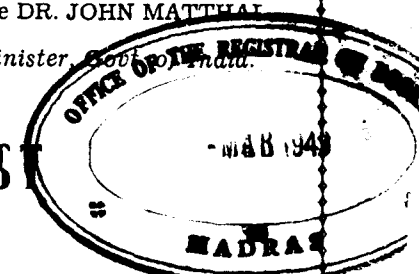




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SWATANTRA

VOL. IV, NO. 4.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1949

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SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 4

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

CENTRAL FINANCES

THE second Central Budget of free India was presented by Dr. John Matthai, Finance Minister in the Dominion Parliament on Monday evening. That part of the speech which deals with a review of the finances of the current year afforded the listeners the consolation of knowing that while expenditure during this year exceeded original estimates by Rs. 82.49 crores, there was a gratifying increase in revenue by Rs. 83.03 crores leaving the net deficit for 1948-49 at Rs. 1.55 crores against Rs. 2.14 crores anticipated. For the coming financial year the estimate of revenue based on current scales of taxation is Rs. 307.74 crores and expenditure Rs. 322.53 crores, leaving a deficit of Rs. 14.79 crores. The plus and minus effects of the reliefs and imposts, which are proposed by Dr. Matthai, enable him to cover the deficit and indicate a nominal surplus of under half a crore of rupees.

Dr. John Matthai commenced his speech with a reference to the demon of inflation and the high cost of living and curiously enough ended up with proposals for indirect taxation that should put up living costs and reverse the more recent trend to which he referred with some satisfaction, of a declining index number. The increased excises on betel nut, sugar and on so-called superfine, fine and coarse cloth and the increased customs duties on imported articles in respect of which there is no indigenous production and which will therefore inevitably fall on the Indian consumer are not exactly calculated to promote disinflationary trends. Living conditions are quite exasperat-

ing already. There is explicit acknowledgement in the Finance Minister's speech that agricultural production during the current year is already showing a decline owing to floods in Bihar and U. P., cyclone in Bombay and famine in parts of Gujarat and Rajasthan, necessitating our drawing more copiously on our limited foreign exchange resources for financing our food supplies in the coming year. Again, according to him, halting homage is being paid at the altar of increased industrial production and nowhere have we reached our war-time production levels, so that our battle on the production front is too perfunctory and is not likely to mitigate or reverse the prevailing inflationary pressure on prices of essentials. The narrative about our dollar deficits, limits on the convertibility of our sterling resources into other hard currencies, the circumstances that made (and seem to be still making) it impossible for us to borrow in the giltedge market and force us into the arms of the comparatively usurious International Monetary Fund (where our borrowing rate is, it is reliably understood, 4½ per cent as against the internal borrowing rate of 3%) provides doleful reading. These constitute the infelicitous aspects of India's finances. There is something tragi-comic in his reference to the borrowing programme outlined in the last budget, of Rs. 150 crores which could not be implemented owing to the depressed condition of the money market and in his hoping to be able to borrow the comparatively modest sum of Rs. 85 crores next year. From what



Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel

we gather, the chances of Government being able to borrow in the coming financial year are remote, which reminds us of the story of the West End peeress who was quarrelling with the tailor on the exorbitance of his bill. Her meek husband who was sitting in the adjoining room was laughing and asked his wife in confidence why she was making such a furore over the bill, as she habitually never paid bills. She replied that it would be wrong to let the tailor think he was losing more than he need. Dr. John Matthai would be in the similar happy position of knowing at the end of the financial year that he failed to borrow Rs. 85 crores whereas Sri Shanmukham Chetty failed to borrow Rs. 150 crores.

Dr. Matthai's proposals for relief while subtracting somewhat from his reputation for socialistic inclinations, are intended to enliven a debilitated investment market, at a time when industry requires a great deal of private capital. The provisions regarding additional depreciation, relief in customs duty on raw material, exemption up to a limit on new companies' profits, should help industry up to a point. In the abolition of the capital gains tax and the small cuts in certain income and super tax slabs, is undoubtedly to be seen a homage to pressure groups and high finance. The abolition of export duty on oil seeds and vegetable oils is welcome relief to a South Indian industry, while providing much-needed foreign exchange to Government. Among the proposals for fresh taxation, we would like to refer to the increase in the import duty on motor spirit by 3 annas per gallon and to the doubling of the duty on tyres for motor vehicles from 15% to 30% advalorem. One is likely to run away with the idea that this will affect only the user of the motor car—the rich man. These two imposts are bound to increase the costs in the transport industry and in the carrier trade, both of which have developed fairly rapidly, the railways having failed to penetrate large tracts and revealing

but little prospect of doing anything better in the present state of railway finance. Bus fares may consequently be put up to offset increased operating costs, while carrier tariffs enhanced for the same reason will be reflected in prices of commodities carried. Again, that forgotten if much harassed person, the consumer, will find his family budget deficit widening what time Dr. John Matthai is pleasantly preoccupied with converting his dominion deficit into a small surplus. The increased postal rates can be set off against the advantage of speedier air mail communication in so far as inter-city postal traffic is concerned, but the hardship imposed by the increased rates on the normal letter-writer in the mofussil, in other words, on inter-small town traffic, where airmail does not help, is inescapable.

Broadly, it is difficult to understand the Finance Minister's thesis that the budget must be balanced. Is the International Monetary Fund making this a condition of our borrowing? Otherwise, at a time when emergency or non-recurring expenditure as in the case of refugees and Kashmir figures so largely in the budget, it is difficult to justify this conformity to orthodox canons of public finance, at the expense of the very principle which the budget claims to subserve—that of disinflation.

Incentive To Desperation

THE danger of allowing the finances of a province to pass on to the control of a Minister unacquainted with sound principles of modern progressive government, is reflected in the ghastly budget presented to the Madras Legislative Assembly by the Hon'ble Mr. B. Gopala Reddi. He still seems to labour under a primitive conception of the task of the budget-framer, the conception that his duties are fairly discharged if the Government's revenue and expenditure are somehow made to balance. Progressive Governments like those of

Britain and the U. S. A. have left such a conception far behind. They no longer adhere to superficial technicalities of mere formal solvency in their handling of national finances. Of what use is an exhibition of Government's capacity to produce a surplus of revenue over expenditure if it leaves the people in a miserable condition? "It must be a function of the State in future," says Beveridge, "to ensure adequate total outlay and by consequence to protect its citizens against mass unemployment, as definitely as it is now the function of the State to defend the citizens against attack from abroad and against robbery and violence at home." He regards a new budgetary policy with a new type of budget as the main instrument for fulfilment of such a function. What is the essence of this new budgetary policy? "It is," says Beveridge, "that the budget is made with reference to available manpower, not to money; that it becomes a human budget." He adds:

"Man-power is a datum; it cannot be altered by State action; to take anything else as a datum and to try to fit use of man-power to it is to risk mass unemployment or mass fatigue. It follows that the Minister of National Finance has to take each year one cardinal decision; after estimating how much, assuming full employment and under the taxation which he proposes, private citizens may be expected to lay out that year on consumption and private investment, he must propose for that year public outlay sufficient, with this estimated private outlay, to employ the whole man-power of the country, that is to say sufficient to make the assumption of full employment come true. This cardinal decision involves a break with the two main principles which have governed the State budgets of the past; first, that State expenditure should be kept down to the minimum necessary to meet inescapable needs; second, that State income and expenditure should balance each year. The State, if it aims at full employment, must be prepared at need to spend more than it takes away from the citizens by taxation, in order to use the labour and other productive resources which would otherwise be wasted in unemployment."

What Beveridge wrote in the language of the economist Sardar Patel

stated in the homely words of the practical administrator in the course of his address to Madras citizens at the Island Ground. Said Sardar Patel:

"There is enough wealth in the bosom of the earth and there is enough mineral resource. We have simply to use our brains and our resources to take them out and utilise them. For the utilisation of those resources, we shall require experts. We shall require machinery, we shall require capital goods. Machinery which we cannot get easily, we have to import. We have many handicaps. But we want to do all that and if we do all that and if we tide over this short period, then India will flow with milk and honey. Shall we do it?"

Mr. Gopala Reddi has evidently decided in his budget that we shall not do it. The principles of taxation revealed in his handling of provincial finance are the very reverse of those required for the elimination of popular distress, let alone making the country flow with milk and honey. All methods of transferring purchasing power from private citizens to public authorities are comprised in taxation, and if the purpose of taxation is to be envisaged as the setting up of programmes of planned outlay directed by proper social priorities for a concentrated attack on the giant evils of want, disease, ignorance, squalor and inequality, it is necessary that taxation should not become an engine of oppression against the poor. It should be a means for making the rich part with a share of their wealth in order that the needs of the poor may be met and social security promoted through a wise use of public funds. With his tax on coconuts, oil seeds, sugarcane, chillies, coffee, potatoes, pepper, plantains and the like, the Madras Finance Minister has contributed to a further rise in the cost of living which will add heavily to the economic miseries of an already overstarved population. It is useless to resort to police measures and public safety ordinances while undermining social security with ill-conceived imposts tending to aggravate the economic distress of the people. Mr. Gopala Reddi's budget is

an incentive to popular desperation the bitter effects of which will strengthen the forces of disorder in their attack on the stability of the State.

Crossing The Rubicon

THE decision to ban strikes in essential services, coupled with the all-out offensive of the Communists throughout the country to queer the pitch for the Government has led to a momentous decision which bids fair to mark off the Pandit of the past from the Pandit of the future. It is surely a stroke of the ironic fates that Pandit Nehru who began with an abundance of good-will for Communism and an intellectual subscription to its main ideological tenets should now address himself to the task of extracting the fangs of that very organisation with the aims of which he was not long ago in general sympathy. But the fact is that we have been living from one crisis to another during the last two years. Having survived the storm and stress of passions roused by the partition and the other lamentable consequences of the two-nations theory, we are now confronted with a menace of much greater proportions, because while it is aimed at us from the inside, it is inspired from beyond the geographical boundaries of our country. Whether due to the spectacular successes of Chinese Reds or to the supposed infirmity of purpose of successor Governments from India to Malaya, the spokesmen of the Communist Party in the entire South-East Asian region are apparently of the view that the time is ripe for a blitzkrieg if it could be synchronised in the whole area. For it stands to reason that where pressure is applied all along a line, some part or parts at least are bound to crack, and the breach thus made could be exploited to destroy the whole. By the same token, it is equally evident that the new revolt is sponsored by a minority which hopes to to make up for its want of numbers by an intensive and

extensive attack. Such a challenge flung at society and Government in the present conditions and with such reckless bravado, such calculated cynicism, must be met squarely and fearlessly.

Of the contributory factors that make the Communist assault on Government peculiarly odious is the recrudescence of terrorism, of loot, of arson and sabotage which recks naught for the wanton destruction of human life. Killing women in trains, setting fire to trams and buses, raiding ammunition depots represent a reversion or regression to the laws of the jungle for which the community will have to pay dearly, if the evil is not grappled with in its beginnings. The fearful warning implicit in the parlous condition of Burma, the inability of Britain with up-to-date arms to liquidate the 'bandits' in Malaya even after a year of determined punitive effort, suggest that the simplest method of dealing with the Communist danger is not to allow it any latitude at all, but kill it at its source. This source, as is well known, is the misery, unemployment, frustration, ignorance, illiteracy and superstition of the masses who lend themselves to be worked upon by designing demagogues. But such is the vicious circle in which we are caught that we want comparative peace for effecting enduring social change for the better, and when we do have peace, we are apt to think that there is no need for reform. Thus the failure to implement small reforms seasonably not only discredits reforms, but makes the case for revolution almost unanswerable.

The integrity of our leaders and their zeal for promoting public good are beyond question; but yet the tragic fact remains that they have not been allowed to address themselves to those tasks of amelioration, rehabilitation and reconstruction which are vital to our stability. It is true that our Prime Minister has not committed himself to repression in any irrevocable manner; he has refused to be hustled into any ac-

which would outlaw Communism. It is to be hoped that he would bear in mind that something positive and progressive has to be devised to

counter the lure of Communism, and that a negative attitude would merely postpone the evil day of final reckoning with it.

Sotto Voce

The Seed Corn



THERE is as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. But precious little of it can be coaxd to get into the nets, complain the good fisher-folk of the Madras coast. The Golden Age of the Tamil had its three showers a month regular. But now it is two years since the rains held off and the thirsty million or so of our no mean city may have to trek like the Bedouin of the desert in search of water-holes. From the granary of the South comes the cry that what the field mouse had spared the grasshopper has eaten up; and the prospect of bridging that six per cent gulf between production and consumption remains as unattainable as *swarga* for the sinner, to use Valmiki's tremendous phrase.

And talking of sin reminds me that our pious Premier has no doubt whatsoever that that is the explanation of the failure of the monsoon; he will probably ascribe the intractability of the fish also to the same cause. In the old days, the malady having been so clearly diagnosed, the remedy would have been patent. Thousands of Brahmans would have been engaged to perform Varuna Japam and the cheery *katamaran* riders would have offered potent libations to Neptune. But Congress orthodoxy frowns impartially on the Aryan and arrack.

The State-controlled temples of the near future will no doubt evolve new rituals untainted by Brahmanism or brandy. These may prove as unattractive to the common mass as *nira*, but our Congress Governments are fully persuaded that the people will reconcile themselves to anything in time. Meanwhile the work of adaptation and bowdlerization goes on merrily. The Mahatma, who felt no personal need to enter a temple all his life, denounced them as brothels because dancing girls served in them and Harijans were denied admission. Well, the devadasis have gone and the Harijans have come. But Ramaswami Reddiar, who is a devout temple-goer himself, feels no qualms about quoting the Mahatma still, as if that would suffice to invest him with the izzat of a Savonarola.

His admirable solicitude for *agama* and *sastra* impels him to take powers to dethrone *matadhipathis* who in his opinion may be unfit for their position. Likewise Dr. Ambedkar, who insists that every other mode of adoption shall be superseded by the *sastraic dattaka* form, would empower a Brahman to adopt a boy from any other caste or no caste. This selective use of *sastra* has ancient if not very auspicious precedent. When the maharshis protested against the ban on yagas and *yajnas*, the power-mad Vena rebuked them saying, "Would you pay your *devoirs* to unknown

and unseen gods, neglecting me, your god of flesh and blood? Haven't you read in the *sastra* that Vishnu and Brahma, Siva and Varuna reside in the body of the king? Being but parts of him, he must needs be so much their superior!"

Vena was destroyed by his own conceit. The Congress in its self-righteousness may like Samson pull down the house on its head. If you may denounce temples and *maths* as dens of iniquity others may come to demand in time without unduly shocking people's conscience that they be abolished altogether and their property escheated to the Government. The good Congressman may be horrified by the suggestion that religion is the dope of the people and the enemy of enlightenment. But the man in the street whom he taught to debunk Brahmanism will prove an apt pupil when the Communist takes him in hand and teaches him to debunk the Congress brand of synthetic religion.

There is no such thing as moderation in unsettlement. You may think

you are getting the tenant on your side by taking the land from the zamindar and giving it to him. But if you tell the tenant that it is only fair that he should pay taxes, the Communist who tells him not to pay because the Government did nothing but give him back what was his own, will seem the truer friend. It is no use trying to frighten him by nightmare tales of the OGPU regime. For if you weaken a man's will to work you weaken also his will to resist. It is spiritual sabotage in either case.

Atomic fission may usher in the materialist's paradise. But there will always be an untamed residuum in Nature and it will have its revenge, unless man is firmly anchored in that faith which is more than bread. Vena's son Prithu found that the very seeds had rotted in the sterile earth. The stern mother had hidden them from the evil kings who had ill-used and neglected her and their thievish progeny who had gorged themselves on the fruits of her womb. Let us not devour the seed-corn; for though we may hope for no morrow we shall live to be plagued by it.

VIGHNESWARA.

PERFUMED PAINT FOR THE HOME

A paint scented with a costly "handkerchief" perfume, reminiscent of spring flowers, has been announced by a Birmingham firm. The perfume becomes obvious when the paint is applied and fades away as it dries.

It is known as "Glammel"—"the enamel for glamourising the home"—and is the outcome of a survey specially made by manufacturers to discover the housewife's special difficulties in domestic painting and touching up.

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THE RELIGION OF DISCONTENT

By S. PARTHASARATHY

"WHY are you depressed?", enquired the Swamiji. "The disorder in the country that does not seem to dissolve; irreligion and indiscipline, strikes and strifes and communalism and Communism," I said. "Are they not the logical outcome of modern civilisation? Who, do you think, for instance, are responsible for manufacturing the Communists?", asked the Swamiji. "Russia, of course," I answered promptly. "No," said the Swamiji, "The leaders of modern thought are the fashioners of Communists. So long as you measure civilisation by the layers of cloth on your back, you cannot help breeding discontent in the mind of every man with his status in life." "Without discontent," I said interrupting the Swamiji, "the wheels of progress will not move. Man will become a mere worm, a vegetable, a piece of rock on the earth's crust." "Stop! my friend," said the Swamiji, "you seem to be intoxicated with the imagery of words like your Congress President. Listen first to what I have to say and then you can pick holes in my argument."

I had known Swami Anuananda for several years. He had chosen early in life an unknown midget valley amidst a low range of hills near Madras for his abode. The path to his place is far enough from the madding crowd to keep enshrined within it an atmosphere of peace. Now and then, I will take my accumulated load of worries to offer as prasadam at his feet. He transforms them and hands them back to me as pure peace. But no sooner I get back to Madras, the prasadams begin to wither away like the jasmine flowers in summer.

"The progressive man of today," continued the Swamiji after being assured of my respectful attention, "has two main desires, the acquisition of money and of power over men. Money cannot be had in abundance unless it comes as fruits of other men's labours. No man feels at any time in his life that he

has enough of money and power. Discontent, as you said, is what makes the wheels of the modern world move. But the ideal of more and more of money and power will involve of necessity a conflict with other men. But society need not disrupt so long as the conflict takes place outside the country. The achievements of European nations in material advancement have been at the expense of other nations and races. Their material prosperity rests on foundations of blood, toil and agony of the African and Indian slaves. Just imagine where the European nations would be today if they had not exploited black labour. The progressive man of today cannot flourish unless there are on earth a large number of contented and submissive people. But the religion of discontent will also spread. Empires have gone, colonies are seceding and the contented and submissive race of people are also disappearing. The industrialist is today discontented because money is not forthcoming to finance his industries and labour refuses to co-operate with him. The capitalist is discontented because taxes are being collected and his profits are diminishing. The merchant is discontented because the freedom to charge prices according to demand is being interfered with by the Government. The politician is discontented because ministerships and ambassadorships are limited to a few. But over their heads stands organised labour, the most recent of the recruits to the religion of discontent, but the most ardent devotee of it. Prime Minister Nehru was only on the fringes of truth when he said that the economic condition of a country must be improved if it were to withstand the onslaught of Communism. The religion of discontent is not halted but is only slowed down in its progress if economic conditions are improved."

"Do you approve of Communism?" I asked, as the doubt began to assail me. "How can I?" exclaimed the Swamiji. "It owes its birth to the

same materialistic view of life as capitalism. It merely provides another starting point in the cycle of economic activity. Because it seeks to breed discontent in the masses, it has greater potentiality for evil. Today, Russia keeps Communism going in her country by exposing the injustice and inequities of capitalism. But Communism must die even in Russia if contentment prevails in the rest of the world." "That reminds me of something I heard a few days back," I said. "A Kanarese politician was advancing several reasons for a province for the Canarese speaking people, but he stressed one more than the rest. He blamed his people for being contented and happy and said that as a result industries had all become located round about Bombay to the neglect of the Karnataka area. I even then wondered if contentment is blameworthy."

"In your province, the same thing is happening," said the Swamiji. "Politicians are engaged in preaching the religion of discontent. They preach by turns to the non-brahmins, to the peasants, to organised labour and to the irreligious. But the general mass of people are still contented and submissive. The Communist taking advantage of this fact is engaged in preaching discontent to the masses. And hence, the conflict between the co-religionists of discontent. If there is one unhappy man in a company, the others get affected by the radiation of his unhappiness. So, when you preach discontent to one section of the people, you must be prepared to find in course of time other sections of the people also getting discontented. Your politicians, now in power, finding themselves criticised for their poor government, seek refuge by saying that no Government can function efficiently and in the interests of the people unless the people themselves co-operate. Every defect of character in the administrative personnel is sought to be explained away on the ground that it is but a reflection of the low moral character of the people. There cannot be a greater libel on the people of a country than what comes from the mouths of these politicians. All the disconcerting factors in public life

are still confined only to a limited section of the people. The majority of the people still continue to be honest and god-fearing. Even the progressive man of today must some time in his life feel the call of the divine. He generally ignores it and only rarely does he give it a second thought. But even when he responds to the call, he is still the man of discontent; he goes the round of religions, of rituals and of rishis, seeking not that which is within him but 'power and prestige' that flows from spiritual practices and associations. The devout pilgrim going up the steps of the Tirupathi Hills does not grumble about the distance, does not complain about the steepness of the steps, does not compare the merits of the shrine with other shrines, does not envy the pilgrims who go by bus, and does not cast any malevolent glances at the rich who drive past in their private cars. Similarly, the true artisan working at his art finds joy in his work and does not worry himself unduly about the size of the reward which awaits him at the end."

"What should be done to bring about a better atmosphere in the country?" I asked. The Swamiji replied: "The religion of discontent must be replaced by new ideals. Your political thinkers should get together and formulate those ideals. The ideals must be such that not only should their attainment be a matter for joy but even the striving after. It may become necessary to transform the administration into a vast social organisation which will be engaged in teaching people the joy of work and joy of living. It may be necessary to organise an army of social workers who will be engaged in such work not for the sake of reward but for the joy of doing such work. Thanks to Gandhi and to other socio-religious leaders who preceded him, India has never been lacking in social workers. In your province, the brahmin must remember that he does not serve society merely by exercising his intelligence; the non-brahmin must remember that he does not serve his community by doing disservice to other communities; your politicians must realise that one cannot govern by legislation and executive orders

alone, and they should also remember that they do not serve the people by pandering to their partymen. Let everyone begin asking the question what he wants India to be—an imitator of the West like Japan, or a militarist nation like old Germany, or an industrial country like the

United States, or a country of political charlatans like China, or a country of contented people who love the simple things of life and whose traditions and ways of thought will be an inspiration to the rest of the world."

STATE VS. INDIVIDUAL

by R. RAMACHANDRAN

HERE is a strangely germane excerpt from a letter of Herbert Spencer addressed to the London Times on 28th March 1899. He was inveighing against the metric system which was sought to be forcibly introduced by the sheer strength of a parliamentary majority at the time:

And this introduces the political aspect of the matter. Ten thousand persons intend to make 20 million persons change their habits. The ten thousand are the men of science, the chambers of commerce, and the leaders of some trade unions—leaders only, for the question has never been put to the vote of the mass. The 20 millions are the men and women of England with those children who are old enough to be sent shopping. Ten thousand is an over-estimate of the combined bodies who are forcing on the metric system, and 20 millions is an under-estimate of the numbers to be coerced.

"But the change is to be enacted by Parliament," it will be said. True, by a Parliament which has received from the people no authority whatever to enact the change. It came into power to oppose Home Rule and the local veto, not a word in any constituency having been said about changing weights and measures, and the proposed revolution never having been dreamed of by electors. And now, not having in any way consulted the nation, it is proposed that Parliament shall make a change which, if put to a plebiscite or the referendum, would bring millions of "Noes" amid which the few "Ayes" would be utterly lost.

"Yes, but we know better what is for the people's good than they do, and we will force them to adopt it." Exactly. That was the reason assigned in past times by the Pope and his priests, who, to secure the eternal salvation of men, forced on them prescribed beliefs. And

this secular popery, like the sacred property, assumes infallibility; since nothing less than infallibility could warrant any body of men dictating to all mankind for all time. For once universally established, the metric system could never be changed.

And this is to be done among a people who say they are self-governed!

"But surely it is not needful that electoral approval must be had for every detail of legislation?"

"Detail!" Yes, that is the word. We are to regard the forcible changing of all men's and women's daily habits as a detail! It is not denied that under our system of government the consent of the nation must be asked for all legislative changes of importance. When, for instance, a recent Ministry went to the country on the question of Home Rule for Ireland, and when, having obtained a majority, Mr. Gladstone contended that he had the "mandate" of the electors, there was a sufficiently clear expression of this principle. Now ask any number of electors and their wives (and their wives, who do most of the buying, have surely to be considered) which most interests them—a measure according Home Rule to Ireland or a measure obliging them to change their ways of buying and selling. Can any one doubt that from the many millions of shopkeepers and their customers would come the reply that they cared little about Home Rule and much about their trading conveniences from hour to hour? Considered in relation to its influence upon people's lives this proposed change in methods of buying and selling is of more importance than nine out of ten of the nominally great questions on which the national will has to be consulted.

If the metric system is established in the way its advocates intend it will be by deliberately trampling on the representative system.

SIDELIGHTS :

Hatred is the madness of the heart.
—BYRON.

SRI Kala Venkat Rao arrived in Madras this week in response to a request from Premier Ramaswami Reddiar. He signalled his arrival with a statement that he was not interested in the leadership election. In proof of his disinterestedness he put forward a suggestion advocating scrapping of the rule requiring the leader to be elected annually. On the morrow of his arrival a dinner in his honour was given by the Finance Minister Sri Gopala Reddi, for which invitations were issued to Andhra legislators of the Ministerialist groups. It is reported that a proposal put forward at the dinner for continuing Sri Omandur as leader evoked stormy opposition. Except one or two everybody present wanted a change. They were fed up with the Premier, they said, and would not have him on any account.

An interesting development is the enthusiasm of the black shirts for the Omandurian set-up. Leaders of the black shirt movement are found frequently comparing Sri Omandur with the late Raja of Panagal. The Premier is acclaimed by them as the equivalent of Panagal in statesmanship. Panagal flourished in the heyday of British power. Congress leaders involved in the struggle for freedom treated him as a pro-imperialist that had overstepped the boundaries of politics appropriate to patriots. Panagal appeared content to be besmirched, but actually he made use of the presence of anti-British elements to get British power behind himself, but he used that power uniquely for the promotion of Indianisation which was then a great issue. He employed any means that came handy to maintain himself in office but the drift of his policies was liberal. He used communalism, as he used everything else, as a lever for self-propulsion towards authority. But his communalism was skin-deep. It was not a saturated product of hatred cults

soaked into the blood. Panagal was a superbly civilised man. Courtliness and courtesy never left him. He indulged in the art of intrigue with an artist's flair for colour and polish, which enabled him to wipe rancour clean out of the defeats which he administered to his antagonists.

Defeated opponents of Panagal felt, as sportsmen do in a match, that it was a privilege to have crossed swords with him. But with Omandur even to be on the winning side is not felt to be an honour. He has a genius for snubbing people, for hurting them, for making them feel small, and for getting disgusted with themselves over acceptance of his right to give them orders. Some impression was made in the beginning by the formalities of piety (like fasts and periodical observances of silence) which he obtruded on the public attention. But they soon got divested of Mahatmic flavour as they were discovered to be no more than a shield for deficiencies that disqualified him for meeting the responsibilities of his high position competently. His reputation for rectitude has vanished into thin air as light was repeatedly thrown on his endeavours for pitchforking favourites of his own of no particular merit into great offices of State. In the midst of a prodigious concentration of attention on trifles, every major issue of importance has remained untackled in the regime of Sri Omandur. Hope and contentment have left the people. Only to the black shirts has the Premier become a darling and a hero.

