation of its specialities. There was, of course, no dearth of superlatives, but Babu Brij Kishore Prasad, editor of an influential city daily, far outstripped the rest in his eulogy. "We all knew," he concluded, "that our young hostess could work wonders with the paint and brush, but this charming story here in the Special shows that the feat of fathoming great emotional depths with the aid of a mere quill is not beyond the competence of this wizard in art!"

In the commotion of applause and approbation that followed, I shot a half-amused, half-scornful glance at the recipient of this flattering compliment. Her face assumed a deep blush as she gracefully acknowledged the warm congratulations showered on her. "Shameless hussy," mused I, furiously, "shining in stolen feathers!" Presently, her big black eyes turned to me. "No, don't bother about me, enjoy your ill-gotten gains, but don't hope to see me crest-fallen. I've nothing but the utmost contempt for..." But my reflection was arrested in the middle by a look of profound shame and regret that for a while played on every feature of her countenance—I had expected to see in those eyes a gloating glee hardly disturbed by my presence. I was somewhat touched—could it be that she was genuinely sorry for this nasty masquerade? Could it be that

she was made in a different mould from that of her money-grabbing father?

Trudging back home that night absorbed in thought, I had not gone far when I heard some one call me from behind, and on turning round I saw Suresh racing up to catch up with me. He carried a tiny note from his Didi. Pencilled in a pretty hand, it read: "It was all father's doing and I knew nothing of it. Please don't think ill of me."

IV

It did not take long for my acquaintance with Vidya and Suresh to develop into an intimate friendship. Sethji didn't seem to mind this chumming up between his own children and one of his underlings. To dear Sudha at home, now my life's companion, I remember having written at the time thus: "On school holidays, Suresh need not be looked for anywhere except in my office. He walks in when his father is out and capers round about here with all sorts of inconveniencing pranks and unanswerable questions, till I threaten him, in mock seriousness, with exclusion from Sunday's picnic. I am a frequent visitor at Sethji's house, too,—even when he is at home, and Vidya sings to me her favourite songs, shows me her beautiful photo albums and posts me with all the latest gossip of the locality. Often enough I have to play the mediator in the none-too-rare storm-in-the-tea-cup quarrels between brother and sister whose love for each other is remarkable. Now you need not let jealousy redden your nose and pout your lips—they are such precious children their friendship rids my mind of the sting of separation from home, sweet home; any my feelings for you are firm enough to withstand friendship with all the girls of this wide world. I've told Vidya about you and she was all enthusiasm to make friends with you..."

One day I was sitting at my desk, scribbling something for the "Chandni." On the chair opposite sat a colleague, looking up a newly arrived copy of the "Illustrated Navin Bharat." Suddenly he exclaimed, almost shouted: "Nalin, you deceitful rogue, why didn't you tell us you painted as well as you wrote?"

"I—what?" I asked uncomprehendingly.

"Don't try to play the ostrich now," he said, and "don't tell us you were just experimenting. A fellow who can paint like this could not have turned an artist overnight."

"Paints like what?" I retorted, utterly bewildered, and walking up to the incredulously staring fellow, snatched up the magazine and glanced at the open page. What I found there was a superb painting of a love-lorn-couple, set in an exquisite natural background, silhouetted against a gorgeously lit sunset sky. But my eyes went wide with wonder when I saw the name and address of the artist given below—they were exactly the same as mine.

I gave up all hopes of convincing my friend that the whole thing was an elaborate joke played at my expense, or perhaps, for my benefit—he was growing indignant at my false and unwarranted modesty. I was still in the grip of unabated surprise when Suresh unceremoniously ran in and handed me a note. "Saw to-day's Navin Bharat?", It read. "We all knew you could work wonders with the pen, but this painting doubtless shows you could work greater wonders with the mere brush—Vidya."

I understood it all now—at least, so I thought. The poor girl had paid back the debt she was supposed to owe me—very much in the same coin.

I wrote back: "You deserve a severe thrashing for this nasty trick. Any way, you will have to tell me who that unfortunate fellow is whom you have chosen for the hero." And then added teasingly: "But hero or no hero, he looks pretty effeminate; perhaps, effeminacy in male figures is indispensable for artistic excellence?"

V

I did not stay in the "Chandni" much longer. In fact I could not, with my exalted notions of self-respect. There was a bit of a row with Sethji one day on the view I was expected to express in an article of mine. Sethji lost his temper during our talk, and the "Chandni" lost an assistant editor the same evening.

I went to Calcutta and sought and got a place in another journal. I kept up regular contact with Vidya and

Suresh—poor souls, but for them my life in Bombay would have been dull and drab. Both used to write back loving letters, and every letter implored me to return to Bombay and the "Chandni." I knew Sethji too was willing to take me back, but I decided to stay on and make or mar my career in the eastern metropolis. And I was doing well, too—I was rising, slowly but steadily, in the journalistic hierarchy.

For about two years, I used to hear regularly from my young friends, and then followed an unusually long lapse of silence. I had become a bird of passage in the city, having to knock about the country most of the time as a sort of "roving editor" for my paper, and in the breathless hurry of my work my personal correspondence had fallen into neglect. I felt aggrieved that my silence might be taken for indifference, but I consoled myself with the thought that I might make adequate amends either by a surprise visit to them or by a regular battery of letters the moment the rush of work was over.

It was during one of the short sojourns of mine in the city that, one cold winter afternoon, the post brought me news from Bombay—and such news! Vidya was getting married! Vidya was getting married! Along with the formal printed invitation was enclosed a note from Suresh, the latter part of which was couched in such sad and dignified and un-Suresh-ian language that it was not difficult to trace its authorship to Vidya. But why on earth should the dear girl resort to this subterfuge, why could not she write to me herself? So, this was the fellow—what was his name?—that played the hero in that painting? But why all this sadness? Was she trying to conceal her bubbling joy behind this sentimental smoke-screen? I must tell her I am no Suresh to be tricked by her girlish pranks!—

Saturday afternoon saw me in Bombay, walking into Sethji's palatial house which was being decorated with all the pomp and splendour that suited the occasion. Suresh was there as noisy as ever, swaggering about the place, as though he were the sole superintendent of the show.

He saw me from a distance and in

another moment was by my side, shouting "Nalin Babu" "Achuke" and taking hold of both my hands, hurled at me a hundred questions in breathless succession.

"Nalin Babu," he said, "If you neither replied to our last letter nor came here yourself, we had decided to publish in the papers an announcement of your 'sad and untimely demise!'"

I laughed. "I knew you would even organize condolence meetings to mourn my death. That was why I rushed here immediately on receipt of your letter."

I asked him about Vidya.

"Nalin Babu, you have been very unkind to us. How could you so suddenly forget us all? Didi has been very much cut up, though she tries to pretend she is not. Now and then she will ask me if I have any news from you and, when I say no, she walks away in silence—later, when I see her with reddened eyes and tear-stained cheeks, I know she has been crying. Then I feel like crying too, but I get angry and tell Didi we should try to forget you, which makes her cry all the more. But now the crying is all over and she is getting married, and here you have come and you have not forgotten us, thank God!"

I felt a sharp sting of regret at my heart, as I heard of the havoc caused by my supposed indifference. I must have been a pig to treat this rare gem of genuine friendship with such scant courtesy! I should beg a thousand pardons of her. I should convince this soft-hearted sensitive girl that I still cherished her friendship as an invaluable treasure.

I saw Sethji who gave me a warm greeting, as also a number of my old "Chandni" friends who were full of reminiscences of the 'good old days! But it was not easy to single out Vidya, who was the centre of attention in that house choking with ladies, both old and young.

But between themselves Vidya and Suresh managed it. A little after dark, Suresh came and took me to his study where he said his Didi was waiting to see me.

More nature-looking than when I saw her last and resplendently attired

Vidya greeted me with folded hands and a wan smile.

"So, you are going to your 'father-in-law's house, my Mini?" I asked banteringly.

"Yes," she replied, "Was the old Kabuliwalla in jail to have remained unheard-of all these days?" The smile seemed to be fading from her lips.

Smarting under a guilty conscience, I trotted out my explanation and apology, and then tried to divert the talk along a lighter vein. But the more I teased her on the topic of her approaching happiness, the more she appeared distressed. Her eyes, full to overflowing glistened in the bright light and tears coursed down her cheeks. Finally, to my utter embarrassment, she buried her face in her hands and burst into a violent fit of sobbing.

Suresh and I did our best to console this disconsolate girl, but in vain. At length, after weeping to her heart's content, she came round herself, wiped off her tears and appeared calm and composed.

"Nalin Babu," she said in a voice trembling with emotion, "pardon my presumptuousness, but I had fondly hoped that our friendship would blossom into a more beautiful and intimate tie. I knew my hope was

destined to disappointment, but I kept on hoping against hope. The example of the heroine of that story which first brought us together was constantly in my mind's eye, but I did not have the grit to go the way she went and I acquiesced in the arrangements father made for my marriage. If, now, you retain anything of your old affection for me, say you pardon me and give me your blessing."

The meek unsophisticated girl of yesterday seemed suddenly to have assumed the full emotional stature of mature womanhood. My eyes must have filled, for as I took her trembling hand in mine, two big tear drops fell on it which she wiped off with the end of her saree. I mumbled something to the effect that I would keep our friendship enshrined in my heart for ever and for ever. A suggestion of a smile hovered on her lips, and then, suddenly, she knelt at my feet, touched them with both hands and rising, turned and walked out of the room.

Urgent work was calling me back to Calcutta and I left the next day. As I sat gazing out of the window of my carriage on the kaleidoscope of natural panorama, the colourful events of my own recent past flooded into the mind and I caught myself mumbling: "If only I had known, if only I had known!"

The heat of the atom bomb "suntanned" some Japanese, but those closer to the blast area were bleached, Dr. J. Dufrenoy and Dr. M. L. Dufrenoy of the University of California Medical Center, San Francisco, said in a report to the American Chemical Society.

Melanin, an inky chemical that makes black sheep blacker and is also responsible for sun-tanning, is flanked by two white compounds in a chemical system, the report said. When the first compound is heated, it takes on oxygen and becomes melanin, they explained, and when melanin, in turn, is heated, it is converted to the second white substance.

"Thus, according to exposure to the blast of the atomic bomb, some Japanese developed a heavier tan on their face, or conversely, had their natural tan bleached away," the chemists declared.

Interest in melanism—abnormal blackness of skin, feathers, or fur—has increased sharply in recent years, according to the report, which pointed out, however, that the condition has been observed for thousands of years.

"It is recorded in the Book of Genesis that Jacob rapidly bred a flock of black sheep from the flock of white sheep and rams which Laban had entrusted to his care," the chemists noted.

Nevertheless, people are still surprised when a white animal has a black young, they stated. Melanism is the opposite of albinism and can be explained by the Mendelian law of heredity.

It is now known that melanin, whether in the ink of the squid or the skin of man, occurs as small granules of uniform size, the report continued. It originates from a chemical called dihydroxy-phenyl, which is found in both animal and plant tissues.—SCIENCE DIGEST.

IMMORTAL JATIN

By BEJOY KUMAR SINHA

[The story of Jatin Das and of his epic fast in the Lahore Central Jail which ended in his death on Sept. 13, 1929, is one of the most inspiring landmarks in the long road we have trod to freedom. Here it is as told by a jail companion who was with during his last days]

BENGAL is celebrating this year on the 13th September the death anniversary of the great martyr Jatin Das with a special programme of processions and public meetings following the unveiling of his statue in Hazra Park, South Calcutta, by Mrs. Prathibha Sanyal, wife of the late Sachindra Nath Sanyal, the renowned revolutionary who was the right hand of Sri Rash Bihari Bose. The people, for all these years, treasured the sacred memory of their martyrs but it is only now, with the achievement of freedom, that they are able to pay homage to them publicly and with due ceremony.

