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Swatantra

1749

July - Vol. 4 - 22 - 25

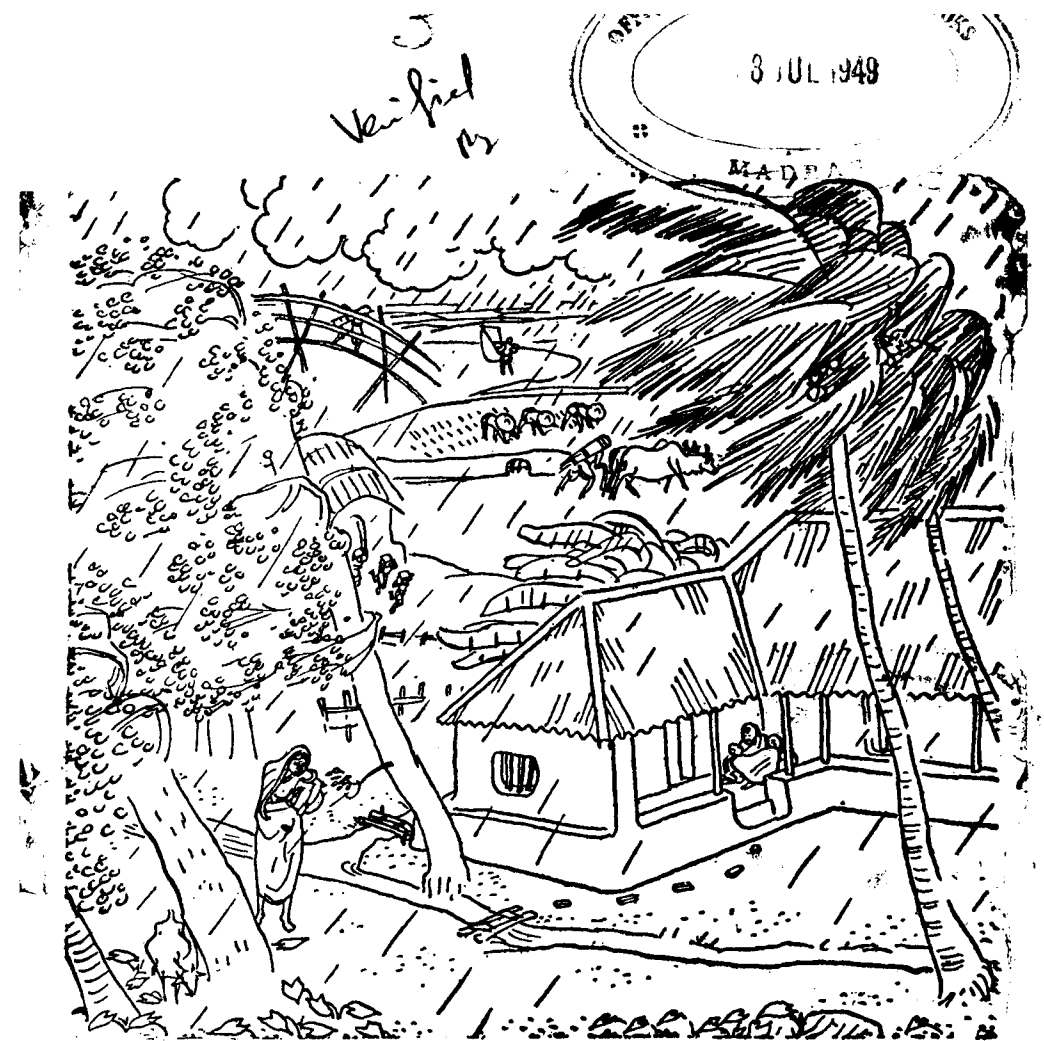


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Rains

Clouds scud across the darkened sky. The slanting rain beats down on thatch and tile, and trees bend and sway before the boisterous wind. At a time when Nature is conceiving a new crop deep in the earth, man shelters dismally in his home, damp and cold. But he has his comforts still—his fire, his food and the sustaining warmth of his friendly tea. Tea warms the body, warms the heart and enlivens the mind when things around are dull and depressing.

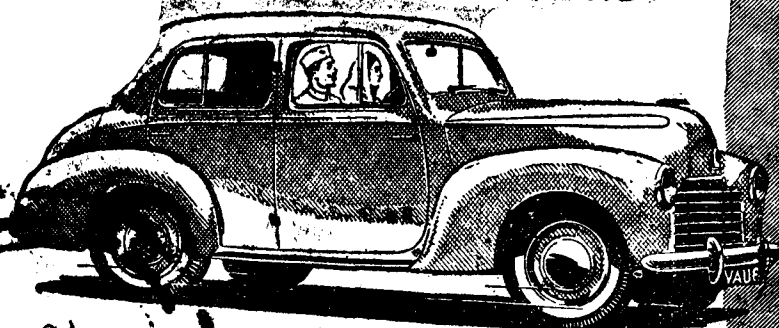


Tea

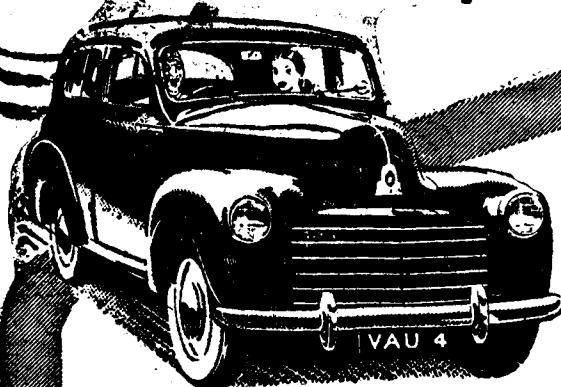
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SWATANTRA

VOL. IV, NO. 22

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1949

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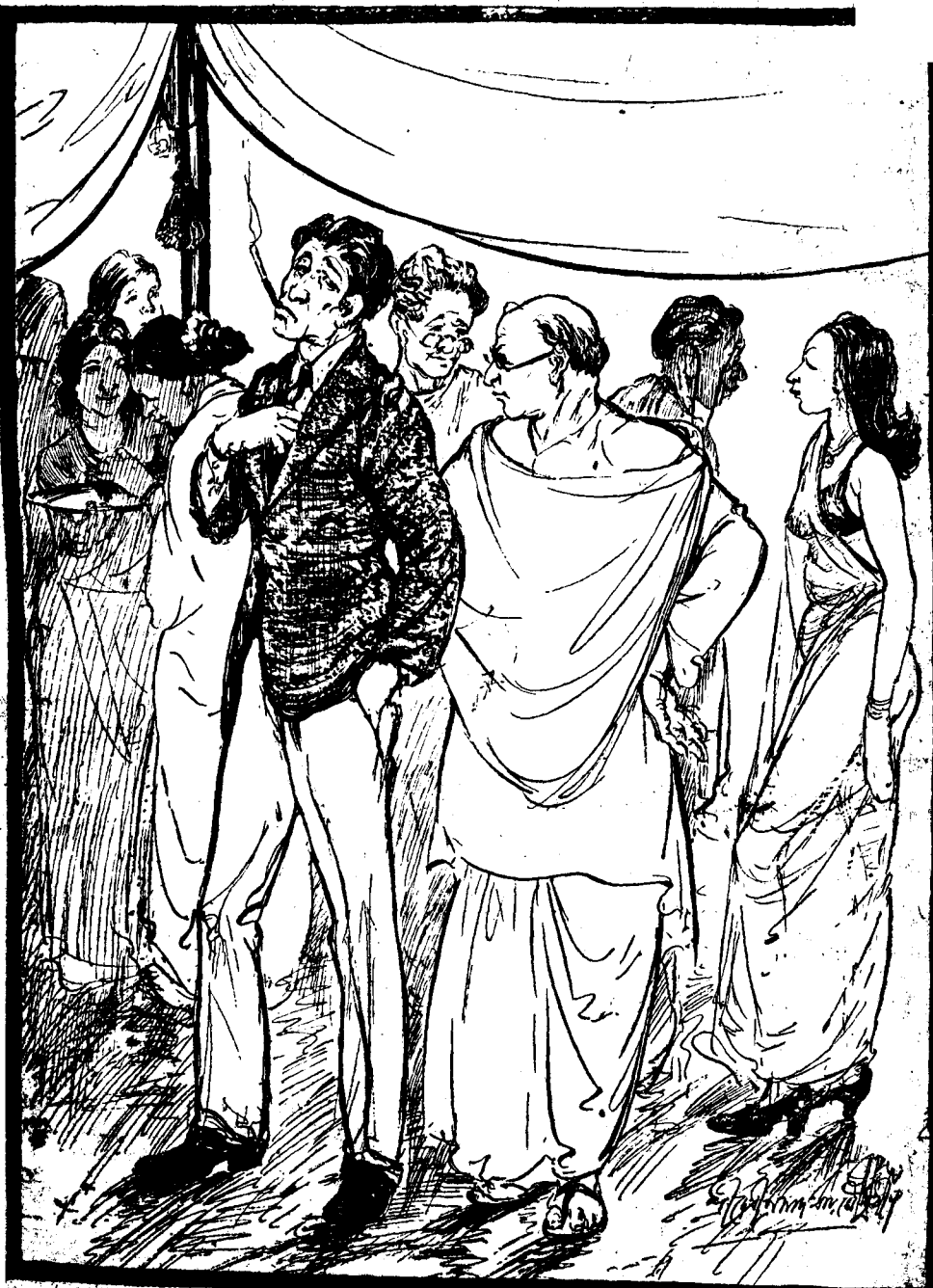
ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE NEW TAXES

THE two Madras Ministers who defended the new taxes at a public meeting on Tuesday cannot be congratulated on the impression they made. Sri Madhava Menon argued that the opposition to the taxes came not from the masses or the poor but from the richer classes who exploited the name of the poor. A little later he forgot his own argument and declared that the Communist and the Dravida Kazhagam man, the communalist and the Muslim Leaguer, people who had faith in God and people who had no faith in God all joined hands because Government had done something which affected each one of them in some way or other. A more exhaustive classification of society can scarcely be conceived. An exhaustive classification precludes an exclusive one. When it is admitted that the whole of society has joined together in protest against the new taxes, it cannot be contended that opposition to the taxes has come from the richer classes only. Those who had faith in God and those who had no faith in God do not together comprise the richer classes to the exclusion of the poor. They constitute the whole of the people, including rich and poor alike and excluding no economic class. The Minister's attempt to give a sectional turn to the opposition to the taxes therefore cuts no ice and has failed miserably. On the other hand, with the contradiction which he palmed off as reasoning, he demonstrated that he himself had very definitely taken a liberty with the poor and exploited their name, in just the manner attributed by him to his critics.

Sri Madhava Menon entered on extremely controversial ground when he indulged in the dictum that "advertisement revenue was money which newspapers got from the foolishness and gullibility of newspaper readers who were led away by all sorts of advertisements." The high moral tone of lofty disdain in speaking of advertisement revenue is scarcely compatible with the character of a Government whose main purpose at the moment is clearly to get a share for itself of that very revenue. Commiseration for the foolishness and gullibility of newspaper readers is rendered spurious when it is ventilated only as a means to partnership in the same sort of economic exploitation of it that is condemned in the intended partner. If any virtue of honesty is to be conceded to the Minister's view on the foolishness and gullibility of newspaper readers, it should at least hereafter be translated into effective practice by the Government of which he is one of the ornaments. Otherwise the whole of the elaborate structure of Government publicity with its frequent press communiques addressed to newspaper readers, cannot but be construed as a deliberate process in the exploitation of the foolishness and gullibility of people.

Evidently to blacken newspapers and exasperate the public with their supposed greediness for profit, Sri Madhava Menon asks, "Where a paper made so much income from advertisements that it could give away copies freely—there were papers of that type in Madras—were they prepared to reduce the price or distribute copies



—by Devi Prasad Roy Choudhary

WHEN FAME BECOMES AN ANNOYING ELEMENT

(Please see page 8)

free for the purpose of spreading knowledge? Did not newspapers make tons of money during the war? Where was the consideration for the poor man then?" Caustic hits of this sort from a Minister demanding proof of consideration for the poor man from others, cannot fail to provoke public curiosity as to the Ministers' own record in the matter. How many Ministers have shown a disposition for contentment in moneymaking, or considered the poor man in their scale of spending? Public money is spent by Ministers in a manner in which their own money is rarely spent. Appalling is the extravagance exhibited in ministerial indulgence in costly air travel, purposeless tours and frivolous social pleasures and parties got up for the pampering of vanity. Some of the Ministers have not scrupled to utilise the power of their office and the resources of the public exchequer as if they were part of a patrimony of their own ordained for the benefit of their supporters, relatives and friends. There are no doubt variations in the service rendered to the public by particular newspapers, but it is an axiom that few can dispute that they have cost the poor man far less than some of the Ministers have done and still do.

Sri Bhaktavatsalam, the other defender of the new taxes at the meeting, indulged, in the course of his defence, in a pleasant fiction of ministerial achievement in the direction of "fulfilling the large expectations of the people." They were in the Government, he said, "not for exercising power, not at all for exercising patronage, they were there to do something to ameliorate the conditions of the people." Even the foolish and gullible newspaper readers cannot be expected to come up to the level of foolishness and gullibility needed for accepting these words of the Minister as a correct picture of the reality. For, in these two years of Congress rule the heroes of the freedom movement have shown feet of clay, and in their hands the spacious idealism of the Congress creed of

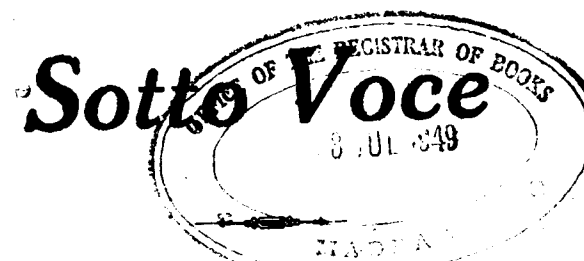
Gandhian pattern has shrunk to the pitiable dimensions of a rank commercial communalism. It is a measure of the disservice done to the nation by Congress Ministers that people have begun to regard with a new appreciation even the standards of government of the departed British regime.

Improving the conditions of people is not a matter of capital investment or collecting more taxes. What is required is an investment not merely of money but also of skill and human understanding. The great investment for the betterment of a people is investment in human skills. The application of those skills is essential for the transformation of the country from backwardness to progress and prosperity. It has been given to our Congress Ministers to stifle the total output of human skills with outrageous anti-merit policies. While these policies last, no improvement can be looked for in the condition of the people by enhanced taxation or increased capital investment.

The plea of the Ministers that the advertisement tax will affect only the rich papers is born out of ignorance of newspaper conditions. A paper like *The Hindu* can dictate its terms to advertisers. It can easily pass off to them the burden of the tax. The result must be that there will be less of advertisements to go round in the case of journals in the making which need the advertiser more than the advertiser needs them. These journals will be hard hit by the proposed taxation measure even if they may not be directly called upon to pay a moiety of their advertisement revenue as tax. Everything on which existence depends is ruinously costly in this poor country. Life in Madras is estimated to be four to five times more costly than in London by persons with experience of both cities, though the respective incomes of their citizens vary in an inverse ratio. In the case of the newspaper industry, the cost of printing paper and newsprint is much higher here than in far richer countries like Britain and U.S.A. The

heavy mortality of independent journals in India run by publishers of limited means without other sources of income is due to the high cost of production and material and the comparatively low scales of income, especially income from advertisements. Any measure of Government further restricting the means open to newspapers cannot but have the effect of accentuating the already prevalent scale of high mortality in the press, and its crippling economic effects will have a deplorable effect on the power and freedom of the press and its capacity for growth and development.

Rich, big newspapers like *The Hindu* that have taken up the lead in opposing the advertisement tax are not fighting their own battle as ignorantly if not malevolently stated by the spokesmen of the Government. They are in a position to pass on the tax to others and escape unscathed. Their attitude of firm opposition to the proposed impost represents an unselfish espousal of the cause of the smaller papers and journals in less affluent circumstances, and these latter cannot be too grateful to them for their powerful and timely intervention.



Hymen Puts His Foot In It.



THE misogynists who made the myths of the old world loved to make out that woman was the prime cause of mischief. It might be that she was the temptress, as in the Garden of Eden. Or it might be that she was the passive victim of another woman's caprice albeit that woman was a Goddess, as happened to Helen of Troy. And the high authority of Valmiki and Vyasa is invoked to show that Empires could be tossed about like frail barks on an angry sea by a tornado of passion with a chaste woman in its epicycle.

And in this respect the world has not changed very much, though muscular suffragettes and sentimental social reformers would like to believe differently. I will not go so far as to maintain that the two World Wars had their Cleopatras. But you may remember that the French Minister who was responsible for the 1940 debacle was commonly reputed to have succumb-

ed to a political Circe. And the Duchess of Windsor did give the Empire a nasty jolt, though Englishmen with their usual presence of mind have come to regard it almost as complacently as they do Dunkirk.

There is a tempest brewing in Dravidistan. E. V. R. has announced that he has decided to offer himself up as sacrifice in the sacred cause of anti-Hindi. Precisely what he proposes to do is not clear. He expects to be arrested for what he has done and what he contemplates doing by way of breach of law; very probably his Satyagraha in the event may take the form of sternly refusing to be released from jail. In any case he has thrown out dark hints that this time it will be a "to the death" business.

He is in anticipation winding up his affairs. He has come to the conclusion that he must find an heir(ess) whose claim to succeed to his personal

properties and the assets of the Dravida Kazhagam would be water-tight and whom he can trust to carry on the good work when he is gone. His choice has lighted upon a young lady who has been closely associated with him in the movement. As part of the arrangements he is making for the future, he proposes to contract a civil marriage with her. And that has set the angry hornet's nest buzzing about the old man's ears; the most bitter critics are those who not long ago were admirers on this side idolatry.

To the outsider it is all a little confusing. True, there is something repugnant to our conventional notions of the fitting in an old man of seventy marrying a young woman who might be his grand-daughter. And the Dravida Kazhagam, having denounced such marriages when they infrequently occurred among Brahmans and poured derision on the plea, sometimes put forward, that the practice of the rite of *agnihotra* required this, finds it may now have to swallow its own spittle. In England aged peers of the realm marrying their youthful secretaries, and for much the same reasons, is a matter of everyday occurrence. But India is not England, a fact which our ardent revolutionaries do not allow each other to forget.

When a Communist discovers his spiritual affinity in a comrade's wife the Party hierarchy will not have him pursuing the affinity to the point of treading on the corns of bourgeois prejudice. Likewise in a country where

austerity is still the passport to popular favour, the invoking of Hymen by an elderly leader might be disastrous to the Party, especially on the eve of the general elections. The leader has declared that the Party will not fight the elections; but that has only added fuel to the fire. And there would seem to be, too, more esoteric objections on grounds of doctrine to a registered marriage.

E. V. R. has no patience with these literal-minded people. What if the numerous "Self-Respect" marriages which he authorised and sanctified with his presence used to dispense with certain formalities which he may now have to go through in order to comply with the law? Surely the stupidity is in the law and not in him and he can't be blamed by sensible men for humouring it. A "political testament" may be scribbled on a scrap of paper and require no other validity. But money is fleet of foot and must be tied up as securely as lawyers can manage it.

The matadhipathis may be beggared by new laws; but the neo-matadhipathis have, it is clear, a touching faith in the old! E. V. R. has no other qualms; and he tells the cavillers briefly to shut up, for none but he has wisdom to judge rightly or the guts to follow his own judgment. The world certainly progresses. "Paris is well worth a mass," said the cynical Henry. But the typical Leader of today feels most indubitably in the right when he conscientiously indulges his appetite.

VIGHNESWARA

WHEN FAME BECOMES AN ANNOYING ELEMENT

(See Frontispiece on page 4)

CELEBRITY (Introduced at a waiting party to a new rich dragged to fame): It would give me immense pleasure if you could come to tea tomorrow.

THE NEW RICH (conscious of his dignity): Er—Er—Er—Certainly. The pleasure is mine. (Whipping out a blank appointments book, reading aloud.) Morning I must call on His Highness. Noon, lunch out. Afternoon there is tea again, and dinner at Lady and Sir X's. It is awfully annoying to be bothered in this manner. I'm afraid I must deny myself the honour.

CELEBRITY: I hope you have no appointments when you sleep.

SIDELIGHTS:

Gold, like the sun which melts wax, but hardens clay, expands great souls and contracts bad hearts.—RIVAROL.

THE facts connected with what is known as the radium scandal have not been made public so far. A plea in SWATANTRA for an enquiry was followed by what at first seemed a responsive move while Sri Omandur was Premier. He deputed Dr. Rajan to conduct an enquiry. Dr. Rajan's report, however, has not yet seen the light of day. The complacency into which the Omandur Ministry subsided after Dr. Rajan's brief spurt of an investigation constitutes an amazing chapter of Congress rule.

The scene of the radium scandal was the Barnard Institute of Radiology in the Madras General Hospital. Sometime ago a certain quantity of radium was ordered by the head of the Institute. When the radium arrived, it was discovered that it was not uniformly filled and was sub-standard in quality. It should never have been put to use till properly tested, and if already being put to use, it should have been at once withdrawn when any doubts arose as to its suitability. Instead, the radium continued to be issued to patients. A small quantity was despatched to the manufacturers themselves for being tested and reported upon; and Sri A. B. Shetty, the Minister then in charge of Public Health, gave the public to understand that good results were being obtained by the use of the radium.

How "good results" can be obtained by the use of radium competently declared to be defective is a mystery that has to be cleared, and Dr. Rajan who has taken over the Health portfolio from Sri A. B. Shetty is well placed for clearing it. In the matter of judging and doing his duty as Minister, Sri Shetty was handicapped by the fact that the head of the Barnard Institute involved in this radium business is his own brother-in-law. Affection for brothers-in-law

has not proved to be an incentive to rectitude of administrative standards in the case of far too many Madras Ministers. The brothers-in-law of some of the Ministers have been treated as if they were the sons-in-law of the Government. If the Finance Minister felt it to be his duty to pay Rs. 10 lakhs out of public funds to the Sudarsan Oil Mills, and the late Industries Minister another Rs. 7½ lakhs to another mill, both between them accounting for nearly a third of the State Aid to Industries Fund, it was because in each case there was a brother-in-law in the offing. If a Government car is sold for a dead cheap price, or a lucrative contract taken away from a party accustomed to deal in the line for years and handed over to a novice, be sure there is a brother-in-law of some Minister lurking in the background to pocket a big share of the proceeds.

It is too much to hope that defective radium can benefit the patients treated with it, or even leave them without hurt. Without proper treatment in time, cancer is a warrant of death, and a dead cancer patient can tell no tales in any enquiry. The placid exterior of uncomplaining silence is no indication that things are alright when the sufferer is removed from a terrain on which complaints can be registered. Who can measure the pain and mischief that hospitals can inflict when doctors turn callous? To the sufferers, the publicity stunts that Ministers manage to put through with the aid of an obliging press and the radio in their control, afford no compensation.

When the tenacious vested interests of medicine manage to secure the backing of administrators, doctoring will easily outdo the black market in rapacity. It is reported that Dr. B. C. Roy continued to carry on his profession as doctor even after he became Premier. Hobbies are different from professions. One can have any number of hobbies, but the duties of

different professions do not coalesce harmoniously. One profession is as much as one man can tackle at a time, and those that stick to more than one exhibit a type of greed which is neither dignified nor socially beneficial. When Sri Gopala Reddi attempted to become Vice-Chancellor of the Andhra University, in addition to being Finance Minister, it was a case of misjoinder of professions, and Sri Omandur did well to knock it promptly on the head.

The Vice-Chancellorship of a university should not be mixed with other tasks, and the contrary practice permitted in the case of the Madras Vice-Chancellor is a thing to be deplored. The record of Dr. Lakshmanaswami as a doctor is unquestionably an enviable one. So is that of Dr. Guruswami Mudaliar. When Dr. Guru-

swami retired, he was elevated to the honorary post of consulting physician so that his rich wisdom and experience may not be cut off from seekers, but he gave up hospital ward duties as a retired man ought to do. Dr. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar was also similarly honoured when he retired, but none of the accepted consequences of retirement from service have been made applicable to him. Though the Vice-Chancellorship of the Madras University is a full time post, he continues to practise as a doctor with a private clinic of his own. He still has beds in his charge in the Maternity Hospital even after retirement. The latitude accorded to him and extended to none else, to combine in himself a multitude of incompatible tasks is in a way a scandal, and it is no credit to the authorities permitting it.—SAKA.

"If you wish to be happy for an hour," says a Chinese proverb, "get drunk. If you wish to be happy for three days, get married. If you wish to be happy for eight days, kill your pig and eat it. But if you wish to be happy for ever, become a gardener."

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SPOTLIGHT

THE TROUBLESOME DOLLAR

ONLY two months ago, Britain was in a position to congratulate herself on the startling rate of economic recovery she had achieved in a few difficult years after the war. It was thought that she could afford to relax a little from the austerity standards which her vegetarian Chancellor Sir Stafford Cripps had prescribed for her as the only alternative to chaos in her war-damaged industry. The nation's production was at an all-time high and Britain had nearly restored the balance in her trade with the rest of the world, although the shadow of dollar shortage continued to haunt her as it did many other countries.

This rosy picture has recently given place to wild panic in many quarters over the economic health of Britain and the soundness of the pound sterling. It started with the announcement of the trade figures for the month of April which revealed a marked drop in British exports. British goods were meeting with a great deal of sales-resistance in the United States and other countries on account of their prohibitive high prices.

To make matters worse, the beginnings of what seems to be a slump have been reported in the United States. The index of production has fallen by 16 points and though it is 79 percent above the level of 1935-39, the downward movement can no longer be dismissed as a mere wobble in the upward curve. It has gone on long enough to acquire a momentum of its own. This is a serious situation because the world economy these days is entirely dominated by that of the United States. The disparity of prices between cheap dollar goods and costly British goods has affected Britain's export trade and has resulted in a complete reversal of the comfortable balance of payments position she had achieved with so much difficulty. So far, sellers' market conditions have prevailed for essential and luxury goods alike and whatever categories of goods Britain produced found a ready market and Britain had always insist-

ed that overseas countries desirous of concluding bilateral trade pacts with her should take their quota of less essential goods as the price of getting a share of essential goods. As April trade figures show, this may no longer be possible. But there seems to be no doubt that this drop in exports was not the result of any failure on the part of British industry to produce goods for export at the required pace but of its inability to sell what it had produced. In other words, what are called 'frustrated exports' had begun to develop.

The Marshall Plan, one may remember, was mooted with the idea of preventing such a contingency by helping Europe's industry back to its feet and establishing fuller and freer trade between West Europe and the United States and ultimately making the European currencies multi-convertible. The goal was set for the year 1952-53, by when it was expected that the member countries of the Organisation for European Economic Recovery would be able to pay for their dollar imports with their expanded exports. The West European countries were urged to get together, trade more with each other and find alternative sources of imports. On the Organisation's instructions they produced national programmes of enormous export expansions; pacts and committees were formed. All this created the impression that Western Europe was co-operatively solving its trade deficit problem.

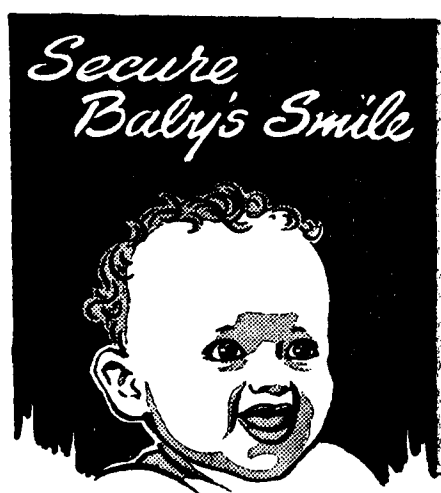
Fully a year after the Marshall Plan swung into action (April 1948), the Survey issued by the Economic Commission for Europe shows that the pious wishes of the planners have not come anywhere near fulfilment. Little has been done to increase the trade between West European countries; it is still only 72 percent pre-war. Nothing has been done to integrate the national programmes; mutually inconsistent, they provide for less international specialisation in this region than before the war. The most glaring example of this

lack of integration is West Germany. Of the O. E. E. C. group, it alone imports all its wheat from the United States, and compels all other West European countries to pay for its essential imports in dollars, refusing to buy from them the type of goods it buys from the United States. Its dollar deficit has increased in the past year from 556 million dollars to 1,119 million dollars.

It is this startling lack of adjustment in inter-European trade that was reflected in the crisis of the pound sterling last week. The Intra-European Payments Scheme, referred to as the 'Little Marshall Plan,' which expired on June 30, and was renewed with slight changes at the recent Paris talks of the O. E. E. C. countries, was originally designed to supplement Marshall help by permitting the debtor countries of this group to cover their needs for commodities outside the dollar area by means of grants by European creditor countries in their own currencies so as to settle the debtors' deficits in balance of payments. Inter-European trade was thus to be stimulated and debtor countries helped in the achievement of the recovery programmes.

This scheme, however, dealt inadequately with the problem of the surplus that certain countries had built up over others and tended to make the surplus permanent. Belgium, for example, had a favourable balance of trade with Britain because she paid greater attention to her foreign trade than to her internal capital development. Britain, on the other hand, had gone ahead with her plans for rehabilitating her economy which meant that she exported much less immediately to Belgium than she otherwise could have done. The result was that Belgium made a continual raid on Britain's gold reserves which got depleted at a rapid rate in the last few months. The dwindling reserves, together with Britain's overall decline in exports, naturally caused a great stir and rumours about sterling devaluation nearly precipitated a financial crisis in Britain.

The situation was handled with commendable firmness by Sir Stafford Cripps. He introduced a note of confidence into the highly speculative



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financial atmosphere. He discounted in the first instances any rumours that America was putting pressure on Britain to devalue the pound. He also made it clear by implication that he would sooner resign than reverse the Government's social welfare policies. And, at Paris, he stood his ground against Belgium's insistent demand for convertibility of surplus sterling into gold or dollar and forged an agreement that would make Belgium give grants and long-term credits to her debtors as a condition of more U. S. dollars for her. "Belgium's debtors," he explained to the House of Commons, "would have enough of her currency to buy from her without loss of gold or dollars and without being under strong pressure to use for that purpose the grants made to them by other countries."

However, this is but a respite that Britain has received in her immediate battle to stop the drain on her gold and dollar resources. The fundamental difficulty of an acute dollar shortage remains. She is receiving, and will receive till the middle of 1950, between 1/8 and 1/6 of her total imports free of all payment under the Marshall Plan. Unless her trade position improves phenomenally from what it was this April, she would hardly be in a position to stand independent of Marshall Aid when it ends.

In this context, Britain's trade pact with Argentina signed recently despite vehement American protest, is an example of how countries which are short of dollars can shift for themselves. Both these countries have goods they can profitably exchange and both are desperately short of dollars. The most obvious solution of concluding a bilateral trade agreement was, however, repugnant to

America's declared objective of multi-lateral trade over all the areas which have been guaranteed political freedom by Marshall dollars. Democracy and multi-lateralism, in the American philosophy, are indivisible.

The Anglo-Argentine trade agreement is a long-term bulk barter which threatens to exclude American business interests from an important market. If America tolerates the agreement, Britain's Labour Government will be free to build up the sterling area as a third currency bloc, and, this was not, it was angrily pointed out, the aim of Marshall Aid.

It must be made clear that while America frowns upon any attempts on the part of Marshall countries to become independent of dollars such as the conclusion of bilateral treaties, she has not herself formulated a policy that would effectively deal with the problem of her export surplus which is in fact West Europe's deficit in American terms. She could either import more, export less or lend on a long-term and predictable basis. So long as this surplus retains its universal character, the restoration of multilateral trade and payments in world trade is rendered impossible. Sooner or later, America must decide what her policy is going to be. She cannot continue to use E. R. P. as a means of postponing the decision, and insist that Western Europe should find the solution to the problem. In the absence of such a decision, the most that West European nations can do is to continue to cut down dollar imports, while the United States continues to finance a programme that increases its own surplus. A little planning, it is clear, will do America no harm and do the rest of the world a lot of good.

On the suburban train, Jenkins had just finished reading a long letter he had received that day from his old home town. Mellowed by the happy memories it conjured up, he turned to the morose stranger beside him and genially remarked: "Did you ever get a letter that brought back visions of the past?"

Stark misery stared out of the other's eyes. "Have I?" the man cried. "Only today I got one from the government telling me I still owed them \$1500 on my 1944 income tax!"

—WALL STREET JOURNAL

MAKING MILK "SAFE"

ADVANCES in the scientific handling of milk, coupled with widespread adoption of laws specifying high milk standards, today assure the supply of "safe milk" to millions of American homes. The milk, delivered by private companies in sealed glass bottles, undergoes a series of purification processes and tests from the time it leaves the dairy farm until it reaches the family doorstep.

The U. S. Public Health Service, state and city health authorities, inspectors of private milk companies, and dairy farmers themselves all have co-operated in providing a pure and fresh milk supply.

As a result, the Public Health Service reports, "the number of disease outbreaks caused by drinking pathogenic (harmful) organisms in milk has been greatly reduced" in the United States. Diseases traceable to milk, such as typhoid fever, were at all-time lows in 1948.

Nearly all cities and towns in the United States have "milk codes," specifying that milk delivered within their boundaries must meet certain standards. These specifications include such things as minimum bacteria content of milk, absence of foreign matter such as dust, and sanitary methods of handling the milk.

A milk code recommended by the Public Health Service is in effect on a state-wide basis in 10 states as well as in 1,207 municipalities in other states and territories. However, many cities have adopted their own milk codes, some even more strict.

How milk is safeguarded in New York City, which established its own milk code in 1908, is described by the *New York Times*.

Every day of the year, 3,250,000 quarts of milk are consumed in the city. This is an average of about one pint for every man, woman and child in the city.

The milk comes from 43,297 dairy farms scattered through 75,000 square miles in four states. By truck and train, it reaches homes in New York City within 24 hours after it first touches the farmer's milkpail.

At dawn each day, milk from the dairy farms is brought by truck in 40-

quart cans to the 418 receiving stations operated by private milk firms in the New York "milkshed" area. Here the milk cans are loaded into a conveyor, which carries them slowly past an inspection platform.

A New York City health inspector opens each can as it moves past. If he suspects something wrong, he examines a test sample of the milk under his portable microscope. With this instrument he can check the bacteria count of the milk (it must be less than 150,000 per cubic centimeter). He also recognizes harmful germs resulting from mastitis, an udder disease, inadequate cooling, and unclean milking utensils.

He also can make a sediment test by putting a suction device into the milk can and drawing up a sample from the bottom of the can through a cotton filter disk. Any foreign matter in the milk clings to the disk.

If the tests confirm the inspector's suspicions, the milk is rejected, and all milk coming from that particular farm is subjected to further tests.

Milk found to be satisfactory is poured into huge tanks and transported by truck or train to the city, where it is pasteurized and bottled for delivery.

Inspectors are sent out to investigate the farm whose milk has been rejected. They investigate 32 items, including whether the cows are healthy and well groomed; whether the milk utensils are properly washed and sterilized, and whether the farmer and his family and employees are also free from communicable diseases.

The New York City health inspectors have no power to compel a farmer to improve the condition of his farm. But they can prohibit his milk from being sold in the metropolitan area. Illustrating that this has not been a major problem—and indicating the great care taken by the dairy farmers, private milk companies, and city health inspectors—is the fact that only one-thousandth of one percent of the milk received from farmers in the New York milkshed area was rejected by health inspectors in 1948. —USIS.

NEW TREATMENT FOR "PHANTOM LIMBS"

By Dr. TREVOR I. WILLIAMS

THE fact that a patient can still register sensation in a limb which has been amputated has been well known ever since surgery advanced sufficiently to allow major operations to be performed successfully. Today when many hundreds of limbless men are a sad legacy of two world wars these "phantom limbs" have become a serious problem for surgeons and a source of pain and distress to those who, despite the infirmity of an amputation, otherwise enjoy perfect health.

The news that Dr. W. Ritchie Russell, of the Department of Neurology at Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford, has developed a completely new and so far very successful treatment is of general interest and importance.

One of the most remarkable developments in modern surgery has been in the field known as prosthesis—making up the body's deficiencies in such things as teeth, eyes and limbs. Of these, artificial teeth are the best known, since there are now few indeed who complete their lives without their aid. The best are now so good that they cannot easily be seen to be artificial.

Equally good progress has been made of recent years in the making of artificial limbs to replace those lost through injury or disease. Gone for ever are the old wooden peg-leg and the hook-ended arm. In their places have come much more elaborate prosthetics, which not only mask less of the missing member but also may replace a great part of its function.

The success of these new devices depends as much on the skill of the surgeon who prepared the patient for their application, as on the ingenuity of their designers. Sometimes, however, a patient cannot obtain the full benefit of an artificial limb because, in spite of all precautions, there is still a certain amount of pain.

Two particular difficulties may be encountered by those who have to

wear artificial limbs. First, swollen nerve-endings in the stump of an old limb may become so painful that the pressure of an artificial limb can be borne only for a short time. Secondly, a patient may for years have the extraordinary feeling that he still retains his original leg or arm. Often this sensation is nothing more than a cause for astonishment, involving no discomfort, but not infrequently a patient has acute pain which his brain interprets as coming from the part of his body he lost long ago.

The cause of these "phantom limbs" is still uncertain. It may be found in the stump itself or it may be a form of neurosis—a cause lying within the brain. Following the latter belief, surgeons have attempted to relieve the symptoms of pain in a phantom limb or stump—which can be completely incapacitating—by the drastic course of removing parts of the brain itself.

The new treatment, which Dr. Russell describes in a recent issue of the *British Medical Journal*, is as simple as it is effective. He recalled that sensation can be deadened by repeated blows or steady pressure. For example, everybody knows that the hands of those accustomed to heavy manual work are much less sensitive than the hands of those who are engaged only in light work. This is apparently not the result merely of a thickening of the skin—to form the traditional horny palm of a worker—but also to a hardening of the sensation of the nerve-endings. Furthermore, physicians know very well that the conduction of sensation by mixed nerves is easily interrupted by repeated pressure.

These facts led Dr. Russell to the conclusion that pain in an amputated stump might well be relieved—and not aggravated as one would expect—by giving it repeated blows or continuous firm pressure. Fortunately this conception was so simple that it

could be tested immediately without any special apparatus.

His first patient was a carpenter who had lost some fingers in an accident some 12 years ago and subsequently suffered repeated pain in the hand. After injecting a local anaesthetic into the hand, Dr. Russell hammered the painful parts for about a quarter of an hour with a light piece of wood. When the effect of the anaesthetic wore off the pain did not return for several hours. Subsequently the carpenter found that he could get complete relief merely by drumming his hand on a tabletop for a few minutes two or three times a day.

Before he finished his treatment the carpenter designed and made a light wooden mallet which was used in the treatment of other patients. Sometimes a mechanical electric vibrator proves more satisfactory. Generally 10 minutes' treatment or less daily is sufficient. It is so simple that a patient can quickly learn to treat himself at home.

Another case was a soldier wounded in the foot in 1942 who had to have his lower leg amputated as a result. Despite an operation he frequently suffered great pain which seemed to him to be located in the foot he had lost and not in the part of the leg left to him.

The treatment had an odd result. At first it aggravated the "phantom limb" symptoms so much so that the patient said that he vividly felt once again the feeling of being wounded which he had endured more than seven years previously. After five minutes, however, this passed and complete relief was obtained. Subsequently it was found that all pain could be avoided by a few minutes of treatment each day.

Another patient found it impossible to walk more than half-a-mile on his artificial leg. After treatment he was able to walk in comfort. Three of the patients successfully treated had been wounded in the war of 1914-18 and had suffered discomfort for many years.

Dr. Russell's article gives details of the treatment of only seven patients (six of them in recent months) but the results achieved lead to the belief that the method has great possibilities, not only in the treatment of painful amputation stumps and phantom limbs, but also for other conditions, such as tender scars. The Ministry of Pensions is collaborating with him in referring suitable patients for treatment. He believes, too, that his work may lead to a new knowledge of the way in which the body's nervous system works.

The latest Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account of the Calcutta Chemical Company Limited for the year ending 30th June 1948 records yet another year of all round progress with a sale of over 43 lakhs, an increase of about 10 lakhs over the previous year.

Meeting all expenses and providing for depreciation, the Profit and Loss Account reveals a nett profit of Rs. 3,18,806-0-1 as against the previous year's Rs. 2,48,025-2-6 despite the fact that establishment and other costs have mounted up considerably since then. Dividends at 12 per cent on Ordinary Shares and 6 per cent on Preference Shares, 1st issue, both incometax-free, have been maintained. The management have contributed very liberally to the benefit of the employees and a total sum of approximately Rs. 1,24,000 (40 per cent of the nett profit) was allotted for free lunch, provident fund, bonus, welfare and amenities, gratuity, etc.

Established more than 30 years ago the Calcutta Chemical Co. Ltd., have attained their present stature and reputation for quality due to the sustained effort, honesty and integrity of Mr. K. C. Das and Mr. B. Maitra, the founder Directors and Managing Partners of Messrs. Sen Das Maitra & Co., the firm of Managing Agents.

The Company has taken recently new lines of manufacture for which they have increased their nominal capital and have offered five lakhs 4½ per cent incometax-free Preference Shares of 2nd issue, a limited few of which may be still available.

WHO IS INDISPENSABLE?

By POTHAN JOSEPH

ON the eve of Sir Chintaman Deshmukh's leaving the Reserve Bank of India after six years of meritorious service, he was entertained at a farewell party in Bombay when he made a striking confession. He said that his endeavour had been to so administer the work of the Bank that when he left nobody could say that he was indispensable. Ordinarily a man in high position is flattered when he is told that without him the whole structure would go to pieces, and requests for prolongation of service are regarded as the highest compliment. During the proceedings of the Constituent Assembly, a back-bencher remarked that the people could count on justice as long as leaders like Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel were at the helm of affairs, but he was woe-begone in his contemplation of the future. Their zeal for rectitude and efficiency were, he said, unquestionable but the makers of India's Constitution must take a long-term view when those who do not bestride the world like a Colossus are called to direct the affairs of State. Only a few days before, the Commerce Minister had denounced the corrupt practices of some of our leading exporters accustomed to adulterate goods before consignment abroad, pebbles being sometimes added to groundnuts for increased weight. It was a scorching indictment against India's stevedores of the Ship of State, our business-community. Neither of our outstanding leaders could afford to say "After me, the deluge" since they shouldered the burden of freedom through British withdrawal not as a personal adventure but as an act of faith involving the fate of millions alive and unborn. If they are indispensable, there must be a sentiment of depression and defeatism creeping into the heart of the people, but the spirit of hope must never be allowed to be stifled by prestige of personalities; and the way they have ridden the storm in spite of the departure of Mahatma Gandhi once regarded as indispensable, must infuse confidence

that the hour will produce the man, although change of leadership might seriously transform the conditions of the future. Boiled down, the success of a nation depends upon the calibre of the "average man"; if it is below standard, the process of enslavement is bound to re-assert itself in the destiny of the nation. When we speak of the Common Man, we are apt to regard him as an object of commiseration to whom overdue rights are being denied and for whose sake leaders must labour in penance in recompense of the past. If such a conception of the Common Man gains currency, national morale is likely to deteriorate.

VERDICT OF HISTORY

Very few people if asked who was the Prime Minister of Britain at the time of the Battle of Waterloo will be found to give a correct answer since the Duke of Wellington dominated the scene and the Prime Minister had proved to be a mediocre, Lord Liverpool. "Pitt and Pitt alone could save England" was the popular cry when the Napoleonic War re-erupted in 1803. Pitt took his seat on May 18, the very day on which his great antagonist was proclaimed Emperor of the French. Pitt said that England should save herself by her exertion and Europe by her example. His policy against the conquering tyrant has its variant in modern days; he matured the policy of forming coalitions with other Powers and creating a gigantic alliance, much in the manner of the tactics underlying the North Atlantic Pact. Coming to think of it, the manoeuvre of collecting friendly Powers for combined attack is as old as the dawn of history and no deviation from it has been discovered as being superior. When Napoleon assembled his grand army at Boulogne bent on striking a blow at England and was waiting for his fleet, came the victory of Lord Nelson at Trafalgar. Pitt's health was drunk as the saviour of Europe, but Pitt replied in pathetic terms "Europe is not to be saved by any single man." We often ask what would have happened if Lloyd

George had not led the British nation with his inspiring guidance in World War I; also how the course of history might have changed if Churchill had not been Prime Minister in World War II working with demoniacal energy and uncommon luck. The answer comes back to the thesis of the man-in-the-street determining the stamina of a country. The man-in-the-street, wrote Chesterton, is the King of England.

PLODDERS

A few weeks after the celebration, Pitt was aghast over the news that Napoleon had crushed Austria and Russia at Austerlitz on December 2, 1805. "Austerlitz killed Pitt," so wrote Wilberforce. Staggering, Pitt left for his home and as he entered his villa, his eye fell on a map of Europe. "Roll up that map, roll up that map" he said, and he retired to his sick bed, to die in a few days. The average man was grieved, but instead of being lost in consternation, he drew on his moral resources and girded up his loins to continue the fight. His successors, none of them extraordinary men, resumed the struggle, Grenville and Portland and Percival and Liverpool. Meanwhile, Napoleon prefiguring the fate of Hitler committed the blunder of invading Russia, a country so vast that it can never be fully occupied by any foreign army. The war proceeded without any pusillanimous talk of peace since the spirit of a fight to the finish, animated every Briton despite adversity.

RANK AND FILE

That the test of a nation is the quality and strength of the Common Man of whom we speak so patronizingly, is the theme of a familiar book, "Tom Brown's Schooldays," which begins with an eulogy of the common

man sometimes called John Citizen. The author begins by saying "The Browns have become illustrious by the pen of Thackeray and the pencil of Doyle." For an Indian student, it offered a puzzle until it was explained to him that the name Brown typified the ordinary Briton who from youth is subject to a discipline of vigour, good social conduct, sporting standards and patriotic pride, as may be seen in the characters described in the novels of Thackeray and in pictures drawn by the artist Doyle. The cue in training is to inculcate the idea that a person is quite as good for the discharge of responsibility as his neighbour, and that when the hour of trial comes whether in a local fire or in a world conflagration, he is there to pull his own weight. If in a queue, anything irregular occurs, we hear the question "Who do you take yourself for?" That should be the attitude of the Common Man when anyone moves out of step. Naturally, it should be the duty of national leaders in India at the present transition to let the idea permeate the public mind that no one is indispensable, not even the heroes of one's own party. If the contrary impression is developed in propaganda, the result will be the creation of an inferiority complex ultimately leading to nihilistic forms of non-violent non-cooperation. There is thus no little wisdom in the policy put forward and illustrated at the peak of his career by Sir Chintaman Deshmukh, namely, so to conduct oneself at the top and so to foster a tradition of collaboration, that no one is indispensable. If the Common Man is not equal to such a belief and assertion, he belongs to a country that is below par for the working of democracy.—N. P. S. (Copyright).

The number of women employed in the United States has risen by nearly 4,250,000 since 1940 and totaled 16,400,000 in April 1949. The only category which declined notably was domestic—service workers—who were 500,000 fewer in 1949 than in 1940.

About 85 per cent of all births in the United States are attended by physicians in hospitals. Another 10 per cent are attended by physicians outside hospitals.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

By "TROGLODYTE"

ONCE upon a time there lived a King who was very autocratic. He was doing whatever he liked without consulting his people, nor caring for their welfare.

Once the King went to London on an invitation and returned with all admiration for the West. What impressed him most was electricity and he and his courtiers wanted it to be installed at once.

They invited engineers from London and imported all the machinery. Soon the Palace and the buildings of the courtiers were lit with electric lights. The King was glad, and the courtiers were proud; and the people wondered.

At the end of an year they all found that the cost of electricity was too high, even prohibitive. The King consulted the engineer and suggested reduction of cost. The engineer said that the running costs were high because consumption was low. If all the people consumed electricity, he said, costs could be reduced.

At once the King ordered that all the streets in the capital should be electrified and the people should pay the additional taxes to defray the costs. He also ordered that every house should have electricity. Now his people were very poor and they were half-starving. They all came and remonstrated before the King that they had no money to pay. But the King said that electricity was a sign of civilisation and his people should learn to use it.

The King was very fond of games and he was a good shikari. He introduced tennis and compelled all people to play and pay. Every village had a tennis court and he held tournaments. He also introduced polo. There were polo grounds everywhere and large areas were reserved as forests for shikari purposes.

There were many rats in the Kingdom. To kill them the King imported cats and distributed them to his subjects. And when the cats increased and began to steal milk, he maintained a kennel of six hundred pedigree dogs to destroy the cats. And the people had to pay for all that and they murmured.

A few years later, the King fell ill and the doctors suspected T. B. A specialist was invited from London and he demanded a large fee. The King ordered that all the old people of his kingdom should get themselves examined and pay a share of the fee. Prevention is better than cure, he declared.

When people murmured, the King said that his people were fools and they did not understand; they must have faith in his government, he said.

Soon afterwards there was a country-wide famine in the kingdom but the King went on in his own way. People starved and many died and at last they revolted. A government must be of the people by the people and for the people; and no taxation without representation, they said. The King was deposed and a democratic government was set up. There was liberty, equality and fraternity everywhere. People felt happy but the famine continued.

The new ministers were very popular and very simple. They occupied the old palaces—because, they said, they could not be demolished, and must be somehow used—and they began to feast; and when the people wondered, they said that feasting was necessary to keep the dignity of office. Good food was required for high thinking and they quoted Albert Einstein as saying that "an empty stomach is not a good political adviser."

People expected conversion of the polo grounds and tennis courts into paddy fields. But the popular government said that the cost of the conversion was prohibitive, polo and tennis were good for health and for international understanding, and so they should be positively encouraged.

On account of the famine prices were rising and the government called it 'inflation'. They blamed the old King for it and called it a 'legacy' from him. They appointed experts to solve the problems. One of the experts defined democracy as the government of the people, by the police, for the three M's. (Ministers, Merchants and M. L. A.'s.) They increased taxes,

raised prices and went on printing currency notes—and went on feasting. And when people murmured, an expert explained that high taxation was required to draw away the surplus money from circulation, large circulation of currency to maintain high prices, high prices to fight inflation—and feasting to encourage production. It is his economics and it works in a circle, and the ordinary people are not expected to understand it; they must have faith in *their* government.

Once the Prime Minister was invited to London and he was happy. He travelled in an aeroplane and he marvelled at it. He thought that it was a symbol of civilisation and that his country should have it. He purchased a few aeroplanes in London and came back with them.

His people liked the aeroplanes but the cost of travel was too high, even prohibitive. And meanwhile prices increased and famine continued. In order to popularise air travel the Prime Minister ordered everybody to travel by air. Nay, he said, even the post cards must travel by air, and he increased the price of post cards to defray the high cost of aviation. The government converted rice fields into landing grounds for aeroplanes.

INCREASE IN U. S. POPULATION

THE population of the United States rose to 146,571,000 persons in 1948, the U. S. Census Bureau reports. This represents a population increase of 14,900,000, or 11 per cent, since 1940. Most of this gain—about 13,600,000—is attributed to natural increase, the excess of births over deaths. The remaining 1,300,000 gain is the result of immigration.

The Census Bureau points out that the total increase is noteworthy for its size and its contribution to the heavy demand in the United States for commodities such as housing, medical care and school facilities.

The Bureau notes a very rapid growth of the child population, with the number of children under 10 years of age increased by about 6,300,000. The greater part of this growth was in the population under five years of age. A high birth rate and a declining mortality rate among children increased this group by about 4,600,000

People made representations. They said that they were too poor and dying of starvation and were not interested in aeroplanes. The Government explained in a communique that civil aviation was good even in famines; food could be carried rapidly to the famine areas.

The Prime Minister of that country was a historian and he philosophized in the Parliament: "The aeroplane is a gift of modern civilisation and we must move with the times. History tells us that whenever our country remained static we lost our independence; so we must be dynamic and move in the aeroplanes. It is a pity that starving people cannot think in the context of world events and understand bigger issues."

Old people still murmured. The wise among them said that after all there was not much difference between the old autocracy and the new democracy. It is just old wine in new bottles, they declared. "It is a fantastic accusation and utterly baseless," the Premier thundered in the Parliament, "for the obvious reason that we long ago exhausted the old wine and we have not yet begun manufacturing new bottles." His party cheered him for five minutes. And the famine continued.

to 15,106,000—a gain of 43 per cent.

The population 65 years old and over increased by about 2,000,000, or 22 per cent, to 10,542,000. The increase in the number of births in the last half of the nineteenth century and continual declines in death rates among older persons were given as reasons for this shift.

In the population between 20 and 64 years of age, there were increases in each five-year age group. These tended to be relatively larger with increasing age.

During the period covered by the report, there was a shift in the relative numbers of males and females in the U. S. population. The sex ratio (the number of males per 100 females) declined from 100.7 in 1940 to 99.1 in 1948. The decline was greatest in groups over 45 years old. Among persons under 20 years of age, there were 104 males for every 100 females.—USIS.

Short Story

THE COCK

By M. Krishnamoorthi

AS he watched the cock strut about the backyard of his house the envy in his heart grew. Standing on the tips of his toes, his comb flaunting red and proud in the air, the cock crew lustily and, from the distance, several others made reply. In from all corners of the yard ran to him his hens, all a-flutter, cackling as ever does the female, and he, their lord and master, having indicated to them where a few more grains for their maw were to be had, busily went elsewhere, exploring the ground with inquisitive beak for more and more grains. Around the hens trotted, as best as they could, a whole brood of chickens, each one more greedy for food than the other! Occasionally the cock, with an air of complete nonchalance, worked his will on a hen which let him ride her with an equally disinterested air, as if it was all quite a matter of course, which it was to them. But not so to the watcher in whose heart envy for the fertility of the hens as well as for the parental potency of the cock grew to great proportions.

"Bloody cock," he muttered to himself, "Lucky bastard." And he thought of the two wives he had taken unto his bed and who had died after the passage of a dozen years, when his youthful bloom had passed away once and for all, without bearing him the son for whom his soul longed. Nor had they borne him even a daughter. In vain had he consulted astrologers, purohits, quacks and even doctors; they could suggest nothing effective to rid him of his great disappointment. There was nothing wrong with him nor with his two wives. It just was not fated; that seemed to be about all. And then he had married a third time just three months back, a lusty wench of a fertile family, herself one of a brood of more than a dozen children. Her sisters who were married all had flourishing families of their own and her crafty, old father, well knowing what Ramgopal was after, had squeezed as much money

out of him as was possible before he would consent to give his daughter in marriage to the oldish seeker after a son and heir. And from the day of the marriage she had led him a merry dance and, like the young wife of many an old husband, her every whim and fancy had to be satisfied before she would submit herself to the doting but not lusty enough embraces of her amorous husband whose potency, alas, was not on a level with his passion.

The village made fun of Ramgopal behind his back; and many a lustful eye was cast upon Syamala as she walked along to the river, hips swinging gracefully, with her bosom straining against her *choli*, eyes cast down demurely as befitted her status as a matron and with her raven tresses drawing many envious glances from the less beautiful women of the village. As is usual in the villages many young men—and old goats too, for the matter of that—managed to be at the river about the time she came along. Some performed a long-drawn *sandhya* on the river's edge, their thoughts fixed on her. Others bathed too long, as if their lives depended on it. And a few youths showed off their swimming prowess in her presence. But she ignored them all with an equal, sublime indifference. And, watching her from a distance her husband was both proud and irritated by her presence and his possession of her. But when he thought of the young men who lusted after her who was his, and only his, a feeling of pleasure and pride flushed through his ageing body and he checked the smile of serene self-satisfaction which was just about to mantle his face.

The day she announced coyly that she felt sure that his child was on the way was also the day on which the first, fierce, terrible pains shot through his chest. She lay, her lovely head resting on his left hand, her eyes closed in sweet slumber, her breasts heaving gently with every

light breath she breathed in and out, a look of serene happiness on her face as if the pride of motherhood had already increased her brown beauty. He had been gently kissing her face and drawing his fingers through her luxurious hair which made the darkness of the night even darker, brushing her eye-brows and forehead with his lips, when the pain commenced at a point about the middle of his chest. From thence it shot, like serpent bites, to all corners of his bosom and he could hear the drumming of his throbbing heart in his ears. Soon he was gasping for breath, every effort to fill his lungs completely and satisfactorily being of no avail. A cold sweat broke all over his body and in his agony he almost shouted out aloud for help. But he checked himself because he did not wish to disturb his wife who would in a few months be the mother of his child. With a great mental and physical effort he removed his left arm gently from under her head, turned over on his back and lay gasping for breath while she, moaning sweetly in the disturbed slumber, turned round on her side and cast an arm around his body and lay with her bosom pressing against his aching side. The pain which had seared his body as if it had been licked by ravenous flames of fire passed and he lay completely exhausted and terrified that his agony may return. Fortunately it never came again that night and early next day, on some pretext or other, he visited his doctor who lived in a village a couple of miles away and had himself examined very thoroughly. At the end of the examination the doctor looked grave.

"Hereafter you must be very careful," he said, "You must never exert yourself in any way, either physically or mentally. You have a severe heart disease and, unless you live a life within rigorous limits, your life may be cut short soon."

Ramgopal was stunned. He said nothing. The doctor told him in greater detail how he should order his life hereafter. Too much of nothing was the general trend of his instructions. "Sexually, too, you must never strain yourself unnecessarily hereafter," he said, and finally prescribed a bottle of pills, telling Ramgopal to

take one of them, and not more, whenever he felt the pain coming on thereafter. And during the next few months the pains came on several occasions and the wondrous pills eradicated them, though Ramgopal began to feel that life was not worth living under this constant threat of an impending doom. When his son was born he would die; on that he was firm. He lived only for that event now, and he watched the signs of motherhood develop more and more obviously on Syamala. How he hoped and prayed it would be a son! Repeatedly he told her, from whom he was keeping his heart disease a secret, "You must give me a son, do you understand? I must have a son." And she, rather frightened by his intensity, laughingly assured him she would do her best. The future, however, she added, was for the Gods to decide. And he prayed during the weeks before the birth of his child that it should be a son.

Some months later her pains came on her at about midnight. Her mother and elder sister were already in the house prepared for the event; he had refused to let her go to her father's house. A nurse, hired a fortnight earlier, was in attendance. They removed Syamala to the room which had been prepared for the confinement. Ramgopal was in an agony of expectation. He was so restless that he wished to leave his bed and walk about his room, pacing to and fro like some caged animal. But he was afraid the exertion might be too much for his heart and he lay instead tossing restlessly on his bed. He could hear his wife cry out in her pain and the bustle among the other inmates of the house. He sent off a servant to fetch the doctor and every minute which passed seemed to be an eternity to him. He knew that it would take at least two more hours for the doctor to turn up by which time, most probably, the child would have been born. But then the doctor could attend on her at least after the childbirth, restoring her strength as quickly as possible and preventing the complications which were not unusual after delivery. And at that moment the cock crew; he looked up at his clock; it was about three-fifty. That

was the time at which it usually roused him momentarily with its infernal crowing.

"Crow on, you bastard, crow!" he muttered to himself, "We shall soon see who has more reason to crow in triumph." "God willing," he added, hastily, averting any possible "evil eye."

There were half-heard screams and soothing words coming to him from behind the closed doors of the room in which his wife lay. He wished to go in to her, hold her hands, or lay his on her tortured brow. But etiquette prevented it.

"Savitri," he called out to his sister, who had come down to attend on Syamala, "How much longer will it be?"

"It will be over soon, very soon," she said, bustling past him, "Don't bother at all. It is quite a normal affair." He said nothing but muttered angry nothings to himself. And at that moment the pain was on him again. It was more terrible than at any time previously and he felt as if he were being tortured on the rack. His whole body quivered with pain like an aspen and a cold sweat broke all over him. "Oh God, let me die rather than undergo this horror," he prayed, falling back on his cot, "Let me live till my son is born and then take me away from this infernal torture. You have inflicted on me." He lay flat on his back as his doctor had advised him and his right hand groped under his pillow for the pills, which he did not wish to take this time as he wished nothing more than to die. Nothing more! He must live till his son was

born; and his fingers moved slowly, oh! so slowly, towards the bottle, and he had just managed to clutch in his fingers when Savitri rushed out from the other room into his.

"Anna," she cried out, joyously, "It's a son!"

"A son!" he replied, even his terrible pain forgotten for the instant, "Thank God!"

Again that cock crew as if the coming of dawn depended solely on his efforts to herald the arrival of the sun, but the crying of his infant son quite drowned it. He heard the newcomer's lusty noise and he knew he had triumphed over a cock.

"Crow, you bastard, crow!" he said, a smile on his anguished face, "But you can never get a son like mine."

The pain shot across his breast and he felt as if he was being buried under a tremendously huge rock and he could not bear it. But he withdrew his fingers from the bottle and sank back again into his bed on which he had propped himself up on his elbows by means of the strength engendered in him when he heard of the birth of his son. With a smile he sank back—dead. And the cock crowed again into the dawn but there was none to envy it thereafter.

The doctor discovered him dead when he came in some minutes later and they wailed over him and cursed the newcomer who had brought death in his wake. But the doctor, who knew of the torture Ramgopal had been enduring, looked at the dead man's face and knew that he had died happy. The son, as pious Hindus believe, is the very soul of the father.

A Young Cub reporter came into the city room with a photograph the editor had been trying to get for weeks. It was the picture of a young lady who had become involved in a scandal. All sorts of methods had been attempted to get the picture—without success. Maids had been bribed, the apartment ransacked. One reporter had even climbed a fire escape to get the photo—but without luck.

Naturally, therefore, when the tyro came in with the prized picture, the veterans wanted to know how he had gotten it.

"I called up and asked her for it, and she gave it to me," he said.

—STANLEY WALKER.

The transportation system in the United States includes more than 33,000,000 passenger automobiles, more than 7,200,000 trucks, 130,000 buses, 10,000 vessels engaged in commercial transport, 42,000 locomotives, 1,700,000 railroad freight cars, and nearly 100,000 civil aircraft.

THREE-CORNERED DEFENCE OF HONGKONG

By ANDREW ROTH

HONGKONG: While anticipating increased trade with the Communists, Hongkong is breathing hard out of fear and uncertainty over their intentions towards this colony.

Although, at the time of writing, the main forces of Communist troops are upwards of 200 miles away from Hongkong's borders, there are pockets of Communist guerillas much closer, in adjoining Kwangtung. In a matter of weeks, at most, the newly-reinforced British units here expect to confront the victorious, battle-hardened Communist troops across the frontier which winds through a patchwork of green paddy fields.

British officials are frankly puzzled as to Communist intentions toward Hongkong. On several occasions I have gone around to interview British officials only to find myself being interviewed by them, as a result of my two-month stay under Communist rule. The authorities here are snatching at all clues because the Chinese Communists have not for years made any official statements on Hongkong, merely limiting themselves to unofficial assurances that the problem can be solved by negotiation. In the meantime they have taken advantage of Hongkong's hospitality to publish a newspaper (Hwa Hsiang Pao), a daily press service (New China News Agency), and an English-language fortnightly (China Digest). Some well-informed observers think the Communists have even used Hongkong as a communications centre to co-ordinate their various South China guerilla groups.

The long-run picture here is clearer than the short-run. A century ago Hongkong was a prime example of the irresistible force of capitalist expansion and the immovable wall of Chinese isolation. Britain, as the vanguard of the industrially-advanced West pounded at the closed gates of stagnant China. The mountainous island of Hongkong (in Chinese, "Fragrant Anchorage")—then undeveloped and very lightly inhabited

—was pried away from China in 1842 as a result of the "Opium War". Kowloon (in Chinese "Nine Dragons" because its nine hills look like nine dragon humps), on the mainland facing Hongkong across Victoria Harbour, was acquired as a result of the 1860 war on China. And the lease for the New Territories, beyond Kowloon was extracted from the tottering Manchus in 1898.