The black shirts flaunt the Dravidastan flag and are pledged to drive the Aryans out. Theirs is a Hitlerian technique. It is an organisation hostile to the conception of equality of treatment for all. It specialises in mobilising the faculty for hatred dormant in mobs for being turned on chosen scapegoats on prescribed occasions. It has a press that is a menace to society because

of its constant striving to vulgarise the public taste and of its defiant incitements to violence and brutality. The challenge offered by the black shirts to public safety and the stability of the State is on a par with that offered by the Communists nowadays. Both pursue paths that

lead to the setting up of private armies threatening the power and authority of the State as in China. But while the Government have grasped the extent of the Communist danger well enough, they are surprisingly tender to the activities of the black shirts.—SAKA.



The song has ended, but the music continues

MY SISTER

by Harindranath Chattopadhyaya

THE passing away of Sarojini is not merely a personal loss for although she was my sister by blood, she was a sister of the millions of our country by right of the influence, affection, guidance and untiring service in their

cause. While I lie quietly in my room recalling all the variegated memories of her and try in my hours of silence to conjure up and measure the personality that she was, suddenly the thought strikes me that now, at this

moment and in these immediate hours after the news of the passing away, there must be thousands and thousands of people finding it difficult to bear up the thought of her loss. She was a sister and a comrade to thousands of men and women during the turbulent struggle-time preceding the birth of free India. And after it, in the capacity of Governor of the United Provinces, she was looked upon by thousands again as a real mother full of an understanding and sympathy which made them feel safe and sure of a bright and happy present and a glorious future. History has an uncanny knack of suddenly cleaving itself into such gaps as can never be filled up again. It is a tortuous thought that Sarojini, leaving our midst, leaves behind such a gap. For quite frankly, speaking impersonally, I do not find in the whole country another woman who could be said to be worthy in any sense of the word of filling it up. For Sarojini was not merely a woman nor a politician nor a poet nor a governor. She was far bigger than all these put together. She was an institution, an institution possessing an amazing many-sidedness and variety of activity and interest which seemed to be her life-breath. As a poet she achieved no mean heights in the field of lyricism. In politics, she reached such peaks of glory and adulation as stunned not only her own country but countries

outside it. But while most of the time she was recognised by most people as a regal phenomenon of exquisite conversation, social give and take, political prowess and poetical expression, both in verse as well as in oratory, few indeed had the privilege of knowing her as the high water-mark of simplicity and child-likeness incapable of being spoilt by ever-waxing glory and success. I often caught her in moments lapsing into a sense of weariness, breaking into a cry of the heart: "After all, everything passes: sceptre and crown must tumble down."

When she was crowned governor of the U. P., with rare spontaneity she expressed her first reaction which, I suspect, was even her last: "They have put a song-bird into a cage." Now that song-bird is free to rest under starry spaces and wander untrammelled of temporal fame and glory over firmaments of light unstained by the shadow of our little greeds, hatreds and intrigues. Yet, to those of us whose ears have not lost the sensitiveness to catch eternal meanings, the voice of the liberated song-bird goes on ringing for ever and ever, inspiring us with a message that every true singing bird, which is only another name for prophet, never tires of giving the sorrowing world: "Out of the darkness, march into the light."

Then he showed me the river of the water of Life, bright as crystal, flowing from the throne of God and of the Lamb through the streets of the City; on both sides of the river grew the tree of Life, bearing twelve kinds of fruit, each month having its own fruit; and the leaves served to heal the nations.

None who is accursed will be there; but the throne of God and the Lamb will be within it, his servants will serve and worship him. They will see his face, and his name will be on their foreheads. Night there shall be none; they need no lamp or sun to shine upon them, for the Lord God will illumine them; and they will reign for ever and ever.

(The Revelation of St. John)

AIRF DECIDES — NOT TO STRIKE

by ASOKA MEHTA

(In this article, Asoka Mehta, the well-known Socialist leader, explains why the railway strike has been rightly postponed).

THE All-India Railwaymen's Federation, representing nearly a million transport workers in the country, at its last meeting at Dinapore, reviewed the recent developments and resolved, by an overwhelming majority, to continue negotiations with the Ministry of Transport and the Railway Board for the realisation of its demands. Consequently it also decided to refrain from serving the notice of strike and resolved to give special attention to consolidation of gains already made and the strengthening of the organisation for all future eventualities.

These decisions were not taken erratically or recreantly but flow from certain fundamental premises that have all along guided the spokesmen of the Federation. The facts and reasonings have been lucidly brought out in the speech Sri Jaya Prakash Narayan delivered to the General Council of the Federation. It is necessary to reiterate the facts and retrace the reasoning because some sections of labour leaders are bent upon distortion and are keen on spreading confusion. The INTUC-men have suddenly emerged from the caves they were hiding in to shout, "We told you so" —though a perusal of Jaya Prakash's address shows that the INTUC chaps are not only incapable of foretelling what J. P. said but of thinking those thoughts on the rarefied planes that J. P. traverses in his memorable address. The Communists, on the other hand, cry, "Betrayal," and are engaged in troubling the waters furiously to get some fishing at any price. From this well-staged blowing of conches and beating of drums we must endeavour to recover the strains of the original symphony of thoughts and reasonings.

The Government's swooping down on railwaymen and the arrest of over 600 persons, deemed to be Communist or near-Communist trouble makers, has further complicated matters. It is necessary that public opinion should independently and intelligently assess the whole situation.

I am not a railwayman, nor am I connected in any way with their Federation or its subordinate organisations. I can therefore claim no inside information. My understanding and explanation flow from long association with labour in general.

The railwaymen have been having two sets of grievances: one peculiar to themselves arising out of the jungle of scales and grades that have existed in railways, and the other, general to all low income groups, and Government employees in particular, arising out of the widening disparity between soaring prices and sluggish wages. On both the groups of questions the AIRF consistently desired to negotiate a settlement. During the fear-laden and tragic days that followed the partition of the country, the railwaymen, withstood persistent goading by the Communists and pursued the path of patience and forbearance. The patience was mistaken, by the powers that be, as apathy and the deeply felt grievances of the railwaymen were ignored. The last word was said on negotiations and the door was demonstratively banged against the AIRF. When peaceful avenues were blocked, the Federation had no alternative except to prepare for conflict to gain its legitimate ends.

Even then the Federation, conscious of the great responsibility it bears towards our countrymen, followed a cautious path. It sought to

ascertain the views of the rank and file, through strike ballot, and also convey, that way, to the Government the growing volume of discontent among railwaymen. Even when the decision to hold the strike was being taken, another offer was made to the Government to continue negotiations and discover a peaceful way to settle the outstanding disputes.

As far as the wider grievance against soaring prices was concerned, the spokesmen of the AIRF banded themselves together with other labour organisers and held a representative conference in Bombay, presided over by Mr. N. M. Joshi, where attention was focussed on the menace of inflation and the measures to combat it. As an off-shoot of the conference, the closest links were forged between railwaymen and post and telegraph employees. In clear and unambiguous manner, the Government has been warned against the many dangers of inflation. If, after giving the Government adequate opportunity to reverse the vicious spiral, the wage-price lag remains unbridged, the workers would be entitled to launch upon a total offensive against a Government whose incompetence would then be proved to the hilt.

On the grievances peculiar to railwaymen, the Government fortunately realised the wisdom of negotiations and some of the obnoxious anomalies have been ironed out while there are prospects of further smoothing out of the remaining irritating complexities and contradictions. *So long as there is a chance of settlement without a conflict, to unleash the dogs of strife would be a disservice to railwaymen themselves.*

The mobilisation of the workers has shown many chinks in their armour: though railwaymen favour strike action, not all of them have understood its implications. J. P. rightly preferred to be guided by the scanty funds—about Rs. 50,000—contributed by the million railwaymen to the strike fund rather than by the far larger heap of strike ballots. That the target of the strike fund should have reached only 12.5% shows the organisational unpreparedness of the workers.

Between Nagpur and Dinapore meetings of the AIRF, certain con-

cessions in removal of anomalies and upgrading of the dearness allowance were wrung out of the Government. The AIRF therefore rightly decided to consolidate the gains made, and remove organisational weaknesses before moving forward.

Railways, in our country, are a fully nationalised enterprise. The workers have therefore to realise that while they are entitled to make claims on the transport authorities for a fair deal, the authorities, in their turn, are entitled to demand most efficient service and creative co-operation. Only a well-knit organisation of railwaymen can essay the double task of gaining justice and ensuring satisfactory service. The rabble, whom the Communists are anxious to rally, might bring the Railway Board to its knees but it can never breathe the new spirit of confidence in the railway service. In nationalised industries, men's claims as workers must be balanced by the services rendered as citizens.

The President of the AIRF has outlined an ambitious plan of re-organisation. If the Federation can declaim, and rightly, against the jungle that is the railway administration, the Government can equally complain against the jungle that is the Federation. The President has therefore come forward with plans for logical re-organisation, of combining the principles of industrial unionism with those of craft unionism: "While our unions must remain industrial organisations, as they are today, their internal structure should be such that each category of staff is adequately represented and whenever the interests of that staff are concerned its representatives are in a position to participate in negotiations and settlement."

The President has come forward with an even more revolutionary suggestion: he favours, in place of the present federation of autonomous unions, a national central union of railwaymen, with branches and locals. Such a nation-wide union, embracing the 9,00,000 railwaymen, would not only change the character of their trade unions but revolutionise the entire labour movement in the country. It is a change full

of far-reaching mutative significance.

Before the A.I.R. Federation can ask the Railway Board to re-orient itself, the Federation must exhibit the courage and vision needed in re-organising itself.

The reorganisation does not and cannot end with structural alterations, it must permeate the very *ethos* of its being. The President has, therefore, rightly understood the urgent need for dovetailing constructive activities with the combative work of the A.I.R.F. He has gone further and lifted the curtain from the deeper and fundamental issues: the psychological mobilisation that has to go hand in hand with organisational re-orientation. In his Dinapore speech J. P. invited the workers to sift their recent experiences and draw the inescapable lessons. The key paragraph in the speech was as follows: "The history of recent strikes in the country has brought to light certain dangers which it would be foolish for us to overlook. First of all, there is an anti-strike sentiment created in the people on the plea of national crisis. Backed by this sentiment, the legislatures have enacted laws which lay down complicated procedures for the settlement of industrial disputes and vest extraordinary powers in the executive to deal with strikes as if they were acts of rebellion. To cap it all, there are the Public Safety Acts. These conditions, in their total, amount to semi-fascist conditions.

and labour in this country must fully appreciate these difficulties and devise proper ways to wage its fight under them. There must be a far greater consolidation of labour organisations than at present and a higher political development of the labour movement before labour can hope to break the vice of fascism that holds it today. As recent experience has shown, premature action only leads to the strengthening of the fascist hold. Labour must attempt patiently to educate public opinion, there must be more independent labour representatives in the legislatures, labour must become a greater political force before it can give a major challenge to the forces of reaction. Therefore, the strategy of the labour movement demands not foolhardy ventures but consolidation of present gains and of existing organisations, propaganda and preparation for political action."

If the railwaymen have postponed the strike it is because under wise leadership, they view life as a school of training where every step, and each new experience, offers an opportunity to prepare for new tasks and newer responsibilities. The railwaymen by not striking today are preparing inexorably not merely to improve the conditions of their life and work but to change basically the pattern of our society. Railwaymen, if they continue to move along the rails their Federation has set at Dinapore, might become the levers of destiny.

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Is woman's place in the home only?
Or is there also a place for her outside?

The American Woman

By Frieda S. Miller

(Director, Women's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labour)

PERHAPS the most outstanding characteristic of the American woman is her independence. American women go through public, elementary and high (secondary) schools just as their brothers do, have as wide a range of colleges to choose from, participate in games and sports. They can hold jobs and join labour unions; choose a professional career; enter into contracts and own their own businesses; vote on an equal basis with men and run for public office.

This is not to imply that the United States is an Utopia for women. Custom has not everywhere kept pace with the law. American women have their problems, their burdens, their heartaches, as men and women do everywhere. It is to say, however, that in the less than 175 years the United States has been a nation, the American woman has won great freedom of movement and responsibility in public life, through earnest effort on the part of forward-looking men and women, and a steady growth in public opinion favoring the right and obligation of women to share in the responsibility for their own and the public welfare.

Women now comprise more than half the eligible voters in the United States. They may legally run for any public office. Although this is an area where custom has not quite kept pace with the law, nevertheless 50 women have served in the National Congress, two have been governors of States, one has been a member of the President's Cabinet. Eight are now serving in the House of Representatives, one in the Senate.

In childhood, American girls enjoy practically the same freedom as their brothers. With the very minor exception that a girl may have a class in cooking and sewing while her brother has one in wood and metal-work (though they could

reverse this programme if they chose to), their classes are the same in the free public schools. Boys and girls play many of the same games; they swim, skate, ski, play baseball, tennis, golf, handle water craft, go hiking and camping. They have separate organizations like those of the Girl Scouts and the Boy Scouts, the Young Women's Christian Association and the Young Men's Christian Association. But in the 4-H Clubs, 1,800,000 boys and girls in mainly rural communities work together in home-making, agricultural, and citizenship activities. They compete on an equal basis; a boy or a girl may win the national prize for the fine cow or pig or sheep he or she has raised.

Boys and girls, young men and young women, share music; they belong to the same singing organizations, play together in the school bands and orchestras.

After graduating from high school, an American girl may attend a co-educational college or university. A few medical and law schools still exclude women; on the other hand, there are a number of excellent colleges which are exclusively for women. A girl may also choose a career in teaching, chemistry, biology, engineering, physics, music, accounting, or any other profession of her choice. And while she may not in all these fields, because of custom, compete on an equal footing with men, many women in America have attained eminence in these fields. More women enter them each year.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH

American women are becoming better educated each year. In 1940 the number of women high school graduates was 11 times as great as in 1900, and the number of women college graduates with a bachelor's degree was almost 10 times as great

as in 1900, although the number of women between the ages of 14 and 24 in 1940 was only 1-2/3 times the number in 1900. The number of women high school graduates in the United States has always exceeded the number of men graduates. On the other hand, there have always been more men college graduates than women; but while in 1900 only one college graduate out of three was a woman, in 1940 two out of five were women.

In the field of sports, too, American men and women have a great common interest. It is her all-round competence in sports that has done much to win men's respect for the American woman. Only in a few of the rougher sports do women not engage to the same extent as men do. In a few sporting competitions, for instance in angling and shooting events, women have even beaten men and done it well. For the most part, however, women compete with each other. National meets are held in over 25 sports, including bowling, cycling, fencing, skating, swimming, gymnastics, yachting. The first woman to swim the English Channel was an American (Gertrude Ederle), who beat all previous men's records and who still holds the record for women. American women have far fewer professional teams than men do; there are, however, two women's professional softball leagues. Occasionally men's and women's teams play each other. In the picturesque western rodeos, women riders as well as cowboys perform.

A large percentage of American women drive automobiles. Since many girls as well as boys obtain a driver's license at the age of 16, many high schools now give instruction in driving, as part of the regular curriculum, and teach traffic and safety rules as well. Statistics compiled by the American Automobile Association show that women are safer drivers than men on the highway and are involved in a much smaller percentage of fatal accidents. The United States Army has such confidence in the skill of women drivers that members of the WAC (Women's Army Corps) served as chauffeurs to high-ranking officers, including General

Dwight D. Eisenhower, during the war.

MARRIAGE AND MOTHERHOOD

After finishing her formal education, the American girl usually expects to go to work, even if her parents are financially able to support her. Relatively few go directly from school to marriage. This period of employment for women is becoming part of the accepted life pattern.

The average woman in the United States is between 21 and 22 when she marries. Her husband is about three years older. The first child of those who have children is usually born about a year after marriage. The typical mother has three children, the last of whom is born before the mother is 28. When the youngest child is 18, the average mother is thus 45. The mother is usually about 50 or 53 when the children are married and her family again consists of only herself and her husband. The family continues so for about 11 more years. The average wife survives her husband, for a woman's life expectancy in the United States is 69 years, whereas a man's is 64. Among the women who are 20 years of age and over, 70 per cent are married, 16 per cent are widowed or divorced, and 14 per cent are single.

Some girls may plan to work only until they marry, while others, especially those who have obtained a higher education, expect to combine a career with marriage and motherhood. An outstanding example is Dr. Lillian Gilbreth of the State of New Jersey, the woman who in November of 1948 was given the American Woman's Association's annual award for eminent achievement. Seventy years old, a university professor and the president of a firm of consulting engineers, Dr. Gilbreth is the mother of 12 children, 11 of whom are still living, and has 18 grand-children.

Many women in the United States combine home-making and a job, not out of choice, but because they must. About one-fourth of the widowed, separated, and divorced have children for whom they must provide. And of the married women workers, who are 46 per cent of all women workers, some are working in order to enable

the family to buy a home, some to make a university education possible for their children, some for other similar reasons. More often they are working simply to help their husbands meet the daily needs of existence, made difficult by the present high cost of living.

Many American women live on farms and in small towns, but with the industrialization of the United States there came a steady movement of the population away from rural areas, so that now 61 per cent of the women and 59 per cent of the men are living in cities and towns.

The city housewife, in a family with a moderate income, lives in a dwelling which has central heating, a bathroom, electricity, a telephone, a radio, and a gas or electric stove in the kitchen. Many families on farms also enjoy the conveniences of the city through the rural electrification programme being carried out by the Federal Government and privately-owned power companies, which are making cheap electric current available to farms and isolated communities.

The city dweller may have milk delivered to her door by the dairy, and food purchases may be delivered if she wishes. There usually are grocery stores within a short distance of residential areas, and for this reason the housewife customarily does her marketing frequently, rather than store up foodstuffs as is customary on farms. Some rural communities also are served by trucks that bring a complete grocery store to the farm wife's door.

SAVING OF HOUSEWORK

The average American housewife does not have a maid, for there are only about one and one-half million domestic workers in the country (90 per cent of whom are women). As in many other countries, these workers since the beginning of the war, have gone into higher-paying occupations, and, as in other countries, in families in which there are small children or aged people or in which the mother must work, this is a serious problem for the household.

The average housewife does her own housework. Usually she has a number of labour-saving appliances

to help her, such as an electric iron, a toaster, and a mechanical refrigerator. Many housewives have an electric sweeper and electric washing machine. Some also have an electric sewing machine, a dishwasher, a machine for beating dough, eggs, etc., and an electric fan for use in hot weather. Electric deep freezers, in which fresh food can be kept frozen for a long time, are also coming into use, and on the farm even electric churns to lighten the job of making butter.

The employment of women in the United States has steadily increased. In October 1948 there were almost 18,000,000 women in the civilian labour force—29 per cent of all workers. Only 3 per cent were unemployed. Almost 4,500,000 of these women were in clerical work of some kind; 3,500,000 were operatives, primarily in manufacturing industries; something less than 2,000,000 were in service work other than domestic; over 1,500,000 were professional and semi-professional workers; and about the same number were farm workers; a little less than 1,500,000 were domestic service workers, and about the same number were saleswomen.

Women make up a large proportion of the factory workers in important industries; for example, over three-fourths of the apparel workers are women (May 1947); three-fifths of the tobacco workers; a little less than half of the textile and leather workers; and a little less than two-fifths of the workers who produce electrical machinery. In the paper, food, rubber, and printing and publishing industries, they are almost a fourth of all the workers. They are preferred to men in certain factory operations because of their manual dexterity and patience.

The Federal Government employs over 400,000 women—about one-fourth of all the Federal workers. Women play an important role in the reporting and publishing world. According to the 1940 census, one-fourth of the editors and reporters in the country were women. This percentage increased considerably during the war but dropped back again when the men returned from military service. There are some 1,500 women

in the radio broadcasting field in the United States, and their numbers are rising steadily, for the number of radio stations in the United States has doubled in the last two years. Television broadcasting is expected further to increase the number of women in the broadcasting field.

A number of women in the United States pilot their own airplanes and also act as saleswomen and instructors for companies selling small planes. A number of women have won important flying awards. Although women are not employed as pilots on the commercial airliners, 4,195 women in 1946 held private flying licenses, while 969 held commercial licenses.

Numerically no more significant than the foregoing group, but perhaps more important for their attainment in the face of traditional opposition, are the women clergymen, who in 1940 numbered 3,300.

WOMEN AND WAR

The women of the United States played an important part in the prosecution of the war. Around 300,000 served with the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard in the United States and overseas; women doctors and nurses were made officers in the armed forces. The number of women factory workers rose from 2,268,000 in October 1939 to 4,763,000 in October 1943. Grandmothers and girls just out of high school went to work. Women went into shipyards, airplane factories, munitions plants, and steel mills. They worked as riveters, welders, draftsmen, and machine operators on ships, tanks, planes, and munitions plants.

Other women took over the family businesses when their husbands went to war; they drove tractors and operated farms. A few women worked as conductors and as members of maintenance crews on the railroads; others drove taxicabs, streetcars, and buses.

Women taking over jobs which had been held predominantly by men came in large part from jobs which had been regarded in the main as women's work—teaching, social work, domestic service, and other service industries. They have shown great

reluctance to resume their old, less skilled jobs.

Many women with young children worked during the war; others who did not take full-time jobs served on the civilian "home front" on ration boards, as air raid wardens, as nurses' aides in hospitals; gave blood to the blood bank; were hostesses in the canteens and training camps near their communities; worked with their church, educational, or community organizations in furthering the war effort.

There are very few women in the United States who do not belong to at least one organization. The church was the first organization in which they learned the power of their united effort; from the special church groups grew other associations for humanitarian service. Today, in addition to these and to the clubs for leisure time and cultural activities, women have created great associations of political force and civic responsibility, such as the League of Women Voters and the powerful and constructive trade-union groups. Business and professional women have formed associations important not only because they help advance women's economic position, but for the civic responsibilities they have taken on. Increasingly the women's organizations have taken an active interest in world affairs and problems.

The agency in the United States Government which makes studies of the conditions under which women work, their earnings, their employment, their opportunities for training and advancement is the Women's Bureau in the Department of Labour. Legislation which affects women, as workers and in their civil and political status, is under constant scrutiny and study by the Bureau. It provides international agencies like the United Nations, International Labour Organization, and the Inter-American Commission of Women basic materials relating to American women's economic, civil, and political status. Its director and staff serve from time to time in councils of these agencies. —USIS.

SPOTLIGHT :

THE PETRIFIED CONTINENT

A few days ago I saw a map of Europe and the British Isles which showed inside each country, diminutive figures of its chief political administrators and statesmen. Oddly enough, most of these figures faced west and stood stiffly—the size of the reproductions might have given me this impression—as if their breathing had stopped. It gave me an odd thrill to see them all together—the makers of modern history. I dreamt about the picture last night. In my dream it was not the statesmen alone who stood transfixed but even the people—millions of them, a vast human mass which stood still facing the west, as if waiting breathlessly for something. It gave the same eerie thrill that some of these slow-motion shots in news-reels give us. I woke up wondering what it could be that all the people were waiting for. And then suddenly I remembered. Of course!

It is the Atlantic Pact.

It is the biggest of all the pacts and alliances that have been made so far, and serves all American purposes under cover of being a further extension of its Good Neighbour policy. People all over the world have talked and speculated about war so much these last two years that most of them have successfully deceived themselves into believing that the

war is on their door-step. Out of this excitement and suspense has been precipitated the North Atlantic Defence Pact.

The Atlantic Pact is neither a brain-wave nor a bluff. It is the logical

following of the Marshall Plan and the Brussels Union. The whole system had started first as a plan for economic integration, but as the cleavage between the East and the West widened, it seemed necessary to arrange for mutual defence commitments, so that the weary nations of Europe would have a chance to save themselves in case of another war. But such an arrangement is a serious thing, for arms now mean not merely guns and bullets but atom bombs, and commitment of a democratic government to a defence pact naturally involves consulting its people. It is precisely because it is all such an involved business that the peoples of petrified

Europe are holding their breaths and wondering what is going to happen.

The first move in connection with the Atlantic Pact came from the United States in May 1948. Senator Vandenberg, then chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, introduced a resolution in the Senate suggesting an "association of the United States by constitutional process with such regional and other

Permission

Nothing in the present Charter precludes the existence of regional arrangements or agencies for dealing with such matters relating to the maintenance of international peace and security as are appropriate for regional action.....

—U. N. Charter—
Chap. VIII. Art. 52.

Warning

No regional arrangement can ever be a satisfactory substitute for the U.N. If people generally begin to accept alliances as a substitute for genuine worldwide collective security, then the hope of a lasting peace would be greatly endangered.

Mr. Trygve Lie,
secy.-general of the
U.N.O.

collective arrangements as are based on continuous and effective self-help and mutual aid and as affect its (the U.S.'s) national security." The Senate passed the resolution. For some weeks after starting the hare, the Senate kept quiet about it, holding that unless the nations of Europe took the first step, the U. S. was going to forget about the whole thing. The Western Union Powers, towards whom this bait had evidently been thrown, reacted as expected and their ambassadors in Washington promptly got in touch with Mr. Lovett of the State Department and in September an agreed document lay on the table. The Foreign Ministers of the Western Union Powers met again in October in Paris and agreed that the next step to be taken was to ask the 5-Power Permanent Commission of the Brussels Union to sound their individual Governments for views and reactions. Then Washington was marked out as the venue for further discussions regarding the pact by the "seven-power working party" which now included the U.S. and Canada.

Though nothing concrete has as yet emerged from innumerable discussions in Paris and the Hague and in Washington, Britain and most of Europe have come to feel that the need for such a pact is undeniable and that only "in the ever closer unity of the English-speaking world lies the hope of human freedom." After fighting two long wars, the Western Allies realise more sorely than ever the urgency to guard the coastal regions of Asia and Europe. And moreover, the pact will provide bases for America in Europe to which vantage points she could withdraw if all the Occupation armies agree to leave German soil. It would certainly not be wise for the U. S. forces to go back home all the way across the Atlantic, leaving the Russians with the advantage of being able to recross the Polish frontier and enter Germany again at a moment's notice.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL OBSTACLE

But the way for the creation of the North Atlantic Defence Pact is not so smooth as one would suppose. The chief obstacle is the constitution of the United States, in which the very first article declares that "Congress shall have the power....to declare

war," thus giving the legislative and not the executive part of the Government the great privilege of deciding when war should be declared. It would thus be most embarrassing if the U. S. committed itself to a mutual defence pact and discovered at an emergency that it couldn't send a single soldier from the country because Congress was refusing permission for it to do so! This privilege of Congress has been used before, as for example, when certain arrangements for collective defence made by President Wilson were summarily rejected by Congress. But this difficulty was sought to be circumvented by a little ruse. Top U. S. Government officials hoped that by making the drafting of the pact a very private and secret affair and coming to certain tentative decisions, they could make Congress agree to their proposals out of a feeling of obligation to support their President and his administrators. This kind of trick has been successfully tried before, as for example, in the passing of the Greek-Turkish programme in 1946 and in the case of some of the aspects of the U. N. Charter itself. The veto, for instance, was an entirely private negotiation in its preliminary stages.

But evidently, Under-Secretary of State Robert A. Lovett and his colleagues have not found the trick as easy to play as they had hoped. The first rumbles of disagreement are already rising. Many of the Democrats and Republicans of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee protested at its last meeting against the military clause in the pact, and the commitment to render "military and other aid and assistance in their power" to the nations of Europe which was tantamount to offering to go to war. They favoured some arrangement on the lines of the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance signed at Rio de Janeiro in March 1948, by which the U. S. agreed to provide assistance in case any Latin-American State was subjected to enemy attack, but which included a saving clause that "no State shall be required to use armed force without its consent." But this latter clause seems unacceptable to the continental co-operators in the Atlantic Pact. They feel it has too many loopholes and that it does not

go far enough. They demand firmer assurances that the fate which overtook Norway and Denmark in the last war will not be theirs in a new emergency. They make no bones about wanting it in black and white that the U. S. would come to their help in case they are attacked. If this week's meeting of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee proves more fruitful of agreement, it would cause tremendous relief to some millions of people. But in case the members persist in their protest against military commitment, it would be foolish indeed to hope that somehow Congress would honour the pact in case of actual war on the European continent and give its support as it gave it to President Roosevelt when he declared that "a state of war exists and has existed" against Japan more than seven years ago. The prospect seems discouraging to the Western nations. France, which has already had a foretaste of this American kind of slipping through loopholes, in the U. S. Senate's rejection of the Anglo-American guarantee of France's frontiers just after the first world war, finds it particularly galling.