Bhagat Singh, Chandra Shekar Azad and Jatin Das have become legendary figures in the story of our national struggle. They were a heroic trio in life, and death. Bhagat Singh mounted the gallows with the slogan of *INQILAB ZINDABAD*, Azad fell in frontal fight with the police. Jatin Das demonstrated that no amount of suffering could daunt the soldiers who had dedicated themselves to the service of their country. Jatin Das's death after a heroic hunger strike is a stirring episode of our national history and I had the great privilege to be by his side, as a hunger striker, during those last days of his life. The magnitude of his sacrifice defies description. At this distance of 20 years, I recall those precious moments of my life, when I witnessed that great and glorious spectacle—Jatin Das's Journey to Eternity.

The hunger strike was originally started on the 15th June 1929 by Bhagat Singh and his comrade B. K. Dutt following their life sentence in the Assembly Bomb Case. They demanded from the Government that all political prisoners in the country should be on a different footing from the ordinary criminals and

should receive a better treatment befitting their culture and standards of living. They also protested against the policy of racial discrimination that made provision for better treatment to all Europeans as a class including hardened criminals. The revolutionaries knew too well of the endless suffering that was the lot of long-term political prisoners in the Indian jails. In 1915 in the Benares Conspiracy Case three prisoners died and one became mad. Again in the Andamans several prisoners died, one of them having been confined in what was almost an iron cage for six months continuously. His crime was that he had refused to show proper "respect" to his haughty European Jail Superintendent.

This demand received immediate support all over the country but the Government was adamant. In the meantime, the trial of the Conspiracy Case prisoners started at Lahore and Bhagat Singh and Dutt were brought under medical escort to stand their second trial in this new case. They had grown very weak since they had been fasting for about a month. It was now our turn. On the 13th July, the majority of us decided to go on hunger strike to death to strengthen the cause.

It would be a surprising revelation to the country that Jatin Das who ultimately courted death was against this strike in group form. But such was the fact. The reason was not his lack of confidence in his own self. But as a far-sighted soldier, he wanted to be sure of the entire group's capacity to endure till the end. We were all so young and did not therefore appreciate his counsel of caution and moderation. One of us even strongly deprecated his attitude. He just laughed. The days that followed showed of what stuff

Jatin Das was made and in what spirit he had wanted us all to get into the fight. For while some of us did fall in keeping up that degree of resistance to forcible feeding with which we started in the beginning, Jatin Das steadily increased his resistance till death stared him in the face.

Our hunger strike was unlike the normal type when a prisoner refuses to accept food voluntarily but submits to artificial feeding. Such strikes do not usually endanger life even when they are protracted. We had however started the hunger strike with the clear idea that unless some of us succeeded in our attempts to die by making forcible feeding medically impossible, Government would not be forced to concede our demands. Jatin Das was conscious of it and it was he who led the way.

A gang of seven or eight sturdy people under the command of the doctor over-powered each striker before the forcible feeding. Jatin Das was well-built. On the very first day, the gang had to wrestle with him for long before they could throw him on the mattress spread on the ground. Jatin was panting, lying exhausted. Just then the doctor-in-charge inserted the tube in the nose. Jatin was vigilant. He coughed vigorously and managed to get the tube into his wind pipe. The doctor was nervous and in a hurry he poured milk, a part of which entered the lungs. The flow was irregular however and the doctor, in a temper, introduced another thicker tube in the mouth. Jatin had fainted in the meantime. The doctor, incapable of realising the idealism that inspired the strikers, said that it was all pretence and left him there.

After about half an hour Jatin gained consciousness. He was physically exhausted but his face was beaming. He told his comrades that he was lucky to succeed. No more forcible feeding would be possible. And he was right. His lungs had been affected by the milk poured into it and his condition was found by medical authorities to be too bad thereafter to stand forcible feeding. They now took to coaxing and cajoling him. The senior medical officer said to Jatin one day: "Why don't you

agree to feeding, once a fortnight? Your sufferings have moved the country. If you prolong your life, you can strengthen the hands of your people by giving them more time." Jatin would just smile and say nothing.

His march to death had begun. He refused all medicines and nourishment. His condition rapidly worsened from day to day. His limbs were paralysed. He lost his power of speech. He could not move even his eye-lids.

The news of his critical condition was carried outside by jail warders and the doctors themselves who were all full of sympathy now. We had succeeded in our work of rousing our people by our actions. A powerful movement had grown up in support of our demand. All this time the Government issued communique after communique. Eventually, it accepted our demands. Jail enquiry committees were appointed to finalise the details.

We decided to suspend the strike at this stage. But there was the question of Jatin Das. We now demanded his release. The Punjab Jail Enquiry Committee authorised by the Government to negotiate with us, gave us the definite assurance that, following the suspension of the hunger-strike he would be released unconditionally. But events were to shape differently. The release became a question of prestige. Instead of unconditional release, Jatin would be released on bail. Jatin Das was made to understand that it was a face-saving formula and that for all practical purposes it would mean his virtual release. But Jatin replied that it was equally a question of prestige with the revolutionaries who were fighting for a principle. He refused bail and so did his brave young brother who was approached directly by the authorities. In his decision, Jatin had the blessings of his old father from Calcutta and also the concurrence of Subhas Babu, in spite of the fact that an eminent Calcutta physician had told them that complete recovery might be possible after the release.

Bhagat Singh, Dutt and four of us now resumed our hunger strike in protest against the Government's breach of the agreement. Baffled, the Government resorted to a manoeuvre.

They set up some loyalist outside who executed the necessary bail bonds. Simultaneously a batch of medical people entered the jail premises with an ambulance car to remove Jatin Das forcibly to the Mayo Hospital outside. We were in our beds by the side of Jatin. We were greatly agitated and bolted the doors. We conveyed to the authorities outside that they could take away Jatin only over our dead bodies. In suspense, a quarter of an hour passed. Jatin, in the meantime, sensed what was happening and said it was all unnecessary. No one could remove him alive. We then opened the doors. Through signals Jatin somehow made the authorities understand that if they put him on a stretcher he would resist. The doctors held hurried consultations and decided that they could not take the risk. So they went away.

That night was memorable. We

were all in the big, dimly lit hall of the hospital. Jatin called us one by one and clutched our hands with his bony fingers. He had almost stepped into the other world. It was the final farewell.

The next morning, the authorities removed all of us to different parts of the jail, keeping each one of us in a separate cell. They were taking their last chance. They thought that, left alone, Jatin might change his mind. What small-minded people they were! The same week Jatin died. The jail officers took us from our separate cells to our departed Jatin. He was lying on the same bed where we had seen him last, with a serene expression on his face. It was one o' clock in the afternoon, September 13th 1929. The body was then borne out of the jail gate to be handed over to the huge crowd that was waiting outside.

—(Copyright.—N. P. S.)

BOUQUET TO RUKMANI DEVI

AS part of the celebration of the European Federation of the Theosophical Society held in Paris on July 30, Srimati Rukmani Devi of Adyar, who was the guest of honour gave a demonstration of Bharata Natya to an audience including members of the Society from all parts of the world in the large Salle Adyar. His Excellency the Ambassador of India to France and his family and members of the Indian legation and the Indian colony in Paris attended. At the end of the demonstration His Excellency said: "When I accepted the invitation to be present at this European Congress of the Theosophical Society, I did not know that I would have the opportunity of the marvellous spiritual experience of seeing Srimati Rukmani Devi dance. I have naturally heard of the Kalakshetra which is run under her direction, and I have seen many

performances of Hindu dance. But we have just seen and experienced the most profound and sublime revelation of the ancient culture of India, one of the most spiritual things in the world. Through this great artist we have been lifted to the level of the universal in her expression of the deep meaning of Nataraja's sacred dance symbolising the play of cosmic creation. This great artist has given us a most immediate contact with the world of truth. Through her art Srimati Rukmani has built a bridge between the unreal and the real, and has made heaven descend upon earth. She has lifted us to the mountain tops and evoked the most sacred in ourselves. She has brought to us the perfume of divine beauty which is hidden in the cannons of the sacred art of Indian dance."

A critic recently described me as having "a kindly dislike of my fellow creatures." Dread would have been nearer the mark than dislike; for man is the only animal of which I am thoroughly and cravenly afraid. I have never thought much of the courage of a lion tamer. Inside the cage he is at least safe from other men. There is less harm in a well-fed lion. It has no ideals, no sect, no party, no nation, no class: in short, no reason for destroying anything it does not want to eat.

—BERNARD SHAW.

THE ANDHRA STAGE

A SURVEY OF 20TH CENTURY TELUGU DRAMA

By A. V. NARSU

OF all the Telugu dramas the one that has attained the highest popularity is Gurajada Apparao's "Kanya Sulkam." The author was a scholar in Sanskrit and English, besides Telugu; but the play nowhere suffers from pedantry, but reverberates throughout with intimate, shrewd and refreshingly original observations of life and character. The construction of the play and the characters were all the author's own; and every page echoes and re-echoes with sparkling wit and humour, in which one hardly finds his equal though nearly half a century has rolled by since the play was written.

Apparao enjoyed the patronage of the famous Ananda Gajapathi of Vizianagaram; and it is said that the play was often performed in court to select circles. The play—or parts of it, for it is a rather lengthy one—has been staged often before appreciative Telugu audience and, as farce if not as serious drama, it never missed its mark.

The great thinker and social reformer that he was, Apparao sets out in the play to attack the vicious custom of selling child-girls; round this theme he weaves any number of interesting situations; he even brings a respectable lawyer to thwart and defeat the machinations of the villain, Girisam; but once the story gets started, it passes out of the hands of even this capable playwright; Girisam, the villain, is so clever, so resourceful, sprightly and charming that—do what you will, more sympathy goes to him—you leave the theatre not with your moral indignation roused against his blackguardism and in holy resentment against the social evil, but brimful of merriment over his pranks and the discomfiture of his dupes.

"Prataparudriyam" by Vedam Venkataroya Sastri, the great scholar from Nellore, is cast in a heroic mould. This author knew his stagecraft very well—it is said that he

took meticulous care of every gesture, intonation and movement in his rehearsals—and was a master at plot-construction, characterisation and the use of dialogue. The story of the drama is also very interesting, wherein a washerman is cleverly made to serve for king till the real king is rescued and brought back from Delhi. The false king's oddities, throughout, serve as an admirable foil—though the producer has to take good care that the foil does not overshadow the jewel—and the author has indeed shown marvellous insight into the lives of common people. The portrayal of Yugandhara, the central character, is admirable; only the poems do not run too smoothly and, if most of them can be "cut," the play will long remain first-rate stage-fare.

Panuganti Lakshminarasimharao of Pithapuram also made valuable contribution to Telugu drama. His plays "Prachanda Chanakyam," "Pathuka," "Radhakrishna" and others have provided liberal entertainment to several generations of Andhras, and given handy material to the actors. This playwright, too, had in abundance the saving gift of humour; insight into character; and a keen sense of the dramatic. What if he sometimes wrote unending verses; what if he made you wish that he had not written the second half of a drama after you had thoroughly enjoyed the first (as in "Pathuka" for instance)—our playwrights had to work under difficult conditions with little recognition, and one should rather be thankful that they have left us so much that is precious.

Dharmavaram Venkata Krishnama-charyulu is known as the "Andhra Nataka Pithamaha," i.e., the doyen of the Andhra stage, and for the excellent pioneer work that he had done, he deserves the title. Of those who rendered yeoman service to Telugu drama mention may be made of Dharmavaram Chalapala-

93622

charyulu and Ballijepalli Lakshmi-kantham.

Chilakamarthi Lakshminarasimham's "Prasanna Yadavam" and "Gayopakhyanam" attained prodigious popularity; and just as ten years ago, everybody was singing Santha Apte's "Suno Suno," every Andhra boy had "Alluda Rammani" on his lips. Viresalingam's "Abhimanya Sakunthalam" seems to have reached larger numbers than other translations of Kalidasa's famous play; and this versatile writer even brought out translations of some of the Shakespearean plays.