In the last quarter-century, of course, the situation has been reversed with Western colonialism as the would-be immovable object and Asian nationalism as the seemingly irresistible force. Britain, on the defensive, claims that the present thriving *entrepot* of Hongkong has been built up from nothing by British commercial initiative and capital. The fact that it is now bristling at the seams with a population of over two millions—over 98% of whom are Chinese—is considered a tribute to Britain's ability to maintain law and order and a stable currency in an area of violent turbulence and runaway inflation.

Chinese nationalists of all hues, while they take advantage of Hongkong as an economic and political asylum, insist that Hongkong is as much part of China as any of the other territorial concessions extorted when China was weak. They insist that Hongkong was built by Chinese labour paid out of the profits of the trade with China. The force of such views in the hands of a nationalist-revolutionary organisation was demonstrated in 1925-27, when Hongkong was twice paralyzed by general strikes instigated by the then revolutionary KMT.

On Hongkong's packed, polyglot sidewalks one sees increasing numbers of the somewhat pallid recruits of the Leicestershire Regiment, recently arrived from England, and the more bronzed Fourth Hussars, posted here from Malaya. The garrison is being tripled from four thousand men. And in the harbour, the cruisers "Belfast"

and "Jamaica" and three destroyers ride at anchor. The authorities, uncertain as to the Communist intentions, are attempting to strengthen their security.

These reinforcements are useful psychologically, to convince the Communists and the uncertain Chinese middle class here that Britain intends to hold on. But no serious military observer thinks this force of twelve thousand can defend the colony against a determined onslaught. In December 1941 some 15,000 British, Canadians and Indian soldiers and Chinese volunteers could only delay the conquest by 50,000 attacking Japanese for sixteen days. Hongkong is still cursed by inadequate airfields and poor water facilities. Some British authorities claim the situation is different now in that Britain would have air and sea superiority—which it didn't have in 1941. But there is another major difference. In 1941 the overwhelmingly Chinese population supported Britain against the hated Japanese. But in the event of a war to restore Hongkong to China, the best-organized Chinese elements would actively aid the Communists and the majority would be at least passively anti-British.

Many British here take comfort from the fact that there are several U. S. naval vessels on hand here, including a heavy cruiser. Rough-hewn U. S. Vice-Admiral Oscar Badger has made it clear he would like to see Hongkong in Britain's hands as a "window on China" and a friendly naval base, particularly now that Tsingtao is lost. But it is still unclear how for the State Department will support this view.

Other British officials make much of the fact that if the Communists attack Hongkong it would mean war, with all that it entails. They forget that—if the Communists desire—they can cripple Hongkong without war. Some of the approximately five thousand Communists here have leading positions not only in the utilities unions but in the larger of the two major labour federations and could paralyze the colony by a general strike. Hongkong's commerce could be thrown into confusion by dumping the hundreds of millions of Hongkong dollars now circulating in South

China. And they could also cut off Hongkong's trade with China, on which the very existence of this colony depends.

In view of these things some of the service chiefs are believed to deprecate the publicity given to the reinforcements sent here as provocative to the Communists. Some feel that unneeded belligerence is as foolish as the sending of the *Amethyst* up the Yangtze on the last day of the armistice last April. There was a considerable amount of anger over the *Amethyst* incident at the time, but most people now feel it was a grave error on the part of the local naval commander to have sent a British naval vessel into the maw of someone else's civil war.

The authorities are somewhat concerned that they have secured few local volunteers for Hongkong's defence. But this is a result of their failure to win or even hold popular support. When the British returned in 1945, the Hongkong Chinese were enthusiastic. But although Hongkong has prospered, its 98% Chinese population has never been strongly encouraged to feel that it "belongs" here except on sufferance. For the mass of Chinese businessmen, overwhelmingly obsessed with questions of profit and loss, this is no great problem. Similarly most Chinese workers here are dominated by the need to earn enough to cope with the colony's high cost of living, particularly the key-money and high rents for the teeming rabbit-warrens that pass for tenements here.

However, the minority of politically-conscious Chinese—mostly intellectuals, professionals and students—has resented the limitations on educated Chinese securing top jobs (the so-called "European appointments") in the Hongkong Government. They have also resented the fact that Hongkong's Government, while efficient, has scarcely any popular representation, except as window-dressing. Even the current minor reforms being proposed will not fundamentally alter this. Colonial Secretary Arthur Creech-Jones has explained this as due to Hongkong's "apathy". The British-owned Hongkong *Telegraph* said this explanation was "puerile, to say the least," while the British-owned South

China Morning Post stated: "The Hongkong mind was born of a century of frustration, of denial of direct representation."

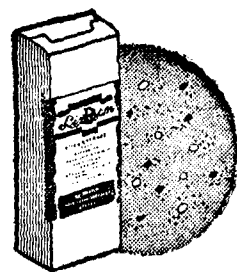
Against this background the "Societies Ordinance"—enacted on the day the Communists entered Shanghai—is thought by some to be insensitive, if not provocative. Under this, political parties with "foreign," i. e. Chinese, connections are banned. Already the Kuomintang and some of the "middle parties" have had to shut down. The Communists do not have any official, aboveground organisation and, curiously enough, the police here do not expect trouble from the Communists as much as from "bandwagon-jumpers" who will try to get in good with the Communists by being super-militant.

The politically-aware section of Hongkong's Chinese population considers this ban a restriction on their political rights, particularly the accompanying police powers to search and arrest. The shrillest complaint came from distant Peiping where nine pro-Communist political organisations—but not the Communists themselves—attacked the measure as being "anti-Chinese," depriving most of its population of their "democratic rights" and making Hongkong into a "police state." The leading signatory was Marshal Li Chi-sen, Chairman of the Kuomintang Revolutionary Committee, who enjoyed political asylum here and used Hongkong as a sounding-board for over a year before going to Peiping.

Actually, Hongkong's strongest defence today is its enhanced economic position. The Communists have put top priority on industrialization and economic reconstruction. Yet they have very few ships and no foreign credits. Russia's exports are preempted and the U. S. has gone too far out on the Kuomintang limb to beat a rapid retreat. Hongkong can supply the ships and finance the barter deals which the Communists want. Today the Chinese Communists can buy anything they want through Hongkong, even critical materials which Britain would not sell to the U.S.S.R. or its European satellites. "While we are entitled to warn the Reds that we shall fully resist any attempt to overthrow the sovereignty of Hongkong,"

the Hongkong Telegraph said recently, "overtures, based on the traditional friendship between Hongkong and China and recognition of their mutual interests, may do more than a display of bristling bayonets in winning from the Communists their respect and their willingness to live in peace with this colony."

Best-informed opinion here feels that for economic reasons the Chinese Communists will not really threaten Hongkong for at least a couple of years, although they may bring some political pressure. The only fear of an earlier threat is if World War III seems very imminent, in which case the Communists will probably want to smash in this "window on China." —N.P.S. (Copyright).



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SENANAYAKE, PREMIER OF CEYLON

By P. R. RAMACHANDRA RAO

THE Hon. Mr. Don Stephen Senanayake, Prime Minister of Ceylon, is a remarkable accident. Endowed with the minimum of education and talent, he was not cut out for politics: he never passed an examination. A creature of the wild, open spaces, he rather shone, as a boy, at cricket and wrestling and riding. His family did not exactly consider him their *magnum opus*; on the contrary, they thought him hare-brained. The *enfant terrible* was Frederick Richard, the Prime Minister's elder brother, the second of three children. Frederick, called to the Bar, blazed a trail of fervent patriotism, leading Ceylon's battle for Reforms against grudging Britain. Frederick died prematurely in 1926; Don Stephen literally stepped into his brother's political shoes, cashing in on Frederick's legacy of fame.

A trifling accident catapulted Don Stephen into politics and then, by an inexorable chain of circumstances, into the vortex of Ceylon affairs. In the village of Mirigama, adjacent to his own Botale, the Buddhist fraternity had launched an innocuous temperance movement with the best intentions in the world, and Don Stephen joined up more in fun than by conviction; but the British Government of Ceylon divined in the temperance drive a subtle challenge to authority, subversive and mischievous. The Muslim Buddhist riots of 1915 were, by the same tortuous logic, linked up with the temperance movement by the Ceylon authorities, and Don Stephen who refused to furnish a testimonial of good character from the Governor, Sir Robert Chalmers, was quite needlessly interned. Thus, the Premier became a hero in spite of himself, a politician by compulsion, with a grim determination to settle ancient scores.

This very square man in the round hole of Ceylon politics has been its hub for upwards of a quarter-century now. He has raised many eyebrows in the Island, puzzled friends

and confounded antagonists. In contemporary Ceylon history the name of success is Don Stephen Senanayake.

Consider his proportions. A brusque, outsized man, with spades of jaws padded with a comfortable double-chin; rather somnolent eyes, heavy-lidded; a stump of a nose, with deep-winged nostrils, and, most striking of all, a crop of a moustache masking determined lips that frequently break out in the heartiest horse-laugh in all the Island. An altogether dominating person, a rock of a man, boisterous and genial, hospitable, hail-fellow-well-met. Yet, behind those drooping eyes is another character, a Senanayake in psychological reverse, a diplomat by delayed action, shifty, slippery.

The Senanayake method is a political psycho-therapy. He deals with the individual *in camera*; he listens, he expounds; he does not contradict; he flatters; he cajoles; he converts. His United National Party is a masterpiece of manoeuvring—a heterogeneous assortment of the widely divergent Ceylon National Congress, the Sinhala Maha Sabha and the Muslim League, united only in their opportunist allegiance to the one and only Senanayake. The strength of his U.N.P., as every one knows, is in the weakness of the fissiparous Opposition. The theory-ridden Communists are a house divided, and the loaves of office have altogether demoralised the Ceylon Tamil phalanx. Indian residents, with a Hobson's choice, vote with the Opposition; as a bloc they are quite frustrated, neither on the land nor on the sea. Thus, it is a field day for the U.N.P., but Senanayake knows that the innings will be brief, that a second may be harder.

Senanayake almost cycled to politics trafficking samples of copra and plumbage from Ambepusa; his political education really dates from his unopposed return to the Ceylon Legislature in 1922. Self-schooled, his sound common sense is embroidered with a considerable filigree of book-

learning. He has even achieved a painful eloquence, battling unequally with vehement hands retrieved from trouser-pockets to push slipping spectacles into position. No orator, he lapses, however, into rare periods of moving rhetoric. His unlaboured repartees can be brutal, stunning. He is somewhat out of context in the decorous circumlocutions of the Ceylon Parliament; in it he always looks an alighted rider, strayed unexpectedly from side-racking gallops in the wild open spaces. He is essentially of the soil, of the rice fields and the rough terrain; his love of dogs and horses is intimate, profound. Scorning ostentation, he declined a Knight-hood. Yet, he has allowed his effigy to be printed on Ceylon's postage stamps.

Senanayake's longest break, a record tenure for 16 years, was as Minister of Agriculture—a key job, incidentally, transmitted to his son, Dudley, capable, however, in his own right and tipped as the future P.M. The Premier has, in patriarchal solicitude, found Cabinet jobs yet for three nephews; the "family circle" is the target of much Opposition cavilling. With historic visions of land reclamation, Senanayake functioned with near-Messianic fervour, hoping to refashion Ceylon into something of the irrigated paradise of the ancient Sinhalese kings. There is nothing so beautiful as a civilization in ruins; nothing so politically effective as a call to its rehabilitation.

Senanayake has always, as by instinct, taken the right decisions, backing the winning horses. With brilliant prescience, he swung from bitter criticism of Britain to warming friendship. The hand of friendship was heartily grasped by a discerning Governor, Sir Hugh Clifford,

who sensed the Premier's epochal possibilities. When all else in Ceylon wanted the Donoughmore Constitution (1929) rejected out of hand, he heroically championed its acceptance and was forthwith pitchforked into uncontested leadership. His confounded colleagues had definitely missed the bus. Out-distancing them, he outgrew the Ceylon National Congress and promptly walked out of it. He no longer needed a party; he was the voice of Ceylon. When he did need a party to fight elections on the Soulbury suffrage, ten years later, he just created a party—a super-party of nearly all the parties in the land. The eddying currents of Ceylon politics bent their courses and lapped his towering personality. Yet, simultaneously, a tide, broken through creeks and inlets, was turning against him—the uncompromising Marxists, the flotsam of Ceylon Tamils and the now-wise Indian labour. He stumbled to the post at dead-heat, championing the bit. He barely managed a Ministry, collecting a few late worshippers of the rising sun. The Opposition obliges him by just not getting together, by fighting internecine ideological battles, keeping the Government going.

Senanayake is a big man in a small habitat. His setting is unfortunately circumscribed by geography. Yet, the importance of Senanayake derives from Ceylon's fundamental nodality in the architectonic of Indian Ocean defence. Ceylon is not just tea and rubber; it is the bastion of radiating Oceanic highways, a historic spring-board. The Premier knows his cards and plays them well; not all of them does he place on the table. He achieves a difficult trapeze act—alternately patting and cold-shouldering big neighbour India, wooing Pakistan, balancing an over-all friendship towards Britain.

Scientist Albert Einstein attended a party at the country estate of a society matron. After dinner, he joined the hostess in a stroll through the garden. It was a clear moonlit night and the stars were twinkling in all their glory.

"Isn't Jupiter brilliant tonight!" exclaimed the matron, pointing towards the sky.

"That's not Jupiter, that's Venus," Einstein corrected her.

"Oh doctor, how wonderful," she replied. "You know their sex, too!"

—E. E. EDGAR.

F. D. ROOSEVELT JR.: A PROFILE

IN official ceremonies on June 15, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr., third son of the late United States President, was sworn into the United

Other opponents were Republican William H. McIntyre and American labour party candidate, Annette T. Rubinstein.

Roosevelt, backed by the Liberal and Four Freedoms minority parties, won a clear majority over his rivals. The victory was credited to the record-breaking number of voters who turned out for the special election: 80,872 of a possible 138,054 registered voters cast ballots. Most optimistic forecasters had predicted a maximum total vote of only 60,000, which in itself would have set a record for special elections.

Roosevelt votes outnumbered those of his rivals combined. The final tabulation was:

Roosevelt	41,146
Shalleck	24,352
McIntyre	10,026
Miss Rubinstein	5,348

The Roosevelt sweep was so complete that Shalleck conceded defeat an hour after the polls closed. The winning candidate got a majority of votes in all five units of the Congressional district, even in traditional Tammany Hall strongholds. The large Jewish population in the area was almost solidly behind him.

Of Roosevelt's votes, 31,037 were won on the Liberal Party ticket, and 10,109 on the Four Freedoms endorsement. It was the first time in New York history that the Liberal Party won more votes than Tammany.

The campaign was one of the most vigorous in New York history, according to *New York Times* accounts. The amount of door-to-door canvassing, campaign literature, and speech-making surpassed the efforts of any previous campaign in the area, according to observers. Roosevelt supporters poured workers into the district. Roosevelt himself worked 18 hours a day in the pre-election weeks, touring the district, and stopping in places of all sorts to talk to the people.

The winning candidate's popularity became apparent early in the cam-



States Congress as Representative of the Twentieth District, located on Manhattan's West Side in the heart of New York City. Roosevelt won the seat in a sweeping election victory last May. Running as an independent candidate, he defeated three opponents in a special election to replace the late Representative Sol Bloom, Democrat, who held the seat for 26 years.

The election, and the campaign preceding it, made headlines for weeks. The Roosevelt name was in itself a magnet for publicity. Further, Roosevelt bucked the opposition of the Tammany Hall Democratic Organization, for years considered to control the majority of votes in the Twentieth District. He had asked for the Tammany nomination but had been turned down in favour of Benjamin Shalleck, Municipal Court Justice in the District. Local Liberal Party leaders persuaded him to run anyway.

Tammany Hall, represented by Shalleck in the election, has long been a powerful political organization of New York City Democrats.

OF STEEL AND SCANDALS

By BAROO

paign. Nominating petitions in his support were signed by more than 26,300 persons, although the election law required only 3,000 names.

A main issue in the campaign was that Roosevelt was a newcomer to the district he was seeking to represent in Congress. He moved to a hotel there only recently. According to the Federal Constitution, candidates need not live in the Congressional district in which they run as long as they are legal residents of the state in which the district is situated. But the Shalleck forces stressed the fact that Roosevelt was not a bona-fide district man and could not represent the neighbourhood as well as Shalleck, a life-long resident with a good record of philanthropic work in the area.

In the campaign, both Roosevelt and Shalleck endorsed the Democratic Party platform of 1948 and the entire Truman programme.

Franklin, Jr., is first of the five Roosevelt children to enter politics. "Politics is in my blood" he is quoted as saying.

Now 34 years old, Roosevelt was born on Aug. 17, 1914 at Campobello Island, New Brunswick, Canada, where the Roosevelts had a summer home. His early upbringing gave him plenty of practical schooling for a political career. Public and political issues were often discussed in the Roosevelt family circle. Franklin, Jr., says he remembers the lively debates in which his father, the late President, would throw out a topic for discussion and then "sit back and sort of sit as judge." The son's—like the father's—formal schooling was taken at Groton, top-notch preparatory school for boys, and Harvard University and law school.

Shortly before the United States entered World War II, Roosevelt joined the U. S. Navy. He rose from ensign to commander in his five years of service from 1940 to 1945. Seeing active duty in several war theatres, he was awarded three decorations. He won the Silver Star and the Purple Heart when, himself wounded, he carried an injured shipmate to safety during action off Sicily. The third decoration, the Legion of Merit, came

after his ship, a small destroyer escort, sank a Japanese submarine off Mindoro.

Soon after he was discharged from the Navy, he joined the New York law firm of Poletti, Diamond, Friedin, and Mackay, of which he became a senior partner. He has said he wanted to establish his reputation as a lawyer before entering the precarious political arena, so that he would never have to depend on politics as a sole source of income. Law associates have praised his ability to direct conciliation procedures and to "get on with people."

Roosevelt, who calls himself "a strong liberal," soon began to play an active role in several organizations dealing with politics and public affairs. He was especially interested in veterans' affairs and became one of the organizers and leaders of the American Veterans' Committee. He is still its national chairman on housing.

In 1946 he took part in a campaign to preserve war-time price controls. He was also an active member in the Independent Citizens' Committee of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions, until the organization broke apart on the issue whether Communists should be allowed membership. Roosevelt, with the anti-Communist element, formed a new political organization, Americans for Democratic Action, of which he became a national vice-chairman.

He also served on President Truman's Committee on Civil Rights and is chairman of New York City's Committee on Unity, formed by Mayor William O'Dwyer to combat racial and religious intolerance.

In appearance, Roosevelt is said to show a marked resemblance to his father. Standing six feet four inches tall, he is a big, muscularly built, handsome man, with the characteristic Roosevelt smile. His voice is said to sound remarkably like his father's in formal speech-making.

Roosevelt was married to the former Ethel Dupont in 1937 but the couple are seeking a divorce. They have two sons, Franklin Delano III, 10, and Christopher, 7.—USIS.

THE curtain is about to rise on what might prove to be the most interesting series of trials we have had for a long time. The Government of East Punjab has nominated a Special Magistrate to try what are already known as the Steel Scandal cases. The appointment of a Special Prosecutor has also been announced and everything is now ready for the fun to begin.

It is going to be fun because of the number of prominent politicians (Congressmen, of course) involved in the investigations. Of the twenty-five persons arrested by the police in connection with the inquiry at one time or another, one is an M.L.A., and many others are closely related to M.L.A.'s. At least one official, a personal assistant to the last Premier, Dr. Gopichand Bhargava, has been suspended and is expected to figure prominently at the trials. Another very highly placed officer is reported to have turned King's evidence. More than one Minister and Parliamentary Secretary are likely to find themselves in the dock when the trials gather tempo.

But many people doubt whether the trials will ever be allowed to gather tempo. They point out, and with reason, that so many people belonging to both Congress factions (the Sachar and the Bhargava groups) are likely to get involved in a free-for-all witch hunt for black-marketeers in steel that the composite provincial Government will very likely achieve unanimity on the wisdom of hushing things up as much as is possible at this late stage. Some are convinced that such an agreement has already been made and ascribe the recent comparative paucity of news on the subject to Government's desire to soft-pedal a most uncomfortable issue.

But whether Mr. Sachar, the Premier, started his drive against steel

racketeers for the ulterior purpose of consolidating his own position *vis-a-vis* the Bhargava party, and is now regretting his hasty action, or whether he is a man of principle and will persevere in his original stand, one thing is certain beyond doubt—that the biggest casualty in this whole affair is going to be the Congress Party. Already it has lost a great deal of its prestige during the investigation stage, and has been discredited to such an extent that people are eagerly looking forward to more dirty linen being washed during the trials. If their expectations are fulfilled—well, it is easy to imagine the plight that the Congress will find itself in. On the other hand, if all the promised fun does not materialise, they are going to blame the party for hushing things up.

No wonder the High Command is interested in the Scandals. Bhargava has been to Dehra Doon and Sachar to New Delhi. It is indeed a perplexing situation for the High Command, particularly because the problem of corruption among Congressmen is not confined to East Punjab but is common to all the provinces, and to almost all levels of the party heirarchy. How are the party bosses to tackle the problem? If they let justice take its course, why, there would be nothing left of the party within a few months. On the other hand, if they hush things up with an eye on prestige and the next elections, they will gravitate towards an increasingly fascistic set-up and will be faced with the danger of liquidation at the hands of angry mobs roused to violence.

This, of course, presumes that the Congress is no longer capable of reforming itself. But does anybody any longer believe that it is?

The average life span in the United States is about 67 years for women and 63 years for men.

There were 1,781 daily newspapers in the United States at the end of 1948.

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EFFECT OF NEW PRODUCTS ON AMERICAN ECONOMY

AMERICA'S industrial frontiers are constantly expanding under the stimulus of new products and new industries, which sustain a high national income and a steadily-rising standard of living.

The automobile has in the past frequently been cited as an example of the enormous impact of a new industry on the social economy. Its importance can be measured in the estimate of the Automobile Manufacturers' Association that one-seventh of the United States labour force—between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000 workers—is normally engaged in the manufacture, distribution and servicing of automotive vehicles.

Today, in the opinion of many experts, the United States stands again on the threshold of one of the greatest eras of economic opportunity in its history.

As Edward J. Foley, Jr., Under Secretary of the Treasury, pointed out recently in a review of the U. S. economic situation, "a vast array of new techniques and new processes... hold the promise of future industrial revolutions as great as those brought about by the airplane and the automobile."

An illustration of spectacular post-war industrial development in the United States is the growth of the infant television industry. Records of the U. S. Commerce Department show that in four years of commercial production the industry has advanced from an output of 6,400 receivers in 1946 to 975,000 units in 1948, with trade sources putting the 1949 sales objective at 2,000,000 sets.

Retail sales of television receivers (currently estimated to cost about \$375 per unit) amounted in 1947 to less than seven percent of the total dollar value of radio sales. By 1948 they had advanced to 30 percent of the total value of radio sales. If the 1949 objective of 2,000,000 television sets, produced and sold is reached, dollar income from them may equal

or exceed the retail sales value of radio receivers.

At present 56 television stations are in operation and an additional 68 stations are authorized. Stations now in operation are located in 42 cities in 28 states and have an estimated 40 percent of the nation's population within their range.

As the number of stations increases and the quality of programmes improves, the demand for television receivers is expected to increase. In a forecast of the sales outlook for the industry, the U. S. Commerce Department states:

"Continuation of the 1948 sales trend in television receivers with resultant sales in excess of \$500,000,000 may be safely assumed."

Another development bringing important gains to the U. S. economy is the remarkable rise of the frozen-foods industry.

According to private surveys, more foods are being frozen today in the United States, with the exception of soups, than are being canned. At least 400 companies are now deep-freezing foods, and last year they packed 700,000 frozen pounds.

Some enthusiasts predict that before another decade is out one-half of the nation's food bill—some \$10,000,000,000—will be spent on frozen foods, a figure which dwarfs the annual dollar volume of America's giant automobile business.

On the equipment side, over 150 firms are turning out freezing cabinets for home and commercial use. The home deep-freeze cabinets, first sold in 1937, today number about 1,250,000 and come in all sizes and prices, from a 4-cubic-footer for \$250 to a 30-cubic-footer at \$900.

But the vast majority of frozen-food users today rent their freezers on a monthly basis from commercial locker plants. There are nearly 11,000 of these plants, most of them concentrated in farming districts.—USIS.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

"WHEN the tiger is hungry, it will eat anything, even a cow"—and economic discontent always causes violent upheavals. Hungry, ill-clothed, homeless people forced to live in dark, dingy, suffocating hovels in slums or to sleep on pavements during winter, summer and monsoon are not very amenable to considerations of non-violence and constitutionalism. Even a staunch non-materialist like Mahatma Gandhi was constrained to declare that to a starving man God could appear only in the form of bread.

The wave of what is often contemptuously referred to as "mob violence" is no longer restricted to Bengal and Telangana. Every day there are reports of similar occurrences from all over the country. What is behind it all? Are a handful of Communists responsible for all this trouble? Or is the trouble more deep-seated?

WHAT MAKES A MOB GO MAD?

Consider, for instance, the latest such report from Bhagalpur in Bihar. I am quoting from a U. P. I. despatch which, by no stretch of imagination, can be accused of partiality for Communist "trouble-makers."

"BHAGALPUR, June 30: One person was killed and several injured in police firing in the village of Saidpur near here, where a mob is stated to have attacked a police party and attempted to free two arrested Communists."

I think one may safely presume that the police party was armed and that the mob was unarmed. Though the identity of the person killed is not mentioned in the report—or, rather because it is not mentioned—one can also presume that the casualty was a member of the "mob" and not a police constable. Of the "several injured," only a small minority could have been members of the police force. Brickbats, however well-aimed, can never be deadlier than bullets.

One supposes that this was not a mob of blind men. They must have seen the police and the arms

carried by the police. They must also have known that policemen's rifles are not show pieces. They are meant to be fired and whenever there is police firing there are sure to be casualties. Each one in the mob, then, must have been aware of the mortal risk he was taking when he joined the crowd attacking the police to rescue the Communists.

What made this man—and these men of the village near Bhagalpur—or of other places from where similar occurrences have been reported—go suddenly mad enough to court danger and even death? What motives, what impulses, what emotional imperatives, impelled the "mob"? People do not risk their lives so casually.

Could it have been merely the demagoguery of the Communist "instigators"?

I am aware of the high-pressure demagogic powers of Communist orators, but does a Red agitator's harangue simply hypnotize people into such rash and dangerous acts? Can the most powerful Communist speaker sweep the members of a Chamber of Commerce off their feet and persuade them to follow him in an attack on the police? Can he so influence a gathering of the Rotary Club? Or a crowd of diners at the Taj? No, that would be preposterous, impossible!

"IT IS ONLY THEN...."

The Communist's (or any other similar agitator's) appeal works only in the case of "ignorant peasants and workers." They are so ignorant, it will be argued, that they will follow any one anywhere.

Then why don't they follow the Government officials, the zamindars, or at least Congressmen? Why must they fall a prey to the blandishments only of Communists? Even when it involves risk of arrest, injury, even of

death? What gives the agitator this strange, hypnotic power over the "mob"? Who or what are agitators? And why do they go about telling people to risk their lives by defying the police?



"Agitators are people who are discontented with existing conditions and desire a change and work for it... But tens and hundreds of thousands of people (as in Telangana and Bengal!—K. A. A.) do not move to action merely at the bidding of an agitator. Most people desire security above everything, they do not want to risk losing what they have got. But when economic conditions are such that their day-to-day suffering grows and life becomes almost an intolerable burden, then even the weak are prepared to take risks (as they did in the village near Bhagalpur!—K. A. A.). It is then that they listen to the voice of the agitator who seems to show the way out of their misery."

(*Glimpses Of World History*, By Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru).

These lines were written to describe the violent acts of mob fury which preceded and characterised the French Revolution. They express a historical truth which is no less applicable to India. It is only against this background of growing economic distress of the masses that one can understand the "epidemic" of clashes between people and the police that is reported from everywhere. Not bullets but bread, not arrests and detention but clothes and shelter, not threats but a friendly, human approach, will induce these embittered people to return to the ways of peace.

VIOLENCE AND NON-VIOLENCE

Personally, I am of the opinion that just as the greatest 'gospel' of the Nineteenth century was Karl Marx's theory of the economic basis of history, the greatest 'gospel' of the Twentieth century is Mahatma Gandhi's doctrine of Non-violence. It is not only a weapon for the oppressed—for victims of imperialism and capitalist exploitation—but also a basis for peace within nations and between nations. Only through the universal recognition of Non-violence can the world achieve the ideal of global Peace.

But, human nature takes time to purge itself of bitterness and hatred and violence. Impatient and angry people, goaded and provoked by tyranny and exploitation and the violence of men in authority, often take the illusionary short-cut of violent action.

So long as their motives are the betterment of society and protest against injustice, they cannot be regarded or treated as goondas and cut-throats. However much they might be misguided in their desperate and violent actions, one cannot but be moved by the motives that impells them. That applies as much to patriotic martyrs like Bhagat Singh as to Communist terrorists of today. They cannot be brought back to the path of non-violence by governmental counter-violence. That is what our leaders told the British; that is what they may tell themselves today.

In the government's dealings with violent "mobs" of peasants, workers or refugees one finds the Gandhian approach utterly missing. On the other hand, the callous police psychology of the imperialist regime seems to be operating once again. Often it appears that the police were just waiting for a chance to give full play to their rifles.

I can understand that on occasions police violence may be necessary—when it is used to stop a ~~gathering~~ *procession* of protest is not violent activity, nor so is a strike. Can it be said with conviction that police firing are resorted to only to prevent greater "mob violence"? Is it not a fact that often they are meant to "teach the law-breakers a lesson," to uphold the false prestige of the government and the police?

If workers insist on striking, demonstrating and taking out a procession, is there no other way of dealing with them than to fire upon them? (What did we say when the British likewise fired upon Congress processions?)

If peasants in the mass refuse to give up their grain (however unwise their action), is there no alternative but to brandish the "big stick," thus goading them into open defiance of authority, and leading to indiscriminate firing. As many as fifteen were killed outright (and many more injured) when a crowd of kisans was fired upon near Jaipur.

EVEN POLICEMEN MUST HAVE HEARTS

Nor is the police wrath restricted to class-conscious, militant workers and peasants. The casual manner in which crowds of refugees have been fired

upon is even more deplorable and scandalous.

There is the recent instance of a crowd of refugees having been fired upon, also near Jaipur. The refugees, it was reported, were in an angry mood and were proceeding to a town in a defiant manner.

What was done, then to pacify them? Did local officials and Congressmen approach them and try to reason with them in the Gandhian spirit? Or were these homeless, destitute, uprooted and naturally embittered unfortunates only treated as a mob of hooligans?

Surely it is too much when no consideration is shown even to refugees. Having lost their all, it is understandable that their bitterness sometimes leads some of them into rash and violent acts. But, at least in their case, is it not the duty of government officials—even the police—to appease them with kindness, affection, gentle reasoning and persuasion?

A government whose spokesmen claim to be the followers of Mahatma Gandhi and which expects the nation to follow the doctrine of Non-violence has to set an example of Gandhian forbearance and non-violence in its dealings with embittered any angry citizens.

Or shall it be said that even in the Congress regime, the imperialist Penal Code has completely supplanted the Gospel of the Mahatma?

LISTEN, COMRADES!

By the way, to those Communists and pseudo-Communists who believe that the present wave of terroristic violence is bringing the revolution nearer, I make a present of the following words:

"For Marxians it is well-established that the small owner who, under capitalism, is constantly oppressed and suffering and whose conditions of life often take a sharp and rapid turn for the worse, moves easily when faced with ruin to *extreme revolutionism*, but is incapable of displaying consistency, organization, discipline and firmness. The petit-bourgeois 'gone mad' from horrors of capitalism is a social phenomenon which, like anarchism, is characteristic of all capitalist countries... The weakness of such revolutionism, its futility, its liability swiftly to transform itself

into obedience, apathy, phantasy and even a 'mad' infatuation with some bourgeois fashionable tendency—all this is a matter of common knowledge.... Anarchism was often a kind of punishment for the opportunist sins of the working class movement. Anarchism and opportunism are two deformities, one complementary to the other...." (LENIN in "Leftwing Communism—An Infantile Disorder").

BOOK OF THE WEEK

On his seventieth birthday, a memorial volume was presented to Mahatma Gandhi. Edited by the world-famous philosopher, Sir Radhakrishnan, it contained tributes from notable men and women of diverse views and nationalities from all over the world. George Allen and Unwin, London, have now brought out a new and enlarged edition of MAHATMA GANDHI—Essays And Reflections on his Life and Work—with a new Memorial Section added after the Mahatma's martyrdom (Price: 15s.). It is a work of permanent value containing the views of some of world's greatest thinkers not only on the personality of Gandhiji but also on the humanitarian concepts of non-violence and satyagraha which have come to be called "Gandhism." Represented in these pages are such great names as Albert Einstein, Peral Busk, C. F. Andrews, John Haynes Holmes, Laurence Housman, C. E. M. Joad, George Lansbury, Ethel Mannin, Dr. Marie Montessorie, Romain Rolland and Rabindranath Tagore. Sir Radhakrishnan's own contributions shed revealing philosophical light on the message of the Mahatma. In the Memorial Section he pays a tribute that is tender as well as profound:

"Gandhi has paid the penalty of all who are ahead of their time, misunderstanding, hatred, reaction, violent death.... We made Socrates drink death; we nailed Jesus to the cross; we lighted faggots that burnt the mediaeval martyrs. We have stoned and killed our prophets. Gandhi has not escaped the fate of being misunderstood and hated. He has met his death facing the forces of darkness, of ultimate unreason, and through it has increased the powers of light, love and reason."

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"CALCUTTA: Lt. General Ne Win,

Burmese Deputy Premier and Defence Minister, arrived in Calcutta on his way to London at the invitation of the British Government."

"KARACHI: The anti-British Fakir of Ipi has been driven out of Pakistan and has taken refuge in Afghanistan."

"WASHINGTON: The United States refused to recognize the Nationalist China's "blockade" of Communist-held posts and territorial waters.... Mr. Acheson, Secretary of State, said that he understood that Britain had taken a more extreme position against the Chinese measures."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"JAIPUR: One was killed and ten seriously injured in a clash at Udaipur between refugees and local residents."

"BOMBAY: Kevaldas Prahlad Daji, posed as a master "sadhu" who could turn gold and silver to ten times their original quantity, city police said, producing him before the Girgaum Court. He was alleged to have received from a person one tola of gold and eight tolas of silver to perform his magic with."—*News Items*.

"NEW DELHI: A circular from Pandit Nehru has gone round the offices. Official attention has been drawn to the fact that several guests to Government House functions have been seen "even in bush shirts."

Times Of India.
"Delhi Dairy"

STAMPS AS WEAPON OF WAR

By N. V. ESWAR

WE are so familiar with stamp collecting as a hobby—quite a peaceful one at that—that it seems cruel to suggest that stamps could be used as a weapon of war. Yet this is the truth.

During World War I, the problem of distributing propaganda leaflets in enemy countries had to be solved. Large quantities of stamps had to be purchased and the leaflets posted at Post Offices within enemy territories. The enemy countries, however, were not sleeping. They had issued instructions to the Postal authorities to hand over to the Police or the Secret Service any one who was found buying stamps in large quantities. This naturally prevented any large-scale operation in the field of distributing propaganda leaflets.

To overcome this difficulty, Britain forged the various denominations of German, Austrian and Bavarian stamps. These were to be distributed among neutral agents who were to

post inside enemy territories British leaflets which declared Britain's peaceful and democratic aims. But by the time the stamps were ready, World War I came to an end. So the stamps could not be utilised for the purpose for which they were printed. Not a single stamp out of these forged stamps has been found bearing a post-mark all these years.

However, some of the unused stamps did find their way into the philatelic market. Small dealers did quite good business in these stamps. Even today these stamps are eagerly sought after. And any philatelist would pay a substantial sum for obtaining one of these stamps.

It is not known whether this philatelic weapon was made use of in World War II. There was, of course, no need for it. For the aeroplane has come to stay. And leaflets could be dropped in their thousands from the sky.

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

ALDOUS HUXLEY AND MR. ABBAS

IT takes a bold critic to say of Aldous Huxley in 1949, after the appearance of *Ends And Means*, *Time Must Have A Stop* and *The Perennial Philosophy*, that "his recent interest in Yoga notwithstanding, Huxley remains the sophisticated, blase and clever 'young' man." While the prolific output of criticism by Mr. K. A. Abbas, political and literary, has always been marked by the estimable quality of courage, one suspects that something less than courage was responsible for this particular verdict (in his feature 'Azad Qalam' appearing in the June 25 issue of SWATANTRA). Mr. Abbas seems to have quite missed the significance of the philosophical development reflected in Huxley's writings. The suspicion becomes almost a certainty when Mr. Abbas tells his readers, betraying a total misunderstanding of the book he was reviewing (Huxley's *Ape And Essence*), that in it "Huxley takes refuge in the defeatist, fatalist, reactionary view that 'Ends are ape-chosen; only the means are man's.'"

Huxley does say unambiguously in this novel that modern man, labouring under the twin delusions of Progress and Nationalism, is rapidly approaching the status of the baboon. But Huxley's purpose is anything but to suggest that we are doomed to become or to remain baboons. It is in each one of us, he says equally clearly, if we so will and desire, to break out of our mental zoo and to achieve man's true status. The line "Ends are ape-chosen; only the means are man's" represents, not Huxley's own belief, but the tacit belief which has guided most of human action so far, with tragic consequences, and which Huxley passionately implores us to reject. The passage runs, in full:

Surely it's obvious.
Doesn't every schoolboy know it?
Ends are ape-chosen; only the means are man's.
Papio's procurer, bursar to baboons,
Reason comes running, eager to ratify;
Comes, a catch-fart with Philosophy,
truckling to tyrants;

Comes, a pimp for Prussia, with Hegel's patent History;
Comes, with Medicine to administer the Ape-King's aphrodisiac;
Comes, rhyming and with Rhetoric, to write his orations;
Comes with the Calculus to aim his rockets
Accurately at the orphanage across the ocean;
Comes, having aimed, with incense to impetrate
Our Lady devoutly for a direct hit.

Surely it is obvious. These lines draw an indictment of man as he is, and not a picture of what he ought to be or need be. That "ends are ape-chosen" is the truth that every schoolboy, every baboon, knows, the truth on which our baboon civilisation has acted pretty vigorously in the recent past—witness the mass killing of the two world wars, the saturation bombing of Germany, the atom bombing of Japan, the concentration camps of the Nazis and the Soviets, the lynching of Negroes, and the mutual killing of Hindus and Muslims in India. Is it "defeatist, fatalist and reactionary" to say of the scientist who has lent himself to the service of the apish ends of war that he "comes with the calculus to aim his rockets accurately at the orphanage across the ocean," and, of the 'intellectual' who truckles to Capitalist or Communist tyrant and feeds his propaganda machine that he "comes with rhyming and with rhetoric to write the Ape-King's orations"?

Mr. Abbas tells us that Huxley remains blase and clever, and that his "interest in Yoga" leaves him still a cynic. This estimate is hardly borne out by Huxley's biting remarks, in *Ape And Essence*, on the role of the scientists who take an amoral attitude towards their work. "Biologists, pathologists, physiologists—here they are, after a hard day at the lab, coming home to their families. A hug from the sweet little wife. A romp with the children. A quiet dinner with friends, followed by an evening of chamber music or intelligent conver-

sation about politics or philosophy. Then bed at eleven and the familiar ecstasies of married love. And in the morning, after orange juice and grapenuts, off they go again to their job of discovering how yet greater numbers of families precisely like their own can be infected with a yet deadlier strain of *bacillus mallei*."

Again, when the scientists in the story fall victims to the engines of destruction of their own invention, and they protest because they individually "never did any harm to anybody.... we, who lived only for Truth," Huxley has them told: "That precisely is why you are dying in the murderous service of baboons. Pascal explained it all more than three hundred years ago. 'We make an idol of truth; for truth without charity is not God, but his image and idol, which we must neither love nor worship.' You lived for the worship of an idol. But, in the last analysis, the name of every idol is Moloch. So here you are, my friends, here you are."

If these passages present a too complicated case against amorality in scientific work, there are other passages in the book, which Mr. Abbas could have considered, where Huxley directly pleads for the use of science for human ends—specifically, to fight soil erosion—with all the uncynical enthusiasm of a Boyd-Orr.

To buttress his opinion that "Huxley's humanism is really anti-man," Mr. Abbas has presented his readers with another quotation from the book:

The leech's kiss, the squid's embrace,
The prurient ape's defiling touch:
And do you like the human race?
No, not much.

THIS MEANS YOU, KEEP OUT.

Now, this bit does sound bitterly cynical. But to foist its sentiment on Huxley is as unwarranted by the text of the novel as is the equation of the line on ape-chosen ends with Huxley's own philosophy.

The person who didn't much like the human race was William Tallis, of California, U.S.A., who died in 1947. According to his landlady "Mr. Tallis couldn't have been pleasanter, once you understood that he liked his privacy." The emphatic injunction to fellow-men to "keep out," nailed by Tallis to the gate of his house, owed

its bitterness to other reasons besides a partiality for privacy. As we learn from the landlady, Tallis had nobody left but a granddaughter, and she was far away, in Germany: "Mr. Tallis wanted to bring her over here; but the people at Washington wouldn't let him. So the next best thing was to send her a lot of money so she could eat properly and finish her education." Even more urgently, so that she could be spared the fate of many young girls in post-war Germany. For Tallis had heard "about children in post-war Europe prostituting themselves for bars of chocolate. The granddaughter—had she perhaps been one of those children? 'Ich give you *Schokolade*, du give me *Liebe*. Understand?' They understood only too well. 'One Hershey bar now; two more afterwards.'" Tallis, therefore, might perhaps be forgiven for recalling the prurient ape in connection with *homo sapiens*. Anyway, he wanted to earn some extra money to send to his granddaughter. So he wrote a film script—*Ape And Essence*—and sent it to Hollywood. Hollywood sent it to the incinerator. Tallis died shortly after.

It is useful to bear in mind this context of the personal history of Tallis, since many reviewers besides Mr. Abbas have quoted the "keep out" passage, possibly because it conforms to the widely persistent though out-of-date picture of Huxley as the brilliant cynic. But if we forget the myth and attend to the text of the present novel, the bitter lines of Tallis will be seen for what they are—an episode in the mental life of the imaginary author of *Ape And Essence*, the crystallisation of a not unreasonable mood of disgust at life as it is lived, in a person who most certainly does not deny the beauty of life as it can be lived, with human ends substituted for apish. No misanthrope could have written the script that Tallis left behind him. The story he tells includes not only a survey of the baboon world but a moving affirmation of the possibility of the triumph of man's essence over his apishness. Symbolically, the hero, Dr. Poole, at the end of the story, both liberates himself from his inner conflict and rescues a denizen of the benighted ape world to a new life of light.

Blase, cynical, defeatist—Huxley could have been so described, with some justification, seventeen years ago when he issued *Brave New World*, a warning to humanity as grim as *Ape And Essence* but a warning unaccompanied by the hope of liberation affirmed in the later work. And there has been no better and no more candid critic of the earlier Huxley than the Huxley of today. In a foreword to the American (Harper's 1946) edition of *Brave New World*, there is this self-criticism by Huxley on "the most serious defect" in that story. The defect, he says, is that "Savage (who is the only character in the story who desires the dignity, freedom and moral initiative that should belong to man and who is potentially capable of them) is offered only two alternatives, an insane life in Utopia, or the life of a primitive in an Indian village, a life more human in some respects, but in others hardly less queer and abnormal. At the time the book was written this idea, that human beings are given free will in order to choose between insanity on the one hand and lunacy on the other, was one that I found amusing and regarded as quite possibly true.... Savage ends in maniacal self-torture and despairing suicide. And so they died miserably

ever after'—much to the reassurance of the amused, Pyrrhonic aesthete who was the author of the fable. Today I feel no wish to demonstrate that sanity is impossible. On the contrary, though I remain no less sadly certain than in the past that sanity is a rather rare phenomenon, I am convinced that it can be achieved and would like to see more of it."

Mr. Abbas, it would seem, is quite unnecessarily angry with a Huxley who ceased to be many years ago. And anger has never been an aid to understanding. Otherwise Mr. Abbas would have found something to say about *Ape And Essence* more creditable to himself as a critic than that "Every one who reads it will be amused by it but it is doubtful if he will be helped by Humanist Huxley's metaphysical mumbo-jumbo of escapist individualism bordering on pacifist anarchy to understand or resist the forces that are threatening to atomize the world"—which sounds more like a Communist chant than anything else.

The crowning piece of the review by Mr. Abbas comes when, after these references to "metaphysical mumbo-jumbo," "escapist individualism" and "pacifist anarchy," he goes on to champion Gandhism!—G. N. S.

THE ANDHRA CHARACTER

By A. S. RAO

THE Andhra is like the rice plant. He must needs be transplanted out of the nursery if he is to grow to his full stature. Nowhere is the dictum that a prophet is not honoured in his own land more true than here. A Punniah to Sind, a Chintamani to U. P., a Yellapragada Subba Row to United States, a Radhakrishnan roaming the Continent—they are some of those that have had to tear themselves away from their nursery to yield their rich and bountiful harvest in alien lands. It is not that there has not been inter-provincial migration. Adventurous people ever seek fresh fields and pastures new. But while others give out of their abundance Andhra, it has to admit, has not given adequate recognition to its best brains.

Why has this occurred? Is it due to conspiracy of men and events or is it of their own making? Shifting the blame to other shoulders is neither manly nor helpful; self-analysis may yet help. His main defect is that he is idealistic. This is good in itself, but as Radhakrishnan put it, 'disciplined emotion and directed idealism are better.'

Insularism is another of his drawbacks. While distance is being annihilated and continents becoming neighbours, I have known of persons who have spent years in other parts of India, without in the least attempting to learn their language or feel one with them. The very backwardness of the area known as Andhra has contributed to this unfortunate situation. Despite its long coastline and stret-

ches of natural beauty there is no tourist spot in Andhra. Two great rivers—the Krishna and Godavari—flowing through one of the richest agricultural tracts remain unharnessed while river projects are springing up elsewhere. Industrial enterprise worth the name is absent. It is an imposing list of negatives and no wonder that none except the politician finds it worthwhile to come here, assured of a rich harvest. Probably that explains why frustrated Andhra is one of the citadels of Communism in India.

This void in the economic and social spheres prevents the Andhras from living a full life. A note of cynicism has entered into their mental make-up. They judge others severely and satirise all good intentions. They stubbornly refuse to set their own house in order. Like Rip Van Winkle, they have a contempt for all forms of organised work. Their towns are a hotch-potch of modern bungalows, palmyra-thatched huts, open drains, dusty roads and tree-less parks. They are too uncared for to improve them and too sophisticated to shift back to villages. Others were not slow to take advantage of their apathy. The Tamilians and Mangaloreans run their hotels; the Bombayites, their business. Even their famous 'avakaya' and 'gongura chutney' are little known outside, while the Malabar papad, the Tamilian sambar powder, the morabba of the north are obtainable in the far corners of the country. Like the Chinese, who invented gunpowder to make crackers for grandfather's birthday and refused to find money-making uses for it, the Andhra is poor at commercialising the few things that he can really boast of.

One wintry morning, the council of a small New England town was in session. It had snowed the night before, and through the window they could see the picture-postcard-like fairylane the town had become. One of the council-men remarked that it was too bad the villagers would soon be tracking through the snow, spoiling its beauty with their footprints.

That gave rise to a suggestion from another. Why not appoint one of them a committee of one to go from house to house and ask the villagers to stay indoors for a while? The others thought it an excellent idea. "Wait a minute," chimed in one of the boys. "If he goes from house to house, he's going to make footprints in the snow himself."

They hadn't thought of that. So they sat down to figure the problem further. They solved it, all right—by appointing two fellows to carry the messenger.

All this and much more (deservedly or otherwise his lot) have hardened him in frustration. This has reached its apex in the demand of the Andhras for a province of their own. They helplessly find the issue tied to the political see-saw of the country, though they were pioneers in making their claim. Like the overconfident hare in the fable, they relaxed their efforts. The Sind and Orissa tortoises crawled to their goal. Now the race is again on. But there are no more tortoises. Lined up are a row of hares. The Andhras may yet win if they choose to give up their leisurely ways. But victory is not worthwhile unless they learn the lessons of history and knock out the vaporous ideas.

As has been said, the finest from the Andhra nursery have been taken away. Let not this mistake be repeated. The land must be prepared again. Vigorous seed carrying within it all the glory that was Andhra must be sown, the tender plants carefully tended by honest sweat. Then only can they expect the threads that snapped at Nagarjunakonda and Amaravathi, Hampi and Warangal to be gathered up and woven as new strands into the fabric of our national life. If they have this larger ideal before them, they can confidently plead 'not guilty' to the usual charge levelled at protagonists of linguistic re-grouping that their claim is based on narrow conceptions and against national solidarity. For as Kipling has written:

God gives all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small
Ordains for each one spot shall

Beloved over all.

prove

MEMORIAL TO PROFESSOR SARANATHAN

IT is neither a very pleasant exercise nor an easy one to write a memorial. One is apt to vacillate between an objective and dispassionate evaluation of the worth of the subject and an ingrained superstition that one must not speak ill of the dead. The resulting composition, therefore, is usually either a paean of praise or a very stilted apologia for the weaknesses and faults of the subject. In writing on the late Prof. Saranathan, however, such hesitancy or embarrassment need never torment the writer. For, bluntly forthright as he himself was and free from all squeamish sense of delicacy in the matter of principle and opinion, he would, if spirits could read, be the first to appreciate what the living are saying of him, complimentary or otherwise.

Prof. Saranathan passed away on the 20th of June, 1948. It is a year now, time enough for an unruffled, unexcited estimation of him as a man. His was one of those forceful personalities which kindled, while he lived, either a deep, all-indulgent love and affection in others or as marked an animosity. Thus, there were—and still are—those who loved him inordinately and could find no fault at all in him, and those who just could not endure him. For an impartial appraisal, therefore, neither the fervent vehemence born out of blind devotion of the one, nor the disapproving reproofs of the other should be taken wholly.

The National College, Trichinopoly, from the principalship of which Professor Saranathan had retired just a year prior to his death, has brought out a memorial volume to commemorate the anniversary of his death. It is divided roughly into three parts; the first consisting of appreciation by people who had known him well; second, his collected works in English; and third, his Tamil writings. The whole volume is prefaced by a biographical sketch of Mr. Saranathan by "G. V." The facts are familiar to most of us. Mr. Saranathan came of a learned family of

pundits and his father is reputed to have accomplished the miracle of bringing down rains on Pudukottah by the performance of a *yagnya*. His childhood was not a particularly happy one. He lost his father early. The family had no money. The elder brother, an exceptionally brilliant boy, and Saranathan, himself no less intelligent, went to Kumbakonam to pursue their studies, but though recognition of their rich mental endowment came immediately, misfortune still dogged their footsteps. Death came to the elder brother, and Saranathan sank into ill-health, an affliction which plagued him to the end of his life. But in spite of that he passed his Matriculation examination with a high rank to his credit and entered the Hindu College, Tinnevely. He graduated brilliantly from the Presidency College, Madras, where Professors Middlemast and Mark Hunter were much impressed by his perspicacity. He then entered the St. Joseph's College at Tiruchirappalli as tutor, and while there he wrote his thesis on Francis Thompson which secured for him M. A. degree. But association with St. Joseph's was short-lived, for after a couple of years he left that institution and joined the staff of the Hindu College at Tinnevely, one of an illustrious five, the other four being Sri K. A. Nilkanta Sastri, the late Sri K. C. Viraraghava Iyer, Sri K. P. Yegneswara Sarma and the late Sri N. Sankaran. These years at the Hindu College which Mr. Saranathan often referred to later as the "battle years" saw him exultantly indulging, along with his four no less youthfully exuberant colleagues, in the first of the famous quarrels which punctuated his life with a little bitterness. These young idealists tried a gigantic experiment at Tinnevely on the lines of that tried at the Fergusson College, Poona, and that met with a gigantic failure. And so the five, in disgust but not defeated, in hope and faith in themselves, left the Hindu College and migrated elsewhere. Mr. Saranathan took him-

self to the National College back in Tiruchirapalli when it was inaugurated. He was then twenty-seven, small, thin, sickly but full of an inexhaustible energy and fired with extravagant idealism. Two years later, when not yet thirty, he became the principal of the college, which post he occupied through twenty-six eventful years, retiring in January, 1947.

The first part of the book contains a dozen appreciations from various distinguished people among whom may be mentioned V. V. Srinivasa Ayyangar, Prof. K. A. Nilakanta Sastri, K. S. Ramaswami Sastri, the Rev. A. J. Boyd, and Prof. K. Swaminathan. His temper and temperament are rather lightly touched upon, thin ice which his eulogists have either avoided or skated on with a delicate step, but of his devotion to the cause of education, to the National College which he had cherished with a mother's care and which as Mr. A. Rama Iyer said "bears on every feature of it the impress of his strong personality," his scholarship, his infinite and unassuming capacity for self-denial, his untiring pursuit of the Gandhian ideal of plain living and high thinking, there is no diversity of opinion. The meed of praise is unanimous. "He loved his studies," says Mr. V. V. Srinivasa Ayyangar simply. "He loved the students. It is difficult to say which he loved more." Mr. P. N. Ramasubramanian, whose contribution is in the form of a letter addressed to the Secretary to the Editorial Board, says "Of all the *dathas* I have come across or known, he was the most unassuming and unostentatious, and would give his shirt off his back, if he had nothing else to give." Mr. K. Swaminathan, Principal, Government Muslim College, indulges in a more extravagantly-worded tribute. "He was a flame," he says, "a stream, a draught, a phenomenon, a process; he was not (like so many of us) a vegetable or an institution. A perpetual succession of flights and flashes, of outbursts and withdrawals, of likes and dislikes, Saranathan had too many personalities to have an identity." Another quality in him which has come for

generous praise was the spirit of self-sacrifice and co-operation which he by precept and example, inspired in his staff. He was a keen patriot but he never lost sight even for an instant of the thin line which separated nationalist idealism in students from indiscipline and "the disciplinary action resorted to by him as Principal was submitted to by the students." His personal and all-embracing love of education and of the National College received its final confirmation—if confirmation was needed—in his will, in which he left his properties valued at nearly half a lakh of rupees to the College.

The second part of the book consisting of his English works, is a miniature literary labyrinth. There are lyrics on various themes, mystic, legendary, abstract, and *Poems of Earth and Sky*, none written later than 1941, and showing strong the influence of Shelley, Wordsworth, Masefield and even little known John Boyle O'Reilly and occasionally marred by the confusion and artificiality which we find, say in Rossetti. There is *Krishna, a Lyrical Pastoral*, which is a fanciful and pleasing experiment in prosody. In his serious poems, *The Spirit of India*, and *Ode to Tagore*, the influence of Shelley's poetry is unmistakable. Of Gandhi he says exquisitely:

"From agony to agony he goes,
Self-chosen, to explore how man
may dare,

May through the valley of defeat
upbear

Truth's banner."

His *Political Sonnets*, in trying to be profound, becomes complex and obscure, though here and there we are able to comprehend lines of beautiful simplicity. In his sonnet on *Spain*, he breaks out into what might well pass as a moral epigram in reiterated quotation from lip to lip.

"Men learn to die, when death be-
come an act

Like breath, or motion, sight, or
smell of things."

His *First Sheaves*, the book of verse published when he was very young, in 1918, consists of desultory ramblings, some simple and touching, some complex and almost

incomprehensible, one or two light-hearted and gay, a few others full of a desperate yearning or a delicate pathos. They seem an intricate tapestry of words and imagery knit together with the thread of a fine imagination, by a genuine craftsman.

His prose work is of four kinds. Literary criticism and addresses delivered on educational topics form the major parts. There are a few essays on culture and a few autobiographical sketches, of which *Pages from my Journal* gives us a glimpse of a mind which could belong only to a genius.

His essay on Francis Thompson which won him his M. A. degree is a clear, fluid piece of writing with occasional and brilliant flourishes. His command over an extensive vocabulary is as excellent as his grasp of the technique of literary criticism is perfect. He never lets his pen run away with him. There are no delectable digressions and his pursuit of the subject is as steadfast as it is relentless. His critical essays written later exhaust many varieties of topics from Greek drama to Eva Gore-Booth, of whom many of us have not even heard. Of Shakespeare, he says what sounds fresh indeed and original, that Shakespeare "walked in the habit of the universal and complete man." In another essay he surveys all poetic achievement between the two wars, taking in his sweep Buchan, Spender, Yeats, Wilfred Owen, Housman, T. S. Eliot, Day Lewis and Auden. In his essay on Autobiography, the writers of which type of literature he styles a kind of egotists, he handles with dexterous brevity Milton, Blake, Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley, Browning, Fitzgerald and Goethe. Of poetic genius itself, he says: "Since experience is wide as the sky, the poetic spirit finds channels of utterance in an infinite variety of ways. And given the poet's mind, the whole world becomes a 'magic shadow-show and the game of life presents a thousand slides when re-enacted in the poet's work." Nothing can be more comprehensive, yet simpler.

His definition of culture is simple. "...there is a problem of culture for us, each by himself, how to carry our little light into a small room to make

it shine, to define our narrow ends, to mark out our little paths and to learn the sweet small ways of human graciousness." But he is not above an occasional sarcastic fling. "The implements of the modern world are excellent," he says. "We could produce workmen worthy of their tools." And again of teachers, he says: "Our teachers have often been conscientious men, though of no brilliant intellectual endowment, men of method, but unable, except in rare cases, to teach that virtue to their pupils." He condemns in no mild terms our examination systems, our over-crowded colleges, our "mass-produced" young men and women, advocates reform in educational methods, often making categorical suggestions. Of all his essays, his educational addresses are undoubtedly the most useful. There are few indeed in South India more fitted to talk on that subject.

In the last in the series are the autobiographical sketches. Here we see revealed that side of Mr. Saranathan which has been the subject of most difference of opinion. He has often been called intolerant, irascible, quick-tempered, domineering and inconsistent as a woman. Even those who are fondest of him admit in an apologetic aside that he was not the easiest person in the world to get on with. But very few who have known him intimately have failed to understand or at least perceive dimly the origin and root-cause of his occasional contrariness and acerbity. In the *Journal* we see him, as he said himself, often restless, bitter, thwarted and complaining against imagined wrongs, lonely in an "agony of self-seclusion." We see also in a flash here and there his desire for fame and power, "that last infirmity of a noble mind." The thrill of humiliation which often tortured him and his yearning to win the affection of others, may perhaps be attributed in part to his self-imposed celibacy and his general state of ill-health. "For I have been struck in the golden horn and hurt," he says, "and by the rivers of life I weep." And again, he says in bitterness, "Indeed I have the stuff of which the great criminals are made—only I lack energy." Mr. V. V. Srinivasa Ayyangar says of him:

"In his impulsive disposition, in his likes and dislikes, in his outlook on life, in his talk, in his laughter, in his playfulness, he was child-like." G. V. alludes in his preface to the "elusiveness" of the "charm of his rich and many-sided personality." And Srimathi Gowrishankar refers in a pretty sketch in the first part of the book to the outward symbols of these fugitive characteristics in him, the confusion of his room, his changing moods, his hair which he plastered down with infinite care one minute and ran a violent hand through the next, the antiques he guarded and the memories he cherished. Perhaps his own lines in his lyric on Romance describe his personality best:

"Charm unrestful laid

On life, a music deep, a radiance,

And joy and fear of subtle mystery made."

Latterly, Principal Saranathan began taking a constructive interest

in his own mother-tongue, Tamil. To those who had known him earlier, this latter phase was not only a surprise but a revelation, for Saranathan had previously scorned to talk or write in Tamil. He began writing and talking in Tamil only in the late 1930's but before the end came, alas all too soon, he had written much, he had written mightily. The last 200 and odd pages of the present volume contain his Tamil writings, mostly occasional contributions to *Cauveri*, a Tamil monthly published from Kumbakonam and reproductions of the scripts of his broadcast talks. The moderner may feel they are a purely intellectual performance, the writings of one who writes in Tamil because he feels it is the patriotic thing to do, because of conviction and not those of one born to write, of one who writes as naturally as he breathes, because of an emotional need. But the artist merely attains beauty. It is the humanist who achieves understanding.

A FORWARD POLICY IN KASHMIR

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

WITH the inclusion of four members from Kashmir in the Indian Constituent Assembly, there has set in a complete lull in the public interest in Kashmir. This is doubly deplorable in the present context, when the Pak-Afghan cauldron is on the point of boiling over, and the big powers are watching warily for an opportunity to jump into this area of explosive possibilities, Russia across the Afghan border, and U. S. A. from the Persian side. Besides consolidating our gains in Kashmir, it is time that we shed our complacency and lassitude over this most vital issue.

The Indian public has so far been fed on the comfortable legend that by simply helping Sheik Abdullah's administration, all would be well in the fair valley. But some facts that have recently come to light, though they have received scant publicity in the Indian press, reveal a dangerous state of affairs. Much will have to be done by India not only on the mili-

tary side but on the administrative side also if the election to our Constituent Assembly of members from Kashmir is to mean that Kashmir's lot is cast permanently with India.

Some facts revealed in a recent pamphlet entitled "Kashmir Plebiscite" by the Jammu and Kashmir Sahayak Sabha are quite startling. It appears that Sheikh Abdullah has been carelessly handing over the reins of power in many important places to the very people who have been dead against accession to India, and favouring Pakistan. The tehsil of Rajauri, we are told, is administered by the same set of people who had also been administering it on behalf of the Azad Kashmir Government, for eleven months. It appears again that Chaudry Fiaz Ullah Khan who is a Rehabilitation Commissioner in Jammu and Kashmir State, was the man responsible for inviting the raiders into Baramulla, while his brother is a Rehabilitation Officer in the

Pakistan-held territory of Kashmir, under the Azad Kashmir Government. More such instances are quoted of such officers in important key positions. We are also told that most administrative officers of the Hindu community are forced out of office by various means, and that Hindu refugees in many camps are in a miserable plight. Pakistan nationals have been allowed in large numbers to flood the State. To protests from nationalists against this danger, Sheikh Abdullah's administration replied that a permit system would be introduced but the officers in charge of granting these permits are themselves Leaguers and Pakistani nationals. Corruption, we understand, is rampant, since the local officials are free to do as they please under the cloak of emergency. Prices have soared sky-high.

We are not in a position to dismiss all this as baseless. Firstly, the Kashmir administration has treated all these allegations in a most cavalier fashion so far. Most people who want to visit the State are entertained as State guests, shown round the Shalimar and Nishat gardens, and deluded into the belief that all is well with Kashmir. Supporting evidence for this charge of censorship is given by two members of the Indian Parliament who, it seems, paid a surprise visit to the State and saw things entirely different from what they were painted to be by the Information Officers of the Kashmir State. Another reason why such charges of maladministration seem quite probable is that our recent experience of popular Ministries in Provinces and States, has been quite startling. If popularly elected representatives could run amuck in

peaceful places, subject to the glare of public criticism, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that administrators called to office in an emergency free from criticism within and without, should mismanage delicate tasks like finance and rehabilitation. We learn that Pandit Parmanand, the Accountant-General, was recently forced to retire, because he insisted on certain official formalities before money could be disbursed.