DEBACLE IN SCANDINAVIA

But even more serious than this initial ill-omen is the fact that the tentative invitation that the United States threw at the Scandinavian countries seems like having serious repercussions. The United States had certainly no business to invite a country to join a non-existent pact and agree to conditions which were as yet only vague and nebulous. The only thing that this ill-advised and hasty action has achieved is that it had given Russia the chance to make the first move in the international game of war-or-peace which is being played. This she has promptly done by moving a small Russian force through Finland to the Norway-Finnish border. There is no doubt indeed as the New York *Herald Tribune* says, that the "great project of the Atlantic Alliance has been badly bungled" in Scandinavia. Walter Lippman, writing in the *Daily Mail*, warns in no uncertain terms that the Scandinavian crisis might develop into something "as dangerous, as difficult and as costly as Berlin." He blames the "inexperienced and over-zealous officials" of

the U. S. who have "precipitated a show-down before anyone is ready to deal with it." The way the Americans have gone about it, he says, "one would think that organising a security pact was like collecting testimonials for an advertising campaign." The U. S. bungled in Berlin by advertising their intention to introduce a West German currency and their decision to set up a German Government at Frankfurt. The Russian answer—the blockade—is causing not only unlimited expense but has resulted in more than half the military transport planes of the U. S. having to be utilised for the air-lift. The American mistake has been repeated in Scandinavia and all too late the U. S. is realising that "to rattle a sabre on the Russian doorstep usually produces an answering clamour from within and might force the U. S. . . . to keep up the war games at great cost and inconvenience."

The Norwegian Foreign Minister, Mr. Lange's visit to Washington this month, is a bad beginning. It is unfortunate that the very first bits of information about the pact drifting across the Atlantic should be far from reassuring. The U. S. has not been able to do anything for Mr. Lange except send him home because he had come too early to the party. This is all the more reprehensible because Mr. Dean Acheson had earlier as good as encouraged Mr. Lange to think that the whole American defence services would be at his disposal at a moment's notice. The fruitless visit of Mr. Lange has embarrassed not a little the more cautious of U. S. officials. And European Communists could easily make use of this initial debacle to scare off other countries which might like to participate in the Atlantic Pact.

MORAL IMPLICATIONS?

The irresoluteness lies not only in the American drafting of the pact but even in their attitude towards some of the European countries whom they wish to get in but are afraid openly to invite, for various reasons. Spain, for instance. Some surreptitious attempts were made last year to arrange some sort of rapprochement with that country, but British reaction was so violent and condemnatory, that the whole thing

was dropped like a hot brick. There are doubts about Italy which is bound by the Italian Peace Treaty to limit its armaments. There is no guarantee about either Greenland's or Iceland's participation. All sorts of other doubts are springing up. What about Indonesia? Does the U. S. want Greenland so much that it is willing to close its eyes to Dutch persistence in prolonging the status quo in the Republic? Which leads to the other question, Does the United States like the arms it supplies to the member states of the Pact to be used in quelling native uprisings in colonial areas?

All this has created suspicion in the minds of some that the U. S. is trying to back out of the Pact. Mr. Dean Acheson, Secretary of State, last week tried feebly to allay all such doubts and fears by saying that the misunderstandings were inevitably part of the "democratic dilemma" and on a later occasion when pressed for a definite reassurance took refuge in the dignified statement: "I don't want to talk about these things. All

they can do is to cause trouble." But unofficial sources guess that U. S. top officials are going to so arrange it that the military clause in the Pact will not commit the U. S. automatically to war but "will convey assurances so strong that no one will mistake America's intention to resist aggression." This may be shrewd but two devastating wars have taught the countries of Europe also wisdom. They seem determined to take nothing short of a direct guarantee of military aid.

One cannot but admit that in the diplomatic negotiations of the Atlantic Pact, America has unwittingly given the first move to Soviet Russia. She now stands in a position to question the sincerity of the avowals made by the Americans that they desire nothing but peace on earth. If the Atlantic Pact becomes a reality, the test might come from Norway. If the pact falls through, the test might come from Berlin. From whichever side it comes, it seems as if the impetuous and hasty Americans are in for an uncomfortable time.

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“To Know Is To Forgive”

By Prof. H. S. Phadke

(The story of a man's experience which finds its startling parallel in that of many people today).

HOW he wanted to slap his young son, standing before him, hard and good! But he controlled himself. He was after all the editor of a very respectable paper, 'HONOUR.' Besides, the boy's mother, who must be listening outside the door would be shocked if he lost his temper and thrashed the young fellow. "Get out of here," he, therefore, said, with as much dignity and coolness as he could muster, "and don't cross the threshold of this house until you shed this folly." The boy moved towards the door—not hanging his head in shame or frustration, but erect and proud. The father noticed this and felt annoyed. "And, look here," he cried after the young man, "Take away this photograph." He flung the picture, and it landed at the boy's feet, showing the smiling face of a pretty young girl. The young man picked it up with tenderness and then moved to the door. But before he put his hand on the knob to open the door, he turned round. "Father," he said, "I'll leave the house as you desire, but I must tell you that you are doing a great injustice, not to me but to the girl I love and want to marry. You should have at least agreed to meet her and see for yourself what kind—".

"Shut up," the father shouted. "Don't you dare teach me. I should've met the girl, indeed! As if I don't have enough knowledge as to what type these refugee girls are! You're being duped, I tell you, again. Open your eyes, if you can, or get out of here and don't—" His son stepped out and so there was no need for further words.

He telephoned feverishly and asked the sub-editor on duty to send down somebody for the copy of the leading article. He was not going to the office. He was too upset to go anywhere. He would write out

the article at home. And in that article he would pour all the venom of anger and disgust which he felt for these refugees.....

During the last nine months his feelings for these hordes who had swamped the city of Bombay, fleeing their homes, had steadily grown from mild annoyance to antagonism and then to definite disgust, until it hardened into a blind, relentless prejudice. He had first become aware of the invading 'pests'—as he called these refugees—when half a dozen of them had come into his yard and demanded shelter. Demanded, mark you, not implored or begged—as though they had a right to share his amenities and comforts. Then he had seen many of them behaving like rowdies at railway stations and in the market. The Press had been full of their gangster tactics. He had thus seen only the dark side of the lives of these unfortunates, and after that he had shut his eyes to anything but that which confirmed his adverse opinion. Occasionally, he had used a little space in the editorial columns of his 'HONOUR' to ask, "....What were the Government doing? Did they intend to let loose these miscreants on the law-abiding and peace-loving citizens of India?"And now on top of all this, the refugee menace had invaded his very home. His young son had come to tell him that he had fallen in love with a girl from the Refugee Camp and wanted to marry her.... Love, indeed!He knew that the designing girl must have used all her wiles to trap the young fellowIt was, indeed, the limit.

Both as a father and as the Editor of 'HONOUR' he must now fight this refugee menace with all the weapons at his command. He must save his own home and countless other homes from this lawlessness

and intimidation that stalked the land in the shape of the refugees. Yes, he would write a long article on this refugee menace—the hottest and the bitterest he ever wrote.... The office would send down a man at 6-30 in the evening. The stuff must be ready by then.... He settled down to the task and soon forgot the outside world in the frenzy of writing.

A terrible gust of wind made him aware of the world again. The door of his study swung to and fro with a bang. The shutters of windows clattered and the curtains flapped like the wings of a frightened bird. On the wall a calendar, showing Sunday, 21st November....What is this?....he asked himself. And, when another gust, even more violent and dust-laden, scattered away the sheets on which his article had been scrawled, he jumped to his feet and shouted....He went to one of the windows. But even before he put his hands to the shutters, they rattled madly and he heard the splintering sound of crashing glass. He peered out of the window and saw a scene which, he thought, was utterly crazy. The whole landscape was a pandemonium of flying dust and little stones. Branches of trees cracked, and tall palms swayed in a savage dance....What was all this? Was a cyclone hitting Bombay?People in the neighbouring houses screamed. In the Bazar Street under his balcony there was utter chaos. The next moment, the lights went out. He probed in the darkness and reached the table, to ring up his office. Lighting a match, he dialled a number but there was no response. Every means of communication had been disrupted by the storm and he was completely cut off from the outside world.

He suddenly remembered his wife. Where was she? Had she gone out while he had been writing? He hoped not. Crossing the drawing-room he rushed into her room. There she was. Thank God! But she was writhing with pain, a look of terrible agony on her face. He bent down and in that moment he knew what the trouble was. She was in the throes of child-birth. Of all moments, her child had chosen this

for entering into this mad world. She clutched his hands and looked into his eyes. He realised his own utter uselessness in this crisis. He rushed to the door and called for the maid-servant. Then he remembered that it was her day off. He cast a glance at the bed where his wife lay. A lump came into his throat at the thought that he was utterly incapable of helping the suffering woman. She was helpless. But he was even more helpless....The wind shrieked outside, and there was a loud patter of rain. It seemed as though the storm would go on for ever....

He went back to the bed. In feeble tones, his wife asked him to take her to the Maternity Home immediately. "Yes, yes," he mumbled. But in the very moment of saying it, he knew how impossible it was to do what must be done. How could he take her to the Maternity Home? Ordinarily they would have sent their Ambulance if requested. But it was impossible to get into touch with them, since the telephones were not working. To find a taxi at the street corner was equally impossibleAnd here lay his wife in the bed writhing in the spasms of a stabbing pain....O God, what a moment!In that instant, he realised what it was to be utterly helpless and hopeless, and he also experienced the wild desperation that is born of such helplessness....

He rushed out of the room, down the stairs, and into the street, not minding the fury of the wind and rain. The street was dark and deserted. But he knew a garage.... Reaching it with considerable difficulty, he described his plight to the taxi driver and implored his help. But the fellow refused to take out his taxi.

"Name your price, man, but don't say no," he begged. He thought the fellow would demand fifty rupees—or at the most a hundred, or two hundred. But no. Even if he were paid a thousand rupees the driver was not prepared to take out his taxi.

"What?" he shouted at the driver. "You won't help me? You have no mercy for my wife who is about to become a mother?...."

The driver grinned. "If she is about to become a mother, is that any fault of mine, Sir?"

This maddened him. He picked up an iron bar that lay on the foot-board of the car and hit the driver. He saw the fellow drop to the floor. He searched his pockets and found the key of the car. As he splashed his way across the gurgling streams of water in the street, he thanked God. Now he could take his wife to the Maternity Home. His mind turned back again and again to the garage, where he had left the taxi-driver—not dead, he hoped, but only unconscious. But his conscience didn't bother him. The fellow had refused to understand his dire need and to help him....

Reaching home, he put his wife in the taxi. He also opened his safe and put all the cash he found there into his pocket. He might need it, he thought, at the Maternity Home. There might arise, he told himself, unforeseen difficulties, and it was wise to have as much money ready as possible. He was prepared to fling away his whole fortune if the people at the Maternity Home demanded it....As he dashed towards the Maternity Home he prayed to God not to let it be blown off by

the storm. Once he reached there with his wife, everything was going to be all right. He would give the Doctor any fee....even all the currency notes in his pocket. If the Doctor refused to help....Hadn't he hit the taxi-driver and committed what was clearly an act of robbery? He would similarly intimidate the Doctor like a gangster, if that was needed. He and his wife were reduced to a state of extreme helplessness. The world must help them. Charity and mercy were due to them. And if these dues were not offered willingly, he was ready to wring people's help by violence!

All of a sudden the thought flashed across his mind that he was behaving and thinking like a refugee.... He had seen the refugees from a distance, but had never tried to understand them—to understand their helpless and homeless condition, and, in the context of these, their violence. Now he himself was experiencing what it meant to be a refugee—to be helpless and hopeless, to be in dire need, to feel that others must help, and be exasperated and furious and thoughtless, if people refused to help.

The 'article' which he had almost finished was never published.—N. P. S. (Copyright).

WORLD BANK AID FOR INDUSTRIALISATION

by K. SANYASIAH

THE implementation of our schemes of industrialisation rests not a little upon our ability to pool the financial resources necessary for the purpose. Capital in India has been notoriously shy and the uncertainties of Governmental policy have worsened the situation. Industrialists are naturally unwilling to undertake fresh ventures lest they should be deprived of the fruits of their labours in the event of such ventures being nationalised within a short period of time. This unwillingness has been described as "the strike of capital," although there are some who point out that there is not enough saving in the country and hence there is no capital at all in the quantities required. Be that as it may, it is obvious that the entire needs of industrialisation cannot be met solely by the mobilisation of our internal resources, for that would involve forced saving by the famished millions resulting in a further drop in their already too low standard of living.

It has to be realised that our transformation as a creditor nation during the second world war has proved to be short-lived. Even for meeting our annual short-term requirements, we had recently to obtain a loan of eighty million dollars from the International Monetary Fund. An application for further loan is reported to be under contemplation. Our requirements in connection with the import of machinery and capital equipment necessitate our borrowing abroad. Without such financial accommodation it is doubtful if we can find the wherewithal to purchase capital goods from abroad, granting that they are freely available.

The arrival of the representatives of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development has to be viewed against this background. At the meeting of the ECAFE at Lapstone some time back, the American representative declared that any financial

accommodation which countries like India might require could only be the result of private negotiations with individual businessmen and that the U. S. Government could do little in the matter, however sympathetic it might be to the aspirations of such countries. Mr. Loy Henderson, American Ambassador in India, reiterated the same at a press conference, when he suggested that India might try to secure loans from the World Bank (as the International Bank for Reconstruction is popularly called) or from the Export-Import Bank. The unwillingness of the American Government to formulate a plan for Asia on the lines of E.R.P. is generally considered to be due to the unstable political conditions prevailing in the Asiatic countries. Further, it has been said that the problem of Europe is reconstruction, while that of Asia is fresh construction and as such aid to Europe would yield comparatively quicker results.

The inaugural message of President Truman to the American Congress makes mention of aid to under-developed countries. It is a significant coincidence that the representatives of the World Bank are visiting India immediately after the declaration of the President and is a pointer to the realisation, in American circles, of the necessity of rendering financial assistance to Asiatic countries in their plans of industrialisation. This is the first time that a delegation of the World Bank composed of the largest number of representatives is investigating into the prospects of large-scale industrialisation of an Asian country. The success of the Marshall Plan in Europe can never be thorough so long as Asia remains undeveloped, because prosperity like peace is indivisible.

At the moment, the political situation in India is propitious for the implementation of our economic plans. There has also been a welcome change in the attitude of America to our requests for financial

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and technical assistance. This is indeed a fine opportunity for the doubling of our efforts. Dr. John Mathai stated in the Dominion Parliament that among our plans placed before the World Bank for consideration were projects for bringing under cultivation waste and weed-infested lands, for the sinking of tube-wells, for the development of fisheries and for the purchase of locomotives, ships and hydro-electric equipment. All these projects aim at the development of the agricultural, power and transport resources of the country, on which depend the prospects of the rapid establishment of consumer goods industries. Among the agricultural projects specifically mentioned, it is believed, are the Damodar Valley Project, and a project for the reclamation of ten million acres now lying as waste. The materialisation of these projects would solve the annual drain of 120 crores of rupees now expended in the import of food products. The assistance of the World Bank in connection with the development of these industries would be particularly wel-

come for it is precisely in these fields that private capital would not be too willing to participate. Further, the World Bank Mission takes upon itself the duty of seeing that the loan obtained from the Bank would be utilised for productive purposes and that it would be spent efficiently and without waste, so that the projects concerned are sure, within a reasonable time, to meet the annual interest charges as well as the instalments for repayment of the loan. It is also a happy feature of the assistance of the World Bank that technological assistance is included within its scope. The success of the financial and technical assistance which the Bank would render to our country, it is hoped, would induce foreign capital from private sources as well to flow into the country to the extent necessary. Foreign capital is bound to play an important part in the development of our national resources and the activities of the World Bank are expected to usher in an era of progress and prosperity in the industrial history of India.

JUDGMENT

SEVERAL European pacifists have suggested that the death sentence passed on Nathuram V. Godse and Narayan Apte, the murderers of Mahatma Gandhi, should be commuted out of respect to the principles of non-violence and forgiveness that were preached by the Mahatma. It is significant that this suggestion should have been made by EUROPEAN, and not INDIAN, pacifists. Indeed, it is interesting to consider why even the most ardent pacifists and Gandhi-ites in India have not dared to make such a suggestion which, they know, would be literally in keeping with the Gandhian doctrine.

Every one knows that in the saintly personality and character of Gandhiji, there was no room for ideas of vendetta or revenge. "Forgive them, O Lord, for they know not what they do" was his Christ-like prayer, whenever he was harassed by his enemies. In strict conformity with his principles of non-violence, he never sought the help of the law to have his enemies and detractors punished. When the European fanatics pelted him with stones and almost lynched him in South Africa, he could have got the mischief-makers hauled up before a court of law, as several of his friends (including Europeans) advised and even pressed him to do. But he had already forgiven them. That was the greatest triumph of his saintly character. Later in his life, physical as well as verbal assaults were made upon him, but always his magnanimous spirit rose above considerations of revenge or even normal legal punishment.

"WE DON'T FOLLOW THE MAHATMA!"

There is no doubt that, were he alive today, Gandhiji would strongly plead for the life of Godse and Apte. "Forgive them," he would say, "for that is the best and most effective punishment for

them." And, if he were alive, he would have been obeyed even in this respect. It might even have been proper to do so. The impact of his supreme gesture of saintly forgiveness might not only have affected a change of heart even in these two fiendish criminals; it might even have had world-wide repercussions by purging human hearts of thoughts of violence and vendetta. Yes, Gandhiji COULD make such a gesture of forgiveness and it might have strengthened the cause of non-violence and pacifism, as the European pacifists no doubt wish and desire.

But ONLY Gandhiji was capable of rising to such a height. Alas, he is not alive to work the miracle which such forgiveness on his part could have wrought. For any one else, it would be not only presumptuous but downright hypocritical to assume Gandhian airs in this context.

For, frankly enough, none of us—neither the Government nor the people, neither the courts nor the police nor the officials, neither the European pacifists nor the Indian Gandhi-ites—are following the Gandhian way in our lives. The Government sanctions with impunity the flagrant breach of Gandhian principle of non-violence by the police lathi charges and even firing upon impatient refugees, impassioned students and aggressive workers; the courts are daily sending people to the gallows for murder committed in moments of passion and madness or ultimately caused by unhealthy social and economic conditions; the European pacifists have not yet demonstrated any practical concern with

the problem of their own countries dangerously drifting towards an atomic war; and Indian Gandhi-ites are daily flouting the Mahatma's gospel in a hundred and one different ways. The



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life of not a single Minister is patterned on the austere and simple Gandhian model. Force is still the basis of our administration.

DANGEROUS TO FORGIVE!

Is then Gandhian non-violence to be invoked ONLY to forgive the cold-blooded and dastardly murderers of the Mahatma? That would be a travesty and a shame. And it would be dangerous beyond words. Gandhiji alive could and did stem the tide of fanatical violence and blood-lust. But if his murderers get scott free, it would be a diabolical encouragement to hundreds of Godses and Aptes and other such perverse criminals. The life of many of our revered leaders—the lives of all decent Indians who are opposed to the cult of 'Godse-ism'—would be in perpetual danger.

"Forgiveness" for the murderers, as sometimes suggested by blatantly un-Gandhian people smacks too strongly of a sneaking sympathy and abetment of the most heinous crime in Indian history to deserve the slightest support or encouragement.

Those who killed Gandhiji must die not because their petty, perverted, worthless lives can be placed in the balance against the most precious life of several ages; but because other such fanatics and homicides need a deterrent. The hanging of a million Godses can be no consolation to us, for it cannot give us back our beloved Bapu; but it may save other precious lives. Would-be Godses must know that crime does not pay and shall not pay!

NEHRU'S CAMBRIDGE MEMORIES

The other day Prime Minister Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru attended a dinner where he was not accorded the seat of honour at the head of the table—nor did it imply any discourtesy to the distinguished guest! It was a Cambridge Reunion Dinner and, in conformity with the democratic custom on such occasions, the former Trinity man had to give precedence to three other "Cantabs" who were senior to him in the University.

According to a press report, the Prime Minister agreed to attend the dinner in spite of several other press-

ing engagements. This is not surprising because, like most of us who have fond memories of Aligarh or Benaras or Bombay or Calcutta or Lucknow or Madras Universities, Panditji has a genuine affection for his old alma mater. Sitting at dinner with old and young fellow-Cantabs, swapping gossip about the Cam and the colleges, the Union Society and the Indian Majlis, for some hours at least the Prime Minister's mind must have escaped from the cares and worries of office and gone back to the leisurely, carefree days of his youth spent in Cambridge, days which he had described with such nostalgic warmth and yet self-critical candour in his Autobiography:

"Cambridge, Trinity College, the beginning of October 1907, my age seventeen, or rather approaching eighteen. I felt elated at being an undergraduate with a great deal of freedom, compared to school, to do what I chose. I had got out of shackles of boyhood and felt at last that I could claim to be a grown-up. With a self-conscious air I wandered about the big courts and narrow streets of Cambridge, delighted to meet a person I knew.

"Three years I was at Cambridge, three quiet years with little of disturbance in them, moving slowly on like the sluggish Cam. They were pleasant years, with many friends and some work and some play and a gradual widening of the intellectual horizon. . . . Many of the people I met at Cambridge or during the vacations in London or elsewhere talked learnedly about books and literature and history and politics and economics. I felt at sea at first in this semi-high-brow talk, but I read a few books and soon got the hang of it and could at least keep my end and not betray too great an ignorance on any of the usual subjects. So we discussed Nietzsche (he was all the rage in Cambridge then) and Bernard Shaw's prefaces and the latest books by Lowes Dickinson. We considered ourselves very sophisticated and talked of set and morality in a superior way. . . . And we would sit by the fireside in the long winter evenings and talk and discuss unhurriedly deep into the night till the dying fire drove us shivering to our beds. And sometimes, during our discussions, our voices would lose their even tenor and would grow loud and excited in heated argument. But it was all make-believe. We played

with the problems of human life in a mock-serious way, for they had not become real problems for us yet, and we had not been caught in the coils of the world's affairs. . . ."

Little did the young undergraduate Nehru realize then that a day would come when he would be completely involved in the coils of Indian international affairs. Earlier, in the course of the same reminiscent passage, he recalls:

"...the aesthetic side of life appealed to me, and the idea of going through life worthily, not indulging it in the vulgar way, but still making the most of it and living a full and many-sided life appealed to me. I enjoyed life and I refused to see why I should consider it a thing of sin. At the same time risk and adventure fascinated me; I was always, like my father, a bit of a gambler, at first with money and then for higher stakes, with the bigger issues of life. Indian politics in 1907 and 1908 were in a state of upheaval and I wanted to play a brave part in them, and this was not likely to lead to a soft life. All this mixed and sometimes conflicting desires led to a medley in my mind. Vague and confused it was but I did not worry, for the time for any decision was yet far distant. . . ."

In another context "mixed and sometimes conflicting desires" beset him even today, even as they did during the period when he wrote the Autobiography and his mind was trying to resolve the conflict between Gandhism and Socialism, but he can hardly console himself that "the time for decision" is yet far distant! Or can he?

LIBEL THAT IS NOT!

Among the many other complexities of film production is the danger of adverse reactions of sections of the public who might decide (sometimes without any reason whatever) that they have been maligned through some character or caricature in the film.

The great community of weavers ('*julaahas*,' as they are somewhat contemptuously called in North India) were up in arms against the Bombay Talkies film *Jhoola*, in which the phrase "*julahe-ki-chhori*" was used in a comic song-dance number in a slightly derogatory sense. Then it was the turn of the barbers who resented the lampooning of a bar-

ber's character in a film called *Duniya Ek Tamasha*—which, curiously enough, was itself modelled on the Chaplinesque barber of *Great Dictator*. Some Marwari organisations protested against the alleged vilification of Marwari characters on the screen; and more recently but with much greater justification, women's organisations have lodged a strong protest against the libellous depiction of educated women's characters on the Indian screen.

Curiously enough, the one profession that has often been the butt of ridicule and satire, both in American and Indian films, but which has never resented such caricatures are the journalists!

This problem of group sensitivity is once again highlighted by the agitation going on in America and Germany against that unusually fine British film, *Oliver Twist*. American as well as German Jews resent the character of Fagin, that classic crook of Dickens' imagination—epitomising monumental greed, oily shrewdness, unscrupulous and diabolically criminal genius. As depicted by Dickens (and faithfully translated on the screen) Fagin was a Jew but not a symbol of Jews, and his character can no more be regarded as an indictment of the Jewry than the other non-Jew villains of the same story and film can be regarded as an attack on Christians. The entire agitation is irrational. For if *Oliver Twist* is banned as anti-Jewish, *Hamlet* might be banned as anti-Christian (because the villainous King is supposed to be a Christian). *Joan of Arc* as anti-British, *Marie Antoinette* as anti-French.

Where the maligning of a people is deliberate and consistent (as was for many years the case with oriental characters in American and British films always being depicted as cringing slaves or scheming crooks) protest is not only justified but desirable. But to launch an attack on the work of so great a humanitarian as Dickens and so beautiful a film as *Oliver Twist* is absurd in the extreme. Also it smacks of commercial jealousy when the recent triumph of British films like *Oliver Twist* in America is

sought to be tarnished by pressure-group protests and trumpeting of imaginary grievances. The ban on *Oliver Twist* in America seems to have been inspired not by the mass of American Jews but by the Hollywood tycoons, both Jews and non-Jews. Nor is it the first time that capitalists have exploited religious and racial feelings for their own ends.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

The almost unanimous resolution in favour of redistribution of provinces on a lingual basis, passed recently by the Bombay Legislative Assembly, has once again focussed public attention on the problem of linguism and redistribution of provinces. Mr. K. M. Munshi presents the other side of the picture in his **LINGUISTIC PROVINCES AND THE FUTURE OF BOMBAY** (National Information and Publications Ltd., Bombay, Rs. 2). It is a painstakingly prepared and scholarly monograph, and a great deal of research obviously has gone into it. Mr. Munshi is opposed to linguism and wants Bombay City as well as Bombay Province to remain multi-lingual

entities. He adduces a great amount of historical and statistical evidence to support his case which could not have been better or more ably presented. This little book must be read and considered for any dispassionate examination of this intricate problem. What Mr. Munshi does not explain in his thesis, however, is the contradiction between his staunch opposition to United Maharashtra and his well-known advocacy of Maha Gujarat. It is this paradox and the very vehemence of his reasoning which create a suspicion of partiality. In any case, one can get a balanced view of the problem by supplementing Mr. Munshi's book with the pamphlet **MAHARASHTRA'S CASE BEFORE THE LINGUISTIC PROVINCES COMMISSION** (Samyukta Maharashtra Parishad, Shivajinagar, Poona 5) which contains the case for United Maharashtra as presented by no less a person than Dr. M. R. Jayakar who proves himself as great a master of history and statistics as Mr. Munshi. In between the brilliant special pleading by these two great advocates of conflicting claims perhaps, lies the truth about linguism.

INDIANS TO ATTEND SUMMER SCHOOLS IN BRITAIN

India and Pakistan are among the countries whose citizens have been invited to attend the 10 University Summer Schools organized this year by the British Council. Although planned primarily for the benefit of American students, at least one-third of those attending will come from other countries.

The courses are widely varied in scope. Birmingham, for instance, is conducting a school at Stratford-on-Avon on the subject of Shakespeare and English Drama.

London University's course is on 20th century English Literature; Manchester and Sheffield are dealing jointly with England's Industrial North; and Oxford will offer two courses, one being on Modern European Civilisation and the other on Ancient Greece.