I had nearly forgotten our poet-laureate, Challapalli Venkata Sastri, who would never excuse me for not mentioning his (and his co-poet, Tirupathi Sastri's) "Pandava Udyoga Vijayamulu" which afforded material for a race of heroic actors of the Hector, Achilles' type. The structure, characters and the poems are all drawn on the heroic pattern befitting the theme; and though one might ask for a little more relief, one cannot fail to be impressed by the mighty galaxy of the Bharatha heroes presented before our eyes.

Most of these playwrights drew their inspiration from Sanskrit drama; their characters recite long poems, make speeches (which are sometimes artificial because they are couched in the book-language and not in the spoken one) and have not been influenced by Bengali drama (there are no translations of Bengali plays in Telugu) nor by Shakespeare and the westerners.

It is a moot point if we can afford to leave Shakespeare and the westerners alone and if we should not find a way to imbibe part of their skill—for our own needs in our own fashion—for writers like Shakespeare seem to appeal to the very best in people all over the world. If people from Tadjakistan can enjoy Shakespeare, can't we—are we more backward than they?

Sunkara Satyanarayana and Vasi-reddi Bhaskararao, the playwrights of the Andhra Praja Natya Mandali, have not drawn from the west, either, but they have made a significant departure from the traditions of the Andhra drama. They have in their plays "Mundhadugu," "Apaninda" and

"Ma Bhoomi," taken up problems intimately connected with the lives of the common people and portrayed in striking relief the struggles and sufferings of the workers. And Andhra Praja Natya Mandali took their plays to the common people, to the villages and the hamlets of Andhra Desa and gave thousands of crowded performances. This approach to drama, as a mirror of the lives of the common people, is entirely novel; and it ought to have a future in the hands of others besides Sunkara and Vasi-reddi.

The question of 'art for the people' or 'art for art's sake' is a vexed one. There is no sense in idolising the masses; nor in running away to the ivory tower and writing for only the beautifully-dressed ones. However painful or difficult the task, the dramatist, as other writers, has to make an effort to climb down a few steps to extend his helping hand to illiterate and ignorant people, so that he might help them to shed these faults and rise with him. We are not living in Shakespeare's time; gone are all the "noble" traditions of chivalry for what they were worth; today the people count, and not kings and queens, and the artist rises with the people or not at all. At the same time the artist has to guard against over-simplification; he cannot descend to the level of the ignorant; while being simple he has to continue to be elegant.

Among the plays that deal with present-day problems, P. V. Rajamannar's "Thappu Evaridhi" deserves special mention. Working on the same lines Naria Venkateswararao has achieved marvellous success. Of all the fine traits of Naria the best is his capacity to create a natural and homely atmosphere. He has the human touch which makes great drama. He knows what the westerners are doing and has cleverly used some of their methods over here. "Prarabdham," "Bhangapatu" and "Nava Kavi" are some of his very good plays. But all his productions are one-act plays and would hardly cover twenty minutes. It is to be hoped that this talented dramatist would brace himself up to write full-length plays—which would cover at least a couple of hours' acting time.

II

The production of plays in Andhra was first confined to the courts of rulers and nobles and the audiences were select. This tradition came over to us from the Sanskrit stage. Among the first to break this tradition and show plays to the public were the Surabhi Nataka Company and Nageswararao's and Gunneswararao's troupes. In the Surabhi Nataka Company women took women's roles though, formerly and since, men have had to do so due to paucity of actresses. Nageswararao's and Gunneswararao's troupes—particularly the former—won the hearts of the audiences by gorgeous and dazzling display of costumes, scenes, lighting, etc., introduced, it was then said, on the model of Bombay companies.

According to Dr. K. N. Kesari, nearly fifty years back, there were half a dozen dramatic troupes functioning in Nellore—a new group being formed from the remnants of a dissolved one—and working under the guidance of Vedam Venkataroya Sastri or in opposition to him. These groups appear to have enjoyed large popularity. Dharmavaram Venkata Krishnamacharyulu also got a good deal of stage production done mainly in the Ceded Districts.

In the early twenties, D. V. Subbarao of Masulipatam rose to fame as Harischandra; a few years later came up Sthanam Narasimharao of Rama Vilas Sabha, Tenali, who performed several feminine roles, "Chitrangi," "Madhuravani," "Roshanara," etc., with great ability. About the same time Yadavalli Suryanarayana as Dushyantha and Sanjeeva Rao as Savithri rose to prominence from the Maylavaram Company, Bez-wada; then we had the great Madhavapeddi the best of whose productions was Duryodhana; Dr. Govindarajulu Subbarao from Tenali in his excellent comic roles: Dommeti Suryanarayana the impressive hero of "Rangoon Rowdy"; Thungala Chalapathirao, the sweet singer, Daitha Gopalam, the good reciter of poems and Jonnavithula Sathyanarayana, the fine actor of the Sakubal troupe; Parupalli Subbarao who rendered the character of Radha

quite effectively; Kapilavayi Ram-natha Sastry, who made the recitation of Telugu poems a fine art and taught the Telugu people to combine melody and sense in the rendering of verses; and Govindarajulu (the district munsiff) who played feminine roles convincingly adopting mainly the Sthanam technique.

With regard to most of these artists it may be said that their respective troupes centred round them; the companies that staged the plays often concentrated on the fact that such and such an artist would take the main role—say, D. V. Subbarao as Harischandra—and so you had better rush up to the theatre, they would say, or all the tickets would be sold out; and often this happened though the performance was one which had been repeated several times in the town. Though these actors knew their job thoroughly well; though they could hold their audiences by the twinkle of an eye (as Sthanam sometimes did); though they had undoubtedly devoted ample thought and preparation for the "para kaya pravesam" needed for acting—this over-concentration on a few of the actors of a particular troupe led to two evils; one, the neglect of the other characters in the play, and two, an unhealthy influence on these gifted actors themselves. For, in a drama, atmosphere and emotional tension are all important, and these cannot be had unless all the characters co-operate; the characters act and re-act on each other and spontaneously the emotional pitch rises; and, if this be absent, an actor, however gifted, is forced to fall back upon what the great Russian director, Stanislavsky, calls "mechanical" acting, i. e., to practise expression, intonation, gesture and movement all by himself and to reproduce these on the stage. While feeling should come first and it should be feeling that rouses all these manifestations, there would be no scope for the rousing of feeling and the creation of the necessary atmosphere, if the group has not rehearsed systematically a number of times, if the side actor is merely brought to fill a place, or if sufficient care has not been taken to

coalesce all the actors together as in a properly conducted orchestral symphony.

The one to do away with individual acting was the great actor, T. Raghava, who took special care of his rehearsals and each of the minor characters; who, while being himself a first-rate artist—deserving to take his place among the greatest actors of the world—succeeded in creating atmosphere, and spontaneous and natural expression of feeling throughout his plays. He studied dramatic acting and direction very seriously; a friend who had seen several Shakespearean plays in England remarked that Raghava's renderings were quite as good as the best he had seen there. Raghava brought women to take up women's roles. His stage settings and costumes were the last word in appropriateness. He achieved his effects simply and gracefully, by faithful and honest rendering of the mood with practically no use of either song or poem to help raise the pitch. His renderings of Chanakya and Ramdas particularly will live long in the memories of those who have seen them; and Raghava will be held in great esteem by generations of lovers of the stage for bringing it back to nature and giving spontaneity of feeling first priority.

What is this spontaneity of feeling and how is it achieved? For guidance in this matter we cannot do better than draw on Stanislavsky, the famous director of the Moscow Art Theatre, though, I am assured by an erudite Sanskrit scholar that the standard Sanskrit treatises on dramatics point the same way. In essence, it represents, besides the creation of atmosphere and emotional tension by the necessary team-work, a close sympathy between the actor or the actress and the character sought to be presented, which is established during the rehearsals by intelligent help from the director and the actor's own efforts. When this emotional sympathy is established, then the gates of the actor's sub-conscious are opened, as Stanislavsky says, and the actor and the audience are carried forward as on a high flood. Then only is drama, drama. The actor, no doubt, combines perfect relaxation

with a high emotional mood; but, at least for the time being, actor, audience and all get a powerful impression—long after remembered and treasured—of realism. Once an interesting drama, without too long intervals for curtain drops, is well played, the audience would sit glued to their seats and, if a silly neighbour makes the least disturbance, half a dozen voices are raised to silence him.

If judiciously and economically used, songs have their value on the stage, for they heighten feeling but it is possible to overdo things and reduce drama either to the level of a music performance or to a Bhagavatham recitation; it may be better if the poems used are few and the songs are employed not to give opportunities to good singers to show off their talent but to enhance the purpose of the drama. So also you can overdo lighting effects and background-music effects. The latter have a tendency to drown speech, and have to be carefully used.

Rajaroo, the actor, director and organiser of the Andhra Praja Natya Mandali, has done yeoman service to the Andhra stage. The Rashtra Dalam and the Krishna Jilla Dalam used to be very highly spoken of. Besides, dozens of "dalams" were started in a number of centres and regular dramatic squads were formed. Quite a lot of interest in drama was roused, and scores of promising actors—and a few actresses, too—were discovered. Seeing the regular rehearsals conducted by Rajaroo, to obtain the necessary atmosphere and emotional pitch Sthanam was struck with wonder and admiration and shouted, "Brother, you are doing marvellous work!" I have seen Rajaroo in "Ma Bhoomi" and "Ee Naadu" and his performance was first-rate. Not only that, every member of the troupe made valuable contributions to the success of the dramas. Particularly impressive was the gentleman who played Yellamanda in the performance of "Ma Bhoomi" in Bombay. Another actor who has done and is still doing good work is Atreya from the Venkatagiri troupe.

Pemmaraju Seshagiri Rao of Bombay is another promising actor. He has a good personality; capacity to establish



cities built of tea...

Tea—540 million pounds of it a year—contributes to Government funds at the average rate of Rs13 crores annually! Many nation-building projects can thus be financed from your homely tea pot. The Damodar Valley Scheme, for instance, is estimated to cost 55 crores spread roughly over a decade. Tea revenue will cover the cost twice over. Thus, while tea is a source of comfort and good cheer in your home, it is also a fountain head of prosperity for the Nation.

SOME QUICK FACTS ABOUT TEA

- * Our tea exports during 1945/47 were worth Rs 120 crores of foreign exchange.
- * The industry employs a million men and women.
- * The State receives 3 annas excise duty on each pound of tea consumed in India, and 4 annas duty on every pound of tea exported—a total contribution of nearly 13 crores a year to the National Exchequer.
- * In addition, the State receives substantial sums from Income Tax paid by tea companies.



tea
a great Indian industry

INSERTED BY THE INDIAN TEA MARKET EXPANSION BOARD

emotional sympathy with the character; and perfect relaxation. Besides, he has a fine voice. The "janapatha chitrams" (i.e. pictures for the masses) are drawing not only the masses, but the educated and the under-educated, to the level of ignorance and low taste studiously presented therein; and the stage appears to be in its last throes. Let us hope

these gloomy days will not last for ever, and the stage will once again raise its head. The stage, what a wonderful thing it is! Here is painting, poetry, music, dancing, all the fine arts in a nutshell; "the flowers of youth and the fruits of age combined." That we, who profess so to love the arts, should neglect the stage!

THE SIXTEEN - ANNA ANDHRA

By D. V. R.

I am sure, you would have met him—the Sixteen-Anna Andhra. Whether at home or abroad he is not likely to be mistaken, for the stamp is the same wherever it may be found. He may be clad in a Jawahar jacket or Bengali dhoti, but invariably he would don a Bandar-border upper cloth too.

The distinctive hallmark of the Sixteen-Anna Andhra, however, is his bubbling enthusiasm. He is not particular about what he is enthusiastic about at the moment, for, what really matters and ought to matter is that a fellow should be enthusiastic always about something or other. It may be about Harnath Baba or Sai Baba, Communism or Ramana Maharshi, past Andhra glory or future Andhra Province! Whatever it may be, it is the high spirits that are more important.