While the press in India has almost agreed on a conspiracy of silence regarding many things in Kashmir, for fear of embarrassing an already overworked Government, one has only to turn the pages of the "Sind Observer" from Karachi to see how keenly alive Pakistan is to the Kashmir issue. Pakistan now seems ready to go to any length to grab Kashmir, and the fear of a stab in the back by Afghanistan or her own tribesmen has only forced her to be all the more desperate for a victory in Kashmir. On our side, the attitude of many nationalists is one of complacent happiness over the Pak-Afghan complication. The public of India must know what exactly is happening in Kashmir politically and militarily. We must hereafter treat Kashmir as a limb of India, and must send a sufficient number of trained Indian administrative officers to rehabilitate the liberated areas, since there is hardly any tradition of official service among the people of the State, thanks to the Maharajah's exclusive bureaucracy. It is also time that we wriggled out of the endless entanglements with the U. N. Kashmir Commission, which we invited on ourselves in a moment of unwary faith in international justice.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle took a taxi to his hotel in Paris. As he paid the driver, the latter said, "Merci, Monsieur Doyle."

"How do you know my name?" asked the author.

"I saw in the papers that you were arriving from the south of France today," explained the driver. "Your general appearance shows you are an Englishman. You have had a haircut in the past week, and it is evident that your hair was cut by a barber in the south of France."

"Amazing," commented the creator of Sherlock Holmes. "You had no other evidence to go on?"

"Nothing," replied the driver, "except the fact that your name is on your luggage."

Letters To The Editor

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

Dr. Rajan's Record.

In the issue of SWATANTRA dated 11th June, '49 Vighneswara chose to pitch into our Health Minister. He made out an article which, though beautiful, was reared upon unsound foundations. Vighneswara says: "Dr. Rajan's record as a procurer of the people's food has not been a conspicuous success." A Food Minister cannot create food. He can only distribute equitably the food available. Dr. Rajan has done his job well, and if he is not thanked for it, it is because of either ingratitude or prejudice. Another statement by Vighneswara is: "Doctors, lawyers and engineers become Ministers in other countries too. But that is, as a rule, long after they have left their professional life behind them." I consider it my duty to tell Vighneswara, if he does not know it already, that Dr. Rajan's professional life is far behind him. It is at least fourteen years since Dr. Rajan ceased to be a doctor in the accepted sense of the term. If at all he is anything other than a Minister today, he is a farmer. Dr. Rajan is the father of the first Public Health Act in India. I ask Vighneswara whether any substitute that he may think of, to fill the ministerial chair, could have ever put through an Act like that.

V. P. RAMAN

Why Discriminate?

It has been stated that the Government of India want a uniform policy in the payment of Dearness Allowance to administrative officers of the Provinces and the Centre. Why not apply the same principle to non-gazetted officers also? The cost of living for a servant of the Government of India and for a servant of the Government of Madras living at one and the same place, is the same. Then why this discrimination?

K. V. SUBBA RAO.

Rajahmundry.

Annamalai University Affairs

A most piquant situation has arisen in the Annamalai University Engineering College where the fate of 20 students of the B. E. Part I Civil class hangs in the balance. The University authorities who all along gave the opinion that there will be examinations in all the subjects suddenly withdrew two of the subjects from the purview of the examination. It is a

fact that there was no coaching in these two all along the year but nevertheless the students prepared for the same. It may be noted that the College, as it was, was understaffed. This setback had its effect on the engineering students of the third year about 20 of whom failed in the examinations. The majority of them failed for want of 1 per cent or 2 per cent to the aggregate while at the same time they got the minimum number of marks. At a time when we want more technical personnel it is a pity these students have to waste one more year of their precious time. Hence may we hope that the present Vice-Chancellor will take a more liberal attitude and promote at least candidates who have failed for want of very few marks.

"AN OLD STUDENT."

Finance Minister's Arithmetic

Probably, none, not even the M.L.A.'s ever pretend to consider the official replies in the Assembly, seriously. A little girl in our house provoked by the reproduction in your recent issue of what the Finance Minister spoke about the Sales Tax in the Assembly is considerably agitated. She says:

"The Finance Minister said that whatever was collected from the customer was taken into consideration as turnover. It would not benefit the merchant to put it separately! A thousand rupee transaction should fetch a sales-tax of Rs. 15-10-0 calculated on the basis of 3 ples per rupee. If tax is levied on Rs. 1015-10-0 the merchant should pay a sum of Rs. 15-14-0. Had the merchant not collected any tax, he will have to pay Rs. 15-10-0 out of his pocket. The collection of tax enables him to spend towards tax annas four only. Is this not beneficial to the merchant?"

I have not attempted to change the girl's language. A few people here suspect why the Finance Minister escaped the simple arithmetic of his school days and think it would not be unwise to appoint a committee for investigating the ways and means of enabling him to go to school during his leisure hours.

V. S.

Communists and R. S. S.

Commenting on the Government's policy towards the Communists, it is stated in your issue of the 11th June that in the

matter of the death sentences passed against Communists in Hyderabad "there has been a remarkable absence of protest from people who were eloquent in condemnation of Ganapathy's execution (in Malaya)."

It is equally remarkable that the powerful voice raised in the case of Communists finds itself suddenly choked and stifled when confronted with the activities of the R. S. S. The Press that is invidiously reluctant even to review the affairs of the R. S. S. has no right to accuse other "people" of having omitted to protest against the Hyderabad sentences.

A. V. APPARAO

Bezwada.

Air Service To Rajahmundry

Whilst almost every town south of Madras has the advantage of Air service, Rajahmundry unfortunately is not in a position to boast of any such amenity. For the whole of Andhra Desa, there are only two Air Service stations—Visakhapatnam and Vijayawada.

Rajahmundry is already on the route of the Deccan Airways service from Visakhapatnam to Vijayawada. And it has also a disused aerodrome at Mathurapudi, a suburb.

Commercially and culturally, Rajahmundry occupies an important place.

Besides being the district headquarters, it is an important commercial centre and also the only outlet for the agency and delta produce. It has a first class municipality, a big paper mill, a ceramic factory, numerous iron safe factories, the biggest P.W.D. workshops in the province, a huge anicut with arteries of canals leading right into every nook and corner of the delta, two railway stations, a reputed tuberculosis sanatorium, etc. Apart from all these, being situate on the banks of the holy river Godavari, it attracts all through the year from every part of the country thousands of pilgrims.

It is such pity that the Government have so far not thought it fit to extend to Rajahmundry, the facility of Air service.

P. SURYANARAYAN.

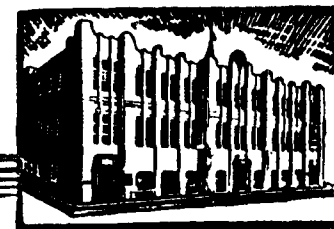
Rajahmundry.

India And Dollar Crisis

India, after having drawn 132 million dollars from the International Monetary Fund, and with her essential programme of importing food and capital goods from hard currency areas, has to raise the necessary dollars to pay for them.

Our problem today is as to how we shall improve our export trade and make India self-sufficient in food and avail of the sterling balances to a more productive end and possibly convert sterling into

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hard currencies of which we are badly in need.

India should have close ties with the U.S.A. to improve her economic status. The economies of the two countries dovetail into each other affording advantages to both. We have multipurpose schemes designed for flood control, irrigation, navigation and power development. Side by side with these colossal schemes, we have plans in blue print for increased production of textiles, iron and steel, jute, cement, paper, chemicals and fertilizers and various other industries directed principally towards manufacturing machinery and machine tools, the want of which is being so acutely felt in India at the present time. We want capital equipment and technical skill, which the U.S.A. is in a position to supply. We want these in exchange for commodities which are urgently needed in the U.S.A. and which we are in a position to supply. India will deliver to the United States as much as she finds it possible to spare of commodities which the U.S.A. needs, such as mineral ores, mica, shellac, tea, burlap, oil and oil seeds and the products of our arts and crafts.

The Government of India's aim to attain self-sufficiency in food by the end of 1951 will go a long way in bridging the import and export gulf. But the Provincial Governments should take up this matter in right earnest and bring into effect intensive cultivation of land by introducing agricultural machinery, fertilizers and providing short and long term credit facilities to the farmer through the medium of 'active' co-operative societies. The reclamation of waste lands into cultivable land should be immediately taken up on a nation-wide programme.

The Commonwealth Finance Ministers Conference proposed to meet within a fortnight in London should come to an early agreement regarding the free convertibility of sterling into dollars and larger release of sterling to build up our exchange resources to meet the present situation squarely.

In this connection one cannot but welcome the United States Secretary of the Treasury Mr. John Snyder's suggestion that the free exchange of national currencies and realignment of currency exchange rates suited to the prevailing economic conditions would alone avert the dangers of world depression.

N. SRINIVASAN, M.A.

What The Congress And Khadder Are To-day.

Merit is not regarded while making men Ministers. It should be the policy of our Congress leaders to consider merit, ability to administer, conduct and charac-

ter and a thinking brain endowed with reason while making a man Minister. One proposed for Ministership should neither be swollen with pride, nor hardened with prejudices.

Scarcely do we pass a day in which we do not read a newspaper containing columns of compliments reported to have been paid to some Congress Minister who happened to preside over some gathering, or to perform the opening ceremony of some institution or club, or to distribute prizes to the winners at some race or performance, or to lay the foundation stone of some charitable institute or a bridge or a mansion for the gathering of patriots. Strange that our people should make it a custom to pay compliments to the Ministers. This is how people try to win the favours of Ministers for their selfish ends. How is it that our leaders do not care to question these Ministers whether their visits and tours are necessitated by any public service? Why is it that the Government do not check the actions of these Minister who waste its funds?

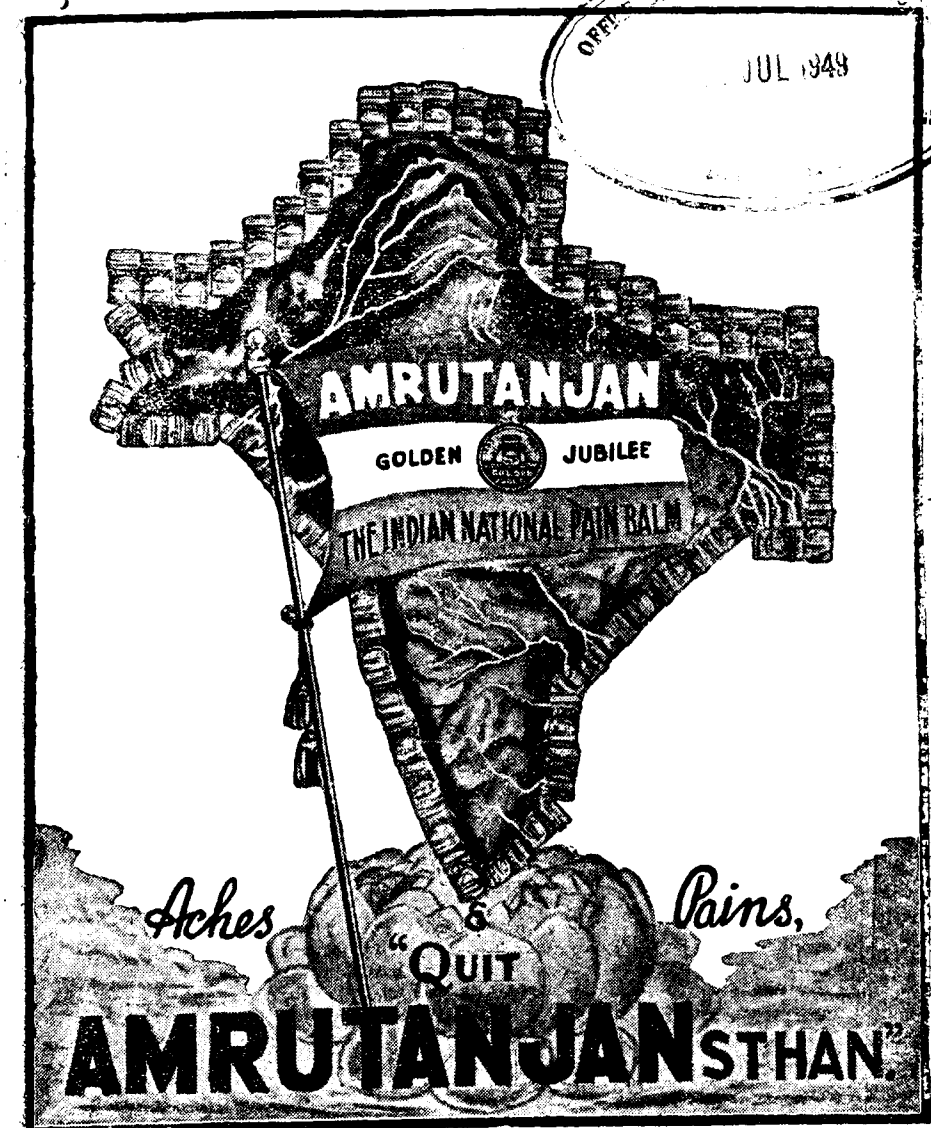
All these men in power make irresponsible statements. They talk of service to the common man. In fact the little common man is not benefitted and cared for. Still our Ministers flatter us with a show of freedom. Can any ordinary man have access to a Minister at the Secretariat? Do the Ministers care to hear the representations of the poor? Not at all. Still there is the bureaucracy in the Government machinery inherited from the British.

The members of Congress who stood up for privileges have grown into exuberance of power themselves. Corruption, nepotism and favouritism have grown rampant in every section of Government. Once the Premier of Madras made a statement that the M.L.As. and M.L.Cs. were interfering with the day-to-day administration to get their things done for themselves. The other day our great leaders like Pandit Nehru and Acharya Kripalani stated that Congress members were talking much and not doing any service. From the common man to the topmost leader everyone is dissatisfied with the Congress Government. All this discontent is due to the bad administration of the Congress Ministers who are not true to the principles of the Congress and who are unfaithful to their organization.

Congress is polluted with party politics. For instance, our Madras Ministry. It has become quite necessary now to purge the Congress and to preserve its ideals and objectives from being used as a trade-mark of their business by false members of the Congress.

H. V. NARAYAN.

Anantapur.



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—SRI RADHAKRISHNA
BHIMAVARAM
—SWAMIJI
ANANTAPUR
—RAGHUVIR



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SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 23

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

SPLIT IN THE LABOUR CAMP

RECENT developments in the world labour movement furnish an ironic commentary on the old battle-cry: "Workers of the World, Unite!" With the reduction of the W.F.T.U. to a Communist rump, and the formation of the new non-Communist trade union international, the workers of the world now stand irreconcilably divided, making nonsense of the Marxist hypothesis of class solidarity based on a uniform class consciousness. The split will be widely deplored for its immediate consequence of adding fuel to the acrimony and strife already raging in the world. But liberals, if they take the long view, will welcome it as the rejection, by a considerable part of the world labour movement, of the primitive concept of proletarian dictatorship, and the parallel affirmation of faith in the non-sectarian ideals of freedom and democracy.

There have been quarrels and alliances in the past between the Communist and non-Communist wings of the labour movement, reflecting the changing inner relationship of the political Left. But the present split seems likely to be final. After the establishment of Communist rule in Russia, the parties of the Third International not only adopted as their objective the realisation of a similar one-party dictatorship in the name of the proletariat; they also began to function as if the furtherance of Russian policy at any given moment was their primary duty, over-riding any contrary obligations or loyalty to their own people and country. This and the frequently unscrupulous nature of Communist tactics were

largely responsible for the bitter struggle between Socialists and Communists in Europe in the period between the two wars. But these major groups of the Left were not yet, then, permanently hostile towards each other. They even co-operated sometimes, in face of common peril threatening from the Right—the most recent and outstanding instance being their close unity in the struggle against Hitler.

It was in the psychologically favourable atmosphere created by this war-time collaboration that the World Federation of Trade Unions was formed. It brought together in a single world organisation almost all national trade union bodies—of Communist, Socialist or mixed complexion—with the important exception of the American Federation of Labour. Very soon after the end of the war, however, differences between the Communists and the rest emerged again, and intensified rapidly until there could be no compromise. The basis of the W.F.T.U.'s existence was shattered when, in July 1947, Russia declared war on the Marshall Plan for European Recovery. With all sections of the trade union movement in Western Europe, except the Communists, fully in support of the Marshall Plan, the W.F.T.U. was cleft in two. Since the massive trade union membership in Russia gave the Communists a controlling share in the organisation, it became inevitable that the non-Communists should withdraw from it. This happened last January and has been followed by the formation of the new trade union international.

—By Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury.



Bitter though it has been, the quarrel over the Marshall Plan is but one of the reasons which make it seem unlikely that there will ever be a rapprochement between the Communists and the democratic Left. Until 1945, the fear that Communism would mean the liquidation not only of capitalists, but also of Socialists and all other exponents of democratic freedom, had for its basis only the Russian example. It was still possible for the hopeful to blame the dictatorship in Russia on conditions peculiar to that backward country, and to expect that the Communists of the more advanced countries would dispense with the barbarities of one-party regimentation. But the post-war behaviour of Communists everywhere, in Czechoslovakia and Poland, in Burma and Indonesia, has provided lurid confirmation of the worst fears. In Eastern Europe the elimination from public life of all who do not toe the party line, and in South-East Asia the armed revolts against nascent democracies—these manifestations of unmitigated fanaticism and irresponsibility have created a distrust of the Communists which will not be easily shed.

In the coming competition between the W.F.T.U. and the new trade union international, the latter will be handicapped by divergent views in its ranks on day-to-day questions of tactics and policy. The members of the new organisation are unanimous in their rejection of Communist methods and aims, and are also agreed on their own larger objectives; but there are conflicting opinions among them on the means to be employed for preventing the spread of Communism. The American Federation of Labour,

for instance, has called for "adequate and prompt support" to the Nationalist Government of China. This is comparable, in its lack of realism, to the futile Communist campaign against the Marshall Plan in Europe—even the anti-Communist Administration of the U. S. has written off the Kuomintang as moribund. Few other members of the new labour international will endorse the A.F.L.'s appeal; many of them would have been probably dismayed by it. For, the promotion of civil war is a dubious way of serving democracy. The experience in Greece should be a warning. Intervention on behalf of the Kuomintang at this stage, after the evidence available of its corruption and inefficiency, will only deny to the Chinese people the relief they sorely need from the agonies of civil strife. Advocates of foreign intervention are always too ready to sacrifice other people's lives for the promotion of good causes.

The A. F. L. recognises, however, that: "We cannot defeat Communism with military weapons alone. Democracy has higher ideals and ideas than Communism or any other brand of totalitarian despotism. We must translate these ideals and ideas into positive deeds, into actuality." It is only by concentrating on this constructive work that the new labour international can become a beneficent force, morally superior to its rival. The participation of the Socialist-sponsored Hind Mazdoor Sabha and other representatives of the 'Third Force,' it is to be hoped, will prevent the new organisation from becoming a mere instrument of barren anti-Communism.

The great decisions of history are always moral. Technical accomplishments can be used either for good or evil; some man must decide which it is to be. In ancient Egypt, the population ingeniously solved the problem of controlling soil and vegetation on the Lower Nile. Great power and prosperity were released, and all the men of Egypt might have been made free. Instead, the rulers chose to use the new prosperity to build self-glorifying Pyramids. They—as we today—can always misuse power.—ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

Sotto Voce

Diplomatic Dithering



AN instinctive complaisance is our most ineradicable defect as a people. The Japanese too are famous for this particular brand of politeness. But in their case it is so obviously extravagant that it does not deceive. Our desire to please is so artistically trimmed that in the long run it succeeds in taking in not only others but ourselves. The world is content to rate you at your own valuation if in your excessive anxiety to be acceptable you are content to figure as a mere shadow. Be as sympathetic as you please but not a fraud.

Here is Mr. Bhulabhai Desai's son telling the Pope, with a sublime lack of humour, that Gandhiji had "sought to pattern his life on the message of Christ." If the general body of Christians should believe this to have been a fact it was unnecessary to remind the Pontiff of Rome of what he was not likely to overlook. If, on the other hand, they should be suspicious of facile attributions of this sort the Head of the Catholic Church could be only embarrassed, when confronted with such obtuseness. In any case what does Mr. Dhirajlal Desai know about it?

The Vatican City is the classic home of diplomacy and His Holiness was not to be induced to step on the coat which Mr. Desai so obligingly trailed. Shifting to safer ground he made it clear that he did not share the Indian ambassador's passion for clichés. There was an ironic inflection in his reference to the cant phrase about Gandhiji being the "Father of the Nation" which Mr. Desai had used and which anyone less extrovert than that gentleman could

not have failed to note. Recent European history has not been such as to predispose any knowledgeable man to regard the term as a compliment.

Little Kaiser Wilhelm on his charger taking the salute in Unter den Linden in the halcyon years before the first World War used to reply to the thunderous greeting, "Morgen, Majestat!" with the paternal acknowledgment, "Morgen, mein kinder." There was not much love lost between him and his "children" in the long years at Doorn. When the grateful Czechs bestowed the title on President Mazaryk there must have been laughter in High Heaven. And Gandhiji himself must have derived even less satisfaction from this borrowed distinction than from the home-minted sobriquet of Mahatma. He had no wish to father anything and no particular reason to be proud of the nation which is ever and anon taking his name.

He would have been horrified by Mr. Desai's panegyric, so superb in its tactlessness and indelicacy that it might well be adopted as the formula of canonisation for the saints of the Secular Church to be. Mr. Desai reports the Mahatma as having rhetorically asked, "What does it matter if all the copies of the Bhagavad Gita are destroyed so long as one can turn to the Sermon on the Mount?" And lest you should be inclined to dismiss this as apocryphal he buttresses it up with his own tremendous authority. "Like him we have come to believe," it seems, that if all the extant copies of the Gita should be consumed in an *auto-da-fe* the Sermon on the Mount would ade-

quately console Mr. Desai and whoever else might be included in that "we."

It would be presumption on my part to assume that Mr. Desai has read neither the Gita nor the Sermon. And as he obviously reserves a modest niche in his nationalist heart for God, he might not be particularly pleased to find in Mr. M. N. Roy, the apostle of Rationalist Humanism, a bed-fellow. The latter, regarding religion with the detachment of the surgeon towards the anesthetized patient on the operation table, has recently announced the discovery that Asia has produced no higher ethic than that of the Sermon on the Mount. This was advanced in rebuttal of the claim that India by reason of her spirituality was fitted to lead Europe. Europeans may applaud Mr. Roy. But it is difficult to imagine the Pope feeling uplifted by an unbeliever's testimony. Few outside the

ranks of our Indian intelligentsia have any use for the catholicism that destroys itself.

Gandhiji was not the first person in India to proclaim the oneness of God or the greatness of all religions; nor will he be the last. The faith in a full-blooded, unique and ineluctable Revelation having been vouchsafed to a particular people at a particular point of historical time is altogether un-Indian. And equally uncharacteristic is the craze for comparing incommensurables or the sorry pretence that one religion is as good as another. It is not by pretending to agree with everybody and writing herself down for a cypher that India can hope to lead the world. When will Mr. Nehru's nominees realise that an ambassador is not one who is sent abroad to caricature his country?

VIGHNESWARA.

SIDELIGHTS : :

Love's mysteries in souls do grow
But yet the body is his book.

—JOHN DONNE.

SRI E. V. Ramaswami Naicker has explained that the object of his marriage with Srimati Mani Ammayar was not to have a wife "at this stage" of his life, but to have a legal heir to his estate. No public statement in explanation of the marriage was at all necessary. A man has the right to marry whom he likes and when, and the general public has no concern in the matter. Public concern in the private affairs of persons out to launch on matrimony arises from fear of coercion, as when one of the parties is weak, being too young or poor, and the other strong, rich and grown up. If a girl of ten is married to a man of fifty, it is not the disparity of age that rouses the protective interference of intolerant or benevolent third parties, it is the fear that the bride is not a free agent but a victim, being led to the altar as a sacrifice for the greed or some other aim of some person in authority over her. When the marriage is between majors, especially majors well able to take care of themselves, there can be no question of victimisation of one party by the other, and there is no room for others to meddle, simply because it does not commend itself to them for one reason or other. Provided marriage does not inflict coercion the right to marry is a fundamental right of the individual, and for its exercise the approval of the rest of the world is not necessary.

E. V. R. was apologetic about his age, probably not fancying himself as an aged bridegroom. Having taken a wife, what is the meaning of his saying that at this stage of his life he did not wish to have a wife? If the idea was to repudiate desire on the score of age, the occasion was ill chosen. By persons addicted to prolonged celibacy, the sexual problem is magnified to dimensions unknown to those leading normal lives in the world. Under ordinary conditions sensuality

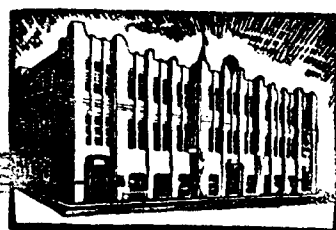
cools down in old age, but ascetics given to panic-stricken escapes from the flesh continue to be assailed by carnal desires and live in a pathological condition spending most of their energies in fighting them. Saint Jerome said to his girl-pupil Eustochium, "I, who for fear of hell condemned myself to a prison was there watching the maidens in their dances: my face haggard with fasting, my mind burnt with desire in my frigid body, and the fires of lust alone leaped before a man prematurely dead."

"Seen through the eyes of the philosophic historian," declared Aldous Huxley, "the puritan reveals himself as the most abnormal sexual pervert of whom we have record." Repression always produces complexes and neuroses. The sex-body is remarkably independent and its demands often exceed and at times even contradict the demands of love. James Hinton the distinguished surgeon is of the opinion that no real monogamy exists any longer and that in Western society there are fewer men who lead genuinely monogamous lives than are to be found in the polygamous societies of the East. No direct relation can be predicated between sexual tendencies and gifts of mind and character. The great Goethe of giant intellect was throughout his life the victim of uncontrollable sensual passions and at seventy he was convulsed with violent desire for the youthful Ulrika.

"Asceticism," said Berdyaev, "has no immediate solution to offer for the problems of evil and sin." The chastity of mere physical self-denial can quite well be no more than a perversion of primitive instincts with no significance of spiritual value. Says Landau: "If a man believes that to love humanity is more important than to love this or that individual person, and that the happiness derived from such super-personal love is greater than that of personal affection and the sexual pleasures; and if this ideal of love is so strong in him that it

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stifies all sensual appetites—then his chastity becomes of real value to himself and others, and he will have added to his spiritual stature. Only then will his chastity place powers in his hands far beyond those of his

non-chaste fellows. But he will hardly gain such mastery by following the example of those ascetics whose carnal desires could not be buried even under all the sands of the Egyptian desert.”—SAKA.

SALES TAX: CENTRAL CONTROL?

By “KARA”

THE sales tax was introduced in Madras by Sri C. Rajagopalachari to meet the deficit caused by the introduction of prohibition. It has been continued ever since, even though prohibition was given up for some time during the Advisers' regime. Now there is complete prohibition in this province and the loss of income thereby is 17 crores of rupees. The main source of income of the province is now the sales tax and even this meets the deficit only half way. If the Centre takes away a portion of it the situation will be worsened.

Already, to meet the deficit, the province has taxed almost every article necessary to human life. But while all the necessary articles are heavily taxed the common man is not assured of even the direst necessities of life. The food is still rationed. Drinking water is not easily available even in towns. There is little development of electricity and no State education. Where is all the money going? The province is not paying its low-paid servants the reasonable salaries fixed by the Central Pay Commission. The province must cut its coat according to the cloth. It must reduce its establishment. What is the necessity for a Prohibition Department? The Police Department should have been increased if necessary. The

necessity for a Highways Department when there is already a Public Works Department is also not clear.

The Provincial Government is not having a rational outlook. Reducing the post of a peon here and there will not solve any problem. The province is not still free from red tapism. What is wanted is a reduction in the highly paid officers' cadre and not of the low-paid people. A uniform policy of 12½% cut in the establishment of all the departments is also unwise. There are some departments like the P.W.D. which are executing a good number of schemes, of which the staff have to be increased. A Retrenchment Committee with veteran administrators should be formed and not a Cabinet sub-committee which has its own leanings. The posts of Superintending Engineer and Assistant Engineer in the Public Works Department are quite unnecessary. They are mere post offices. But the staff in the Executive Engineer's offices require to be increased.

The province should not have started any new schemes when it could not balance its budget.

It has been stated that the Centre wants a uniform policy in all the provinces. If so, regarding the salaries of the Government servants, why did not the Central Government insist on a uniform policy being followed?

Science has promised us truth—an understanding of such relationships as our minds can grasp; it has never promised us either peace or happiness.—GUSTAVE LEBON.

.. ..
The road to a knowledge of the stars leads through the atom; and important knowledge of the atom has been reached through the stars. —SIR ARTHUR EDDINGTON.

EDUCATION AND SOCIAL LIFE

By S. PARTHASARATHY

RAMAN accompanied me on this visit. Anuananda, while receiving us, asked Raman: “What is worrying you?” Raman answered: “I suppose my face betrays my state of mind. The cost of living is adding up terribly and I am now running a deficit budget. The college education of my son and daughter costs me Rs. 125 for each. As the manager of a big concern my status requires me to keep a car and that costs me another Rs. 250. Besides paying for food, clothing, servants, doctor and electricity, I have to pay income-tax, property tax, profession tax and innumerable other indirect taxes. I am now faced with the problem of meeting an expenditure of Rupees two thousand out of an income of Rupees one thousand five hundred.”

The Swamiji made no comment on the complaint. Instead, he turned to me and said: “Will you take me with you on a round of social calls, say those you might normally make in the course of a week?” Reading my thoughts, he continued: “Do not worry that I may not be treated with respect. I am not coming in this saffron garb. I shall borrow for the occasion a set of clothes from you. Do not introduce me as a Swamiji, but say I am your country cousin, Natesan or Nagarajan or any other name you like to call me.” “When do you want to do this round?” I asked. “Why, immediately,” said the Swamiji.

The first place to which I took the Swamiji and Raman was to the house of a rich young friend of mine. There were the usual people who congregate there on evenings. The talk which was interrupted by the perfunctory introductions and greetings was again resumed. “Did you see my new wrist watch?” said a young man. “It has got an alarum; it shows the day, month and phases of the moon. I got it through a friend of mine in Switzerland. There is not another like it in Madras. It cost Rupees one thousand five hundred and I had to pay this wretched Government another Rupees one thousand five hundred

as duty.” The watch was handed round and greatly admired. “Would your friend like to see round the house?” the host asked me. We said: “Yes,” and we all trooped upstairs after him. We were taken to a bedroom which was air-conditioned. Our host pressed a button and a wardrobe flew out of the wall. We were shown the bathroom, a thing of pale blue china floor, walls and fittings. “I like the blue colour scheme,” I said. “It is not blue; it is eau-de-nil,” the host corrected me and proceeded: “I got these things specially made for me in England. This bathroom has cost me Rs. 15,000, mind you, not counting the cost of the masonry structure.” We went through the entire house with its unique and costly features and at the end of the tour, the host asked the Swamiji in a patronising tone: “How would you like to have a house like this?” “When I want to go to the wall like the wardrobe, I shall build one like this,” said the Swamiji. At this, there was loud laughter in which the host did not join. Another young man said: “You must see my new car. It is just outside.” So, we went into the garden and there we admired a big thing gleaming with glass, paint and chromium. “Which is the front and which is the back of the car?” asked the Swamiji in genuine doubt. The question seemed to tickle the hearers and they began recounting smutty jokes. “Let us go,” said the Swamiji in a hurried voice.

Our next call was a mixed club, and here we relaxed on easy chairs in the verandah. There were several women members wearing dark glasses with white rims though it was evening. They had all dull hair either built tier upon tier on their heads or allowed to rest negligently like a mop left to dry. Their lips and finger nails were painted red and they were inhaling smoke through long holders. “What will your friends have?” asked a male member of me as soon as introductions were over. “I do not know why you persist in asking such

a silly question when you know that we have nothing decent to offer to our guests, thanks to Prohibition?" drawled a member in a sari. Whereupon, the male delinquent suppressed a yawn and lapsed into silence. We got up and moved to another table. Here the members were playing pique at Rupee one a point. They were looking very grim and seemed to resent our intrusion. We left the club.

My next halt was at the house of a ruling politician. There were lots of people waiting to see him. The cars that brought some of them had overflowed into the public road and were obstructing traffic. Being a privileged visitor, I was able to get into the politician's room without any waiting or formality. In fact, on seeing me, he dismissed a visitor. We were hardly seated when the peon came in and said that someone outside was insistent on seeing him. "Fool," cried the politician, "have I not told you that I should not be disturbed when I am talking to people? Tell him to come some other time." The visitor evidently couldn't be so easily put off. There was commotion outside the door and a slightly dishvelled visitor rushed in. "You cannot come like this. You must get out," roared the politician. "Pray listen," said the visitor in a soothing voice and an oily smile on his countenance. "I just came to tell you how much I admire the speech you made yesterday at the Ambapuram Young Men's Association. It keeps ringing in my ears. The yearning to see the man who delivered it was so great that I couldn't resist coming here. Now I will go." "No, No, please sit down," said the politician. "How did you like the portion where I attacked those who criticised my measures?" asked he eagerly. "Your speech, Sir, was so full of wisdom, of eloquence and of music that I have not heard the like of it before. Your defence of the expenditure of the State's moneys on clock towers in every village was magnificent. How can administration be run unless we work with our eyes glued to the clock? As I was coming here, I met your opponent Sri B. He told me that after hearing your speech, he felt he had no option but to wind up his party. I have heard Srinivasa Sastri, Satyamurthy, Surendranath Banerjee and Bepin Chandra

Pal. Let me tell you, Sir, they are no patch on you." "I wished there was a bigger crowd to hear me," said the politician. "Don't worry, Sir," assured the visitor. "Bigger crowds than those that gather to hear Jawaharlal Nehru will come when your fame spreads like wild fire." The bell on the table was touched and a peon came in. "Bring some coffee to this gentleman," said the politician pointing to his visitor. Then recollecting our presence he asked "What about you? Will you also have some coffee?" We excused ourselves. The visitor produced a small sheet of paper and handed it to the politician. "You are asking for more quantity than what we normally sanction," said the politician. "How does a little excess matter to the great State over which you preside?" pleaded the visitor. "All right, you will have it," said the politician. We left.

The Swamiji said, "You have shown me some cross-sections of the social life in which you move. Now I shall take you to some friends of mine." As we were drove along, we saw some school boys engaged in a fight among themselves, boys cuffing and spitting at each other. We stopped the car and asked the participants why they were engaged in fighting each other. We learnt that they had a discussion about communalism in education which resulted in considerable heat and violence. "So this is the new education which the followers of Mahatma Gandhi are imparting to the young," observed the Swamiji.

We drove along till the Swamiji directed us to a spot where a hut-like structure stood upon a plot of ground. As we got down from the car, an old man and a woman left a crowd of poor people of all ages and came forward to meet us. This is a rare honour," cried the old man, his countenance beaming with real joy. They both offered pranams to Swamiji and took us in. "Tell these friends," the Swamiji asked of the old man, "something of the work you are doing." "It is nothing," began the old man. "These poor people from the adjacent cheri come to us for advice in their troubles. We teach them some bits of general knowledge. We give them medicine when they are ill. And to those who are very weak we give conjee. It is nothing, nothing at

all, compared to the happiness they bestow upon us by their unbounding attention and love." The couple offered us some plantains and butter-milk which we partook with relish. We spent a few hours in their midst and took our departure.

The day had advanced well into the night when we reached the Ashram. The Swamiji was again his usual self in saffron clothes. He asked: "Did you observe what it means to seek anglo-education and western standards of life? In the place to which we first went, we found highly educated young men playing with toys of which they will soon tire. In the second place, we found the same educated class past the prime of youth resigning themselves to a life of boredom and frustration. In the third place, we saw a mere bag of vanity entrusted with the destiny of this country. On the road, we saw the poison that is being injected into young minds under the name of education. It was only in the last place that we saw the truly educated man, the true Harijan, the true brahmin and the true non-brahmin. The rest of the people we met are the excrescences brought about by a combina-

tion of the worst features of the western and eastern social frameworks. I made no answer to your complaint about the high cost of living because I wanted you to see through my eyes the social strain in which you aspire for a permanent place. You people must consider whether this mania for higher anglo-education and for higher standards of life is worth your surrender. Imagine your children growing up more distorted than the specimens of humanity you saw today. I know the conclusion you will reach after a painful interval. I must also caution you that it is not easy to disentangle oneself from the coils of materialism. But it is worth attempting, for from the moment we begin the serious endeavour a sense of growing freedom will yield relief from the stress of modern life. Go home now and in the next few days examine your experiences of today from every angle. Namasthe."

It was nearly midnight when we left the Ashram. The night was dark, we had only the light from the stars and our instinctive foot-steps to guide us up the valley and down the hill to the road where we had parked the car. But these did not forsake us and we reached our car in safety.

ON GROWING MINISTERS

A Delhi news-item hints at the early appointment of a new Minister to be in sole charge of making the country self-sufficient in Food in the next two years.

.....How Good
To grow more food,
And thus collar
The shortage of dollar:—
Save up the sterling
Now blocked—like Merlin,—
And prove to posterity
Our love of austerity!
Such are the aims heroic
Of our leaders stoic—
But the move is to add a Minister
To a deficit growing sinister!

—LENS.

SPOTLIGHT

PACIFIC POSSIBILITIES

NATIONALIST China and the Philippines have made rapid progress towards a warm and spectacular friendship. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek has announced from Baguio that Sino-Filipine amity will be strengthened and cultural and economic collaboration will henceforward be the aim of the two Governments.

Of the groupings of nations to fight Communism, the proposed union of Chiang's China and the Philippines is the most novel, and, considering the circumstances under which it has been made, the least likely to get either party anywhere. The phenomenal success which the Communists have achieved in China is in no small measure the result of Chiang's own inefficient and corrupt rule over the past many years. They have progressively driven him to the southernmost part of China where he has been resting in the hope that his new plans for an offensive against the Communists will find favour with the United States Government and induce them to enter into another era of wasteful dollar expenditure on his behalf.

Tragically enough, the American State Department, for its part, is considering the preparation of a lengthy document setting out how its previous monetary help to China has been squandered by Chiang and accusing him of all the vices attributable to a politician from corruption to nepotism. A personal mission undertaken by his wife Madame Chiang Kai-shek to America has done little to change America's impression of Chiang.

Nor have the Chinese Nationalists found any one else willing to listen to their plans to check Communism. Britain turned up her diplomatic nose when the Nationalists imposed a blockade on all shipping with Communist-held ports, and, taking refuge behind a technical excuse that it would involve recognition of the Red regime by conferring on it the status of a belligerent state, promptly ignored the blockade.

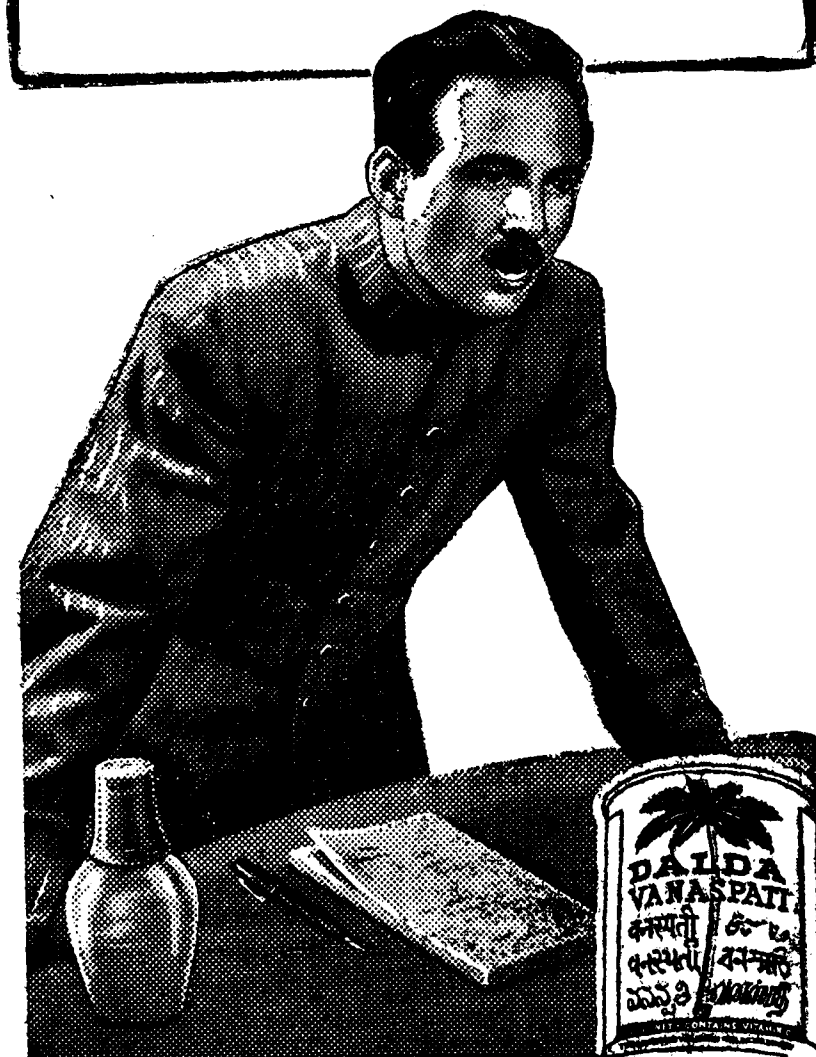
Australia, an important member of the Pacific Ocean area, which ought

to worry about a Communist China, has not given any hope to Chiang either. Dr. Herbert Evatt, Minister for External Affairs, told the House of Representatives recently that it would be tragic if, through any failure of or neglect on the part of the Democracies China should withdraw permanently from its contact with the Western world. He said: "We should not give Chinese Communists any ground for thinking that they can never expect any association with the Democracies."

Chiang Kai-shek has, therefore, finally turned for help to the most talkative of the smaller nations in the Far East—the Philippines. After a short sight-seeing trip of the town of Baguio and a two-hour conference with Elpidio Quirino, President of the Philippines, Chiang announced that a closer union of Far Eastern countries was necessary in view of the Communist menace that threatened their freedom and independence. President Quirino heartily endorsed the sentiment but privately explained that no military pact has been concluded. "We are not aligning ourselves militarily. We only communed with each other to face Communism in our own way" he said.

Now, there is no very clear and present danger of Communism in these isles and to contain what Communism there is the Government adopts a most native method. It has constituted a Committee of Un-Philippine Activities on the American model to catch Communists and their sympathisers. Chiang can hope to learn nothing new from it that way. As for material help, professions of sympathy of the Philippines Government have always run ahead of practical aid. The most vocal supporter of the Indonesian Republic, it did not even think of having any diplomatic relations with the Republicans, despite geographical nearness to their territory. That Chiang should hope for help from this quarter is a measure of the desperation of the Nationalists and writes 'finis' to his anti-Communist regime.

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EVM, 105-172

But, this by no means writes off the possibility of a common anti-Communist front for the whole of South-East Asia. The similarity of the pattern of Communist insurrection in these countries makes a military union of the Pacific nations desirable and possible. A chaotic situation in Burma has been brought about by the Communists exploiting Karen nationalism. In Malaya, they have resorted to organised political terrorism. An irresponsible rebellion started by the Communists in Indonesia considerably weakened the Republicans in their fight against the Dutch at a very crucial moment. Unsuccessful strikes in industrial areas and terrorism in certain other areas have been the Communist record in India.

It is one thing to say that a military alliance of these countries will help them in their fight against Communism but quite another to maintain that a mere military pact would be sufficient guarantee against the spreading Communist influence. While military aid from other countries might help Burma quell the insurrection in her territory, it may be no use at all in cases where the trouble is purely local in character and in which the Communists gain strength by acting the champions of the oppressed classes. For which the solution can only be a sane economic policy that will raise the standard of living of the people and remove the root causes of unrest. Lessons *ad nauseum* on the need for imaginative and progressive economic planning may be pointed out from the sad tale of Chiang's disgrace.

The possibilities of economic co-operation in this region have been well explored and set out by the U. N. Economic Commission for Asia and Far East when it met in Australia last year. The need for rapidly industrialising the area was recognised by the Commission. A resolution was passed recommending the establish-

ment of an Industrial Development Committee. Other constructive suggestions included a Bureau for Flood Control—the area is one which has a heavy annual loss in human beings and property—and a plan for providing technical training initiated last December by the International Labour Office. It was also suggested that the Asiatic countries should formulate specific projects with a view to utilising available facilities from private investors, the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development and other credit agencies.

These plans for developing South-East Asia depend for their fulfilment on an active interest on the part of the industrialised western nations. The similarity of these predominantly agricultural economies makes mutual help impossible and only the Western countries can provide them with the capital goods they require for industrialisation as well as for improvement of agriculture through mechanisation. The West must, therefore, look upon the area as suitable for development and peaceful co-operation instead of considering it an ideological and military bomb-site. Only such an attitude can produce confidence in the non-Communist West for the newly-free democracies of Asia and make a Pacific Pact possible.

A Pacific Pact will thus differ from the Atlantic Pact in that it will require an economic adjunct to it to make it workable which will help the countries of South-East Asia develop their economies in a co-operative manner. It will, no doubt, be a further emphasis on the sad fact that the world is split into two power groups, and it can in no way be construed as Asia's contribution to world peace. But it would very clearly define what the struggling new democracies of Asia are up against. In so far as it does this, it can help promote internal stability in these countries which is so vitally necessary for their development.

".....without living experiences no person is educated. With nothing but academic degrees, even when overloaded by a smattering of dead languages and twopennorth of algebra, the most erudite graduates may be noodles and ignoramuses. The vital difference between reading and experience is not measurable by examination marks."—G. B. SHAW.

Letter To Radha

By Santha Rungachary

My dear Radha,

I am sorry my reply to your letter has been delayed so long. We have been more or less isolated here for the last six days by a snow-storm, which is in itself quite an unusual thing at this part of the year. But it was particularly harrowing for me because we were shut out of all news and it was most essential that we should know what decisions were being taken at New Delhi. And here was I with the mountains on all sides of me not even knowing how my second platoon on the other side was faring. Your letter came the day the snow-storm started.....

"You are smiling. Who has written the letter?"

"My wife."

Dina paused. Her eyes twinkled.

"Is she beautiful?"

"No, not beautiful," I said. "But very attractive. But you must not take my opinion. I am naturally prejudiced."

"Is she educated? Has she been to college?"

"Yes."

"Is she tall? And is she fair? Tell me. You don't tell me anything about her."

"What do you want to know?" I said smiling. "She is tall, quite tall and not very fair. At least not as fair as you. She smiles easily and when she wants to can coquette with the gods."

"You are in love with her," said Dina softly.

"No," I said looking up from your merry letter, "I am not in love with her. But I love her."

"Very much?"

"Very much."

Dina was quiet for some time.

"What does she say in the letter?" she then asked.

"Oh, all sorts of plans," I said unable to suppress a smile at your exuberant and eager sentences, "mad plans she has made for my return. She is twenty-four you know, but

there are times when she can be fourteen."

"Have you written to her about me?"

"No," I said, and for a moment, Radha, I felt as if without my telling you you would know it all, that you do know it all even now, that you could not help knowing what had been such a deep, happy experience for me, "but I shall some day."

You ask me if I feel lonely here. If I were a poet, my dear, I would say I have learnt to find companionship in the mountains and trees and the little grey-blue birds which occasionally enter our tents and which we—mundane, unromantic creatures that we are—chase away swearing. But I haven't. Snow is not a good companion. At least it has to change its colour before it can invite human fellowship. I sat for a whole day a month ago in a tent about 9,000 feet above sea-level doing nothing but waiting for a particular despatch. I had nothing else to do, I had no book with me, and only one man to talk to. But I would have been happier alone because he just wouldn't talk at all but kept replying "yes, sir" and "no, sir" to everything I said. He was my Havildar and I had the liberty to command him, to scold him, to shout at him, to order him to die—in short, do everything but talk to him.....

That was the day I met Dina's husband and her father. They came shuffling into the camp with snow flakes a couple of inches deep on their coats and shoes and handed me the despatch I had been expecting. Our Orderly had fallen down unconscious on his way to the camp and even after these two had taken him into their hut and warmed him up, he was so numb all he could do was to point to the letter in his bag and then in the direction of my camp. They had then left him in their hut and come to deliver the letter. I read the despatch, issued the necessary instructions to my Havildar and then fol-

lowed them to their hut to see the Orderly.

And so I sat at the doorway looking at the sheet of bluish whiteness stretching for miles around. The only colour was provided by some dark green firs dotted about here and there. I suddenly felt a madness overpower me and I wanted to seize that brittle, pale sheet of snow and powder it with my bare hands and scatter it to the winds and then look down and see the red earth underneath. No, my dear, I am not a poet. Even now, down in the valley when I close my eyes I see that endless sheet of snow and it nauseates me....

I see something else too. Blood. Not of my men, for very few of them died on the mountain-slopes, but a red pool under the window of a feather-lined cottage. It was small and tidy inside but there was the pool of blood outside under the window. I looked at the blood and then looked at my companions.

"You did not tell me he was injured," I said.

They looked at each other uncomfortably.

"He was not hurt," the old man said at last. "It is my daughter who is sick."

"Sick?" I asked. "What is the matter with her?"

"Tuberculosis."

In the one word was all of a father's despair, his poignant acceptance of the inevitable. And I suddenly began to like the old man. I began to like him just as I inexplicably and unashamedly began to dislike the younger. He had shifty eyes and I have learnt not to trust people who do not look you full in the face.

"Does he live here?" I asked indicating the younger man.

"No," said the other briefly. "Shall we go in?"

I turned and took a step forward. The door of the cottage opened and Dina came out. I wish I could describe her to you, Radha. I can perhaps find words to describe the loveliness of her face and form, the pale fragility of her, the way her eyes looked at me and the way her mouth used to break into a slow smile. But of the hard courage and resoluteness inside her, of the opaqueness of her glance when she was hurt or when

she spoke of something which had cost her pain, of the pitiful withdrawing of her soul into a shell at such times, the contempt she felt for the weakness of her body, her desperate hunger to live every moment left to her, to describe these I have no words.

I am surprised to learn your mother is arranging for Leela's marriage. Isn't she a little too young? You have dealt so briefly with the negotiations that are going on I suspect you do not yourself like her being married off so early. Poor little kid, how does she take it? I still think of her as a kid and yet she must be seventeen—eighteen?—now. But marriage is such a gamble, as you and I have found out—happily. It could be Heaven or it could be Hell.....

Heaven and Hell—it had been both with Dina and me. I will not ask your forgiveness, Radha. Because I am not sorry. Repentance pre-supposes fault. I do not think I made a mistake about Dina and myself. Or if it was a mistake, I do not feel it so. I only know that I wanted her, that loving you I still loved her, that desiring you, I desired her. Can you understand that? You must. Because it is true. I am not making excuses. No, my dear, I will not make the mistake of deceiving myself that it was because I was lonely for you I turned to her, that she filled a void in my heart. No. Why should I deceive myself? The human heart is a deceptive organ. Its capacity for accommodation is infinite. Dina and I entered into that weak of happiness with our eyes wide open, she a little ruthlessly and I with a tenderness which I have felt towards none except yourself. Hers was the last gallant fling of a frustrated and disillusioned body and soul, mine a desperate attempt to rekindle for a last moment before Death came the womanhood in her, the dead hopes, the laughter and gentleness and sweetness of her which had been burned up in her bitterness. Did she really care for me? I do not know. The answer will, I think, for ever remain a mystery to me. But it does not torment me. It does not even puzzle me. It is an idle question. She said she did with eyes in which there was no subterfuge, no prevarication. We talked and talked most of the time. What did we talk about? I do not even remember that, strange

though it may seem. I only remember how after a time a trembling little pulse would begin to beat at her throat and little beads of perspiration gather on her forehead and then she would smile bleakly and close her eyes. I would wipe her forehead with my handkerchief waiting for her eyes to open again, noticing the tired little lines around its corners, the whiteness of the lips and the slow oozing of colour from her face. We did not talk then, but suddenly as if at an unnamed fear, her hand would grope for mine and hold it and we would lie close, mute and humble with an emotion which seemed to grow stronger with the spending....

....I must tell you when I come home all about the people here and all the friends I have made among them. They are very interesting people and though we do not know their language well enough, we manage to get ourselves understood by supplementing our vocabulary with Hindi words. The women aren't as pretty as those in Darjeeling—remember that beautiful portress?—but they have very expressive faces, the faces of people who come from ancestors who had lived well and loved richly. They are a happy people and their happiness shows in their faces and in their eyes and the way they move their hands when they talk. We came to know rather well a family of father, daughter and her husband who lived on the hills here in a little hut and helped us a great deal as guides. The wife was sick, poor woman, she had tuberculosis and died ten days ago.

It sounds callous, doesn't it? A girl died on a mountain-top. Who? Some girl. Somebody's wife. A dead girl covered with a sheet in a dead cottage. I drew down the sheet and saw her. And then I covered her up again and came down the hill into the valley. I have not gone up since, but it is not easy to forget. A winding sheet does not cover up memories. You see, I am not deceiving myself, Radha, not trying to deceive anyone. Why should I? I did not even try to deceive her father or her husband while she lived. Yes, not even her husband. He meant nothing to her. She did not complain about him. She did not cover herself with self-

pity. She was unconsciously outgrowing him.

"We were not made for each other," she said once. "He did not understand me and he hated what he did not understand." He had tried to possess her, to subdue that little part of her which seemed to elude him. He did not know that no man could possess a woman by beating her or starving her or refusing her simplest requests. He had once locked her out of the house and she had wandered in the snow for thirty-six hours before she reached her father's house. And she had sat on his doorstep coughing, a dry racking cough which seemed to tear her lungs apart. "Why does he come and see you then?" I asked her one day. "My father owes him money. He comes to collect the weekly instalment." That was all we said about it that day. But the next day, when I visited her as usual in the evening, she seemed strangely quiet.

"I spoke to him today," she said.

"Whom?"

"My husband."

I smiled at her. "Did you feel embarrassed or uncomfortable?"

"No," she said quietly. "I don't even hate him now. He is a mere stranger."

"You have no memories?"

"What memories," she said calmly, "can you share with a stranger?" She smiled. Oh yes, she smiled often then. Rather wistfully but with a strange wisdom. Even in repose, her eyes shone. Dimly I began to feel the end was near. She knew it too though we neither of us spoke a word about it. And with Death stalking around the corner, we hid in our warm cottage and talked of faraway and endless things. Our hands clasped hungrily. And then an overwhelming loneliness and terror would well up in me.

"You know it is bad for you?" I told her one evening.

"Is it?" she said with half a smile. "But does it matter?"

"You must help me, Dina," I said trying to speak through the lump which suddenly constricted my throat. "I feel terribly guilty about everything."

"Guilty!" she said gently. "Guilty when you are helping me to be more happy than I have ever been in all my life! You should not say such a thing."

"You are sick," I said. "And it is bad for you." And because it cost me anguish to hear her talk as she did I put my head in my hands and tried to keep the tears from coming to my eyes. "I can never forgive myself." "Are you not happy?" she asked softly.

"Don't you know it?" I said. "Can't you see it? Don't you feel it? But I do not know about you. There is only mystery in your eyes and your mouth."

She smiled again. All the fulfilment of womankind was in that smile. And all its disillusionment.

That was the last night. In the morning when her father came to wake her up, she was dead. He had then come to me to give me the news, his eyes sad but full of gratitude. He had seen his daughter's spirit revive for a brief moment before her death. He did not judge her. I can't remember how long I stood beside her in the hut looking down at the thin outline of her body under the rough cloth with which it was covered, the almost transparently clear skin on the bony face. She was not beautiful. I had never thought of her

as beautiful. But she had an inner luminousness, a radiance inside herself. She belonged to that small band of people in the world who always hurt themselves on the rough edge of life and who gain new courage from defeat to defy Fate. I had given her only the tenderness which she had lacked all her life, but she had left me something infinitely dearer, a memory of indefinable sweetness on which I can draw for courage and hope all my life.

It seems as if my job here is almost over and they will soon be sending us all back home. Yes, Radha, we shall do all the irresponsible, reckless, mad and gay things which you have planned. We shall see places, spend money. We shall do more than that. We shall lie on the sands at night and listen to the sea and talk. And I shall tell you of the many things. I have learnt here, about people and life and how I think they ought to be lived and loved by us all. Or do you in the boundless intuition of your youth and sex know all that already?

Yours ever,
SUNDAR.

A RATIONAL APPROACH TO POPULATION PROBLEMS

By C. CHANDRASEKHARAN

(Secretary, U. N. Populations Commission)

IN the last two centuries a good deal of thought has been given to a consideration of the forces governing growth of human populations and the possible effect which population size may have on human welfare. Foremost amongst those who favoured the idea that a direct relationship existed between population growth and means of subsistence was Malthus who published his famous essay in 1798. His contention of an unstable balance between population size and food supply which would result in a chronic state of poverty was violently attacked by those who were convinced that the inability to provide for the material wants of the entire population was largely due to the prevailing economic system. The economic consequences of an increase in population became the subject of much debate in the middle of the nineteenth century. Bastiat in France and Carey in the United States advanced the view that the production per head increased with an increase in population. By implication this was opposed to the Malthusian principle. A compromise between these extremes was the idea put forward by Sidgwick that there was a size of population at which maximum economic returns per head could be obtained; if the size exceeded it or fell below it the production per head would be below maximum.

Such diversity of views was no doubt an evidence of the difference in individual values but it was also a manifestation of the fact that the ideas held were largely subjective having to be based on personal judgement or on meagre data. The growing accumulation of demographic statistics and their proper analyses have since made possible a better understanding of the facts of population growth and its relationship to social and economic factors. Even at the present time, however, detailed demographic data are being collected and analysed only in a

limited number of countries. Conclusions based on the demographic experience of these countries may not be capable of extension to other areas under different cultural environment and for this reason much work must be done before it can be claimed that the factors and influences that determine the growth of human populations have been properly understood. But what has unequivocally emerged from detailed studies on demographic statistics is that the laws, if they can be so called, determining population growth are very complex. They can be understood only if population dynamic is considered as one aspect of many inter-related phenomena which determine and are in turn influenced by human behaviour.

In the countries where they have been studied, fertility and mortality differentials amongst people living in different environments have been observed. Social and economic factors have been found to affect fertility. Even short-term economic fluctuations such as depressions and booms in business activity have been shown to leave permanent marks on population growth by their effect on marriage and birth rates. The influence of these factors on mortality rates has also been well established. Movements of population within a country and between countries are also known to arise from social and economic motives.

The effect of population changes on economic development is becoming clearer. In this context it is increasingly realized that not only population size but also its characteristics are important. The changes in age-distribution, family size, urban-rural ratios, etc., have important repercussions on national economy. They affect the demand for goods and services. They influence the size and structure of the labour force, and the volume and direction of capital investment.

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In spite of a better understanding of the relationship between population changes and social and economic conditions much remains to be done in the utilization of this knowledge in raising levels of living. The levels of living, in whatever way they may be reckoned, vary in different parts of the world. Even a simple index showing the ratio of the size of the population to the production of economic goods shows wide fluctuations. The differences are partly due to historical accidents which have yielded unequal opportunities for advancement to different people. They are also due to differences in the social institutions of the people, their sense of values, their philosophy and religion. Whatever be the reason, the fact remains that at the present time people in different areas of the world show great disparity in the amounts of natural resources available for their use and in the degree to which they have developed and applied technical skill in the exploitation of such resources.

In approaching this problem, one tendency has been to find an explanation for low levels of living in the high population densities with which they are often accompanied and advocate all too readily a reduction in population size as a panacea for the economic ills of the countries concerned. Such an attitude springs from the concept of level of living as a ratio of economic production to population and from the assumption that, of these two determining factors, population is the more readily controlled. This argument not only neglects the possibility of more efficient utilization of resources; it also ignores the fact that any policy directed towards changing population size will, if successful, not fail to have repercussions on the entire economic and social structure. Even if the desired population size were attained, the ensuing changes in other factors might alter the possibilities of economic production in such a way as to render that population goal unsuitable or uneconomic. A population policy alone might well fail to better the levels of living.

Another approach made in the problem of raising the levels of living is to direct attention only to increased production of food and other consu-

mer goods. In doing so, it is tacitly assumed that the rate of change of population size will remain constant while economic production is accelerated, so that the level of living will be improved. But the actual result may be different because the changes in the level of living may influence fertility and mortality rates and the rates of migration to and from the area. The rate of change of the population size after the introduction of the new policy, may therefore be quite different from that before its introduction. An increase in the rate of population growth may partly or even wholly cancel the advantages of increased production. Thus plans for economic development which ignore its connection with population growth may also fail to raise the level of living.

The policies that are appropriate for raising or maintaining levels of living in various areas differ. In some areas a better distribution of incomes may be the main requirement. In others, an effort to diminish the rate of population growth may be called for. In some others the solution may be found in more rational methods of utilizing resources.

In any case, the logical approach to the problem should start from the consideration that the levels of living at any one time is a result of the entire structure of the society at that time. This structure includes the totality of economic, demographic, social and other factors which regulate the patterns of life of the individuals and of the group. The various components of this structure are all inter-related. Social attitudes shape both economic motives and such institutions as marriage and types of families. Economic development, by modifying social attitudes, may affect marriage practices and the desire for children, as well as the desire to migrate to or from the country under considerations. Economic progress also may change health conditions. Better health may result in increased productivity; it will also extend the average life of the individual tending to increase the rate of growth of the population and to change its age composition. Demographic changes affect the supply of labour and may

call for variations in the type and volume of goods produced.

The entire make-up of the society is in a state of continual change. The economic, demographic, and social structure rarely remains constant. Changes in any one of its components are accompanied by changes in others. It is unrealistic to designate a change in one component as the cause and that in another as the effect. The whole system should be considered as a dynamic process, each component playing its part and adjusting itself to changes in the others.

An understanding of these inter-relationships is important, not only in planning for the social and economic development of the less developed regions of the world, but in planning for postwar reconstruction, economic stability, and full employment in countries where the level of living is comparatively high. In many of the latter areas, changes in population size cannot be regarded as major factors influencing the material well-being of the people, because their rates of population growth have been slow in recent decades and because many of them have reached a high level of industrialisation. Population structure, however, is closely linked to economic problems in these countries, as elsewhere, and an appreciation of its changes in relation to the variations of employment, income, and social circumstances is essential for sound economic planning. It is important to consider, for example, how changes in the volume and distribution of income may affect the trends of births, deaths, marriages, and migration; how the changes in these demographic factors may influence the age composition of the population and the structure of families; and how the supply of labour and the demand

for goods may be affected in consequence.

An appreciation that the volumes of employment and production and the level of living are parts of a dynamical societal structure gives a sound basis for the implementation of social and economic policies. From this viewpoint, any policy to be introduced ceases to concern itself wholly with population or economy but on the interactions of those factors between themselves and with others in the societal make-up. In particular cases the policy may have to concern itself primarily neither with population nor with economy but more particularly with social organisation.

As in all other fields of human endeavour, the successful introduction of measures to raise the level of living, to stabilize the economy, or to repair the damages of war demands considerable foresight. If the hit or miss method is to be avoided, these measures should be based on a knowledge of the inter-relationships that exist between various aspects of human life. These include such questions as the urban-rural influence of fertility, the relationship between economic well-being and mortality, the influence of age structure on economic production, and the effect of industrialization on family patterns and social attitudes; in short, the inter-relationships between economic, social and demographic factors.