All the courses will last for six weeks, beginning on various dates between July 8 and 13.

In addition to these University Summer Schools, the British Council have also arranged some 40 short courses for specialists from overseas to be held in the provinces of Scotland and Wales between February and October. More than 1,000 visitors to Britain are expected to take part in these courses.—**London Press Service.**

BUDGETS--CENTRAL AND PROVINCIAL

by "P. M."

THE salient features of the Central budget are that a small deficit of about 15 crores is sought to be made good by the tortuous device of first making the deficit bigger, and then devising new sources of taxation to meet it. When we consider the *raison d'être* for this novel method—we discover the disquieting fact that Dr. John Matthai has been solicitous of winning the approbation of big business almost to the exclusion of all other interests. The concessions shown to the richest and most powerful sections of the community are knocking off the capital gains tax, reducing the rate of super-tax, and showing concessions in the reductions in slab rates. From the capital gains tax, the loss is one crore; and it will be hard to convince any one that the shyness of capital could be overcome by this very small bribe offered to it. Either the taxable limit of this figure should be much more considerable or it should be an inadequate solatium for capital said to have gone, like the Communist, 'underground!' In this connection, it must be pointed out that the Finance Minister apparently does not know what the Prime Minister feels about the coquetry of Capital. Speaking recently, the Prime Minister roundly declared that Capital must take its chance with the rest of the community, and must not ask for special privileges or protection. And yet, this is precisely what Dr. Matthai proposes to guarantee to it.

Reducing the rate of income tax by three pias for incomes up to Rs. 10,000 and by another three pias in the next slab are not substantial enough as relief, but the total loss to the Government under them is 3 crores. As this class is closely dependent upon the managerial and entrepreneur class, this relief is also uncalled for.

As against this, note that new taxation weighs heavily on all literate but poorer sections of the community in two directions. Postal charges are

up, and they are expected to yield more than three crores, and all would be contributing to this total irrespective of even the criterion of any income. Also paper other than newsprint and stationery articles are to be taxed. The exemption of newsprint is another sop to Cerberus; if a few of the numerous magazines should die a natural death through enhanced prices of newsprint, it would be a consummation in the right direction—for in journalism that bad journal has been the enemy of the good! This unjust, impolitic discrimination amounts to a tax on knowledge, and must be reprobated in the strongest terms.

The bland assurance is given that all mails will hereafter be carried by air to justify the raising of postal rates. But when it is remembered that beyond inter-provincial capitals, air services are unknown, the speed in delivery promised by air transport subserves again the businessman and the rich industrialist who are thus given a concession at the expense of the wider and longer-suffering public.

Lastly, there was a hint that the Government proposed to compound with tax-evaders, and that concrete legislative measures to that end would soon be introduced. Presumably, the Government are now engaged in *pourparlers* with the burglars as to the quantum of the loot which they are prepared to return to the exchequer in return for a complete and retrospective white-wash. This is another lurid pointer to the infirmity of our Government in tackling tax-evaders and does not add to their prestige.

It would be a good thing if most of the existing taxes were left intact and the new ones also imposed so as to produce a surplus budget, in the interests of fighting inflation. Vigorous and co-ordinated measures to promote self-sufficiency in our food requirements might result in the saving of a large part of present estimates for subsidies budgeted under imported foodstuffs.

As for the Madras budget, it reveals a degree of nonchalance which we can account for only by reference to the prentice zeal of our Finance Minister. Almost everything is to be taxed, and at this rate, we have every risk of being exposed to a capitation tax, a wedding tax and a funeral-tax, so catholic and resourceful has been Mr. Gopal Reddi to find grist to his financial mills. Of policies underlying taxation measures, we have been told nothing categorical or reassuring. One is even tempted to wonder how far the budget figures might be considered reliable. To give two illustrations: the nationalised bus transport of Madras is said to have yielded a profit of about 14 lakhs for two years. As the total capital invested is unknown, and as income-tax to the Centre is not provided for, the public is left to form its own conclusions as to the alleged success of the nationalisation scheme. And if the nationalisation has been a success, we cannot understand the reasons that prompt the Government to declare that they have no present intentions of extending the area of nationalisation in regard to transport. Our Ministry has given too many sordid proofs of casting covetous eyes on private property, indeed it has shown no compunction in seizing upon as much of it as could be seized upon under forms of law. If therefore it fears to extend the scope of nationalisation in regard to transport, it is at least reasonable to conclude that the advertised tale of profits must be understood in a Pickwickian sense. Afraid to go forward—ashamed to go back—that would seem to indicate the position of our Ministry more or less correctly.

The second point is the alleged appreciation of land values in urban and municipal areas. None but an ignoramus could have had the temerity to equate inflated prices and debased currency with appreciated values! Mr. Gopala Reddi must know that a rupee of today is but one-fourth in value of the rupee as it was in circulation in 1938. If, therefore, he proceeds to tax land sales of today to the extent of 25% of the sale price, he will find a result not altogether flattering to his acumen or answering to his anticipations. Either business will flop, and transactions in real

estate become sluggish; or a new kind of fraud (through collusion of buyer and seller) will be perpetrated on the Government. For there is nothing to prevent an artificial (or in this case even natural) depression of values. The injustice of it would press hard on other transactions, thus creating deadlocks where none existed before. In the end, he will find that he has gained precious little, while the public is almost certain to suffer from the consequences of depression acting from an isolated point. An insidious and relentless extension of the sales tax is an unfailing stand-by to fish out crores from the pockets of the masses. It was an evil day when C. R. first introduced it to offset the losses arising from prohibition. Now it has become the first resource and the last refuge of every tyro on whom financial responsibility is thrust by a party caucus.

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The Professor And The Champ

BY K. C. RAGHAVAN

THE pair entered the Hotel lounge, and one could almost hear the silent groan that went around the crowd of regulars. Who would they pick on this time? Each of us gazed into the middle distance with a faraway look in our eyes, avoiding the grey steely glare of the Professor and the bland grin of the Champ. Then we heard their steps approaching us. Here it comes, we said underneath our breath. A moment later I felt as if an ox had butted me in the small of my back. It was just the way the Champ greeted you. I coughed violently and, wiping the remains of the Martini that went the wrong way down, from my chin, I turned round as nonchalantly as I could and said, "Oh, hullo, Champ. It's you?"

"Mind if we join the party?" said the Professor.

"Oh, not at all, not at all..." murmured the party.

"Ahem!" coughed the Professor pointedly, and fixed his glittering eye on me. I jumped up hastily and offered him my chair. It was the Professor's favourite chair.

"A drink, Professor?" asked someone.

"I don't mind if I do, I don't mind at all," said the Professor genially. "Let's say-er-a large Scotch, eh?" Someone gave the order to the boy.

"No fight today, Champ?" someone else asked.

"No more at the Stadium," answered the Professor. "We ran through our engagement successfully. However, we hope to stay on a bit in this place. Williams, the Arena man, wants us for a week or two at his place. And the Champ says he feels like it."

"Ya," said the Champ, "I feel damn good. But dis hotel gif no good food. Not enuf eggs. I nid twenty, thirty a day. Hotel gif four, five."

The Champ gazed around him benignly. The company gave him a serious hearing and pronounced the Hotel guilty on all counts. One or two of us almost burst out in disapproving murmurs of "Shame, shame!"

This sort of thing had been going on for the last two weeks—ever since the Champ and the Professor had come into town. The Champ, to be more explicit, was Ivan the Terrible, Champion wrestler of the East in his class, and the Professor, a one-time Professor of philosophy in a Mid-Western University, "back in the States," was the Champ's manager, guide, friend and philosopher. An unholy combination, the two of them—nicknamed by us behind their backs the Muscle and the Brain. We had been subjected to their advances ever since they drifted into town and put up at the Hotel. If this sort of thing went on for another few nights, we felt sure we would never again darken the door-step of the Hotel for an evening drink and a chat. Already the ranks of the usual crowd had thinned—all thanks to the Professor and the Champ. And here they were again to-night, the Professor quoting Shakespeare and Schopenhauer to a languid audience which did not dare get up and leave, not while the Champ chipped in occasionally, "Well, ain't dat int'restin'?"

The Professor was on his pet subject. "The true rulers of this world are those who possess both physical strength and extraordinary intellect. For those who don't possess both these qualities, I suggest a comradeship between two men, each contributing one or other of these factors for world leadership," he sententiously declared and looked around him. "For example, take the Champ and me..." and he started off on another of his anecdotes to illustrate his point.

It was then that the little man in the corner jumped into the conversation. The Little Man wore a tuxedo and waxed.

moustaches which made him look fiercer than he probably was.

"No, Professor. I dispute your theory. The strong forearm and the brain are not the only things that matter really in the world." His voice was low and musical, his accent ever so slightly foreign, but one could not place his nationality. We took a long surprised look at his swarthy, tired-looking, handsome face. The Professor glared at the intruder who had dared interrupt him in one of his favourite stories. The Champ looked at the Little Man and then at the Professor, with a helpless, pathetic glance and kept on bending soda-water bottle tops between his fingers.

"And what alternative theory have you to offer, sir?" asked the Professor, as if he had icicles on his tonsils.

"You have forgotten the Supreme Will, sir—or if you will have it, the spirit, the soul—that eternal, godly spark in man."

We looked at the Professor.

"Rubbish, Piffle. Tommy-rot. You don't mean to say that you actually believe in medieval mumbo-jumbo? Not in the twentieth century, man!" was the indignant retort.

"I see I have to convince you that there are more things in heaven and earth than the brute force of the conscious intellect and that of the biceps," said the swarthy little man. "Shall I make you swear that black is white and that two and two makes three, in spite of all the dictates of your intellect? But of course I shall have to hypnotize you. Do you mind?"

The Professor smiled superciliously. "Of course not. That is, if you can!"

"We shall see.... Do you see this glass?"

"Yes".

"Black is white, is it not?"

"Black is white," said the Professor with metallic calmness.

We smiled.

"Two plus two is three, is it not?"

"Two plus two is three," said the Professor gravely. We laughed nervously. This seemed too good to be true.

"Now, Professor?" said the Little Man triumphantly, and tapped the old fellow on his wrist. The Professor shook his head and asked, "What...." in a very bewildered tone. We roared with laughter as we watched his face, and a more interesting study was that of the Champ, who seemed to be in a bigger daze with a look of intense disgust at the tragic fall of his idol from a position of grace. It took a lot to convince the Professor that he had said things which a primary schoolboy would have blushed to. Finally the Professor wryly accepted the sworn testimony of the witnesses present.

"Very well, sir, I acknowledge my defeat. But what could you do, sir, if my friend here decided to put you into a half-nelson or a scissor-lock?" said the Professor maliciously and looked at the Champ. The Champ grinned and blushed under our scrutiny and kept on squashing the metal bottle tops nervously between his fingers.

"Let him try it," said the Little Man. Silence hit us like a thunderbolt. The Champ looked at the Professor with a hurt look in his eyes. He was not enjoying this duel of wits.

"You actually mean it, sir?" asked the Professor incredulously.

"Certainly," came the reply.

The Champ raised his hand, and that was as far as it went. The Little Man fixed on him a look like a dagger. The hand remained poised in mid-air, petrified.

"Do you know how to dance, Champ?" asked the Little Man suavely.

"Nope," said the Champ.

"Just try a few steps all by yourself. You'll pick it up, if you try," said the Little Man.

The Champ rose from his chair and began to waltz dreamily round the lounge all by himself. We tittered, we sniggered, we rolled about helplessly in gusts of laughter as we watched the ballet artiste.

"Excellent, Champ. You may sit down," came the order. The Champ sat down and a tap on his wrist brought him out of his day-dream. He looked at us with a bewildered grin on his face, with the Professor looking as black as a thundercloud.

"I hope, gentlemen, you will not take this too seriously. I had to convert you to my line of thought."

The Professor smiled wryly. "Where did you pick up this sort of thing, sir?" he asked.

"It's my profession. Perhaps you have heard of me. I am Zalto, the magician."

The Professor looked slightly relieved. It was one thing being fooled by a professional, and quite another being the victim of an amateur's gag. "Yes," he said, "I have always been somewhat interested in the spiritual and supernatural, Monsieur Zalto. I must say, after seeing your demonstration, I am fascinated."

"Well, sir, I wish I could devote some time to initiating you both into the mysteries of the spirit and the Supreme Will, but that cannot be. Life is, alas, so short. However, if you are really interested I will advise you to read my 'Book of the Soul.' Let me see.... Aha, you're lucky, I happen to have two

copies right now in my pocket," and the Little Man fished them out adroitly and handed one over to the Champ and one to the Professor. They glanced through them, the Professor not looking too good. "Yes, we would like to take a copy. How much will...."

"Only ten rupees for the two copies," said the Great Zalto before the Professor could finish. The Professor handed over the tenner resignedly.

"Well, gentlemen, I am afraid I shall have to be running along. However, I must say I have had a very interesting evening. Excuse me for leaving the party so early, but I have to put in an appearance tonight at nine at the Rialto. I shall be seeing more of you, gentlemen, as I'll be in town for a week or two." And with that and a little bow the Little Man walked out into the night. We watched him leave with regret, and then turned back to the Professor and the Champ.

"Well, Professor, another drink, may be?"

"No, thanks," said the Professor. "Have to turn in early. You will excuse us, won't you?"

"Certainly," we said, trying to look as disappointed as possible. "Well, we will be seeing you tomorrow night, we suppose."

"No, gentlemen." The Professor frowned. "I am afraid we shall be leaving town tomorrow. I don't think the Champ is in shape to sign up at the Arena. He looks tired and needs a rest. Don't you, Champ?"

The Champ looked at the Professor with that bewildered grin of his.

"Ya, ya. Dis hotel is no dam good. Gif no good food. Not enuf eggs. I nid twenty, thirty a day. Hotel gif four, five."

MEET—Margaret Smith, U. S. Senator.

The only woman member of the United States Senate in the 81st Congress which began its two-year life span in January, 1949, is Margaret Chase Smith. She is not the first woman ever elected to the Senate, the upper house of the Congress, but she is the first woman who has been elected to both the Senate and the House of Representatives, the lower chamber.

Mrs. Smith is a Republican from the Atlantic coast State of Maine. She was first elected to the House of Representatives in 1940 to fill the unexpired term of her husband, the late Clyde H. Smith, and was re-elected in 1942, 1944, and 1946. In the Senate she succeeds Wallace White, who did not seek re-election. She has served on the U. S. House of Representatives and also as chairman of the Maine State Republican convention.

She also served as one of the 13 advisers to the United States Government delegation at the International Labour Conference in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania in April 1944.

During World War II, Mrs. Smith was a member of the House Naval Affairs Sub-committee on Congested Areas which received the official commendation of the late President Roosevelt for making an outstanding contribution to the war effort. In 1944 she became the first woman ever to sail on a United States destroyer in war-time when she made a 25,000-mile inspection tour of the Pacific area. On her return she made suggestions for improving the living conditions of overseas personnel that were adopted by the Secretary of the Navy. As chairman of the House Armed Services Medical Sub-committee, Mrs. Smith unified in one bill proposed legislation concerning the Army and Navy Nurse Corps.

She is small, trim and vivacious, with grey hair and blue-grey eyes. Her voice is soft. She has a friendly smile and a lively sense of humor. She dresses simply. A superb cook, she is noted for her chowders, baked beans and blueberry muffins. She has no children.

She is an enthusiastic supporter of the United Nations. "It is a symbol of the greatest advance in the march of civilization," she believes. "It is the hope that we can keep the peace. It is the hope that our human progress will catch up with our machine progress."—USIS.

RUSSO-NORWEGIAN RELATIONS

A HISTORICAL SURVEY

STUDENTS of history would not have been surprised when Russia renewed her age-old demand for an outlet into the Atlantic by asking Norway to sign a pact of non-aggression with her. If Russia, the stronger power, had no aggressive intentions on Norway, then the pact was needless and if Norway had aggressive intentions on Russia, then all the worse for weak Norway. But the matter is certainly not so simple, for it is not merely a question of Russo-Norwegian relations, nor even merely a phase of Russo-American rivalry for power, but a manifestation of a historic trend in the Russian mind, namely fear of the "Franks" as all western Europeans are known in Eastern Europe.

Toynbee, the greatest living historian and philosopher, discussing the question as to who was the aggressor in all European history, the East or West, makes out the following points. To the Western Franks, Toynbee says, all the attempts of Russia to push west, or south into the Baltic or Black Sea have always appeared as rank aggression. The Russian, on the other hand, considers himself a victim of aggression by the West. According to him the roots of this problem lie deep in past history, going back to the time of the Roman Empire.

The chief event in ancient European history was not the dissolution of the Roman Empire, but the spread of Christianity at the very time of its dissolution. The eastern half of the Roman Empire, where Royal authority was still dominant, adopted Christianity as the servant of the State, while in the western half, in a state of disorder, Christianity became a greater power than the State, and the Western Frankish civilization is based on the struggle between Church and State for supremacy. Thus two different types of civilizations developed as a result of the dissolution of the Roman Empire, the western based upon the liberty of the individual, and the eastern, based upon the authority of the

State. These two were evidently irreconcilable, and each considered itself to be the direct inheritor of the power and greatness of Rome. It is this clash of the two irreconcilable civilizations of the East and West, that has been responsible for the misunderstanding of each by the other.

Toynbee says that the Franks have been the aggressors for a longer time in European history than Russians. The crusades, ostensibly fought against Moslem Arabs, really were directed against the brother Christians of the orthodox faith in East Europe. Again, the Church had its outposts in the Baltic in Pomerania, from where civilizing missions were often sent to convert the Byzantine. The ancient kingdom of Poland was many times the aggressor in Russia, and once its conquests extended up to the banks of the Vistula. The Finns and Letts, again, had aggressive designs on Russia. After Russia became a unified monarchy, she naturally turned the tide in the Baltic as well as the Balkans, in the first by direct conquest of Finland, Latvia, and partition of Poland, and in the Balkans by helping the brethren of the Greek orthodox faith against the Muslim aggressor. Whenever Russia took part in European wars it was, as Toynbee points out, only as a partner of a western power. While western countries have been direct aggressors very often.

This historical background explains Russia's fear of the West. There is yet another aspect to the question. Posing the question as to why England had been allowed to build an overseas empire unmolested by other powers during the 19th century, Dean Inge attributes it mainly to the fact that England was only a sea power, and the balance of power would be disturbed only when sea and land powers were combined in one State. According to this postulate, it is America that is a menace to the balance of power, for she is a land power seeking more lands, and also

sea power seeking more distant uses, while Russia remains a land power only. In the historical context between Frank and Byzantine, America has begun to champion the Frankish cause, since its original opponents have become weaker.

But the fate of the Baltic powers, Norway, Sweden and Denmark is liable. It would not be far wrong we say that these three countries present the best in human corporate development. C. E. M. Joad said that if he were offered the choice of being a citizen of any country, he would certainly choose one of these. These countries are pioneers in co-operative farming. State-aided industry and education, and in fact they have already found out the correct solution for the age-old East-West clash by striking the right balance between individuality and co-operation. They have produced men of light and leading in numbers out of all proportion to their

population and resources; Gustavas Adolphus, Fridtjof Nansen, Oslewski, Alfred Nobel, Henrik Ibsen, to mention only a few world figures.

Both the Anglo-American and the Russian systems must seem primitive to the civilized citizens of these countries. There are only three alternatives left for them; first, to go on vacillating like their ancient hero, Hamlet the Prince of Denmark; second, to try to satisfy both sides by signing a non-aggression pact with Russia, and a North Atlantic pact with other countries; third, to actively take steps to bring about a reconciliation between the Frank and Byzantine, meanwhile declaring their countries free countries like the "free cities" of Rome and Paris during the last war. It is not wise to say that neutrality is not possible now. Even if impossible in the full sense, it is less of a menace than active belligerency.

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Benefits of ★ Hindu Law Code ★

By S. Rajagopalan

IT is difficult to understand the rationale behind the opposition even in knowledgeable circles, to the Hindu Code Bill now on the anvil of the Dominion Parliament, and one feels that the recent resolution of the Madras Advocates' Association that the Bill as put forward by the Select Committee, "is drastic, revolutionary, deeply affecting the constitution and basis of family life and inheritance with serious repercussions on the agricultural economy of the country as also on trade and commerce," has taken an altogether panicky view of the matter; and the surprise is all the greater when it is noticed that the Bill regulates only intestate succession, in no way superseding a will or a settlement.

The Select Committee have in the main provided for the abolition of the coparcenary and the rule of survivorship in abrogation of the Mitakshara scheme of succession, and have also set right certain grave disabilities of Hindu women in regard to inheritance, marriage and divorce, equating them in that respect not only with men but what is perhaps too often overlooked, with their Moslem, Parsee and Christian sisters. Codification of Hindu law is not a novel venture. In the early half of the previous century, the first Indian Law Commissioners had in fact prepared a codified scheme of personal laws applicable, as the statute itself indicated, to all Indians alike, but the intervening Sepoy Mutiny made the Government of the day extremely chary of interfering with what they were led to regard as the religious susceptibilities of the people; and hence the Bill which ultimately became the Indian Succession Act in 1865, left the Hindus untouched and applied only to the Indian Christians and Parsees.

Hindu law is grounded on the Vedas and the Vedic Smritis, but it is essential to remember that our law as at present administered is only pandit-

made. Upon a single Smriti, namely, the Yajnavalkya Smriti, two commentaries were brought out—the Dayabhaga and the Mitakshara; and it all depended on the whims and fancies of particular sovereigns or their court pandits as to which of these two should govern what tracts of the country. For instance, it was Nanda Panditha at the court of the Vijianagar Raj who applied the Mitakshara to South India. These two schools radically differ from each other, especially in regard to the rights of women and the rule of coparcenary and survivorship, though of course they agree in respect of the marriage laws of Hindu women. The Vedic ideal in marriage is monogamy, pure and simple, for either spouse—Eka Pati and Eka Patni. The Smritis have also provided for divorce on reasonable grounds and for women also in "fivefold emergencies." These have been incorporated more or less in the Hindu Code, but the Select Committee have provided for the dissolution of marriage at the instance of third parties, presumably on the analogy of the provision in English law for the intervention of the King's Proctor in case of collusive divorce proceedings; but this particular provision may actually do more harm than good and deserves to be scrapped. Facilities for divorce, it may be asserted, will not affect the "basis of family life" when one notices that communities like the Indian Christians, Parsees and Moslems have been afforded this privilege all these years and society has not been any the worse for it.

The Mitakshara law operates very harshly in regard to women, without anything in the Smritis and the Vedas to warrant it. What is called a "woman's estate" is little more than a monstrosity, almost without parallel in civilized jurisprudence and inflicting untold hardship and suffering. For example, if a Hindu male dies intestate,

leaving surviving him his widow and his paternal grand uncle's son, upon her death, the corpus of his property will be delivered to the paternal grand uncle's son with full rights thereof, and in default of him or his heirs, it will escheat to the State. The Hindu reversioner was quite justifiably the pet aversion of that very eminent judge Sir Muttu Venkatasubba Rao.

As for the system of the coparcenary and the rule of survivorship, the less said about them the better. Both should go, if only for the reasons adduced by the Madras Advocates' Association, namely, for preserving the agricultural economy and promoting the growth of trade and commerce. A Hindu father or manager in a joint family possesses plenary powers which may not seldom prove detrimental to the family itself. Let us take a common example. A and his family consisting of his four adult sons, inherit 20 acres of ancestral property. A's friend C, becomes indebted to a money-lender on a promissory note and A just to oblige C joins in its execution. The creditor gets a decree on the debt and attaches and brings to sale the entire 20 acres. The debt was imprudent but not illegal or immoral. A is bound to repay it as the party primarily bound; and A's sons are under a pious "obligation" to discharge their father's debts and hence should surrender their interest in the properties. Ultimately the creditor owns and enjoys the 20 acres. That this is by no means unusual, can be attested to by the circumstance that quite a decent share of the landed property in our province has passed into the hands of non-agriculturists. Regarding the rule of survivorship, let us take a converse case. A money lender in Bezwada lends Rs. 5,000 on a pronote to one member of a joint Hindu family in Madras consisting of 5 brothers. If the indebted member dies suddenly and the creditor is kept ignorant of the fact, he has to lose his debt altogether, unless he had sued him and attached his interest in the joint property before he died. He cannot enforce the debt against his other brothers because the deceased man's share has be-

come theirs by survivorship. Even from the point of view of trade and commerce, the Dayabhaga law is more helpful than the Mitakshara and that probably explains why they flourish to a greater extent in Bengal than in Madras. The reasons are obvious. A Hindu father or manager in a Mitakshara Province, cannot raise the necessary capital. Under the existing law, he cannot mortgage or sell the family property for that purpose unless the family had been a trading one for generations past. In these circumstances, one cannot but applaud the provisions in the Select Committee Report making for the abolition of the coparcenary, the rule of survivorship and the pious obligation of the sons to pay their ancestor's debts.

Hindu law has in recent years undergone considerable statutory augmentation. The earliest, as also the most drastic, was in 1850, securing intact to the convert to other faiths all his privileges under the Hindu law, and offering perhaps the greatest encouragement to proselytization. Wills are an essentially Western institution and yet no Hindu has sniffed at them. Hindu Smritis hold no obligation more sacred than the liability of the descendant to pay off his ancestor's debts; nevertheless few Hindu sons or grandsons have failed to take advantage of the Limitation Act, the Negotiable Instruments Act, the Stamp Act and the Madras Agriculturalist Act, even to defeat a just claim. Many wholesome accretions have sprung up in recent times. The provisions of the Probate and Administration Act and the recently enacted Hindu Gains of Science Act are a direct challenge to the integrity of the Hindu coparcenary. The Married Women's Property Act secures even to a Hindu woman absolute powers over her husband's insurance amounts. Furthermore, the Hindu Smriti provisions in regard to the Penal laws, torts, contracts and transfer of property had been superseded and codified on the basis of an essentially alien jurisprudence. The kernel has been taken away, only the shell remains; and it will do no good to any one to stand still unaffected by the rapid, almost revolutionary changes all round in every sphere of life and activity.

Letters To The Editor

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

Is The West Materialistic?

In an early year of this century Mr. C. R. Reddy, now Vice-Chancellor of the Andhra University, delivered at the Anderson Hall in Madras a series of lectures on the so-called materialism of the West. People were apt to assume, the lecturer said, too easily that the Western countries were essentially materialistic in outlook, with the implication, side by side, that Eastern countries were spiritualistic. A careful observation of social conditions in England had proved however that the people there regarded moral and spiritual values more highly than people in the East. The individual in the West trained himself to restrain certain instincts in himself, so as not to cause inconvenience and annoyance to others. Was it not a spiritual quality? People trusted and co-operated with each other more easily and more effectively than in the East? Was it materialistic to do so? Are we in India free of Mammon-worship? Do we mean by spiritual quality assiduous religious observances which have lost all meaning both to the individual and to the society in general? Religious rites and observances, side by side with selfishness and cupidity,—can they have any spiritual value?

Are we not materialistic by necessity in the East? Professors of economy have divided the countries of the world into two categories, those that have a pleasure basis and those that have a pain basis. Do we not know that India comes under the latter category? The elementary problem of everybody getting enough to eat has not been solved yet here. Water, food, prevention of epidemics, housing accommodation, are not these problems engaging us far more than they do in England and America? Does all this indicate our spiritual superiority? Are there not unscrupulous men among our capitalists, as among their counterparts in the West? Can we pretend that our lower classes have realised universal brotherhood better than their brethren in the West?