He is, of course, highly patriotic: for instance, a decade or so ago his patriotism took the shape of a slightly critical attitude towards learning Hindi which he thought was a slur on the beauty and greatness of Telugu language and literature. He has, however, grown wiser since, and takes to Hindi quite kindly to-day. Although he ardently believes that the Telugu language is the most musical and Telugu literature the richest in the world, strangely enough, he never speaks his mother-tongue without a handful of English words in each sentence. In fact, when he is excited he argues only in English. But that does not seem to cast a slur on his linguistic patriotism. He is fond of repeating that Telugu is the Italian of the East though he has not the faintest idea

about Italian; nor is he, perhaps, aware that the saying has its origin in the fact that in both these languages words end in vowel sounds and not consonants. That the average earnings of an author in Andhra Desa amount to about fifty rupees per book published is an insignificant matter to this boastful admirer of Andhra literature, although authors are not denied public honours thanks to him for he is ever ready to call a conference and to present a long shawl, a still longer title and a purse of one hundred and sixteen rupees which is his idea of a proper reward for an author's or scholar's work of a life-time.

He is fond of singing about past Andhra exploits; and according to him both Ajanta frescoes and the Vizianagar empire reflect exclusively the glories of ancient Andhra. He is fairly good at versifying which is his manifestation of a great poetic tradition. He has a remarkable talent for composing verses on each and every occasion; whether it be the garianding of the sub-collector's wife or the high Congress President, whether it be a poets' gathering or a krishak-kisan rally—he would be ready with his *Pancha Ratna*, i.e., five gems (of poems).

He is equally good at composing songs. In this, particularly, he may be styled a genius as far as technique is concerned. The technique consists of this: Catch hold of a Hindi, Marathi or Bengali tune and simply fill it up with handy Telugu words that would fit in the tune. The effect, I need not say, is simply marvellous. If you doubt, go to an average (barring a

few good pictures like, for instance, /auhini's) Telugu picture; you would then understand better.

He is a great democrat in art; that is to say, he recognises no barriers to art and so freely adopts English, French (particularly Maupassant) Russian, Hindi and Bengali themes—sometimes the story too wholesale—and does it up in the Italian of the East and is hailed as a great writer; as an Andhra Shakespeare, Andhra Keats, Andhra Gorky, Andhra Tagore or even an Andhra Lawrence! Plagiarism? Oh no, I told you he is an ardent believer in the theory that art knows no bounds! By the way, in almost every Andhra town you would come across an Andhra Gandhi, Andhra Stalin and Andhra Saigal too!

He is never tired of reminding you that Andhra Desa has produced some of the ablest journalists in the country. That may be true, but he does not seem to be alive to the fact that it has not been able to build up a befitting tradition of journalism or maintain a single journal of all-India repute and influence though some individual cases have prospered and made their mark mainly outside Andhra Desa.

In business and industrial spheres he firmly believes that his backwardness is entirely due to undue Western and Northern Indian competition but, no, never due to his lack of enterprise. Similarly, in other spheres, his backwardness is never due to lack of organisational and managerial capacity, or push and drive but only due to lack of a separate Andhra Province! He scarcely condescends to run a hotel or restaurant though for his coffee and *idali* he knows he must resort to a coffee hotel as he can never depend on home for a good cup of coffee or a good plate of *idali*. Yet, he sneeringly refers to the Southerner as a job hunter and hotel keeper conveniently forgetting that the gentlemen of the extreme South are equally good whether in running a coffee hotel or running the Delhi Secretariat.

He will assert that the best artistes are the Andhra film stars but as a rule he prefers a Hindi, Bengali or Tamil picture to a Telugu picture which, of course, shows his broad cosmopolitan outlook. He boasts about his superior Andhra blood and

believes he is a pure Aryan whatever that may mean and whatever his features might indicate. He considers his food the best and most delicious in the world—the chief items being chilli *chatni* and mango pickles without which he would not survive a day whether in Bezwada or Boston! According to him there is nothing like Kistna and Godavari water or, for the matter of that, the water from his *agraharam* (village) well; and he invariably complains that water outside his own home does not agree with him. And yet, he prides himself that Andhras were great colonisers once spreading as far as Java and Sumatra.

For all the excellent qualities of the waters of Kistna and Godavari no Andhra, however, seems to thrive in his own homeland; like the Irish he seems to thrive much better after leaving home for good. Whether it is Chintamani or Punniyah, Dahagam Lakshminarayana (donor of the Nagpur University) or Raghavendra Rao, Viswesrayya or Bhavani Shankar Niyogi, Radhakrishnan or Alladi, Sir Vijaya or C. K. Naidu—they all seem to have thrived just in proportion to the distance they kept from Andhra Desa and more especially its sixteen-anna atmosphere. The great saint and musical genius, Thyagaraja, too, who composed hundreds of devotional *keertanas* in Telugu, be it noted, flourished on the banks of the Kauveri and not on the banks of either Kistna or Godavari; nor did the fame of Vallabhacharya begin to spread until he reached the banks of Sabarmati in Sourashtra. Perhaps, as a writer in SWATANTRA (issue dated 9th July, 1949) puts it Andhra genius never blossoms forth until it is transplanted in some non-Andhra soil.

Collective enterprise, persistent effort and high ambition are to him mostly non-Andhra virtues and being patriotic he would never think of cultivating them. He acutely feels, however, that his share of the national rewards is nothing compared to his contribution of services and sacrifices and complains that not a single son or daughter of Andhra has been conferred the much coveted honours of either a seat in the Centre or even a Governorship, let alone the Andhra Province! He will argue with

you that Pattabhi is not a whit less than Rajaji in intellectual equipment or record of public service and that for sheer largeheartedness, sacrificing zeal and undaunted courage there is none to beat Prakasam, at any rate in South India; but strangely enough, if either Prakasam or Pattabhi or any other eminent Andhra for the matter of that were to be on the way to the attainment of some high position of authority or honour he would, at once, begin to discover their faults and would not rest content till the prominent leader is pulled down; that is his idea of practical democracy. But no sooner has he carried the mischief beyond repair than he begins again loudly to lament the slights to Andhra Desa!

Well, the Sixteen-Anna Andhra has his counterpart in other parts of the country too. And, I am sure, you would have come across the Sixteen-Anna Tamilian (Kashzagam variety), Sixteen-Anna Bengali, Sixteen-Anna Oriya, etc., who are but local editions of the same species.

With all his human frailties he is

essentially well-meaning and does not understand half what he wants and does not mean half what he says. Indeed, he is quite likeable; and who does not like a hot-blooded, a bit thickheaded and, you may add, warm-hearted fellow? An immature but grownup boy lacking poise may be laughed at but a fellow who can be equally serious about Marx and mango pickles is not exactly to be trifled with. Better tame him with a bit of cajolry and, better still, feed his bubbling enthusiasm with more wholesome nourishment than what it is being fed upon—and you will be astonished to discover a refreshingly energetic, loyal, simple and cheerful companion.

There, I have said it, but I am afraid the Sixteen-Anna Andhra, if he happens to read this, would denounce me as but an eight-anna Andhra! I confess, however, that I am quite content to remain just a four-anna Andhra, and for the rest merely a citizen of India—or the world if you like.

C. F. ANDREWS: THE APOSTLE FROM THE WEST

By M. S. SRINIVASAN

"But he that is great among you let him be as the younger, and he that is chief as he that serveth."—St. LUKE.

"MAN is truly spirit. It is the spirit that quickens," writes C. F. Andrews. It was the spirit that quickened Andrews in all his political, humanitarian and literary enterprises. He never met Aurobindo Ghose in flesh, but he met him in the spirit. He was the friend of Gandhiji and responded by instinct to his "appeal directly to the living spirit in man." He was the beloved companion of Rabindranath Tagore, and their comradeship of spirit which began with his reading of *Gitanjali* on moonlight walks on Hampstead Heath, was as edifying as it was unique. Tagore says, "Such a rare companionship of soul existed between Andrews and me. Coming unsought it was a gift of God beyond all price.... Here, from a foreign land, I gained a true man." When Andrews first came to Santiniketan it was "a poor place of study," but he made it "a part of the spiritual endeavour of his life." His spirit, moreover, was a torch which lighted any little lamps which sought to voyage on religious quests.

Andrews was "a Christian *sadhu*," as the Poet of Bengal, called him. Cast amidst mediaeval Christendom, he would have been a lovable friar in whom meekness would not have run into weakness, piety into superstition, and zeal into fanaticism. Born in the seventies of the nineteenth century, he was the child of the heroic mood of imperial Victorianism combined with devotion to a Church, whose one object was to educate the pagans of the East. He was the strong man of piety and was led by the star of Livingstone, the Patriarch of adventurous Christians, and his haven was Africa. He confesses in "My Life Story": "The story of Livingstone's great marches across Africa fascinated me most of all.... Every time that I have made the journey I have

learned to love Africa better. It is a continent that grips the heart." He stumbled upon India and stayed on fascinated by the moral genius of the Mahatma and his philosophy. In Africa as in India, he was truly Christ's Faithful Apostle.

His versatility was unbounded. He was a spiritual adventurer, passionate pilgrim from the West, messenger of peace from the East, prolific writer with a purpose, poet of sublime religious fervour, talented painter and tireless fighter for the poor and the oppressed wherever they were found. The whole world was crossed and recrossed by the silken thread of his heart. Nature's unkindness here and man's folly there, a famine in India and human trafficking in Fiji, touched him so keenly that he was always a traveller with a bleeding soul and searching mind. He enquired into the problem at first hand, understood its crux with an intuitive probing, prepared memoranda, exhaustive and practical, awakened the sympathies of leaders and Governments, then took respite only through sheer physical exhaustion, and then again began a new task with the same old enthusiasm and thoroughness. His reward was that "he rejoiced in the victory of his Christian faith over all obstacles." Often his friends complained that he would not tie himself down to any organised work.

He was one of fourteen children; and his father was a clergyman, "an idealist almost indifferent to human affairs," and from his mother he learnt "the faculty of using every moment of time in a thrifty manner." At Edward VII School, Birmingham, and Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he had as his intimate friend Basil Westcott, the son of the saintly Bishop of Durham who, with Canon H. S. Holland, was his idol, he not only evinced keen interest in university missions to Africa and India, but showed his proficiency in cricket, golf and rowing. He says: "The passion of



MARGO SOAP
for Healthy Skin

It is the famous genuine
Neem Oil Soap of
quality. Keeps the
skin free from skin
troubles and ensures
health and beauty.

It has the properties of NEEM in it

MARGO
TOILET & MEDICAL

A CALCUTTA CHEMICAL Product

CC 5/49-40

my early boyhood for adventure across the seas took possession of me, and became linked with a very deep religious conviction which had become at this time the centre of my life and character." For four years he was lecturer and Don in the Cambridge University. Meanwhile, he was ordained and gained experience of social work in the midst of vagabonds of the slums of England. Basil Westcott died of cholera at Delhi while nursing a British soldier, and Andrew felt that it was his "sacred duty" to complete his mission. This unhappy accident drew him to India where he was connected with educational activities of the Delhi University and Santiniketan. Till his death on 5th April, 1940, in his 69th year, he was to us 'Charlie' and 'Deenabandhu.'

His great love of India was both political and religious. He ceaselessly worked for her freedom and supported the creeds of non-violent non-co-operation and civil disobedience. He felt that the Gandhian movement was "a religious revolution, which has taken a national form."

But his love of this country was unlike the peerless love of that Aryan warrior, Annie Besant. She strove, as no single human soul ever strove before in an alien soil, to recapture the majesty of India of yore and lore, the spirituality of the Hindu of the Vedic Age. She hated the material ambitions of "the lesser nations and lesser men" of the West. She was in essence a Hindu.