Such inter-relationships are now being increasingly understood. Greater knowledge will be secured when a larger volume of social statistics are collected and analysed. At the present time, however, there is a strong case for the application, in the formulation of economic and social policies, of such knowledge of these inter-relationships as is now available.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

Several seasons back, Walter Damrosch conducted a Wagnerian concert before an all-woman audience. During the intermission, he came out to make a little speech.

"As I gaze down at your youthful, girlish faces," the maestro told the ladies, "I cannot help recognizing many who were present at my first Wagner performance 50 years ago!"

INDUSTRIAL WAR IN AUSTRALIA

By DAVID MARTIN

AUSTRALIA is to-day an industrial battlefield. It is a grim battlefield for all its silence: or just because of it. The wheels of industry have come to a standstill. Transport is reduced to an extreme minimum. The miners are "out" and the Government declares its intention not to yield. There are no coal stocks left. At one leap Australian life, so comfortable, so up-to-date, so assured, has retreated to a plane of uncertainty and privation. This, you might say, is the big show-down.

The coming of it was dramatic. Not only were there last minute negotiations which now raised, now depressed, the hopes of the community, but nature itself took a hand in the conflict. Between the time, at the beginning of June when the miners gave notice of their intention to down tools and the outbreak of the big strike on the 27th, floods visited New South Wales, making 2,000 homes uninhabitable and swamping the very pits which were preparing for militant idleness. And the same miners whose picket lines now guard their townships against "scabs" were working until they dropped to prevent the collieries from suffering serious damage.

The mood of the public has also undergone convulsions. There are still those who regard the strike as nothing more nor less than a Communist manoeuvre to terrorise the nation into acceptance of Government by trade unions. But indeed it is no longer a question of an alliance of Communist-led miners and left unions against the owners and the authorities. The very moderate Australian T. U. C. has intervened and found the miners more ready for concession than their opponents. This, at the eleventh hour, has swung the sympathies of the moderates behind strike action, tacitly if not organisationally. That is very welcome to the miners who know that a shivering and unemployed city population has only a conservative

press from which to draw its information.

A few weeks ago, all the talk was of mass immigration, expanding factories, the Olympic Games that will be held in Melbourne. How the whole scene has changed! But what lies behind it, what is the motive force underlying the struggle?

To put it at its simplest: the fabric of arbitration under social-democratic state control is being torn to shreds. Compulsory arbitration has existed in Australia longer than anywhere else in the world, longer than in England; and while it did not exclude tension and unrest it yet led to a certain stability. The first world war and the attack was bound up with a political movement, namely that of the famous IWW (International Workers of the World) whose leaders were falsely accused of trying to set Sydney on fire. This time, too, political action is linked with the struggle—political action from both sides.

It is necessary to understand the unique construction of the Australian coal industry. Unique and characteristic, too: for there are still private owners, but a State Coal Board controls the industry. If the miners want improved conditions, they have to demand them from the owners, but the Coal Board must approve, and a Coal Tribunal, some of whose decisions have the force of law, settles contentious questions.

The Coal Board was established some three years ago and since then the miners have won certain improvements. Output also has risen slightly, but not sufficiently for the demands of the swiftly growing industries of the country. Now the coal owners, feeling that any more concessions would push them to a point where nationalisation of the mines would be the logical next step, are resisting strenuously and are calling for guarantees of "discipline" before granting further reforms. The Board supports them for fear that a complete victory for the miners would

unleash countrywide labour demands which could wreck existing negotiating machinery.

And the miners? They are afraid that a general economic crisis may come soon and turn the arbitration courts into weapons to drive them from the advance posts they have occupied in the years of prosperity. And, being genuine militants, they are not afraid of discrediting the Labour Government. To them it is merely one form of capitalist rule.

The miners have framed a "log of claims" which includes the 35 hour week under-ground, a wage increase of 30 shillings a week and, above all, long service leave which miners in Victorian state mines already enjoy. The tribunal was ready to grant only a fraction of these demands, and that conditionally.

At the time of writing it is impossible to predict what will happen during the strike. Australia has but a tiny army and it cannot keep the pit-wheels turning. The mine-owners may issue summonses against the men's leaders and even have them arrested. But that would not break the strike, especially as ten big key unions under militant leadership have pledged support. Severe fuel restrictions are already in force and in New South Wales the number of workless approaches 300,000.

Two considerations are important. There is no doubt that in Australia, as in England and America, a section of the business community would like to see conditions prevail under which production costs could be kept low through pressure of under employment. Those circles will be against a "negotiated peace" in as much as a prolonged strike will help to produce this desired result. And the miners' leaders, many of whom are Communists, remember that this is election year and that their party is coming out strongly as a left alternative to Labour. A successful coal strike would strengthen it at the polls. The strike has been long prepared and comes at a moment that gives the miners the strategic advantage. They are solidly behind their leaders and they feel that their objectives are reasonable ones.

The parliamentary opposition is urging Mr. Chifley to take drastic steps. Obviously, Mr. Menzies would

like to see both, the Government and the miners, suffer shipwreck in the struggle, though a non-Labour Government would find it even more difficult to deal with the militants. In a modern state in a period of rapid industrialisation, it is hard to know what to do about the Communists, once they have taken over the leadership—as they have in Australia—of important sections of workers in vital industries. It is therefore not surprising that we find the Sydney press denouncing official weakness in the face of what it describes as "political black-mail" without suggesting practical means of ending the trouble.

Some fanatics of private enterprise are undoubtedly eager to make use, against the miners, of the thousands of European Displaced Persons who are now working in the Dominion. Most of these D. P.s are Balts and reputedly rightist in their convictions. But such a move would be suicidal. It would antagonise every working man in the Dominion and it would destroy Australia's immigration plan. No: in one way or another this battle must be fought to a conclusion, and its outcome will decide whether the ascendancy of the revolutionaries is to be maintained in the critical period ahead when Australia, more lonely and isolated than for many years past, must find a *modus vivendi* with the dynamic forces in South East Asia.

We have mentioned Displaced Persons. Soviet spokesmen in the International Labour Office have also "mentioned" them; accusing Australia of keeping these unfortunates in slave-like servitude. It is true that for two years after their arrival they must work without choice where they are sent to. Here is what the staid and conservative Sydney "Morning Herald" writes about it:

"After two years, these people will be as free as everyone else to toil where they please. Meanwhile they can take any job—the dirty jobs—Australians don't hanker after. We shouldn't talk too loudly about liberty, equality and fraternity while the arrangement lasts."

There you have it: it's not slavery, but neither is it freedom. It is "just one of those things."—N. P. S. (Copyright)

PROHIBITION AND THE SANTAL

By CHARULAL MUKHERJEA

"BUKARE handi, Janre Handi" (Rice beer at the time of birth and at the time of funerals) said a Santal in challenging tones when raided by an Excise party for illicit distillation. "I have not," he continued, "committed a theft or dacoity. It's my rice. I brew it for my drink. As you go away, peep in, you will see I am brewing it again."

Here was a Government officer upholding law and order: but it was not understood by the aboriginal set of values. Because rice beer is ceremonially required in all Santal functions from birth to death, he thought he had an inalienable right to it. With 'prohibition' in the air, the position demands more than a passing notice, for independent India has got to deal with more than twenty-three millions of aborigines, who certainly think and feel like the Santal raided for illicit distillation. Our assessment of the prohibition programme *vis-a-vis* the aborigines must rest on our appreciation of the special problem like that of the Santal who wanted to drink or die. And since common liberties mean the intelligent curtailment of personal liberties, our problem is to judge how far the ultimate welfare of the aborigines can be assured by prohibition.

That *handia* (rice beer) is a *sine qua non* by the Santals will be apparent from the fact that rice beer has got to be brewed for being served to the guests soon after the child is ceremonially named at *Chatiar* (ceremonial cleansing after birth). In some localities, the ceremony, customarily observed between the third and fifth day after birth, may be delayed to the seventh or ninth day to enable the householder to serve beer, which requires three days for good brewing. The first essential for *Caco Chatiar* (initiation of the child into the full privileges of the community) is a good supply of this drink to the invited guests. The headman is first offered the drink followed by the others according to their status in the village.

Here the Santals are reminded by

their older folk of their first parents Haram and Ayo, who lived in the Eden of Hihiripipiri and how 'Litak' (rainbow) came to them posing as their grandfather and told them that they should brew *Handia*. "It is so sweet," he said with a soft emphasis. But how to make it? 'Litak' took the first parents of the Santals to the woods, showed them a root, called *ranu*. They dug out the root. Then he asked Ayo, the first mother, to soak rice in water and grind it into powder. When this was done, he showed how the root collected had to be pulverised and mixed with the powder and made into balls. Next morning the whole lot was dried in the sun, mixed and ground with "Sumtu bukuch" seeds. The rice was boiled and cooled, the whole mass was mixed again and wrapped in leaves. For five days it brewed when water was poured on it. Then Litak advised, "Offer it first to your creator, Thakur Jiu (the supreme deity of the Santals) and drink. I shall come again tomorrow."

Then Haram and Ayo made two leaf-cups and filled them with the beer. One they offered to Thakur Jiu as a libation and drank the rest. Afterwards they behaved like man and wife. And they increased and multiplied.

So the institution began and so it has remained, the Santals say. To all of them, the customary injunction of using rice beer on ceremonial occasions is inexorable and unalterable.

Let us now look into an old account of the Santals collected by Rev. Skrefsrud, a clergyman, from the Santal guru Kolean in 1870-71. Kolean says *Handia* is the special delight of the Santals. When they get half-tipsy, they speak in a thousand different ways, about their *mahajans*, dances and songs. Even the old women drink excessively. But in those days, women did not carouse in this manner and children did not at all indulge in it. Now they have flung all good sense to the winds. Small cups would suffice in the past, now drinking bowls are used.

Continuing, Kolean laments (we must not forget that he was before a Christian missionary) that many have ruined themselves by drinking. When the Santal has no money, he brings rice from home for drinks and when, on return, he finds that there is nothing to eat he beats his wife. When there is no rice, he borrows and in the month of *Magh*, the grog-shop owner attaches his utensils. Previously the Santals used to take four to eight cups; that did not enervate them physically; everybody was hardy enough. Now as they drink hard and marry early, they are undersized.

The condition described above, every social-worker will agree, has not improved since then. But how to deal with it? When the *raebaric*, the middle-man in a Santal marriage, returns from the house of the bride, he gets a special pot of rice beer; when the beer is brewed in the house of the bride, the bridegroom's party is treated to drinks; most of the presents include rice beer, the villagers present it in return to lighten the burden on the part of the host; feasts and drinks ceremonially mean *handia*. Can we therefore wonder that drink has become inseparable from the Santal! It is a tribal institution, it is the essence of all family celebrations and as necessary to the worship of the tribal gods and goddesses as *tulsi*-leaves and the Ganga water are to Hindu worship or *Soma* to the Vedic religion. We understand why the Santal says in effect "Give me rice beer or give me death" and wonder why Kolean was in an apologetic mood before Rev. Skrefsrud the clergyman. And we have no doubt that had he been faced with a remedy in the shape of prohibition, he would have blurted out "Bang" (No) and everybody who knows the Santal knows that his 'no' is *no*.

The present excise laws are based (at least in Bengal) on a very meagre appreciation of the aboriginal problem. Free brewing is allowed on only some special occasions like the *Bundhana* (Harvest Home). By the levy of excise duties, prices have shot up more than five times the pre-war level and excise staff raid marriage festivities for illicit distillation and wonder at the cool courage of the Santals in defying the laws of the

realm.

I remember when on an excursion into a Santal settlement at Daspur, Hughly, I came across a number of boozers in a marketplace. Finding me rather interested in them, they complained that a pot of *Handia*, as they were using them, cost them Rs. 2-8-0 and they were too poor to pay so much. Could I move the authorities to reduce the price?

Prohibition itself is a debatable problem. In our zeal for a dry India, we should not forget the failure of the great American experiment. It is worth recalling G. K. Chesterton's admirable summing up of the case against prohibition: "What are the rights of man, if they do not include the normal right to regulate his own health, in relation to normal risks of diet and daily life? Nobody can pretend that beer is a poison as prussic acid is a poison; that all the millions of civilised men who drank it fell down dead when they had touched it. Its use and abuse is obviously a matter of judgment; and there can be no personal liberty, if it is not a matter of private judgment. It is not in the least a question of drawing the line between liberty and licence. If this is licence, there is no such thing as liberty. It is plainly impossible to find any right more individual or intimate. To say that a man has a right to vote, but not a right about the choice of his dinner, is like saying that he has a right to his hat but not a right to his head."

But India is not America. Our problem is not *whether* but *when* we can go in for prohibition. It presupposes a preparation of the ground and a programme. We wonder why a dynamic temperance campaign coupled with adult education should not be the first part of our plan. Thus an intelligent public opinion reinforced by Indian standards of morality and Mohomedan religious objection to drinks, will be assets on the side of a cautious adoption of prohibition at a later stage. But the case is different with the aborigines. With the aboriginal, drink is a sacrament and the very soul of tribal life. Consequently enforced reformation of the aboriginal tribes, whose sets of values differ considerably from ours, will be of very doubtful value.—N. P. S. (Copyright).

DEMOCRACY AND THE PARTY SYSTEM

By K. PICHUMANI



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PEOPLE have realized that democracy is the best of all forms of Government. Modern democracies are representative in character unlike the Athenian democracy which was direct. As the ancient city-states were small, and the citizens were not more than a few hundreds, it was possible for them to meet and discuss common affairs and govern themselves. In these days when representative governments have been formed in several states, the need for a sound party system becomes all the more necessary. The representative government must, as a government, be efficient, and to be really representative it must represent public opinion. Of all the definitions of representative government, the one given by Edmund Burke, the eighteenth century English political philosopher seems the most correct. Burke defines party as "a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavours the national interests upon some principle in which they are all agreed." When the government of a democratic country is led by one or many parties, a party government actually rules and all the other parties are known as parties in opposition. They have different means for promoting national welfare and parties should not be based on social, religious and racial issues. Thus the All India Muslim League and the Dravidar Kazhagam are no parties at all.

The party system is not anything new, for it was prevalent in olden days. In Athens people were compelled in times of strife to join any of the parties and those who remained neutral were punished. One of the causes for their downfall is STASIS or party factions. Britain patronised the growth of political parties even from the dawn of political consciousness. British history gives ample proof of the fact that public opinion was shaped to give effect to the rule of the Parliament and people.

Party divisions are things inseparable from (modern) free government. This is the method by which people can elect their own government. The party holds conventions and chalks out the election manifesto which embodies in itself the views and policies for which the particular party stands. As Lowell has rightly pointed out, "It acts as a broker of ideas." This renders political education among the people possible. "The parties keep the nation's mind alive, as the rise and fall of a sweeping tide freshens the water of long ocean inlets" says Lord Bryce. By this all people are able to think and judge politically having in view the same end.

The party in power has to respect the opposition. It is worth noting that in England the opposition is given due respect and they are styled as H. M. G's opposition. This helps it to be a healthy check on the government, which only aims at ruling the country properly and passing good and healthy laws. Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel's note of caution to the Congress members of the Madras Assembly bears ample evidence of this fact. Even though the opposition may be very meagre and cannot in any way hinder the working of the government, the party in power must pay heed to their words and respect their sentiments. Party organisation brings out its ablest men for running the government. They are the driving wheel of the government.

National welfare must be the guiding star of the parties. Abuses like the spoils system, i.e. giving offices to party supporters, and graft system, i.e. bribery of party promoters by businessmen so as to secure legislation favourable to them, must be removed.

The two-party system achieves more efficiency in administration and legislation than the multiple-party system because it provides greater unity and stability to the govern-

ment. In the two-party system there is continuity of authority and because of the existence of the ever vigilant opposition, it will not neglect responsibility and the administration will be efficient. But in a multiple party system there is no responsibility and the life of the government itself depends upon the whims and fancies of the several parties since it is a coalition party. The average life of a French Cabinet is less than a year and the changes that take place often prove it. There must not be several groups within the party itself. The Madras Legislature Congress Party has chosen three leaders within four years and the existence of several "Cliques" really endangers the stability of the government. In the multiple party system public opinion is expressed well. The citizen has a broad choice in exercising his suffrage. Leaders who have the best political talents can be elected under the multiple-party system, but the dual system seems to be better than the multiple-party system as it ensures stability and efficiency.

India in its infant independent stage, must try to encourage the formation of good parties. The need for it is well realised from the changes in provincial ministries in the last three years. Unless and until genuine leaders come up who dedicate themselves to national causes and who are able to rise above petty factions, sectarianism and communalism, democracy will end in utter chaos. Our hard-won freedom can be preserved only by having good and stable governments. This can be achieved only by the co-operation of the people. It seems as if India will take a long time to realise the benefits of the system as the majority of the people are illiterates. As Dr. Jayakar has pointed out, there is urgent necessity for a strong parliamentary opposition. The opposition should not always aim at condemning the government but must offer constructive criticism which would help the government in the administration of the country. In India the party system has a good future and statesmen must take care in developing it.

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MRS. TRUMAN: AMERICA'S FIRST LADY

By EDITH ASBURY

A Washington writer began her newspaper column, one Saturday afternoon, with an astonishing little story about Mrs. Harry S. Truman, wife of the President of the United States. The columnist's story was that Mrs. Truman, bearing a tray of food, had called at the apartment house of one of her secretaries who was ill with influenza, and had been turned away, unrecognized, by the janitor. He, poor fellow, had insisted on enforcing the secretary's orders that no visitors be admitted.

Mrs. Truman, the column related, finally said, "Well, you eat it," handed the janitor the tray and departed. Anybody who was anybody in Washington knew, of course, that a President's wife did not wander around the capital totting a tray, incognito. Nobody in Washington believed the tale.

Back in Independence, Missouri, where Bess Wallace Truman was born and grew up—and still lives whenever she can get away from Washington—no one doubted the story. Bess Wallace had always done thoughtful things like that, as had her mother and grandmother before her. And, as everyone in Independence knew, blue-eyed, serene Bess Wallace Truman had remained her old self, unchanged by her husband's sudden elevation to the White House (official residence of the President of the United States) on April 12, 1945.

It was just such a neighborly deed, older friends and relatives recalled, that had started the courtship of Bess Wallace and Harry Truman. They had been schoolmates, graduated from high school together, and he had never had eyes for anyone else. But Bess was sought by many beaux, and she lived a busy social life as a young girl, that left small room or encouragement for bookish Harry, tied to his mother's farm. One day while he was visiting his aunt, who lived across the street from the Wallaces, the aunt spied a strange cake plate in her cupboard and exclaimed. "Oh, my goodness, Harry, I wish you would

return this for me. Mrs. Wallace sent it over days ago, with some cake, when I had a cold. I am so ashamed of not having returned it sooner."

Harry crossed the street with alacrity, cake plate under his arm, and knocked at the door of the large white Victorian mansion built by Bess' grandfather Gates. Bess answered the door. What followed is history, but considered in Independence very remarkable history. Independence was surprised, like the rest of the nation, by Truman's recent election to the Presidency. But it considers that the most impossible feat he ever achieved was the winning of Bess Wallace for his wife. She was 34 and was 35 by the time he married her. Gay, hearty Bess Wallace had formidable qualifications to dismay a young man of Harry Truman's habits and situation. She was a superb athlete. He was barred from athletics by his weak eyes—he has worn glasses since childhood. Besides, he did not have time for sports. He worked after school and Saturdays in a local drugstore when he was 11 years old, dusting bottles and washing windows. After high school he worked in a mailing room of the *Kansas City Star*. Summers he had to help out on the farm. The only recreation he had time for was reading—he loved to read history—and piano playing.

"If it had been anyone else but Harry we would have thought him a sissy," a high-school classmate says. "But Harry was a tough fighter if he had to be—in spite of those glasses."

Growing up with three younger brothers, Bess had learned to play baseball, skate, swim, hunt and fish. She still fishes; baits her own hook and takes her own fish off the hook. She could outplay anyone in Independence, male or female, at tennis.

Harry never played tennis.

As a child Bess was the only girl in Independence who could whistle through her teeth. As a young girl she was an expert horsewoman, riding her own black horse. Harry rode

horseback, too, but as a mode of transportation from farm to town. He got his exercise at plowing, chopping wood, and other chores. Bess Wallace drove her own horse and buggy.

Later her grandfather had the first Studebaker automobile in town, and she drove it. She had a pair of greyhounds, the only ones in Independence, and her friends still remember what a distinguished figure she was, out walking with the two tall, slim dogs. She wore the best-looking tweeds in town. She spent a year at Barstow, an exclusive finishing school for girls in Kansas City, Missouri,—starred on its basketball team and won its annual shot-put championship. Harry and Bess graduated from the Independence High School in 1901, in a class whose literary light was Charles Ross, now the President's press secretary.

In 1912 Harry Truman bought an automobile and Bess began sitting in the front seat with him when a group rode off to picnics and outings. Sometimes Harry had to make two or three trips in order to transport them all. Bess' brothers, their wives and fiancées, were often in the group, and Harry gradually became a member of the family circle. But it was not until 1917, when he left to fight in World War I, that they became officially engaged.

All during the war Bess got a daily letter from Harry. Immediately after the release of Major Truman (he had entered as a first lieutenant) he and Bess were married, in the little Trinity Episcopal Church in Independence where Bess had sung in the choir. Her bridge club decorated the church with pink holly-hocks for the wedding. The holly-hocks began to wilt. The resourceful bridge players scattered, procured buckets of wet sand into which they stuck the tall stalks. The flowers had revived and the buckets were beautifully camouflaged with crepe paper before the guests arrived.

Bess wore elaborately tucked white georgette, with three-quarter length bell-shaped sleeves, pointed white kid slippers with wide white enamel buckles, and carried a small, picturesque bouquet of rosebuds, baby's breath and fern. She wore a wide-brimmed white faillie hat.

Bess was given in marriage by her brother. The guests were entertained

afterward with refreshments on the lawn of the bride's home, into which Harry moved to live with Bess and his new mother-in-law.

This is the house proudly pointed out to visitors as The Summer White House. A many-gabled structure with several porches, ginger bread trim, colored glass window borders and three marble manteled fireplaces, it has a big coach house in the rear, and is surrounded by large maples and elms. It was built in 1865 by Bess' grandfather, George Porterfield Gates.

Bess was christened Elizabeth Virginia in honor of both of her grandmothers. Grandfather Gates was a partner in the founding of Waggoner-Gates Milling Company. Bess' brothers are still active in the operation of the company.

The new Mrs. Truman settled down to a life of domesticity that differed from her recent past only in pace. She had always been a devoted sister and daughter, and had participated in the management of the house with her mother, Mrs. Madge Gates Wallace.

Dignity, reserve, conservatism, Mrs. Truman has inherited and learned from her mother. But she has also a quick wit, a keen sense of humor, a hearty laugh and a warm friendliness which came from her father, David Willock Wallace.

Dave Wallace, like Harry Truman, was a politician, and his career resembled the President's in some phases. Both held public office in Jackson County, Missouri, both were active members of a Masonic Lodge, both were elected state officers of the Lodge in Missouri.

When Truman became President of the United States, following the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Washington newspaper women learned that Mrs. Truman was not going to emulate her predecessor's weekly press conferences. The newspaperwomen were chagrined. When the even more stupefying word came that Mrs. Truman was not going to see them at all, ever, except socially, the newspaperwomen, who had enjoyed easy access to the White House during Mrs. Roosevelt's regime, were incredulous. They protested and tried to bring pressure.

All their words and wiles failed to lift the veil Mrs. Truman had lowered.

She arranged for her two secretaries to discuss the White House social calendar with the press once a week, and occasionally she replied guardedly, through the secretaries, to questions submitted in writing. But she refused to be interviewed.

Mrs. Truman's unavailability to the press prevented the reporters and the public at large from learning much about her. Coming in the wake of her strikingly different predecessor, she seemed, in the early months, uninteresting. Her personal friends maintained that she was a friendly, warmhearted woman, when you really knew her. To which the women of the press asked: But how are we going to get to know her? Mrs. Truman's own answer, had it been forthcoming, would probably have been: You do not have to know me. Know Harry, he is President. I'm not. I'm only his wife and the mother of his daughter, and that is what I intend to remain.

Back in 1935, when Mrs. Truman was a Senator's wife, she told reporters in Kansas City:

"I had rather feared (on going to Washington), as any midwestern woman might, the coldness of an eastern city. Rather I found Washington replete with the hospitality that is supposed to belong to the South.... I found the Senate women only too

glad to talk of household matters and family questions, as they would in any place in the world."

The wife of the then junior Senator from Missouri explained that everyone is away from home in Washington. Unquestionably she regards herself as away from home when she is in the capital, or any place else except Independence.

During Truman's first years as Senator, they rented a furnished apartment in Washington for six months a year, and spent the other six months in Independence. As their daughter Margaret grew older the constant changing of schools came to be a problem, and the Trumans took a year-round apartment of five rooms. They furnished it with their own things, and stayed there for the duration of Margaret's school term, returning to the home town for summer, at Christmas, and sometimes at Easter.

They were still living in this small apartment when President Roosevelt died, Harry Truman was plummeted into the White House, and the Secret Service swooped down on Bess and Margaret. Bess was still taking care of the apartment and doing all the cooking with no help except Margaret's, except that after dinner at night Harry usually dried the dishes for her.



The Independence High School class posed for this graduation picture in 1901. Harry Truman is in the back row, fourth from left; Bess Wallace (now Mrs. Truman), is first on the right in the second row; Charles Ross, the President's press secretary, is first on the left in the first row.

Harry Truman, unlike many of his Presidential predecessors, has no extra income. With Margaret in private school and debts incurred in business to pay off, they could not afford a servant in Washington while he was Senator, nor while he was Vice-President. His salary was raised when he was promoted to President, but Mrs. Truman must manage carefully to live within it and fulfill the obligations of her position.

One of the first things Mrs. Truman did when she moved into the White House was to cut the household staff almost in half. She confines her private entertaining to old friends from Missouri, close friends from her Senatorial days and relatives; with luncheons and an occasional dance for Margaret's friends.

In addition to running the Executive Mansion, entertaining officially and privately, looking after the President, Margaret, and her mother, who lives with them, Mrs. Truman takes an active interest in her husband's career. He has frequently said that he consults her about everything, and reads all of his speeches to her before he makes them. She takes care of much of her personal mail and finds time to write all of her own personal letters in longhand. She writes to Independence friends regularly, and thoughtfully sends notes and gifts when there is illness or trouble back home.

When Truman was Senator, Bess served him officially as his clerk. Colleagues of Senator Truman say she was at work early and late. Associates on the Presidential campaign train in the recent election attest that she was a member of the small advisory circle with whom the President reviewed the events of the preceding day and discussed plans for the next.

She was helpful in another way during the campaign. "The crowds looked at her and they looked at Margaret, after the President introduced them as 'The Boss' and 'The Boss that bosses her,' and as they cheered, you could almost hear what they were thinking," a campaign train man says. "They were thinking: What a nice family—just like the folks next door. It probably had a lot to do with Truman's election."

If it is humanly possible, Bess Truman is going to remain the unassuming, inconspicuous average wife of the family next door. She manages it rather well in Independence, where she still shops in the grocery in which the mayor is a partner; still climbs the linoleum-covered stairs to the unpretentious little shop of the hairdresser she has been going to for 20 years, still plays cards with her bridge club, twice a month, still does nice little things for the neighbours.

A couple of months after Harry became President, Mrs. Truman, Mrs. Wallace and Margaret returned to Independence to spend the summer where they were assiduously guarded by the Secret Service. Except for a brief stay, Mr. Truman was busy that summer in Washington, at Potsdam, and with the United Nations. After his departure from Independence, Mrs. Truman called in the Secret Service men who remained behind. It is all right for you to follow the President around, she told them—he is public property, in a way. But I am not. I do not want you following me into the ten-cent store and when I go calling at my friends' houses. Thereafter they were much less in evidence. She comes and goes with relative ease in her old home town, sometimes driving her own car, sometimes driven by Margaret, sometimes afoot on the same kind of errands she always did.

In the goldfish bowl that is the White House—and the Blair House, currently occupied by the first family during repairs to the White House—it is more difficult for Mrs. Truman to evade the spotlight. She makes the headlines inadvertently, now and then, merely by being herself. Many Washington newspaperwomen have had opportunities to meet her socially and learn that, as her close friends maintained in the very beginning, she is friendly, warm and loyal. And they cannot help but respect the energy and determination with which she has stubbornly thwarted their attempts to pry her out of her husband's shadow. Unwittingly, by simply persisting in being herself, she has established herself as a strongly individual personality in her own right.—From *Collier's* through *U.S.I.S.*

MOUTHS AND MORALS

OUR great-great-great-great-grandfathers never used locks for their doors. There were no thefts in those days.

Also they never offered water when a thirsty traveller asked for a drink. They served milk or butter-milk, instead!

A friend of mine who has been doing research for a documentary film on 'the recent decline in our public morals' that he plans to produce told me of these two striking features of ancient Indian society which he found referred to in the chronicles of Chinese travellers who came to India many, many centuries ago.

PAST AND PRESENT

My friend's film, I gather, will stress the glaring and deplorable contrast with the present day conditions when thefts and robberies have become an everyday affair, and hospitality, charity and chivalry have become things of the dead past.

That is a point to be seriously considered by sociologists, and leaders and moulders of public opinion, as well as by the common man himself.

And yet there is another point which emerges from the two social characteristics of our ancestors recorded by the wise Chinese travellers—a point which perhaps my friend has missed.

The honesty and hospitality which were prevalent in "the golden age" of our country were not accidental; they were neither enforced by "law and order" nor were they primarily the results of moral teachings. They were the consequences of the economic conditions. Indeed, the cause-and-effect relationship between economic prosperity and moral integrity is clearly indicated in these very observations of the Chinese travellers.

Our great-great-great-great-grandfathers could leave their houses unlocked, knowing there were no thieves to fear, because the common people in those days were prosperous enough to be able to offer milk, instead of wa-

ter, to thirsty travellers! Who would want to go stealing if he had pots full of milk in his house?

ECONOMICS AND ETHICS

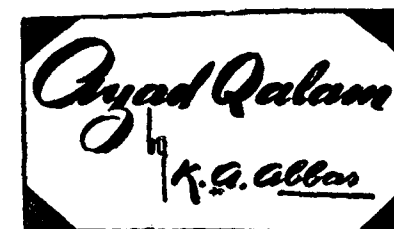
During my round-the-world tour in 1938, I recall having observed practical manifestations of this connection between economics and ethics—between the general standard of living of a country and the prevalence of petty thefts and corruption.

In Los Angeles and New York, I remember seeing bundles of newspapers left unattended on the pavement at a street corner, weighed down by a stone. There would be an empty cigarette tin lying near by in which a coin would be dropped when someone picked up a paper. The newspaper-vendor, meanwhile, was away, earning a wage doing some part time job in a drug store or a car park. No one stole his dimes and bits. Even if someone had no change, he would put a dollar 'bill' in the tin and take out 95 cents!

I was wonder-struck to see this phenomenon. Are the Westerners, I wondered, generally more honest than we of the East? But a month later, in England, I was cheated of three pounds in a train by a 'three card trick' expert. And a few weeks after that, passing through Roumania, I had the strange and disconcerting experience of having my pockets 'picked' clean of all cash by a Customs official at the port of Constanza. (The boat was due to sail any minute, I spoke no Roumanian, and the pilferer refused to understand my English).

It could not be just an accident that this should have happened in Roumania which at that time was perhaps the poorest country in the Western world. I had seen poor Roumanians walking on the snow, with only bits of paper tied on their bare feet!

The Americans, generally speaking, could afford to be honest in the matter of a little loose change lying unattended on the pavement, the poor Roumanians could



not afford the luxury of honesty. So they stole or begged for alms.

In Los Angeles I saw a hotel which advertised, "Pay your bill if you like, pay as much as you want to, or don't pay at all if you can't afford to or don't want to." It served as a terrific boost for the place. I asked the proprietor how many people took advantage of his generous offer and refused to pay their bills, and he replied, "Not more than five percent." Even, out of them, many sent in the money later. In Roumania (of 1938) or India or China, such a place would have been mobbed by thousands of hungry destitutes and forced to close down in no time!

Honesty and integrity, however, are strictly relative phenomena depending upon the general standard of living and the economic stresses as well as temptations of any particular society.

The same Americans who were "honest" enough not to steal a few coins lying at a street corner staged million-dollar bank robberies, kidnapped children for large ransoms, killed for the sake of a few thousand dollars, and some of them even betrayed their country and secretly and circumspectly traded with the enemy (e.g. the German Nazis) with whom their country was at war!

Poverty and hunger, of course, are the basic causes of turning honest men into thieves; but an incentive is also provided by the immoral temptations of an economic system in which (as people can see) graft, bribery, deceit and exploitation secure rich dividends.

To ensure a "moral climate" in our country, we would have to abolish not only poverty and unemployment among the common people but also corruption and exploitation in "high places."

LET'S TALK ABOUT FOOD

This week it was not about Morality but about Food, that I wanted to write but the two phenomena are too closely related to be discussed in isolation. Hence the diversion.

To talk about Food is, I believe, one's national duty. Since even the Food Minister cannot produce enough food, talk is all that can be doled out to console the hungry and the under-nourished.

The Prime Minister has talked about Food. The Governor-General has talked about Food. And they both said some eminently sensible things which, one hopes, our countrymen will ponder over seriously. The provincial Premiers and Ministers are all talking about Food. (The only people who don't seem to be talking about Food are the peasants who produce it—and then starve without it!) Every leader-writer and columnist has pronounced his pontifical judgment about Food. The statisticians have proved to their own satisfaction that there is enough Food for all, while Aldous Huxley took time off from his study of "the perennial philosophy" to gloomily predict the end of the world not through atom warfare, as he predicted in his "Ape And Essence," but through a growing population and diminishing fertility of the earth. At the present rate of human multiplication and diminishing food stocks, he fears the world would ultimately starve to death—say, in a thousand years! "Instead of poverty in the midst of plenty"—we find that there is poverty in the midst of poverty. World resources are inadequate to world population." So he would have us give up the revolutionary idea of re-arranging distribution of world's resources on a more equitable basis between man and man, and nation and nation! I am sure that capitalists, landlords, racial purity-wallahs, exploiters and hoarders of grain would loudly cheer Philosopher Aldous Huxley's conclusions.

FOOD FACTS

Here are a few facts, however, which provide a corrective to Mr. Huxley's gloomy Food Philosophy:

In the Soviet Union, biologists have been able not only to grow two ears of corn where one grew before but even to grow a frost-resisting variety of wheat in the Arctic!

There are millions of acres of cultivable land lying empty in Australia because of the "White Australia" policy of racial maniacs.

In U. S. A. they have a habit of burning millions of tons of wheat and, in South America, of burning enormous quantities of coffee in locomotives and factory boilers to keep up wheat and coffee prices, while fellow-humans starve in other

parts of the world. In California I have seen millions of ripe oranges allowed to rot on the ground, rather than glut the market and bring the prices down within the purchasing capacity of the vitamin-starved children of the poor.

Food thrown away from the kitchens of swanky hotels in London, Paris, New York, Bombay and Calcutta can feed thousands.

Bread costs nothing in Soviet Russia—the only country where no one is allowed to starve or to hoard or sell food for private profit!

Do these facts add up to some coherent Food Philosophy?

BEFRIEND THE PEASANTS

The Prime Minister, in his broadcast, touched upon two main points—Grow More Food, and Waste Less Food.

The "Grow More Food" appeal, I am afraid, was addressed to the wrong audience. The peasants who *can* grow more food are not likely to have heard the Prime Minister's broadcast. Nor is the peasant likely to be enthused about the "Grow More Food" campaign unless he is completely relieved of the triple burden of

Landlords and other feudal parasitical elements,

Money-lenders to whom the peasant is indebted and virtually mortgaged, and

Officious, unsympathetic, unimaginative bureaucrats who have made of the "grain levy" an extremely unpopular imposition.

More food can be grown—much more than the 10 per cent deficit—if the willing co-operation of the peasants is secured, if vast areas lying fallow are brought under the plough on a basis of "land to the tiller," and if the cultivator is helped by every possible scientific means available for increasing the fertility of the land.

CRIMINAL WASTE

On the other point—the necessity to change the dietic habits of people and to avoid waste of food—we are in whole-hearted agreement with the Prime Minister.

Too much dependance on rice as an exclusive diet can be dangerous as it happened during the Bengal famine

when some people preferred to starve rather than eat the "unfamiliar" wheat. Moreover, neither rice nor wheat contains enough food value to provide complete nutrition and must be supplemented by other vitamin foods—green vegetables, milk, curds, fish, eggs. But these cost money, much money, and we are back to the economic vicious circle. For the poor (unlike the rich) it is not a question of choosing this or that; they cook and eat what they can afford to buy with their meagre earnings. To lecture to them on the importance of vitamin diets is to add insult to injury. For the vast mass of urban middle class, even the luxury of a domestic vegetable patch is not available!

There is no doubt, however, that among the rich and even among the middle classes, our eating and feasting habits involve much wastage of food which can and should be avoided. The traditions of hospitality (a legacy from the "golden age" when the population was small and grains, milk and ghee plentiful) demand that guests should be *forced* to eat more than they can and should. "Just one more chapati!" "Just a little more rice!" (The biggest wasters of food are my friends the hospitable Kashmiris who serve a mountain of rice and dozens of varieties of curries and meats to every guest at a feast—and expect him to eat it!) The result is that tons of food is consumed beyond capacity, and more tons of food is thrown into the dust-bins. Even, otherwise, housewives have a tendency to serve more to their children and husbands than they can conveniently consume. Have you seen how much surplus food is sold to beggars or thrown away by the *hamals* who deliver tiffin-carriers to offices in the big cities?

I think we will have to adapt our traditions of hospitality to conform to the lean times we are passing through. We must not only tighten our own belts but also resist the temptation to over-feed our guests and fellow-diners.

These adjustments are necessary but, even if they are carried out they will touch the fringe of the problem which can be fully solved only by a government enjoying the complete confidence of the people. The extent

to which the present Government can resolve the food crisis will also be a measure of its popularity and representative character.

Will it? Can it?

THIS IS HOW....

The Prime Minister, in his Food broadcast, said:

"What troubles me most is the general lowering of our moral standards.... We may, and we inevitably shall, get over our present economic difficulties. But how will that profit us, if we ignore basic qualities of the spirit which helped us to gain freedom and without which no nation can be great?"

To which one may remind the history-conscious Prime Minister that economic and moral standards are not unrelated, and that ancient Indians were honest and hospitable and could leave their doors unlocked because they were prosperous enough to be able to serve milk instead of water to thirsty travellers!

BOOK OF THE WEEK

Mr. Salim Ali's **INDIAN HILL BIRDS** (Oxford University Press, Price: 20 shillings), illustrated by C. M. Henry, provides as refreshing a relief from the storms and stresses of politics and economics as the merry chirping of sparrows, or the glimpse of the parrot's lush green on a battle-field. (The beautiful illustrations in colour are a feast for the eyes and by themselves, are worth more than the price of the book). With a real bird-lover's enthusiasm for the minutest interesting detail, the author describes nearly three hundred varieties commonly found in the hills of India. While conforming to the requirements of an up-to-date scientific work of ornithology, the book is of general interest and should give many hours of innocent pleasure to any hot weather visitor to the hills. Mr. Salim Ali who has been at his hobby of bird-watching for a quarter century, has visited every corner of the country in his quest, and written several other books on ornithology, writes without technical pedantry. Indeed, some of his descriptions are notable for their literary flavour and topical allusions. Thus, for instance, while describing the yellow browed bulbul:

"Their fluttering and restless activity in the foliage, while pluck-

ing the berries invariably helps to dislodge a number of lurking insects which are promptly seized upon by their 'Co-prosperity' partners. They themselves are not averse to taking a juicy moth, and may frequently be observed launching short aerial sallies in pursuit."

But it is a pity that Mr. Salim Ali has allowed facts to overwhelm his fancy. He should not have missed mentioning the poetic and romantic associations that many of these birds have in Indian imagination. After all, to us a bulbul is not just "a sprightly earth-born bird with a jaunty forwardly curving pointed crest" but the very symbol of love of which a thousand poets have sung!

STRAWS IN THE WIND

GENEVA: The Soviet Union asked the 60 nation conference drawing up a new International Red Cross convention to ban entirely atom bombs and bacteriological and chemical warfare.—P. T. I.—Reuter.

LAHORE: The daily "Inquilab" reveals that large-scale arrests are being made in N. W. F. P. The daily "Ghazi" of Lahore writes that the "Frontier Premier is following in the footsteps of the Nazi Dictator. He has let loose a reign of terror. Justice demands that he should be sacked. Otherwise he may ruin the whole of the state."—Free Press Journal.

VIJAYAWADA: The Andhra Communist Party has been suspended by the Central Committee of the Communist Party. The action, it is stated, followed reported difference of opinion among partymen as to the methods to be adopted for "seizing" power. While most of the influential members favoured the adoption of constitutional means the extremists were for "overthrowing" the present Congress regime by subversive methods.—P. T. I.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

SURAT: Pandit Omkarnath Thakur, the well-known musician sang the famous song "Mulsar," at a mass prayer meeting held to appease the rain god. He will continue his efforts for two more days asking the god to shower his blessings over Gujarat which is badly in need of rain.—Times of India.

SOCIAL WELFARE THROUGH CASTELESSNESS

By M. VENKATA RAO

THE attitudes of the Governments of Madras, Mysore and Travancore on the feasibility of non-recognition of castes, sub-castes, sects, communities, etc., is strange and highly deplorable. The Madras Government seem to have argued that the reform contemplated by the resolution discussed by the Dominion Parliament in August last year, could not be achieved by the mere adoption of the resolution and that it might defeat the purpose for which it was adopted. Further, it suggested the fixation of a certain time-limit within which caste and other distinctions might be encouraged to disappear, while other Provincial Governments and States excepting Mysore and Travancore accepted the principle of non-recognition of castes and were joyously agreeable to reducing to a minimum the mention of caste in Government records. All the Provincial and State Governments with the above exceptions, have already begun spade work as a preliminary by issuing instructions to all their departments that information regarding caste, etc., should not be recorded save where such reference was necessary for electoral purposes as in the case of the scheduled classes.

The fundamental responsibility of a secular Government—and our Government professes to be one such—is to avoid all conflicts of interests in society to pave the way for a complete elimination of group or caste distinctions so that a spirit of universalism may prevail. Communal and group rivalries have been notorious for long in the Province of Madras and its States. They have been fostered and nurtured directly or indirectly by the policies of the Government of Madras and its States. And now when an opportunity is provided to make amends for the past commission of mistakes and to chalk out a stainless policy in future, the Madras Government has refused to take advantage of it. It seems to go on reiterating that so long as people go

by the names of their castes, the Government is impelled to take notice of them. But whose responsibility is it to purge society of the venom of caste distinctions? Is it the Government which is the custodian of the interests of the people, or is it the disorganised people that should take the initiative and launch a campaign of prohibition of castes? Here is a gauntlet thrown out to test the integrity and capacity of the Government and its leaders in reforming society. The Congress leaders who are ruling the Province now have been the champions of the people's cause for the past three or four decades and they have been responsible for bringing about such social reforms as prohibition of drink, removal of untouchability, etc., which go to demonstrate amply the ability of the leaders to mould public opinion and crown the reforms with success. We are therefore left with no reason to explain the Government's slumber over so badly needed a reform as elimination of castes. Rather it seems as though the Government is hardened in its determination to practise discrimination between different groups in society.

It may be emphasized that it is the imperative duty of the Government to reform society in this direction and its policy of shifting the burden of reform to the shoulders of the people that are disunited, distracted and disrupted, is unwarranted. Perhaps it may not be far from truth if one concludes that it will take a generation for the people to educate themselves, without the intervention of their leaders in power, to affect an eradication of the caste system. Ministers are the avowed curers of the devastating ills of society and it is high time they applied themselves wholly to it. The only thing needed is that the leaders at the helm of affairs should put forth genuine efforts; no sincere attempt in the larger interests of society will end in smoke.

In a secular State no religious solu-

tion for the effacement of the caste system can find favour. The Hindu religion starts with the caste system and ends with a state of castelessness. 'Brahmin' is the state of man that is the embodiment of the highest knowledge, pure and divine. He is the ideal of humanity. A 'Brahmin' may exist in any group or caste. To whatsoever caste one may belong, if one reaches that state of immense knowledge, one becomes a 'Brahmin.' It is no appellation that can be conferred at discretion on every descendant of any caste. One can reach that state only by strenuous and genuine work and unflinching devotion. And the ultimate aim of our religion is to manufacture 'Brahmins' ceaselessly out of the raw material of people of every caste, thus finally creating a society of castelessness when all the people would evolve out as 'Brahmins.' This enviable state can be aimed at only when the country is ruled by philosophers. In reforming society in this direction, people belonging to the caste called Brahmin who have for long enjoyed the privileges of an aristocracy over the other castes should take the initiative to dig the grave of their own privileges before they are compelled to do so by the force of the sweeping social revolution that has already begun to manifest itself here and there. If they delay, they encounter a worse fall. The Brahmin should dig out the hidden treasures of knowledge and disseminate it to help the backward people. It should be his joyful duty to work for the salvation of his fellow-men.

The alternative course is the abolition of the caste system, by the concerted and co-ordinated efforts of the social reformers coupled with, if necessary, legislation to the effect. That seems to be the only fitting solution to relieve society from the strain of the caste system. In such a blessed state of castelessness, the present havoc wrought by the communal virus can no longer hold its sway. And the hatred and jealousy that emanates now from the clogged atmosphere of communalism, will disappear. Merit will cease being stifled and will receive its due consideration.

The Governments of Madras, Mysore and Travancore will do well to realise

that, to confer maximum social welfare over any society, the only widely accepted solution is to divide it into two classes, rich and poor. The poor deserve the assistance of the Government and the latter has to investigate into all possible plans to raise the standard of living of poor masses so that they may nearly enjoy the comforts of the rich. This economic solution is the only radical cure for the many ills of society. Then alone will people tend to throw into oblivion the age-long caste system. Ancillary measures like educating the masses and active propagation of the spirit of oneness will go a long way in smoothening the caste distinctions and warming up society towards universalism.

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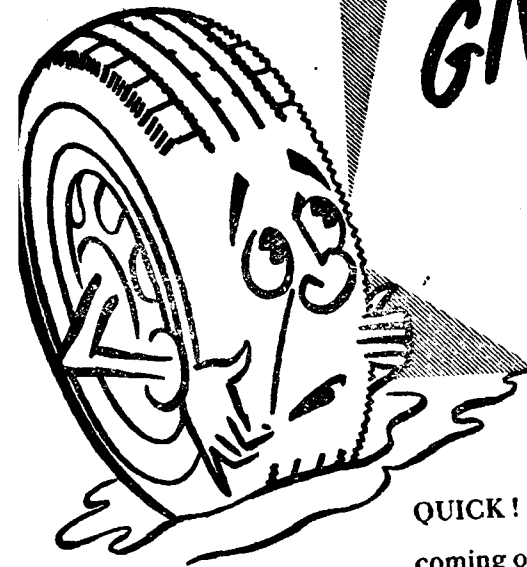
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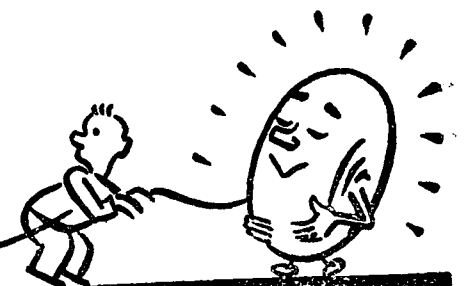
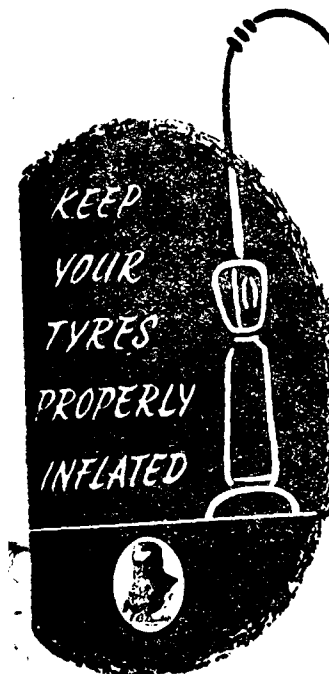
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DUNLOP

LETTER FROM LONDON

(From Our Correspondent)

IT is summer in Europe—and the season when the public is served up with strong, black headlines to go with its morning cup of coffee or tea. Threats of strikes, warnings of crisis and an eternal moan of "all's not well with the world" are continually in the air. I suspect that the Indian summer we have been tasting for the past few weeks must have something to do with all this. People here, in Britain see so little of the sun and the blue of the sky, that I suppose, when old Mother Nature turns off the shower for a few days, they are possessed with a reckless, glorious feeling, which makes them tell the world to Go to the Other Place. Hence, the railwaymen's strike, the dockers' sit-down, the milkmen's demands, the... well, you've read the papers, I guess.

A more pleasant feature of the season, which makes Londoners feel that the Old Times are coming back, was the recent summer sales—the first for years, without coupon-books to put one into a dither. Women began queuing up outside Oxford Street and Kensington High Street stores, from 7 p.m. the previous evening, armed with collapsible mattresses and thermos flasks. At 10 a.m. the next morning there were 20,000 of them, champing fretfully, breathing fire through their delicate nostrils and with the light of battle glinting in their eyes. Reductions were anything from 25 to 75 per cent, and when doors opened, the scene in the elegant departments of Pontings and Barkers was like something out of "The Tale of Two Cities." I am told St. John's Ambulance men stood by, ready to deal with the casualties!

Wimbledon has come and gone, and Londoners will remember this one as the Year of the Lace Panties, the wearer being Miss (Gorgeous) Gussie Moran. The said unmentionables evoked indignant Letters to the Editors, deploring the depths to which Great Wimbledon had fallen, while cartoonists and columnists hoarded up enough inspiration to last them through the tournament. It came as

quite a shock to poona-poona colonels and prim, old ladies when the truth of the panties was out. They had been created by the top British designer of tennis clothes, and cost Miss Moran 10 guineas!

Apart from Gorgeous Gussie there was, of course, some mild interest shown in other international players. Ted Schroeder revealed his immense capabilities, time and again, by snatching a match out of the fire when all appeared lost. "It was like playing against Nemesis," said a rival. The dark horse of this year's tournament was Jaroslav Drobný the "Bouncing Czech," who accounted for "the last hope of the Empire," Bromwich, in three of the easiest straight sets. Miss Louise Brough, playing 117 games in an evening, successfully retained her singles and doubles titles, though losing the mixed doubles crown. Hers was voted one of the most amazing performances in years. It is estimated that gate-money for the two weeks will amount to about 12 lakhs rupees. There has been a lot of wailing and gnashing of teeth among British sportswriters, as, forty-eight hours after the fight for the Singles crown had begun, there was only one Englishman left!

Of interest to Indians in London was the recent art exhibition held in India House. The works of B. C. Gue, K. K. Hebber, Alfred Thomas, C. Kar and English sculptress, Marguerite Milward, were on show, and though the *salon* was modest, everything was tastefully arranged. The small collection of Indian paintings—oils, water-colours, pastels and tempera—and the sculptures was of a high standard, and favourably received. Gue was the most traditional of the artists, painting in the Bengal-Tagore school. Thomas possesses a strange blend of Christian-Biblical themes and Eastern-Buddhist artistic interpretation. His Christ lives in an Indian background and has the sweet serenity of the youthful Gautama. Kar displayed his debt to modern European schools in the often glittering cleverness of his technique. His

work, "Two Dancers," has traits of Cubism, while others have remini-



Mr. K. K. Hebbar, promising young Indian painter.

scences of Picasso. Miss Milward's Eastern heads, from that of Professor Radhakrishnan to "A Sinhalese Beauty" and "A Madras Girl-Student," were striking. A large number of the best of the sculptural exhibits were extraordinarily melancholy in composition. Among these were "Yakshi," "Embrace," "Odalisque," "Kiss," "Nai-ika" and "Sabitar and Usha." Many visitors were surprised at the high standard of the sculpture. Indian artists have assimilated much from Western schools of art and have, in the process, given their eastern contribution to the Occident. Thomas, for example, has been in Europe since 1929, except for short visits to India, and has been influenced by the early Italian school of painting, which is very much akin to the traditional Indian. He studied at the Royal Academy at Florence, held exhibitions all over Italy, where, in some art galleries his paintings still hang. In 1938 he married a girl from Florence after an engagement of eight years. He spent six years in an internment camp during the war, an experience which has left an impression on his works. He is now the official artist for India House.

A word on K. K. Hebbar, who I first met at a private one-man exhibition held by him at the Imperial Institute in Kensington a few days before the India House affair. I soon found him very friendly and extremely modest. I learnt that he was born and spent

his early childhood in Udipi, S. Kanara. One was not surprised, therefore, to find that a large number of his paintings portray typical Malabar and Mangalore scenes. One of them, "To Maidenhood" reveals the influence of Gauguin and won a Gold Medal from the Bombay Art Society and a prize at the Inter-Asian Art Exhibition held recently at New Delhi. "Sunny South" I consider one of his best efforts in oils, with its bright whites and colours and a general animation. "Pandits" is the result of an impression gained at the last Lakschachandi Maha Yagna held in Bombay. His works often show the influence of the best European and Indian schools, and yet retains a refreshingly individualism. He has travelled extensively in India, and has attempted and succeeded in portraying the realities of Indian life. He admits his debt to the great moderns, Cezanne and Gauguin. His mother was his first admirer, and from this early encouragement he went through the Chamarajendra Technical Institute of Mysore and the J. J. School of Art in Bombay, where he specialized in murals. He soon broke away from pseudo-Ajantism and evolved something along the lines of Jemini Roy's simple and forceful art. For Hebbar it merely meant returning to the nostalgic, gay, painted toys and the vivid colours of the scenes of his early childhood. What is surprising in Hebbar's art is that he possesses no



"Sunny South" by Mr. K. K. Hebbar, a typical Malabar scene.

particular technique, but changes his style according to his subject.

This is Hebbar's first visit to England, and he told me that he hopes to tour the Continent soon—"to see and to learn," as he modestly put it. He hopes to put on a few exhibitions and sell some of his works to help him with expenses. He is managing things at present on a grant-in-aid of Rs. 2,500, which the Central Government awarded him in appreciation of his contribution to the cause of Indian art.

Talking of painting, quite a jolt was caused recently in London art circles,

when "The Blue Room" by Winston Churchill, who paints as a hobby, realized \$5,250, which went towards a Y.W.C.A. fund collection. The painting, the first Churchill to be sold, was bought by a Brazilian newspaper chain for the Sao Paulo Museum. All of which evoked an amusing cartoon in a London newspaper, of Mr. Churchill being confronted by Sir Stafford Cripps, who asks him, "With our dollar deficit, Churchill, would you consider painting exclusively for export?"

NAZIS FAVOURED IN EASTERN GERMANY

FORMER members of the Nazi Party and officers in the German Army are being increasingly employed in the Soviet Zone of Germany, according to a survey which has been made of appointments announced in the German Press.

In the journalistic profession Albrecht Albert, the present editor-in-chief of the *Nationale Zeitung*, was formerly the local editor in Berlin of the Nazi newspaper *Berlin am Mittag*. In January, 1948, his previous Nazi activities were discovered and he was expelled from the Berlin Press Association.

A man who was a member of the Nazi Party and a Nazi editor since 1931—Herbert Baum—is now the economic editor of the newspaper *Abendpost*. Another well-known Nazi Herr Zander—who held high rank in Hitler Youth before the war and was a former Press Chief of the Hitler Youth Cultural Office is now also on the staff of the *Nationale Zeitung*.

The Minister of Education in Brandenburg, Fritz Ruecker, was a

member of the Nazi Party and of the S. A. (Sturm Abteilung). A Ministerial Director, attached to the 'Land' Chancellery in Thuringia, Herr Hosinger, was a member of the Nazi Party for many years and was a colleague of the Sudeten Nazi leader, Henlein.

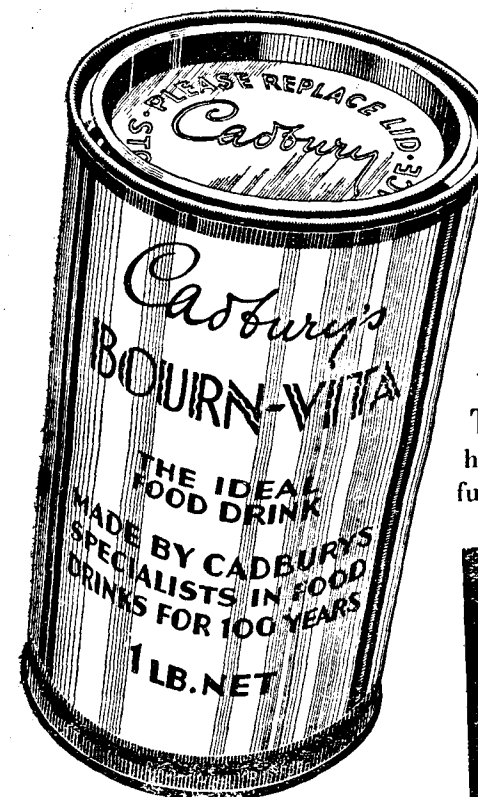
The Head of the Police in the Russian Sector of Berlin, Paul Markgraf, was an officer in the German Army and sufficiently enthusiastic to earn the award of the Knight's Cross in 1943.

In the theatrical profession, Lothar Muethel, a former director of the Vienna Burgtheater, a member of the Nazi Party since 1932 and renowned for his "anti-Semitism" during the Nazi regime, is now stage manager at Weimar.

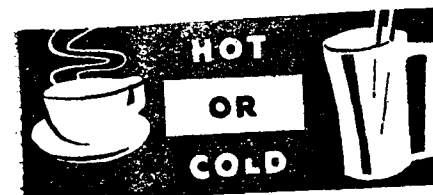
The Russians have appointed as manager in the Kala Porcelain Factory, Dr. Fritz Scheidt, who was a member of the Nazi Party, a holder of the Knight's Cross and Head of a Sub-division in the German Ministry of Armaments and War Production.

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APPLICATIONS IN THE DARK

By CHEENY

STUDENTS are ever feverish. Before exams, during exams and after exams, all the while they are in the grip of some fever or other: The examination-fever, the result fever, and last but not least the admission fever. The students seem to like these fevers. Or else, they would have done something about them. The last-named malady is the epidemic today. Some complacently wait for September not having tided over the idea of March. Engineering, medical, technological, academical... These are the alternatives which the more successful students are 'hamletting' over. Wise guys apply for all the courses under the sun, and like Mr. Micawbar, wait for something to turn up. Worry pots commit mental suicide, over their marks. "If only I had done that question right, I would have beaten that cockeyed mugpot" is the order of the day with jealous individuals. Such is the position in the student world.

From all this, it might appear that 'applying' for a college is an easy job. The illusion is perfect, but nevertheless it is an illusion. 'Applying' in the sense the colleges have it, is a test for the student, more trying than any university examination, or even a re-examination. The university examination is at the most a test of the student's intelligence. The 'application' test by the colleges is a test of the student's patience and perseverance. This is a fitter test from the worldly point of view. The number of hurdles that a student has to jump over is something Olympic. And yet, all that trouble does not ensure him a seat. It only makes his application fit for 'consideration' whatever that means officially. And usually he gets a negative reply.

Seeing my number among those of the successful candidates, eligible for degree courses, I thought I would 'apply.' I'm not of the bloodthirsty type and so I ruled medical college out of the question. I would have tried a B.A. degree, but couldn't muster enough courage to face a second language again. It had let me down once.

I decided it shouldn't let me down again. A Science degree would be alright, and so I applied back to my old college. Like a mother of the good sort, she took me back. I got my admission card the next day. I put it in my pocket and went to see an old friend. He was worried, terribly so. He wanted certificates of conduct, nativity and what not. I asked him why he was so worried about nativity. He said he needed it to apply to professional colleges. This was news to me. I told him I would go with him to some Revenue Officer and get the certificate. We went to an officer whom we didn't know from Adam. We asked him for a nativity certificate. He shouted a volley of questions. "Have you been in this city for ten years at a stretch?" No. "Have you been in this city for ten years on the whole, allowing for your stays elsewhere?" No. "Then, get out of here. You can't get this certificate." Why? He told us why. My pal then explained. His father was in Government service and never was in a place for more than three years. You know, he wasn't in the Minister's good books. His family moved about with him. My friend had to change schools every few years, and change the medium of instruction also. He now knew four languages. The officer was not interested in my friend's story. He seemed to get an inspiration. He asked brightly: "Have you a house anywhere, I mean, do you own a house anywhere?" My friend said yes, he had a cottage in Anantapur. "It is alright, son, try your district revenue officer. You'll get it." We walked out of the office. My friend tried the officer's suggestion. It worked. He was duly certified as a native of Anantapur. He was glad about it as he was about to conclude he'd never been born at all. When you are a native of nowhere in particular, how can you be a citizen of this world? The next hurdle was to pay in the registration fee. The instructions to candidates distinctly said the fee could be paid in at the Reserve Bank

of India or any Treasury or Sub-treasury of Government. It was a Saturday. My pal and I went to the Reserve Bank of India waving a five-rupee note before the counters. One young clerk mistaking our intentions put out his hand and wanted to know what he could do. I waved him aside and went to the Pay-in-counter. The wise man behind it told us after we had wended our way through the queue: "Sorry. You'll have to go to Saidapet. We don't take in money for registering college applications." If the roof had fallen on our heads, we wouldn't have been more astonished. I showed him the "instructions to candidates," thinking it would clinch the issue. It didn't. The clerk smiled. He said: "I know. But I just can't take the money. Go to Saidapet, before they close down. Tomorrow is Sunday, you know." I thanked him for the information and walked out. The next scene was Saidapet. Three

hours of red-tape ended in our getting a receipt. If, even in democratic countries like ours, red-tape is so red, I wonder what it must be in the red countries. Public offices must be dripping blood. We went straight to the professional college, and gave in the application with the umpteen enclosures, looking very much bloated.

On our way back, my friend said "Ohhhh!" I thought he was having an attack of something. He gasped. "I forgot to fill in the application form." I understood. In his bother about getting those certificates, he had clean forgotten about the form. It happens like that, often. I looked at him. He was gurgling. I knew now. He was in the last stages of the application fever. I concluded that my health was far more important than any profession, through these colleges. I looked at my admission card. I smiled, forgetting about the professional colleges.

Humour is "anything that makes you laugh. But the finest sort draws a tear along with the laugh."—G. B. S.

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31

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Use *any* numbers from 2 to 8 in the six squares to make a total of 31. Any number of entries may be sent on plain paper in English. M. O. receipts or I. P. O. must be enclosed (with 2 As. stamps for winners' list if desired). Sealed solution is deposited with the Cochin Commercial Bank Ltd., Madras. Our Secretary's decision shall be final and binding in all matters.

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Letters To The Editor

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

Admission To Colleges—A Suggestion

The problem of admission to Arts Colleges is magnified because of the absence of any well-devised system. The process can be simplified by the setting up of a Clearing-House for College admissions and by constituting a single Committee of Selection for all the City Colleges. This will remove a great deal of the unnecessary inconvenience, anxiety and bother caused to the students and their parents. The discontent felt at the time of admission is widespread, and several members of the public feel that the agony to which they are subjected is unduly prolonged in the case of some institutions at least. The University and the Government can avert this inconvenience caused to the public by establishing the machinery needed for the purpose.