The assumption that Westerners are materialistic is like the fling which every poor man likes to have on the rich. Every poor man likes to think that his richer brother is sinful, materialistic. He who earns four hundred believes that one who gets 4,000 is ten times as sinful as himself. Unfortunately there is a charity owed to the rich by the poor, as there is a charity owed by the rich to the poor. It is a delicate matter to discuss this

charge of materialism against the West. It is more delicate when the discussion takes place in the presence of Westerners, for the charge amounts to an insult. People who take upon themselves the responsibility of speaking at public meetings cannot be too cautious in the matter. The fact is, man has moved in different paths of approach to the central idea of perfection, in the East and in the West. Certain attractive qualities have likely evolved in the East, which are denied to the West. On the other side great virtues have been cultivated in the West which the East has failed to acquire. It is desirable indeed that the East and West should complement each other. In the words of Rabindranath Tagore: "It is best for the commerce of the spirit that people differently situated should bring their different products into the market of humanity, each of which is complementary and necessary to the others." The poet points out later: "The modern civilisation of the West, by all its organised efforts, is trying to turn out men perfect in physical, intellectual, and moral efficiency." Can we in India despise this efficiency? So we must listen with bowed heads if a Westerner should come amidst us to exhort us to achieve this ideal. It is just equally open to a representative of the East to carry a message of peace to the West, which results from reaching the Supreme God from all sides, as the Rishis did.

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI.

The Geological Survey Of India

An article on the above subject, by Mr. Parasuramayya Pingaly, appeared in *Swatantra* of 25th December 1948, purporting to assess the work of the Geological Survey of India. In the short space of a page it begins with some irrelevant history, then condemns the unoriginality of the work of the Geological Survey during the last 14 years, (the interval between 1926 and 1948 being 14 years according to your contributor) and fills up the rest by a quotation from the introductory part of one report and concludes with the dictum that the Yennadis of Nellore know all about prospecting for mica. Your contributor has omitted to mention that he was quoting only the introductory paragraphs of the report in question and that the rest of the report describes several mica mines and prospects in a part of Wynaad. To my knowledge these have not been described before—and in fact only one or two had been

opened up before the dawn of your contributor's new era (in 1926) of bad geological work. Moreover the report confines itself to a description of the Wynaad mica deposits and does not claim to be a treatise on mica-finding.

The Geological Survey is quite conscious of the limitations of its work and would always welcome informed criticism. But the article by Mr. Pingaly is a misrepresentation and descends below legitimate criticism to what amounts to a cheap fling at that department and its work.

A. G. JHINGRAN,
Superintending Geologist,
Geological Survey of India.

"From Pillar To Post"

The experience of "Hava" narrated in your weekly is not confined to Guntakal and males alone. On 15th February I got into a second class compartment at Katpadi at about 4.30 a.m. The train was scheduled to start at 5.30 a.m. Just before the starting time, a railway official got into the compartment and ordered us to clear out, as they wanted to reserve it for some Hyderabad passengers. Another friend of his began to write on the window in chalk the word "Reserved". As I was travelling alone I was greatly annoyed. Luckily another passenger demanded the orders of the D.T.S. reserving the compartment. The officials, nonplussed, began to stare at each other and one of them picked up courage to say that they were not expected to show the orders to every Tom, Dick and Harry. But the passenger politely refused to get out and asked them to take whatever action they deemed fit against him. I wanted to get down and occupy some other seat to avoid trouble but he assured me that nothing would happen. Nothing happened afterwards. Chittoor.

K. SAKUNTALA.

The Way Out Of Communalism

Communalism in our country cannot he said to have been eradicated lock, stock and barrel. But, paradoxically enough, its pace has been aggravated with the advent of political freedom. The recent countrywide demonstration of the R. S. S. was nothing but the manifestation of the glamour of the people for the sectarian idea propounded by the R.S.S. No doubt our leaders are making strenuous efforts to combat the evil effects of communalism, but it is undeniable that day by day large

sections of the people are being brought under the banner of the communal organisations. While in the North, the anti-Muslim outlook is instigated, in the South and especially in Tamilnad, the anti-Brahmin hatred is deliberately fostered. Few will deny that if no concerted effort is taken to check the fissiparous tendencies evident in the body-politic of the country, disintegration is the only necessary consequence.

But that the approach of the Congress to the communal question was basically wrong has been proved to the hilt by the failure of our leaders to successfully explode the myth of the two-nation theory enunciated by Mr. Jinnah, which resulted in the partition of the country and the assassination of the Mahatma. The main weakness of the communal organisations has been their deliberate and total abstention from doing anything to ameliorate the living conditions of their followers. Despite the unbridled exploitation of the Muslim peasants in some parts of the country by Muslim landlords, the organisers of the Muslim League had no difficulty in persuading the Muslim peasants and the Muslim landlords to join together under the auspices of a single organisation for the purpose of removing the "shackles of Hindu domination" which phrase was used only as a cloak to cover the evil designs of the capitalist-dominated League organisation. The Muslim League concentrated its attention mainly on devising ways and means of profitably exploiting the religious instincts of the Muslims for the purpose of consolidating its political influence. Championing the cause of the poor and economically backward Muslims was something of an anathema with the organisers of the League, as that would estrange the susceptibilities of those high-ups who had condescended to finance the organisation and at whose bidding alone the organisation had been formed. The Indian National Congress when confronted with the mushroom growth of the League, could have creditably dealt a death-knell to it if only our leaders had committed themselves to the implementation of a comprehensive economic programme designed to make the poverty of the people, both Hindus and Muslims, a thing of the past. But as the Congress itself was dominated by capitalists, it could not enunciate such a radical programme, which was the main reason for their ultimate acquiescence in the proposal to partition the country. The Muslims who are economically backward, could not reconcile the lofty principles professed by Congress leaders with their blatantly passive attitude to the continued deterioration of the living conditions of the people in general and it was, therefore, no wonder that

they took the word of the communal leaders at its face value. But the plea put forward by the League leaders that a separate homeland for Muslims bereft of the so-called Hindu domination will flow with milk and honey, has been proved to be a mendacious myth as is evident from the country-wide demonstrations throughout Pakistan. The statement of a Pakistani spokesman recently, apprehending "Communist" trouble in East Pakistan is an indication of the fact that the reactionary character of the Government has been fully exposed and that Pakistanis are wide awake to the exploitation of religion by the communal leaders.

Exploitation of the many by the few and the denial of legitimate opportunity to those many to contribute their mite to the prosperity of society, have been the bane of our social life. No one will,

therefore, seriously refute the observation that unless the people are organised on the basis of a revolutionary programme capable of putting an end to the sorry chapter of the millions living under the privileged few, the people will always be ready victims to the designs of the communal and other reactionary elements. Communalism is the necessary concomitant to capitalism. Capitalism will die a natural death the moment people realise that their being devoid of the necessities of life is due to the structure of the society which is based not on equity, fairplay and justice but on exploitation of the many by the few in every sphere of life. Such a realisation is impossible of achievement so long as the people allow the religious bias to have the better of them.

V. RANGACHARI.

Professor Ranga And The Socialists

Prof. Ranga is going about saying that the country needs only "one party," one programme and one flag." He has with him in the same camp prominent Right wing Congressmen like Gulzarilal Nanda, S. K. Patil, Krishnadutt Palival and a host of other minor satellites.

These gentlemen are carrying on whirlwind propaganda throughout the country against the Socialists. Professor Ranga, wherever he goes in Andhra, invariably attacks the Socialists condemning them as more dangerous even

than the Communists. At some places he has stated that the Socialists and the Communists are one and the same.

Why does Ranga club the Socialists and the Communists together? Is it because he does not know the ideological differences between these two parties?

In his book "Kisan Mazdoor Praja Raj" published by the Madras Students' Congress in December 1946 he clarified unambiguously the differences between these two parties, thus:

Communist Party:

1. Accepts the idea of dictatorship of the proletariat.
2. Believes workers are the only real leaders of the revolution.
3. Believes in professional Marxist leadership of the orthodox Comintern pattern.
4. Relegates the agrarian masses as counter revolutionaries.
5. Subordinates colonial-revolution to proletarian revolution.
6. Soviet-Russia is looked upon as father land of all workers.
7. Does not accept the political leadership of the National Congress.

Socialist Party:

1. Rejects it. Accepts the idea of democratic Socialism.
2. Leadership to be a democratic achievement of all toilers.
3. Rejects it.
4. Believes in the revolutionary role of the peasants.
5. Considers both colonial and proletarian revolutions as of equal importance (to supplement each other).
6. Rejects this but accepts the supremacy of the loyalty to the National revolution.
7. Accepts the Congress as the National leadership.

(Kisan Mazdoor Praja Raj. page 35—by Prof. N. G. Ranga).

In spite of his knowledge of the differences between these two parties, Professor Ranga is still clubbing them together. In a recent tour at Rajahmundry it is reported that he stated, "If you open your eyes—they are Communists, if you close your eyes—they are Socialists, this is all the difference." His own clarification

quoted above shows beyond doubt that the ideological stands of these two parties are diametrically opposed to one another. Why then these vicious attacks on the Socialists? The "one party, one programme, one flag" slogan of the anti-Socialist preachers reflects a far from democratic bent of mind.

Bezwada.

BHUPATHY KOTESWARA RAO.



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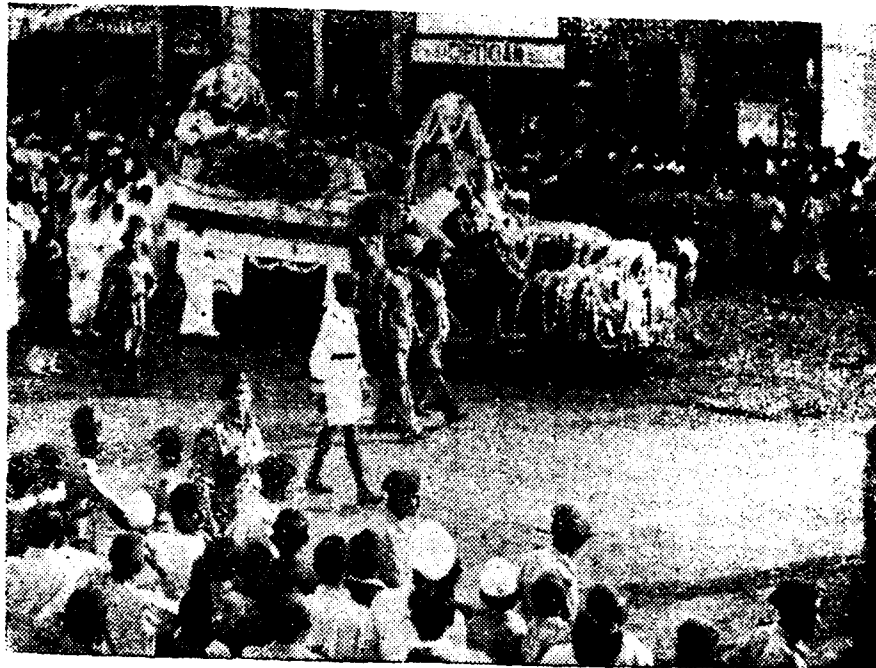
SWATANTRA

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SAROJINI ON HER LAST JOURNEY



THE CORTEGE



Pandit Nehru amidst the crowd which waited at the Government House, Lucknow, for a last darsan of the cortege.

SWATANTRA

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE BURMESE PERIL

IT is now fairly clear that the disorders in Burma have ceased to be either stray and sporadic or local and localised, but constitute a formidable threat to the existence of that infant and 'independent' State. The nationalism of the Karens cannot wholly account for the persistence of trouble at more than one spot. It is reasonable to suppose that the ubiquitous Communists, ever on the alert to fish in troubled waters, are playing the part of good samaritans, stiffening the Karen resistance with their own more thorough-going ideology. An admitted loss of 30,000 in casualties is a lurid reminder of the ferocity and extent of the fighting that is going on.

Whether the Burmese Prime Minister has been caught on the wrong foot, or whether the party at his back is going to pieces, we have no means of determining precisely just yet. But the only hopeful pointer in a sombre setting is the refusal of Thakin Nu either to walk back into the imperialist parlour or throw up the sponge. There is something ambiguous in the proffered help from British or 'Commonwealth' sources, since support for Karen separatism is also known to have come from the same sources. Indeed it is little short of a scandal that there should be M. P.'s who should use their unique forum to champion the cause of rebels, specially in a sovereign and independent State with which Britain has no sort of military or constitutional tie. Dr. Herbert Evatt cannot of course be personally suspected of any mental reservations in making the friendly

suggestions he did. But it becomes sinister when viewed in the light of the blatant and unabashed support of the Karens by the small section of British opinion which would like to use the Karens as Mr. Bevin is using the Arab Legion in Transjordan.

British help having been politely but firmly declined with thanks, the only alternative open to Thakin Nu is to work out an understanding with our own country in return for our help to put down the Burmese trouble. From the vague but eulogistic terms in which Pandit Nehru has referred to Thakin Nu's efforts to put down the rebellion, and the promise of help from ourselves implicit in the statement, it is permissible to infer that our Prime Minister is preparing to go to Burma's help in some tangible fashion. One suggestion that has been publicly canvassed is the prospect of a loan in return for the supply of rice; another unspoken idea is the possibility of military help to mop up the centres of rebellion. This is a more delicate problem bristling with difficulties, and we have no means of judging how far we intend to go in this direction. There is a large, albeit scattered, Indian population in Burma; many of them are returning in panic recalling the tragic days of Japan's advance from Burma to India. It is our elementary duty to see that the Burmese menace is contained within its territorial borders. Our frontiers and those of Eastern Pakistan often run into those of Western Burma over a wide extent. Incidents might happen which might embroil us with each other. All these

considerations have to be duly weighed before we move forward in defence of Burma or in support of Thakin Nu. An expeditionary force cannot be a small one; and if fairly large might confront us with inflation from a new direction. Burma's thanks, however sincere and warm, would be inadequate compensation for a gratuitous addition to our troubles.

Well-deserved Trouncing

PANDIT Nehru's homily to the 'kings and captains' of our trade and industry was not unmixed with a hefty lustiness which gave reassuring evidence of the Pandit's corpuscles remaining redder than his politics. He proved conclusively that even if capital were shy, there was no doubt that capitalists could be brazen. For on the morrow of the budget proposals, they are letting the cat out of the bag by minimising the importance of every one of the concessions shown to them. On the main question of nationalisation, they wanted a guarantee; but no Government can commit itself as against an unknown future, if only for the very simple reason that it will not be there to enforce its guarantee. Much of the truculence of big business arises from the mistaken confidence that because Pandit Nehru has shed his doctrinaire theories, he is therefore one of them

and one *with* them. It was important that they should be disabused on this major delusion of theirs.

That the Pandit's outlook is still progressive was also proved by his readiness to withdraw the anti-strike legislation which he had earlier announced. It was a courageous act, an act of faith in Labour's level-headedness.

Equally mordant was the castigation which Acharya Kripalani gave to the Cabinet as a whole for its nepotism, corruption and muddling. We are particularly glad to note the Pandit's references to the need for cutting down our imports of food. If this could be achieved, one of the most chronic symptoms of inflation would disappear, and the disease itself grappled in right earnest. For the Pandit referred precisely to the very points which we singled out in our recent leader on the subject.

All these are good and reassuring signs. The Pandit not only stands criticism, but gives it hot to those who deserve it. But it would be a thousand pities if his mounting prestige should be used up to achieve merely negative ends like the calling off of the railway strike. If the Cabinet could pull together, we might still collar the economic situation, and that would lead to sensational improvements all around us. Of this, however, we see as yet no reassuring sign.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

"If nothing may be published but what civil authority shall have previously approved, power must always be the standard of truth."

—DR. JOHNSON.

"Freedom only for the followers of the Government, only for the members of a party—however numerous they may be—is not freedom. Freedom is always the freedom of those who think differently.... Without general elections, without unrestricted freedom of the Press and freedom of association, without the free battle of opinions, life in every public institution must wither away; it becomes a sham life in which bureaucracy remains the only active element. No one can escape this law."—ROSA LUXEMBURG.

Sotto Voce

Getting Drunk on Public Meetings



A modest degree of self-assurance is a very good thing in a Government. But when Mr. Nehru says, "There is one type of gathering which does not criticise me; that is the common people of this country," one begins to wonder whether assurance is not hardening into complacency. "We have the confidence of the vast majority of the Indian people," says the Prime Minister. That is as it may be. But who is the "we" for whom he makes this large claim? If it is the dozen or so of estimable gentlemen who together compose the Government of India, the vast majority of the Indian people are simply not conscious of the existence of many of them.

Which is perhaps just as well for these worthies. For, if the public should begin asking why in the name of wonder they were there at all, it would not be easy to find a satisfactory answer. If the truth must be told, they are there mostly because either Mr. Nehru wanted them or Mr. Patel did so. If these leaders had chosen to pitch upon a different set of dozen people, "the vast majority" would have made no demur. Nor, I suppose, would it have made much difference. But from this it would be hardly safe to conclude that the Government of India today speaks with one voice and that voice is the voice of Mr. Nehru or the voice of the Sardar or even of the one and the other speaking alternately.

In his most magistral manner Mr. Nehru rebuked Maulana Hazrat Mohani for daring to question "the judgment of the Prime Minister of

the Government of this country." "So long as this Government lasts," he said, "it is going to act according to that judgment." With all my heart I hope it will. But when the Government of India says one thing today and another to-morrow, when simultaneously two different members of that Government say two very different things about the same matter, is the public to suppose that they are all but delivering Mr. Nehru's considered judgment?

Some time ago Dr. John Matthai declared that the Government had come to the conclusion that prices should be stabilised at the present level. That led to a furore. And the Governor-General—of all persons—took it upon himself in his own inimitable way to pour oil on troubled waters by saying that what the Finance Minister wanted to say was not what he seemed to say but more or less the opposite of it. Take another instance. The Railway Minister assiduously wooed Mr. Jayprakash Narain out of his resolve to precipitate a strike. But the Communist-led unions threatened to go their own way. So Sardar Patel promptly came out with a Bill for putting this down.

That Bill has now been withdrawn on the ground that the Government had come to the conclusion that it is at once too much and too little to meet the needs of the situation. The labour position, we are told, has definitely improved. But equally definitely the saboteurs and instigators of violence are abroad, and the Prime Minister hints that more drastic action against these is in the offing. At the same time he has

found it necessary to administer a snub to Big Business and incidentally to annul the psychological effect of the Deputy Prime Minister's recent categorical assurance that they need not be frightened by the bogey of nationalisation.

Now nationalisation may be a good or a bad thing according to circumstances. It is dangerous to generalise for the simple reason that such generalisations obscure reality. The Tennessee Valley Project is by all accounts a superb example of successful nationalisation. The very modest attempt of the Madras Government to run the buses in this city has, on the contrary, gone far to get the idea of nationalisation into bad odour with people who are appalled by the resultant incompetence and anarchy. Sardar Patel said that nationalisation must depend upon our ability to find zealous and competent men in sufficient numbers. If that condition were fulfilled the country

might be able to get on comfortably without any kind of nationalisation.

Mr. Nehru, even while he claimed that the common people were behind him, noted the curious fact that "the captains of industry, commercial magnates, leaders of labour, refugees, and not the least the Provincial Governments, all criticised the Government of India for doing and not doing certain things." If all the grumblers were added together would they not represent a good chunk of the common people? Along with them you must count the dispossessed zamindars, the millions of orthodox folk affronted by Ambedkar's assaults and the tens of millions of tax-payers who are mulcted in a variety of ways to pay for the fad of prohibition. When in their thousands the common people greet him with delirious huzzas Mr. Nehru should remember that political auto-intoxication may be a cheap and respectable substitute for alcohol.

VIGHNESWARA.

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SIDELIGHTS :

The time has now come for a show-down so far as Reuter's pretences are concerned.—THE FREE PRESS JOURNAL.

"THERE has been a sell-out of India on the news front," complains Sadanand in a harsh indictment in *The Free Press Journal* under the title "We Accuse." The accusation is against the Indian Press delegation that visited London last year and concluded an agreement with Reuter for the formation of the Indian Press Trust. Sadanand himself was a member of the delegation. On the eve of the departure of the delegation he denounced the whole plan of it as a national betrayal but eventually it happened that he was included in the delegation and agreed to be one of its members. Other members of the delegation were K. Srinivasan of *The Hindu*, who acted as leader, Devadas Gandhi, C. R. Srinivasan and Ramnath Goenka. Sadanand says, "Collusion between some members of the delegation and one or more members of Reuters' Negotiating Committee, which included among others, Lord Layton and Mr. Chancellor, Reuters' General Manager, led to the practice of large-scale deception on the delegation."

"Collusion" is a word of opprobrious content. It is meant to hurt and sting. It means "a secret agreement and co-operation for a fraudulent or deceitful purpose." If the accuser Sadanand is excluded, the other members hold the rank of directors on the proposed Press Trust. Together they are responsible for its working. It was scarcely necessary for them to resort to secretive tactics for achieving a result attainable openly by simple agreement which could not anyhow be concealed and would

serve no purpose except by being publicised. Nor is any of them of the sort capable of being lightly imposed upon. Tough and hard-headed businessmen of a keen and alert intelligence, they were a match for any body of adepts in negotiation in any part of the world. To charge them with collusion is to distort the significance of majority judgment. To attribute deception to them is to confer on mere minority dissent a status of virtuousness and a right of dictation that it is far from entitled to claim justly.

Sadanand's fury with the other members of the delegation is due to an established disinclination on his part for friendly collaboration with Reuters. For years Reuters was a global adjunct of the British empire when theoretical conceptions of the integrity of news faded before the impetus of racialism and colonial expansion. Reuter's treatment of India was clouded by pro-imperialist bias. It was Sadanand that challenged for the first time the Reuter tradition of belittling things Indian and compelled the London board of the agency to sit up and take notice and admit India to a respectable position on the news map of the world. The fight of the *Free Press News Agency* against Reuter in the heyday of British political might in India was a truly glorious one. All honour to Sadanand as its intrepid protagonist.

The combative urges appropriate to a subject condition are not however suitable to a state of realised freedom. To fight against a foreign power in control is patriotism. To be unable to get out of the momentum of fighting temper even after the ousting of

the invader is folly and waste of energy. The distinction between the two needs is finely exemplified by Pandit Nehru. While the British ruled, none resisted British power so stubbornly as he. But now none is striving so hard to replace old feuds with a new friendly relationship for the benefit of the world and the advantage of the two countries. The suspicions of serfdom have to be survived if the dignity that pertains to real freedom is to be attained.

Belligerency now is disequilibrium. The Press of India is served by many distinguished captains each remarkable for unique individual qualities. For adventure and reckless daring there is Sadanand. For sheer consummateness under a disarming baby exterior there is Devadas Gandhi. Goenka is hard to beat for towering

ambition and tenacious pursuit of grandiose plans—a strange blend of ruthlessness in small things and magnanimity in great. C. R. Srinivasan is a marvel of equanimity, with a steadiness that is like energy held in leash and a gift of silence that is like eloquence stored in reserve. Then there is Srinivasan of *The Hindu*, a kind gracious person with a misleading mild bearing that gives no hint of his enormous social importance and influence in public affairs. If these pull together the Press Trust will have nothing to fear from Reuter domination. But in journalism as in politics, the inability of the individually great to combine for the common good is the bane—and on account of the cross purposes of colleagues, precious brains, talent and energy are diverted from constructive planning and wasted in debunking, sabotage and recrimination.—SAKA.

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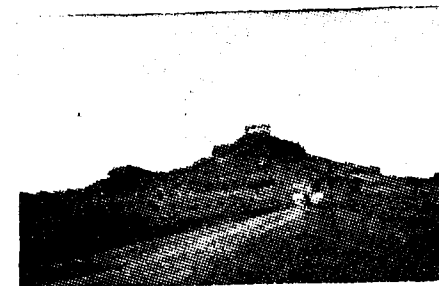
“NIZZY PAYS FOR ALL”

THE HYDERABAD STORY

By P. R. KRISHNASWAMI

THE “police action” started against Hyderabad by the modern Gareth of India, Jawaharlal Nehru, brings to an end a disgraceful story of mediaeval barbarism which covered more than 82 thousand square miles in the heart of South India. India became the prey of barbaric hordes from the north-west from the 12th century and adventurers of different kinds carved kingdoms for themselves. The defeat of the Hindu King at Talikota in 1565 and the dissolution of the Moghul empire in 1707 were events which helped the growth of Hyderabad as a Muslim state. It became then the turn of the British to make an unscrupulous use of Hyderabad as a buffer state and as a support to their own power in India. This vicious period started in full form in 1800 when the subsidiary system was imposed on the Nizam and he parted with the Ceded Districts for supporting the British army in Hyderabad. It was a tacit understanding between the Nizam and the British that the Nizam could be as autocratic and unjust as he pleased in his state and the British would wink at it for a consideration. The British should fill the high posts in the state with extravagant scales of pay and on special occasions fabulous sums of money should be transferred for the benefit of the British community. Early in the 19th century the Nizam’s finances were in a muddle. At the instance of Henry Russell, the British Resident, the British banking company of Palmer was established to advance a monthly loan of 20,000 pounds at the modest interest of 25 per cent. Sir Charles Metcalfe went to Hyderabad to set right the Nizam’s finances, and what did he witness on arrival there? The happiest set was the European society. He records, “the place was in an unusual state of social excitement. The race-week was commencing, and there were dinners, balls and suppers, race-ordinaries and lotteries in which he was expected to take part.”

The splendour of the Residency is described by Sir John Malcolm after a visit in 1817. It was a place second only to the Government House in Calcutta in splendour. The rooms were of immense size, the drawing-room measuring sixty feet in length, forty feet broad and upwards of twenty feet high. The chairs and couches were covered with crimson velvet, with massive gilt arms and backs. The lighting was by twenty-five girandoles and five lustres, and the central one, the finest ever seen, cost 950 pounds in England.



Golconda Fort

And yet Metcalfe obliged the Nizam to add an eleventh article to a previous treaty to pay 16 lakhs for the improvement of Calcutta. Kaye, the biographer of Metcalfe, writes in a footnote: “Well might it be said that Nizzy pays for all,” when he was called upon to contribute 160,000 pounds towards the tanks and aqueducts and lamp-posts of Calcutta.” There is thus precedent for gun-running Cotton, adviser Moncton and various others taking away millions of the Nizam’s money. When the Nizam’s finances were discussed in Parliament, the matter was alluded to by Macaulay as “the plunder of the Nizam.”

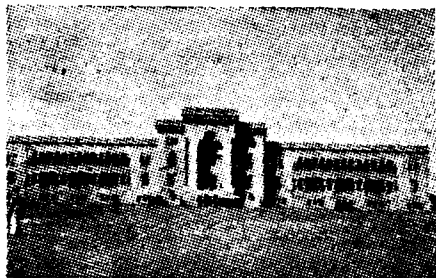
From the beginning of the nineteenth century the Nizam went on accumulating wealth on his personal account, and hoarded it like a miser, till he became the richest man of the

world, with bricks of gold heaped up in his chambers. The custom of nuzzur was followed without any restraint and the Nizam's personal estate in land covers 8,014 square miles while the total state is only 82,698.

*Ill fares the land, to hastening
ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and
men decay.*

The ridiculously low wages of labour, three annas for men and two for women must remind us of conditions in France before the Revolution. Between 1911 and 1921 the population of the state decreased nearly by 7 per cent owing to the toil of disease.

Great projects of irrigation were carried out in recent times. The Nizamsagar spreads over 50 square miles, formerly occupied by 40 villages, and has a capacity of 30,000 cubic feet. The Dominions comprehend the most romantic spots of India. Ajanta and Ellora are there, Bidar was ancient Vidarbha. The far-famed Golconda is only a few miles from Hyderabad city, Godavari and Kistna water the land.