Andrews, on the other hand, was thrilled by the throbs of a modern India and its makers. He was inspired by the reformers, Ram Mohan Roy, Dayanand, Ramakrishna Paramahansa and Swami Vivekananda, but at heart he was a Christian. He was the flower of British manhood and was not ashamed of western civilisation. In fact, by a life of suffering and renunciation he showed to what heights that great civilisation could ascend. He was different from hundreds of other missionaries. If he dressed like an Indian it was to feel what it was to be an Indian and to touch India's imagination. In the East he led an eastern life and in the West a western life. He was a Scotch mis-

sionary, a pleasing amalgam of idealism and practicality. His book "*Christ and Human Need*" harped on the same theme as his first pamphlet "*Christianity and the Labour Conflict*." Contact with India only made his Christian principles more tolerant and humane.

The ethics of racial arrogance shocked and pained him. In his book "*India and the Simon Report*" he traces the antipathy to the "white" commission to the racialism of Lord Birkenhead. He observes: "It was like a racial superior acting with arrogance towards a racial inferior". By penance and expiation he bore the overbearing sins of his countrymen.

In the months that followed the Rowlatt Act, gruesome crimes were committed by men in authority in the Punjab. A retired Indian military officer was callously whipped for refusing to give false evidence. Andrews, in his tour of the province, approached him and requested him to tell him the details. The officer, distrusting him, refused. Andrews then embraced him and disarmed his suspicions. When the Indian narrated the horrors that had befallen him, Andrews wept, fell at his feet and with tenderness entreated him thus: "Brother, on behalf of the English nation I beg your forgiveness."

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru once in a mood of despair burst out, "Charlie, when will your country realize the wrong that she is doing to us keeping our very souls in subjection?" Later Andrews wrote, "That one word 'souls,' which he emphasized, made me wince as he used it."

Andrews shared the poetic faith of Tagore that the defeated Indian nation "is the bride whom God woos in secret" and that He would lead her into that heaven of freedom "where the mind is without fear and the head is held high." He himself in his poem "*The Indian Nation*" heartened the leaders in their labour of rousing the country from its wintry sleep to demand its freedom.

"Yet ye shall reach those radiant mountain heights,
Where from the grave of winter,
shall arise
The spring flowers of a nation's second birth."

He saw that the Britishers at home and abroad failed to understand and estimate justly India and the Indians. He, therefore, wrote books and pamphlets creating a healthy public opinion. He was first interpreter of India to Britain and of the East to the West. He raised the veil over Gandhiji and Tagore and took the Europeans along the frontiers of their teachings and philosophies, so that their capacity to understand the East might be tested. He discussed and threw light upon other live questions like the post-Mutiny period, the rise and growth of the Congress, the challenge of the N.-W. Frontier, Miss Mayo's book and drink and the opium evil. He said, "If the Englishman is able to show the moral courage of meekness and humility; if the Indian is able to show the moral courage of high fortitude and manly suffering without striking a blow; then by rising to such heights as these, a higher friendship may be engendered. It will not be the old patronising friendship of the nineteenth century, but the equal friendship of the twentieth." What he said of Tagore can be applied to him also: "He holds, however, that the two forms of civilisation and culture—the Eastern and the Western—are vitally necessary, as complements of each other. He regards the East as in danger of stagnating, unless roused by the practical activity of the West. He regards also the West as in danger of rushing over precipices to ruin and destruction, unless steadied and helped by the calmer wisdom and older experience of the East. His own idea of the harmony of humanity is that the East and West should meet together."

Santiniketan, "a little place of welcome for all men," was often disturbed by the political excursions of

Andrews. It was slowly that he heeded the warning of Tagore that it "must be saved from the whirlpool of our dusty politics." The "central factor" of Andrews' life, from the time Gokhale mooted the question of immigration of Indian labourers to South Africa, was the abolition of indentured labour, which Gandhiji characterised as "a movement of slavery." He visited Natal, Fiji and Kenya and cried halt to this shameless barbarity. The news of the British Government's decision in 1917 to end finally the indentured system was received by him as "a message from God." This was his supreme achievement. Further, the workers of the mill centres, the sugar fields, the tea gardens and the jute districts, and the victims of famines and floods in India and the natives of Africa one and all came under his influence. He was the President of the All-India Railwaymen's Union and the All-India Trade Union Congress, and Chairman of the Trade Union Council. In 1928 he parted company with the Trade Union movement differing on principle from their methods of violence and exploitation of the labourers for political purposes.

His writings are marked by high idealism and lofty vision. His style is simple and graceful and speaks straight to the inner man. Occasionally it glows with spiritual ardour as in "*What Christ means to me*." His poems reveal his intellectual delicacy.

Tagore's estimate of W. W. Pearson is appropriate to Andrews: "We seldom meet with any one whose love of humanity was so concretely real, whose ideal of service so assimilated to his personality as it has been with him... His patriotism was for the world of man."

Totalitarian discipline with its slogan-shouting masses is deliberately designed to submerge the individual. The discipline a man imposes on himself because he believes intelligently that it helps him to get a worthwhile job done to his own and his country's benefit, fosters character and initiative. It makes a man do his work, without being watched, because it is worth doing. In the blitz of the late war not a man of the thousands of British railway signalmen ever left his post. They stood, often in the heart of the target area, cocked up in flimsy buildings, surrounded by glass, while the bombs screamed down. They knew what they worked for, they knew its importance to others and to their country and they put their job before themselves. That was discipline.—Field Marshall SLIM.

ENTER—THE SANGH

By "BAROO"

THE significance of Mr. Golwalkar's triumphal progress from one end of the country to the other, and the mammoth crowds he has been drawing, should not be lost on any one. If appearances count for anything, it is plain as a pike staff that the Sangh has emerged from its recent ordeal with a mass support that other parties, not excluding the Congress, might well envy and guard against, while it is yet time, unless they wish to see the country delivered to a Hindu irredentism that will lead it to certain disaster.

For the Sangh is nothing if it is not a violent reaction to the bellicose hatred which has been the stock-in-trade of the Muslim League (now the Pakistan Muslim League, if you like) all these years. It came into being as a militant Hindu organisation prepared to fight the League on its own ground, and to give Muslim National Guards a taste of their own medicine. During the troublous days of 1947, it stood for stout-hearted resistance to Muslim terror and for the use of similar terror against Muslims wherever this was possible. No wonder it won the loyalty of a large number of young men whom it imbued with aggressively communal ideas, and with the determination that there must be no compromise with the ideal of a pure and predominant Hindu culture in Bharat-Varsh—a term which might include Pakistan or might not.

Upon the ideals of the Sangh must rest the moral responsibility for the murder of Gandhiji. Few, if any Sanghis have felt any remorse over the assassination. Many have openly rejoiced over it. Yet, and this disgraceful fact must be faced by every Hindu, this close knit, authoritarian organisation has captured the Hindu mass mind as perhaps no other party has succeeded in doing till the present day. The explanation for this strange phenomenon lies in the play on the ignorance of our masses of the forces let loose by Mr. Jinnah, and skilfully exploited by certain interested parties.

Evidence of this last is not far to seek. You have only to scan the names of the members of any of the Reception Committees which welcomed Mr. Golwalkar to the towns he has been visiting, to be struck by the fact that they are the same factory owners and merchants who till yesterday used to do a similar service for the Congress. No organisation can exist without money, and it is clear beyond doubt which source the Sangh gets its money from. The source that has, all down the ages, known the value of religion as a social sedative, a delayer of change, as a preserver of the *status quo*.

For our men of money know which side their bread is buttered, and what is best for their health. Alarmed by the growth of leftist ideas among people subjected to increasing distress and not quite certain even of the Congress as an efficient defender of their interests, they have found hope in Mr. Golwalkar's attacks on Communism. Here at last was a man after their own heart—a safe investment if there ever was one. Build him up, build up his gang—you won't regret it. The word passed round all the way from the doomed jagirdars of Naya Kashmir to the panicky mill-owners of Coimbatore, from the Birlas of the North to the Goenkas of the South and, lo, an obscure fanatic was transformed overnight into a venerable Gurujī complete with orange-coloured robe. Unfortunately, the circumstances are only too propitious for the popularisation of ideas such as the Sangh is so insidiously spreading. Tension over Kashmir is still acute and there are millions of people for whom the creation of Pakistan has meant destitution and distress beyond words. Their hatred for Pakistan is a living, consuming passion, and they blame all their woes on it. Many have got over the bereavements caused by the riots of '47, but the loss of property is an ever-present reality and a thing altogether more difficult to forget. The dispossessed find it hard to see the unrooted continuing to enjoy their

property (hence the suggestion to levy a "liberty tax" on the whole country for the benefit of the displaced—and a very reasonable suggestion, too, seeing it was not the fault of the refugees that they became the main victims of partition). The dispossessed must be given hopes of an ultimate forcible reunion and a recovery of their ancestral homes and lands or they will begin to question the sanctity of the private property of those who have not been disturbed. Better, better by far, to rouse such hopes than to see socialism challenge the right to property. Better to take the risk of an open conflict with Pakistan than to make an abject surrender to rebels at home. But refugees apart, it won't do any harm to turn men's gaze backwards to a once glorious past instead of allowing them to face the future squarely and think of present problems. No harm at all in inculcating in young minds a fanatical belief in their own faith, an un-

questioning obedience to the Gurujī, and a ruthless determination to put down all opposition. One country, one people, one leader. Hindu, Hindi, Hindustan. And no damn nonsense.

Who is to fight this new madness, this new engine of darkness that is called the Sangh? Certainly not the Government which has set it at liberty, and which is composed of men themselves puppets in the hands of Big Money—men who oblige their friends by buying up with the taxpayers' money and in the name of the nation, whole shipyards which have stopped yielding profits—men whose biggest headache is also Mr. Golwalkar's bugbear. No, there will be no help forthcoming from the Government in this task. None even at the peril of war with Pakistan, and disaster all round.

Men of the Left must fight this menace as they have fought others in the past. But they must fight it quick if they are to prevent the clock being put back a few hundred years.

FUNDAMENTAL RIGHTS IN THE DRAFT CONSTITUTION

By M. A. VENKATA RAO

ARTICLE 13 of the Fundamental Rights in Part III of the Constitution has been, despite competent criticism passed as drafted. If not amended now, it will have to be amended laboriously in the future. The criticism that the wording of the article takes away with the left hand what is given by the right is correct. But eminent defenders of the present version like Sir B. N. Rao and the pilot of the Draft in the Constituent Assembly, Dr. Ambedkar, have reiterated their stand that the article has only the restrictions absolutely necessary to give discretion to the executive and that such limitations are to be found in the democratic constitution of the USA and in the constitutional usage of Britain. It appears to non-party students that this plea commits the fallacy of *ignotatio elenchī*, if not also *petitio principii*.

The article has seven rights each subjected to limitations in a manner

calculated to nullify in essentials the rights so sought to be conferred. Let us illustrate with regard to the first, viz. freedom of speech and expression. This is subject to the provision that it shall not affect the operation of any existing law, or prevent the State from making any law relating to libel, slander, defamation, sedition, or any other matter which offends against decency or morality or undermines the authority or foundation of the State. How in the face of these comprehensive limitations thinking people can still claim that the original rights are left with any operative meaning is difficult to understand. Now, when the defenders say that the executive should have discretion to limit the rights in order to safeguard the rights of other citizens against libel, slander and defamation and the safety of the State against sedition, they are ignoring the point at issue. It is conceded by all sane persons that every right is bounded by duties flow-

ing from the rights of others. It is agreed that the exercise of the fundamental right of freedom of speech and expression by any citizen should carry the penalties imposed by law if it should amount to infringement of others' rights by libelling them. But the real question at issue is *who* should determine *when* a citizen's action is such a punishable infringement—the law courts or the executive? The draft or rather the article as passed does not merely say that the right is subject to libel, decency or public morality. But it makes the right function within the four corners of *any existing law or any laws that may be passed by the State*. The Fundamental Right is thus subordinated to the existing law or any law to be passed by the State restricting it. How under such circumstances the right is to be called a Fundamental Law of the Constitution is for experts to pronounce. Fundamental Law is by definition foundational and ordinary law passed by a simple majority of the legislature should confirm with it. But here we have the original phenomenon of the ordinary law existing (or forthcoming in the ordinary way by parliamentary majorities without the cumbersome procedure laid down for change of the Constitution by amendment by special process laid down therein), being laid down as superior to the Fundamental Law. Under the circumstances, Part III on Fundamental Rights should be scrapped leaving Parliament supreme. That would reflect the intention of the framers of the present Constitution more transparently.