The Principals of all the City Colleges may be on the Committee of Selection, and each institution may adopt as now its own standards in selecting candidates for admission, and the students also may indicate their choice by mentioning the order of their preference. Under such a clearing-house system, none of the advantages and rights of institutions as well as the privileges of candidates seeking admission will be interfered with; while the evils and needless suffering involved under present conditions can be avoided. The scramble for seats will not then assume the present exaggerated proportions, and the demand from properly qualified applicants can be accurately assessed from the data which will then be available easily. The greatest advantage derived from such a system will be the simultaneous announcement of a consolidated list of candidates selected to the different courses for admission into the several City Colleges. This will eliminate several disadvantages and hardships—e.g. applying to a number of Colleges, some getting selected in all or several of them, others tossed about to and fro for such an unduly long time that they give up the attempt altogether and turn away in disgust and dejection, though there might ultimately be a few seats not filled up. From the point of view of the institutions, too, there will be immense advantage. The unnecessary delay in completing the work of admission can be avoided, as, under the present system, some at least of the selected candidates do not turn up, especially those who are offered seats in more than one institution.

S. A. JAIN
Secretary, Association of University
Teachers, Madras.

Irrigation Works In Zamindaris

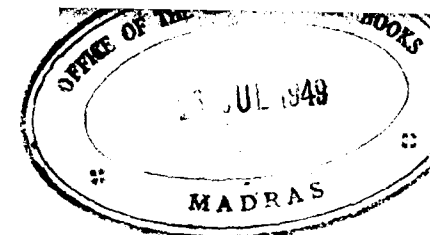
Day after day, the Government of Madras is announcing about the improvement of irrigation tanks as a means for growing more food. Recently, Mr. A. S. Kuppuswamy, President, Landholders Association, Tinnevely has complained that what stands in the way is the Government Order that no tanks would be repaired in zamindari areas at Government cost. I received a letter from the Tahsildar of Tirupathur, North Arcot District, from which the following is an extract:—

"As per recent Government Order, the execution of the irrigation schemes in zamindari areas will not be taken up till the Abolition of the Zamindari Act becomes an accomplished fact. The matter may be taken up when the village is taken over by the Government." I fail to understand why the Madras

Government should deny improvement of the irrigation works in two-fifths of the province, which is zamindari. The order is possibly an administrative one passed by Government with a view to giving priority for improvements in irrigation in ryotwari areas. It is not illegal to undertake irrigation works in zamindari areas, for the Adviser Government enacted the Madras Irrigation Act 1943, later on amended in 1945, authorising the Government to carry out improvements or repairs to privately owned irrigation works or to construct a new irrigation work and to recover cost ultimately from the owner. It is surprising that the Madras Government should postpone irrigation schemes in zamindari areas.

Yet another hindrance to cultivation arises from the fact that in a number of places lands are lying fallow as the landowners have more than enough lands to cultivate or are not interested in spending money and bringing them under cultivation. In these areas, the cultivators are living on grass seeds and other poor foods. For example, in Vadakkupatti, Sri Perumbuthur Taluk, an area of 300 to 400 acres is lying fallow. If Government are really interested in 'Grow More Food' they should appoint special revenue inspectors to list such areas, take them over under Madras Essential Articles Requisitioning Powers Act 1946 and bring them under cultivation.

K. G. SIVASWAMY,
Regional Kisan Secretary,
Tambaram.



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26 JUL 1940

MADRAS

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV, NO. 24.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1949.

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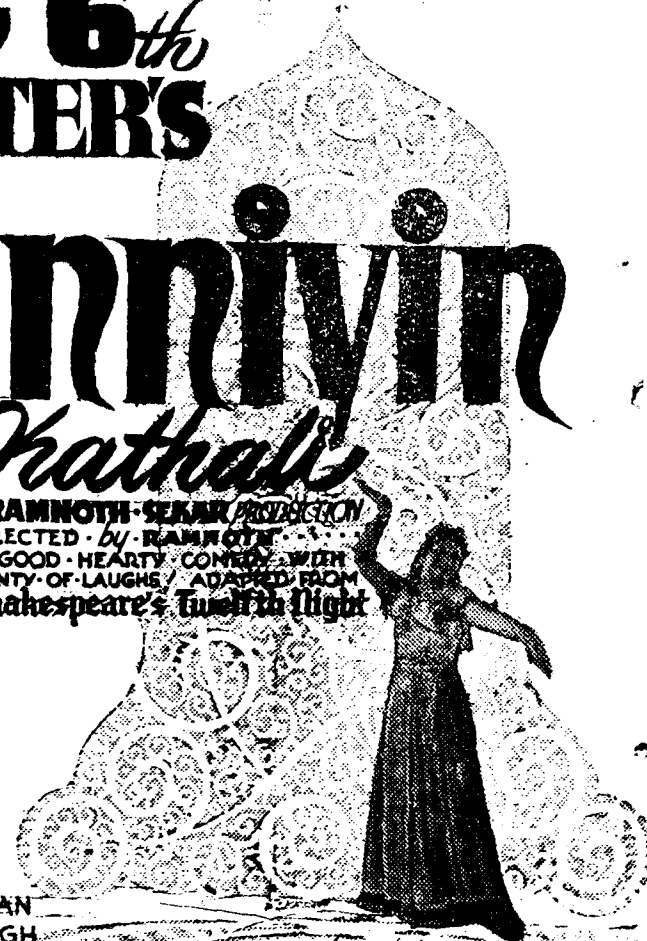
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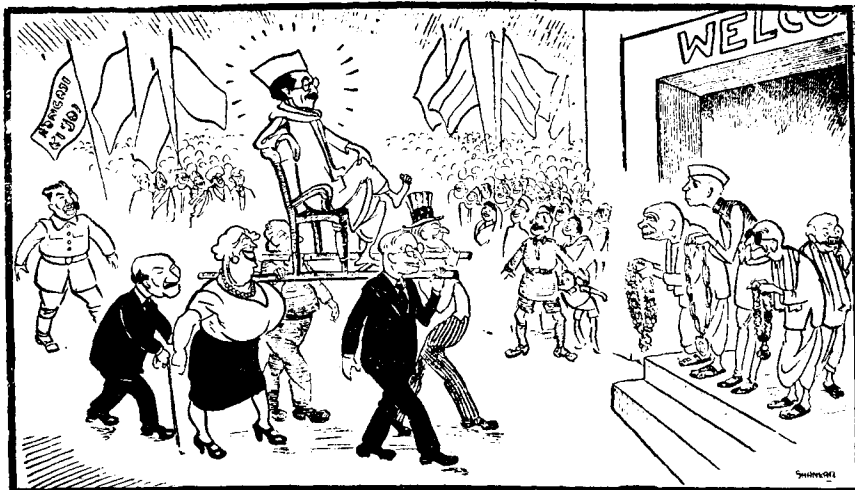
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*DANCES: LALITHA PADMINI STUDIO CENTRAL



HIS SHINING HOUR



Prof. Ranga who has returned from America says his mission has been completely successful.

TO THE RESCUE



—Courtesy Shankar's Weekly.

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 24

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

INTERNAL ENEMIES

MR. P. R. DAS voiced the general feeling of the public towards Congress rule when he said in his presidential address at the Civil Liberties Conference held in Madras last week, "I find no change in the administrative methods today. We have the same police raj; orders under Section 144, Criminal Procedure Code, continue to be made. We still continue to be governed by ordinances." In less than two years, the Ministers selected to rule in the name of the Congress have, over the major part of the country, completely destroyed popular enthusiasm for the freedom that has come in the wake of the British withdrawal. People no longer look upon the Congress with the same affection as of old, nor do they regard Congress Governments as Governments run in their interests by trusted leaders primarily concerned for their welfare. On the other hand, there is everywhere a kindling of regret for the superior administrative standards of the rulers that have left. The Ministers have sabotaged freedom even to the extent of making the helotry which preceded it look more attractive.

The main responsibility for the present deplorable state of affairs must be laid on the top leaders of the Congress. In their preoccupation with routine administrative matters, they have allowed the fundamental integrity of the Congress to be impaired progressively by unfaithful persons who have simply used the Congress as a ladder for personal self-seeking without any loyalty for its basic creed. It may be said that

the core of the philosophy underlying the entire Congress movement as evidenced in a quarter century of stress and struggle, has lain in the principle of non-discrimination between citizen and citizen. It was on the foundation of an absolutely non-communal conception of equality that the Congress planned its programmes and built itself to power. Yet in the hour of triumph it allowed its Ministries to be manned by persons saturated with an uncivilized spirit of disgraceful communalism. For example, the Finance Minister of the Madras Government openly declared at a public meeting sometime ago that the policies of the administration adorned by him were clearly communal. He said that the peculiar circumstances of Madras Province imposed communalism on its Government as an inevitable necessity, whatever might be the position in other provinces. A declaration like that should have promptly brought about the expulsion of the author of it from the Congress organisation. No organisation can afford to keep in important positions renegades from its essential tenets disloyal to its aims and purposes. By doing so, it would descend to their level. In the hour of political fulfilment the Congress has allowed the power that has come to it to be captured by communalists inimical to the entire drive of its mission, and these internal enemies have swiftly wrecked it from within and brought about bitter resentment and disillusionment among the people subjected to their tyrannies and misgovernment.

Pandit Nehru and the Congress High Command have in their perturbation ~~led~~ that ginger groups within the Congress Legislature Parties should dissolve themselves and Provincial Congress Committees should not bring forward motions of no-confidence against Ministries. The stifling of criticism does not dispose of the evil provoked by it. For the time being the glamour of the great names of the Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister has sufficed to subdue all dissentients to their wishes, but the obedience they command is not of a healthy variety, involving as it does the pampering of regimes that do not deserve to survive. Popularity is no substitute for good government. Drafts made on the one without the

support of the other will empty the stock of credit of the leaders concerned and deplete them of influence and prestige. Great and mighty as Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel are, even their broad shoulders are not broad enough to bear the weight of some of the corrupt Ministers that have been disgracing the provincial administrations. These have been acting as if the assets of State were private patrimonies of their own to be freely dipped into at will, distributed to favourites and denied to others. Congress influence cannot be salvaged unless the corrupt Ministers are got rid of. To stifle the voice of criticism while rampant evils abound unchecked is a wrong way of dealing with a gravely critical situation.

Sotto Voce

The Life Synthetic



IT is the typically creaturely feeling that he knows a little more about it all than does the blundering Author of the Universe that sustains man in an environment not of his making. We are born with hunger and with insufficient means of satisfying it. And science steps in as the saviour with synthetic food. So far they have set up no pretensions to *making* food. But they do something better, they *improve* it. An ounce of tapioca has as much calorie value as three ounces of rice; *ergo* sago made out of tapioca is three times as good as rice!

I must confess that when I am invited to look upon sago as the noblest work of man my pessimism takes a deeper tinge. That mock-food of infants and invalids, that mainstay of the slops which passed

for *payasam* and spoilt many a good feast for me always struck me as a monstrous perversion of which unaided Nature could never be guilty. And now I know that those globules possessed of a too perfect sphericity and a rubbery bounce grew on no tree that ever was; they were nourished neither by the airs of Heaven nor by the juices of the earth. They were made in a factory out of tapioca flour and—to camouflage their ancestry—sold at ten times the price of the humble tuber.

And now, if our experts can manage it, we are to have more of the sago species. The rice-eater, we are told, multiplies far too quickly for his staple food to keep pace with him. And qualitatively as well as quantitatively it has failed to come up to his expect-

tations. It is lamentably deficient in carbohydrates and vitamins; nutritively speaking, it is much cry and little wool. So Art steps in where Nature fails; and out of tapioca, sweet potato and banana reinforced with de-oiled groundnut we shall have the marvel of the age—synthetic rice. Impregnate it with vitamin B and lo! there is the perfect food, better far than the fabled nectar of the gods.

Your food enthusiasts are canine not only in the keenness of their nose for the new but also in their mutual intolerance. Thus, while some sponsors of subsidiary foods are all for powdering the roots and fruits above-mentioned and quietly mixing them with rice or wheat flour, others consider this would be a disaster as people would then be scared stiff thinking of adulteration. But these see nothing wrong in practising the innocent deception that makes imitation rice out of tapioca. They artlessly assure you that it is far better than Nature's prentice effort. So did Tenali Rama assure the King that the tamarind was far superior to the lemon as *nuzzer*!

The making of substitutes has added nothing to the world's resources—unless it be to the stock of human illusions. Synthetic petrol, culture pearls, the ubiquitous plastic and the thousand other inventions that the organic chemist has spawned have not stopped even by a fraction the suicidal wastage of irreplaceable natural assets. On the contrary they speed up bankruptcy by producing the delusion that the test-tube is a veritable cornucopia. We are deafened by the clamour that we must grow more food or perish. But when somebody suggests a universal fortnightly fast as an auto-

matic way of meeting the shortage he is cut short by a contemptuous guffaw.

The dieticians tell you that the sense of repletion which comes from the stomach stuffed with rice means not health but distension of the bowels. They would perhaps open their eyes wide if they were told that the Sastra did not content itself with counselling moderation; it prescribed sixteen fistfuls of boiled rice and dhal and vegetable as the maximum that an adult should take at a meal. And it was uncompromising in its insistence that a healthy man required not more than two meals a day. Our magnificoes who ostentatiously deny themselves even a thimbleful of rice at a public banquet feel no qualms about spending more on iced water than would keep a whole village in rice for a month.

This one-track mind chasing material panaceas as shifty as the chameleon, is characteristic of an age haggard by technics. The area of human freedom is diminished enough in all conscience; should we summon chemical foods and communal kitchens to hasten its extinction, tapioca and banana, which the Malayalee finds exceedingly good, may simply induce diarrhoea in the rice-eater of the Kaveri delta. It is an ancient saying that "the food of which man is made is his god," and we are still faithful to our gods. Where the scientist talks of calories the wise men of old talked of *rasa*. They did not underrate strength, but they knew that the sense of well-being was a matter of psychic balance. Of a meal they made a poem, we make a formula.

VIGHNESWARA

(Continued from page 8)

as an antidote to the gall of bitter resentment caused by undeserved denial of just opportunities for educational advancement. The sense of frustration of the intelligent and the meritorious, deliberately excluded from the service and the careers for which they are marked out, to make way for a State-patronised body of

patent inferiors, is the most potent of the forces contributing to the strengthening of Communism, with its lack of faith in constitutional methods and non-violent modes of seeking and securing redress for wrongs. The desperate and unhappy members of this order are riven by no caste distinctions.—SAKA.

SIDELIGHTS : :

Of all injustice, that is the greatest which goes under the name of law; and of all sorts of tyranny the forcing of the letter of the law against the equity, is the most insupportable.

—LESTRANGE

SCORES of students, anxious to gain admission to professional colleges like Medical have been hovering round members of the selection committee, or hunting for recommendations from Ministers and topranking politicians supposed to be influential in overcoming difficulties. But the selection committee could do precious little to oblige the importunate, so well was it tied down by rules. Not only were some Ministers treated to the discomfort of having their nominees turned down, the Premier himself seems to have fared no better. The rules apparently became a boomerang to thwart their very framers.

There was little chance for favouritism to come into play in the conditions that governed the admissions this year. If strict observance of prescribed rules is rectitude, the selection committee displayed it exemplarily. But the very thoroughness with which the letter of the rules was observed yielded rather unhappy results, the rules themselves being far from satisfactory. They certainly were not conceived in the public interest. The objective of developing a profession with the aid of the best talent available found no place in them except to a fractional extent, accidentally. In the case of Harijans all that applied were admitted, the seats allotted for the community being more in number than the applicants. There was hence no question of the less deserving being preferred to the more deserving in the case of Harijan applicants. Muslims and Indian Christians were dealt with provincially; that is, the seats allotted to them respectively were distributed in order of merit, subject to a certain regional reservation on broad linguistic lines. Inevitably, therefore, the best of the candidates among Muslims and Indian Christians were helped to get in—

there was no preference for the second and third-rate to the detriment of the most talented.

In the case of other backward communities and of Brahmins and Non-Brahmins, the rules, what with the district-war allocation of seats prescribed, left no chance for equity and fairplay. The characterisation of certain communities as "backward" may be tolerated for the preferential treatment attached to it, but it no longer represents any condition valid in reality. In one southern district, for instance, the high scorers of marks mostly belonged to a so-called "backward" community. It is the opinion of a good many educationists that except in mathematics, Non-Brahmins have overtaken Brahmins in all other branches of knowledge. The theory of superior Brahmin efficiency in the acquisition of examination marks is no longer real and has become largely fictitious. A community that can well excel in open competition is stigmatised with anti-merit formulas devised with ostentatious pretention for its benefit. The joy of achievement is knocked out of it, because what it could win from its mettle with the thrill of free endeavour is given the twist of a "concession" based on political majority pressure.

So far as Non-Brahmins and Brahmins are concerned, the rules have been so framed as to exclude brilliant candidates in some districts in order that quite inferior candidates in some others may be accommodated. Vizag district, with a large educationally backward agency tract, is allotted 19 seats whereas East Godavari, far more advanced in college education, gets only 8 seats. The result of the arrangement is that a First Class B. Sc. student of East Godavari may be shut out while a Second Class Inter student of Vizag may have an easy walk-over in preference. Here is an example of communalism cutting the throat of the very community which it professes to serve. No communalism can serve

(Continued at bottom of page 7)

MR. V. SHANTARAM AND "OUR COUNTRY"

By OUR FILM CRITIC

WHEN about a dozen years ago, the Hindi film, "*Duniya na mane*" or "*The Unexpected*" burst upon an astonished people, general comment ranged from scandalised shock to awed respect with, however, a common denominational undercurrent of admiration, mute in the one case and loudly voiced in the other, for the man who had undertaken such a daring analysis of a sociological problem. The picture skyrocketed to fame Mr. V. Shantaram, its producer, who had only a year or two before attracted much attention with his picturesque musical, "*Amar Jyothi*," which had incidentally also raised for public adulation yet another filmic personality—the lovely Shanta Apte. "*The Unexpected*" won a wide press and it became a mark of artistic and cultural sensitivity among the younger generation to drag every Indian film which was produced about that time into a comparison with the excellence of Mr. Shantaram's technique—most often to the former's detriment. The songs from "*Duniya na mane*" were sung in all sorts of places, college hostels, male and female, private musical evenings, as a finale to music performances even by classicists, and by ribald larrikins congregating at street corners after all honest citizens had gone to bed. As one walked along the road of a Saturday or Sunday afternoon in those days, one heard wafted along the breeze right and left those popular tunes played on gramophones and one saw young boys and girls sitting on the balconies and parapet walls in attitudes of rapt enjoyment and even the older people passing along the street slowed down their steps or lingered at corner *pan* shops. Shante Apte appeared in one or two pictures after that before she came to Madras on a visit, but the Madrasites acclaimed her only as the star of "*The Unexpected*" and at most of the gatherings she attended, solicited her to sing the songs she had sung so delightfully in that Prabhat film.

Mr. V. Shantaram's name became overnight a name to conjure with and there was hardly any one under thirty who was not familiar with the eager face and the keen, lively eyes and the curly head of the director. Soon after came *Admi* which created, if anything, even more of a sensation than "*The Unexpected*," dealing as it did with a police constable's love for a nautch girl. Both "*The Unexpected*," and "*Admi*" got Mr. Santaram quite a few enemies. The older people were convinced his influence on the youth could not but have the most pernicious and unhealthy consequences while the rising generation as implicitly believed that the salvation of all society lay in the hands of bold and free thinkers like Mr. Shantaram. Those were indeed the halcyon days of the Indian film industry. Both the Bombay Theatres and Prabhat Pictures were successfully attempting the depiction of social evils. They were convulsing conservative society with a million pin-pricks. The New Theatres were turning out under Director Barua the musical romances.

Mr. Shantaram was here last week to inaugurate the showing of his most recent production in Tamil, "*Num Nadu*." "I have made a few more enemies by this production," he said, smiling, in the course of the exclusive interview he was kind enough to grant me. He looked the same as he did almost ten years ago when he paid a visit to Madras for the formal opening of the Prabhat Theatre, as neat and spruce, as keen-eyed, and as animated with missionary zeal as he was when he set the stage for the first shots in "*The Unexpected*." "The moral degradation in India since the coming of independence," he said, "is indescribable and I have tried to depict it as faithfully as I could in "*Num Nadu*."

The film deals with the activities of black-marketeers and profiteers who, using the national flag as a stalking horse, mint money by illegal and nefarious deals. The plot involves



Mr. V. Shantaram and his wife, Jayshree

Muslims, Hindus, Parsis and men of various other creeds and centres round an earnest, righteous young police sub-inspector who finally exposes the saga of mystery, deceit, malpractice, smuggling and law-breaking in which are implicated people from all tiers of society, from the small clerk and police constable to the big businessman who conducts the whole affair without once stirring out of his office. The moral tone of the picture is undeniable as also its topicality; the story is an everyday scandal of our times. But the presentation, it seemed to me, lacked the delicacy of touch and the quiet dignity and suggestiveness of Mr. Shantaram's very early production. This is slightly crude, more noisy, melodramatic and produced with an eye on the masses. The difference, of course, might have been produced to some extent, as Mr. Shantaram claimed—but only to some extent—by the dissimilarity in the nature of the themes. The theme of the film *"The Unexpected"* was what you might describe as "homely." The scenes were set at home and natu-

rally the atmosphere was quieter, less iridescent and the space less cluttered up, the characters were more familiar types. But in *"Num Nadu"* the sets very from busy offices and secret cellars to wharfs, railway parcel offices and music schools.

But this is not all. There are oversights and faults and improbabilities which, had they been perpetrated by a director less experienced and capable might perhaps have been excused, but not by one of Mr. Shantaram's callaesthetic sensitivity. The young woman, Mohini, in great stress of emotion, collapsing on the sands and breaking out into a musical lamentation, is the kind of trick which the less imaginative of our South Indian producers resort to for reviving flagging interest in a sluggishly-running story. Again, the melodrama of the secret under-ground cellar with its sinister-looking radio and the symbolism of the black spectacles is a little overdone. Too little attention has been paid to some of the details. In order to make his characters representative in character and pre-

vent any possible misunderstanding of his motives as having a communal bias, Mr. Shantaram has only succeeded in overcrowding his stage. And again, Mr. Shantaram's reformer zeal tends to run away with his instinct for versimilitudinous representation of realism. His villains have no redeeming quality except Mohini whom, for purposes of romantic side interest, he has created as a woman with an unhappy past and a rather weak motive for vengeance upon society. The stabbings and shootings were quite unnecessary. The role of Harish, the hero's younger brother, is obviously a caricature but of what or whom one is unable to get even the haziest notion. The highly-secret conferences and conspiratorial and hush-hush movements of the villains seemed rather juvenile and some of the incidents like the stealing of guns from a heavily guarded arsenal, taxed the audience's credulity a good deal. The Tamil dialogue of the film specially produced for a South Indian audience, is an amusing disgrace.

But the film is not devoid of 'possibilities' and a not inconsiderable number of fine points. We see Mr. Shantaram's mastery of technique in the scene at the wharf where the textiles are being loaded into the boats at dead of night with Mohini keeping an eye open—or rather her binoculars open—for the police; the innocent-looking guard over the underground secret chamber; the spontaneous outburst of gaiety and joy at Mr. Jagdish Narain's house on Independence Day when the son comes home; the scenes in the music school; the lack of shoddy sentimentality in the very restrained love scenes; and the delineation of Jagdish Narain's character—the gradual disintegration of his honesty and integrity. By far the most excellent piece of casting in the picture was that of Mr. Angre as the Deputy Commissioner. Umesh Sharma as Satish turned in a very neat performance. There were two glaring faults, however, which were unforgivable in a man of Mr. Shantaram's experience as a film-director—the unnecessary intrusion of the political and national motif in the story and the inordinate length of the film. I told Mr. Shantaram so. But he had a ready answer.

The political motif, he said, represented by the references to "our government" and the national flag, had been introduced because he felt the deterioration of moral values in the country had been overwhelmingly rapid since August 15, 1947, and so he believed it was his duty to expose the unscrupulous people who were cashing in on our independence. The National Flag was only an ironic symbol, he said, the barricade behind which the blackmarketeer heaped his gold.

The length of the film, he defended, was inevitable considering the kind of theme he was dealing with. "There are some themes," he said, "which have to be treated at length

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32, Mint Street, Madras.

Also available at all good stores.

if people are to understand all their implications." There is a South Indian producer who believes that the picture-going masses consider they have been cheated out of their money unless they are given a three-hour length of film. It seems easier to understand the latter opinion than Mr. Shantaram's rather dogmatic assertion. The ordinary man in the street has so little entertainment or luxury in his everyday life that when he spends honest, hard-earned money so as to be entertained, he is inclined to measure the treat in terms of quantity rather than of aesthetic quality just as, to take a homely comparison, many people feel a wheat diet is not as "satisfying" as one of rice. But it does not seem as acceptable a fact that there should be some topics which need more length of celluloid to be treated in all their various aspects. On the other hand, a long-drawn-out narration only bores, at the same time diluting the impression. A short scene, like an apt phrase, can bring out in all its impressiveness, the poignancy of a situation and drive home a point with greater effectiveness than a dozen speeches. It might be said of films as of writing that cutting invariably betters.

Which discussion naturally led to a reference to the other mammoth production in recent times, 'Chandralekha.' Did he like it, I asked? He smiled. "It was good entertainment, don't you think?" I thought it rather a reticent remark to make about a picture which had received such a vociferous press, until I came to understand towards the end of the interview that Mr. Shantaram was a man of few words. When he condemned, as when he praised, he was brief, precise, never verbose. He is strong in his convictions, even a little dogged at times. I asked him if a Central Censorship Board was going to be set up and he said yes, it was being considered, but really there was very little difference between the censorship rules in the various provinces. The rules in Bombay and Madras, for instance, were almost identically the same. I trotted out the stock argu-

ment about the embarrassment that might be caused by a picture produced in a "wet" province being shown in a province like Madras. He said, prohibition or no prohibition, such scenes should altogether be banned from films. The drinking habit was alien to our way of life. The section of society which indulged in the pretty habit of offering a visitor a drink consisted of a microscopic minority, he said, and such scenes in pictures had an air of falsity about them, though, mind you, he said with an intriguing twinkle, "I don't believe in prohibition myself."

I hesitantly asked him a question about the Prabhat Pictures. What about it? he asked calmly. Did the company exist at all? Oh, yes, it did. I felt a little stumped. Was it true, I then asked, that the Prabhat Company was going to close down? Indeed no, he said, mildly annoyed. Yes, there was even a leading article about it in one of the newspapers but it was an irresponsible statement unfounded upon fact. The same paper was forced to eat its words and render an apology the very next week. "You journalists," he said, "are so anxious to have a story, you often fail to pay as much attention to authenticity as you should. The harm which results from the printing of an unauthorised statement, especially about business, is appalling."

I referred to the review of "Num Nadu" in a leading film magazine which was none too favourable. Mr. Shantaram shrugged charmingly. He was not surprised, he said, that some people did not like his production. As he said before, he had now made some more enemies. "But if I have contributed my humble mite towards showing up the evils in our country," he said with a modest smile, "I am more than satisfied." It was not an assertion of defiance. It was something more. It was the indisputable conviction of a man who had thought and come to his own conclusions about the never-ending conflict of opinion regarding the aim of all art; to please or to preach.

We can appreciate the miracle of life even more when we realize that human embryos a week old are so small that it would take about seven of them to cover the period which closes this sentence.—BERNARD LEWIS.

WHAT IS IN A NAME?

WHAT is in a name?

Shakespeare (or, rather, a character in one of his plays) did not think there was much in it, for a rose would smell just as sweet with any other name.

The Hyderabad editor who not only wanted to name his paper "Jawahar" but also expected the Prime Minister's blessing at the christening obviously thought that there was much more in a name than the Bard of Avon had imagined. A rose might smell just as sweet even if it was called Stink, but a paper sells more copies if it has a name that appeals to the public imagination!

Also the name of a paper is often an indication of the prevailing trend in politics. There was a time when editors in Hyderabad (and even outside) sought to win the favour of the ruling clique by naming their papers after the Nizam or members of his "royal" family, or emphasized the "independence" of the Nizam's "dominions"—names like *Nizam*, *Nizam-e-Deccan*, *Subh-e-Deccan*. The same opportunism now dictates names like "Jawahar" to flatter the Prime Minister and to woo public sentiment in India.

This particular editor could have quietly named his paper "Jawahar" and probably would have got away with it, for, after all, the literal meaning of "Jawahar" is "precious stones" and he might have claimed that he was using it as a common noun. But that would not sufficiently advertise his loyalty and his alleged (and probably new-found) love for the Prime Minister of India. So he had to write to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, seeking his blessings for his paper, and thereby cooked his goose. According to the press reports, the Prime Minister has refused to allow his name to be associated with this particular paper. And so "Jawahar" has actually come out as "J a u h a r" which means "Essence" and was the *takhallus* or poetic pseudonym of another famous politician, the late

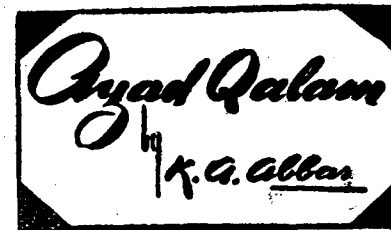
Maulana Mohamed Ali.

INDEX OF LOYALTY

Shakespeare's maxim notwithstanding, the world has always attached great importance to names. Parents name their children after Kings, Queens, Gods, Goddesses, Prophets, Saints—and nowadays after politicians and film stars! During the Mughal period, many Hindu names acquired a Persian flavour. But for the incongruity of adopting Christian-sounding names, the British regime would have seen a sprouting of Georges and Edwards and Alberts and Victorias in Hindu and Muslim families. At least one Maharaja (the father of the present Maharaja of Gwalior) named his son "George" to display his loyalty to the British Crown.

The growth of the national movement was reflected in the popularity of names like Tilak, Gandhi, Rabindranath, Ajmal and Ansari. The impact of the Turkish revolution produced a crop of Anwars, Mustafas and Kamals in Muslim families. The Persian word "Azad" which Maulana Abdul Kalam chose as his pen-name was adopted by many freedom-loving Indians—including Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs. In the South, the national movement and the consequent anti-caste sentiment induced many patriots (like the great Tamil poet Subramaniam) to adopt "Bharati" (Indian) instead of their caste names. The 1942 movement and the I. N. A. struggle popularised the names of Subhas and Aruna and Laxmi—many eight-year-olds bear these names today. "Kranti" (Revolution) has been a favourite of Socialist and Communist families. I have not yet heard of any Indian Marxes or Lenins, but I think the Communist leader Dange's daughter is called Rose (after 'Red Rosa,' Luxembourg.)

There is a great deal in names—a whole volume of social, political and cultural history. If you know the kind of names that are being given to the new-born genera-



tion in any country, I think you can have a fair idea of the way that country is going. One would give much to find out how many children born in India during the last one year have been named Mohandas or Gandhi and how many have been named Nathuram or Godse!

REMOVE THE LABELS

Names are not only an index of religious, ideological and cultural trends, but in India they are also used as communal and caste labels.

No sooner you hear a name than your mind immediately even unconsciously, puts it in a particular communal or caste category.

"Mohamed Ali"—oh, he is a Muslim!
 "Kishan Lal"—oh, he is a Hindu!

"Srinivas Iyenger"—oh, he is a Brahmin!

"Fardoonji Kabraji"—oh, he is a Parsi!

"John Fernandes"—oh, he is a Christian!

"Rajender Singh"—oh, he is a Sikh!

"Samuel Moses"—oh, he is a Jew!

Subtler variations in names indicate not only a person's community but also caste and sub-caste—whether he is a Chitpavan Brahmin or a Bohra or a Kayasth or a Syrian Christian or a Namboodrie or an Idava. In a society based on communal caste divisions, it was a practical means of identification. But when we are trying to do away with these divisions and distinctions, such names—like the caste and sub-caste items in government forms—become a means of perpetuating theocracy and sectarianism which we are trying to remove in a secular and casteless India. Our present names are so many labels of identification which classify and categorise us on an irrational, outmoded basis and create artificial barriers between us and our fellow-beings.

A few socially progressive and rationalist individuals are already trying to remove these labels by naming their children on a non-communal, non-caste basis. Children in some Hindu families have been named Kabir, Gulbadan, Laila and Aisha, while daughters of Muslims are known to have names like Veena, Seema and Sylvia. Many Indian Chris-

tians, of course, have retained their former Hindu or Muslim names.

Indians will achieve social cohesion only when community—and caste-consciousness has become a thing of the past, when we are no longer required to declare our religion, caste and sub-caste for purposes of official identification, and names are no longer the means of such identification.

India will be a truly secular State, perhaps, only when names like Krishen Ahmad, Geeta Mohiyuddin, John Ali Anand, Aisha Subhan Singh have become familiar. And who knows that complete international unity is waiting for a future world leader named Abdul Gautam Johnny Marx Singh Sansarwala!

THERE'S MONEY IN A NAME!

Names of places can be as significant as names of persons. When Petrograd became Leningrad, a new leaf was turned in Russian history. Names of towns like Abbotabad, Lyall-pur, Daltonganj and Montgomery are a reminder of the years of British domination, even as the presence of a Santa Cruz in Bombay and another in California shows that Portuguese adventurers had landed on the west coast of India and also on the west coast of America, and even as the several Gandhinagars now being built will remind the people of the future of the Gandhi era in Indian history. What's there in a name? Possibly, a whole history!

But names have a commercial value, too. Names can be used to exploit religious sentiment, patriotism, even the urge for freedom. When the owner of a restaurant calls his establishment "Shan-e-Islam Hotel," he is trying to attract Muslim customers by appealing to their religious sentiments, even as the owner of the "Shivaji Hindu Shudh Bhojan Bhandar" is trying to exploit the religious sentiments of his Hindu customers. A "Pakistan Zindabad Hotel" is a declaration of some Muslims' extra-territorial loyalties, even as the near-by "Azad Hind Hotel" is a recognition of fundamental national loyalties. Names like "Coronation Durbar Hotel" and "King Edward Hair-cutting Saloon" are still to be found on sign-boards—a legacy of the opportunism and

todyism that Imperialism brought in its wake. The fashion is changed now. Today it is regarded as better business to start establishments like "Gandhi Cafe," "Nehru Hotel," "Patel Restaurant," "Subhas Coffee House." Honoured names like Gandhi, Bose and Nehru are being associated not only with eating houses (including a Nehru Hindu Hotel!) and sweetmeat shops but also with cloth stores, shoe shops, groceries and hair-cutting saloons. Next to Gandhiji the name most exploited thus is that of Netaji. There are Subhas Bidis, Subhas Chappals, Subhas Snuff. On cinema slides and in other advertisements, portraits of Gandhiji and Netaji are used to sell chappals, bidis and umbrellas. A cinema has been named after Kasturba. There is a proposal to organise a Gandhi Ballet and a Gandhi Orchestra. At this rate, we might soon have a Nehru Night Club and a Gandhi Bar!

Is all this a demonstration of the universal love and esteem in which these leaders' names are held by the people? Or is it sheer, unscrupulous exploitation of public sentiment?

Pandit Jawaharlal did well to refuse to lend his name to a paper of dubious character. But that is not enough. All such misuse of leaders' names must be stopped. Government initiative and public opinion both are required to end this indiscriminate and shameless exploitation of hallowed and honoured names—an exploitation that, in some cases, borders on vulgarity and sacrilege.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

S. A. Dange's "INDIA—FROM PRIMITIVE COMMUNISM TO SLAVERY" (People's Publishing House, Bombay 4, Rs. 2) is one of the most important books to be published in recent years in India. It is, perhaps, the first full-fledged sociological and economic study of ancient India to be written from a Marxist stand-point. As such, it sheds revealing light on our people's past which, hitherto, has remained obscured in the mists of mythology and mysticism.

The author is not only a prominent and veteran leader of the Communist Party of India (now in detention) but also a profound scholar of history and a hard-hitting political

pamphleteer. This book is an achievement for the versatile Dange and his analytical mastery of ancient Sanskrit texts is truly astonishing.

As a Marxist historian, he turns the searchlight of his acute and brilliant mind on the dark and little-known territory of our past and gives a new understanding of our ancestors, their social organisations, and the processes of their growth and decline. In his company, we are no longer treading the never-never land of gods and goddesses and *rakshasas*; we are among human beings fighting nature, taming wild animals, learning agriculture and other processes of production, and living happily, collectively, in a "pristine commune of barbarians without class conflict, without slavery, greed, property and mutual violence between kin and kin." Then we see them developing further, division of labour necessitating the evolution of different *varnas* (castes), the growth of the concept of private property, and then "falling a prey to slavery, class war, greed and violence of brother against brother"—which, according to the author, was epitomised in Mahabharata, the great Bharat war. Dange's picture of the past is thus a most valuable corrective of mythical or romanticist versions of other, non-Marxist, historians.

And yet, in his glorification of *Yajna* or the primitive commune which he seems to equate with the modern concepts of socialism, doesn't the Marxist Dange also betray a kind of romanticism—idealisation of the past as against the present, the tendency to hark back to the "golden age"?

Then, again, Dange the historian suffers at the hands of Dange the political pamphleteer and campaigner who cannot resist having a few digs at his "class enemies"—the older historians whom he accuses of propagating the "class and national aims" of the Indian bourgeoisie—and seems all too anxious to draw "morals" and conclusions favourable to the Party Line.

Thus, in his attitude to Rama and Krishna (whether as moral symbols or historical characters) one finds a distinct change has occurred during the last six years. In 1943, in the course of his address to the All

India Progressive Writers' Conference in Bombay, Dange was much kinder to these figures of mythology. He said then that "Strict *Chatur Varna*, (unlike the liberal *Bhagwat*), and *Avatar*, that is militant warfare, a just king and a just kingdom were all denoted by Rama in mythic tradition" (Italics mine.—K. A. A.) and, with evident approval, he added that Ramdas, contrary to all his predecessor saints, chose Rama as his deity. In the same address he also referred to "the old humanist *Krishna of the Bhagwata*" and, at another place in the same address, to "Bhagwat God, the Krishna of old, who alone coming from the *Gana*-Democracy of the *Satvat-Vrishnis* was capable of doing such (noble and good) things."

And in the present book, Rama is depicted as an "oppressive builder of a kingdom" who possesses neither truthfulness nor humanity. Krishna appears as a "theoretician of class society" who persuaded Arjuna to fight a class war, and who "talked out, dumb-founded, terrorised and drugged" Arjuna's common humanity!

How did this transformation take place in Rama and Krishna during the last six years? Is it, one wonders, due to the change in the party Line, which in 1943, demanded a "united front" with non-Communist "progressives" (including Rama and Krishna) but today demands that no quarter be given to "deviationists" of the present—or the dim, distant past?

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

LONDON: Mr. Harold Wilson, President of the British Board of Trade, expressed gratefulness for the co-operation which India was giving and said that she was playing a lead-

ing part in the economic talks now going on in London.

LOS ANGELES: Mrs. Pandit told a gathering of 300 businessmen and industrialists that one of her official duties was to press for an American loan to India. "It is my belief," she said, "that India and America need each other."

WASHINGTON: Mr. Hubert Humphrey, a member of the U. S. Senate, proposed that the United States should formulate immediately a "Marshall Plan" for India which he described as a "bulwark of democracy in the Far East."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

NEW DELHI: In some districts of Rajasthan Union the Bhils are facing acute food shortage. People are said to be living on leaves. The situation in some areas is so bad that they have been compelled to kill cattle and eat their flesh. Three persons are reported to have died of starvation.

CALCUTTA: About two lakhs of mill workers went into involuntary unemployment when the Indian Jute Mills Association's decision to close their mills for one week every month came into operation.

BENARES: A boy successfully sought the intervention of the Magistrate of Basti for persuading his reluctant father to continue his education. In his application the student stated that his father, though well to do, wanted him to leave school and join his business.

NAGPUR. Mr. P. B. Dani, General Secretary of the R.S.S. said that "there never were any differences between the Sangh and the Government."

Visiting a newly rich friend in the country, Wolcott Gibbs refused to be impressed by tennis courts, swimming pools, stables, and other forms of luxury. Finally, returning to the house, the owner pointed to a magnificent elm growing just outside the library window and boasted: "That tree stood for 50 years on top of the hill. I had it moved down here so that on pleasant mornings I can do my work in its shade."

Said Gibbs: "That just goes to show what God could do if he had money."—FRANK CASE.

"MYSTERY OF AUROBINDO'S ASHRAM"—A REJOINDER

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

DEBUNKING is an American term and the rules of the game are strictly American. They seem to suit the tempo of that country, and the temperament of the people there and the institutions peculiar to the American way of life. Those who are top-rankers in the art of "debunking" are regarded as national idols by some, national nuisances by others, but they are all national figures. Key-hole reporting is a part of their code. Westbrook Pegler used to call Walter Winchell the Gents' Room Reporter and I don't know what the latter called the other—probably something nastier!

England and other European countries have admired the boldness (more often it is brazenness) with which Americans practise the art: but these countries have not tried to copy this peculiar American institution. It suits Asia still less and it is a method that suits the Asian ill.

This fact was brought forcibly to my mind when I read recently an unsigned article entitled "Mystery of Aurobindo's Ashram." Note the *gaucherie* in the caption itself, whether the caption was written by a spiteful "sub" or by the author of the article himself. It should have been either Sri Aurobindo's Ashram or Aurobindo Ashram. There are certain courtesies in the use of prefixes, etc., which India still shares with other civilised countries.

The article is a painfully juvenile journalistic *tour de force*. The writer has packed into that single article all the tricks of the trade he has ever learnt. There is naivete—of a pitifully obvious kind—there is mud-slinging (the mud nicely wrapped in tissue paper) there is innuendo, and there is malice, and misrepresentation. The whole article is well-garnished with venom. The writer is evidently nursing one or more grudges against Man and the Twentieth Century.

There is absolutely no "mystery" about the Ashram or about Sri Auro-

bindo. Sri Aurobindo, as everybody knows, is probably the oldest living Indian "revolutionary."

His public career is well-known enough. The background of his upbringing, education, culture and erudition is common knowledge. After the term of his service in Baroda he taught, he wrote, he lectured, and as editor, educator and "agitator" he roused the country, particularly Bengal as no one else had until then. But he never claimed pre-eminence for himself. He was always ready to honour the Nation's heroes. One of them was Bankim Chandra Chatterjee. Sri Aurobindo translated one of his novels into English, busy as he was himself.

After the Alipore Bomb Case and his eventual acquittal he renounced his public career. This was in the hallowed Indian tradition. There was nothing spurious about it.

In 1910 he made his home in Pondicherry where he has remained since. In the early years of his Yoga at Pondicherry he wrote copiously, prodigiously. He edited the magazine ARYA in which he expounded Hindu philosophy and Yoga more lucidly and at the same time more penetratingly than it had ever been done before. He had a few associates then. The Mother, a French lady of high lineage and one who had already spent many years in spiritual self-development was one of those who joined him in 1914. Without the slightest propaganda and against every kind of discouragement, the number of those who came to join Sri Aurobindo at his Ashram increased. In 1927 Sri Aurobindo decided to curtail his direct contacts with disciples and others and he "withdrew" to carry on his work for the good of mankind and for the upliftment of India in a more intensive form. But already his published writings explaining abstruse matters of philosophy and Yoga and offering commentary on some of the more important Upanishads together with his letters to his

disciples—these numbered nearly fifty volumes. But he still continued to write; and his interest in India's welfare continued to be very real.

The Ashram just grew to its present proportions. No one but the Mother could have coped with this tremendous expansion. Those of us who live at the Ashram are in no way jealous of the "select few" who minister to Sri Aurobindo's needs. He pervades the Ashram. We are more than content with the four Darshans a year.

Sidhardha called himself "Bud-dha." It is in the Indian tradition for great seers to claim god-realisation. Sri Aurobindo has never claimed divinity for himself. But if any Indian, now living or in recent history, is fit to be mentioned in the same breath as the Buddha, it is Sri Aurobindo.

This is not the only Ashram that is set in surroundings more urban than sylvan. The various Ramakrishna Maths (in India and abroad) and many other Ashrams in India function right in the midst of busy cities. And that is no small achievement!

All Ashrams have to have property in the form of lands and buildings, either donated by well-wishers or acquired. The buildings which constitute the Sri Aurobindo Ashram have been acquired most honourably and those who parted with them in their original condition were in every case highly satisfied with the deal they had made.

The anonymous writer refers us to the fact of the Ashram being within a stone's throw of the French Governor's residence. It would amuse my readers to know that a dhoby has his laundry, and the "Bharat Bakery" its premises, just across the way from the Governor's residence! They are closer to the Governor's residence than the Ashram—if this is any criterion.

I learn for the first time of British officials being supplied with bread from the Ashram, and of French being the official language of the Ashram, and of Mother holding "occult classes."

There are hardly any social misfits here. Most of them could have, I guess, made a very good go of things in the world outside. Their choice to

remain here is their own and not from any compulsion—of circumstances or otherwise. And the fact that whole families have made their home at the Ashram proves that "loneliness" is certainly not one of our neuroses.

As for the Mother, it is immaterial what her antecedents were. It is in the Indian tradition of renunciation for a Pariah or a Prince to become a Yogi. Once they become Yogins no one, with good taste, would refer to their beginnings. She is the Mother not simply because we, who live in the Ashram, are her children but she is the Mother according to the Hindu concept of *Sakti*. Of her graciousness, of her radiant love, of her powers as a Yogini—this is an experience one must have by living here. All other judgment would be superficial.

I have seen Indians, who should have known better, genuflecting and prostrating themselves before European women and men and hailing them as Gurus and what not but in my experience no one has seemed to me more a reincarnated Indian spirit and worthier of reverence and affection than the Mother.

Sri Aurobindo is greatly concerned about India's political destiny—his renunciation was not of the world, but of the worldly life—and the various announcements he has published such as that on India's Independence Day prove that India is very much in his thoughts. His chamber is by no means sealed but is open to the winds, and he has newspapers read out to him and he even listens-in to the radio.

As for the Ashram Sadhaks and Sadhikas they speak no "jargon." Their interests are normal; their discussions over political issues are just as lively as of those outside. The most lively corner in the Ashram is the Newspaper Reading Room.

It is true the Ashram is particular about its sanitation, and that, thanks to its very hard-working doctor the health of the members of the Ashram is exceedingly good. That is why they looked so well-fed (though our fare is extremely frugal, a bun, a vegetable curry and a little milk being the usual supper) to the writer.

I must repeat that this kind of sensational journalism is unworthy of India.

PONDICHERRY POLITICS

By 'KUMAR'

FACING the waters of the Bay of Bengal at Pondicherry stands the defiant statue of Dupleix sword in hand. Behind the statue are piled up bags of treasures, obviously looted and all around are columns of stone pillars perhaps removed from some ancient temples and planted there for the glorification of the conqueror. Every time I visited Pondicherry I used to wonder as to what reactions this statue would evoke in the minds of people.

The other day a child of new India, barely ten years old, after he was told the story of Dupleix, started asking some significant questions: "Pondicherry is French, is it not?" I said yes. "Even as Delhi Sarkar has joined Congress, will Pondicherry also join Congress," he asked. I again said rather hesitantly, yes. "Then," the boy jumped up, "they will surely remove this statue from here."

The boy's reactions were typical. They raised in my mind quite a different crop of questions. Is it mere blind sentiment that wants to do away with these relics of a dead imperialism? Are they not sign-posts of history? What is the harm if they are left undisturbed so long as they do not represent any living fact of subjection? But are all imperialisms dead? Are the French possessions in India free and equal members of the Republic including Metropolitan France, or do they stand as survivals of centuries-old imperialist rule? In seeking answers to these questions, I stumbled on facts which will help in understanding the tangled skein of Pondicherry politics.

The new Governor of French India outlined, in a recent speech, the nature of the relationship that should subsist between the French possessions and France on the one hand and India on the other. He recommended two kinds of co-operation. One was horizontal co-operation which meant co-operation between the 'natives' and their neighbours in the adjoining country, viz., India with which they had close cultural and economic ties. The second was vertical co-operation which was co-opera-

tion between the 'oriental natives' and the European power, France, which was guiding their destinies. The 'citizens', as people of French India are called, were asked to practise these two kinds of co-operation in their own interests!

Students of history will not be surprised to hear this statement issuing from a representative of Republican France in the year of 1949. For, France is republican only so far as Metropolitan France is concerned. For, the rest, she is as ruthless an imperial power as any other. In fact, she is more consummate and more thorough. A series of brilliant studies on the French rule in Africa, which recently appeared in a leading British weekly has drawn pointed attention to the fact that behind a show of free cultural and social co-operation and even progress, the French have retained political power in their own hands as firmly today as a century ago. The French are good mixers; they are not aloof like the British. Their gay and latin temperament helps them to mix with all people, including the colonial subjects, but only on the social levels.

All the same, power has always been retained and domination has always been maintained. Willing grant of constitutional reforms has never formed part of French colonial history. Changes have always been effected by revolutions or coup-d'etats. Events in Indo-China have revealed the extremes to which the French masters would go to preserve their imperialist hold on colonial people. And French India is no exception to this general rule.

And if the French continue to thrive here it is not at all on account of their strength. In Pondicherry; the capital and heart of French India, there are a large number of converted Indian Christians who have been built up into a special class of vested interests by the colonial power. They occupy most of the higher posts in Government service. This is so because of a peculiar law which prevails in French India according to which only those who renounce their

claim to be governed by the civil laws of their religion and consent to subject themselves to the operation of the French civil law are entitled to posts in the military and higher governmental services. This law very nearly closes the door on the Hindus and others who constitute the bulk of the population. These Christian interests have a fear—and this is intensified by the missionaries of whom there are an unconscionably large number in Pondicherry—that they will be swept out in case Pondicherry merged with the Indian Union. In this category come the ex-servicemen enjoying handsome pensions from the Government. They are induced to be loyal to France through all sorts of encouragement, the most visible form of which is periodical increments in their pensions. These form an effective, reliable limb of oppression for the ruling power in times of crises. And these are told that their pensions would be stopped if the Indian Government takes over Pondicherry. And they believe it!

The merchants constitute the next important section. Of these, at any rate of the biggest of these, the less said the better. Every third man in Pondicherry speaks of the tons of money that these merchants—over-represented in the municipal and governmental machinery—have piled up during these few months of hardship of the common people consequent on the customs control imposed by the India Government. Moreover, their present alignment with the French Government is also based on a fear that that they will have to pay sales tax and other taxes which are not levied in French India.

The middle-class merchants who are more alive to their civic and political responsibilities, have no organisation and no leadership and are, therefore, just drifting along expecting that the Government of India would somehow do the trick.

Then there are the workers who, for all practical purposes, are said to be mostly under Communist influence. After a series of political somersaults by which they hoped to build up Pondicherry as a base of operations on the continent of India, they appear to have realised that the French Government would not be with them

and have therefore become advocates of merger.

Next come the people who are not in any of the above divisions. Theirs is a sad story. They are totally devoid of political consciousness. They drift rudderless, without any civic or political education. Most of them do not care to vote; but those who care do not dare. The powers that rule appear always to have relied on the baton and the knife to perpetuate their domination and election day in French India is a day of funeral solemnity and a day of some funerals too! In short, people here, particularly during election time, are terrorised into effective inactivity.

In this set-up, political organisations like the Congress and the Students' Federation are not live wires at all. These lack the sanctions of mass backing. Moreover, there appears to be no co-ordination between these bodies and their organisations too are none too perfect. There are, of course, many fair-minded and brave leaders among them. But their work has not been able to build any powerful organisation of the people. Hence, the contribution of these bodies has been more vocal.

Much is talked about Sri Aurobindo's Ashram as a political force. Those who have followed the activities of the Ashram can vouchsafe for the fact that this institution is not engaged in active politics. Most of its members are Indian Union citizens and therefore do not have a vote. The influence of the Ashram is mainly cultural and spiritual.

Lastly, there are Moslems who form an influential section of the population. In Karaikal, they are said to be having an influence out of all proportion to their numbers, thanks to the political gerrymandering of the authorities. They are said to be getting the benefit of the advice and guidance of League leaders outside French India and this advice and guidance are reported to be not favourable to the pro-merger groups.

This is a fairly correct picture of the forces at play in Pondicherry. It is the impression of the progressive groups here that the Government of India are not accurately appraised of the facts. There is widespread dissatisfaction over the functioning of the Indian Consular services. Every-

where there is a feeling that a South Indian of eminence, more conversant with the genius of the Tamil people, should be posted as India's representative in Pondicherry.

The recent customs control has further complicated matters. It has no doubt aggravated the economic hardship of the people and has provided a handle to the French authorities to intensify their anti-Indian propaganda. To demonstrate their solicitude for the people, they have been rushing supplies from distant places like Indo-China. More ships have arrived in Pondicherry during the last two months than during the whole decade ending with 1948. The intelligentsia realise that this is a big political stunt; but the uneducated masses do not understand the full implications.

As things stand at present, the two Governments stand committed to a referendum. But, a referendum under the conditions described above cannot be a correct and true registration of the will of the people. Even if a

hundred observers stand on the spot, we cannot force people to come out of their houses and vote. For Pondicherry is not Chandernagore.

The Government of India should, under the circumstances, act boldly and quickly. The customs control must go and there are indications that they will very soon. The ex-servicemen who are getting pensions and who are relied upon by the French during elections, should be guaranteed their pensions. The Government servants, retired officers and others should be assured that no changes or reductions would be made in their pay and allowances. Also, it should be made clear that changes in law, language and other usages will be gradual.

The referendum must be won and it will be won. But conditions should be created for a free and fearless exercise of the will of the people. If things are done in the proper way Pondicherry will follow the lead of Chandernagore. There cannot be any doubt about this.

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COMMONWEALTH'S DOLLAR MALADY

CANADA, A SIDE-DOOR FOR TRADE

LONDON: As Commonwealth Finance Ministers, India's Dr. John Matthai among them, grapple in London with the Sterling Area's gold and dollar crisis, special interest centres on a country, half the world away from India, in whose ability to ease the economic strain high hopes are being placed.

Canada, the dollar Dominion outside the sterling "family," provides a potentially advantageous "side-door" for dollar trade as the front entrance in the U.S.A. narrows. Hope hinges on the fact that Canada is in an excellent position to furnish opportunities to all sterling countries to expand their dollar earnings. Increased sales to Canada for dollars would obviously entail increased purchases of Canadian products, possibly to the detriment of U.S.A. trade, so a snag immediately arises. But if arrangements could be made to utilise Canada's advantageous position with the minimum of dislocation elsewhere, considerable easement of the dollar pressure would be possible. This seems likely to be an avenue for close exploration during the Commonwealth discussions.

This is a big year for Canada whether or not she directly helps solve the Commonwealth's dollar malady. It is a year of territorial expansion, of economic achievement, of vast industrial promise as a giant oil potential is probed, of a labour boom that may attract workers even from the prosperous U.S.A. itself, of new alertness to responsibility in Western defence, and of strengthening relations with democracy in the East, as exemplified by her Liberal Premier's invitation to Pandit Nehru to visit Canada on the occasion of his trip to the U.S.A. in October.

At this time when financial stress draws a frown across the face of the world, Canada shares the Western hemisphere's more favourable economic position. The Government's budgetary surplus for April and May

—first two months of the fiscal year—rose, according to figures issued the other day, to 252,000,000 dollars, and at end of June Canada's reserves in gold and U.S. dollars were 977,000,000 dollars compared with 742,000,000 dollars a year ago. Finance Minister Mr. Abbott, however, has warned that the budgetary surplus is no indication of the trend for the full year. And the reserves position has declined from the 1,067,000,000 dollars held at end of March last. This decline is attributed largely to the transfer of 1948 profits to certain foreign-owned companies.

Canada's domestic exports in May last showed a rise above the previous month though they were rather below the figures of May 1948. Shipments to Britain and Europe declined, but exports to India, Pakistan and South Africa increased. Shipments of farm implements and machinery almost doubled.

Canada will spend 3,500,000,000 dollars—a new high record—for capital goods this year. Industrial development is taking place so rapidly now that a big campaign has started to attract immigrants from the U.S.A., particularly technicians. In time it is hoped not merely to reverse the recent tendency for skilled Canadian workers to move across the border, but to reach a net American immigration of perhaps 100,000 yearly. Farmers and agricultural workers from the U.S.A. are also being sought in the campaign for more labour. Canada has also absorbed more than 70,000 displaced persons from Europe.

Among new industrial developments which immigrant armies of workers are required to man are iron ore, asbestos and oil projects many of which are being financed by American capital. Easily most outstanding and significant on a world scale are Canada's oil developments. These, it is now being freely forecast, will bring about the most sensational change in Canada's economic history

since the prairies were settled half a century ago.

In the sparsely-populated prairie province of Alberta, oil prospectors report potentialities which even normally cautious authorities regard as sensational. Reports suggest oil deposits here may well exceed in importance any of the great American or Middle Eastern oil fields. Canada's greatest-ever oil search which is now going on has set 75 exploration parties seeking new deposits in the Alberta field where, on the basis of first strikes, geologists have estimated oil resources totalling as much as 20,000,000,000 barrels. This, if it is borne out, will represent almost as much as the officially estimated reserves of the entire United States oil fields.

The Imperial Oil Company of Canada, which controls one-third of the present exploration, is so confident of success that they have begun building a twenty-inch pipeline to Regina, 435 miles away, at a cost of 100,000 dollars a mile. Another 560 mile extension to the head of the Great Lakes is planned for later on. At present Canada imports 90 per cent of her petrol requirements. Within three years she may be self-sufficient. Already home production is calculated to be saving the country over 100,000 dollars a day.

Twelve hundred miles east of the oilfields, in Ontario province, Canada's soil is producing its richest gold yield for years. Forty-three Ontario gold mines milled 837,879 tons of ore in May, an increase of 37.35 per cent over the previous May, and the highest since August 1942. Gold ounces produced totalled 191,058, an increase of 9.98 per cent compared with a year ago. Thirty-one thousand three-hundred and forty-nine ounces of silver were also produced. Total value of production was 6,707,812 dollars, or more than 600,000 dollars above May 1948. For the first five months of this year gold production was valued at 33,001,083 dollars compared with 29,172,603 dollars for the corresponding 1948 period.

In an atomic age Canada is also prospecting materials vital to the

production of nuclear energy. To encourage further prospecting the Government has extended until 1955 the floor price it is now paying for uranium ores and concentrates. This will be two years longer than originally scheduled. Prospectors and mining companies have been very active and have made several discoveries of ore bodies which "appear important."

Canadians who in two World Wars have found their "front line" on the European Continent are today giving attention to the possibility of a future conflict nearer home, should war come again. Colonel Wallace Goforth, who was Director of Weapon Research in the last war, has set his countrymen thinking by referring to the Canadian Arctic as one of the zones where an enemy would have to be parried before he could be dealt with in the decisive European theatre. Canada lies—on a direct Polar flight—between Russia and the U. S. A. and the suggestion has been heard that Canada would be "the Belgium of the next war." Defence chiefs, however, do not share this view. They claim that "push button" warfare has not yet arrived and that a mass attack on the Canadian Arctic is a wholly impracticable project under foreseeable conditions. It would require 1,000 four engined transport planes to land even one division and Russia, the potential enemy, is not believed to possess that number of transports, quite apart from other strategic considerations involved. Long-term defence plans, however, take into account the possibility of long-range rockets or aircraft bringing atom-bombs over the Pole. A chain of radar stations across the Arctic may be one of the defence priorities of the more distant future.

Meanwhile, Canada's small permanent Army is designed as a charge ready to train reserves in the shortest possible time and the Industrial Defence Board is planning the conversion of industry to war production should this become necessary. As much as any non-aggressive nation Canada wants and needs peace. But powerful resources now being mobilised to serve the ends of peace can, if the need arise, nourish the defences of democracy if war is forced upon it.

DOLLAR IMPERIALISM IN THE DOCK

By "BAROO"

THE American Slump and the "Dollar Crisis" have proclaimed the failure of American Big Business to face the problems that arose out of the end of the War four years ago.

Since a quick transition from war to peace production would have brought down prices to a level that Wall Street bosses did not quite fancy, they got the U. S. Government to initiate schemes of foreign aid which ensured them a steady stream of orders for both military and civilian goods at practically monopoly rates. The gigantic productive capacity of the country was thus artificially prevented from catering to the starving home market so that prices could be kept up, and so that the owners of factories could make maximum profits, and the most of the adjustments they had made in their plants during the war before they were finally thrown aside. That this process involved unleashing a "cold war" on peaceful people did not worry a single tycoon.

The American capitalists' rake-off in this transaction is represented by the difference between the value of the total aid given by America to foreign countries, whether as gift or loan, up to date, and the cost price of the goods against which this aid has been cashed, (assuming that all of it has been cashed). The extent by which the purchasing power of the American tax-payer has been lessened as a result of this transaction is represented by the total value of such aid less the capitalists' rake-off. Now, this must be a considerable sum, and coming on top of the lean years of war, it has made the average American worse off than he has been for a long time. Although, therefore, he needs to buy many things, he hasn't got the means to do so. This means a shrinkage of the American home market.

Meanwhile, grants and loans to foreign countries are getting spent and the pressure of orders from

abroad is not the same as it was in the hey-day of the China aid programme and the British loan. It has become obvious that boom conditions created by setting up artificial foreign markets cannot last for ever—not even for Yankee dollar kings. And of normal trade there is surprisingly little, not only because America needs but few things from other countries but also because it will not, thanks to her tariff walls, freely allow what little the emaciated economics of other countries can afford to export to her. But apart from all this, a people who have not the wherewithal to patronise their own manufactures are necessarily unable to spend on imported goods. And if Americans will not import goods and export dollars, how will the outside world buy American goods in the normal way?

Thus it has come about that the American capitalist does not know today how to employ his gigantic engines of production. The shrinkage of purchasing power at home and the absence of real purchasing power abroad have led to a shrinkage in demand and therefore a fall in prices. This fall in prices has led to a drop in production and widespread retrenchment, thus further impoverishing the people. Yet all the means of wealth are near at hand—only a vicious economic system prevents their being employed for the enrichment of the people. This is the paradox of poverty in plenty—the paradox that led to the burning of mountains of grain and the dumping into the sea of shiploads of coffee during the inter-war years. Can there be anything more stupid?

The crisis that the Western world is facing today is really a single crisis—the American Slump and the Dollar Crisis of the West are only two aspects of it. The dollar crisis is nothing but a confession of relative poverty, vis a vis the United States, of the countries that are short of the dollar, of countries that want to import goods

from America but cannot pay for them by their own earnings. The poverty of these countries is in a large measure preventable. All of them are burdened with armed forces they cannot really afford to maintain, and have been pauperised by the very same cold war which has brought so much wealth to its Wall Street originators. Many of them are in addition clinging on to the colonial possessions that are becoming increasingly expensive to keep.

America is the crux of the whole problem. If it gets over its slump in the only way that there is of getting over it for good, there will not only be an end of its own troubles, but also that of the cold war and the cares

of all the poverty-stricken countries in the American sphere of influence. Only then, too, will the help that America can give to its more unfortunate neighbours be free from the taint of ulterior motivation and from the dangers of universal destruction in World War III.

But it is too much to hope for a Socialist America to come into being in the immediate future. On the other hand, there is real danger of Capitalist America staging a gambler's last desperate throw and plunging the world into war. That, in the deepening crisis around us, is the thing to fear. Time enough later to hope for things that are inevitable in any case.

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COALITION WON'T HELP SOCIALISTS

By V. V. PRASAD

CHANCES for Socialist success at the next General Elections will become rather slim if they enter the Central Government at this stage. The cry has been raised that an immediate coalition with the Socialists is the only measure that might save the Nehru Government from doom. It would probably have helped the Socialists if they were taken in a couple of years ago, because they could then have showed that they were endowed with ideas for the proper governance of the country. But to enter now would be suicidal because many things have been done by the present team which would be difficult to undo. If the Socialists were sharing power with Congress during the past two years, there would not have been so much corruption, nepotism and favouritism among Ministers and high officials.