Osmania University, Hyderabad

Costly experiments have been tried in Hyderabad, Urdu has been the state language though the Hindu population was 85 per cent of the total, and since reduced to 81. The Osmania University is the most striking example of Hyderabad's costly experiments. Its coming of age ten years ago was marked by the opening of a magnificent building for the Arts College, costing 17 lakhs, and with all modern equipment, 28 lakhs. It has a frontage of 350 feet and is two-storeyed. Besides the reading

room, the library and the administrative offices, there are 33 classrooms and 13 lecture-theatres. The covered area comes to 2,53,800 square feet. The floor is so polished as to prove dangerous to unwary walking, and the ceiling in the front hall is a piece of marvellous art.

It was a great stroke of achievement by the late Sir Akbar Hydari that a charter was obtained in 1918 for founding a university with Urdu as the medium of instruction, though English was to be a compulsory second language. Dr. Rabindranath Tagore served to put courage into the founders of the university by his fullest approbation. Fourteen years after the founding of the university the annual expenditure on the Translation Bureau was calculated at 2½ lakhs. More than 35 lakhs should have been spent till then, and in the succeeding eight years at least half that amount, making a total of more than half a crore. Hostile criticism pointed to translators taking their ease with their hookahs. Criticism had its effect and a document prepared by an official of the university in 1932 said: "It (Bureau of Translation) is about to be thoroughly overhauled and reorganised in order to place it on a more efficient basis."

The number of students benefiting by the university was put down, including all the affiliated colleges outside Hyderabad at 1723 in the year 1936. This gives us the average cost per student at nearly Rs. 1,224 and it will be greater, if we excluded the mofussil colleges. Enrolment in the university should have been very attractive considering the luxurious hostel for which the student paid only Rs. 17 per month. The expenditure of 23 lakhs annually could have no parallel elsewhere in the world.

Now that Hyderabad has come into open daylight how will the Osmania University shape itself and grow? Its goal should be the achieving of national unity. Dr. C. R. Reddi referred to it in his convocation address of 1938 as "a racy product rooted in our soil and deriving its sustenance from the Hindu-Muslim unity conceived and promoted by Moghul emperors like Akbar the Great."

HYDERABAD--

TODAY AND TOMORROW.

By K. T. NARASIMHA CHAR

THE visit of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel to Hyderabad has had its desired effect on the two groups within the State Congress. They have composed their differences, though one hears rumours even now that this rapprochement is only a patched-up affair. Where Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's gentle persuasion could not have any effect, the indomitable will of the Sardar has ironed out the imaginary disputes between the rival congressmen. It was a game of power politics, pure and simple, that the two groups played. When they found that there was no immediate prospect of power being transferred to the hands of the people by the Indian Government, they thought it wiser to make up their quarrels. It is evident that the present set-up of things in Hyderabad will continue for a good long time to come. The police action was successful in putting down the Razakars once for all. But it could not simultaneously endow the people of Hyderabad with the capacity to look after themselves. Two centuries of autocracy, which in its last years developed into fascism of the worst type, could hardly be expected to make the common man capable of enjoying the fruits of freedom forthwith.

But one cannot afford to forget the other side of the picture. True, the people of Hyderabad have yet to take lessons in the art of governing themselves. The remedy adopted by the Indian Union, one is afraid, is worse than the disease. A policy of wholesale importing of officers from outside for all jobs, big and small, has been followed and is still being continued. One could have appreciated the good intentions behind this move as a desire to thoroughly overhaul the administrative machinery of the State as a whole, built up as it was for decades on a communal basis. But it is strange that the present administration in Hyderabad still allows the key posts to be held by

officers of the Laik Ali Ministry, known for their nefarious activities and notorious fanaticism. Some of the heads of departments still have as their right hand men, Muslim officers who worked havoc with the rights of Hindus prior to 18th September 1948. Surely the police action was not undertaken by the Indian Union to perpetuate the undemocratic and unsatisfactory state of affairs that disfigured the Laik Ali Ministry!

The result of this state of things is not apparent on the face of it. On the one hand it is giving an impression that the policy of the Indian Government is one of appeasement of the Muslims of the State which, if not given up forthwith, may lead to disastrous consequences. The effect on the Muslim mind itself is such that they hope to stage a come-back to power in the near future. It is difficult to guess the long-range policy of the Indian Government vis-a-vis Hyderabad's future. But one has a right to expect that persons who took a prominent part in the Razakar regime should be studiously denied all opportunities of further mischief under the very nose of the present administration. The personnel of the existing Government, most of whom are outsiders, can hardly be expected to know who is who in Hyderabad or what their antecedents are. It follows therefore that the children of the soil should be associated more and more with the present administration. This will serve a double purpose—firstly, in weeding out the undesirable elements at present exercising authority, and secondly, training local men of integrity and intelligence in the art of self-government. In such a policy alone lies the welfare of Hyderabad's millions and the safety of the Indian Union.

It would be unfair to the present administration in Hyderabad if adequate praise is not given to them for their work so far. Law and order have been restored to a great extent,

though lawless elements are still not under control. The taking over of the Sarfi-Khas (Nizam's personal) lands and the abolition of the jagirs certainly could not have been achieved by a popular Ministry either so quickly or without a murmur of protest. As Sardar Patel said in his Fateh Maidan speech during his recent visit to the State, the Hyderabad police and army are not completely loyal to the Indian Union. Nor have they reconciled themselves to the new set-up of things. The people of Hyderabad have known what it was to suffer under Muslim domination for two centuries. The police and the army took their orders from Syed Kasim Razvi prior to the police action. The Laik Ali Ministry either connived at it or were helpless to prevent the atrocities of the Razakar

regime. The henchmen of Razvi are still in positions of power in the present administration, nearly six months after the police action. This is a state of affairs which should not be allowed to continue by the Indian Union, if the dark days prior to 18th September 1948 have to be forgotten once for all. The future of Hyderabad is safe in Sardar Patel's hands. His strength and vision, that have solved the problem of the States most satisfactorily so far, may be relied on to grapple with Hyderabad, its sovereign, its people. Let us hope he will not be misled into wrong action by the outward polish and manners of those who wasted crores in trying to invoke the sympathy of the world for their fight against the Indian Union, based on a false conception of their own strength and foolish vision of independence.

LAND REFORM IN COCHIN: ENQUIRY COMMITTEE'S PROPOSALS

AN eleven-man committee consisting of Messrs. K. Balakrishna Menon, one-time Minister, K. Achyutha Menon, retired Chief Secretary to the Government, N. S. R. Sharma, Advocate-General, C. P. Achutha Menon representing jenmis, V. R. K. Ezuthassen, President of the Karshak Sabha, 4 members representing the different parties in the Legislative Council with Mr. K. G. Sivaswamy, formerly of the Servants of India Society and now Regional Kisan Secretary of the Socialist Party for South India (as Chairman) was appointed by the Government of Cochin in 1947 to investigate the condition of the peasant classes and make recommendations for agricultural reorganisation in the State. The Committee visited 81 centres, held 38 meetings, and examined more than 1,500 witnesses jointly and severally. All heads of departments, 7 estates, 37 kisan sabhas, 9 praja mandals, 2 S.N.O.P. associations and 20 jenmis submitted written memoranda. The report runs to 409 pages. The following is a summary of the proposals:

The elimination of intermediaries between the tiller of the soil and the

Government which is the policy of all Governments today in India needs urgent attention in Cochin where absentee landlordism is the main feature of the agricultural structure. In the interest of food production land should belong to the tiller subject to State control of land use. Legislation is therefore necessary to prevent the passing of lands into the hands of non-tillers. This means the enactment of three types of legislation.

1. Letting in the future, except for unavoidable sub-leases, should be penalised.

2. Evasion by way of usufructuary mortgages should be stopped.

3. Land transfers should be regulated and restricted to agriculturists who are resident cultivators participating in the process of cultivation.

As regards the existing class of rentiers, they should be permitted to resume cultivation within a year, up to a certain limit of land which would give a family an annual income of about Rs. 2,000. The excess land should be purchased at a fair price.

This excess land may be either cultivated by labourers or tenants. In

the former case the purchase is easy. In the latter case two alternatives may be adopted. Either security of tenure may be granted to the tenant-at-will and fair rents fixed by settlement officers, Government holding itself responsible to pay this rent to the intermediary, or all the intermediaries may be abolished paying them a compensation. These lands purchased by Government might be sold to uneconomic holders where some sort of economic holding can be created, or they may be brought under collective farming where the area lends itself to such farming.

The redeemed cultivating tenant should as a matter of right be entitled to State aid and technical assistance if agricultural development is not to be retarded. His debts should be adjusted to repaying capacity, leaving a family holding unattached for debts. Debts remaining over the sum of repaying capacity should be cancelled. Every adjusted debtor should be brought under a primary multi-purpose co-operative society which should supply credit and agricultural and domestic requisites, and market his produce.

A universal credit organisation should be built up immediately in the shortest possible time if the cultivator is not again to fall into the hands of private money lenders and bankers. Private money lending should be controlled and abuses and sharp practices prevented; the goal to be reached is nationalisation of banking.

Broadly there will be three central corporations at the top, one for credit, another for supplies of agricultural and domestic requisites, and a third for marketing. As rice is an imported commodity and an essential requisite there should be a special corporation assisted by smaller corporations for supply of rice to primary co-operatives in villages and stores in towns. We should begin first with a supply corporation for seeds, manures and implements. There will be a marketing corporation for various agricultural commodities. This will be assisted by special marketing boards for exported produce such as cocoanut, aracanut, and cashewnut.

At the bottom there will be co-operative societies subject to varying

degrees of control according to the ripeness of the area for voluntary co-operation, and branches of the banking corporation which will be organically connected with the central corporations.

With a view to promoting joint farming, particularly among uneconomic holders, a joint farming board should be formed for aiding co-operative farming societies and organising collective farming and State farming.

A central land development board should be constituted for reclamation, drainage, irrigation and colonisation. There should also be special boards for rice, fish, cocoanuts, and groundnut and pulses, working under the central board. These boards should mainly concern themselves with research, and crop-planning for different soils and advise the supply corporations on improved methods. Alongside with these boards should be formed a special board for livestock development. Also there should be a milk commission for production of milk working through its own branches, breeders' co-operative societies, and the primary village units of credit co-operation.

The success of organised and semi-socialised credit, supplies and sales will solely depend under Indian conditions on the creation of an independent economic civil service and a trained cadre of secretaries for the primary units for credit, supply and sale. Trained voluntary agencies of a missionary type should equally be encouraged by the State.

Peasant farming by hand labour cannot be preserved as a cottage industry yielding little produce at high costs as against the phenomenal progress in agriculture by scientific cultivation in other countries.

Mechanisation of farming should be therefore reached in stages, adjusting dispossessed labour firstly by training and employing it in the new avenues open in agriculture, and secondly in other cottage industries. Such industries should be remunerative. They should not hinder an increase in the standard of life of the people by the production of more goods at cheap price by the use of machinery and power, provided however any unemployment created by

the latter is relieved by new avenues of work.

Regarding agricultural labour and backward communities, a special department similar to the farm security administration should be formed which should be assisted by an economic corporation for promoting employment and a voluntary missionary agency for organisational and educational work.

Agricultural serfdom should be abolished by enforcing a regular defined wage for permanent farm servants, cancelling all past debts, and providing them house sites.

The following sources of revenue are recommended:

- increase in land revenue in proportion to rise in prices;
- taxes on unearned increments on land values;
- sales tax on agricultural produce after making a liberal allowance for a portion of such sales intended to meet the cash expenses of the home;
- agricultural income tax on net incomes to be calculated at a flat rate of 50% of the yield;
- estate duty on agricultural real properties; and

(f) irrigation cess according to the quantity of water consumed.

Compulsory elementary education till the age of 13 and prohibition of child labour till this age should be planned. Continuation of education should be provided through voluntary associations till the age of 18. Agricultural schools in rural centres with courses ranging from one to three years should be provided for boys who have undergone the elementary education course for a period of seven years.

An old-age insurance scheme as in Bulgaria enforcing a uniform contribution from every member of a co-operative society and by a tax on the exports of agricultural produce or some similar tax may be enforced.

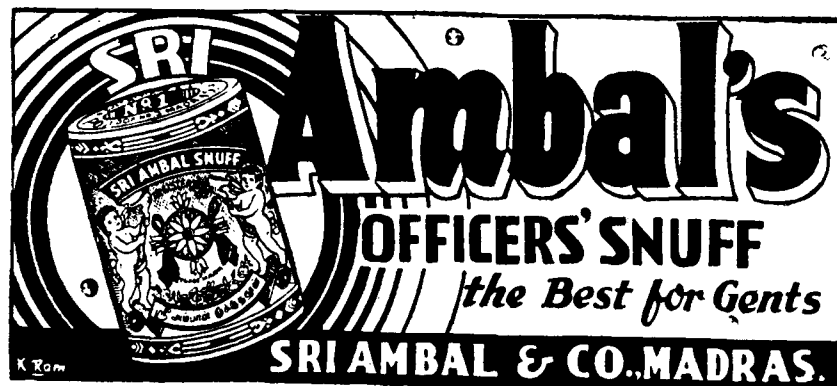
Relief houses providing employment, food and education should be organised on a universal basis under the control of local bodies.

A State-controlled medical service integrated with the promotion of general health and environmental hygiene to be financed by a special health tax and providing also for supply of special foods to correct nutritional deficiencies in the food of the peasant, is equally necessary.

DAILIES IN THE U. S.

Daily and Sunday newspaper circulations in the United States hit an all-time high in 1948 for the eighth consecutive year, the trade publication **Editor and Publisher** reports. Daily newspaper circulation totalled 52,285,297 and Sunday editions, 46,308,081, a gain over 1947 circulation figures of 1.2 per cent for daily circulations and 2.7 per cent for Sunday.—**American News Service.**

Telephone service to automobiles, making it possible to make and receive calls while travelling, has been established in more than 60 cities in the United States and Canada.—**American News Service.**



"A CONGRESS OF THE PEOPLE"

By

SANKARRAO DEO

THE Congress Working Committee in its January session asked the Provincial Congress Committees to start the work of enrolling primary Congress members according to the new constitution. The enrolment is to begin not later than 1st May 1949 and will continue till the 31st August 1949. After that, elections to all the Congress Committees—from the Village Congress Panchayat to the All-India Congress Committee—will take place according to the timetable prepared by the Working Committee and a new Congress will come into existence.

According to the new Congress Constitution, any person of the age of 21 years and over, who believes in the creed of the Congress shall, on making a written declaration to that effect, be deemed to be a primary Member of the Congress. This means that the new Congress franchise is practically adult franchise. There is consequently ample scope in the new Congress Constitution to make it an organisation of the masses in the widest sense. What is more important—the Congress can flower into an organisation of real constructive workers. Only Congressmen have to work earnestly towards that end. For, the soul of the new Congress constitution is its qualified and effective membership. An Effective Member must be a habitual wearer of certified Khadi and must not observe or recognise untouchability in any shape or form. He must be a believer in inter-communal unity and have respect for the faiths of other people. He must also believe in equality of opportunity and status for all irrespective of race, creed, or caste. Moreover he must devote regularly a part of his time to some form of national or constructive activity. According

to the new Congress Constitution for elections to all the Congress Committees above the primary Congress Panchayat, the candidate must be an Effective Member. If therefore the new Congress really covers the whole of India there will be hundreds and thousands of Effective Members of the Congress, and if this membership is really genuine, then it is bound to change the present complexion of the Congress out of all recognition and revolutionise its working. It will be a fitting instrument to usher in a classless and casteless society according to the Gandhian pattern through a non-violent social and economic revolution. But to realise this objective, Congressmen must make a genuine and honest attempt. India lives only if the Congress lives.

The stakes are great; India is in a transitional period. Normal constitutional life has not yet been established and the political crisis is not yet over. Rough weather is ahead of us. Unfortunately this is not realised by many. Barring a few, even top ranking Congressmen are not alive to the danger; and it is hard to convince them that the future of this country is tied up with the future of the Congress. It was under the Congress flag that the Indian people fought for freedom and it was the Congress which won the struggle. Yet, surprisingly enough, we do not find a sense of gratitude and loyalty to the Congress in the hearts of the people to-day for what they owe to it. To-day, it is the Congress which is the basic force of our freedom; and a gradual and peaceful progress through democratic methods without a sudden break with the past, entirely depends on the stability and continuity of this organisation. Even the Consti-

tuent Assembly which is now framing the constitution of Free India is the creation of the Congress. It must be regretfully admitted that intelligent people in the country are not thinking on these lines. Nor it appears, do our leaders have sufficient time and leisure to think about the building of the future Congress. Some of them even went to the length of saying that after the attainment of Swaraj and especially when popular Governments are established in the country there would no longer be any need for the Congress to exist and that it should be dissolved.

Fortunately we have successfully come out of that "crisis of the intellect" and, though we still hear a solitary voice here and there singing the old tune, every one now admits that Congress must continue to function if this country is to enjoy the fruits of freedom and build up a true democracy. It is being gradually realised that if the tendency to depend upon the Government for everything is encouraged the people would lose their sense of initiative and cease to be self-reliant.

It is not surprising that in the first flush of power many amongst us were dazzled and were attracted to power for the sake of service if not for personal ends. But we forget that the people's virtues or vices are reflected in the Government. We can educate the people and reform them only through love and service; and no Government can inspire the people to real service and sacrifice. It is only non-official organisations like the Congress which can do so.

India faces many complicated and difficult problems which only a complete democracy can solve. The proposed constitution of India gives every man and woman of age the right to vote. Thus an electorate consisting of nearly 15 to 20 crores of votes will shape the destiny of this country. We know that it is an uneducated and uninformed electorate. To educate these vast masses for the working of representative forms of Government and to make them self-reliant and conscious of their rights and responsibilities is a stupendous and at the same time a magnificent task. To make them literate

does not mean much. Mere literacy will not make them politically intelligent or give them the power of discrimination. To mould and shape this nebulous mass will require tremendous spiritual and moral energy generated out of a deep and abiding faith in the goodness of man and his destiny. We talk of democracy but act as dictators. Democracy for us to-day is no more than a word. The parliamentary form of Government will take deep and permanent roots in our soil and be effective and efficient only when it truly reflects the principles of representation. It is no insult to our national character to confess that we have primitive minds in this matter.

In a speech introducing the draft Constitution in the Constituent Assembly, Dr. Ambedkar recently remarked that we are lacking in constitutional morality. Dr. Ambedkar quoted the following relevant words from Crote, the Greek historian:—"The diffusion of constitutional morality not merely among the majority of any community but throughout the whole, is the indispensable condition of a Government at once free and peaceful." By constitutional morality, Crote meant "a paramount reverence for forms of the constitution, enforcing obedience to authority acting under and within these forms yet combined with the habit of open speech, of action subject only to definite legal control, and unrestrained censure of those very authorities as to all their public acts, combined too with a perfect confidence in the bosom of every citizen amidst the bitterness of party control that the forms of the constitution will be not less sacred in the eyes of his opponents than his own." Democracy is dependent upon this diffusion of constitutional morality. Consequently it is not possible to build democracy in a day or in a few months; it might well take years, perhaps generations. Habits are not formed easily and democracy is not a theory but a habit of mind and a way of life.

Who can and will nurse this new infant democracy in this country? Besides the Congress, there is no other political party, no organisation

or school of thought democratic enough and at the same time powerful to effectively fulfil this task. For those who are working with hope in the high destiny of this country, the future of the Congress is a matter of deep concern. The Congress cannot fulfil the historical task entrusted to it by merely adopting a noble creed and a good and attractive programme. What better creed can there be for a political organisation than that of the Congress? One of the resolutions of the Jaipur Congress says: "Political freedom having been attained through non-violent action under the leadership of Gandhi, the National Congress has now to labour for the attainment of social and economic freedom so that progress and equal opportunity may come to all the people of India without any distinction of race or religion." These are noble words! The bitterest opponent of the Congress cannot say that they are not worthy of its past glorious tradition and capable of inspiring men to heroic deeds and supreme sacrifices. What people have begun to doubt is whether the Congress has sufficient moral fervour or force left to carry out these professions in practice and whether therefore they are not mere pious hopes.

As such the problem before the Congress is how to regenerate this moral force and through it to establish its moral leadership over the people once again. Congress has accepted power and therefore is liable to fall a prey to the subtle corrupting influences that are the concomitants of power. Power means wealth and pomp and it breeds arrogance and intolerance of and imperviousness to public criticism. Men in power can maintain peace and order and can give to the people security and help them to improve themselves materially and morally to a certain extent. But their ultimate sanction to do all these good things is not moral but physical force. And force cannot inspire! It is suffering and sacrifice undergone for the realisation of an ideal and service rendered out of love that can alone inspire men, provide an ideological basis and give a high moral tone to their life. That is the Gandhian way—a simple

and detached life dedicated to service and relying only on moral force to bring about a change in the individual, group or social life. There is a natural limit to men in power leading such a life; therefore, they must associate with or belong to an organisation, the members of which are required to lead such a life. If the new Congress Constitution is honestly implemented and worked, there is every possibility of its developing into such an organisation.

But here I must warn my countrymen against a possible grave danger in the future. A reference has been made earlier to our people lacking in constitutional morality. I should like to add that there is such a thing as organisational morality also. We must scrupulously observe it while building up the new Congress. We must strictly carry out the conditions and rules laid in its constitution and honestly work out its policy and programme. If for any reason we cannot observe the discipline or carry out the policy and programme of the organisation we should not aspire to belong to it. We must not deceive others as well as ourselves. One must not use the organisation in one's own interests or for realising one's ambitions. On the other hand one must allow oneself to be used by the organisation for realizing its principles and programme. It is time we Congressmen search our hearts. If too much self-condemnation results in demoralisation, justified self-criticism leads to self-improvement. Many of us have signed Effective Membership forms without knowing its implications or without the intention of fulfilling its conditions. There are Congressmen who are office-bearers but do not wear Khadi; Effective Members not knowing what constructive work to do and how to do it. The future of this country depends on us, we must prove worthy of our past if not for our sake, at least for the sake of future generations.

The people must also be vigilant. Ultimately they would be the sufferers, if they tolerate fraud and do not care to weed out all impure elements. A nation, they say, gets the government it deserves. Similarly, the Indian People will get the leadership they deserve.

THE PUNJAB AND THE PARTITION

By BAROO

EIGHTEEN months after the horrors of partition, East Punjab is still licking its wounds. Destitution, though not beggary, is patent. It is evident in the faces of refugee men and women wherever you go. At every relief centre or refugee office, there are hordes of gaunt, unshaven men in all variety of cast-off military garments, holding pieces of brown paper in their hands—applications of sorts. Along the roads and the highways you meet groups of women picking fuel—old dung and dry sticks to keep the home fires (such as they are) burning. There are young women with suckling babes in their arms, middle-aged women with pinched faces and dry breasts, and, oh, most unbearable sight of all, the very old women, blind of eyes and unkempt of hair, holding on to children that lead the way. I have never been able to understand why these grand-mamas should come out on these daily foraging expeditions, except that they hate being left behind alone.

The young, or rather the very young alone are happy, for they know not what they are going through. Many of these youngsters, and there must be hundreds of them in Delhi and the East Punjab, sell newspapers, pocket combs, razor blades and other knick-knacks to customers who would never buy the stuff were it not for the angelic faces that offer them for sale. Of course, the salesmanship is good, too. The newspaper or comb or whatever else there is, is simply shoved into your hands or your pocket, and the little boy will just not take 'NO' for an answer. How happy the transaction of a few annas makes them! The other day I came across a Sikh lad of 12 or 13, sitting disconsolate by the railway track a little way out of the station. He had a bag in his hands, and at first sight I thought he was a schoolboy returning from school. But, no, he supported a widowed mother and three

younger brothers by selling fruit drops in railway stations. And just now he was waiting to get aboard the passenger train to Kurukshetra without buying a ticket. He and his people lived in the Central Camp there.

Yes, the Punjab, both East and West, has paid the price of freedom, and paid it to the full. No wonder the fruit of liberty tastes like ashes in the Punjabee's mouth. And yet this disillusionment, this utter disappointment, is, I am convinced, to the Punjabee's ultimate good. For the Punjab was too prosperous a province to realise how smug, how superficially superior and how offensive its people were in the eyes of other Indians. The British had made this province their favourite. Into the Punjab flowed the greater part of the country's military pays and pensions. As the source of the army's manpower, its prosperity was the special care of the Centre. Hence the magnificent irrigation and colonisation schemes which turned it into the cynosure of all neighbouring eyes. But with prosperity comes forgetfulness, and a certain fatal cocksureness, and the Punjabee forgot that his well-being was not only not earned, but was the gift of a Government which thought it fit to neglect the rest of the country in order to keep its mercenary soldiers happy.

But the shocks of partition and subsequent sufferings have shaken up the consciousness of Punjabees on both sides of the new frontier, and have made them think and lose their swagger. The Muslim Punjabee has realised how little popular he is with the Pathan, the Sindhi, and of course the East Bengalee. Similarly, the Sikh and the Hindu Punjabees have learnt, how unwelcome they are in other parts of the country. In the sense, therefore, that the partition has restored balance of perspective to a people who were being rapidly spoilt by a policy of favouritism, it has done us good.

Introducing—

Dr. James W. McBain

DR. James W. McBain, professor of chemistry emeritus at Stanford University in California, recently accepted appointment under the Government of India as director of the National Chemical Laboratories in Poona. The appointment is for three years, beginning in October 1949. Now on a preliminary one-month inspection trip here, McBain will return to Stanford before coming back to India with Mrs. McBain, who is also a chemist.

The invitation to McBain was extended by Sir Shanti Swarup Bhatnagar, director of the Indian Council of Scientific and Industrial Research, with the authorization of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru.

The Laboratories will have broad functions not covered by either the Indian National Physical Laboratory or the National Metallurgical Laboratory. "The Poona Laboratories' purpose is to bridge the gulf between the universities, the state, and other scientific institutions in the country on the one hand, and industry on the other," McBain, explains. "We will assist in their research problems as well as initiate fundamental research of our own." McBain will have working with him seven assistant directors, 18 senior research officers and a total staff of 320 persons.

The noted chemist has pointed out that India is engaged in an industrial revolution with the avowed purpose of raising the standard of living of its people.

"It is a privilege to be allowed to assist in this great project in any significant way," he said commenting on his appointment.

Born in Chatham, New Brunswick, Canada, on March 22, 1882, McBain received his Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Toronto, Canada, in 1903, and his Master of Arts degree there a year later. He was a student at the University of

Leipzig for two years, and received a Doctor of Philosophy degree from Heidelberg University in 1906. He also has two honorary Doctor of Science degrees, one from Brown University at Providence, Rhode Island, and one from the University of Bristol, England.

Mrs. McBain was Mary Evelyn Laing. After her graduation from the University of Bristol and a period of teaching in English public schools, Bristol University offered her an assistantship in chemistry.

In 1924 Miss Laing won the Ellen K. Richards Prize of \$1,000. With the money she and a sister joined a group of British scientists who were touring Canada. McBain was in the group, and their romance and a joint chemical research progressed simultaneously.

Two years later, Miss Laing had earned her Doctor of Science Degree at Bristol and McBain had served for a year as visiting professor at the University of California. He returned to Europe, but not for long—Stanford University called him back in 1927 as professor of chemistry, and Miss Laing followed him in a short time to join the Stanford faculty as assistant professor of chemistry. They were married on January 1, 1929. Because university regulations prevented them from teaching in the same department, Mrs. McBain became a research associate in chemistry, a position she held until her husband became professor emeritus in the summer of 1947.

Throughout the years Mrs. McBain has been what her husband calls "the test pilot."

"When he does an experiment in which there can be some doubt about the results," she explains, "I do a parallel experiment for confirmation."

McBain says his wife is extremely valuable in this because "she experi-



ments without personal error... she gets the results that should be produced under a set of given conditions."

The McBains' ability to substitute for each other was graphically illustrated in 1934 when he was scheduled to deliver a lecture before a thousand of Britain's leading scientists, and was unable to be present when the day arrived. Unperturbed, Mrs. McBain stepped in and gave the lecture, which was received with resounding applause.