Further, to make the fundamental right subject to any existing law or future law in a parliamentary system of government as is contemplated by the present constitution is to enthrone the executive and to put it above the Constitution. For, the parliamentary system of this kind makes the executive the leader of the legislature. Private bills have little chance of passing into law. The limitations contemplated by Article 13 will be interpreted *in practice* by the executive. That makes the makers and interpreters of the law the same body of persons, accusers and judges

become identical which is tantamount to a denial of justice.

It is true that abuse of rights should be punishable. But whether any particular accusation of such abuse on the part of any particular person or body of persons does in fact and effect constitute a breach of the law is an issue on which the last word should not rest with the executive. It should be open to sifting in the ordinary way in the ordinary courts. The action of the authorities should be subject to review by the courts on the appeal of affected persons or of persons acting on their behalf. But in the version before us, such appeal is not indeed denied. It is open to the aggrieved persons to go to court. But the appeal is liable to be useless, because the executive has been given the power to retain any existing law or to pass any law by a simple parliamentary majority, (which any parliamentary government will naturally and inevitably command) in limitation of the fundamental right. Such appeal will be useless, for the court has only to examine whether the executive has acted within the law. The court is not empowered to judge whether the executive is right in curtailing the exercise of the right in the manner it has done in any particular case, whether the law under which such executive abridgement has taken place is necessitated strictly by the need to defend citizens against libel, the State against subversive action and society against offences in regard to public morality. The question before the judges will not be, as it will be in the USA, whether the executive has acted to safeguard the right against abuse of it but whether it has protected itself sufficiently by clothing its action in the garb of law! The abuse of law and the subordination of the Fundamental Law to the ordinary law which is a creation of the executive are possibilities (and probabilities) inherent in the version now passed and defended by the makers of the Constitution. To say that limitations are necessary as a defence of the version is to commit the fallacy of *ignoratio elenchii*, or proving an irrelevant point and evading the real issue.

ABOLISH PROVINCIAL AUTONOMY

By MANU SUBEDAR

IN the days of Asoka and Akbar, as well as in recent times upto 1919, there was one Government in India. The growth of provincialism and local sentiments in the last 30 years has brought out a spirit of jealousy and intolerance. It has created fissiparous tendencies and demand for new and more provinces on linguistic grounds in order to satisfy the ambitions of frustrated politicians who desire to get in the new ministries.

On financial grounds, the position is altogether untenable.

It is my considered view that the revenues of both the Centre and the Provincial Governments will fall heavily in the next few years and the plans and programmes now mooted would have to be wound up on purely financial grounds. It is desirable that people should act with forethought instead of being forced by the logic of events.

While politician ministers are inevitable at Delhi, is it necessary to have a duplication of democracy at 11 Provincial capitals and at five capitals of the States Unions with the costly paraphernalia of Governors, Assemblies, Second Chambers, Ministers and Parliamentary Secretaries?

Even deficit provinces are asking for new capital cities, for universities, and for High Courts. Some of them are insisting on some industries being set up within the provincial areas regardless of economic considerations. I recommend that all law-making and taxing should be confined to the democratic Parliament at Delhi. Let the provinces remain as administrative units, to be governed by persons appointed for their fitness and experience in administration. Such men would be liable to re-call, if the administration was not up to the mark.

At present, ministers are slow, inexperienced and hesitant. They pursue slogans culled from the Congress Election Manifesto. They think themselves as men with a mission to re-

form society as soon as possible. The normal administrative machinery works so inefficiently that in hardly any subject can most provinces claim that they have done the right thing by the common people.

Conflicts with the Centre have appeared. Some of the provinces did not enforce procurement and rationing of food. More and more conferences of Provincial ministers at Delhi are breaking up without conclusive arrangements being agreed upon. In the case of zamindari bills, prohibition, mining laws and regulation, labour tribunals, advertisements in newspapers and sales tax, directives of the Centre have been frequently ignored. Local intolerance has shown itself in Assam and Bihar towards Bengalis. In Madras and Eastern Punjab, the ministries have been unstable. In certain provinces, even the Congress High Command had to institute enquiries into the corruption of the ministers. Claims for greater grants from the Centre and greater distribution of monies and loans have been put in with increasing vehemence.

Persons have been elected to the Assemblies because of their attachment to the Indian National Congress. The formation of a team for administration from those so elected has in most cases thrown up ministries which are not equal to the task.

For a shoe repair, we go to the cobbler and for a watch repair, we go to the watch-repairer but it appears that in Provincial Autonomy, for work of administration anybody will do, who has been a good Congressman in the past! The less he knows about the subject entrusted to him, the better!!

Most of the ministers are visiting the districts from where they hail and pouring public funds into the activities of that district, generally to make sure that they are re-elected. Provincial battles with neighbouring provinces and with the Centre are fought with vigour as a means of establish-

ing the claim of individual politicians to power in future. Interest of India as such is disregarded. Representatives of the World Bank, who visited India made a comment on provincial extravagance, which was one of the reasons why they were hesitant in giving the loan to India.

There is a parallel form of administration for vast areas under administration, namely, Hyderabad, Cutch, Bhopal, and Cooch-Bihar and it is ridiculous to suggest that it is not a more suitable and more successful form of administration. Even in States' Unions, the Government of India having realized their responsibility, have planted 'advisers,' without whose agreement the ministers could not take any very serious steps. This was done because it was necessary. Is it less necessary to do this in some of the so-called autonomous provinces, whose ministries are either unstable or corrupt and whose administration is definitely inefficient?

Opinion has recently swung round to greater powers for the Centre and this has been reflected in the many articles passed by the Constituent Assembly. More subjects have been added to the concurrent list. The responsibility of the Centre for law and order everywhere is accepted in an emergency. Laws could be passed for any province by the central Parliament and grants and distribution of finance could be suspended. This is not enough. As Congress discipline gets weaker, the few good men now seen in some of the ministries will not find a place. Group politicians will try to secure power regardless of public welfare and in most provinces, ministries will be insecure and liable for removal frequently. It is also not unlikely that in some provinces ministers with a majority behind them may have a different ideology from the Government of the country at Delhi.

It is necessary to build up administration from below by combining five or six districts into commissioner's divisions. Most of those, who are ministers would be very useful advisers to commissioners and also such advisers could be brought together for the

whole province but they should not have the power either to make laws or to levy taxes. There are 16 different kinds of rent acts in India and laws with regard to money lending, prohibition, sales tax and many other subjects, which cause confusion. Rulings of different provincial High Courts have also differed on important topics. Laws should be codified and simplified and even judicial administration should be integrated. Expensive paraphernalia associated with autonomous ministries must be scrapped including those of Governors.

The common man has suffered much. The middle class is being wiped out because of the failure of the Government to bring down prices of current necessities. Slogan-minded ministers have succeeded in destroying values of capital assets such as shares and properties but they have not brought down the prices of food, cloth and other necessities of life.

On the contrary, they have contributed to inflation and high prices. Stable and efficient administration is required but instead, under provincial autonomy, what the public get is slogans, extravagant and ambitious programmes and plans, ill-digested legislation far in advance of the time and a reformist zeal which does not sit well on the mediocrities to whose lot, in most provinces, ministerships have fallen.

If we want the limited energy and ability of our people to be directed towards building up a great country, prosperous at home and respected abroad, we should of deliberate forethought abolish the evil of Provincial Autonomy, which has dangerous, disruptive tendencies inherent in it. Already the demand is there for service being confined to a provincial born in the provinces. Bombay taxes commodities exported from the province! Most people are more concerned about their province and their own place in it than about the Indian Nation. This is sure to lead to Balkanisation unless the brake is applied early and with determination.—(P.T.I.—Copyright.)

VETERAN JOURNALIST RETIRES

By "BHARADWAJ"

DIVINITY, they say, hedgeth a king.

That may be doubted in our sceptical and democratic age. But there can be no doubt about the anonymity that hedgeth a leader writer on a newspaper. A special correspondent, a columnist or a contributor may have his name blazoned forth over his writings. For the leader writer there is no such title to fame. Writing, often under gruelling conditions, in a desperate race against time, is its own reward. No intelligent reader accepts the legal fiction that the Editor is responsible for all the editorials in his paper. He knows that there are others besides the Editor who write them. Whether it might increase his interest in editorials if he knew who wrote them is a moot point. An American survey showed that not all readers preferred signed editorials to unsigned ones. Many seemed to prefer the unsigned editorials because they regarded them as the opinions of the paper while signed comments suggested to them that they were the opinions of the writer. Signed editorials seem all right in weeklies and other periodicals where the identity of the person who seeks to convince the reader is as important as the views that are sought to be expressed. But in a daily newspaper the comment is everything. What is said is more important than who said it. And anonymity confers on the editorial the weight of an impersonal judgment. The leader writer's satisfaction lies in the success he is able to achieve in focussing public attention on the problems of the moment and putting across to its readers his paper's views on those problems. Although it is frequently said that the days of the editorial are numbered and that it will never again hold the position it did till ten or twenty years ago, it is still largely true of most papers that their prestige and influence are primarily built up by their editorial writers. That is true perhaps in a greater measure in India than in other countries.

When Mr. K. P. Viswanatha Iyer

retired from "The Hindu" after thirty-four years' unbroken service he might have felt like Charles Lamb on the morrow of his superannuation: "Here in the files of 'The Hindu' lie my works!" He joined "The Hindu" as a sub-editor at a time when its circulation perhaps did not reach the two figure level in thousands. He had previously worked as a reporter on the "Indian Patriot" and as an assistant in the "Madras Sentinel" and the Madras office of the Indian News Bureau. When he came to "The Hindu" as a young man of 24, Mr. S. Kasturiranga Iyengar was the Editor. No one entering daily journalism could have asked for a more exemplary or exacting chief. Accuracy of facts and sobriety in comment were the twin ideals of Mr. Kasturiranga Iyengar. Today they have become part of "The Hindu" tradition. Mr. Viswanatha Iyer has acknowledged how he imbibed these ideals under the guidance of Mr. Kasturiranga Iyengar. He started writing for the editorial columns of "The Hindu" almost from the day of his joining the paper. And although in later years he specialised in comments on economic and financial subjects, in the early days he roamed over a wide field from South Indian epigraphy to Mussolini's march on Rome. Those were spacious days when the leading columns were spread all over the page and ran to four or five columns. For a young man with energy and the will to work, the opportunities were limitless. Mr. Viswanatha Iyer made full use of them. A man of great energy and industry, he read a great deal. He missed few Blue Books and never forgot the Hansard. It was during his early years on "The Hindu" that India saw the beginnings of important economic and social legislation and few could be found as thorough with the background and history of this legislation as Mr. Viswanatha Iyer. He was a close student of contemporary developments in Britain, America and elsewhere.

and a characteristic line of criticism of the Indian authorities he used to adopt was to demonstrate how better the authorities managed things in other countries.

A leader writer, as was said at the beginning, by virtue of his anonymity, gets no public kudos for his writings. Except a few in the inner sanctum of a newspaper, no one knows who writes what and the credit or discredit goes to the paper as such. The greater is the responsibility of the writer to see that what he writes is in harmony with the principles and traditions of the paper which he serves. The prestige and influence of a paper like "The Hindu" have been built on the informed and intelligent lead it has given to public opinion on all crucial occasions. The history of "The Hindu" is replete with instances where the paper has given a lead to the country, sometimes even in opposition to the dominant views current at the moment. Of Mr. Viswanatha Iyer's own work there is ample evidence in "The Hindu's" leading articles during the war years which vigorously exposed the Government's inflationary financial policies and their dilatory tactics in regard to the development of heavy industries.