It can be argued that things can be set right if Jawaharlalji accepts any conditions that may be suggested by the Socialists before entering the Government. This is only another way of saying that Socialists should not join the Central Government, for the conditions are bound to be such that Pandit Nehru will not accept them. For instance, a number of high officials of the Government will have to be sacked straight away; all the Ministers in the Central Government will have to resign (although two or three of them may be taken in again in the new team); all Ambassadors and other high diplomats of India will have to be recalled; and probably some Ministers and Government officials will have to be sent to jail.

A recent statement of Dr. Lohia indicates that the Socialist Party is anxious to jump into power. But if the Socialists are given Ministerships, they are almost certain of not succeeding. They should have the power to lay down policies; then only can they make themselves felt. The present attitude of the Nehru Government is one of silencing those who are making "noise"; that is, the Government is anxious that there should be

no criticism of the Government anywhere. Recently, Acharya Kripalani was offered a Cabinet post through the good offices of the Governor-General. The Acharya laughed it off. Kripalani is probably the only top-ranking Congress leader who knows that a generation that cannot read the signs of the times is doomed. The Acharya obviously did not fancy the role of an angel beating his wings in the void. He seems to prefer the role of an unacknowledged legislator.

The Socialist Party too should, like Acharya Kripalani, resist the temptation of succumbing to office. Their role of Opposition at present is likely to lead them to power after the General Elections. Their entry into the Cabinet can result only in their being discredited along with the Congress leaders. Their presence in the Government at the present stage will not result in an improvement in the administration unless they have the controlling influence in the Cabinet. This is unlikely to be conceded to them by Pandit Nehru. Congressmen in power seem to be unwilling even to share their power with the Congressmen belonging to other groups. How can they be expected to part with some power in favour of the Socialists? Recent history of India (including partition) can be traced to the unwillingness of the present holders of power to part with even a bit of it. Here again, Rajaji proved to be a Cassandra. He had suggested in 1937 that Provincial Ministerships should be offered to one or two Muslim Leaguers (and, where Muslim Leaguers did not exist, to non-Congress Muslims). People laughed at the Kautilyan suggestion; but a few months later there were few non-Congress Muslims—they were all transformed into Muslim Leaguers.

Mr. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai said in Lucknow recently that the Socialists should not join the Central or Provincial Governments now, but should function as an Opposition. Mr. Kidwai is regarded as a friend of the Socialists,

and his advice is sound. Whether we subscribe to the thesis that a parliamentary type of democracy on the British model is the last word in democracy or not, the Socialists will do well at present to remain outside. It is possible that ultimately we may have a system which is superior to this type of democracy—a system in which Independents may predominate and all parties may find representation anyway. To belong to some particular party may come to mean that the individual is being subordinated to the organisation. It would be theoretically absurd for a man to agree with the party, whatever its decision on any particular point may be. A good party-man may thereby mean a bad man. In Britain, both Churchill and Sir Stafford Cripps had very bad records as members of the

Conservative and Labour parties. They were in and out of their parties. Yet one of them was chosen leader of the nation during the darkest days of the Second World war, and the other is likely to be chosen leader during the difficult times ahead.

Whatever the future pattern of democratic government in this country, it is almost certain that the chance of the Socialists is coming at the next elections. I understand that in some Provinces they are hardly organised; but the discontent with the Congress regime is such that anybody who may oppose a Congress candidate may get in at the next elections. If the Socialist Party can come forward with a solid programme of work, and if they are wise in selecting candidates, they have a tolerable chance of success.

NADASWARA KOVIDA PICHAHARI BROTHERS

By V. VITHAL BABU

SANAI is called by some as "Nagaswara" and by others as "Nadaswara" and also by many other names.

Nagaswara is the embodiment of Karnatic music in all its full-fledged development. Traditionally pure Karnatic Bani music in its essence remains yet in Tanjore and that too is reflected in Nagaswara.

In Andhra Desa, Nagaswara has been very popular from the distant past. Visitors to Kotappa Konda of Guntur district on a Sivaratri festival day will find to their delight prabhās followed by troupes giving Nagaswara music, the whole atmosphere being pervaded with the enchanting musical tones of Nagaswara.

Daliparti Pichahari Brothers who are honoured with the title of "Nagaswara Kovida" rank first amongst those who have made their fame as doyens of Nagaswara in Andhra Desa. They belong to Masulipatam. Srimati Daliparti Basavamma is the mother of Pichahari Brothers and Sri Ramayya is their father. Sri Pichahari is the

elder and Sri Suryanarayana is the younger of the two brothers. Sri Pichahari was born in July, 1906, and Suryanarayana in 1915. Sri Pichahari married Shrimati Anasuyamma of Masulipatam in 1927 and has five children.

The Pichahari Brothers were educated first by their father and later became pupils of Gayaka Sarva-bhowma Sri Parupalli Rama Krishnayya Pantulu from whom they acquired a profound knowledge of Nagaswara music and then began to display their genius to the world. They became the recipients of numerous rewards and honours in many cities. During the Congress Jubilee celebrations at Masulipatam, Dr. Pattabhi Seetharamayya awarded a certificate to them with the assent of Mahatma Gandhi for their skill in the art and the Brothers were given a Gold Ghanta Kangan. Not only in Andhra but in Tamilnad also people flock in thousands to listen to the music of the Pichahari Brothers.

CRISIS IN COMMUNISM

By ASOKA MEHTA

WORLD Communism has in recent years won spectacular victories the most imposing of which have been in Eastern Europe and the Far East. These victories have been accompanied by a policy of extremism and arrant sectarianism. The new variation of strategy, seventh in the last thirty years, has brought victories as well as provoked difficulties. In Europe, the bitterest family quarrel rages between the Cominform and Marshal Tito. He is not the only one who values independence and the right to adjust policies to national needs. In every eastern European country, top-ranking leaders, not often of the Communist Party itself, have protested against the strangle-hold of the Kremlin.

In Albania, Katchi Droze recently paid the extreme penalty of death after having gone through the preliminary stages of punishment: arrest, expulsion from the party and imprisonment. In Hungary, Foreign Minister Laszlo Rajk and Tibor Szonyi, together with 200,000 others, have been thrown out of the Communist Party. In Bulgaria, Vice-Premier Traicho Kostov was recently expelled from the Party for "gross political errors and anti-party actions." In Greece, the rebel general Markos is in disfavour. In Poland, top-ranking leaders Wladyslaw Gromulka and Minc are among those who are in disgrace.

Similar purges in high quarters have been going on even in the USSR. Col. General I. V. Shikin, formerly chief of the Central Political Administration of the Soviet armed forces, and Mikhail I. Rodionov, former Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the R S F S R (the largest state in the Soviet Union), are among those reported missing. Several other leading figures including Nikolai A. Voznesensky, a member of the Polit Bureau, A. A. Kuznetsov, Secretary of the Central Committee, Peter P. Popkov, Member of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, and Ivan T. Golyakov, former chief of the Soviet Supreme Court, are

among 300,000 Communists recently struck off the Party rolls.

Most of the missing or expelled leaders were intimately connected with Col. General Andrei Zhdanov, who conveniently died recently. At the time of the death of Georgi Dimitrov it was recalled that a few months back he had raised the demand of Balkan Federation and hastily withdrawn it when the Kremlin had frowned upon the suggestion. Was his death the price he had to pay for his heresy?

Outside the Soviet world, the seventh strategy of extreme sectarianism has generally alienated support and sympathy from the Communists. In the U. S. A. the loss has been the greatest, especially in the ranks of Labour and Liberal opinion. The Communists had made great inroads into the CIO, but in the last three years they have lost all but four minor trade unions. Thanks to the reckless policies pursued, in countries where free elections are held, the Communist vote and representation fell by half. The greater the emphasis on politics of disruption, the greater the set-back in politics of democracy. The bullet scares away the ballot-box, and the scare becomes the pretext for renewed accent on bullet!

Though Socialists have come to power, through democratic methods, in many countries, notably Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, the Communists have succeeded only through the politics of insurrection. These experiences have perhaps been generalised into an immutable Law!

All those who have differed from the latest strategy have been pushed out of the leadership of the Communist parties: witness Earl Browder in the U. S. A., P. C. Joshi in India. Both were made to dress in sack-cloth and ashes before getting cashiered from leadership.

II

In India the Cominform has intensified the Communist activities. The more we talk of India being the bastion against the Cominform, the

greater the efforts put in by World Communism to bust the bastion.

Since the Calcutta Congress of the Communists, in India, as in other countries of South-East Asia, the Communist offensive is growing. With reckless abandon, a policy of disruption is being pursued. In Nalgonda and Calcutta—in prisons as well as outside—the Communists have borne testimony to the fanatical determination they are capable of mobilising. The spokesman of this ultra-left policy, keyed in extremism and sectarianism, is B. T. Ranadive, who ousted the less inflexible P. C. Joshi from the leadership of the Communist Party of India. But it would be a mistake to view the present policy of the C. P. I. as an orientation given to it by Ranadive because, behind him, towers the mighty shadow of the Kremlin. The Ranadive line is the official Stalin line.

The seventh strategy in India is an all-out opposition—the more violent the better—to not merely the Nehru Government, but to every Government that demurs to India's lining up with the Soviet bloc. The stages outlined are as follows: *first*, a Government favourable to the Soviets; *second*, demand for a coalition Government with the Communists holding the portfolios of Interior and Justice; *third*, use of Russian aid as a lever to strengthen the Communist position which would be simultaneously buttressed by Communist infiltration in the police and the judiciary; the *fourth* and the *final* phase would be the elimination of collaborating parties and the assertion of Communist, Kremlin-dominated, dictatorship. Such is the pattern sketched by the Communist parties in country after country and the same is the design for India.

The battle that is being waged is not for Socialism or Communism—for Tito and Jayaprakash and Soekarno are as good Socialists or Communists as the best the World Communism has to offer—but for totalitarian overlordship over the world. The Kremlin must rule the world with the same unquestioned despotism that it possesses in the Soviet Union. All who kow-tow to it are approved and promoted, all who oppose such a monolithic despotism are traduced and ruthlessly fought.

The Kremlin tolerates neither friends nor enemies, only unswerving followers. The slightest deviation means damnation—and not unoften death.

The ruthless, aggressive, reckless policy now being pursued in India, has won the Communists many a newspaper headline but has cost them many friends and sympathisers. Every day the ranks of sympathisers grow thinner.

With characteristic aggressiveness the Communists are asserting monolithic control over organisations they jointly ran, and smoothly ran, with others in the past. This policy is pursued even if it results in reducing the organisation to a shell or a shadow. The classic instance is that of the A. I. T. U. C. Reckless policies drove out of it such veteran leaders like N. M. Joshi, R. S. Ruikar, R. A. Khedgikar, Mrinal Kanti Bose and scores of other stalwarts. The A. I. T. U. C., that over a year back had a membership of over a million, can hardly claim 4,00,000 members today. The influence of the A. I. T. U. C. notwithstanding its venerable name, is almost nil. The frequent calls for general strike given by the Communists in the name of the A. I. T. U. C. have evoked not a ripple of response from the working class.

In the unions controlled by the Communists, the policy of strikes *a outrance* is destroying their hold over the workers. In Bombay their citadels drove out of it such veteran leaders are collapsing: the Firestone factory workers have ejected them, the workers of the Mazagaon Docks and the H. M. I. Dockyard are poised to spew them out. A similar tale can be told of other industrial centres. Ultra-leftism is undermining the very foundations of the Communist strength in Indian Labour.

Reckless policies have destroyed the mass basis built up for the party in Malabar. Prominent Communists have abandoned the Party and gone over either to other political parties or have become apolitical. In Malabar the devoted work of a decade has been undone in less than a year.

In Andhra the gains are likewise disappearing. In the attempt to disintegrate India, the C. P. I. itself is disintegrating! In the Andhra Prisons and underground, titanic controver-

sies and conflicts are raging. At last, Sundarayya seems to have swung round the provincial unit behind him in his opposition to the Ranadive line, and in favour of the Joshi orientation. Hence the disciplinary axe has inexorably fallen on the Andhra Comrades. The best organised, the most influential communist unit in India is suspended. A recent press report said:

"The Andhra Communist Party has been suspended by the Communist Party of India. The action, it is stated, followed reported difference of opinion among party men as to the methods to be adopted for 'seizing' power. While most of the influential members favoured the adoption of constitutional means, the extremists were for 'overthrowing' the present Congress regime by subversive methods."

In the underground, in prisons and among the fellow travellers the controversy deepens, the conflict widens. The lunacy of the present policy of the Communists, fully exposed by Dwarka Prasad Misra through secret documents seized by the Government of the Central Provinces, is provoking a crisis in the party. The crisis would have already assumed catastrophic proportions but for the victories in China. These victories act as the opium that lulls all reasonings and questionings. Every Communist brat dreams around him the fluttering toga of Mao!

The policy of "rule or ruin" of organisations controlled by the Communists so clearly visible in the case of the A. I. T. U. C. is equally at work, with the same corrosive effects, in other organisations such as the Progressive Writers' Association and the Indian People's Theatre. Old fellow travellers, who gave a semblance of independence to these front organisations, are today being pushed out because they insist on clinging to a shred of freedom and because they see the stark lunacy of insurrectionist politics. The fellow-travellers are cynically jettisoned from the organisations they had helped to fashion with such devotion and the party moves forward to ever narrower ambitions of influence.

In the world of progressive art and literature, where Communists once had many sympathisers, losses are recorded every day. In the United States instead of ranking literateurs and critics like John Dos Passos and Edmund Wilson, the Communists have to be satisfied with professors like Schuman and Communists like I. F. Stone. In India in the place of Vallathol, Mulk Raj Anand and Ahmed Abbas the Communists have to carry on with Kisan Chand and Romesh Thapar. The crisis among the intellectual and cultural *entourage* is very acute because these well meaning flaunters of red ties are unable to keep pace with the clandestine, civil war-like politics of the C. P. I.

While Communists get bigger headlines for their weird and wayward actions, their following shrinks and their solidarity cracks. Such is the crisis of Communism. It arises from its fanatical opposition to all progressives. Whosoever is not *wholly* with them is treated as an enemy—the closer the person the greater the venom shown towards him. The crisis of Communism results from its open and unashamed war against the very teachings and heritage of the fathers of Socialism. It is the tribute exacted by the designs of totalitarianism.

The crisis cannot be overcome by a regrouping of the Communists. If P. C. Joshi honestly strives to group together Communists on a different keel, he will meet the fate of Tito. The jackals of the official party will be after him to tear him limb from limb, at least politically speaking. Lacking the bottomless resources of the Kremlin-controlled party, Joshi must go to the wall.

All disillusioned fellow-travellers and chagrined Communists must go to the root of things. There is no half-way house, as there is no bridge, between totalitarian Communism, a power-political projection of the Kremlin, and democratic Socialism. Let those who feel bruised and betrayed realise their mistakes and break decisively with the past and move forward, with singing hearts, and vibrant pulse, to the sunny paths of Socialism.

KOREA: DORMANT VOLCANO

By ANDREW ROTH

(At the end of May, Dr. Anup Singh, the Indian delegate to the United Nations Commission on Korea made an important statement in the course of which he emphasised that the purpose of his mission was to expedite the withdrawal of foreign troops and to facilitate the peaceful unification of the country. Thereby he won the amity of the Korean people and the enmity of the South Korean Government).

DESPITE constant danger signs in the shape of border flare-ups and local outbursts, the menacing volcano of Korean civil war has not yet erupted. Its eruption has been deferred by the actions of the U. S. and Soviet Governments which gave birth to the rival extremist regimes in South and North Korea. But the danger is ever present.

The U. S. has just turned down the insistent request of the South Korean Government for additional military aid. This aid, on top of that already given, Washington fears, would give the South Korean enough offensive arms to encourage hotheads in the Government to attempt to invade Soviet-supported North Korea. Since last September, under the terms of a military agreement between the U. S. and Korean Governments the American Army has retained control of a strip of territory five miles to the South of the 38th parallel, which is the dividing line between the two regimes. This was inserted at American insistence in order to prevent an attack by the South Korean across the border into North Korean territory. This agreement lapses when the last American tactical units withdraw in July, leaving only a training mission behind. Washington is still not willing to risk the impetuous, high-strung South Korean Government's precipitating a Soviet-American showdown through a Korean civil war. "We have created a political Frankenstein here," said one American, "and we are afraid it will decide to walk across the border."

Similarly Moscow is certainly not likely to allow the North Koreans to precipitate a Soviet-American conflict over Korea at a time when the U.S.S.R. is attempting a peace offensive on other fronts. The North Korean Government is probably more

responsive to Moscow than South Korea is to Washington.

However, the momentary lull does not remove Korea's explosive potentialities. Both the extreme rightist Government in Seoul and the extreme leftist Government in Pyongyang make claim to the whole of this strategic peninsula and have made clear their willingness to resort to arms to assert their right.

The North Korean Government has been training agents who have filtered across the border and succeeded in sparking rebellions in discontented areas in the South. It has also passed agrarian reform laws applicable to South Korea, kept in contact with anti-government politicians there and has just formed a "democratic front" to drive out American troops and unite the fatherland." They claim that there are already eight "liberated areas" in South Korea where the people have risen up against their "American imported masters." It remains to be seen, when the American troops leave in July, what steps the North Koreans will take. Already thousands have been killed, tens of thousands made homeless in rebellions in Cheju, Yosu, Chulla Namdor and other regions in South Korea where organisers from North Korea have supported, if not instigated, rebellions.

South Koreans are equally belligerent. In the streets of Seoul rightist youth groups parade their aggressive intent. Dr. Syngman Rhee, the contentious 75-year-old President of South Korea, told two members of the United Nations Commission on Korea not to worry too much about peaceful unification. "If we get enough arms from the United States, we'll easily conquer the North. Most of the people there support us anyhow," he is reported to have said.

Dr. Rhee is the propounder of the "One People" (Ilmin) doctrine and has told the South Korean National Assembly that if North Korea does not knuckle under peacefully, it will be necessary to march North.

The present Foreign Minister, Ben C. Limb agrees that the Korean civil war is an "irrepressible conflict" like the U. S. Civil War. "It has got to come if it must. You Americans fought the civil war because you felt that it was the only way the union could be preserved. We, too, must defend what we believe." Mr. Limb admitted that the Chinese Communist victories left South Korea "an island in a Red Sea" but insisted that "even if we are deserted by our friends we can have no choice but to follow the dictates of our conscience."

Those who do not believe in forcible unification under the aegis of the South Korean Government are dubbed "Communists" or "tools of the Communists" and, if possible, are beaten up or jailed if they speak their minds. Three members of the National Assembly—none of whom are leftists since the left boycotted the election—who have favoured the withdrawal of American troops and peaceful unification were arrested in May.

Indicative is the South Korean Government's attitude toward the United Nations Commission on Korea (UNCOK) which was sent here to observe troop withdrawals and to seek the peaceful unification and the extension of representative government. Last February when UNCOK first came here Dr. Rhee demanded that the names of all the people they wanted to see had to be cleared with him. He specifically singled out the extreme rightist Kim Koo and the moderate rightist Dr. Kim Kiusic as people whom they should not see, even socially. He said they are "traitors" who are "being used by the Communists." Dr. Rhee said that "civil war" might even erupt if UNCOK saw them. Their great crime, in Dr. Rhee's eyes, is that they opposed and boycotted the May 1948 elections and even now favour peaceful unification through consultation with Northern leaders.

Dr. Rhee and his Government have been more indignant about UNCOK's attempts to contact the North Korean regime to discuss unification. He has

made it clear that he considers any such contact as tacit recognition of the North Korean regime as well as an affront to his Government. On May 19th Foreign Minister Ben C. Limb warned UNCOK that "the consequences" of any plan "to negotiate or confer with certain representatives of the Communist organization in Northern Korea regarding the re-unification of Korea" would be most serious. UNCOK has ignored this protest and attempted to contact the North Korean authorities. "According to Dr. Rhee," said one Commission member, "we are supposed to be merely political baby sitters here, simply to lend prestige to his Government!"

Curiously enough, the South Korean Government has used this same hectoring tone in attempting to high-pressure the U.S. to halt its withdrawal of troops, give more arms to South Korea, enter into a binding military alliance with it and form a Pacific Pact.

The South Korean attitude toward the United States is based on the quaint assumption that the U. S. is responsible for the Communists now in Korea. President Rhee (who—together with other rightist Korean politicians—was flown back to Korea by an American Army plane in 1945) said on May 7: "The Republic of Korea is struggling for its life against a Communist menace that is not of its own making. When Japan was defeated, there were no Communists in Korea. They were invited in by the division of our country across the middle by Russian-American agreement. The Communists were greatly strengthened in South Korea by American efforts to deal with them on a basis of compromise...."

The statement that "there were no Communists in Korea" in August 1945 is all the more curious because at the same time this was made, there were extensive stories in the Korean press about the trials of Korean policemen who had, under Japanese rule, tortured many underground Communist workers. Hundreds of Communists were released from Japanese prisons here in 1945. Most neutral observers unlike Dr. Rhee have considered that the American Army followed a strongly anti-Communist policy in South Korea.

Since the U. S. is "responsible for the Communist menace" the South Korean Government has demanded that the withdrawal of American troops be halted. On May 19 the Ministers of Foreign Affairs and National Defence insisted that the U.S. has the "moral obligation" to "guarantee protection to the Republic of South Korea before they withdraw their forces...."

In addition to these public protests, the South Korean Government has demanded some \$200,000,000 worth of arms, the formation of a Pacific Pact, and a military alliance, allegedly for defensive purposes. Dr. Rhee asked on May 17 for "a public declaration to defend a reunited, democratic, independent Korea" by the United States. By using the word "reunited" Dr. Rhee made it crystal clear that he expects the U. S. to defend his Government against any consequences of an attack against North Korea.

The U. S. position has been that it is going to withdraw its forces in July, pursuant to its pledge to the U.N. It is leaving behind a training mission of several hundred. High American Army officers feel that with the arms already given and those that will be left behind when the American troops pull out, the 60,000-man South Korean army—which is being expanded to 100,000 men with a trained reserve of 200,000 and organized youth groups of over a million—will have more than enough to defend itself. (North Korea is believed to have about 130,000 troops, part of them gendarmes). "You don't think we would spend hundreds of millions of dollars here without taking the precautions

to have it defended!" snorted one high American diplomat. He made it clear that the State Department is concerned about the aggressive intentions of the South Korean Government. High Army officials have indicated that they believe the South Korean Government is responsible for about half of the border incidents and consider some of them staged to impress the Americans with the importance of extending the South Koreans more help.

The shrill, war-like talk of governmental leaders in North and South Korea tends to obscure the fact that the overwhelming majority of the people want peaceful unification. Almost every one interviewed outside of government circles discloses that desire. Members of the UN Commission who have been touring Korea since February report that this feeling is strong throughout South Korea and—presumably—among the people in the North. Sixty-three members, or almost a third of the South Korean National Assembly—the election for which was boycotted by the left—have petitioned UNCOK favouring the withdrawal of U.S. troops and the peaceful unification of the country.

The UNCOK is now considering various methods proposed to bring about this peaceful unification. But few people in Korea have any hope except for a "shotgun wedding" sponsored by the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. Only if the two great powers come to an agreement on Korea can they bring enough pressure on the contending Governments they have sponsored to secure a peaceful union. —N.P.S. (Copyright).

FORMULA FOR WORK AND FUN

Every person can endure just so much of anything—a nagging wife, a vacation, or work. It's a wise man who knows his limits and calls a halt before something snaps.

Take my friend Jim Branch up in Carolina. Jim is famous for his desk, which is always piled high with many items of work. That doesn't mean he is a lazy man. Jim turns out as much work in a day as any two ordinary men.

One afternoon I walked in to see Jim, and his desk top was as clear as could be. Its surface shone like a mirror.

"Well," I asked in surprise, "your work all cleared up, Jim? How unusual!"

"Yes," said Jim. "Everything done, that is, except for a few items here." He started pulling open his desk drawers to show me. They fairly burst open, they were so full. Then Jim explained:

"Since I can't possibly do everything expected of me, I reach a state of mind when I simply must pretend that everything is done, and so I shove the whole works out of sight and sit here, doing nothing. It's great. Tomorrow I'll be able to start out refreshed. How about you and me doin' a little fishin' this afternoon?"—HOMER TWILL.

PAUPERISATION OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

By G. PARTHASARATHY

NONE can look but with grave concern at the rapid pauperisation of the middle class in India in view of the supreme role it plays against any violent upheaval of the present order of society. Caught up in the whirlpool of inflation and yet unable to shake off the artificial notions of social prestige the Indian middle class is slowly eating up its slender capital resources that it built up at considerable cost in its palmy days. The day will not be far off when the middle class has to find all its capital lost and when it has to make a series of deficit budgets with no prospect of balancing them at all. Such a trend of events can only result in the polarisation of classes and the inevitable 'class struggle' of Marxian thesis.

The middle class family can balance its income and expenditure in this period of inflation either by a rise in its income or by a curtailment of its expenditure. It would be a mockery of their misery if one expects them to make still more cuts in their minimum requirements. Perhaps the sober economist could afford to laugh at the uneconomic, wasteful social expenditure to which the average man, wittingly or unwittingly, is a victim. But the realist cannot ignore that it is hard for him to free himself from the shackles of the social expenditure except at the cost of grave disrespect to the age-old notions of prestige. After all, economics has its limits.

It is clear that it is next to impossible for the average man to curtail his expenditure. But could he raise his income? The answer is "no" as he lacks the weapon of collective bargaining possessed by the proletariat. The way out is either a visit to the pawnbroker or an inroad into his slender capital.

If the superior collective bargaining power of the working class has given them the opportunity to better their conditions there would not be so much cause for alarm. A comparative study of the index number of the

cost of living of the working class and the rising money wages would only prove that the latter does not leave any gap between their income and expenditure to make them property holders. The only difference in the position of the working class and that of the middle class is this. While the working class has nothing to lose in the form of property the middle class is losing what it has. Then, to whom does the middle class lose its property? It is again the familiar Marxian thesis of the 'rich being made richer.'

Long before the Republic of Plato was written Euripides had divided citizens into three classes, the useless rich who are always greedy for more, the poor who have nothing and are devoured by envy and the middle class, the sturdy yeomanry, which 'saves State.' Plato's Communism was a serious attempt at bringing about an organic unity of the State when it was threatened by two antagonistic classes divided by the gulf of wealth. Aristotle visualised the best practicable State as one where there was a large middle class holding the balance between the two extremes of rich and poor. Perhaps Marx might have drawn many of his conclusions regarding the polarisation of classes and the inevitable class struggle from a study of Aristotle. So, the fact that a State deprived of its "sturdy yeomanry" is building up its stability upon sandy foundations need not be too much emphasized.

The singular victory of Sarat Bose in Calcutta is a clear indication of the passive, if not active alignment of a discontented and pauperised middle class with the leftist elements. This is the danger signal before India and the danger is all the more serious when one realises that the middle class is the vanguard of any movement in India.

Rising costs, static incomes, mounting unemployment—all these give enough and more inducement for the middle class to turn red. Yet it is

amazing that the Indian middle class as a whole should yet be a passive spectator of the rapid turn of events in the country as well as outside. Perhaps two things prevent them from bursting out; their lingering hopes of the future and their fear of a violent revolution, which to their eyes, is yet a leap in the dark. Their fears restrain them so long as the fears restrain them so long as hopes flicker in them.

Pandit Nehru in his autobiography remarks: "Classes that have ceased to play a virtual part in society are

singularly lacking in wisdom. They gamble for all or nothing. So they fade away." The Chinese aristocracy gambled for all and it is fading away. If the Indian capitalists yet continue threatening society with hoarding of their capital and a depression in the investment market to exact more concessions from the Government it would be only to their ruin. Let the Indian Government also note what Tocqueville said: "It is not the mechanism of laws that produces great events but the inner spirit of government."

GANAKALADHARA MADURA MANI IYER

By RAJASREE

"Art is the carrying forward of the Beautiful, obscurely recognized by feeling till it becomes the true and good. The aim of art is moral perfection."
—MENDELSSOHN.

THE name of Madura Mani Iyer is a house-hold word in the South Indian music world. He is considered by well-known critics of music as one of the "BIG FIVE" of Carnatic music—Ariyakudi, Maharajapuram, Semmangudi and G. N. B. being the other four. Mani's music cannot be appreciated unless one has a keen understanding of music. He is not for the masses; he is a man for the classes.

Mani was born on 25th October 1912 in Madura. His father, Ramaswami Iyer, was a great exponent of Carnatic music and he was the elder brother of the late Pushpavanam Iyer whose lovely voice won him great renown during his life-time. Mani's real name is R. Subrahmanyam, but he is popularly known as "MANI" which means a "GEM."

Mani was music-minded from his boyhood days. His father who imparted knowledge of music to Pushpavanam also gave sound training to Mani at an early age. When he was 9, Mani became the sishya of Rajam

Bhagavathar, a musician of renown with whom he remained for two years. Then he became the sishya of the late Gayakasikhamani Muthiah Bhagavathar, and was one of the students of Sri Thyagaraja Sangeeta Vidyalaya, a music school started by Muthiah Bhagavathar at Madura.

As a boy of 12 Mani gave his first public performance in a village near Shivaganga before a distinguished gathering. Immediately his talents were discovered and a great future was predicted. From that time he has gained success after success. In 1943, the title of "GANAKALADHARA" was conferred on Mani by the music-lovers of Tanjore. But his father was not destined to see his son's march to fame. He died in 1928 when Mani was only a boy of 16. Now he lives with his aged mother in Mayavaram.

Mani's great asset is his voice. His stronghold is his sruti; and the spotlight is on his swara singing. He very closely adheres to sruti which very few do. His swara-singing has a unique charm and grace. His matchless skill in swara has earned him an unparalleled reputation and none can excel him in it. He can sing pallavis in any apoorva raga. He is an ardent lover of Tamil songs.

DR. SEEMA: LAST SCION OF TYAGARAJA SCHOOL

By T. S. P.

ON the fifth day after the full moon every month a small but discerning gathering of music-lovers and Thyagaraja bhaktas used to collect in the humble dwelling of the late Dr. Srinivasaraghavan to participate in the celebration of Bahula Panchami, the day on which Thyagaraja attained Samadhi. The centre of attraction at these functions was, of course, the singing of kritis by the late Doctor although many of the visitors also used to take part in the Bhajana. When he was in active service, the celebrations used to be an elaborate affair with akhanda Bhajana, poor feeding, etc., but during recent years it has been a quiet function in which the singing of kritis and discussions of Thyagaraja predominated. After commencing the bhajana invariably with "Guruleka etuvanti" in Gowri Manohari and "Nee Chittamu" in Dhanyasi, Dr. Seema used to pass on to the 'art kritis' of Thyagaraja and delight his listeners by rendering a string of rare ones in Apurva ragas. After singing a number of such kritis and one or two of the famous 'Pancha Ratna' group, he used to commence Thyagaraja's 'Utsava Sampradaya' in the traditional way. It is well-known that in these kritis Thyagaraja studiously avoided what may be called 'tuneful labyrinths' and concentrated on simplicity, flow of rhythm, poetic ardour and easy intelligibility. It was this part of the bhajana that left a lasting impression on the minds of the listeners.

Dr. Srinivasaraghavan was the nephew of Tillaisthanam Rama Iyengar, one of the prominent disciples of Thyagaraja. He once told me that when he was born, his uncle, who was an expert amateur carpenter, made a wooden cradle with his own hands for his infant nephew. Although Dr. Seema did not have the opportunity of apprenticing himself to his uncle, music was in his blood and an instinctive appreciation of classical music exercised a fascination

over him early in his life. As a young medical practitioner and Secretary of the Krishna Gana Sabha, he was so proud of his knowledge of music that, as he often used to recall in his later years with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, he was prepared to enter into a musical dispute with even Narada. But his was a restless soul which struggled much; and age and experience mellowed him down until at last he found in Thyagaraja "a fountain all undefiled and pure to slake his thirst of ages." He struck to his Thyagaraja to the very end.

To Dr. Seema, Thyagaraja was not merely a composer, saint, bhakta, poet and seer but his all, his *paramacharya* and *Ishta devata*. No one who had had half an hour's conversation with him, could come away without being profoundly impressed by the greatness of Thyagaraja. As Prof. Sambamurthi often used to say, "he lit the lamp of Thyagaraja bhakti in many a heart." His attachment to this composer sometimes gave the impression that he did not care for the others although this was not the case. Next to Thyagaraja, he had a fascination for Kshetrajna and had spent much time learning his padams.

Not having had the good fortune of sitting at the feet of his celebrated uncle, he started collecting the Tillaisthanam *pathams* of his kritis from Narasimha Bhagavatar and Panju Bhagavatar, disciples of his uncle. He often compared notes with the other schools, notably Walajahpet. But his task was by no means an easy one. He often told me that he could get the music of the pallavi of a kriti with difficulty but could not secure the anupallavi for love or money. It was his infinite patience and application that enabled him to get the authoritative versions of such a large number of the unfamiliar compositions of Thyagaraja.

He revelled in the singing of apurva raga kritis with an ease that was

admirable and enviable. He was as much at home with his Ganamurti, Manavati, Kalakanthi, Gangeyabhusani or Nabhomani as the average musician was with his Todi, Bhairavi or Kambhoji. His grasp of the subtleties of the srutis of Carnatic music was so sure that he could render with ease any of the quarter-tones figuring in our Apurva ragas. Those who doubted whether notes like Suddha Gandhara, Shatsruti Dhaivata, Suddha Nishada, etc., really existed or were mere artificial names given to the twelve standard notes of the octave, had simply to listen to him to believe that the 22 srutis of Carnatic music were capable of being produced by the human voice. It was a privilege and a treat to hear Dr. Seema give a demonstration of the Pancha Ratna kritis. His other, inimitable renderings are many but mention may be made specially of "A daya Sri Raghuvara" in Ahiri and "Manamu leda" in Hamir Kalyani.

The late Doctor was not only a repository of Thyagaraja kritis but a veritable storehouse of Thyagaraja lore and one could sit and listen to him by the hour narrating spicy anecdotes from the lives of Thyagaraja and his disciples. The researches he had made into the references to music in the Silappadhikaram and the Kudimiyamalai inscriptions reveal his penetrating mind. As Secretary of the Krishna Gana Sabha, he had heard most of the masters of the last generation and his later criticisms of contemporary music under the pen-name 'Ganarchaka' were probably too pungent for our present day musicians to stomach with complacency. When some high-sounding titles were recently conferred on musicians, the late Doctor drew my attention to Thyagaraja's kriti "Vara raga layajnu" in Chenchu Kambhoji. He made a special study of the philosophy of Thyagaraja as gathered from his compositions and delivered an illuminating lecture on the subject during the Centenary celebrations.

With the passing away of Dr. Seema, the last of the scions of the Thyagaraja School has gone and Carnatic music is all the poorer for it.

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MANGALAM

By M. Krishna Moorthi

"Mangalam, Mangalam!"

SHE heard her master's voice and came clattering through the back-yard, the small store room at the back, along the long courtyard and up to the very door of the room adjoining the kitchen where Sriram usually had his midday meal. The servants and farm-hands laughed to see her swing past, pushing everything and everybody aside, her whole mind concentrated on going to her master. Laughing, obscene remarks were passed at her progress; but she minded them not. What she wanted was the food, the rice well-boiled mixed with dhal and a great deal of sweet-smelling ghee and her powers of concentration would have done credit even to the best of servants. As she passed by one or two of the by-standers, of whom there were generally about seven or eight hanging around her master's house, thumped her cheerfully on her rump. But this, too, she did not mind. It was all in the day's work of a heifer's life: Arrived at the door she stood still, her big, beautiful, black and liquid eyes fixed on every movement of her mistress's, who was kneading the rice and the other ingredients into a tasty mass before placing it on a leaf on the ground in front of Mangalam. When the heifer stooped down to eat the rice Sita placed some *kumkum* on the animal's face, between its two eyes, and went round the heifer, her whole heart going up in prayer to the Goddess Lakshmi, Giver of all the good things of this earth, but who, in Her infinite wisdom, had denied a child to Sriram and Sita. A Brahmin priest had taught a simple ritual to Sita the careful observance of which during the six months following a visit to Kasi and Rameshwar, he said, would result in the birth of a son and heir to the devoted couple, who loved each other with the soft intensity of which only childless couples seem capable. Sriram, careful as ever, had drawn the line on the trip to far off Kasi—he

knew that that would mean much money; and money he loved next only to his wife—and had cajoled the crafty priest, by giving him a couple of rupees more, into saying that a trip to Rameshwar alone would be efficacious enough. And Sita had agreed because the priest decreed it so, because her husband desired it that way and because she, careful soul, loved money next only to her husband! The worship of the heifer, Sita's whole soul concentrated on the Goddess Lakshmi, was part of that ritual.

The rice eaten, Mangalam went out of the house and away to join the rest of the herd. Fairly early in the morning came the cowherds, to tend the cattle in the barn and to untie those of them which were not wanted elsewhere for other work so that they might all stray over the grassy meadows or upon the green banks of the tanks near the village or along the river's edge. Mangalam, too, was set free from her allotted post but, after a drink from the foul-smelling trough, filled with the massy water in which the household's rice and dal had been washed before cooking, in which also were to be found the odds and ends of edibles thrown out of a busy kitchen, she just hung around the back-yard till her master or her mistress called her in for her meal. It was only when that meal was finished that she deigned to join the rest of her crowd. Not that she did not like the grazing. She loved to fill herself with the sweet-smelling, fresh grass and, back again in the barn, to chew the cud at leisure with a dreamy look in her eyes. She had loved the company of that young bull who lorded it over the herd, picking and choosing with an arrogant eye any female who caught his passing fancy. He had tried ogling her once or twice and she, the stern female, had given him the come-hither-if-you-dare look. He had accepted her challenge and thrust his companionship on her, rather rudely and very obviously, she

felt, and followed her about wherever she went. One day he even tried to follow her into the house itself and had been driven back by force by the farm-hands who had come there for receiving their wages in the shape of paddy. But his persistence won the day and Mangalam hesitated and was lost like many another wise virgin! She now felt strange rumblings within her smooth and fat body and the cowherds told each other that the bull had done his work all right and called Mangalam all sorts of foul names, all in an entirely good natured manner which she never minded at all. The black-guard bull, however, followed her about no longer and she, strangely enough, was quite content it was that way. She no longer cared for his company. All her instincts were concentrated on the coming calf. And Sriram and Sita, too, were glad; their child, for which they had been waiting for nearly fifteen years was well on its way to its birth into this world. Their daughter was born a couple of months before Mangalam's bull-calf.

The night her calf was born was quite an eventful one in the barn. The master himself was there along with the senior farmers working on his estate. When the pains seized her the humans did their best to alleviate it in their own clumsy manner. How she wished they would leave her alone even as she had wished on several previous occasions when they had thrust nauseating stuff down her throat by means of a hollow bamboo! Her pains passed at last and she looked at the white little thing that had come out so strangely from her own body, causing her so much pain but, at the same time, engulfing her in a flood of pleasure and pride. Said her master: "Lucky one! She has a son." Then, instructing his men to look after her properly and to tie her up, he left the barn and Mangalam was left to lick her baby with a loving tongue and to satisfy his enormous appetite as best as she could. The thought came into her mind vaguely that it had been quite some time since she had been fed from Sita's hands; but she did not pursue that train further; she had her calf which claimed all her attention. She could not know that Sita, as is the custom of the country, had left her house and gone

over to her brother's place, (her father being dead,) where her daughter had been born. A few days after the birth of Mangalam's calf she returned home; but she no longer cooked in the kitchen. A cook had been engaged and Sriram had to eat what the cook gave him and like it, too, though full fifteen years of Sita's cooking had convinced him once and for all that there was no food on this earth which could in any way compare with that which she cooked. The child claimed her mother's attention completely and neither Sita nor Sriram would permit any other person to look after their child. Many obsequious poor relatives, hoping that the notorious miserliness of the couple might have changed, came offering their services but they were all well fed for a few days and then politely told to leave. As for the baby, all that they were permitted by Sita to do was to admire it from a distance, telling the father that it resembled him and the mother that it resembled her: The child in the big house and the calf in the barn grew up, the calf much quicker than the baby and very much more self-reliantly. Such is Nature's ordinance.

Some days after she had recovered completely from the birth of her calf Mangalam had been milked as usual in the morning and her greedy calf, half satisfied with the enormous quantity of milk he had drunk out of her, was frisking about the barn, going to one cow after another, poking his inquisitive nose into their udders and being driven off by those indignant mothers of other calves. Now-a-days Mangalam was not permitted to go out of the barn and graze at will. She was, more often than not, tied to a post but even when she was let loose the gates were so securely closed that she could never go out. All that she could do at best was to have a drink from the odoriferous trough of which we have spoken. Late that morning Mangalam, her lips still dripping with the trickles of the drink she had just had from the trough, was standing by idly, gazing with sorrowful eyes at the gate which so heartlessly barred her egress from the barn and wondering about the harshness of life in general when she heard her mistress's voice crying out "Mangalam, Mangalam." In a moment all the cow's instincts were roused and the

sweet remembrance of things past rushed into her loving mind. She thrust open the door at the back of the house with her horns, and hastily and uncertainly clattered up the few steps leading up to the door, brushed past the servants in the small store room and entered the long courtyard, all her mind concentrated upon reaching the kitchen and the usual tasty meal. As she walked along the courtyard she saw casually some small thing, all wrapped in white, lying on the ground and making a shrill noise. She stepped past it, ignoring it but she failed to notice the consternation in the faces of the bystanders.

"The child, my child," screamed Sita, running out of the kitchen, "Drive this wretched cow away. Who allowed it to come in?"

The cook added his voice to the hullabaloo. "The animal might have trodden upon the baby. Which careless fool is responsible for keeping the back door open and the cow loose? Gopal! Rama! Where are you, you idle asses?"

Hearing all this shouting Sriram himself rushed in from the front yard of the house.

"What is the matter? Why are you all shouting?" he asked.

"The cow has come inside the house and it is only by the merest good fortune that the child escaped being crushed under the brute's hooves."

"How dare you come in?" demanded Sriram, speaking to the cow as if she were human. And picking up a stick he started beating her. Mangalam, serenely unaware of the crisis in the affair, was taken by surprise. She who had been waiting for a tasty meal had received cruel blows instead. She was stunned and for quite a time did not know what was expected of her. Finally, unable to bear the pain, her wonderful eyes swimming with sorrow, she turned round and left the house. Even before that, Sita

had darted near her weeping child, picked it up and hugged it to her bosom.

"Oh, my darling, my little one," she purred into the child's ear, "Don't weep. The nasty brute of a cow has gone away. There is nothing to be afraid of."

"How is the child?" asked Sriram anxiously, having driven out the cow. "Is she hurt?"

"Oh, no," assured Sita, "She was weeping only because she was hungry and it is time to feed her. In fact I was just mixing her milk for her, calling out 'Mangalam, Mangalam, do not weep. I will be with you in a minute' when that cow rushed in that way."

"That's it," cried Sriram, slapping his thigh vigorously, "when you cried out 'Mangalam' the cow mistook it for your usual call to her and came in for the meal."

"And received blows instead, poor thing" said Sita sorrowfully. Their child was quiet and asleep by them. She laid it down in the cradle and went into the kitchen. She herself prepared the rice and dal for Mangalam as in the past days. She took it out into the yard, calling "Mangalam, Mangalam" but the sad cow would not leave her corner. Sriram also came into the yard and the husband and wife approached the cow, repentance in their hearts. They placed the meal in front of the cow and, almost with tears in his eyes, he patted the cow and rubbed her paining body gently.

"Come, be a good girl," he cajoled her, "Eat of this meal we have prepared specially for you. In our hour of happiness we forgot you, you who blessed us with a child whom we have named after you. Forgive us our harshness to you, you who are the very embodiment of Lakshmi herself. Come, eat, eat."

And she ate and was happy and so were Sriram and Sita.

CAUSTIC COMMENTS

To a new Supreme Court judge who had just relinquished a very lucrative practice in New York to go on the bench, a rich clubman said: "I can't understand how you can give up your practice for the salary of a Supreme Court judge. Why, it costs me twice that to live."

"I wouldn't pay it, Harry. It isn't worth it," replied the judge.

—WATSON B. BERRY.



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GREAT REFORMERS: LEO TOLSTOY

WHILE other nineteenth-century figures faded into pale images of history, Leo Tolstoy seems to become more contemporary with each passing year. It is not simply his hatred of war which makes him so much alive today, nor his distrust of the motives of State. Numerous other pacifists and anarchists of the nineteenth century are now forgotten. Nor is it his endeavour to live a Christlike life. Other men of his time attempted this, and according to their own estimates, succeeded much better than Tolstoy. Tolstoy could hardly be described as an assiduous practitioner of "the virtues," although a life of virtue, as he understood it, was certainly one of his ideals. That he was a literary genius, there can be no doubt, but here, again, an exception must be taken. As a critic recently remarked, "literary contrivance" was unknown to Tolstoy. He hardly thought of himself as a "writer" at all. "He is the enemy of rhetoric and every kind of artifice and virtuosity... one might say that in a sense there are no plots in Tolstoy but simply the unquestioned and unalterable process of life itself."

Here, indeed, seems to be Tolstoy's essence. The quest for the meaning of life was the conscious theme of his career. He would accept no interpreted version and no polite or pious substitute for private conviction. He was one of the few men who have dared to ask, publicly and without embarrassment, What is the meaning of existence? What is it all for? By devoting his great powers of imagination to the answers to these questions, Tolstoy noticeably changed the world.

He was born in 1828, on the family estate which he later inherited, Yasnaya Polyana, some three hundred and thirty miles south of Moscow. Except for his education abroad, occasional trips, his service in the army, and stays in Moscow, he was to spend his life at Yasnaya Polyana. It was here, at thirty-four, already famous, that he brought his young girl-wife of eighteen, Sophia, who was to bear him eleven children.

Early in youth, Tolstoy began living the "normal" life of the landed gentry. That is, he tasted or rather revelled in all the indulgences of the senses which were expected of a propertied young aristocrat, but with this difference—he did these things with a kind of tortured enthusiasm, wildly, and with spells of remorse afterward. The young Tolstoy pursued pleasure, as though it were, for the time, the most important thing in the world. The interesting thing is not in any of the attitudes he assumed or the follies in which he engaged, but the intensity with which he swept into and drove through them all. His early manhood seems like a prolonged although Olympian adolescence.

In 1855, as a young army officer of twenty-seven, Tolstoy was well known as a brilliant contributor to Russia's most popular magazine. Already he had fixed upon a career of dissent and rebellion. In literary and social gatherings, he was always in "opposition to everything conventional in the realm of reasoning." But when a Petersburg writer upbraided him for political backwardness and reactionary opinions, Tolstoy challenged him to a duel—a reversion to a convention of medieval barbarism which was hardly the response of a "liberated" spirit. His critic avoided the duel by the simple—and intelligent—expedient of ignoring the challenge.

Tolstoy passed from enthusiasm to enthusiasm. At home on the family estate in 1858, he installed parallel bars in his bedroom and undertook a furious course in gymnastics. Puzzled and perturbed, his overseer remarked: "I come to the master to get his orders, and I find him in a red jacket, swinging upside down from a bar by one leg, his moist hair dangling, his face a dark purple. I don't know what to do: to ask for orders; or to stand and watch the show."

At ten Tolstoy heard his older brothers report their discovery that "God" does not exist, and at sixteen, he discarded religion entirely, wearing a medal of Jean Jacques Rousseau

to represent his rationalist faith. From boyhood, he seemed animated by an intense, if unbalanced, desire for self-improvement. This desire, together with his animal instincts, he said, guided his whole life. Years later, he wrote:

...my only faith was faith in self-improvement. But what this self-improvement was, or what was its purpose, I could not explain. I tried to improve myself mentally: I learned everything I could, everything that I saw in the course of my daily life; I made rules that I forced myself to follow; I tried to improve my body through various physical exercises that required strength and speed, and through various privations taught my body to be patient and enduring. All this I considered self-improvement.

Now comes the voice of the older Tolstoy—a Tolstoy who understood himself:

Naturally, at the bottom of this, was ... a desire to appear better not before myself, or before God, but a desire to appear better before other people. Very soon this desire to appear better before other people changed to a desire to be stronger than other people, to be better known, to be more important, and more wealthy.

There were other phases. He took up billiards, wagered almost his entire fortune on a thousand matches with a local expert in Tiflis—and lost. He became interested in farming. He idolized a capable peasant on his estate and hoped to become an expert ploughman by sticking out his elbows as the peasant did while ploughing. Then, suddenly disgusted with agriculture, he escaped to Moscow. Next he studied forestry. Asked by his friend, the author, Turgenev, what he thought was his real calling in life, Tolstoy answered with full conviction, "I am a forester."

His first really constructive enterprise was his schools for peasant children. He began to make discoveries about education, and with his usual enthusiasm, published an article, "Should We Teach the Peasant Children, or Should the Peasant Children Teach Us?" Another task he undertook was the official post of arbitrator in the division of the holdings of the great landowners of the region, following the emancipation of the serfs in 1861. At this time he formulated his philosophy of life in a letter which,

upon reading it over a year or two before his death, he said he would not change. Harassed by the problems of his rural career, in 1832 he wrote to a friend:

It seems strange that I thought, and you still, I believe, think, that one can create a happy and honest world in which one can live quietly, without making mistakes, without regrets, without complications, and in which one can serenely, neatly, deliberately do only good things. It's funny! It's impossible! It's just as impossible as remaining healthy without moving, without exercising....

To live honestly it is necessary to yearn, to get entangled, to fight, to make mistakes, to begin things and drop them again, and constantly to struggle and deprive oneself. Serenity is nothing more than cowardice of the soul. That is why the bad side of our soul seeks peace, without realizing that its achievement means the loss of everything beautiful within us—loss of that which is not of human creation and comes from above.

Tolstoy's marriage slowed him down considerably. That is, he lived a "happy" and literarily productive family life for about fifteen years. Then, as he approached fifty, the old gnawing dissatisfactions returned. For judgments of Tolstoy's relationship with his wife—if it needs judgment—the reader should turn to Ernest J. Simmons' full-length biography (Little, Brown, 1946), or to Polner's excellent *Tolstoy and his Wife* (Norton, 1945). It seems that Tolstoy wanted all the world, or at least his immediate family, to grow up with him, and at the same rate, while his wife, who did her best did not happen to be a Leo Tolstoy. Her almost incessant pregnancies are enough to win the sympathies of most readers, but both she and Tolstoy marred their married life by apparently incurable and childish jealousies of one another, and both had a full complement of Russian "emotion."

Tolstoy's difficulties with his wife and with most of his friends seem to be characteristic of all great men who are not sages. They do not understand the differing paces of human development and the varying response of individuals to moral inspiration.

But both Tolstoy and his wife lived vastly productive lives. While in later years, both were miserable a lot of

the time, the misery seems insignificant beside the achievement which accompanied it. Both were prodigious workers. Besides bringing up her children, Sophia managed the estate and ran the farm. In her spare time, she copied out in longhand the manuscript of *War and Peace* seven times—each time Tolstoy was given a fresh draft he covered it with extensive alterations. She did his work without a murmur of complaint, and was eager for more. Tolstoy's devotion to his children is indicated by his learning to read Xenophon in Greek in six weeks in order to teach it to his eldest son. When he started, he did not know even the Greek alphabet. Such was the household life at Yasnaya Polyana.

At forty-seven, Tolstoy "had everything"—a large and happy family, a prosperous farm, and the reputation of being Russia's greatest novelist. But for him, the conventional theory of "success" worked in reverse. About 1875, he began to be oppressed by a sense of the worthlessness of his existence. The things other men might have envied in his life he valued not at all, and soon the thought of suicide became almost overpowering. This period is commonly referred to as his "conversion," but it would be more properly described as a natural result of his uncompromising honesty. He saw that he had not got to the bottom of things. His carefully developed skill in psychological self-analysis—on which his art was based—now served him as a man who needed to be reborn. He could not believe in life, and this drove him to seek men who could. He found belief in life among the peasants, and so he imitated them. He went faithfully to church and tried to believe in the Greek orthodox doctrines, but his intellectual integrity was his undoing as a convert to Orthodoxy. Further, he discovered that the peasants were indifferent to the most important rites of the church. Yet they gained from their religion what Tolstoy could not find. He tried to become a peasant. He dressed like one, worked like one, and tried to think like one. But before he succeeded in achieving the deep faith he sought, Tolstoy had to work his way through the intricacies of orthodox theology and compile a

new version of the Gospels, leaving out all that he did not understand.

The secret of Tolstoy's new-found religion was that life cannot be judged as it is lived by the individual who is doing the judging. To find a new life, Tolstoy had to make a new life, and this is what he set out to do. The famous man of property and title, Count Tolstoy, adopted the faith of a possessionless seeker after truth.

Now, Tolstoy's literary genius, his intense emotional nature, his self-improvement gave a luminous perfection to his work. Now the restless energies of his youth found focus in his regenerating sense of destiny. At last, Tolstoy had discovered a work which could engage the whole of his nature. In 1882 seven years after his painful awakening, he wrote *My Confession*, the faithful record of the inner experience of the twice-born human being. Tolstoy's confession unties the knots of vanity and moral reservation in the heart of the reader. He spreads upon the canvas of the mind the image of the greatness which all men may feel within themselves.

In essence, *My Confession* and the writings which came after, *The Kingdom of God Is within You*, and *Christianity and Patriotism*, and others, articulated the sense of divinity which Tolstoy now felt was potential in the human breast. He asserted the power of almighty conscience:

That the order of life opposed to the conscience of man should change and be replaced by one that is in accord with it, it is necessary that the public opinion of the past should be replaced by new and living opinion.

For the old outlived public opinion to make way for that which is new and living, it is necessary that men who recognize the new requirements of life should speak of them openly. Yet the men who recognize these new requirements of life—one for the sake of one thing, another for the sake of something else—not merely refrain from speaking openly of them, but in word and deed maintain what is in direct opposition to these requirements. Only the truth and the free expression of it can establish that new public opinion which will change the out-of-date and pernicious order of life; and yet, far from freely

speaking the truth, we know we often even directly state what we regard as false.

If only free men would not rely on that which has not strength and is never free—on external power, but would believe in what is always powerful and free—in the truth and the expression of it. If only men would boldly and clearly speak out the truth that has already been revealed to them of the brotherhood of all nations and the criminality of devotion to one's own nation, the dead false public opinion produced by them upon which all the power of Governments and all the evil produced by them rests would drop off like dried skin, and make way for the new living opinion which only waits

that dropping off of the old husk that has confined it in order to assert its claims openly and with authority, and to establish new forms of life that are in harmony with the consciences of men.

There are gaps in Tolstoy's philosophy. It leaves unsolved problems. But the primary truth of what he declares should be manifest to all. He was therefore, a creator of the moral philosophy of the future. Who could know, in the nineteenth century, when Tolstoy wrote the above, that an Indian brother would within fifty years prove its truth to all who could see? Tolstoy and Gandhi are apostles of the triumphant human spirit. There can be no other triumph for human beings.—MANAS.

PROBLEM OF MINIMUM WAGES

By K. V. SUBRAMANIAM, M. A.

A summary of the principal recommendations of the Fair Wages Committee appeared in the Press recently. The Committee has suggested the setting up of Provincial Wage Boards in each province for fixation of wages and Regional Boards for each industry for wage regulation according to requirements.

Any study of wages becomes highly complicated because of the human element involved in it. There are a number of ethical and social considerations which come into play and which sometimes obscure the basic economic problems involved in fixing wages. The demand for labour—as is well known—is a 'DERIVED DEMAND' that is, an employer wants workers for the work that they do and not for their own sakes. It naturally follows that every employer tries to limit the wages of a particular worker to the amount he is "worth" to him. This is what is meant when it is said that wages tend to coincide with the marginal product of labour.

But the term "minimum wages" is generally applied when the Government or a Board fixes certain minimum wages in the so-called sweated trades, which include almost all the badly paid occupations. It is

sometimes thought that if only minimum wages were fixed not only in the sweated industries but for all the existing industries, the problem of wages—which has given enough headaches to one and all—would no longer exist. But unfortunately, the votaries of this view completely ignore certain fundamental aspects of the problem.

To start with, we shall assume that minimum wages have been fixed (by the State or the Board) for a particular 'sweated trade.' Naturally the wages fixed would be above the level which previously prevailed in the trade. It is generally supposed that when this is done, everything will turn out well with the workers. Since every employer in the trade is forced to pay at least the minimum wages, it is argued that the minimum wages regulation would prove a real benefit to the workers. One really wishes this were true. But it is generally the reverse of this that happens.

It is true that every employer is compelled to pay the minimum wages, but he need not necessarily continue to give employment to all his existing labourers (at this higher wage). The chances are that quite a number of workers will be dismissed. This may

be due to any number of reasons, not the least important of them being that the employer considers it not worth while to employ so much labour at the higher price. In other words, we may say that the marginal products of labour is lower than the minimum wage fixed. These newly unemployed workers may become permanently unemployed, if the State forbids them to accept anything less than the minimum wage in any other occupation.

There is another reason as to why some of the workers may be dismissed. The employers may install more labour saving machinery which has become worth while because of the higher wages. This might have been a costly operation if cheap labour was available to do the same work. It is possible that this sort of substitution of machinery for labour may not take place immediately. The employers may do this substitution when existing plants wear out.

If minimum wage regulations are enforced, it will certainly reduce the profit margin of the employer. Some industrialists may even go bankrupt and wind up their business. This also will lead the workers the wrong way. This will be all the more so, if the product of this particular sweated trade is one that has to face foreign competition. In that case, the employer cannot but put up the shutters and walk out of the business.

The history of wage regulation in Australia (where they have experimented on a vast scale) and other countries have proved that in certain cases the minimum wage regulations have been followed by a shrinkage in the total capital of the country. This may be due to decline of revenue consequent on the fall in profits, or increase in taxation to provide for the unemployed. It is not suggested that these difficulties are insurmountable. In certain circumstances these difficulties may not arise at all.

The employer who has been enjoying his profits may be able to shift this increase in cost on to his customers. This will be especially so, if the product is one which has no foreign competition to fear. Moreover, it

might happen that the product may be a necessity to certain classes of people who would rather pay the increased price than go without it.

The increase in wages may provide the workers with an adequate standard of living and this will sooner or later lead to higher productivity, so that, whether prices of the commodity have been raised or not, the real (as different from the money) cost of labour (to the employer) is not changed appreciably.

The minimum wage regulations scheme will clearly benefit the workers if they could manage to keep their jobs. It may be a hasty step to embark on minimum wage regulation without having a highly evolved unemployment insurance scheme.

If minimum wage regulations are to be applied to all industries without adequate safeguards they will lead to more disastrous results, for the men that are discharged may remain permanently unemployed and the burden of supporting them may fall on the general tax-payer.

It is to be hoped that the provincial and regional boards envisaged will take these factors into consideration when they sit down to fix the wages. It is heartening to see that the Committee has said that the wage should be fixed after taking into account the productivity of labour, the prevailing rates of wages, the level of the national income and its distribution and the place of the industry in the economy of the country. The proposal that the minimum wage fixed should not only cover subsistence but should also provide for education, medical requirements, etc., is in the right direction.

The recommendations of the Committee go a long way in meeting the requirements of labour in their clamour for minimum wages. The fact that minimum wage legislations serve only a limited purpose and that Indian labour conditions can be improved only by increased efficiency and productivity cannot be denied. What India needs is a dynamic, economic programme aiming at full employment and the utmost utilisation of the country's resources.

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Letters To The Editor

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

'Radium Scandal'

SAKA has in your issue of the 9th July taken credit for unearthing another scandal. Could it be that he is unaware of the Press Note dated 16th February in which the Government gave the findings of the enquiry held by Dr. Rajan into the working of the Barnard Institute of Radiology? Or is it a deliberate attempt to ignore it altogether and harp on his old charge? However, your readers will be interested to know the findings:

"In connection with the Radium needles on which there has been some uninformed comment, it has been found that the quality of these needles was duly tested on their receipt. In respect of those needles which were found to be different from specification, the suppliers in New York were promptly addressed. On supply of photographs of 6 of the needles, the Company has agreed to re-test them. The Company has also agreed to consider the photographs of other defective needles. This is entirely a matter of a contractual nature in which there has been no delay or default in the action taken by the officers of the Institute."

Why pursue a matter in respect of which Dr. Rajan's findings have been announced and also drag the name of Sri A. B. Shetty who had nothing to do either with the enquiry or the findings. The head of the Barnard Institute has been and will continue to be the brother-in-law of Sri Shetty, even after the trappings of office cease to exist. Why lament so much over this relationship which SAKA can never undo.

I appreciate SAKA's point that if the radium is of sub-standard quality and its use is considered injurious, continuance of its application is wrong. It is not known if the use of defective radium was observed and what the findings of Dr. Rajan are on the point. In this regard I heartily commend SAKA's vigilance.

R. SURYANARAYANA RAO, M.L.C.

Sanitation, The True Prophylactic

I wish to protest against two items that found a place in SWATANTRA of 9th July, namely approval of pasteurisation of milk and extravagant praise of Dr. Rajan for his "Public Health" Act. Pasteurisation is scientifically indefensible, and unnecessary for tested milk. At a meeting where compulsory pasteurisation was proposed someone said: No decent cat

will look at pasteurised milk. Calves brought up on pasteurised milk suffered seriously in health and many died. Pasteurised milk does not curdle through fermentation, because the lactic-acid-forming friendly germs are killed, and hence users of pasteurised milk tend to suffer from constipation, which is not the case when natural milk is used.

Dr. Rajan's legislation is retrograde whereas the tendency elsewhere is to recognise the inherent liberty of the people to refuse medical processes which consist in fouling the blood. Serums and vaccines are subversive of health. Cleanliness is health.

Sanitation, both internal and external, is the true prophylactic, and has the virtue of being the means of immunity against all diseases. It was sanitation that abolished small-pox, as well as a great many other diseases for which there was no medical preventive, in Britain. There is a mass of evidence to show that fouling the blood is a stupid policy, and a crime against the public health. There are highly intelligent people—very much superior to the medicees in general knowledge and culture—who hate those medical rites and strongly resent the denial of personal freedom to reject them. In Britain for a long time there was a Conscience Clause, and recently the compulsory laws have been entirely repealed. Hence there is personal freedom in that country. Only here the Rajans and Gilders are free to make war on public health in the very name of that health.

K. LAKSHMAN

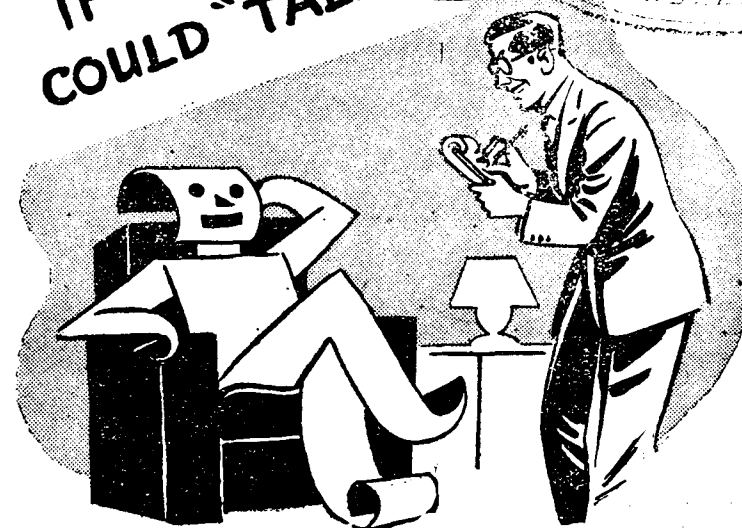
B. E. Students In Andhra University

One great advantage in the B. E. course which the students of Madras University enjoy and which is denied to the students of Andhra University is that in the Madras University failed B. E. students are allowed not only two examinations in a year but they are also permitted to continue their studies in the next higher class. But the Andhra University students are denied not only the benefit of supplementary examinations but they must also repeat another year in the same class. This procedure imposes a great hardship both on the students and the parents. And this is probably one of the main reasons why Rayalaseema hesitates to join the Andhra University.