Known as a world authority on soap, McBain's interest in this particular field began when he was a student at Heidelberg.

"I attended a seminar one day," he explains, "in which some extraordinarily conflicting statements were made about soap. It was apparent that not much was known about it. So I determined to learn all there was to be known about soap solution—and I'm still at it."

McBain's soap research has contributed a vast amount of knowledge in the field of physical chemistry and at the same time has had wide practical application.

"Through studies of soap," he says, "we have learned a great deal about foam, a subject of vital importance to industry."

During World War II, Dr. and Mrs. McBain did much vital war work at Stanford. Their specialty was particularly important in certain aspects of synthetic rubber manufacture, in the problem of foaming of aircraft oils, and in the thickening of fuel for incendiary bombs and flame throwers. This was the second time McBain had engaged in such war work: during World War I, when he was serving with the British Army in France, the British Munitions Ministry had called him back to England to do research in poison gases and explosives.

Since 1947, when McBain became professor of chemistry emeritus at Stanford his "retirement" has consisted of continuing research and scientific writing. In addition he has supervised two Office of Naval Research contracts at the Stanford Research Institute—one on the depth of a surface liquid, which led to important new discoveries concerning the molecular make-up of liquid surfaces, the other on the nature of bubbles in aqueous solutions.

Although he says he has been so busy with research that he has not had sufficient time to write, McBain's publications in physical chemistry make a shelf of heavy volumes—he has published nearly 400 scientific papers on various topics in that field.

He has been a councillor and vice president of the Faraday Society, is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was awarded that organization's Davy Medal in 1939. He is a member of the National Institute of Social Sciences, the American Chemical Society, the Bunsen Gesellschaft, the British Chemical Society, the Society of Rheology, the American and British Associations for the Advancement of Science, and the Colloid and Structure of Liquids Committees of the National Research Council. The National Research Council is a scientific body organized at the request of the President of the United States in 1916 by the National Academy of Sciences to promote basic research in fields of the physical and biological sciences.

In America, the McBains have a home on the Stanford Campus and a cottage in the mountains which they

occupy for brief periods when they can get away from their work. They have a son, John Keith, 15. During the war they provided a home for two English evacuee children.

McBain's hobby is gardening, and, since 1941, skiing and dancing, which he took up to help put himself back

in condition after he broke his back in an automobile accident. Mrs. McBain's hobbies are the same, plus cooking, which she says is "just as much fun as chemistry—after all, it's all experimental." They have been naturalized United States citizens since 1941.—USIS.

U.S.A. MAKES MORE CARS

A total of 5,282,000 motor vehicles—3,911,000 passenger cars and 1,371,000 trucks and buses—were built by the American automotive industry in 1948, the Automobile Manufacturers Association (AMA) reports. This is 10 per cent above 1947, and the second time that a single year's output in the United States has exceeded 5,000,000 units.

About 240,000 passenger cars and 202,000 trucks and buses, 8.5 per cent of the year's total production, were exported. The vehicles were shipped to virtually every continent, with Argentina, Belgium, India, Luxembourg, Mexico, and Venezuela, the leading purchasing nations. United States passenger-car imports, largely from France and Great Britain, totaled 22,287.

At the year's end, the AMA says, there were 33,351,000 automobiles in use in the United States. This is an 8 per cent increase over 1947 and 12½ per cent more than in 1941. Of this total, about 9,000,000 were post-war vehicles, nearly 11,000,000 were built between 1939 and 1942, and nearly 14,000,000 were produced before 1939. The average age of American passenger cars on the nation's highways declined slightly in 1948 to 8.7 years, but was well above the pre-war average of 5.5 years.

United States truck registrations in 1948 totalled 7,687,000, a 10 per cent gain over 1947 and nearly 50 per cent higher than in 1941. For the first time in history, the AMA notes, a single year's registrations of new trucks exceeded 1,000,000.

More than 9,000,000 persons in the United States now earn their living by using, making, selling, or servicing motor vehicles, the AMA says. That is about one of every seven gainfully employed persons in America.

Employment in the nation's automotive plants in 1948 reached a new peak of 978,000 persons—a gain of 324,000 over 1941 and 101,000 over the war-time peak of 1944. The industry's 780,000 hourly-rated employees earned about \$2,700,000,000 for the year. Pay rolls were 13 per cent above 1947 and 127 per cent over 1941.

A total of 56 American firms now produce 21 makes of passenger cars, 39 makes of trucks and 20 makes of buses, the AMA says. The companies operate 112 final assembly plants for cars and trucks. Those plants are situated in 80 cities in 24 States. The assembly plants are supplied by more than 1,000 parts plants, and about 20,000 other firms provide essential materials, supplies, and services. Material for automotive assembly comes from all 48 States of the United States and more than 50 countries.

The production and distribution of automotive replacement parts has moved up since the war into the classification of a major industry in itself, the AMA says, because automobiles are being kept in service longer. In 1947 and 1948, parts sales represented about 28½ per cent of the industry's annual business. During 1948 an estimated \$2,600,000,000 worth of replacement parts was produced for the wholesale market. This is 10 per cent above 1947 pre-war total.—USIS.

In a covering letter the author writes: My object is to bring out the cruelty and inhumanity of a sentence of five months' R. I. passed on a mother for the 'offence' of harbouring and feeding her son, who was wanted by the police. The effective method of achieving this object, I thought, was not to write anything on the subject myself, but to place this fact in juxtaposition with classical references to the relationship between mother and son.—Ed. S.

God could not be everywhere and therefore he made mothers.

—A Jewish Proverb.

** ** *

Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children.

—Thackeray, in *Vanity Fair*.

** ** *

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother O' mine, mother O' mine!

I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother O' mine, mother O' mine!

—Rudyard Kipling,
in *The Light That failed*.

** ** *

There is no prince or prelate
I envy—no, not one.

No evil can befall me—
By God, I have a son!

—Christopher Morley, *Secret Laughter*.

** ** *

O lord, my boy, my Arther, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!

—Shakespeare, *King John*—III, 4.

And yet, my lords, how can I support the claim of filial love by argument? What can I say on such a subject? What can I do, but repeat the ready truths which, with the quick impulse of the mind, must spring to the lips of every man on such a theme? Filial piety!—it is the primal bond of society; it is that instinctive principle, which, panting for its proper good, soothes, unbidden, each sense and sensibility of men! It now quivers on every lip!—it now beams from every eye!—it is an emanation of that gratitude which, softening under the sense of recollected good, is eager to own the vast countless debt it ne'er, alas! can pay, for so many long years of unceasing solitudes, honourable self-denials, life-preserving cares!—it is that part of our practice where duty drops its awe—where reverence refines into love! It asks no aid of memory!—it needs not the deductions of reason!—pre-existing, paramount over all, whether law, or human rule, few arguments can increase and none can diminish! It is the sacrament of our nature—not only the duty, but the indulgence of men—it is his first great privilege—it is amongst his last most endearing delights!—it causes the bosom to glow with reverberated love!—it requires the visitations of nature, and returns the blessings that have been received!—it fires emotion into vital principle!—it renders habituated instinct into a master-passion—sways all the sweetest energies of man—hangs over each vicissitude of all that must pass away—sides the melancholy virtues in their last sad tasks of life, to cheer the languors of decrepitude and age—explores the thought—elucidates the aching eye—and breathes sweet consolation even in the awful moment of dissolution! If those are the general sentiments of men, what must be their depravity—what must be their degeneracy—who can blot out and erase from the bosom the virtue that is most deeply rooted in the human heart, and twined within the chords of life itself? Aliens from nature, apostates from humanity!

—Richard Brineley Sheridan,
Impeachment of Warren Hastings.

** ** *

What is the thing that stands out most in these notes of an Ex-Andaman prisoner so far as I am concerned?

Let me confess it, it is the charming thoughts about his mother. It is a wonderful thing, this bond between mother and child. It is a secret of the atoms, nothing less.

—C. Rajagopalachari, in his *Foreword to Craik's Paradise*
by Prativati Bhayankara Venkatacharya.

** ** *

CALICUT, Feb. 24.

ON A CHARGE OF HARBOURING AND FEEDING KUNHALI, A COMMUNIST WORKER OF ERNAD TALUK WHEN HE WAS WANTED BY THE POLICE, AYISA UNNA, THE MOTHER OF KUNHALI, WAS SENTENCED TO UNDERGO FIVE MONTHS' R. I. BY THE SUB-MAGISTRATE OF MANJERI ON MONDAY LAST, SAYS A REPORT RECEIVED HERE TODAY.

—A News item appearing in *'The Hindu,'* dated 26th Feb. 1949.

PEIPING'S NEW LOOK

By ANDREW ROTH

(The bamboo curtain has descended on Peiping. In this article, Andrew Roth gives a vivid picture of the Communist controlled city)

JUST after landing in one of the last planes to reach pre-Communist Peiping I met an old friend who commented, "You're just in time to do another 'Ten Days That Shook the World,'" referring, of course, to John Reed's brilliant narrative about the Bolshevik seizure of power in November, 1917.

In fact, however, the first period of Communist control in the presumed future capital of the most populous Communist-led nation in the world has been curiously undramatic. In part this is due to the fact that Peiping was not seized by storm either from within or without but surrendered by agreement on January 22. Even the drama of surrender evaporated as the Communist army stayed outside the city until almost all the Nationalist troops had marched out. Then on January 31 they marched in without any advance announcement or fanfare. What has occurred in Peiping underlines the distinction that while the shift in power in China is as revolutionary as anything that happened in the French or Russian revolutions, it is being executed not by armed civilians but by a trained peasant army hardened by twenty-two years of warfare.

These first days in Peiping have been significant chiefly as a sign of things to come. The first dramatic event was an impressive all-day parade on February third of troops being moved from the Peiping-Tientsin area to southern battlefields. The units which traversed the city were highly mobile with hundreds of newly captured American trucks pulling largely Japanese artillery ranging as high as six inch howitzers. The Red Army also has some Russian trucks but these weren't paraded.

The most impressive aspect of the parade was not the material but the men. Although recruited from the same peasant stock and with the exception of those wearing fur caps—clad in the same faded yellow padded uniforms as the Nationalists, the Communist troops look very different. The average Nationalist recruit looks dazed, the Communist soldier looks purposeful. This is, of course, a product of their indoctrination which teaches them that they are what their name implies: the People's Liberation Army. The seriousness with which they take themselves was discovered by two students who asked some Communist soldiers, "Are you (Communist General) Lin Piao's troops?" "No," was the reply. "We are the people's troops."

A very large section of Peiping turned out or was turned out by its guilds and associations to greet the incoming army. About the only unrestrainedly enthusiastic group was the students who are overwhelmingly pro-Communist although recruited from the middle and upper classes. They sang songs and danced folk dances and cavorted in the streets in masquerade costumes. Although it is possible to discount this as youthful enthusiasm, it is noteworthy that the Peiping student movement has frequently served as a national conscience. In 1919 and 1925 they spark-plugged the Nationalist movement and in 1936 gave considerable impetus to the anti-Japanese movement.

Other Peiping residents while impressed by the parade were not as enthusiastic. Peiping is a blase city proud of its name as China's most cultured and beautiful city. Furthermore, the long suffering Chinese are a sceptical and pragmatic people

who consider any government a persistent evil.

One liberal foreigner returned home to tell her cook excitedly, "The Communists have arrived!" The cook answered sourly, "Prices are still high."

One reason the changeover has been so imperceptible is that the Communists—because their military successes have outstripped their political planning—are very short of trained staff. Therefore, they have generally taken over only the top posts of organizations acquired, leaving the rest to function as before for the present. Thus, the local police was taken over by half a dozen Communists, headed by General Tan Chen, clad in a padded cotton uniform too large for him and turned up at the sleeves. "We don't know anything about running a city," he told his assembled newly-acquired subordinates, "We only know how to run a village. We have to learn from you. But you have to learn politics from us."

There is a strong puritanical streak in the Chinese Communists. General Yeh Chienying, a leading Communist General and now Mayor of Peiping, wears a worn blue cotton uniform without insignia. The soldiers are not permitted to buy anything for themselves, but have their basic needs supplied by the Army. Communist political workers, asked how they spend their evenings, reply seriously, "In self-criticism."

The Communists are extremely security-conscious, not permitting any photographs except by those with military permits. No one has discovered how to obtain these except official Communist army photographers. When the delegation of peace delegates from Nanking asked permission to fly here, it was granted, but when the plane circled over the city—presumably against instructions—it was fired at by ackack guns. Chinese newspapermen who accompanied the delegates but hadn't been cleared by the Communists were kept out at the airfield.

A seemingly exaggerated security consciousness had led this city to become almost entirely isolated by air from Kuomintang-held China.

The Communists seem to fear these planes may be vehicles for military or political espionage. Similar fears presumably caused the sealing off of radio and telegraphic connections in Tientsin and other Communist captured cities. In Peiping the bamboo curtain has now descended.

One of the knottiest problems faced by Peiping's new rulers is handling foreigners and foreign relations. Peiping has 2,000 foreigners and numerous consulates housed in what were embassies when it was previously China's capital.

The Communists have the somewhat chip-on-the-shoulder attitude of a group which governs 200,000,000 people without being officially recognized by any power. In Tientsin, the Communist mayor, while seeing them as individuals, refused to receive any foreign consuls officially, including the Soviet, reportedly saying, "Since you do not recognize us, we cannot very well recognise you." This indicates diplomatic inexperience, since diplomatic recognition and consular status are not linked in international law.

The Communists also have the hesitant and suspicious attitude towards foreigners of a people who have so long lived in inland isolation feeling the anti-Communist world was actively against them and the Communist world only favoured them passively. While foreigners have not been molested in any way, they are required to have road passes for travel between Peiping and other Communist-held cities. But no office to issue foreigners road passes has yet been set up in Peiping. A similar absence of requisite apparatus is considered in informed circles to be the cause of Communist reluctance to let British ships start trading at Tientsin. Similarly, foreign newspapermen have been unable, despite repeated and persistent efforts, to find any Communist official of even secondary rank willing to talk to them.

The main burden of Communist resentment, of course, is directed against America. As nationalists, the Chinese Communists share the general resentment against the United States for interfering in Chinese affairs. As Communists, they

have an extra antagonism against America as the powerhouse of anti-Communism. They regard American consulates as virtually enemy bases within their territory and consider American newsmen as possible spies. In Mukden, the American Consulate radio was not only sealed—like other consular radios—but also confiscated, according to reports received here.

At the same time, the Communists are apparently troubled by the realization that if China is to be modernized rapidly, the only large-scale source of industrial goods is the U. S.

The recent seizure of American flour in Tientsin is indicative of the current friction. Although the underlying motive of American economic aid to China is to strengthen it against Communism, food and medical supplies have aided the people. Post-war relief distribution demonstrated that allowing the Kuomintang to distribute it resulted in most going into the officials' pockets. Therefore, the U. S. has insisted on the right to distribute the goods itself. This the Communists and many others have considered unwarranted interference in China's affairs. When the Communists took Tientsin, they seized 5,000 tons of American flour and distributed it without reference to American officials on the spot. Washington reacted by closing its economic aid offices in Peiping and Tientsin.

We have already experienced how easy it is for the Communists to arouse anti-American sentiment. Most correspondents wrote that although the students and some sections of organized workers were enthusiastic about the incoming parade, most Peipingites were reserved. The Communist news agency reported back the comments of AP's Spencer Moesa mixed up with another AP story recalling the Japanese entrance into Peiping and also Michael Keon's story apparently doctored by the UP office. The impression created was that the writers had said the Japanese had got a better welcome. Vituperation was poured on the heads of these two "American imperialist newspapermen"—neither of whom is an American. Various groups demanded an apology from the writers or their expulsion. The significant aspect of this brief flurry is the deep pool of anti-foreignism upon which the Communists can draw and the tendency of non-Communist newspapers to vie with each other to hew to the Communist line.

Although the propaganda against "American imperialism" is very shrill, there are softer notes. A Communist soldier told an American professor recently: "We know about America. There is a small group of people there who want to kill us and a small group of people who want to help us. But the great majority doesn't know much about China and doesn't care."

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GUARDING THE GOLD

By M. S. KALYANASUNDARAM

"POOR old China! I am sincerely sorry for her! But I am more sorry for the demoralising fact thatshh!"

Vedachalam broke off, and dashed towards the kitchen, raising a powerful orchestra of hands, feet and mouth. A hungry cat scampered off from the kitchen.

"Terrific nuisance, those cats!" complained Vedachalam, as he came back. His looks, however, belied his expression of annoyance—he seemed to enjoy the chase.

"Isn't there someone in the kitchen?" asked Purushottam.

"The servant is ill, and my wife has gone out on a visit—leaving a University Reader in History to tackle the feline problems of the home," he complained, with a facetious tilt of his face.

"Why don't you stow the things away from the reach of cats?"

"Of course they are put away in the meat-safe—milk-safe we call it, being vegetarians. Cats don't get anything in our kitchen—unless it be an occasional kick, though that is forbidden by the Shastras."

"Then why did you run in such a childish way?"

"Oh, that? You know pussy shouldn't get accustomed to step in like a lord, and nose about in leisure."

"What's the harm, if there is no ghee or milk lying about?"

"Don't you see—it hurts one's proprietary sense for one thing; but more than that, we might forget, now and then, to look up things. The cat should not be encouraged to think that the house is vacant, or the path clear. It is always to our advantage

to sow doubt in the opponent's heart. Doubt causes fear. And fear causes confusion. A confused enemy is your ally. He cannot plan his defensive well, much less his offensive. As you might have noted from my last . . ."

"I say, look here, this is not your lecture room!"

"I am sorry. I let myself be carried away."

"Were you thinking of Napoleon?"

"Sub-consciously, I think. I mean, he provided the background. But I had really a Pindaric episode in mind."

"A Pindaric episode? Did Amir Khan, the Pindaree leader, chase cats away from milk and ghee—that were not there?"

"I say, you are free to think that a Professor of History is of a low order of intelligence; but he is not as inartistic as you make out!"

"Which, in un-professorial language, means?"

"That we are not so crude when we draw from History the light that guides our lives."

"Who is the immortal torch-bearer this time—Karim or Chithoo?"

"Well, if you are in a mood to scoff . . ."

"Why, you can make me stay to pray! . . . But jokes apart, I wish to hear the story. You shut your eyes and let go. I will weed out the parentheses."

You are a rare fellow, the Professor began, shutting his eyes, throwing back his head and bringing his finger tips together, but I am sure this will interest you. It was about the year 1815. The Marquis of Hastings was the Governor-General. The Marquis

has nothing directly to do with the story; but it is to remind you that it was after the time of Lord Minto during whose regime the English followed a policy of seeming indifference and partial—or, I may say, convenient—non-interference. The Pindarees, at the period under discussion, were not having things their own way. You remember, of course, the Pindarees—an irregular soldiery belonging to no particular caste or class—a very good condition for successful mass-work. But the one bond of union among them was their common vocation of devastating and merciless robbery: an unfortunately ugly picture in a truly useful frame. And Amir Khan and Chithoo were about the worst of the lot—though you couldn't help admiring them for their accomplishments and organizing power: again bad pictures in good frames.

Well, once they received information that one Misri Lal, a thriving money-lender in a village near Itarsi, was suddenly called away to far-off Benares, where his father was lying on his death-bed, and that the big, old-fashioned house with its piles of silver and gold and precious stones was left in the hands of Panditji, the old clerk, and one or two servants. The Pindaree chiefs made their elaborate plans as usual though they knew that there would be little resistance. The attack was fixed for one cloudy night in the dark half of the moon. (A few years earlier, at the time of Lord Minto, you will remember, torchlight attacks and daylight attacks were the order.) And what a surprise was there in store for them! Receiving disturbing tidings from the scouts, the chiefs prowled outside the compound wall to find out how things lay. All along, they heard bits of muffled conversation of an unexpected nature.

"I think they have come."

"Yes, the building is surrounded; and the two devils are reconnoitering."

"Do they know that the place is guarded?"

"No, they are thinking that it is completely at their mercy."

"You know the orders, of course."

"Yes. We have to let them in, without arousing suspicion, for the English Sahibs inside to capture them."

"Not so loud! . . . Do you think they will walk into the trap?"

"I don't see anything against it."

"Do you think they will attack in a body?"

"I don't think they suspect any need for it. But if they do attack, they will get what they richly deserve."

"Yes. The English soldiers on the roof will mow them down with their new model guns. . . . And, I hope, you will remember to jump into this pit and take cover! Else, you too will be mown down!"

"Isn't Panditji very clever to have anticipated the attack and made all these arrangements?"

"What a baby you are! Don't you know he sent Lalaji away only to tempt these devils in here and hand them over to the English?"

"Good Lord, I never thought of it!"

"No wonder you are not even a Jamadar after all these years."

This was the relevant portion of the whispers overheard by the chiefs. They were disturbed. They retired to a distance and reviewed the situation from a new angle. They could not understand what prompted the crafty clerk to make these wonderful arrangements, and when and how he made them unknown to their eagle-eyed spies. They had never been so thwarted in their lives. Acceptance of failure was bitter—more bitter than failure itself. While they were wavering between discretion and valour, there was a distant flash of lightning, and they saw figures on the roof of Misri Lal's house with cocked hats and rifles. They wavered no more. Discretion won.

Chithoo, however, was a diehard. (You remember, he harassed his enemies to the end and refused to be captured by them. He actually preferred to be caught and devoured by a tiger, rather than let a hair of his body fall into enemy hands!) He set spies to watch the house. He received reports that cartloads of meat were being taken in daily (the English merchants and soldiers of those days

were notorious for meat-eating, as many memoirs testify), that outlandish singing was often heard, and that the place was packed with whispering soldiers at night. After some days, he definitely left the neighbourhood and went after other prey.

Misri Lal finished the funeral ceremonies of his father and returned home. Greetings over, his servants told him of how the Pindarees visited the place, how they were made to believe that the house was well-guarded, and that, as a matter of fact, the house was being used as a trap, and how the inmates had had a narrow escape. He was rather dazed, and asked for details. They referred him to Panditji. The clerk tried to make light of his ruse; but, in the end, he had to explain everything and accept all the credit.

"When I understood that an attack was likely," he said "I felt much concerned. I thought of various plans. At last, I decided to make the enemy believe that we were well on the defensive. So I had to establish evidence of the presence of a large body of men here. After much thinking, I hit on a method. I brought all the old bamboos from the godown, burnt the knotty obstructions right through, and made tubes of them, as it were. I stuck two or three of them end to end, like this, and laid them, like the spokes of a wheel, between this room and the outer-wall. I laid them slightly underground. When I whispered through them at the room end, (or the 'hub'), the words were clearly audible at the compound wall end, though faintly. With the help of these talking tubes, one man at the 'hub' was able to fill the garden with muffled voices. Secondly, I stationed some 'English soldiers' on the roof with the help of two headloads of straw and some rags. Much against my will, I got in consignments of meat, and suggested an English military camp in the minds of the enemy spies, who, I felt sure, would be prowling about. Our Buddhoo, who has been in the Cawnpore barracks

for some time, sang songs, now and then, in what he claims to be the proper English style. All this childishness put together frightened the rascals away."

Misri Lal, who was listening in rapture, cried, "Most wonderful! The thousand-tongued Adi-Sesha cannot sufficiently praise your ingenuity. Please accept this." So saying, he threw round Panditji's neck a princely pearl necklace that he was wearing.

Then he said, "But Panditji, why did you take all this trouble? You know that we have next to nothing in this house. Every bit of valuable has been sent away to the Agra shop! You could have let the bandits in!"

"Yes, master; I know. I also know that, ordinarily, we will not keep valuables here in future. But that is no reason why the rascals should get accustomed to step in like lords and nose about the whole place in leisure. For one thing, if they do come in and find the place empty, they will immediately think of the Agra shop and try to get there. But, more important than that, occasions may arise when we might have to keep some deposits here, too, for short periods. The rascals should not be encouraged to think that this house is easy to loot. We must sow doubt in their hearts. Doubt causes fear. And fear causes confusion. . . ."

"I say, wake up," shouted Purushottam, "we have listened to that record already. And what did Misri Lal say?"

Vedachalam opened his eyes into little slits, and looked dazed. He said, "The banker was eloquent in his appreciation of his clerk's loyalty, courage and ingenuity, and wrung the Hindu mythology dry of hyperboles; and, finally, he said with smile, 'And so you guarded the gold which was not here with soldiers who were not here!'"

After a few seconds' silence, Purushottam asked, "But what are you strong on—historical lore or fiction?"

"Does it matter?" yawned Vedachalam.

THE PRIVATE "PUBLIC SCHOOL" IN BRITAIN

By EDWARD HODGKIN

ONE definition of an English "public school" is that it is a school which is not public. Fees of the boys who go to it are paid by the parents, although in some cases there may be endowments by means of which deserving cases can be helped. But the essential fact about the public school is that it is privately run and privately financed, and as long as it keeps up certain minimum standards of teaching the State does not interfere with it.

This may or may not be a good system; it is one of those questions about which there has always been endless argument. What is more interesting just at the moment than arguments about the rightness or wrongness of the public school system is to know whether the system can keep going in its present state for much longer.

Fees have risen since the end of the war and incomes have gone down. What will happen when the wealthier classes can no longer find £200 (Rs. 2,667) or £300 (Rs. 4,000) a year with which to send their child away to school? Nobody knows the answer; but the other day I had a glimpse of the way the wind may be blowing when I went to a new school at Ottershaw Park in Surrey, which was started last autumn by the Surrey County Council.

This is a school for boys from ages 12 to 17. It is a boarding school; it is divided into "houses" of about 20 or 30 boys, with an assistant master in charge of each, and the course of study the boys are put through is the same as at a public school. When they leave the boys will be as well equipped mentally and physically as if they had been to Eton or Winchester.

The really new thing about Ottershaw is that the parents' income has nothing at all to do with whether a

boy goes to the school or not. If the parents want their boy to go to a boarding school they apply to the country education authorities who decide on the merits of each case, whether to put the boy's name forward or not. If the parents' income is less than £300 a year they pay nothing at all; if it is more than £800 a year they pay the maximum of £110 (Rs. 1,467) and between those two figures they pay a proportionate amount.

Children from every sort of home come together at Ottershaw in complete equality. Labourer's son, officer's son, the son of the managing director and the son of the man on the bench—they are all there, and looking at them or talking to them one cannot tell which is which. But, of course, what is much more important is that they themselves do not care which is which.

The headmaster told me that there was not the slightest sign of boys from the same sort of homes sticking together in little cliques. The only income which worries them is their own pocket money, and to make quite certain that none of them gets any advantage this way the school insists that they all get the same amount—between 1s. 6d. (Re. 1) and 2s. 6d. (Rs. 1-11-0) a week.

So far Surrey is the only county which has tried an experiment on these lines, but other counties have been invited to send boys to Ottershaw if they want to. Some have already done so. There are 76 boys in the school now, but in a few years' time there will probably be 350.

I am convinced that there will be schools like Ottershaw springing up in other parts of Britain. Demand will produce the supply. Taken by and large Ottershaw seems to me to be one of the most cheering new things in education that Britain has seen since the end of World War II.

EPILOGUE TO A POET

IT is difficult to imagine Sarojini Naidu to be dead for, even at the age of 70, she was more alive, vital and mentally alert than many youth in their twenties. She carried life and laughter wherever she went—into a drawing room or on a public platform or at a meeting of the Congress Committee. And her "liveliness" was not the superficial hilarity of a society woman's idle chatter and hollow laughter, but the full, rich, intelligent participation in the fun as well as the struggle of life.

I still vividly remember the last glimpse of her I had in Allahabad only three months ago. In the enormous hall of the Government House (much to the consternation of the shades of former British governors, I am sure), she was presiding over a select gathering of Hindi and Urdu poets all of whom had been specially invited by her. Every one was seated on the thick, soft carpet and "Her Excellency" reclined against a big round pillow on a diwan. Lights were subdued and coffee, biscuits and sweets were being served in between the recitations.