As a colleague, Mr. Viswanatha Iyer

was always accessible and willing to help the junior over the stile. He was equal to any occasion, ready to lend a hand in bringing out a special edition or a special number. Starting life as a reporter, he loved reporting and cherishes as a precious memory his days with Gandhiji during the famous Dandi march, which he covered as "The Hindu's" special correspondent. The sustained interest with which these despatches were followed was a testimony to their vivid impressionism and the eye for significant detail which he brought to that work.

Journalists in South India will long remember his services to the profession as President of the Tamil Nad Journalists' Federation for two terms during which what was perhaps the first report on working conditions of journalists in India was issued. It is a fortunate circumstance that the S. I. J. F. will continue to have the benefit of Mr. Viswanatha Iyer's experience and advice in the future, particularly in the running of its proposed bulletin. Not only his colleagues on "The Hindu," but his journalist friends all over India will wish Mr. Viswanatha Iyer good health and long life to enjoy his well-deserved rest after arduous service in an exacting profession.

In the only school of its kind in America, the principal requirements for admission are artistic leanings and mechanical aptitude. The Chicago School of Plastic Surgical Prosthetics teaches its students the art of sculpturing lifelike replacements for face and body parts lost through disease or accident.

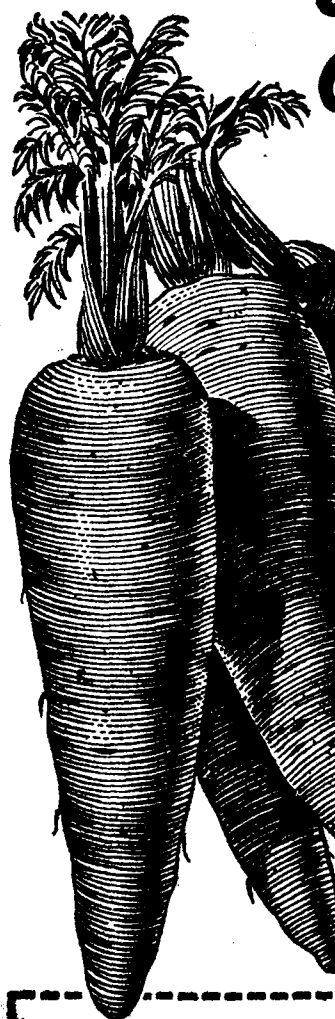
The students cast soft, skin-like hands, complete with cuticle, finger-nails, and even imbedded hairs. The nails may be manicured or lacquered with polish.

They make ears that can be bent forward and released to spring back into place. Polio victims have been fitted with spun latex coverings for withered limbs.

Fingers, noses, even complete facial masks are so lifelike that the blood appears to course in veins beneath the skin. The parts cannot be detected from flesh and blood by the casual observer. Even the pores and delicate skin tracery are reproduced. In some cases, the texture of the human skin is imitated by using tampons from the skin of an orange. A properly selected orange has a surface with indentations and tracery similar to the human skin.

The school is incorporated on a not-for-profit basis, and its students are mostly veterans, studying under the G. I. bill. Upon graduation they go into hospitals and laboratories. The devices they make may be obtained free by any patient presenting a letter from his doctor stating that he deserves free care.—SCIENCE DIGEST.

Are carrots good for our eyes?



Carrots are most beneficial to our eyes. Their carotene content is a rich source of vitamin A, and without this vitamin our eyes would suffer grievous harm. But for the body to absorb carotene it needs the help of fats. This is a reminder that one food very often depends on another for its absorption by the body. That is also one reason why the best diet is a *balanced* diet containing vitamins, minerals, proteins, carbo-hydrates (found in green vegetables, fruits, pulses, cereals, eggs, milk, nuts, fish, meat) and fats. One of the best forms of fat is Dalda. Made only of best vegetable oils it is easily digestible and always reaches you pure and clean in its sealed tins.

WHAT FOODS ARE BEST FOR CHILDREN?

Write for free advice today — or any day!

THE DALDA ADVISORY SERVICE

P.O. BOX NO. 353, BOMBAY 1



SIDELIGHTS : :

Just as bad currency drives out good if both are left freely available, so the appeal to the appetites will swamp the appeal to the mind in a free enterprise society where more money is to be made out of the first than the second.—KINGSLEY MARTIN.

THOUGH the quality of journalists determines the character of journalism, several other factors also play an important part in determining the value of the press. If there is to be a good press, there should be a good Government, a good public, a powerful and prosperous industry, and owners and editors with the right vision and judgment.

In the absence of a good Government, bad laws are likely to be enacted interfering with the freedom of the press and crippling its growth. Our Cabinets are too often prone to think that administration is their own exclusive affair, and provided they manage to maintain intact their hold on their own party, the majority party, in the legislature, other things do not matter much. The placation of the discontented in the ruling party in the legislature engages therefore a prodigious share of the energies of Ministers. Nothing can be more fatal for the continuance of a party in power for long. The characteristic feature of democratic government is the constant shifting from time to time of the respective positions of majority and minority parties through a shift in the attitude to them of the bulk of the people constituting the electorate. It has to be realised that some members of today's majority may be part of tomorrow's minority. In view of the fact that a present minority party occupying the position of an opposition in the legislature, has in it the making of a potential majority party taking over in its turn some day the reins of government, the opposition has to be recognised, not as something external to government, but as part of the very mechanism of the administration providing the means for its continuity.

How does an opposition convert itself from a minority into a majority? It does it through criticism. Balanced criticism of the wrongs done by Government tends to withdraw from the ruling party the allegiance of the public. If such criticism is properly studied and the wrongs exposed by it are righted, the lease of power of the ruling party is extended, and the prospect of acquisition of power by the opposition is correspondingly postponed. Herein lies the constructive function of minority dissent if only the leaders of the majority know how to gauge it wisely and profit by it skilfully.

Actually, through inexperience and other causes, Ministers, particularly in the provinces, have failed to realise that the opposition, through its process of criticism and correction, whether inside the legislature or out, forms part of the very structure of government under a democratic system. The result is the exclusion from consideration of a valuable element entitled to respect in its own right. Interested flatterers are admitted to confidence and disinterested critics are sought to be suppressed. The trend is towards the suppression of freedom, the pampering of the less deserving and the victimisation of independent elements given to outspoken expression of unpalatable realities. Instead of being free to develop and render increasing service, these have to contend against heavy gales of Governmental displeasure and illwill.

Government are large advertisers. They have black lists of the unfavoured that are scrupulously cut off from every campaign. Elsewhere they might occasionally relax a little from the stern requirements of discrimination, but not so our Minister for Publicity here in Madras, who seems to recognise only one classification for the press, that consisting of the supporters of Government and the rest. Advertisement revenue contributed by trade and industry,

constitutes a substantial part of the income of American and British newspapers. The Indian press is not so well supported by Indian industry which is incipient and far from widespread, and is yet in the collecting, assembling and distributing stage serving mostly as agents of foreign manufacturers. Hundreds of independent weekly journals run competently by independent-spirited editors of eminence flourish in Britain and America since the periodical press with its greater durability and less ephemeral quality is recognised to be as precious for advertisers as the daily newspapers. Indian advertisers have not yet learned the value of weekly journals as media of publicity and salesmanship. The weekly and the periodical press which alone is marked out for escape from the control and dominance of financiers, is therefore doomed to an anaemic existence in our midst.

A recent phenomenon is the invasion of the press by business magnates with fortunes made in commerce. Spreading from city to city these have created chains of newspapers. They have millions to sink. The best of talent is bought by them. What is left over for service in self-dependent papers with no outside fortunes to draw upon, is negligible. Where rich merchants seek profit in a commercial spirit through the running of newspapers, there is abundance of room for trade union principles. But trade unionism will mean the extinction of the independent section of the press doomed to poverty and struggle as a result of the present set-up of Big Business monopoly through chains.

Journalists to whom journalism is not a trade but a mission have to cultivate an uncommercial mood and develop unpurchased qualities not open to the allurements of money power. A classic example of the uncommercial journalist is Wickham Steed who at one time was editor of the *London Times*. Between him and Lord Northcliffe who then owned *The Times* an incompatibility of outlook developed and Northcliffe decided to terminate Steed's editorship. Lord Northcliffe was a proud man who pressed his pride in the

magnificence of the emoluments he allowed to his employees, the holidays he provided for them and the gratuities he gave them on retirement. So he sent a cheque for £100,000 to Wickham Steed by way of compensation. Steed was even prouder than Northcliffe. He framed the cheque and hung it as an exhibit in his study where it can still be seen by visitors today. One such visitor was Pothan Joseph and it is to him that you and I owe this story.

Since, in the modern world of propaganda, the importance of journalism has gone up by leaps and bounds, it is clear that the profession should be efficiently manned by men of ability and sincerity who take their work seriously. But the craze of editors for 'human interest' stories in order to build huge circulations has brought the press down to the level of the lowest denomination of its readers, and forced on correspondents abstention from serious topics calling for some exercise of intellectual faculties. Indian editorial standards of the present day are not far dissimilar to those complained of by a noted British newspaper correspondent, Captain Kennedy, some ten years ago. Wrote Captain Kennedy, then stationed in Japan:

For some time past I had been receiving requests for 'human interest stories.' Amy Johnson's arrival provided me with an excellent opportunity to send one. As she was landing at the aerodrome an old gentleman in frock-coat and top-hat ran forward to meet her. It was General Nagaoki, at that time President of the Imperial Aviation Society and famous for the wide span of his flowing white moustache. To everyone's amusement and surprise, he gallantly embraced her, a form of greeting quite contrary to Japanese ideas of decorum. Here, I felt, was a piece of that "human interest" for which the British public so craved. Accordingly I mentioned the incident in my message telling of Amy's safe arrival. Had I performed a highly meritorious act, I could hardly have been complimented more warmly. On the following day came a telegram from my superiors in London: 'Whisker story excellent press. Heartiest congratulations!' It surely betokens a curiously distorted sense of proportion when such words of praise can be telegraphed to a correspondent for cabling an item of news of this kind—that might be composed by

BHARATHI THE JOURNALIST

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

veriest office boy without much difficulty—whereas seldom a word of thanks or appreciation is sent to him for real hard work requiring a modicum of intellect, such as is performed by him, month after month and year after year, in dealing with news of a more serious nature.

On another occasion, there was an earthquake in Japan followed by a tidal wave which caused widespread death and disaster. It happened that Bernard Shaw was visiting Japan at the time. Realising that Shaw is always good news, an enterprising journalist decided to link G. B. S. with the disaster. He accordingly wired to his paper that, despite the catastrophic nature of the disaster, Shaw himself had escaped injury. Kennedy was peremptorily asked by his irate principal from London why he had not reported such an outstanding feature of the whole sad story as Shaw's escape. Kennedy explained that Shaw was then in South Japan fully 600 miles from the scene of the disaster. But the explanation was of no avail. The correspondent who had sent the deliberately misleading report about Shaw continued to be held up to Kennedy as a model to be followed and he was taken to task for failing to show a similar degree of enterprise.

So good journalists alone do not suffice for building up a good press. Other factors are no less necessary—such as a good Government, proper editors and owners, a rich and prosperous industry with a sound conception of the relative importance of the different types of publicity media, and a public not too grossly given to vulgarity and sensationalism. Wherever any of these factors is defective, effort to rectify the defect falls on the press as an additional burden and responsibility.

In the foregoing paragraphs an attempt is made to give the substance of what I said at Bangalore last week in opening the Mysore Journalists Conference, a not insignificant gathering of newspapermen, though not so abundantly blessed with the world's goods as several others that have, perhaps for that reason, received ten times the attention it has had from the daily press and our principal 'national' news agency.