A. S. SWAMI.

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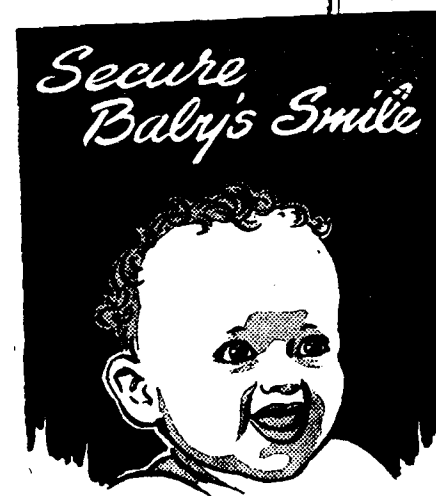
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1949
SWATANTRA

VOL. IV, NO. 25.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1949

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SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
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ISSUED
WEEKLY

JUDICIAL INDEPENDENCE

THE need for an independent judiciary has been stressed in many recent utterances. What exactly is meant by independence? It may mean that the executive, the legislature and the judiciary are to be three independent organs of State and the judiciary should have authority to nullify legislation as in the United States. In that sense, neither the English judiciary nor the Indian judiciary is independent. Though our courts have to decide the validity of legislation from the point of view of central subjects, provincial subjects and concurrent subjects, this is far from the rigidity of the American constitution and the flexibility of the United States Supreme Court. Volumes have been written showing how the decisions of the Supreme Court have varied with the political views of the judges. We may on the other hand only mean that the courts should be "independent" in the decision of causes and questions which come before them. Here we are using the word in its ordinary dictionary meaning: "Not depending on something else for its validity, efficiency, etc.," "unwilling to be under obligation to others." To be independent in this sense is undoubtedly the bounden duty of the judge. He must decide between the parties honestly, impartially, without fear or favour. It may be noted that this is how any executive officer too should act when he takes a decision and in fact any person should when he is dealing with other persons' rights. The chief difference between the court on the one hand and an executive officer or other tribunal on the other hand is that the

court is limited to decide on the evidence on record. As one judge put it, "Of things not proved and things that don't exist the law takes no notice." The executive officer may consider aspects of the question which are present to his mind without regard to "proof." Statutory tribunals may take social and economic situations into account and even attempt to change such situations by their awards or decisions. Independence of the judiciary in this sense of an honest and unbiassed decision on the matters before it has two aspects; what the judge should do and how to provide the situation in which he can so act. Primarily the independence of a judge is like the honesty of a man. He is or he is not independent, just as a man is or is not honest, and there is need to stress this aspect as it is the duty of the judge to be independent, and this in fact is the "faithful discharge of duty" referred to in the High Court judge's oath of office. The oath means nothing more and nothing less than that the judge shall be a man of character. But in urging that an independent judiciary is necessary, we are apt to think more of the ways in which such independence is undermined and it is the attack from the executive that looms large in our minds. Some cases have occurred when an executive officer asked a magistrate by letter that a case should be adjourned. The remedy in such cases lies in the magistrate's hands. If a Minister or other officer speaks or writes to a judicial officer about a case, it would be contempt of court and again it is within the competence of the judge to remedy the

situation. The position is no different from that of a private person, whether a party or not, trying to influence the judge. Stern action by the judge is the real remedy for this evil.

Salaries and security of service have some relation to the independence of the judiciary. We have to ensure the judge a decent salary and abolish the fear that he may lose his job or prospects if he displeases somebody in authority. This consideration has so far been given effect to only in the case of High Court judges. Heavy cases are tried and substantial work is turned out by the district and subordinate judges and the munsifs. Their appreciation of oral testimony is accorded special respect. But the tendency has been to curtail their salaries unduly. Again, in Madras Province there are seven district judgeships to which subordinate judges can be appointed. Since 1943 no permanent appointment has been made to these posts which are still "vacant." The posts have been and are manned by acting judges; some

have retired and it appears their pensions have not been finally settled.

Then there are the various special tribunals, most important of which are the industrial tribunals and the rent control tribunals. They deal with disputes and make awards which are important both in social significance and in the financial stakes involved. Some review of their decisions seems necessary, but as it is, the writs of certiorari limited to Madras City alone take up quite a lot of the time of a division bench. When the new constitution provides the remedy by writ over the whole province, this work alone may take up the full court time of two division benches. The "tribunals" themselves have a precarious tenure, being appointed for a year or two at a time. The industrial tribunals or at least some of them would appear to be under the administrative control of the Labour Commissioner. From the point of view discussed above, surely these tribunals should have a more secure tenure and should be placed under the administrative control of the High Court.

Sotto Voce

The Art Of Management

IF pep talk could fill the stomach we should all be suffering from repletion. Official spokesmen are apt to forget the monsoon as Lord Randolph Churchill forgot Goschen. But they rarely have the candour to admit it. They prefer to believe that it makes no difference whether the rains in Malabar are late by a few days or by a few weeks. Thus a Revenue Board official is reported as saying that the belated sowing of the short term crop in Tanjore will not affect its yield or

the sowing of the succeeding long term crop in time. He was, incidentally, making excuses not for the monsoon but for the tin gods who decided to postpone letting out water at Mettur for three weeks beyond the prescribed date.

Thousands of land-owners, big and small, had grown *kuruvai* seedlings, baling out water at enormous cost, so as to be able to transplant them as soon as the sluices should be opened.



They were encouraged to do so by the promptness with which water had been let into the river in previous years, even though the water-level in the reservoir had not been appreciably higher. And now they find the seedlings are thirty or even thirty-five days old and the water in the channels a mere trickle. They cannot be blamed for regarding the bland assurance of the anonymous bureaucrat as in the circumstances an ill-timed joke.

Those land-owners, on the other hand, who whether from a healthy suspicion of governmental whims or from age-long inertia preferred to see the first freshes before thinking of sowing, can congratulate themselves on their prevision. But the more knowing of them will tip a slow wink at the official's artless assumption that even if you harvest the short crop in mid-October the long crop that is to follow will be in no way affected. They have by long experience a healthy respect for the impetuous vagaries of the north-east monsoon. That is why the Tanjorean has always regarded the *kuruvai* as a gamble and contented himself with a mild flutter for a shilling stake.

In the old days the farmer sowed and reaped by the *panchanga*. He was weather-wise too after his own fashion. And he has so far found no substitute for this traditional lore, though meteorology bids him hope for unprecedented miracles in foretelling from the triumphs it is determined to achieve sooner or later. But the Revenue official likes to think that science can work wonders if only the cantankerous peasant will give it a chance. And the Madras Agriculture Bill displays a formidable array of racks and thumbscrews to make him see reason.

If there are fifty cents of land in your backyard where nothing ever grew, not even prickly pear, the Agricultural Supervisor, the *deus ex machina* of this bureaucratic fanta-

sia, may descend upon you someday like a bolt from the blue. He would demand that you make it blossom like the Garden of Eden in six weeks. If you fail, a neighbour who would like to have more elbow-room (and who may be a bit of a politician) may be asked to take possession of it or a colony of deserving Harijans dumped on it—all in the sacred cause of agriculture. Actually they may not succeed in growing even castor-plants on it; but that will bring you no comfort, for no official confesses to a mistake.

You may have by long experience found that a parcel of land is good for nothing but groundnut. But if the ukase goes forth that you shall grow rice on it you must, or be mulcted in a heavy fine. And if some bright young man in an office discovers that the only way of saving a crop infested with a pest is to spray it over with a chemical which is worth its weight in gold, again you must—or go. Commonsense may tell you it isn't worth spending ten rupees to save one-rupee-worth of damaged crop. But yours not to reason why.

One of the present Governor-General's bright ideas was that the Government should take on lease all the land in the Tanjore delta and farm it on its own account. The Agriculture Bill, though more modest, seems to hitch its humble wagon to that particular star. Agriculturists who have been in the business for generations are told they do not know a thing about it. And yet it is assumed that the lynx eye of the Collector or his licensed underling can discover expert managers sprouting like mushrooms by the wayside. Of their skill in the art of management there could, indeed, be no question. For you must be a bit of a wangler to get your neighbour's property painlessly transferred to your pocket. But might not the country be managed into chaos in the process?

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M. S. GOLWALKAR: A FANATIC CONCEALING HIS FANATICISM

By SANTHA

MANY journalists believe that the most potent and unfailing means of unmasking a man's soul is to submit him to the tortuous test of a press conference. They assiduously sharpen their pencils and their wits and prepare all the questions with which they hope either to reduce their subject to abject tears or, better still, to make him entrap himself unredeemably in an indiscreet statement. But the actual press conferences somehow invariably turn out to be a little disillusioning, for the Grub-Street writer suddenly discovers in the close atmosphere of these pourparlers, after one disconcerted look at the complete and unimpeachable air of self-possession with which their intended victim has covered himself, that the questions he had noted down with such an anticipatory smacking of the lips really sound rather silly and inane. And so he skips them and the conference drones on along the lines of a prepared soliloquy by the very man whom he had come prepared to raze to the dust. But there are press conferences in which the air is thick with every kind of deception and subterfuge, where inuendoes and sophisms, paradoxes and enigmas are tossed back and forth like balls at an expertly played tennis match and witticisms and pleasantries lend a twang to a sharp dual of words. Such levees are as invigorating to a journalist as a breath of salt air to an invalid. But alas, when feeling mighty and indomitable he sits at his table to write out a scathing report he finds himself unable to place his pen on any one relevant statement or admission that the great man had made, not the ghost of a one. He finds himself curiously powerless to translate the indifferent shrug and the frank smile and the charming twinkle in the eyes into words and phrases.

But this is only one of many types of press conferences. There is the strictly conventional assembly in which the subject barricades himself behind a lengthy, formal statement

covering all kinds of anticipated questions and during the whole conference treads this beaten track with indefatigable unoriginality moving not one single inch away from it. There are those who take refuge in a stubborn silence when posed with an awkward question and others who fly into rages and transparently give themselves away and then again some others who deliberately pursue to the bitter end the arts of evasion and circumvention. There is lastly the type which, speaking with an admirable and charming air of candour, gives away—just nothing.

Sri Mahadev Sadashiv Golwalkar's press conference was slightly different from all these. We discovered after an hour's heckling and close questioning that we had drawn a blank and that the invisible steel wall of reticence that Sri Golwalkar had built round himself was impenetrable. We left the conference hall with just as much knowledge of the R.S.S. as we had possessed when we entered it. He did not add a single piece of information, nor did he, to be fair, try to prejudice us in favour of the Sangh. Our questions slid off his reserve like water down a duck's back. He said he was shy with an air of complete self-possession. He said he did not know the answers to our questions, not with the innocence of ignorance but with a barely deceiving artfulness which left his listeners quite convinced that he knew but would not tell. From the top of his handsome head of dark hair down to his well-manicured toenails, his was one inimitable ensemble of sophistry and secretiveness.

What is the R.S.S. and who is this man who looks in his white flowing silk *jubba* like a curious mixture of a hallowed saint, a savant and a debonair freethinking romanticist? Many of us even today know nothing more about the R.S.S. than that it was an organisation which suddenly blazed into the limelight with the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi on January



Mr. Golwalkar inspects a Guard of Honour provided by R. S. S. members at Madras recently.

30, 1948. Between that date and February 4 when the R.S.S. (whose headquarters is at Nagpur) was declared unlawful there flew, projected from various mysterious sources, tales of the Sangh's misdeeds and their violences, their fanatical impieties and their bigoted crimes. In a communique issued on February 4 the Government gave a list of the "undesirable and even dangerous activities" that the members of the Sangh were pursuing, which included "dacoity and murder" and other "terrorist" acts, all directed towards creating "disaffection against the Government." The Government also stated that the Sangh and its activities had already come under their surveillance at a meeting of the Premiers and Home Ministers of the Provinces in Delhi the previous November but that it had been felt that "the stage when the Sangh should be dealt with as an association had not yet arrived." Sri Golwalkar was put under detention and continued in this state of forced inaction for six months. Meanwhile, out at the Capital, strings were pulled on behalf of the R.S.S. by various people, all of which culminated in Sri Golwalkar's visit in October to Delhi to see the Prime Minister and various Cabinet

Ministers. But one and all of them declined to see him and on November 3 the R.S.S. leader was again taken into custody. A month later in the face of strong official disapproval, the members of the Sangh launched a Satyagraha movement which, however, died a natural death in January this year.

Meanwhile, Sri T. R. Venkatarama Sastri's interest and efforts as the solicitor in the case resulted in his being asked to draw up a draft constitution for the organisation and submit it to the Government. Then followed a series of objections and counter-objections between him and the Government. The situation continued to be in a flux till July 12 when suddenly and without notice or explanation, the ban on the R.S.S. was lifted and Sri Golwalkar became a free man. Since the Government had insisted during the negotiations in April and May that the withdrawing of the ban would be conditional upon the Sangh eschewing violence, giving up politics, respecting the national flag and accepting India as a secular State, it is presumed by the recent Government action that the R.S.S. has accepted all these conditions.

What is most irritating about this

whole affair is the secrecy in which it has been shrouded. What was the Rashtriya Sevak Sangh? The aim of the Sangh, as stated at its inception on Vijayadasami Day in 1925 by Dr. K. B. Hedgewar, was the preservation of the Hindu race, religion and culture. Sri Golwalkar himself admitted that such indeed were and are its ideals but refused to permit the label "communal" to be attached to it. "What is communal?" he asked. "It is a new word. I do not know the meaning of it."

"The Sangh has always been a cultural organisation," said Sri Golwalkar. Then why had the stigma of political subversion come to be attached to it? If its activities had been pursued only in the name of culture, why were its members put in jail in their hundreds? "I do not know," said Mr. Golwalkar. It is again surprising that the Sangh should have failed to notice the fissiparous convulsions that Hindu culture south of the Vindhyas has been undergoing for some months now. Were the R.S.S. leaders aware of the Brahmin-Non-Brahmin conflict in the south, we asked Sri Golwalkar. "I do not know," he said, and added that after coming out of jail he had not been able, for lack of time, to study the developments within the last few months.

In the same breath in which he talked of Hindu culture, he spoke of the Brotherhood of Man, meaning evidently the Brotherhood of *Hindus*. If all communities in India started organisations to preserve their separate cultural heritages, would such work not be against the concepts of Universal Brotherhood and Equality of Man? Is it not inevitable that in such a case, with the insidious creeping in of the terms "inferior" and "superior," the democratic secular State that we are planning would be corrupted at its very embryonic stage?

"What is secular?" Sri Golwalkar wanted to know. "Hindu Raj, since the earliest age, has been a secular Raj," he said.

"Suppose Non-Hindus subscribe to your ideal of brotherhood, would you permit them into your organisation?"

"We believe in going slow" said Sri Golwalkar. "Let us first set our own house in order."

Questioned about the secrecy enveloping the R.S.S., Sri Golwalkar, with the first suggestion of warmth he evinced throughout the interview, denied it. Secrecy had never been their watchword, he said. "All our branches used to meet in the open. There was no secrecy then. There is no secrecy now." Many Congress chiefs, he said, had presided over their functions. There had been no secrecy, indeed, only a shunning of unnecessary publicity.

On the Sangh's future plans and activities Sri Golwalkar would commit himself to nothing. For example:

"Has the R.S.S. included in its constitution all the changes that the Government had insisted on being made?"

"We have tried to meet them."

"Violence was never your creed, you said. But does the Sangh accept the Gandhian tenet of non-violence?"

"Non-violence is an ancient theory and many people subscribe to it."

"You had consultations with Sri T. R. Venkatarama Sastri here?"

"I had my food with him."

"If the R.S.S. has always been concerned only with Hindu culture and had no interest in politics, why was it banned and why were its members put in jail?"

"I do not know."

"Why has the ban been so suddenly lifted?"

"It came to me as a miracle. But I do not know the reason. I must find out."

"Were you one of those who felt that towards the end of his life Gandhiji was being partial to the Muslims?"

"I was concerned only with the aspect of his greatness."

"I am a shy man" said Sri Golwalkar of himself. Sri Venkatarama Sastri said of him: "Mr. Golwalkar is a blunt man." The R. S. S. chief did not dissemble but he revealed a gentle but firm determination not to be drawn into stating what he had made up his mind not to reveal. Did his attitude denote fear? Or anger? Or injured innocence? It was difficult to tell. The impression he left on most of us was that he is a fanatic trying to conceal his fanaticism. He can be a very unpleasant enemy. "I don't react," he said in the course of his interview, "I only act."

PROFESSOR T. V. RAMANUJAM

By "INAM"

THAT one man could combine in himself such different excellences as are required for being a competent and beloved Professor of Economics, a much-sought-after writer on political and economic topics, a good musician with a beautiful voice, an interesting critic of Karnatic music who always has something constructive and forceful to say, a first-class organiser with rare powers of leadership, initiative and judgment, and, above all, with gifts of friendship as bewitching as they are uncommon—that one man could combine in himself all the many qualities needed for all these has been brought home to me by three years of close and continuous association with Prof. T. V. Ramanujam.

Hundreds of students all over Madras, dozens of his co-workers in the several spheres of his work, the many hundreds who had heard him speak in English and Tamil—all these were aghast when they heard the staggering news that he had left the Vivekananda college, to whose making and to the richness of whose life his contribution has been as substantial as it was *sui generis*.

I remember how when he was making a big name for himself as the Editor of the Economics Supplement of the *Free Press Journal* of Bombay, the call came to him to join this new college in Madras, and how, without the least thought of the big financial sacrifice it involved, he took up the new work on *exactly half the salary he was getting before*.

And once he came here, with what gusto, with what enthusiasm and thoroughness did he plunge himself into the work here! He was the Professor in charge of the College Library, the Editor of the College Magazine, the Professor who guided the working of the College Union and the Fine Arts Society. How many inter-collegiate competitions did he organize! That which will always stand to his great credit was the masterly way in which he planned for getting the College affiliated in the Economics Honours course, so soon

after the starting of the College.

Without fads, free from fanaticisms, friends with the rich and the poor, the high and the low,—Prof. "T. V. R." as he was affectionately called by his innumerable friends, is one of the most *balanced* personalities I have come across. He has no eccentricities, no fierce hatreds; on the other hand, I know him to be deeply compassionate and intensely human.

I have heard him often. I used to envy his powers of persuasive and forceful eloquence. The news-reviews he used to give to large gatherings of students and staff, were always a delight to us. But on one occasion he excelled himself; and that was when he spoke *extempore* in Tamil, at the end of a fine music concert by Chembai-Mani-Chowdiah. Sir C. P., an ex-High Court Judge and a senior civilian were among those who heard him then and expressed their delight at the masterly ease and felicity that marked that brief speech.

Vivekananda College has lost a gem. And the public of Bombay, I hear, have the good fortune to get him. I hear that he is going to Bombay as the Economics Editor of a new English daily that is coming in that city. Within an year of his former stay in Bombay, he made such a mark there by his character and abilities, that he was elected then as a member of the Managing Committee of the South Indian Education Society's High School at Matunga—the pride of the Madrasees there.

His has been a life of sacrifice, always giving up lucrative posts offered to him elsewhere in favour of poorly-paid teaching posts. His friends are truly glad that, while he was prepared to make even this final sacrifice of the invitation from Bombay, circumstances have forced him to abstain from taking that step.

May I, through the columns of *Swatantra*, which he likes so much, say *au revoir* to dear Prof. "T. V. R." on behalf of the many who esteem him, and who will miss his cheerful, friendly face and affectionate deportment in Madras.



PROF. T. V. RAMANUJAM

MEMORIES OF PANIPAT

A photograph recently published in the papers has revived some of the fondest memories of my childhood.

The photograph shows a party of fifty Muslims from Pakistan standing in front of the tomb of the saint Bu Ali Shah Qalandar in my home town of Panipat, East Panjab. I can recognise several faces even in the blurred half-tone-reproduction. They were all once residents of Panipat and had to migrate to Pakistan during the inter-communal massacres of 1947 and the consequent transfer of population. But now they came, with police escort, to re-visit their birth-place on the occasion of the *ursi* (celebration of the saint's death anniversary) of Bu Ali Shah Qalandar and to perform the traditional ceremonies at the tomb. (It was in this very courtyard that I received my primary education in a school that was housed in one of the adjoining buildings of which the most memorable features were three huge marble grave-stones on which we used to play in recess).

AMBASSADORS OF GOODWILL

This was one of the several such exchanges of pilgrims between the East and the West Panjab. Hindus and Sikhs (in groups of fifty) have been permitted by the Pakistan authorities to visit their shrines in Pakistan, while reciprocal arrangements have been made on this side for receiving pilgrims from Pakistan to the Muslim shrines in East Panjab.

These visits, on both sides, though still conducted with unfortunate but necessary armed escorts, have done much to dissipate the bitterness and engender inter-communal goodwill and fellow-feeling. They have been the first steps to break the mutual isolation of the two parts of partitioned Panjab. The courtesy and hospitality with which the Muslim pilgrims have been received in East Panjab, and Hindu and Sikh pilgrims in West Panjab, have gone a long way to the wounds of the spirit that every Panjabi suffered during the massa-

cles. They have proved a practical first step towards the restoration of normal communication between India and Pakistan.

THE SUFI SAINTS

Thus the sufi saints, of whom Bu Ali Shah Qalandar was one, are carrying on their tradition of spreading tolerance, goodwill and brotherhood—even several hundred years after their death!

Today it is regarded as difficult—even abnormal—for a Muslim to be staying anywhere in East Panjab. In West Panjab, of course, except a few in Lahore, there are practically no Hindus or Sikhs left.

And yet when the sufi saints like Bu Ali Shah Qalandar came to India they elected to stay in the countryside—in the midst of a hundred per cent Hindu population. They had no armed escorts, no police protection. Yet they lived in peace and security without fear of molestation. That was as much a tribute to their own courage and sincerity as to the tolerance and hospitality of the Hindu villagers among whom these Muslim divines lived. Sometimes one such solitary saint was the only Muslim in an entire district.

These saints who, for their piety, came to be held in great respect and reverence by the people among whom they lived, did not carry on proselytization. They had many Hindu disciples but did not persuade or even expect them to get themselves converted to Islam. And yet if Islam spread in India, it was not due so much to the temporal power of the Pathan and Mughal emperors (except in the case of the few opportunists who adopted the faith of the Muslim rulers) as to the spiritual and personal influence

of these saints who always spurned royal favours and like the *Bhakti* saints, identified themselves with the life of the common people.

It is significant that even up to this day, tens of thou-

sands of Hindus hold the memory of these saints and their tombs in great reverence. I remember that there never was any restriction on non-Muslim devotees approaching even the inner precincts of the tomb of Bu Ali Shah Qalandar, and many would come there to pray not only at the time of the *urs* but on any day of the year. The saint, in life and death, exerted a cosmopolitan, unifying influence!

THE SAINT AND THE KING

I have not studied the lives of the sufi saints in any detail but I think it is possible that they were influenced to some extent by Hindu philosophy and mysticism which thus coloured the original austerity and puritanism or Islamic Monoism.

The death of a sufi saint is known as "*wisal*"—or consummation of love—because it is supposed to make him one with the divine, to whom the sufi offers not worship but adoration and consecrated love. That is why the death anniversary of a sufi saint is called *urs*—or marriage! Then the idea of voluntary mendicancy, penance and austerities that the sufi saints (like Bu Ali Shah Qalandar) are known to have practised also bear strong resemblance to the Hindu yoga. For instance Bu Ali Shah who was known as Qalandar because he lived like a beggar or fakir, is reputed to have stood on one leg in the river, lost in contemplation of the divine or the infinite, for so many days that the fishes ate away the flesh from his leg.

Then, again, many of the legends about the sufi saints are startlingly similar to the legends current about Hindu saints in other parts of the country.

For instance, one of the legends about Bu Ali Shah Qalandar (known to us in Panipat as Hazrat Qalandar Saheb) that I remember to have heard in my childhood concerned a 'flying wall.' It was related that the saint one day was sitting on a broken-down wall when the King, mounted on an elephant, happened to pass that way. From his high perch the king looked down upon the saint and passed some remark to ridicule the 'naked fakir.' The saint addressed the haughty monarch, "Do you feel so

proud, O King, because you are mounted on an elephant. Behold, then, that by the grace of God, I can make this very wall move faster than your elephant." The legend has it that, as the saint said, the wall began to move—or 'walk'—or fly, as some people claim it to have done!

Many years later when I came to Bombay I heard the same legend about Tukaram, proletarian saint of Maharashtra, whose "flying wall" was visually depicted in the famous Prabhat film of "Sant Tukaram."

In both the cases it is important to note the democratic, anti-monarchical motif of these legends. These saints were certainly no purple-robed court priests!

Another legend concerning Bu Ali Shah Qalandar explains the old circumstances by which he came to be buried in three places—besides Panipat, his tombs are also to be found in the neighbouring towns of Karnal and Kunjpura. It is said that when the saint died at a spot equi-distant from Panipat, Karnal and Kunjpura, the people of these three towns began to quarrel over their respective rights to bury the saintly remains in their particular town. When they rushed to snatch the corpse and removed the covering sheet, they found only some flowers which they divided in three and burned in their respective three towns. Later I learnt that there is a similar legend about Sant Kabir, whose body (it is reported) was claimed both by Hindus and Muslims.

It is possible, then, that all these legends are only poetic and symbolic allegories to underline the humanitarian democratic and popular character of these saints?

MEMORIES

What a host of memories that picture brought to my mind?

Memories of my first day in school—how I used to be afraid of those gigantic marble graves but later came to regard them as convenient 'hobby horses' for our playful pranks!

Memories of crowds of Hindus and Muslims mingling freely in the courtyard of the tomb of Bu Ali Shah Qalandar on the occasion of the annual *urs*!

Memories of the first two patriots imprisoned during the Non-Co-opera-



tion movement (both Panipat Muslims who are specially mentioned and congratulated by Gandhi in an article) being taken in a procession, both bearded dignitaries mounted on camels!

Memories of all my relations and friends and neighbours—and in the small-town community of Panipat every one was every one else's *kaka* or *chacha* or *bhai*—Hindus and Muslims—teachers and weavers and goldsmiths and blanket-makers and pandits and maulvis and potters and masons who were so closely knit together in the social fabric of the town!

For me there are memories of Panipat, as for millions of refugees there are memories—no less sweet, no less poignant—of Lahore or Rawalpindi or Sheikhpora or Multan or Montgomery or wherever were their "roots of life."

In connection with the monstrous, heart-breaking process of forced migration, the word "uprooting" is often used—as if one can pull human beings like plants out of their soil! But can we "uproot" our memories, too?

BOOK OF THE WEEK

J. Vijayatunga is one of the surviving essayists who can still be read with pleasure. He has refused to write 'journalistic' and yet eschewed old-world pedantry. His new book *ISLAND STORY* (Oxford University Press, Rs. 5) is a delightful, little volume deserving more than a casual perusal. This is a Ceylonese patriot's tribute to his beloved—and lovely—homeland. Famed in fable and song (dating as far back as the *Arabian Nights*), the 'tropical paradise' of Lanka needed a pen like Vijayatunga's to write about it. And with what evident pleasure he does it! Every body and every thing in his country—and the kings and heroes of old, the fishermen, the farmers, the hills and the valleys, the rivers and the surrounding ocean, the craftsmen and the crafts—is written about with gushing enthusiasm, frank and uninhibited. The magic of his picturesque prose even turns tea plantations into idyllic havens of delight instead of centres of capitalistic exploitation. While no one denies or even doubts the manifold beauties of Ceylon, after reading Vijayatunga's

unrelieved praise of every thing in his country one begins to wonder if Ceylon—or any country—could be so utterly perfect. It is very rarely (e. g. when writing about the plight of fishermen) that the author becomes conscious of the serpent of exploitation that is to be found even in his garden of Eden. A little more attention to economics would have made "Island Story" a more reliable and dependable introduction to Ceylon. If we must love our country, need we be blind to her faults?

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"LONDON: A British Foreign Office Conference on Kashmir was held when the Foreign Secretary heard reports from Sir Archibald Nye and Sir Lawrence Graffety Smith, the British High Commissioners in India and Pakistan. Sir Oliver Franks, British Ambassador to U.S.A. who is visiting London also attended the conference."

"LONDON: The *Manchester Guardian* has advocated partition of Kashmir state, under which Jammu would go to India and the Valley of Kashmir to Pakistan."—News items published on the same day.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"BOMBAY: Nearly 500 unauthorised hutments in an open space behind the Aurora Talkies, Matunga, were demolished by the staff of the Improvements, encroachment and other departments of the Bombay Municipality, rendering homeless more than 1,500 men, women and children."

"MADRAS: Because of a dream on the previous night in which he was asked by a divine power to sacrifice his son Kannimuthu Gounder is alleged to have chopped off the head of his five-year old son with a chisel in Kalukara village, according to an Udumalpet report published here."

"BHOPAL: 'Pural' in the Government Hamidia College, Bhopal's co-educational institution, is being eliminated gradually as a result of the pioneering efforts of some members of the staff. Under the 'purdah' system girls' wings in the lecture rooms of the college are screened off from both students and teachers. Thanks to the efforts of some teachers, the screens have disappeared from two classes...."

PROSPECTS OF A UNITED LEFT FRONT

By G. S. BHARGAVA

IT has been announced that Sarat Chandra Bose will, on his return to India, seek ways and means of forging a United Front of all the Left-wing parties in the country, except the Communists. In this connection, certain confabulations have also been reported to have taken place in Bombay.

Before discussing the meaning and scope of this United Left Front it is necessary to acquaint oneself with the different Left parties which go to form the United Front and their respective strengths. There are not less than a dozen Left parties in India besides the Communist Party which need not be considered now; among them are the Socialist Party, the Radical Democratic Party, the Forward Bloc, the Bolshevik-Leninist Party of India, the Mazdur Trotskyist Party, the Revolutionary Communist Party, the Revolutionary Socialist Party, the Republican Socialist Party, the Socialist Party of India (different from the Socialist Party of Jayaprakash Narayan and others) and the Bahujana Samaj Party of Maharashtra.

Of these the Socialist Party is the largest and the most popular. Recently it amended its constitution and made itself a mass party, just like the Labour Party in Britain. It has also been able to merge within itself some of the splinter groups of the Left, notably the Bolshevik Leninist Party of India, which was a branch of the Fourth International.

The Radical Democratic Party of M. N. Roy has lately wound itself up with the intention of developing a humanist movement in the country, eschewing party politics. The Forward Bloc, which came into being after the rift between Subhas Chandra Bose and the Congress High Command, has, this year, split into two; one section led by R. S. Ruikar and the other, which calls itself "Marxist" and which has been functioning as a close adjunct of the Communists, led by K. N. Jogekar. The Revolutionary

Communist Party has also had a split in its ranks, one group voting for the bomb-and-acid-bottle cult and the other, whose leader is Soumyendra-nath Tagore, holding a slightly different view. The Republican Socialist Party of Sarat Chandra Bose is of recent origin; it was founded after Sarat Bose left the Congress and the Central Cabinet. Its biggest attraction is its founder and outside Bengal, perhaps even the city of Calcutta, it has no following or organisation.

The Bahujana Samaj Party or the Jedhe-More group as it is better known, is confined to Maharashtra. It sprang into life as a result of mass resignation of its members from the Congress, led by S. S. More who was formerly the President of the Maharashtra Congress Committee. Unfortunately for it, the bulk of its members, as also the leaders, are from a particular caste, which has given a somewhat communal twist to its politics.

The other parties have neither the organisational strength nor the leadership talent to command sufficient attention. It is also not possible to arrive at a comparative estimate of the strengths of these different parties, as some of them are confined to a single province or a part of a province. For instance, the Socialist Republican Party of Sarat Bose may be appreciably strong in Calcutta, but it is unknown in Tamilnad or Bombay; similarly the Bahujana Samaj Party, in spite of its hold in Maharashtra, has not been heard of elsewhere.

Under these circumstances, a United Front of these parties means either a merger of all these into one, which means unity of aim, purpose and organisation or just a coalition of these different parties whereby a country-wide movement, equally strong in all the provinces, can be forged.

If it was a merger which was negotiated in Bombay, it should have been on an ideological plane, wherein the different shades of opinion, the vary-

ing slants, should have been frankly discussed and understood. An agreed policy, a common programme of action and an identity of aims and objects are essential for such a unity.

But frankly speaking, the chances of such a merger are very few. Firstly, an established party like the Socialist Party will not wind up its whole organisation to join another. Secondly, leadership, which is also a kind of vested interest, comes in the way of even parties without organisations joining better-equipped ones. And there are not a few even among the Left parties which have personalities, rather than principles, as their guiding factors.

A similar attempt at organisational unity, on a comparatively smaller scale in the trade union field, has failed recently. Under the leadership of the Socialist Party, an attempt was made to bring together all those trade unions which have refused to subserve the interests of either the Congress or the Communist parties. But a group of trade unionists from Bengal could not agree with the others and had to have a labour organisation of their own.

If organisational merger is out of the question, is it then possible to have a temporary United Front, something like a coalition of all the Left parties? There is always an optimistic answer to this query and the recent experience in Calcutta, where during Sarat Bose's election all the Left parties made common cause to defeat the Congress candidate, is often cited as an instance in point. But such a United Front means a Divided Rear. It may be possible, while fighting an election or conducting a demonstration, to bring together the different shades of opposition opinion, but when it comes to giving a positive lead, differences will manifest themselves and even eclipse the common factors.

A United Front of Left Parties is feasible only for specific purposes, with each party reserving to itself the right to criticise the other, or an aspect of the United Front itself. But this criticism should not be allowed from the United Front platform, and if the desire for a United Front is genuine, the language of the criticism will be naturally restrained and helpful.

Such a United Front of the Left Parties, with no illusions about the future, is not impossible today. On the question of civil liberties, which affects all of them, more or less, on the problem of unemployment which is threatening the working classes in the country today, the economic crisis and the plight of the middle classes, it is possible for all these Left parties to forge a United Front, without in any way prejudicing their individualities or submerging their ideological niceties. But the limited scope of this United Front should not be lost sight of nor should differences of opinion be stretched into breaking the solidarity of the United Front. There will also be a lot of practical difficulties, which need a good amount of patience and adjustment on the part of one and all.

It may be asked why a United Front with the Communists is not possible. Today, the Communist Party in India is passing through that stage in which the organisation is more and more tightened by frequent purges and blood-letting. We have heard of expulsion of noted Communists from the party in recent weeks; lately a full provincial branch has been expelled. Side by side with this tightening-up of the party, the Communists are indulging in mad adventurism which has no meaning in the revolutionary language. So, any collaboration with them now will only lead to an annihilation of the entire Left.

Secondly, the Communists also will not hesitate to exploit the United Front for sectarian purposes or to "capture" and "kill" the other parties which form the United Front. In 1935, after the Seventh Congress of the Comintern in Moscow reversed, for tactical purposes, its past policy of hostility towards the Socialist Parties in the different countries, the Indian Communists overnight became friends of the Socialist Party and started raising slogans of Left unity.

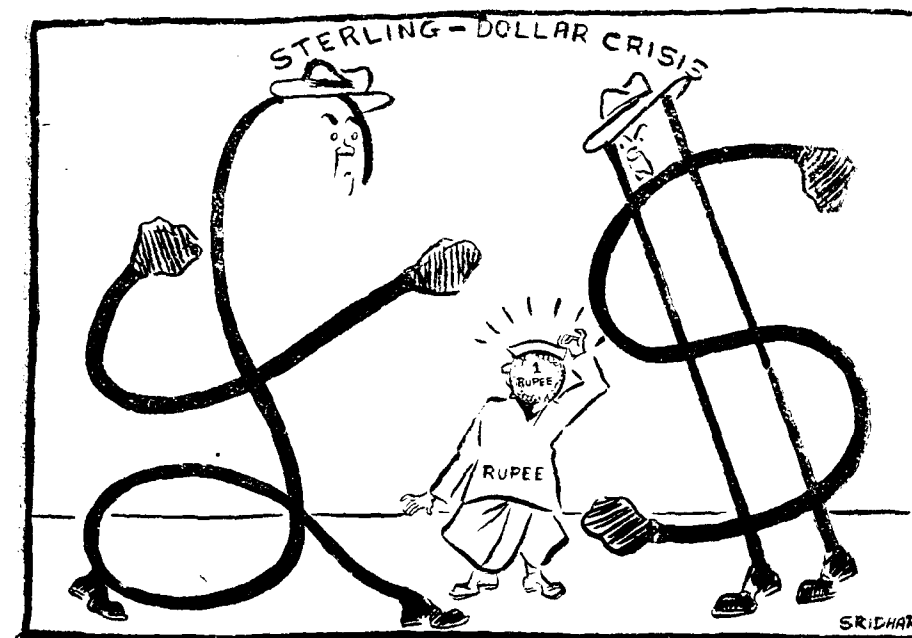
The Meerut Conference of the CSP (as the Socialist Party was then called) opened the gates of the party to the Communists who gladly infiltrated into it. The Socialist leaders remained almost complacent about this ever-growing group in their ranks till, in 1937, they had a rude shock. A secret circular of the Communist Party to its members that the

Socialist Party was not a true Marxist party, that they should never tolerate it and that the object of collaboration with the CSP was to wreck it or swallow it fell into the hands of the National Executive, meeting at Patna. This naturally set at rest the lurking hopes in the minds of the Socialist leaders that co-operation and joint action would pave the way for the merger of parties. Even then, the CSP decided only to ban the entry of new Communists but never expelled the remaining ones.

At the next conference of the CSP at Lahore, only eight months after the Patna disclosure, the Communists staged another somersault. They issued a note that the CSP was a true Marxist body and that their co-operation was on equal terms for mutual good. This note was to prevent an expulsion of the remaining Communists from the CSP and it served its purpose. The Lahore conference of the CSP only ratified the ban on new Communists entering its ranks but never extended it to the existing members. Some months following

this, another Communist circular came to light. This supplied a comprehensive plan for capturing the CSP and submerging it into the C.P. Still the unhappy alliance went on. It was only at Ramgarh in 1940, that the CSP finally expelled its Communist members. But it was too late. Already some of its provincial units had been captured by the Communists. To this day the CSP has not recovered from this Communist *coup d'etat* in Andhra.

The need for unity of progressive opinion is obviously great. So also the danger of splinter groups was at no time greater than at present. Fascism from the Right and totalitarianism from the extreme Left are threatening the democratic foundations of our society. With the legalisation of the R.S.S., attempts are being made to consolidate the Right for distorting the class bias of the present struggle. It will be a happy achievement if the different Left parties can compose their minor differences and mould a strong United Front, though limited in scope and sway.



EXPANSION IN WORLD CINEMA THEATERS

THERE were an estimated 90,097 motion-picture theatres, with a seating capacity of 48,750,147 persons, in the world at the beginning of 1949. This is reported by *Foreign Commerce Weekly*, published by the U. S. Commerce Department.

The greatest expansion in the number of theatres during the last two years has taken place in the Far and Middle East and the South Pacific. These regions show a 27.2 per cent rise, with a 50.7 per cent increase in seating capacity. The area of India and Pakistan shows the largest increase in theater development. Before the creation of the two nations in 1947 there were 1,605 theaters seating 802,500 people. Today there are 1,948 theaters seating 1,266,200 in India and 352 theaters seating 83,000 in Pakistan.

The figures, covering 116 countries, represent an increase of 11,123 theaters over the estimated total of 73,974

theaters in 1947 having 42,667,411 seats. While a part of the increase, especially in the European countries and the Far East, represents theaters that were closed because of the war and are now in operation again, a large portion represents new theaters that have been constructed during the last two years.

About 72 per cent of all films shown in these theaters were U. S. productions, according to the Commerce Department.

Among European countries Italy and Germany have shown, during the last two years, the largest increase in the number of theaters. In Italy, it is estimated, there were 8,138 theaters with 3,119,000 seats at the beginning of the year, as against 5,400 theaters with 3,000,000 seats in 1947. Germany reported 5,832 theaters with 2,349,905 seats on January 1, compared with 3,703 theaters with 1,296,050 seats in 1947.

The following Commerce Department table, based upon all available data, indicates the number of motion-picture theaters and their seating capacity in various regions of the world in 1947 and 1949, and the percentage of screen time devoted to U. S. films:

	Number of Theaters	1947 Seating Capacity	1949 Number of theaters	1949 U.S. Seating Capacity	percentage of screen time
Europe	43,652	21,147,707	52,344	24,062,799	56
South America	4,672	2,988,830	4,994	3,302,529	64
Mexico and Central America	1,653	1,404,691	1,952	1,720,185	75
Caribbean area	659	379,143	717	427,576	82
Far East	2,701	1,362,683	3,523	2,368,675	47
Middle East	1,876	969,088	2,676	1,583,425	52
South Pacific	2,080	1,411,070	2,268	1,687,460	75
Africa	1,171	706,024	1,281	784,818	62
Atlantic Islands	122	59,363	166	72,914	81
Canada	1,493	775,552	1,695	874,094	75
United States	18,765	11,393,660	18,351	11,796,072	95
Puerto Rico	130	69,600	130	69,600	95

FAMILY PLANNING: A VITAL NATIONAL NEED

By *ELFRIEDE VEMBU*

INDIA is one of the fastest multiplying nations on earth. Yet, none of the various schemes for the health and welfare of the masses, which the Central and Provincial Governments are planning or putting already into practice, shows a clear-cut policy of population control. If the recently announced raising of the marriageable age for girls to 15 years and the introduction of compulsory education are the only steps intended to bring about a check on the rapid growth of population, the attempt can be declared a failure already now. India in bondage was unable to keep pace with the quick social development of the West in the last fifty years. Free and democratic India, therefore, has to march quicker, at least for some time, in order to catch up with the advanced countries. Compulsory education, introduced in the West about 60 years ago, has resulted in a general knowledge of birth-control since the time of the first World War. If development in India is allowed to take the same course, a check on the growth of population cannot be expected before the year 1975, when the population-figure will perhaps be almost double what it is today.

As a sincere friend of this country, I have viewed with apprehension the unchecked growth of its population since I set foot on Indian soil twenty years ago. Knowing something of Indian customs and prejudices before coming out, I was not surprised to find India's pioneers of population-control condemned as obscene offenders then and in the years that followed. But what is beyond my comprehension is the surprising unwillingness on the part of a progressive and well-meaning Government to tackle a pressing problem in a bold way. Two years of self-government have passed, a good beginning has been made in overcoming the hindrances in the way of national progress, but the most important obstacle, indiscriminate growth of an already vast population,—the very factor that

will undo in due course, all other painstaking efforts—remains almost conspicuously overlooked. The Central as well as the Provincial Governments, with all the means and facilities in their hands, are not using their powers and resources to help the average Indian family to limit its number so that family life will not be a burden and drudgery but a healthy and enterprising affair.

Is it that prejudices of by-gone days, when birth-control was a highly controversial topic, still linger in the minds of our leaders? Does the ancient spectre of moral degeneration amongst illiterate users of contraceptive methods still haunt them? Or is it perhaps that they fear that once introduced and widely practised, family-limitation may result, however remote the day, in under-population? More hospitals, more health-centres, more maternity-homes, more medical research-institutes, more sports and health-supervision—all these are welcome and very necessary items of national planning. They have found their place on the agendas in the Ministries and will sooner or later be there for the benefit of India's masses. But not one plan on Government level which has been published so far contains even a remote hint that Government intend to help those married couples who are ignorant of the methods of family-planning. Easy enough it would be, indeed, for our medical authorities, at least in the cities and towns, if not yet perhaps in all rural areas, to have a Family Planning Clinic attached to each hospital and maternity home.

It may be argued that practically all over the world efforts in the direction of family planning are left to private enterprise, social organizations or municipal authorities. But it need not be otherwise in advanced countries with well-balanced population-figures and a high standard of living. But here in India, where the success of attempts to raise a low standard of living depends upon the success of

bringing a high population-figure down to normal or at least checking a further growth, the duty of the Government is clear. I would like, therefore, with the right of one who has studied conditions in the country for a period of over two decades, to state emphatically that no really encouraging progress in raising the general standard of living can be made unless positive measures of population-control are initiated by Government forthwith.

It will perhaps be interesting to note how the city of Bombay proceeds with its plans to tackle its serious problem of over-crowding. Besides schemes of slum abolishing, hygienic housing for municipal and industrial labour, extended water supply, shifting of industries into the outskirts and development and extension of the suburban area, the municipal authorities are contemplating an effective drive for family limitation.

It is true that the populace of a prosperous metropolis grows by the continuous influx from the country rather than by quick multiplication of its native citizens, but the problem of overcrowding is there and has to be tackled in all possible ways. So far only two Public Municipal Family Planning Clinics exist in Bombay, but

it is intended to extend their activities to the five Municipal Maternity Homes, where the work will be linked up with post-natal care. The clinics are situated in two densely populated middle-class areas, where women of the lower income groups of this class, as well as working-class women, receive instruction and medical help for the purpose of spacing their families. Both the clinics, although not yet very satisfactorily attended by those who are in need of birth-control, have proved a real boon to a number of families. The experience of two years has shown to social workers that it is not necessary to wait for a higher level of education in order to bring family planning to the masses. The results of the experiment in Bombay are encouraging enough for other urban administrations to copy the system or proceed on a similar line.

Social workers all over the country should devote some of their activities to the spread of information about modern scientific contraceptive methods amongst the masses. Much can be done by persons who wield some influence over the working class. Men in particular are in need of enlightenment about these matters, women as a rule are more easily convinced about the benefit of family planning.—N. P. S. (Copyright)

RAM GOPAL WINS FRESH LAURELS ABROAD

By C. H. V. PATHY

SPRUCE, immaculate Ram Gopal, India's ace dancer, barged into me while I was trying to bury the boredom of one of those long evenings which only Madras can produce.

I had seen him twice before at Karachi where he had come with his talented troupe of artistes. He talked to me on those occasions feelingly, passionately, of how he was trying to create an art centre at Bangalore, of how he had contacted the famous Meenakshisundaram Pillai, of how he had groomed lean, lithe Mrinalini Swaminadhan to stardom, of how much he owed his success in life to his mother and so on.

Time had not staled his genius nor travel blunted his brilliant conversa-

tional powers. On the other hand, his recent 24-month trip to the West had added to his sensitivity and sharpened the passionate patriotism which forms the bedrock of his genius.

"How about a story," I asked him rather diffidently, because I had a hunch that the news-hungry Bombay reporters would have mauled him at Santa Cruz. It was nearly a fortnight since he had stepped out of the plane on to Indian soil and I happened to be the first newsman to whom he opened out his heart.

"Reuter has been religiously cabling out your activities in the United States and the continent of Europe," I began.

"Yes, they have been good to me and I also met one or two Indian correspondents in London," he added. And he unfolded before me a huge press cutting book in which were pasted glowing accounts of his appearances in practically all the Western capitals.

"It all began in June 1947, two months before India attained her freedom. I was in London with my troupe and we opened a season for three months at Princes' Theatre and at Saville. Dancers from India had made occasional appearances in what had been the world's capital, but we were the first to show them the pure artistry of Indian dances, unalloyed by any contaminating influences of the West. And the reception which was accorded to us was phenomenal. In between, I opened the Indian Section of the British Museum at which were present a galaxy of British celebrities and the King and the Queen. Thereafter, we went over to Paris where at the *Theatre de Champs Elysees* we gave performances. They included the famous Bharat Natyam, Kathak and Manipuri dances. This was the first occasion when Paris audiences were treated to an oriental feast and they enjoyed every moment of it. The entire French press went into raptures over our dances. Apart from the purely entertainment part of it, we also tried to interpret the spirituality of the East which is symbolised so richly in her music, poetry, literature and dance. Continental audiences took us to their hearts. On one occasion the entire stage was filled with flowers and as soon as the performance was over the audience mobbed us, wanting to have a glimpse of our musical instruments. They waited in a long queue in the cold winter months to have a glimpse of us as we emerged out of the theatres.

"I spoke to them at the beginning of every dance number. Here was something which had never been done before. Though it was a novel innovation, the Western audience liked it because they could comprehend the dances better after my interpretation. I met the press and also lectured to them. I told them how the dance was as old as the Yoga. As a result of our

dance recitals, I awakened considerable interest throughout the West and there is no doubt that the interest in Indian dances and dancers would be increased from time to time.

"I was asked in 1948 by Pandit Nehru to proceed to New York to familiarise American audience with Indian dance technique. We were given all facilities by the Indian High Commissioner at London and also by Mrs. Pandit who gave us introductions to the Indian Embassy at Washington. We confined our appearance to New York where packed auditoria greeted us night after night. A reception was thrown in our honour by J. J. Singh and Pearl Buck. Though I was asked to tour America I could not do so as I was already booked for Europe and had to visit a number of countries.

"This time I did not visit Hollywood but Cecille de Mille, the ace producer has asked me to help him in making a full length picture about India in 1950 and I have accepted his offer.

"Just as I was returning to India, Dewan Chamanlal insisted that I should have a crack at Istanbul and I agreed. And I am proud to say that I succeeded in dissipating the anti-Indian impression which Mr. Feroz Khan Noon and other Pakistan publicists were creating in Turkey. Both at Istanbul and at Ankara, I gave performances which were greeted with acclamation."

In this strain, the talk went on. Ram Gopal will shortly be touring India. He is very keen that our Government should take immediate steps to have a big theatre either at Delhi or in Bombay where musical concerts and dances could be staged. He will have a discussion about this with Pandit Nehru.

Though born in the north it was the south which ignited the spark of Ram Gopal's genius and he is grateful to all the masters at whose feet he sat to learn Kathakali and Bharat Natyam. He will take the earliest opportunity to revisit Meenakshisundaram Pillai.

He concluded a fifty-minute talk with me by posing for a couple of pictures.

SIKKIM: A PAGE FROM TIBETAN HISTORY

By HEMA JAYARAM

SIKKIM, variously known as Rong of the Lepchas, Dredzong of the Tibetans, "the land of the rich," "the new palace" is a picturesque mass of mountains in the main axis of the inner Himalayan range of the Eastern Himalayas. Its boundaries are Nepal on the west, Tibet on the east, Bhutan on the south-east and Darjeeling on the south. Between the mountain ranges, split into ridges and deep valleys, Sikkim boasts of four peaks over 22,000 feet high, including the Kinchinjunga with an altitude of 28,146 feet. The country has some plateaux and small lakes and covers an area of 2818 square miles.

The mountains are perpetually snow-capped. Beneath the snows, between the altitudes of nine and twelve thousand feet, thick forests cover the mountains. Lower down, maize, millets and pulses are cultivated. At still lower levels, the slopes are terraced and where irrigation is possible, rice is cultivated. The chief river is Tista, the confluence of Lachen and Lachung in the north of Sikkim.

This country has every variety of climate and vegetation. The rainfall is very heavy, averaging 137 inches a year at Gangtok, the capital. Over 4,000 species of rhododendron and 600 of butterflies are found. The goat antelope, the snow leopard, the cat bear and the musk deer are the interesting wild life of Sikkim.

Sikkim's population at the last census was about 12 lakhs. The people are of Mongolian appearance and mainly Nepalese. Other sections are the Bhotias who are of Tibetan extraction and the Lepchas. These latter who call themselves Rongpa are the early inhabitants of Sikkim. They are of Indo-Chinese origin and denizens of warmer valleys. A very simple people, they have been replaced at higher levels by the industrious Nepalese, who are a hardy race of cultivators.

A third of the population are Buddhists. Monasteries abound, built

picturesquely on summits and shoulders of hills. The languages spoken are Sikkimese, Tibetan, Lepcha and Nepalee. The annual revenue is about six lakhs.

The people are mainly agricultural. Each family has a homestead on its own land. Houses are built far apart and there are few villages as such. But clusters of houses are found around a few market places and in the Lachen and Lachung valleys.

The ruling family is Tibetan and claims descent from one of the Gyalpos or princelings of Eastern Tibet. In 1641 their ancestors overcame the Lepcha chieftains of Sikkim. The rulers of Sikkim are descended from Guru Tashe who settled in Lhasa in the 16th century. His grandson migrated to Gangtok in Sikkim. In the 1630s three celebrated Lamas came by different routes into Sikkim and discussed plans to convert the people to Buddhism. They sent a messenger to search for a man named Penshoo. One person bearing that name, Penshoo Namgyal, was found and declared King of Sikkim. His accession is said to have taken place in 1641. For a hundred and fifty years the throne passed from father to son.

During the reign of the fifth successor the Tibetans raided and overran the country as far eastward as the Tista river, including the Tarai at the foot of the hills. In 1793 Ten-Zin-Namgyal died and was succeeded by his son Chugphui-Namgyal. Shortly after his accession war broke out between Nepal and China in the course of which the Nepalese established themselves firmly in Sikkim.

British relations began in 1816 when the Tarai, now part of Darjeeling, where the Nepalese had entrenched themselves, was restored to the Raja by the British in accordance with the treaty concluded at the end of the Nepalese War. In 1825, the then Raja caused his maternal uncle who was his Prime Minister to be murdered. The Prime Minister's cousin, appre-

hending danger, took refuge in Nepal and with him went 800 Lepcha tribesmen. Shortly after, a boundary dispute arose between Nepal and Sikkim and two British officers were deputed to the Sikkim border. The Lepcha refugees in Nepal made an inroad into the Sikkim Tarai. The British intervened and the refugees were obliged to return to Nepal. The Raja ceded the Darjeeling tract unconditionally to the Company in February 1835. Six years later the Company granted the Maharaja Rs. 3,000 per year as compensation and in 1846 increased it to Rs. 6,000.

The settlement of Darjeeling took place rapidly. Immigrants from Sikkim, Nepal and Bhutan, where slavery prevailed, came in large numbers. The Diwan Namgay of Sikkim who monopolised all the trade was annoyed at the increasing importance of Darjeeling. This annoyance was shared by the Lamas and other important people of that country whose slaves settled down in British territory. Several British subjects were kidnapped and sold as slaves and no aid was given in capture. Bhutan and Sikkim arranged for mutual exchange of escaped slaves and a similar arrangement was sought from the Company but without avail.

In 1849 Dr. Campbell, the Superintendent of Darjeeling and party while travelling in Sikkim with the permission of the Maharaja were suddenly seized and made prisoners and an attempt was made to force him to relinquish claims for the surrender of escaped slaves.

In 1850 an avenging force crossed the Rânjit river into Sikkim. The annual allowance of Rs. 6,000 was stopped and the British wrested the whole of the Tarai and outer hills as a punishment for repeated insults and the imprisonment of Dr. Campbell. Diwan Namgay who was mainly responsible for all mischief was dismissed from office and for some years the administration proceeded smoothly. But Namgay once again came to power and the kidnapping of British subjects recommenced. In November 1860 a British force occupied the territory lying to the north of Raman river and to the west of the Ranjit and advanced to Tista and concluded a new treaty in 1861. Two years later the annual allowance was restored as

an act of grace and later increased to Rs. 9,000 and in 1869 to Rs. 12,000. A salute of fifteen guns was also granted.

In 1874, on the death of Sid Kyang Nam Gyal, intrigues were set afoot which continued till 1888.

The Maharaja came to Kalimpong in 1878 to discuss with the Lt.-Governor of Bengal the question of Nepalese settling in Sikkim; and some agreement was reached. But there were disturbances and a fight at Rhenok in 1880. A fresh agreement was drawn up and promulgated on the 14th of April 1880. This with some slight modifications worked satisfactorily.

In 1884 Thotub Namgyal went to Chumbi and the Tibetans advanced into Sikkim and built a fort at Lingtu which they persistently refused to evacuate. The ruler would not return to Sikkim in spite of the request of the Government of India, the stoppage of his allowance and the threat of dire consequences. In December 1887, he returned after concluding an agreement with the Tibetans. In 1888 the Government of India sent an expedition which drove the Tibetans over the Jelap Pass. After an initial failure, the Sikkim-Tibet dispute was settled by negotiations with the Chinese Resident in Tibet at Calcutta on 17th March 1890.

By the Convention of 1890, China acknowledged the British protectorate over Sikkim.

Meanwhile, in 1889, a Political Officer was appointed at Gangtok to assist and advise the Maharajah in the administration along with a representative council selected from local chieftains. Three years later the Maharaja secretly attempted to escape to Tibet. His attempt was foiled as the Nepal durbar stopped and escorted him back. He was deprived of his power and placed under surveillance till he expressed his regret and returned to Gangtok in November 1895. Meanwhile, in December 1893, a supplementary agreement was reached relating to trade communications and pasturage. A trade mart was opened at Yanteong on the Tibetan side of the frontier.

In 1902 the British asserted their right under the treaty of 1890 and the political officer in Gangtok surveyed the frontiers and expelled the Tibetan

outposts and officials and destroyed the Tibetan walls and block houses on the Indian side of the frontier. In March 1904 the Government of India signed a treaty with Tibet at Lhasa. In 1906 the control of the State of Sikkim was formally transferred from the Government of Bengal.

Sikkim is now ruled by Maharaja Sir Tashi Namgyal who succeeded to the 'gaddi' in 1914 and was invested with ruling powers four years later. The annual subsidy of Rs. 12,000, withheld since 1889, was restored.

Political relations between India and Sikkim were regulated by the treaty signed in 1861. Since the transfer of power in August 1947, a Standstill Agreement more or less keeps the old arrangements alive pending negotiation of a treaty.

Little is known of Sikkim's political affairs except to experts mostly in Government service. This is so, partly because of its remoteness and partly also because the cultural ties of Sikkim are more with Tibet than India.

The relations with Sikkim are dealt with by the External Affairs Ministry and not the States Ministry. There is no doubt, however, that Sikkim has a subordinate relationship with India. Sikkim is less than a protectorate.

Political parties became active in Sikkim after the British left India in 1947. In February this year a number of leaders of the largest party—the State Congress—were arrested. Their supporters marched to Gangtok and there was commotion. The Political Officer of the Government of India intervened and prevented conflict.

There are two other political parties in Sikkim—the Nationalists who are described as supporters of the Maharaja and the Praja Sammelan Party whose affiliations are not known.

An interim Government with a Congress leader as Chief Minister was formed in May. But the tension between the Maharaja, the Cabinet and the State Congress continued. Mr. Keskar, Deputy Minister of External Affairs, was sent to Sikkim last month to investigate. On his recommendation troops marched into Gangtok on 2nd June. On the following day, the situation worsened. On the 4th the Indian Political Officer Mr. Dayal sent for the Ministers and informed them that he had been instructed to assume charge of the administration unless there was improvement in the situation. On the 6th, the Maharaja asked him to take over the administration pending the appointment by India of a Dewan who will have all powers necessary to carry on the administration till order is restored.

Time and again India has interfered in Sikkim's affairs. But it was generally due to the incursions of outsiders. This is the first time that such intervention is caused by the tension between the Maharaja and his subjects. Will Sikkim retain its 130-year-old position as a protected State and merge into the Indian Dominion? Apparently not. The Government of India is likely to continue the special treaty position of Sikkim as a border State with the insistence that a popular Government be established. India considers internal political disorder undesirable in a State on her borders.

STATE AID TO INDUSTRY

By T. VISWANATHAM, M.L.A.

RECENTLY the question of State Aid to Industry has attracted a good deal of public attention. I have, therefore, thought it worthwhile to summarise the law and the rules on the subject.

As a result of the proposals of the Industrial Commission, the Government of Madras passed the Madras State Aid to Industries Act (V of 1923). The Act translated in its provisions the ruling idea of the time that it is the duty of the State to assist in the establishment and development of industries in the Province.

It, therefore, proposed by Section 5 that the Government should give aid to industries which have an important bearing on the economic development of the country, and which shall be new or nascent; or newly introduced into areas where such industries are undeveloped and to cottage industries.

Old and established industries too would receive State aid in cases where the Government are satisfied that special reasons exist for giving such aid. Joint stock companies registered in India on rupee capital would likewise receive aid.

Of course, in all these cases, certain conditions as regards security and unobjectionability have to be fulfilled before the grant of the loan. This is only natural in the interests of the State.

On the question whether an industry or enterprise comes within the scope of the Act, the decision of the Government being final, a corrective to the action of the Government can come through only from quarters other than Law Courts. Public opinion naturally is a vital factor.

No loan would be granted of an amount exceeding 50 per cent of the net value of the assets of the industrial business or enterprise and of any other property offered as collateral security of the loan, after deducting in both cases existing encumbrances. Rule 11 made under Sec. 19 (b) 6 prescribes the methods of valuation of assets which may be fixed assets, or stores, spare stock, stock in trade,

book debts or investments. Fixed assets are valued at their purchase value. Shares, etc., are valued at their market price. Value of lands is computed from the lowest rates per acre at which similar lands in the neighbourhood change hands at or near the time of the application. Depreciation of property of machinery for ascertaining the value of the assets is taken away as provided for in the Income Tax Act for taxation purposes. Additional assets that would be created by the application of the loan, namely immovable property and machinery of a permanent nature, and likewise money spent on liquidation of encumbrances on existing assets, would be treated as assets.

In order to assist the Government in the task of dealing with the applications for aid, the Act provides for the constitution of a Board of Industries, consisting of ten to twelve members, one elected representative from the Madras Chamber of Commerce, one from the Southern India Chamber of Commerce, one from the Madras Trade Association, two from the Madras Legislative Assembly besides the Director of Industries, Finance Secretary to Government, and the Chairman and the remaining four to six members being nominees of the Government, who may include representatives of banking or mortgage interests and the interests of cottage industries, if they are otherwise unrepresented. Thus the Government get considered advice while at the same time they can be certain that their view prevails in the Board in cases where they wish that it should prevail.

It needs no saying that members of the Board cannot vote or take part in the discussion of a subject in which they have any direct or indirect pecuniary interest by themselves or their partners or have professionally any interest on behalf of clients or as agents of other private persons. If this is so in the case of members of the Board, whose position is that of mere advisers, one can expect the Ministers not to deal with or sanction applications for aid in which they have or

COLOUR TELEVISION AIDS MEDICAL INSTRUCTION IN U.S.

Scene: Operating room, University of Pennsylvania Hospital in the United States. Date: May 31, 1949. Action: Skilled hands of a master surgeon swiftly and deftly bringing a baby into the world by caesarean section. Camera: Television—in natural colour.

Thus, natural-colour television was used for the first time for medical instruction in the United States. This development makes it possible for hundreds of medical students and physicians, seated before television screens, to observe exactly what the operating surgeon sees. They can watch his every move at close range as he demonstrates the latest advances in medical techniques and procedures. By means of a tiny microphone strapped inside his gauze mask, the surgeon can explain his actions as he performs them.

Wide use of colour telecasts for medical instruction is already under way in the United States. Members of the American Medical Association at their annual convention in Atlantic City, New Jersey, early in June saw colour telecasts of operations being performed at the Atlantic City Hospital.—USIS.

take similar interest, direct or indirect. In fact, one of the business rules of the Government directs that where a case relates to a matter in which the Minister concerned has a personal interest, it should also be circulated to the Premier. Naturally when the applicants are relations or political or business associates of the Ministers concerned, a good deal of caution has to be exercised and the Board's responsibility in giving the correct advice is indeed great. The standards to be observed by the Ministers must be high and above reproach.