All Bangalore was agog last week over the visit of Srimati M. S. Subbularshmi. There is a story about this visit, the aftermath of an earlier one. On that occasion M. S. gave a musical concert which was so packed with gate-crashers that many members of the Gayana Sabha which had sponsored the visit, found themselves crowded out. The members thus baulked were inconsolable. Melting at the sight of their distress Sri Sadasivan promised that M. S. would seek an early opportunity of returning again and giving another concert, gratis, for the express benefit of the Gayana Sabha members. That promise was fulfilled last week. M. S. was in top form. To mirror in words the grandeur of her music is a feat of which any craftsman of the press may be proud if only he could achieve it. Such a feat is much beyond my resources of expression. The quality of her voice, the most musical in the country and in all the countries of the world together, defies description. Sometimes it tapers into the subtlest hairbreadth of song, narrowing into a barely audible treacle of tinkling sound marvellously extending the boundary between a whisper and a stop. Sometimes its volume is elemental like that of the Niagara Falls. Sometimes the force of all the tempests of the cosmos are contained in her swift current of song. In all dimensions, ranging from the sharpest pinpoint to the massiveness of oceans and the spaciousness of the sky, there is no falling off in the melodiousness of her articulation, as capable of stillness as of wonderful twists and rapidity. With the music is combined an exquisite expressiveness lighting with its lustre shining through the eyes the whole face. The restrained dignity of her grace of movement with its perfect economy of gesture gives an impression of song encased in dance. With rapt countenances immersed in happiness, people lose all sense of time and sit ecstatically quiet hour after hour while she sings, feasting their eyes and ears hungrily at the joyous sight. M. S. has become a national institution for the spread of delight to millions. Her fame will spread beyond national boundaries and she will before long take the whole world by storm.—

SAKA.

THERE is a variety of snobbishness now prevalent which considers journalism as inconsistent with real literary activity. Literature and journalism have been put into two separate compartments, and a list of distinctions have created an artificial wall between them. Literature, they say, is written for posterity, while journalism is written for the day. The language of literature is considered, and chiselled, but that of journalism, hurried, verbose and digressing. It is true that literature at its best, and journalism at its worst are poles apart. But as there are authors and authors, so also there are journalists and journalists. There are journalists who in inspired moments produce pieces of writing that can well vie with the most considered passages of great authors; for inspiration and pressure are greater incentives to good writing than mere leisure. It must hence be a great source of pride to all journalists, that Bharathi, one of the greatest poets of India, should have been a journalist for a part of his life and one of the most active of journalists.

Bharathi began writing poetry from his seventh year and by his twentieth year, he had already mellowed into a perfect poet with a perfect technique. But he was not the cloistered, ivory-tower poet, who wrote escapist poetry. Intensely human, and unbelievably versatile, he actively participated in all movements, political and social, around him. Subrahmanya Iyer who founded the *Hindu* and *Swadesamitran*, first took him as his assistant. Subrahmanya Iyer was not blind to the greatness of the man he was having to help him, and treated him with the greatest respect and solicitude. Said Bharathi of Subrahmanya Iyer: 'Iyer was an expert in fooling me to do extra work for him. At 5 o'clock in the evening, when I would just be packing to go home the peon would bring some eatables and a hot cup of coffee, and would tell me that Iyer sent them for me. When I should be thanking Iyer in my heart for his kindness, Iyer himself would

come to my room, and read out to me a speech by Henry Cotton in London in favour of India. When I expressed my approval of the speech, Iyer would just go on to say that in all Tamilnad I was the only one who could translate it properly. He will also add that I can take it home; and finally conclude by saying that though I was a Kalidasa, he was not a Bhoja to reward me properly. He was the man who taught me all the tricks of journalism.' Bharathi could not lend brilliance to *Swadesamitran* for long. He was itching to write fiery prose poems which the moderates of *Swadesamitran* could not allow. So they parted with deep respect for each other; for the proprietors of *Swadesamitran* were fully aware that here was a great man that was born only once in a thousand years. Nor was Bharathi quite unappreciative of their position. To many friends in Pondicherry who plied him with questions as to how he came to sever his connection with *Swadesamitran*, he would reply jocularly, that among the fast dying Tamil papers, it was only *Swadesamitran* that managed to survive and he was not willing to contribute to its extinction. During his last days, however, he renewed his connection with *Swadesamitran*. Mr. A. Ramaswamy Iyengar brought Bharathi from Pondy to Madras. But this connection was also severed by Bharathi's early demise.

Besides publishing some of his poems in journals, Bharathi wrote plenty of essays and editorials in *Swadesamitran*. He was for a time a frequent contributor to Annie Besant's 'New India.' All his essays and editorials bear the stamp of greatness. Some of them have been prophetic, while all of them had a deep and lasting effect on the minds of the readers. In a famous essay on the formation of the Justice Party, Bharathi says: 'Patriots need not be very much taken up with this (formation of a communal party); first, because due to the power of the almost super-human and cyclonic revolutions all over the world, Swaraj will be thrust

on India, even if all the thirty crores stubbornly refuse to have it." That exactly was the way in which Swaraj caught us by the throat. In another essay, on the Revolution in Russia (at a time when even the intellectuals in India were not interested in it,) he says, "It is not the doctrines of the Russian Communists that are dangerous, but it is the endless war and confusion that they have brought in the process of establishing them, that are really dangerous. If the Bolshevik doctrines are to be successfully established in the world by the methods adopted in Russia, then three-fourths of the world's population will be wiped out. External war is not so very great a danger but if the haves and have-nots begin to fight and kill each other with bombs, rifles, cannon and guillotine, it will be an endless disaster indeed. So our leaders must work hard from now on to avoid a similar situation in India." So wrote Bharathi in 1918. Like the prophetic Burke who predicted the course of the French Revolution, from its very beginning, Bharathi was able to see that Russia would soon deteriorate into a dicta-

torship. His concern to avoid a revolution in India, by economic reforms, is indeed amazing since thirty years after he wrote it, our leaders do not seem to exhibit any such concern. On many an occasion, Bharathi's essays and editorials have had substantial effects on public opinion. Great poet as he was, he never despised journalism as beneath his ability. So keenly alive was he to the limitless power of the Fourth Estate that he encouraged many of his friends to become active journalists and one of his closest friends, V. V. S. Iyer, was editor of the then famous Tamil daily "Desabhakthan." He was even conscious of the limitations of the daily press in shaping public opinion freely and independently, and saw that the periodical press had greater chances to affect the thinking of the intelligent section of the community.

Journalists in general and Tamil journalists in particular have reason to feel happy that Bharathi had once belonged to their profession. It must be their legitimate ambition to produce prose of lasting value and prophetic content even as Bharathi did.

NEW PLANET "VULCAN"

THE United States astronomer, Dr. Walter Baade of Palomar Observatory in California, has confirmed a prediction made a hundred years ago by the French astronomer Leverrier, according to the *New York Times*. Dr. Baade has found a new, minor planet between Mercury and the sun.

The tiny body—about 9/10 of a mile diameter—recently passed within 4,000,000 miles of the earth. It has an elongated, elliptical orbit. At perihelion (the point in its orbit at which it is nearest to the sun), it is 22,000,000 miles from the sun, or 14,000,000 miles closer than is the planet Mercury. At its other extreme it recedes beyond the orbit of Mars to a distance some 156,000,000 miles from the sun. It takes the planet 343 days to revolve around the sun.

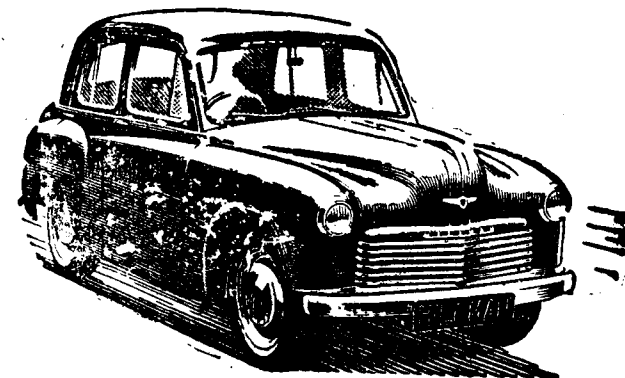
Discovery of the new planet was made with the Schmidt telescope which is now being used at the Palomar Observatory to make a photogra-

phic map of the universe. The project will take four years.

Astronomers say the discovery of the tiny body is important because, through observations of it, they may be able to determine the mass of the planet Mercury, which is still not accurately known.

In 1845, Leverrier, after studying the disturbances in the orbit of Mercury, concluded that not all such disturbances could be accounted for by the attraction of other planets, like Venus. He advanced the theory that there must be another planet lying between Mercury and the sun. He called this hypothetical body "Vulcan."

Twice since that time, U. S. astronomers have reported seeing bright, starlike objects near the sun, but their reports were not immediately confirmed. Now Dr. Baade and the powerful Schmidt telescope apparently have vindicated Leverrier's predictions.—USIS



THE NEW MINX MAGNIFICENT

A full-sized family car
outstandingly new in design and construction,
lighter in weight

- ★ Independent front suspension
- ★ Opticurve windscreen
- ★ Unique driving control and vision
- ★ Proved Synchromatic Gear Control
- ★ Bench type front seat
- ★ New styled coachwork of brilliant design

HILLMAN MINX

Saloon • Convertible Coupé Estate Car

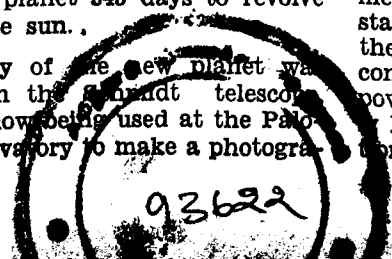
A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

FOR FULL PARTICULARS PLEASE CONTACT

DISTRIBUTORS:
M/s. SIMPSON & CO., LTD.

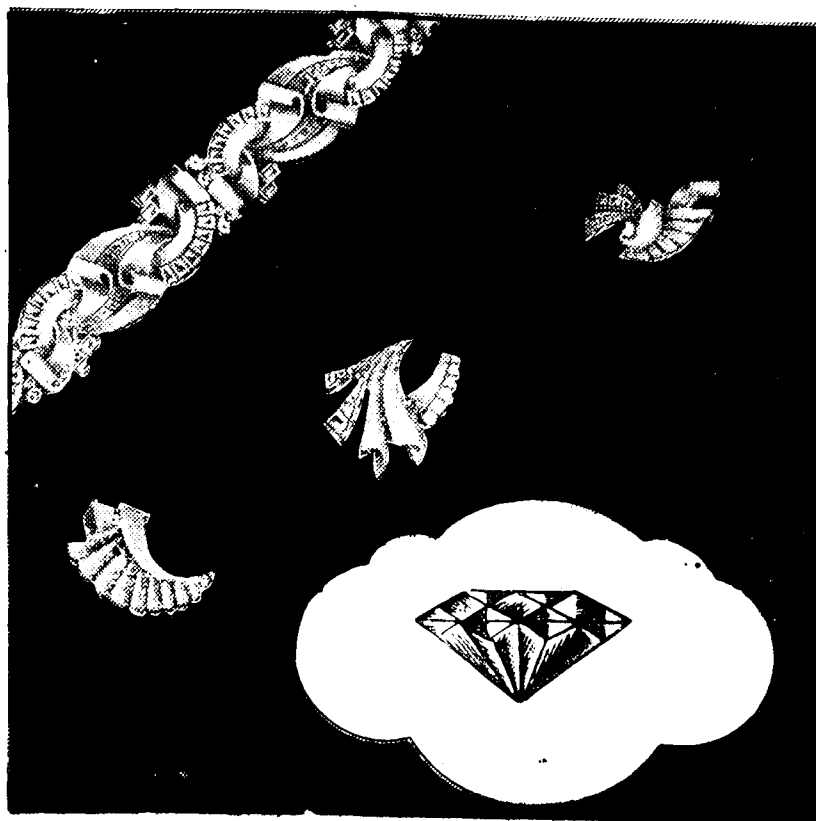
202/203, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

BANGALORE, OOTACAMUND & TRICHINOPOLY.



Registered No M. 4714

SWATANTRA, Madras.



DIAMONDS

SURAJMAL'S

Jewellers,

313, Esplanade, ::

MADRAS