The aid given may take any one or more of the following ways: viz. a loan, a guarantee of cash credit, overdraft or fixed advance with a bank according to an amendment of 1937, or a subsidy in the case of cottage industry or subsidy for the conduct of research or the purchase of machinery or subscription for shares upto the extent of the number of shares taken or already fully paid up by other shareholders; or debentures or guarantee of minimum return on part of the capital of a joint stock company or a grant on favourable terms of land, raw material, fire-wood or water or a supply of electrical-energy from a Government source.

The nature of the industrial concern, the administrative, technical and executive staff, facilities with regard to materials, transport and marketing, processes employed and the security for the aid will all determine whether the aid applied for should be granted; the Government must be satisfied also on the point that the particular enterprise cannot be financed without State assistance (Rule 10). Balance sheets, profit and loss accounts where such exist would clarify matters. Prospectuses and memorandum and articles of association, and information about the prerequisites and salaries etc., of the directors, in case of joint stock companies, are necessary information.

Capital actually subscribed and paid up is a determining factor as to the extent of the State aid (Rule 10). In the case of cottage industries and small concerns, the Director of Industries would decide on the possibility of the proposal before recommending the aid. Where the Board is unanimous that the aid shall not be granted, the Government shall have to reject the application.

All loans granted are secured by a mortgage of floating charge upon the whole of the business or enterprise subject to any existing encumbrance or by such collateral security as may be required by the Government. When the loans are over two lakhs of rupees the Government ensures for itself control over the conduct of the business by the appointment of Government directors and in other cases they take such control as shall suffice in their opinion to safeguard their interests.

Loans applied for one purpose cannot be utilised for a different purpose and if it is found that an applicant has contravened this, the subsisting loan with interest and costs would immediately be recovered.

In order to see that things are done openly, the rules provide for advertisement of applications for aid of over Rs. 50,000 in three consecutive issues of at least two daily newspapers published in Madras and also, where circumstances require, in monthly newspapers and once in the official Gazette. This is intended to invite objections—against the loan and any one intending to do so can present his objection within a month.

The Board of Industries maintains records of all their proceedings and registers of all loan applications.

Without going into minute details I have placed before the general reader the salient features of the present legal position; and the standards by which the public may watch and judge the actions of the State.

"Who will take up my work?" asked the Setting Sun. Hearing the question, the Earth remained silent like a picture. There was an earthen lamp, which said: "Lord, I will do what little I can."—**RABINDRANATH TAGORE.**

Short Story

"THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WAS..."

By B. C. Dutt

HE looked up from the easel for another glimpse of the setting sun. But instead, he saw a beautiful moon. Sitting at the water-edge, she looked as beautiful as the moon. He was spellbound by the sight.

He forgot his easel, forgot that his pecuniary needs demanded his completing the painting. The sun had just gone down the horizon leaving behind a blaze of colour. She was standing there against this colourful skyline gazing at vacancy. The artist in him wanted to depict that beauty on the canvas. The man in him desired to drink deep from the fountain of beauty. The man prevailed. He looked on.

Soon she spotted him. He was not a repelling sight but his steady stare scared her away. The artist felt sad. The man became disappointed.

If only he could take up his brush! He could have brought the critics down to their knees and burnt a big hole in art collector's pockets. It was too late to paint the sunset scenery. In disgust he picked up his easel and turned homeward.

The next day he was there long before the time. But she was not. With his easel, he sought the shelter of a palm grove confidently awaiting her presence. She seemed to be looking for someone. Could it be... could it be... for him?

The artist grasped the brush, the man dropped it. In spite of his ardent wish, Time's winged chariot hurried by. She spotted the starrer. With entrancing bashfulness all over her, she fled away. The artist was upset but the man made for home with music in his mind.

The next day, he was there earlier still, without his painting paraphernalia. The man in him was too drunk with divine devotion to remember the easel. The strong sun drove him into the shelter of the palm grove.

She sauntered there early too. The power of resistance had left her. They

met. For a while, no words were exchanged. They spoke by silences.

"Artist, why aren't you painting?"

"Love can only be painted in the heart—not on canvas!"

Both were silent again.

Weeks rolled by. They had taken a small cottage by the sea—the nearest one to that palm grove. Life to them had become a succession of songs. His inner happiness found manifestation in his brush. The weary world found harmony and radiance in his paintings.

She was in rapture watching him painting; she was never tired of watching his long fingers gracefully moving the brush. They sat on the lawn in the evening, she singing and he with his head on her lap. One mind in two bodies looked out of magic casements opening on fairylands.

His desire to catch her on canvas grew stronger. But she could never sit still before his gaze. She always pretended to be busy with household work during the day.

He had no right to deprive the world of that beauty, he felt. She was sad seeing the artist growing restless. She compromised. She was prepared to do anything to remove the brooding look from his eyes.

He wanted to paint her as he had seen her on the first day sitting on the water-edge watching the sunset. He carried his easel where they had met. He wanted to give the world a glimpse of purity and beauty that was his beloved.

There she sat in flesh and blood silhouetted against the setting sun. The artist, for once, forgot her individuality and soul and unwittingly emphasised the flesh that garbed them.

The moon was coming up; he rolled up the canvas. They did not move away from the place. Drawing her closer to him, he said, "To-morrow the world is going to have its eyeful of something it has never seen before."

but to-night, let me have my earful; sing, my darling; sing from your soul." The night was old when they returned home.

The sun was smiling happily when he opened his eyes. She was still unconsciously conscious of her dream-land—in a world far from ours, where music and moonlight and feeling are one—a faint smile was playing on her face. He drew her face closer and said softly, "Hullo, you." With her soul full of contentment she said, "ah" and joyously closed her eyes again.

The artist whispered in her ear, "The miserly man is going to exhibit his treasure today; the world will look at the divinity in beauty, my beloved."

With a joyful heart he unrolled the

canvas. A sharp cry of agony escaped him. He could not bear the sight of the canvas. In a fury of despair he tore the canvas to bills.

She looked at him surprised.

In a voice full remorse, he said, "When the artist was ecstatic with your soothing sight, the beast in him was seeing the beauty of the physical form and figure. I am ashamed of my creation, I can't forgive myself." They sat there lost in thought.

Suddenly the silence was shattered by her child-like laughter. He looked at her askance. "Ah, my beloved, from the beginning of time, our souls had been wandering together. You can give only my form to outsiders but not the soul."

PROGRESS IN GENETICS

By *MILISLAV DEMEREC*,

Director of the Department of Genetics, Carnegie Institution of Washington

DURING the period of almost 50 years since the study of genetics began, scientists have been able to work out the main outlines of the mechanical basis of heredity. They have succeeded in showing that the hereditary mechanism consists of numerous submicroscopic units, known as genes, which are located within the cells of an organism in microscopically visible, thread-like structures known as chromosomes. It has also been found that the genes are naturally very stable, but that x-rays and related radiations (H. J. Muller) can induce changes in them. Recently it has been shown that some chemicals, too, can produce changes in genes. These include mustard compounds (Auerbach), certain carcinogens (Demerec), and several other substances (Witkin). Some progress has been made toward recognizing other constituents of living cells, besides the genes, as instrumental in affecting heredity. Marked advances have been made in recent years in the use of genetical methods to analyze the forces responsible for organic evolution.

From the "practical" standpoint, genetics has made many important contributions to the improvement of

domestic animals and plants. The most striking success has been accomplished in corn breeding, where the crop yield has been increased about 20 percent by the use of hybrid corn, developed through methods based on the theoretical work of G. H. Shull. In 1948 the value of this increased yield was around a billion dollars. Production of penicillin also has increased, five to sevenfold, through the development of high-yielding strains of *Penicillium* by genetical methods.

Genetics has clarified problems arising in other fields of science. I shall mention only one example: the very significant contribution to the knowledge of how amino acids are synthesized in living organisms, made by the use of genetical methods developed by Beadle and Tatum. It should also be noted that genetics has been of help in many problems intimately connected with medicine and public health, by elucidating the role of heredity in susceptibility to many diseases—such as cancer leukemia, tuberculosis, diabetes, goitre, and allergies—in differences between blood groups, in the development of bacterial resistance to medicines, and in the appearance

of individuals having various abnormalities.

Genetics, in fact, has made striking progress in the brief period of its existence. It has opened up many fundamental problems in biology—some of which it has been able to solve, but most of which still await solution. Outstanding among these are the following: analysis of the gene—its physical structure and chemical composition; the role of genes in the development of an organism from a single cell to a complex of highly differentiated tissues; the role of genes and of cytoplasmic constituents in the life processes of a cell; and the role of genes in differentiation between related groups of organisms, leading to the establishment of new species and new higher evolutionary groups. In addition to these fundamental questions, a multitude of problems still remain to be solved in relation to medicine, agriculture, and the social sciences.

One of the fundamental concepts of modern genetics postulates that the appearance and behavior of an organism are determined through the interaction of two factors: the hereditary constitution of the individual and the environment in which it develops. Hereditary constitution supplies the material, and environment provides the mold within which hereditary forces work. Environment may inhibit or facilitate genetic changes that are potential in the individual; it cannot of itself produce or impose such changes. In other words, environment affects the character and appearance of the individual, but is not capable of changing the hereditary constitution transmitted by that individual to its offspring.

These concepts have been evolved inductively, through the elaborate experimentation of a large number of scientists in many laboratories. A priori, it is attractive to think and seems reasonable to believe that characteristics acquired during the lifetime of an organism, through the influences of its environment, may be transmitted to its offspring. Geneticists would be glad if this were true, since it would greatly simplify their task of analyzing the mechanism of heredity. During the latter part of the past century, several hypotheses were put forward by leading scientists

which attempted to explain this mechanism by assuming that acquired characteristics are transmitted to offspring. These hypotheses were based on philosophical deductions, because at that time experimental methods for making critical tests were unknown. At the beginning of this century, however, there occurred a profound change in the approach to biology, transforming it from a descriptive and deductive science into an experimental and inductive one; and evidence soon became available to show conclusively that acquired characters are not inherited and that in the ordinary course of events environment is not able to change heredity directly.

LYSENKO THEORY

Recently in Russia, Trofim Lysenko and his school have been making violent attacks on genetics, because it does not agree with Lysenko's interpretation of dialectical materialism. He has advanced a hypothesis which assumes that the properties of an organism and its offspring are determined by the selective assimilation of available nutrients, and which attributes the similarity between parents and offspring to conservatism—supposedly a property of all living matter. According to this notion, environment can modify the nature of organisms, and can affect their hereditary potentialities.

The experimental evidence offered by Lysenko to substantiate his claim is so weak and questionable, particularly by comparison with the large body of evidence against it, that it is not taken seriously by informed biologists. Even in Russia, where he holds a high political position, the leading biologists have not agreed with his assertions. Last July, however, there was a meeting of the Lenin Academy of Agricultural Sciences, of which he is president, to discuss the validity of his hypothesis. At this meeting Lysenko was asked about the attitude of the Central Committee of the Communist party towards the report he had just presented in defense of his stand. His answer was, "The Central Committee of the Party examined my report and approved it." This statement resulted in complete victory for Lysenko, for no one who valued his own existence now dared to oppose him. No doubt they were well in-

formed of the fate of other Russian scientists who have contradicted Lysenko's views—for example, the brilliant geneticist and former president of the Academy, N. I. Vavilov, who died in a concentration camp, and a score of other geneticists, who have disappeared.

Shortly after this meeting of the Academy, S. Kaftanov, Minister of Higher Education, came out in support of Lysenko in an editorial published in *Izvestia*. He not only fully approved Lysenko's ideas, but also confessed neglect of his duty for allowing geneticists who disagreed with Lysenko to hold their position in universities and research institutions, and promised to see that this situation was remedied. So today—in the twentieth century—we see an attempt by the political factors controlling a great State to dictate the solution of a purely scientific problem. The situation would be ridiculous, if it were not for the very serious consequences that restrictions imposed on the freedom of research in Eastern Europe may have on the general progress of science.

ROLE OF ENVIRONMENT

Geneticists are well aware of the role played by environment. Not only does it affect the development of the individual; it is also an important factor in determining the composition of populations. I shall illustrate this point by two examples.

For a great many years Dr. A. M. Banta, working at the Department of Genetics of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, studied reproduction and heredity in the water flea *Daphnia*. This is a small crustacean which is present in practically every freshwater pond. In one of his cultures he found individuals that required and could withstand higher temperatures than the other individuals. By breeding these he was able to establish what he called a "thermal" strain in *Daphnia*. This thermal strain does not survive in water that is 68 degrees F., the optimum temperature for normal *Daphnia*; it thrives at 80 degrees, which is a lethal temperature for the normal strain; and it

may live even at 86 degrees. Dr. Banta showed that a genetic change—a mutation—was responsible for the origin of these thermal individuals.

This means that the genetic constitution of *Daphnia* includes a gene or genes that affect the reaction of individuals to various temperatures, and therefore that in any large population one may always find some mutant forms that are resistant to higher temperatures than the normal individuals. Suppose then, that some environmental change raises the temperature of the water in a pond above that required by the normal population; the new situation will be favourable to the thermal mutants, and through them the species will survive. The constitution of the population is, of course, changed; and this change has been brought about by the environment. At the same time, the environment has not produced any new property, but has only acted as a selective agent in isolating a hereditary type favoured by it.

A very similar case is seen in the development by bacteria of resistance to streptomycin. Through a genetic change, a mutation, individuals entirely resistant to streptomycin can arise. The proportion of such mutants is extremely low—about one in a billion—but still they occur often enough so that any bacterial population contains some individuals that are resistant to streptomycin. Consequently, if a bacterial population is brought into contact with streptomycin, all individuals sensitive to the substance will be eliminated, and the resistant on the other hand will survive, multiply, and "take over" the population. In this case, too, the environment has effected a change in the constitution of the population, but has produced nothing new.

I have taken time to stress this point, because it is very likely that the claims made by Lysenko will draw renewed attention to the problem of environment and heredity. It may be very easy to place the wrong interpretation on observed phenomena, if careful biological analysis is not carried through.—USIS.

INDIA AND THE DOLLAR CRISIS

By Prof. T. K. DORAISWAMI IYER

JULY 1949 is an eventful month as being one in which important conferences were held in London with a view to taking steps to meet what has been called the dollar crisis. The United Kingdom found that her dollar and gold balances have been suffering a diminution on account of the increasing dollar gap recently in her international balance of payments. Superficial observers are likely to jump to the conclusion that the economic position of England has been undergoing a marked deterioration. In this connection the following extract from the May 1949 review of the Barclay's Bank may help us to retain a proper sense of perspective: "A year ago, it seemed unlikely that the gap in payments would ever be closed. Nevertheless, the large increase in exports of goods and merchandise, combined with a quite extraordinary increase in invisible exports, is at last beginning to close this gap." It will be clear from this that the United Kingdom has succeeded in attaining an overall balance in her international trade. However, her trade with the dollar countries continues to show heavy deficits, and in spite of the substantial support furnished by the Marshall aid the dollar and gold balances are showing shrinkage.

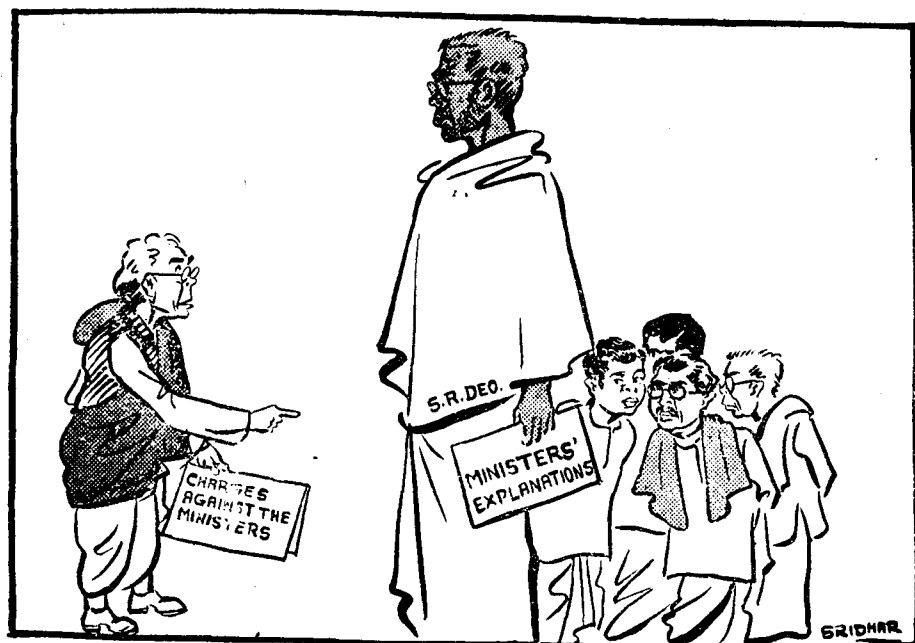
To meet this situation conferences were held in July between top-ranking financial representatives of the Governments of U.S.A., Canada and U.K. The Finance Ministers of the countries comprised in the Commonwealth of Nations also met in conference in London. It is most unfortunate that India has had to choose this very inopportune moment for carrying on negotiations with the United Kingdom for securing substantial release from the sterling balances. To India such release is a matter of particular urgency. The economic situation in India has deteriorated to a marked extent. An unmistakable evidence of such deterioration has been furnished by the deficit of about 95 crores in her

international balance of payments during the last one year. While no improvement has taken place in respect of the large amount of foreign exchange required for financing the import of food grains into India the need for importing capital goods for ensuring agricultural as well as industrial production and transport equipment is as insistent as ever. Our export trade position not being satisfactory, the foreign exchange required for satisfying the above mentioned need is not forthcoming in any adequate measure. Hence the necessity for making a determined effort to secure a large release from the blocked sterling balances. Besides, since capital goods of different kinds and fertilisers have to be imported from the U.S.A. and Canada our dollar requirements are heavy. For this purpose a substantial portion of the released sterling should be made also convertible into dollar. It is quite true that the need for foreign exchange on the part of India for meeting its most urgent requirements has arisen at a time when the balance of international accounts of the United Kingdom discloses a heavy dollar deficit. The special difficulty however in which India is placed, it is to be feared, has not been adequately appreciated in London. For, while a dollar cut in imports of the order of 25% is called for by the Commonwealth countries it is pointed out in an apologetic manner that the rigid 25 per cent cut may not be insisted upon in the case of backward underdeveloped countries. On this account a certain alleviation is possible in respect of India. But India's case for special treatment in the present context rests not so much on the country being underdeveloped as on the character of the wounds inflicted on her economy by the policy which led to the growth of the sterling balances. There was no equality of sacrifice between the contribution India was forced to make for conducting the war and that made by dominions like

Australia, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa.

In the circumstances the approach to the problem of sterling release for India should be on a special footing. Even as the dollar crisis involved in the depletion of the gold and dollar balances dominates the proceedings of the conferences in London in July 1949, the prostration of Indian economy and the plight into which it has been thrown and not the part India should play in a comprehensive scheme for meeting the dollar crisis should be the governing factor in determining the quantity of sterling and dollars that should be made available to India. The principle of equality of sacrifice to which lip service is often rendered points to the need for the question of the release of sterling and dollars for meeting India's requirements not being treated as only part of the problem of the dollar crisis but as an independent one in many vital respects calling for considerate special treatment. In this connection it is appropriate to emphasise the responsibility of the U. S. A. in seeing

to it that the just claims of India receive due recognition and timely succour is extended to her. For it should not be forgotten that the strain to which the slender resources of India were subjected and the plight into which her economy has been thrown resulting in the accumulation of the sterling balances were in no small measure due to India having been made the base of operations for the U. S. A. conducting the war against Japan. Thus the lavish expenditure incurred by India on American account for conducting the war in the regions of the Pacific and Indian Oceans was met by resorting to inflation in India and helped to swell the sterling balances. In these circumstances it is the duty of the U. S. A. not to look on the situation in India in a spirit of detachment but actively to take steps in co-operation with U. K. so that India may to some extent be helped to repair the damage done to her economy by her having been made to pursue policies directed to serving the ends of the U. S. A. as well as the United Kingdom.



THE STRANGE CASE OF JOHN GEORGE HAIGH

(From Our Correspondent)

THE recent trial, at the Lewes Assizes, of 39-year-old John George Haigh, accused of the murder on February 18, 1949, of 69-year-old widow, Mrs. Olivia Durand-Deacon, is the talk of Britain this summer. The trial lasted two days, July 18 and 19, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty. The Defence was led by Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, K.G., M.P., (colleague of Sir Hartley Shawcross at the Nuremberg War Trials), while the Prosecution was represented chiefly by the Attorney-General himself, Sir Hartley Shawcross. Mr. Justice Humphreys, who has been connected with several famous English trials, including that of Oscar Wilde and the murderer, Crippen, presided over the proceedings.

The Prosecution put forward evidence to show that it was "an exceedingly simple case of carefully premeditated murder." Haigh and Mrs. Durand-Deacon had lived in the same hotel in Kensington, London. Haigh apparently had no regular source of income, and was in debt, having overdrawn at the bank and also being pressed for payment of his hotel-bill. On Feb. 18 he "inveigled" (the defendant's own words in a police confession, later denied) Mrs. Durand-Deacon to a store-room in Crawley and shot her through the head, disposing of her body by partially dissolving it in sulphuric acid. The next day, using false names, the defendant sold the victim's personal belongings.

Going into the details of the case, the Prosecution proved that Haigh had borrowed £50 from Mr. Jones, managing-director of Hurstlea Products, and had promised to repay the sum within five days. In the words of the Attorney-General: "That, you may think, sealed the fate of Mrs. Durand-Deacon, if, indeed it had not been sealed before." Haigh had also mentioned to Jones that he knew someone interested in plastic fingernails and that he would bring that person to Crawley later. He had then arranged with a Mr. Davies of Craw-

ley for a supply of sulphuric acid, adding to a stock already in the store-room of Hurstlea Products, which was occasionally used by Haigh (who described himself as an engineer) as a workshop for experimental purposes. On Feb. 18 he possessed himself of the keys, normally held by Mr. Jones. He also made out a "shopping-list" of things he required for what he was about to do. On it was "a drum, sulphuric acid, a stirrup-pump, gloves and apron, red-paper and the name, address, and telephone number of some people in London from whom sulphuric acid could be obtained." On Feb. 16 Haigh ordered the acid by telephone from a London store, and the next day bought a 45-gallon oil drum specially lined for holding corrosive chemicals. He also later got Mr. Jones to take off the foot of the stirrup-pump, so that the pump could be used for transferring acid from the containers into the drum.

Witnesses called by the Prosecution proved that Haigh interested Mrs. Durand-Deacon in artificial fingernails, and drove her from the hotel on Feb. 18 at about 2 p.m. Both of them were seen between 4 and 5 p.m. at a hotel in Crawley, and later, driving away. That was the last seen of Mrs. Durand-Deacon. At 6-30 p.m. Haigh was seen alone in a Crawley restaurant where he had "tea and a poached egg."

When Haigh was later confronted by the police with the sale of Mrs. Durand-Deacon's belongings and with the revolver and cartridges found in the store-room, he is stated to have asked them: "Tell me, frankly, what are the chances of anybody being released from Broadmoor." (Broadmoor is the criminal lunatic asylum). He added, "If I tell you the truth you would not believe it. It sounds too fantastic for belief." After being cautioned he confessed candidly that Mrs. Durand-Deacon "no longer exists" and that he had induced her to go to the store-room where he had shot her through the head, while

she was looking at red-paper for artificial fingernails. He said that he had collected a glass of her blood from an incision he made in the neck, drunk it, removed her fur-coat and emptied the valuables from her plastic handbag, also stripping her of her personal jewellery. He then went for his tea at the Crawley restaurant and later returned to the store-room, where he pushed the body into the drum, filled the latter with sulphuric acid, and then went out for dinner to the George Hotel, Crawley, after which he returned to London. The next day, at the hotel he made a few solicitous inquiries as to Mrs. Durand-Deacon's health and later sold the victim's watch for £10, giving a false name. He also had the rest of the jewellery valued at another shop, and took the fur-coat to a firm of cleaners. He then went to Crawley to look into the drum of acid and "see how the reaction was going." On Feb. 20 Haigh went with a Mrs. Lane, a friend of Mrs. Durand-Deacon at the hotel, to the police, where he gave a statement saying that he had last seen Mrs. Durand-Deacon at the Army and Navy Stores, where he had arranged to pick her up to go to Crawley, but that she had not turned up. After this statement was given, Haigh said, in his confession, that he returned to the store-room, still found the reaction incomplete, poured out some of the acid over the earth in the yard, and poured fresh acid into the drum. The next day, Feb. 22, he poured the whole of the contents of the drum out on to the earth. But all the traces of the body had not disappeared. When the police examined the ground after Haigh's confession, they found vari-

ous human remains, as well as an artificial denture and the plastic handbag belonging to the victim. Blood-stains were also found on the walls of the store-room and on Haigh's clothing. Haigh had told the police, "How can you prove murder if there is no body?" after admitting to the facts and signing his confession.

When the trial opened Haigh denied his police confession and pleaded not guilty, but, within a few hours his counsel changed the plea to insanity. Defence, in support of the new plea, brought up further details of statements Haigh had made to the police. In these he had also admitted to having murdered William Donald McSwann, Mrs. McSwann and their son Donald McSwann, Dr. Arthur Henderson and Mrs. Henderson, an unknown woman of about 35 years, an unknown man named Max and an unknown girl named Mary. These murders or, as Haigh prefers to call them, killings, took place from 1944 to 1948 in either the basement of a house in Gloucester-road or in Crawley. He stated he had shot or bludgeoned his victims, then tapped them for a glass of blood which he drank, and finally disposed of their bodies in sulphuric acid, emptying the sludge down man-holes. Ration-books, clothing coupon books and other documents in the name of McSwann and Henderson were found in Haigh's room. Haigh also admitted that he had disposed of some £15,000 worth of property belonging to his victims, by means of forged documents. (Haigh, however, stood accused of only one murder, probably, because the police had not been able to gather evidence enough to charge him with the others).

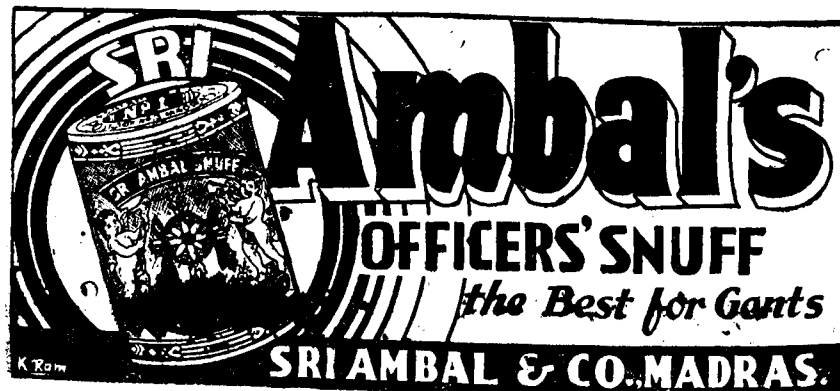
The Defence sought to prove that Haigh was insane when he committed the murders. Only one defence witness was called—Dr. Henry Yellowlees, 61-year-old Harley Street psychiatrist. Dr. Yellowlees said that between July 1 and 6, he interviewed the accused on five occasions in Brixton Prison arriving at the conclusion that Haigh possessed "a paranoid constitution," caused mainly by the environment he had been brought up in. From what Haigh had told him, he understood that Haigh had been subjected, in his early years, to a fanatically religious atmosphere in his parents' house. His mother studied dreams and told fortunes, a fact which must have had its effect on him. He had had no friends and was often lonely, seeking relief by "entering a world of fantasy and fairy tales." Haigh had described to him what he called his "tree-dream," which had begun to haunt him from 1944. "In this dream he finds himself in a forest of crucifixes which turns out to be trees. When he approaches the trees he sees they are dripping with dew or water; then he sees it is not dew or rain, but blood. One of the trees, as he approaches, turns out to be a man who is holding a cup or bowl beneath one of the dripping branches. He sees a tree getting paler and he feels himself losing his strength." Haigh is unable to reach the cup filled with blood, as the man gradually recedes into the forest. However, after the killings, Haigh said he was able to drink from the proffered cup in his dream. The dreams, Haigh believed, confirmed his view of a mystic spirit guiding him.

Haigh also confessed to Dr. Yellowlees that he got an "artistic pleasure" out of hoodwinking people. The fact came out in the doctor's evidence that Haigh had been committed before for forgery and swindling. Under cross-

examination by the Prosecution, Dr. Yellowlees admitted that Haigh, as a paranoid, was incapable of speaking the truth, though he chose to believe what Haigh had told him. When Sir Hartley Shawcross finally asked, "I am asking you to tell the jury whether there was any doubt that Haigh must have known, according to English law, he was doing something which was wrong," Dr. Yellowlees considered for a moment, then said, "I think he knew."

Mr. Justice Humphreys, in his summing-up, said to the jury, "The defence of insanity is the only one set up here in this court... It is not suggested by the Defence that at this moment this man is insane. What is said by the Defence is that he is sane today, but that on Feb. 18 he was in a state such as made him not responsible in law for his actions. You are to decide, according to the law, was this man guilty? Did he know at the time that he shot that unfortunate woman... that it was a wrong thing to do? If you say that he did not know it is wrong, that he was insane, you will say this by your verdict."

The jury took only 13 minutes to arrive at the verdict of guilty, and Haigh was sentenced to death. Asked if he had anything to say, he replied, "Nothing," then smiled and bowed towards the judge. Haigh, described as "handsome and military-mustached" had turned up in a new suit every day of the trial. He conducted himself exemplarily throughout the proceedings, often wearing a broad smile, sometimes dozing quietly, and at other times, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, going through the newspaper. It seemed as though in all England, there was only one person who was completely uninterested in the whole trial and proceedings—John George Haigh himself!



The philosopher should be a man willing to listen to every suggestion, but determined to judge for himself. He should not be biased by appearances; have no favourite hypothesis, be of no school; and in doctrine have no master. He should not be a respecter of persons, but of things. Truth should be his primary object. If to these qualities he added industry, he may indeed hope to walk within the veil of the temple of Nature.—FARADAY.

SPOTLIGHT

THE DOCKERS' STRIKE AND AFTER

IS labour in England recalcitrant by nature? Or, is the Socialist Government not sufficiently pro-labour? These are the questions that arise as one reads about the recent strikes and threats of strikes by the dockers, miners and railwaymen in Britain. For twenty-five days dockers in London refused to unload ships and nearly paralysed Britain's economy by creating a bottleneck in its vital supplies of food and raw materials. At the beginning of this month, the National Union of Railwaymen withdrew its threat to embark on a 'go slow' strike on the British railways after the Government appointed a conciliation board to study railwaymen's wages and working conditions. But the union is again to give notice of a 'go slow' strike because the conciliation board's terms of reference exclude 130,000 workshopmen from the scope of its enquiry. The Colliery Winders' Federation with a strength of 1,500 members in the north of England and Scotland has also given a 21-day notice of a strike to the National Coal Board and the Ministry of Labour over a wage claim and union recognition.

These labour troubles deserve special attention because they arise in Britain at a critical situation and because they throw some light on the relationship between the rank and file in labour and the Labour Party in power. They are best understood by an analysis of the big dock strike in London which was called off last Saturday after it had done considerable harm to Britain's struggling economy.

The background to the strike was simple enough in its outline. It began with the arrival in London's harbour of two Canadian ships which were loaded, according to the Canadian Seamen's Union, in defiance of a labour agreement. British dockers refused to unload them because they did not desire to influence the dispute between Canadian workers and their employers. Unloading the ships, they

felt, would amount to extending their moral support to the employers against the seamen. They also pointed out that it was a recognised custom not to operate ships that were thus strike-bound.

London's port authorities took a different view of the whole matter. They strictly refused to have anything to do with a dispute which concerned workers so far away across the Atlantic and told their dockers that they might not work on the other ships unless they handled the Canadian ships as well.

The result was what was termed a 'lock out' by the workers and a 'strike' by the employers. In effect, over a hundred ships were waiting with badly needed food supplies for Britain until either party broke the deadlock and unloaded them.

The Government now moved in the matter. Prime Minister Clement Attlee started off by declaring at a rally at Manchester that Communists were responsible for these wild-cat strikes that held up food ships and raw materials and threatened the country's vitally needed industrial production 'in these difficult times.'

Sir Hartley Shawcross, speaking with the authority of the chief law officer of the Government, described the strike as 'illegal.' The strikers, he said, were acting under instructions from abroad. "They have announced their deliberate intention to smash the Marshall Plan for the recovery of Europe and in all countries they are pursuing the same methods... I do not mean by this that those taking part are Communists. They are not, but they have allowed their loyalties to the working class to be played upon by unscrupulous agents." He also warned the dockers that the Government would take all necessary powers to operate the docks and unload the ships if the dockers did not listen to reason.

The dock workers ignored this warning and refused to unload the Canadian ships. The Government

promptly declared a state of emergency and immediately troops began to move into the harbour and unload the ships.

Only once before had regulations made under such an emergency proclamation been put into effect in England and that was in the unhappy days of the General Strike of 1926. Since then, on three occasions the proclamation was issued but the disputes were settled before further action was taken. That it should have been necessary for the Government to use the regulations in this case is a commentary on the strained relationship between the workers and the Labour Government.

It would be worth considering whether such drastic action on the part of the Government was called for and whether the dockers' unyielding stand was justified by the existence of any real grievances. The men's refusal to unload the Canadian ships was a sequel to the dispute between the Canadian Seamen's Union on the one hand and the employers and the International Seafarers' Union on the other. The Seamen's Union struck work for maintaining the wages and working conditions prescribed by the International Federation of Transport Workers of which it is a member. The Seafarers' Union accepted from employers terms which had been rejected by the other union and had been supplying crews for Canadian ships in an effort to break the strike and the union at the same time. There has always been a tradition of international solidarity among waterfront workers exhibited in this case by sympathetic stoppage of work in Australia, New Zealand, France, Italy and South Africa.

While, on the face of it, the right of workers to express their sympathy for their fellow workers on strike looks justifiable, a study of this particular dispute reveals that there is more to it than a mere expression of sympathy. Firstly, four Labour Members of Parliament who were asked to investigate the Canadian seamen's strike reported to Mr. Attlee that the union which had called the strike was riddled with Communist activity. Secondly, the critical financial and trade situation that faces England now does not allow any stoppage of work in any industry.

The Government's attention was therefore drawn to two specific problems in connection with this dispute. One was the alarming loss of confidence of the workers in union leaders—the recent strikes in Britain have all been unofficial ones not sanctioned by the unions. The other was the political activity of a group of Communists in the trade unions whose aim appears to be a slackening of Britain's economic recovery to prove their thesis that the Marshall Plan was incapable of producing good results.

Both these problems received due attention from the Labour Government. A remedy to the growing gap between trade union leaders and the workers is the removal of Communists from organisations where they form a substantial enough minority to be able to start unofficial strikes against the advice of union leaders. The Transport and General Workers' Union, for instance, decided recently at Scarborough that they would dismiss all Communists holding official posts in the union. Its secretary Arthur Deakin explained that this decision would be put through from the beginning of next year. This is the first big organisation to take such a drastic step in England.

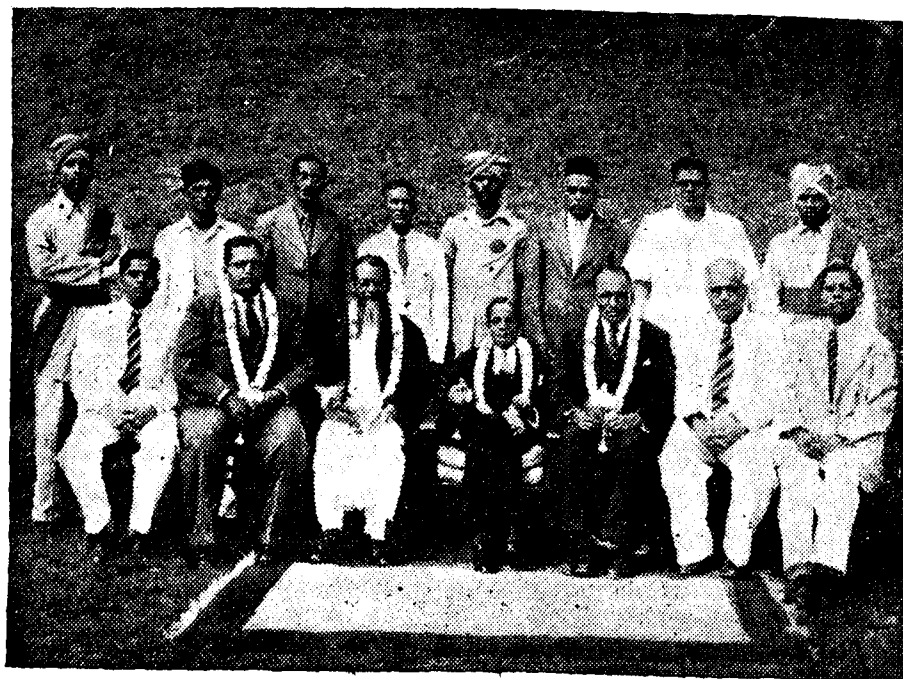
With regard to the political activity of the Communists and the workers led by them the Government has shown itself sufficiently clear-headed in dealing with it. It did not hesitate to use troops to break a strike which in its opinion was 'high political and economic treason' but did not fall into the error, which would have made excellent propaganda material for the Communists, of calling off its welfare schemes for dock labour. The National Dock Labour Scheme which the Labour Government had introduced guaranteed a weekly income to the dockers whether they worked or not and abolished the casual nature of their employment. The Chairman of the Dock Labour Board, Lord Ammon, threatened the dockers with cancellation of this welfare scheme if they did not return to work but was pulled up promptly by the Government and called upon to resign.

The dockers, however, do not seem to have realised that the Labour Government deserves their help and sympathy in meeting their innume-

rable difficulties at least as much as their Canadian brothers do. The strike was finally called off not because the dockers regretted the distress to which their strike had subjected their Government and fellow-citizens, but because the Canadian Seamen's Union made a 'gesture to the people of Britain' by suspending their strike so far as London's harbours were concerned.

From this it should be clear that labour in Britain faces a serious issue along with labour all over the world.

The slogan 'Workers of the world, unite' is not so dogmatically applicable now as it was some time ago. World labour has split into two decisive camps since the Second World War—the Communist and the non-Communist. Whatever the internal differences in the non-Communist bloc, it has unanimously rejected Communist leadership which involved following a political line often neither in the national nor in the workers' interests but designed to square with whatever happened to be Russia's foreign policy.



Group photo taken on the occasion of the function that was arranged recently at the Carlton Hotel in honour of Rev. Br. K. V. Peter, who is in charge of the Post Office at Shembaganur, Kodaikanal. (Readers of Swatantra must be familiar with the Rev. Br. Peter on whom an article appeared in the issue of Swatantra dated July 2, 1949).

Seated:—Centre: P. M. G. Mr. D. Bhima Rao, M. B. E. To his right: Rev. Br. K. V. Peter and Sri T. R. Sankaran, Superintendent of Posts. To his left: Rao Sahib K. V. Nilakantam, Assistant P.M.G.

(Photo—Doveton Studios, Kodaikanal.)

SIDELIGHTS : :

History is little more than the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind.—GIBBON.

OF those who made complaints against some of the Madras Ministers, Sri Shanker Rao Deo says that "one cannot be very much blamed if one infers that disappointment must be one of the motives which has actuated them to come forward and charge their opponents with misusing their ministerial power and position." It is not so axiomatic as he assumes that one cannot be blamed. One can certainly be blamed for attributing to disappointment any charges against Ministers made by say Sri Konda Venkatappayya or Sri A. Vaidyanatha Ayyar. Sri Venkatappayya has a record of disinterested and patriotic service extending over three decades such as few can boast of in Andhra, and the stamp of his character is brought out in the title Desabhakta bestowed on him by an affectionate and reverent public. He has reached an age at which the excitement of political ambition can scarcely act as a motive for the discrediting of competitors. To suggest that disappointment could have impelled him to come forward with allegations against anybody is not merely an absurdity, it is an impertinence. Sri Vaidyanatha Ayyar could have been a Minister long ago if he had chosen. He and Dr. Subbarayan are the only two among the legislators of the province who spurned the post of Minister when they had it in their grasp. In the matter of non-acquisitiveness and absolute indifference to power, position and wealth, Sri Vaidyanatha Ayyar has attained a pinnacle of renown that the saints might envy. It is not suggested here that complaints from saints should be invested with extra validity denied to lesser beings. Sometimes the truth might escape the saints and come out of the lips of scoundrels. Complaints against Ministers cannot be treated as a personal matter between the Ministers and the complainants, as the fortunes of millions hang on how they are dealt with. The motive and character of a complainant are not rele-

vant for a fair consideration of charges against a Minister. A bad Minister deserves to go even if the demand comes from persons worse than he. Comparative assessment of the respective worths of complainants and accused is a dangerous way of conducting an enquiry. It substitutes extenuation for elucidation of facts. It provokes doubts and questions about the judge himself. For nobody in his senses can uphold the view that as man to man Sri Shanker Rao Deo is half as eminent as some of the leaders on whom he has passed his insulting strictures with such rank abandon and gusto.

It is difficult to make head or tail of Sri Deo's pronouncements on the manifestations of communalism in the policies of the Ministry. He starts by saying that the communal feeling has poisoned the whole public and political life in the South, that "it has encouraged nepotism, inefficiency and a separatist tendency" and that "it is the duty of every Congressman to see that this communal feeling is eradicated root and branch from our public life." But he ends by saying that, "after all, in democracy you have to satisfy the ignorant, or in our case the communal voters who are your masters." His theoretical enunciation of the urgent need for stamping out communalism root and branch is nullified by his formula that democracy has to proceed on the satisfaction of the ignorant who are the masters. Between the two extremes, where does the Congress Working Committee stand? If it endorses its Secretary by adopting a policy of placating the ignorant, it will have come down to the level of the ignorant abdicating leadership for the sake of clinging to power. But power may not remain with it for long. It will be ousted by the impetus to chaos that lies in the war against intelligence being waged under the banner of communalism and in the anger of "young intelligent boys and girls wandering from college to college for admission, and finding their doors slammed against them and thus all

their hopes for the future dashed to the ground."

Brains and merit, denied due scope in colleges and public services, are, out of frustration and bitter desperation, being turned not merely into anti-government camps but also into violent anti-social mentalities. The prevailing communal war on merit is resulting in a cycle of opposite trends. While the administration is im-

poverished for lack of the merit which it delights in banning, its loss is the gain of forces bent on undoing it. The stream of brilliant young people for whom our communal Ministers have no use has begun to swell the currents of crime and Communism. The war is between frustrated intelligence being driven to desperation and a State progressively insured against talent through blatant communal policies. —SAKA.

GROUPS WITHIN THE CONGRESS

By Dr. P. C. ALEXANDER

THE Congress High Command seems to have suddenly discovered that the formation of groups within the party is a danger to be sternly suppressed. But we are afraid that the realisation of the danger has come rather too late. Ever since the general elections of 1945, symptoms of this danger have been appearing in the legislative parties of some of the provinces, but the High Command did practically nothing to stop the rot. On the other hand, some prominent members of the High Command were themselves actively interested in the formation of groups and cliques. It is only today, when group politics has become practically the order of the day in every province, that the High Command realises the danger it has tolerated till now.

Groups based on differences in political ideologies is not an uncommon phenomenon. Even in countries with mature political parties, we come across instances of such groups within parties. There are rightists among leftists, and leftists among rightists. There is a progressive group among the Conservatives, and a conservative group among the Socialists. When political parties are formed on the basis of political and economic ideologies it is natural to find such groups. Such groups may not be organised and they may not have even a consistent following. They continue in the party so long as they do not come into conflict with the party on fundamental issues. When an occasion arises for a conflict on vital issues, groups either secede from the party or are sent

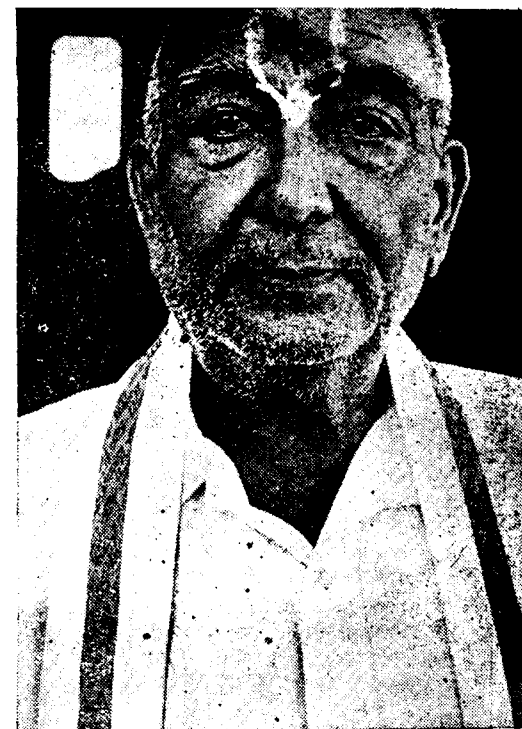
out of it. In our country we have the example of the Communists and the Socialists who had to leave the Congress.

There is another type of group politics. Sometimes one section of a party may not agree with a particular policy or programme adopted by the party. Or, one section may disagree with the decision of the majority in a specific issue. If there are no differences in fundamental principles, such groups may be allowed to have their independence of action. For example, the Congress allowed the Swarajists to function as a separate group when the latter did not fall in line with the policy of Non-cooperation. Sometimes differences on specific issues may result in the break-up of political parties. For example, the Irish Home Rule question split up Mr. Gladstone's Liberal party in 1886 and several members of the Liberal party went over to the Conservatives.

The formation of groups, whether based on differences in principle or in policy is undoubtedly a source of weakness to the party. If the Congress tolerated such groups in its early stages, it was because the Congress had not yet become a political party in the strict sense of the term. Till recently the role of the Congress was more as a national front than as a political party. It was only when its objective as a national organisation was realised that it transformed itself into a regular political party. Unfortunately at the time of this transformation, a new type of group politics was allowed to take root in

the organisation. The new groups were based neither on principles nor on policies, but were centred round personalities. At the time of the formation of Ministries, ambitious individuals began to form cliques to back up their claims to positions of power. The first open manifestation of group politics was in Madras when certain cliques combined together to prevent the election of C. R. as Prime Minister. The influence of group politics reached its climax when certain factions, supported by some very eminent members of the High Command, combined together to oust Premier Prakasam from power. The Prakasam group played a prominent part in overthrowing C. R., while the C. R. group played an important role in overthrowing Prakasam. Meanwhile, some mushroom groups arose centred round certain insignificant personalities and today they control power having overthrown both the C. R. group and the Prakasam group. If the Congress High Command had effectively interfered in Madras politics and sternly discouraged the formation of groups round personalities, it would have been a good warning to the other provinces. But as some eminent leaders at the top were pulling strings from behind the curtain, things were allowed to take their own course. Madras became an example and an encouragement to East Punjab, West Bengal, Orissa and U. P. Today the States also are copying the example of the provinces.

The High Command seems to be having a very curious notion about party solidarity. It thinks that differences are to be patched up instead of being dissolved. Very often the remedy it suggests to provinces having ministerial crises is to have a Cabinet consisting of all the groups in the party. In Hyderabad it ordered



The late Dr. Sreenivasaraghavan (Dr. Seema), last of the scions of the Tyagaraja school.

the reconstitution of the Working Committee with the representatives of the two rival groups. In Madras it recommended a "composite Cabinet" (?) with proportional representation to the different groups! In West Bengal also the remedy is a "composite Cabinet." It is this policy of the High Command that has reduced the Congress to a congeries of rival groups. Let there be a heart-searching by some of the Congress leaders who occupy the highest position in the country today. They will find then that group politics which they now try to combat is a Frankenstein of their own creation.

HARD THINKING

Very few of us do much thinking. Consequently, thinking is the hardest work of which man is capable, although it is the only genuinely profitable work and is the sole substance of enjoyment. We prefer emotions, prejudices, second-hand opinions. Most of us accept thought, as we do a popular song or an announcement on the radio and let it do what it likes with us. Otherwise we treat it like the measles and try to get rid of it. As for thinking ourselves, we don't know where to begin, among so many bewildering "truths"—that we discover only too soon are, after all, only hypotheses and very lame ones.—TALBOT MUNDY.

SLOGANS ARE NO SOLUTION

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

IT is difficult to feel enthused over the recommendations for tenancy reform which the Agrarian Reforms Committee are reported to have made. From what one gathers from the press reports, it is pretty evident that the Committee have not dealt with the problems scientifically and even justly. If the objective be to help grow more food, which is the primal need of the hour, then their recommendations may well impede it, besides throwing out of gear the entire land tenure structure prevailing for upwards of several centuries.

In Madras, excluding the Malabar and Mangalore districts which operate under a special tenancy law, there are three kinds of tenures: the ryotwari, the inam and the zamindari. The sovereign in ancient India (as also the State in modern times) theoretically owned the land and all that lay beneath it, namely, mines, minerals and treasure trove. The actual occupant who took it up for cultivation was in effect the full owner, subject to the payment of a tax which was normally one-sixth share of the produce which was collected by the tax officials. This is the origin of the ryotwari system which is in vogue in respect of 27.6 million acres in Madras Presidency. The Hindu kings had also conferred gifts of land in favour of temples and charities and also as rewards for public and spiritual services. The tax was either nominal or remitted. This concession was also extended to the village artisans such as carpenters, barbers, etc., as a sort of old age pension. This system also obtains at present in regard to demobilised personnel and political sufferers. This is the inam tenure which accounts for 6.8 million acres. The Moslem and the British rulers were keen only on collecting revenue, and not being in a position to deal with the occupants directly, employed the very tax officials of the Hindu kings as rent collectors and looked to them not merely for the payment of revenue but in certain tracts of the country for

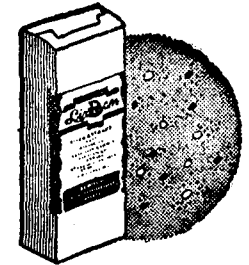
police duties as well. In course of time these people, the zamindars as they came to be called, now owning 12.8 million acres, successfully asserted proprietary rights to the land itself, becoming gradually a sort of imperium in imperio.

The British Government dealt with these three classes differently. The inams were 'enfranchised,' that is, freed from liability for service and the grantees were confirmed in their possession on payment of a nominal tax called quit rent. In the ryotwari tracts, a comprehensive survey of the quality of the soil was effected and taxation was fixed on that basis, which roughly works out at about half the net produce. In regard to the zamindars, their peishcush payable to the Government was standardised in 1802. What however was not standardised, and remained a constant source of irritation between them and their tenants, were the innumerable taxes and exactions which were levied on the tenants. Some of the worst abuses of the system were remedied by legislation in 1908 and the zamindari ryot was given, or to be more accurate, got back permanent and heritable rights of occupancy in his holding. But still more remained to be done to place the zamindari ryot on an equal footing with those in the inam and ryotwari tracts. The cardinal fact was that the zamindar unlike the ryotwari landholder or the inamdar, was not at all the occupant of the land and hence could not lawfully resist all or any of the ryots' demands. But suddenly in 1933, the Zamindari cum Justicite Ministry thrust, so to say, occupancy rights on the cultivating tenants in inam villages, without any specific agitation on their behalf, but solely, as a retired English Judge wrote to the present writer, to spite the inamdars who were believed to be mostly Brahmins. Even otherwise there could not be anything in common between the zamindari ryot and the inam and ryotwari tenants, just as there could not be any between the most oppressed and the most favour-

ed. The zamindar was at no time owner of the soil, being only an intermediary between the State and the ryot; nor could the various exactions he levied on the tenant be legally defended. That in the circumstances he should be scrapped out of existence seems logical, but it would be unwise to tar the inamdar or the ryotwari landholder with the same brush. They have both from time immemorial owned the land; and their relationship with their cultivating tenants has always been on the strictly legal basis of landlord and tenant. Governments, however, with a socialistic bias might be unable to resist slogans such as "Tillers of the soil must be owners" "Absentee landlords must go," and that precisely appears to be the stand-point of the Agrarian Reforms Committee.

The ryotwari tracts comprise mostly the agricultural middle class people who, for several centuries, have been regarded as full owners. With the advent of the British and the increased opportunities for education and employment in urban areas, the villages became depopulated and the former peasants sought and got Government jobs or flourished in trade and commerce, but without at the same time losing their touch with their village or their lands. Conversely also, many people became proprietors by purchase or as investors. Now, income from landed property has always been negligible, a fact which was too evident in the depression years, and it was rather because of the owner's subsidiary occupation that many holdings were not wiped out. No doubt technically these people can be termed "absentee landlords" in the sense that they do not reside in the vicinity of the property all throughout the year, but otherwise their connection with their lands has always been real and intimate. Let us examine a typical ryotwari set-up. The landholder contributes the capital and is the owner of the land by inheritance or purchase. He pays the Government revenue and meets all cultivation expenses, such as manures, seedlings, etc., and effects necessary improvements. The richer the landlord, the greater the extent of the improvements. He takes a share of the produce which normally would be about half the net produce. In lean years,

he writes off his dues, but in surplus years he does not take more than his dues. Arrears of rent are only rarely at all sued for and collected. In recent times, however, thanks largely to the Black Shirt cum Kisan cum Communist agitation, no landholder can attempt to take more than what the lessee or waramdar freely and willingly gives. Furthermore, the rentals, viz, the lease amounts in ryotwari tracts have remained stationary for the tenants of house property in urban areas at the present time who are paying nearly four or five times the normal rents. As regards the duration of tenancy, the lessee or waram-



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dar is, in the majority of cases, kept on almost permanently and hereditarily. Critics have however not been wanting to damn the landholder (Mr. K. A. Abbas has recently characterised him as a "parasite") and there have appeared in the press, grievances of the tenants in certain places,—one of them was voiced forth by Mr. J. C. Kumarappa himself. But they have been mostly on the model of the Muslim League's "atrocities" story against the Congress Governments. One of the main reasons for the failure of the "Grow More Food" scheme has been the gradual deterioration in the relationship between the landlord and his tenant and the consequent disinclination of the former to invest huge sums for scientific planning and cultivation, which only those who have other avenues of income can possibly undertake. And if the Agrarian Reforms Committee would go further and dismiss the "absentee" landholder outright, then the door is closed for all efforts in that direction.

Property is both tangible and intangible, that is to say, it comprises not merely lands, houses, cash and jewellery, but also rights in regard to trade marks, copy-rights and business goodwill. Generally speaking, a degree of absenteeism is inherent in the enjoyment of all property, except perhaps dwelling houses, personal jewellery and cash. Thus the owner of a trade-mark or copyright in England, can prevent their infringement even in India. Similarly, a house-owner living in Bombay but renting (may be rack-renting) his house in Madras and a shareholder drawing fat dividends out of shares purchased at a nominal price, of business which is transacted overseas, are as much absentee-owners as a landholder living in a town to carry on his avocation or for the education of his children; yet why should it be a normal thing in the former cases but a sin in the latter? The Committee would appear to have "no sympathy with the big landlord who is content to receive a cash rent from lessees whom he may not have seen for years." But what about the debenture holder, say of a shipping corporation living in Tanjore, who does not know the people operat-

ing the ship or even anything at all about the ship? Does it disentitle him from receiving the income therefrom or assigning it or otherwise disposing of it? Should every shareholder of a mill actually work with the labourers on pain of being deprived of his ownership?

It is no doubt of paramount importance that the "tiller of the soil" must be protected and insured against destitution and old age but that should be the primal concern of the State in collaboration with the landholder. Agricultural labour must be tackled as any other type of labour and uniform privileges should be accorded. The lot of the "tiller of the soil" is bad enough in all conscience; perhaps the only consolation is that it is not much worse than that of a mill labourer or a miner, who has no heritable or transferable right in his appointment and yet works harder. Efforts should however not slacken to make the position of these people a little more worthwhile than it now is. The two enemies, drink and debt, have been liquidated. The pressure on land must be reduced and supplementary occupations as in Switzerland must be provided. With the prospect of scientific farming and the mechanisation of agriculture, there will be less number of hands at the plough than at present and that way the problem may solve itself.

As regards the conferment of occupancy rights; there should be a uniform juristic basis. Ryots in zamindari areas have to be given occupancy rights precisely because it was there before the zamindars came on the scene. In the case of the ryotwari holdings the relationship is that of a landlord and tenant. One of the immutable principles of law is that no tenant can claim possession of the holding adversely to his landlord, at any rate as long as the tenancy lasts—a principle which is rigorously enforced in regard to the tenants of house property; and to abrogate this cardinal tenet of jurisprudence just for the sake of a few slogans, smacks of Communism which Pandit Nehru has rightly classed as our Public Enemy No. 1.

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.

Gratuitous Gallantry

Sri R. Suryanarayana Rao, M. L. C. (ex-Member, Servants of India Society) has constituted himself a public champion of the official integrity of the Madras Ministers. In the case of Sri A. B. Shetty (ex-Minister of Public Health), in any case, it is a piece of gratuitous gallantry. For people who know anything of Sri Shetty will scorn any suggestion of suspicion of his complicity at any stage in the radium scandal in the General Hospital. If at all, the unfortunate incident will only convince them of his temperamentally innocent ineptitude for the responsibilities of the place he then held. Specially in times when honesty in the common man, more so among the official classes, is being put to the severest test, persons in high positions cannot be too vigilant and meticulous against possibilities of their being assailed in indirect and subtle ways. That Caesar's wife must be above suspicion applies with full force in their case. Sri Shetty's brother-in-law, in addition to his job, is running a private radiological institute in his home, where Sri Shetty was living with him and his son was also working as a junior partner. Radiological equipment is very costly and difficult to get promptly. The common practice among medical men in charge of Government hospitals is to use the equipment of the latter in their private practice. It is too fantastic to suppose that suspicion, in this particular case, was specially generated so as to involve one more Minister in the charge of corruption against the Cabinet members. It is, however, natural to surmise that family relationships could embolden lesser people to indulge in their irregularities. In these circumstances, Sri Suryanarayana Rao's falling foul of SAKA, for voicing all this with a due sense of decorum and responsibility, has no cause.

K. S. ALVA

Udipi.

Injustice To Backward Classes

The Madras Government are following a communal rule in allotting seats in professional colleges. Out of 14 seats 2 are for Brahmins, 2 for Harijans, 2 for backward classes, 1 for Christians or Anglo-Indians, 1 for Muslims and 6 for Non-Brahmin Hindus.

This rule has done and is doing a very great injustice to backward classes. While the Brahmin community (only one community) is being given 2 seats out of 14, the backward classes which run in num-

ber to 145 communities (in the Madras Public Service Commission list as well as in the Madras Education Rules list) are to be given only 2 seats out of 14. This really is the greatest injustice done to the nearly 150 backward communities.

The Non-Brahmin communities are Reddys, Kammas, Vysyas and, may be, let us take it, some 20 other communities. This small number of communities is to be given 6 seats out of 14! This rule has done irreparable injury to backward classes, and it must go. The Government must at once look into this matter and allot 4 seats for backward classes, 3 for Non-Brahmin Hindus, 3 for Harijans and scheduled classes.

Madanapalle.

K. HANUMANTHU

Plight Of College Teachers

May I voice forth the grievances of Pachaiyappa's College teachers through your columns? The sad plight of teachers in respect of emoluments has been the cause of agitation for sometime now. The inflationary spiral of prices has reduced this section of middle class employees to semi-starvation and abject helplessness. While the cost of living index has reached nearly 370 points, the salaries of college teachers have remained almost constant. The result is the standard of living of the teachers has been reduced by three times the pre-war level. Even the starting of Rs. 150 for lecturers in Government service is inadequate and compares unfavourably with the starting in the North. But the plight of teachers in aided colleges is depressing indeed! Their income is half of what their equals get in Government service. Even in aided colleges, sometimes new entrants are started on Rs. 150 and higher, whereas the older incumbents with better qualifications and longer service are kept on lower salaries. Thus those who leave one institution for another are benefitted, while the rest who stick to the same institution are unjustifiably made to suffer. Such anomalies and discrimination are poisoning the atmosphere of the higher centres of learning. But even the startling events of the year have not proved an eye-opener to the authorities of the University and the Government. The worst sufferers of such a policy will be the youth of the country, and the problem will have to be viewed in the light of the country's interests.

The unfeeling attitude of private-managements should be realized from the-

fact that the teachers of Pachaiyappa's College have not yet been paid even D. A. as per G. O. in spite of reminders from the Director. It is surprising why the management of such an ancient institution are not evincing the least interest in improving the conditions of teachers in their service. Year after year teachers have been leaving the institution in large number. How can traditions and high standards be maintained under such conditions! Even the higher start of Rs. 150 fails to attract and retain first-rate men in the profession. Still the University does not enforce even this start. Deterioration in standards and the wide prevalence of irregular practices should convince the University and the Government of the urgency of the problem, and they should tackle it in the right spirit instead of following the line of least resistance by letting things alone.

M. PATTABHI RAMA REDDY
Secretary, Pachaiyappa's College
Teachers' Assn.

Madras.

Motor Vehicles Taxation

The Minister for Transport deserves congratulations on laying down definite policies regarding the control and operation of road transport in our Province. It is to be hoped that after the meeting of the Transport Advisory Council, Delhi, at the end of this month, it will be possible to work on definite lines to further the good idea of road-rail Companies. The Minister slimmed some excess fat by an increase in Motor Vehicles taxation but has attempted to keep the goose in good health by permitting an increase in bus fares! Though India imports annually about Rs. 37½ crores worth of motor vehicles, there is a terrible waste of buses and lorries in our Province due to duplication and speculation. The Minister had rightly directed that the Central Road

Traffic Board should scrutinise all applications for new permits before the Regional Transport Authorities decide them. It is a fact that there are at least 15 applicants for one bus intended to be permitted on a new route. At present, a fee of Rs. 16 is levied for each application for a bus but it is refundable when the application is not granted. It is alleged that in some of the northern districts of Madras, these permits are being "sold" even now at fabulous prices. The risk involved in this speculation is only an advance (not an expense) of Rs. 16! Hence, in order to restrict applicants to sincere ones and also to prevent speculation and above all as a compensation for the work of the Central Road Traffic Board, it should be laid down that every applicant for a bus permit should pay a fee of Rs. 500 which will not be refundable. Such a procedure will deter frivolous speculators, lessen the work of the Central Road Traffic Board and incidentally bring in a handsome revenue.

The Minister should be further congratulated on his intention to abolish standing passengers in mofussil buses. It is to be hoped that the policy of the Transport Minister will be enforced with the immediate appointment of District Transport Officers for each district. Then, it will be possible to review entirely the subject of motor vehicles taxation and find ways and means of increasing the revenue from that source instead of nibbling at it. The owners of motor vehicles will gladly support such taxation measures if only they are assured that the motor vehicles taxation is user's tax and not a luxury tax and will be ploughed back in an appreciable measure for the betterment of roads and furtherance of road mileage.

S. N. RAMASAMY

GROW MORE FOLK ART

(See Frontispiece on Page 4)

It has been suggested that to revitalise indigenous folk art villagers should be educated to improve the designs of their productions within a given short time. It is a noble project but the prospect seems to be charged with some liabilities since the provocation of quick culture might tempt the villagers to be too enlightened to be content with local demand vitally concerned with indigenous patterns. It is to be hoped that the improvement will not give the spittoon the exaltation of a flower vase or an ash tray. Not an uncommon exhibit in a fashionable anglicised drawing room.