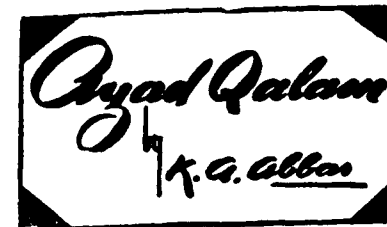
Listening to the flow of resonant, melodious words, she closed her eyes, surrendering herself to the mood of the moment, forgetting the cares and worries of her high office, forgetting the strife and struggle of politics, forgetting her personal afflictions (she could move only a few paces on her feet and had to be carried on a sedan chair from one room to another). No longer was she the Governor of the

most populous province in India. She was one poet listening to other poets, her mind both rested and stirred by the verses that she heard and critically appraised and applauded by a judicious word of praise or just a nod of her head.

A POET AMONG POETS

During the last twelve years I saw Mrs. Naidu on various occasions and in many moods—orating at Congress sessions when every word she uttered was a strident call to action, participating in discussions of the Working Committee, laughing and making others laugh at social gatherings. I remember seeing her teasing Gandhiji about his prayers with a disarming sisterly affection. I remember hearing the unforgettably moving broadcast she made after his death. I remember greeting her on her 57th birthday (having that very day written in my "Last Page" column that it was more interesting to just talk to 57 year old Naidu than to make love to a girl of 17!) and being good-naturedly scolded for my presumptuousness: "You young scoundrel, how dare you make fun of an old woman?" I also remember, fourteen years ago, telling Jawaharlal Nehru at a lunch party, "Don't you deceive yourself, my dear Jawahar, that all these women who come to attend your meetings are converts to Socialism. They all come only to look at your handsome face."

But I would like to remember her as I saw her on that evening in Allahabad—her wrinkled and aged face followed by the glow



of poetic appreciation, a strange peace and serenity enveloping her being. A poet among poets—that's what she was, that's how one would like to remember her. For, many years ago hadn't she declared:

*To priests and to prophets
The joy of their creeds
To kings and their cohorts
The glory of deeds;
And peace to the vanquished
And hope to the strong....
For me, O my Master,
The rapture of Song!*

It is a pity that tens of thousands of our young men and women learning to appreciate Wordsworth and Shelley and Keats and lesser poets, are not as well acquainted with the finely-chiselled, inspired and inspiring verses of Sarojini Naidu. I have just re-read "THE SCEPTRED FLUTE," the collection of her poems and songs, and it has lifted the pall of grief from my heart. The beauty fades, the orator's words become echoes of the past, the politician is forgotten. The poet lives!

LOVER OF LIFE

In her poetry, indeed, is not only the inspiring message of purposeful living but the key to her versatile genius and multi-faced personality. And that, in three words, is: *Love Of Life*. A deep, passionate, creative love of life, with all its struggles and strife, its happiness and pain, its triumphs and failures. In fact unlike many an ivory-tower poet, she equates Life with Struggle:

*Till ye have battled with great
grief and fears,
And borne the conflict of dream-
shattering years,
Wounded with fierce desire and
worn with strife,
Children, ye have not lived: for
this is life.*

Significant, again, and sharply in contrast with the defeatist, frustrated fatalism of most old-style Indian poets, is her challenge to Death which she defied right up to the end:

*Tarry a while; O Death, I cannot
die,
With all my blossoming hopes
unharvested,
My joys ungarnered, all my songs
unsung,
And all my tears unshed.*

*Tarry a while, till I am satisfied
Of love and grief, of earth and
altering sky;
Till all my human hungers are
fulfilled,*

O Death, I cannot die!

LOVE ABOVE ALL

The controversy and sensation caused by her inter-caste marriage are strangely echoed in her "An Indian Love Song." The woman is hesitant:

How shall I yield to the voice of thy
pleasing, how shall I grant thy
prayer,

Or give thee a rose-red silken tassel,
a scented leaf from my hair?

Or fling in the flame of thy heart's
desire the veils that cover my
face,

Profane the law of my father's
creed for a foe of my father's
race?

Thy kinsmen have broken our
sacred altars and slaughtered
our sacred kins,

The feud of old faiths and the blood
of old battles severs thy people
and mine.

The man's reply epitomizes Sarojini's own philosophy of life—the message of love and humanity transcending all barriers of creed and caste.

What are the sins of my race,
Beloved, what are my to people
thee?

And what are thy shrines, and kind
and kindred, what are thy gods
to me?

Love reck not of feuds and bitter
follies, of stranger, comrade or
king,

Alike in his ear sound the temple
bells and the cry of the
muezzin...

For Love shall cancel the ancient
wrong and conquer the ancient
rags,

Redeem with his tears the memo-
ried sorrow that sullied a
bygone age.

'SONG-BIRD WITH BROKEN WING'

Her love of life and song was, later, to be integrated with love of the country and passion for national service. In "Death And Life," she rejects Death's offer, "Poor child, shall I redeem thee from thy pain, renew thy joy and issue thee again

Inclosed in some renascent ecstasy
....?"

I said, "Thy gentle pity shames
mine ear,

O Death, am I so purposeless a
thing,

Shall my soul falter or my body
fear

Its poignant hour of bitter suffer-
ing,

Or fail ere I achieve my destined
deed

Of song or service for my country's
need"?

Song, indeed, was the "destined deed" of Sarojini Naidu, but her "country's need" was even more imperative, and so she forsook poetry for national politics.

What was her conception of India? In "To India" this is how she addressed her country:

O Young through all thy imme-
morial years!

Rise, Mother, rise regenerate from
thy gloom,

And, like a bride high-mated with
the spheres,

Beget new glories from thine age-
less womb!

Even in the darkest hour of India's slavery, her poetic vision foresaw the great role that her country should play in the world:

The nations that in fettered dark-
ness weep

Crave thee to lead them where
great morning break....

The India of her dreams was not Hindu Raj but a cosmopolitan India in which Hindu, Muslim, Christian and Parsi would have equal place as symbolized by the harmonious blending of the four prayers in "The Call to Evening Prayers." Again, in "Awake" (recited at the Indian National Congress, 1915, and dedicated to Mohamed Ali Jinnah) the Hindus, Muslims, Parsis and Christians all offer their homage to the common motherland:

Are we not thine; O Beloved, to
inherit

The manifold pride and power of
thy spirit?

Ne'er shall we fail thee, forsake
thee or falter,

Whose hearts are thy home and
thy shield and thy altar.

Gokhale who greatly admired young Sarojini's powers of eloquence once

asked her, "Why should a song-bird like you have a broken wing?", and the poem that she wrote in answer explains how and why "the nightingale of India" (as Gandhiji liked to call her) allowed her delicate wings of fancy to be broken in the battle of freedom:

Shall spring that wakes mine
ancient land again

Call to my wild and suffering heart
in vain?

Or Fate's blind arrows still the
pulsing note

Of my far-reaching, frail, uncon-
quered throat?

Or a weak bleeding pinion daunt
or tire

My flight to the high realms of my
desire?

Behold! I rise to meet the destined
spring

And scale the stars upon my
broken wing!

FAREWELL

Now that the Nightingale whose songs awakened and inspired a whole nation has 'sealed the stars' upon her 'broken wing,' her words of 'Farewell' come from afar in characteristically tender notes:

Farewell, O eager faces that
surround me,

Claiming the tender service of my
days,

Farewell, O joyous spirits that have
bound me

With the love-sprinkled garlands of
your praise!

And the nation's farewell to her, too, might be in her own beautiful words:

Your name within a nation's prayer,
Your music on a nation's tongue.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

"NOTES FROM THE GALLOWES" by Julius Fuchik (People's Publishing House, Bombay 4, Price: Rs. 2-4) is not the first book to emerge from a condemned prisoner's cell. Long ago I remember reading "Phansi ki Kothri" in Urdu by one of Bhagat Singh's comrades who was reprieved at the last moment. There is Koestler's "Dialogue With Death," and Gulab Singh's "Thorns And Thistles" (Reviewed in this column some months ago). But "Notes From The Gallowes" is unique in several respects. The Czech Communist journal wrote these "notes" in hourly ex-

pectancy of death, awaiting his execution in a Nazi Gestapo prison. The sheets of paper one by one were secretly taken out by a friendly Guard and, long after Fuchik's execution reached his wife who edited and published the book which, by now, has been translated into most of the major languages in the world.

Covering only 91 pages, it is a great little book, a monumental addition to the literature of protest that has come out of prisons ever since the days of Socrates. Fuchik was a Communist and Communists may well be proud of him for the courage and steadfast purpose which he upheld during over a year of almost daily torture, and for the abiding faith in the ultimate victory of his cause which shines forth from every page. The closing words of the Preface, "If the hangman's noose strangles before I finish, millions remain to write its happy ending" will inspire millions of his comrades, as also the last words of the narrative:

"My own play draws near its end. I can't write that end, for I don't yet know what it will be. This is no longer a play. This is life.

"In real life there are no spectators: you all participate in life.

"The curtain rises on the last Act.

"I loved you all, friends. Be on Guard!"

It is not enough to be a Communist to write prose like that. One must be a great writer with real feeling for life and understanding of humanity—as Fuchik undoubtedly was and had. These "notes" are a melancholy reminder of a distinguished literary career cut short by Nazi brutality.

Julius Fuchik died; but through his book he shall continue to live.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"London: Moscow Radio broadcast a decree signed by Marshal Stalin reducing the retail price of bread, butter, flour and tobacco in Russia by 10 per cent from March 1. The decree also reduced the prices on a large range of food, clothing and household goods."—P.T.I.—Reuter.

"SOFIA: Sobbing in a crowded court, Paster Vassil Georgiev Ziapkov Chief defendant in the treason trial of 15 Evangelical Church leaders,

said he had become a spy for both Americans and British because he had always been pro-American and pro-English..... Pastor Yanko Ivanov said he had received a total of two million leva from American intelligence sources."—P.T.I.—Reuter.

"WASHINGTON: The House of Representatives Armed Services Committee has unanimously approved a bill to allow the United States to care for aliens who help American spies abroad.... The Bill was discussed in secrecy.... The measure will grant residence in the U.S.A. to 100 persons who had given valuable information to U. S. Central Intelligence agents in foreign countries."—P.T.I.—Reuter.

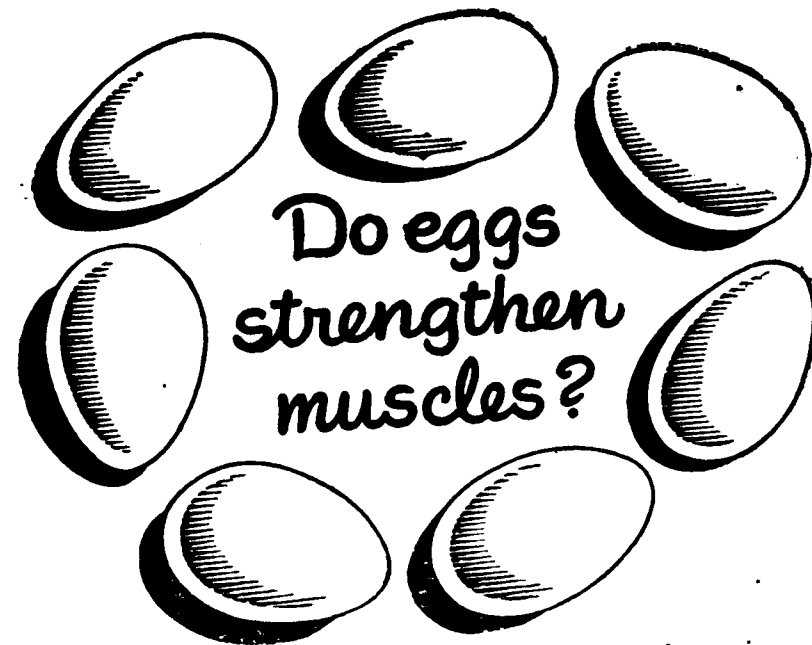
"NEW DELHI: An earthquake tremor shook the building as Prime Minister Pandit Nehru was addressing the Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce...."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"NEW DELHI: The main features of the Budget are increased taxes for the consumer in the shape of higher prices of postal covers and cards, increase in excise duty on sugar and betelnut, levy of excise duty on cotton cloth, a rise in the duty on paper and stationery articles.... and abolition of the Capital Gains Tax; reduction in super-tax; relief in customs duty on raw materials for industry...."

"NEW DELHI: During the debate on the Hindu Code Bill in Parliament Babu Ramnarayan Singh characterised it as "an obnoxious, useless and pernicious measure" and said, "I feel that a conspiracy is being hatched to disrupt Hindu Society." He added that he did not understand how people talked of equality between man and woman when their functions were so different (Laughter)."

"NEW DELHI: Mr. Ashutosh Lahiry, General Secretary, All-India Hindu Mahasabha, in a statement, says that it has been decided to observe Sunday as the all-India "Veer Savarkar Day." Those who have faith in the cause which the Hindu Mahasabha represents should have a clear grasp of the importance of the day.... emphasis should be laid on the fact that the Mahasabha has come out of the ordeal unscathed."



Eggs, like meat, are a rich source of proteins, and proteins build and renew the muscular tissues. But those who object to eggs, meat or other animal food can equally well obtain their muscle-building proteins from milk and also from dal, peas, groundnuts and other nuts, wheat and millet. However, whether vegetarian or not all of us need a *balanced diet* in order to function in full health and strength. A balanced diet means a diet containing the right proportion of proteins, vitamins, minerals, carbo-hydrates—found in eggs, meat, fish, milk, nuts, pulses, green vegetables, fruits, cereals—and fats. One of the finest forms of fat is Dalda which is made of pure vegetable oils and is clean and fresh in its sealed tins.

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LAST MOMENTS OF SAROJINI NAIDU

By "A. P. S."

THE death of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu in the early hours of Wednesday morning last week, came as a shock and a surprise not only to the members of her family, who were all away at the time, but to the people who knew nothing about the seriousness of her illness except that she had been advised complete rest.

The Lucknow press will have to do something to win back the confidence of the people for having kept them in the dark. In its 4 o'clock issues none of the papers carried the news of the death, which had occurred at 2-47 a.m., nor even reported that the previous evening her condition had become so bad that oxygen had to be administered, that blood-letting had to be done, that only an injection could bring her sleep. Perhaps the doctor attending on her himself took it easy, for when she died after a fit of cough the only person present was a nurse.

Special supplements of the news papers came out about 9-30 a.m. but even before that the news was known to all and all roads were leading to Government House. By the time her daughter, Padmaja, Rajaji, Pandit Nehru, Pandit Pant, Maulana Azad and Lady Mountbatten, who were all at Allahabad and were the first to get the news on the phone, could arrive, Government House was full of mourners and there was no standing space even on the spacious lawns.

Touching scenes marked the arrival of Padmaja, Rajaji, Pandit Nehru and Pandit Pant. Many broke down and had to be taken away from the crowd.

About noon the body was brought down from the bed room, where the death had occurred, and kept in the verandah for the people to have darshan. Pandit Nehru and Lady Mountbatten themselves looked to the arrangements as an endless stream of men and women filed past the body



The Governor-General's car in the funeral procession followed by the U. P. Ministers on foot.

lying on a stretcher. At 4 o'clock when the body was put on the cortege thousands were still in the queue for the file past with flowers in their hands.

The funeral procession, though imposing, was not very large, for the people were not allowed to accompany it. It was composed of the mounted police first, followed by two trucks carrying newspapermen and photographers; two cars, one carrying Lady Mountbatten, Lady Pamela Mountbatten Miss Lilamani, Mrs. Naidu's younger daughter, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, and the other carrying Rajaji and Maulana Azad; the U. P. Ministers on foot; the cortege on which were Pandit Nehru, Dr. Jai-joorya, Mrs. Naidu's son who had arrived earlier during the day, Pandit Pant, Major-General Dhillon, Officer Commanding U. P. Area, and Padmaja Naidu, with Mr. Feroze Gandhi, who was the first to reach Government House in the morning, women, officials and army officers.

It took about two hours for the procession to reach the cremation ground from Government House. All along the route of over a mile and a half every inch of ground was occupied, every roof-top was crowded, flowers rained and Ram Dhun was sung. By the time the funeral pyre was lit over two lakh men, women and children had gathered at the cremation grounds.

It was the first time that a great personality had passed in Lucknow and was not taken either to Sangam or Kashi for cremation. I am sure that had Mrs. Naidu left a will it would have been there that she should be cremated at Lucknow. For, though born and brought up in the South, did she not possess the best of the Lucknow culture in her? Did she not make her first big contribution in communal unity, so dear to her here, in Lucknow, in 1916? And did she not love Lucknow as much as Lucknow loved her?

BAPU

AND

CHILDREN

GREAT men are often so thoroughly absorbed in big events and mighty movements that they do not pay enough attention to the human side of life, which is so vital for real happiness. But Gandhiji was an exception in this matter. He launched great movements, participated in historic conferences, gave advice to the world whenever necessary, took part in vital negotiations, but he was never oblivious to other delightful and delicate aspects of life. He attended to the lepers, nursed ashramites, looked to the needs of the poor, played with youngsters, consoled the lowly, attended to his big mail and paid attention to the minutest things around him, despite his enormous responsibilities. This was Gandhiji's real greatness. He was never more happy than when playing with children and was charmed by their innocence and infectious laughter. Hardly any one else amongst

us enjoyed the innocent smile and playfulness of children more than Gandhiji. Here are a few letters written by Gandhiji in his own handwriting which will show what genuine and loving interest he took in the children whom he came to know or met. He greatly loved little ones and was always concerned about their welfare.

Mahadeva Hingorani had the privilege of getting in touch with Gandhiji, and his father and mother (Anand Hingorani and Vidya Hingorani) used to get advice from Bapu in regard to young Mahadeva from time to time. Once Mahadeva's father wrote to Bapu that his son was very much frightened at night and they were considerably worried about that. In a letter Gandhiji

wrote to Mahadeva—"Anand tells me that you fear very much at night. But why fear at night? Even while we are asleep, He keeps watch over us. Why should you then fear? Recite Ram Ram when you go to sleep and have no fear at all."

Mahadeva was very fond of Bapu and one day he asked his father if Bapu ever remembered him. His father wrote that to Bapu. A few days after, Bapu sent the following loving letter to Mahadeva: "You yourself do not write and yet ask Anand 'Does Bapu remember me.' Yes, I do remember you. Now write to me at length. What standard do you read in? Do you take exercise? What food do you take? And when do you go to bed? Write to me all these things."

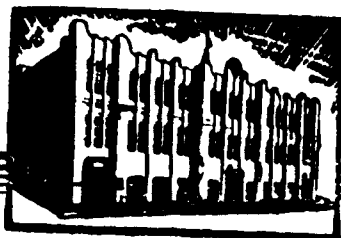
Despite extremely heavy work, Bapu at times showed interest in trifles if that helped any one. Mahadeva once wrote

a letter to Bapu and he felt that his letter contained some mistakes and hinted at that. Bapu corrected the mistakes in the letter and wrote the following—"I was glad to have your letter. There are slight mistakes in it, but don't worry. It is good to recite 'Japa Saheb' at night. I have seen your photograph and have written my blessings on it too. There seem to be no muscles in your leg. Take exercise. You look rather weak."

One day, Mahadeva was unwell and very weak, and yet he wrote a small letter to Bapu. Promptly replying, Bapu said "You should not have written at all whilst you were so weak. Write when you are perfectly well. First get all right and then write." When Mahadeva was fifteen

By P. D. TANDON

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years of age he wrote a letter to Bapu and expressed his desire to meet him. Gandhiji said, "I was glad to have your letter. I feel as though your birth has taken place only yesterday. It is difficult to think that you have finished your fifteen years. What will you gain by meeting me. We all do meet each other in mind at least. May you live long and serve your country for a great length of time."

Bapu was kind and considerate to children. He often addressed them on many subjects.

In 1930, a young lad, Kailash, son of Pandit Jagannath Tripathi, President, Court of Wards, U. P. wrote a letter to Bapu seeking his advice about the part young students should play if the non-cooperation movement was launched. Those days Bapu was in jail, and he sent the following note to Kailash: "Received your letter. I am sorry I cannot give you any advice because I am in jail. Abide by the instructions of your father and mother. Do what pleases your mother." Kailash Nath Tripathi is now a lieutenant colonel in the army and treasures this letter.

When Gandhiji was in London he met a number of children and they called him "Uncle Gandhi." They were extremely delighted to have him in their company and felt very proud that day. The children of the Children's Home sent the following letter to Bapu: "Have a happy birthday. We all say, 'Have a happy birth-day'. We are going to sing a birthday song for you. We are going to send you a present. We would like you to have a birthday cake with a bird and icing on it. Please, will you come here and have your birthday and we will have our band and play songs about 'Daisy' and 'Away in a Manger,' and light candles. Love from Maurice, Stanley, Peter John, Jean, Alice, Joan, Bernard, John, Willy, Phyllis, Doreen, David, and love from all the lot of babies, and all the lot of us." The children sent him the above letter along with a little basket with two wooly dogs, three pink birthday candles, a tin plate, a blue pencil and some jelly sweets. Gandhiji could not reply to their loving letter whilst he was in London. He brought with him to India the letter and the

children's toys. A few weeks after, when he was arrested in India, the children received the following letter:

"Dear little Friends,

I often think of you and the bright answers you gave to my questions when, that afternoon we sat together.

I never got the time whilst I was at Kingsley Hall to send you a note thanking you for the gifts of love you had sent me. That I do now from my prison.

I had hoped to transfer those gifts to the Ashram children. But I was never able to reach the Ashram.

Is it not funny that you should receive a letter from a prison? But though inside a prison I do not feel like being a prisoner. I am not conscious of having done anything wrong.

My love to you all,

Your

Whom you call Uncle Gandhi."

Once a young girl asked Bapu why people wear janeu (sacred thread) and why cow is called mother. Bapu replied, "Janeu helps to a certain extent in imbibing purity. These days it is not considered very useful. Cow is considered mother because she gives milk like mother. And then mother gives milk to her own children and that also for a year, but cow gives milk to everybody. Therefore, she is everybody's mother. Mother takes much service from her children. But who serves cow? This is why cow is the Great Mother."

One day a boy asked Bapu whether a man like Ram should also have lamented like a mad man at the abduction of Seeta. Bapu wrote, "Who knows that Ram grieved so much. What we read is the poet's version. It is true that such sorrow does not befit wise men. Therefore, we should believe that Ram of our imagination did not grieve in that way."

Bapu came to know that Hem Prabha's son, Arun, was very sick and did not take rest. He wrote the following letter to that youngster: "Mother tells me you are ailing and



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that you insist on reading and writing. Will you give yourself rest and the body a chance of recovery? Though death and life are the faces of the same coin and though we should die as cheerfully as we live, it is necessary until life is there, to give the body its due. It is a charge given to us by God, and we have to take all reasonable care about it. Do write me if you can. God bless you."

Whenever Bapu had a little leisure he wrote to the Ashram children. This is one of the many great letters he wrote to the Ashram kids from time to time:

"Boys and Girls,

Children are innocent, loving and benevolent by nature. Evil comes only when they become older. They are innocent even in their mischief. If this holds good in your case, each of you should serve others, helping them to rise higher and saving them from a fall. You should watch and if necessary warn one another. Your watch should not be like that of a policeman, but of God. God watches us all not with a view to punish but to chasten. Such should be the nature of your watch also. You must teach others what they do not know. Whoever speaks an untruth should be lovingly turned from it. Remember, you must keep the promise you have made."

A lot of children all over the world had come to know either through their parents or through some writings that "Mr. Gandhi of India" was very fond of children, and he never disappointed them, and played with them whenever he got time. In 1947, a twelve-year old student from Canada wrote to Gandhiji that he would like to have Indian postal stamps. He said, "I was wondering if you could send me some Indian postage stamps. I would appreciate it very much and in return I could send you stamps from Canada, and the United States of America. I may write to you soon again. I am enclosing some stamps for you." Close as-

sociates of Gandhiji tell that he had instructed that a few Indian stamps should be sent to his young pen-friend in Canada.

Bapu knew that child is the father of man. He gave much importance to the right upbringing of children and wanted them to develop healthy minds and healthy bodies. He knew they were the men of tomorrow and would mould their country's destiny. He was the father of basic education for children. He took interest in their growth and development in many ways. This great father is dead. But he is eternal. He lives in his message. He serves and guides us through his writings. His achievements were unique; his attitude to life saintly, his advice to humanity profound. For him there was no difference between the rich and the poor or between the big and the small. He loved all and lived for all.



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PUNJABIS FED UP WITH COMMUNALISM

By A "PUNJABEE"

SIX months ago, I saw a sight on Amritsar railway station which was typical of the tension of those days. A little Muslim boy was crying broken-heartedly in the centre of a crowd of Sikhs and Hindus. The crowd was curious as well as angry and suspicious: it imagined the young interloper to be a spy from across the frontier. Had the victim been older, there might have been recourse to violence by the crowd. As it was, they conveyed him to the nearest police station, which must have arranged for his repatriation in course of time, perhaps in exchange for a non-Muslim.

Yes, things looked pretty bad for the peace of the Dominions six months ago. Kasim Razvi's febrile declarations were receiving open support from even official quarters in Pakistan, and affairs were moving to a crisis. Both Governments reinforced their border battalions, and while there was a panicky exodus from Lahore to places further West, Amritsar and Ferozepore too were evacuated by all who could afford to leave. It was at such a time that Mr. Jinnah died and Hyderabad collapsed. Everybody in India heaved a sigh of relief, but a great depression of the spirit was perceptible in Karachi and Lahore. For a time Pakistan expected the worst. Hurried preparations for "last-ditch-stand" were made, and commissioners of civil defence were appointed all over West Punjab. In part, the bogey of an Indian invasion was conjured up by the Pakistan Government itself in order to divert men's minds from the shocks it had received by the Quaid-i-Azam's demise and the Nizam's debacle and to meet the arguments of a certain vocal and highly uncontrollable section of the population which wanted to stage a march to Delhi as an answer to the Indian Army's cross-country ride to Bolarum.

But really, Hyderabad marked the turning point in inter-dominion

relations. Indian fears of Pakistani intentions disappeared almost overnight, while normality returned to Pakistan when it saw that the occupation of the Nizam's State was not followed by any incursion into West Punjab. Also, Pakistan learnt that militarily it could no longer hope to challenge a consolidated India, and that it would be best to behave reasonably. The London talks took place against this background of sober realism, and resulted in the Kashmir cease-fire.

I, for one, was not surprised at the way people of the two Punjabs took the news of the cease-fire. Despite a lot of fire-eating talk on both sides, the fight had gone out of the men who had hacked each other to pieces more than a year earlier, and emotionally they were quite prepared for the anti-climax that the cease-fire undoubtedly was. Apart from a very few people who had remained unscathed during the troubles, almost everybody in East Punjab ardently wished for peace. An unbroken twelve-month of miserable existence in refugee-hood, through the bitter cold of two North Indian winters and the scorching heat of one summer is enough to make anyone revise his opinions about the wisdom of perpetuating communal hatreds. Truth is, the communal fever has spent itself out, and it will not now be easy to infect the masses with it again. Or at least not the masses of the Punjab. For they have suffered, and they have paid the price, and like guinea pigs in a ghastly experiment, those that have survived are likely to have acquired an immunity against the fell disease.

And may be the two Governments (and especially the Pakistan Government) were led to the cease-fire by the disconcerting realisation that the rank and file had become disenchanted to a degree that was positively dangerous in the light of happenings in the Far East, and

Communist propaganda in the sub-continent itself. The stability of any Government depends in the last analysis on its ability to meet the primary needs of the people. This ability, in the case of both the Pakistan and the Indian Governments, has been seriously weakened by the economic chaos created by the parti-

tion. More and more it is being realised that the first duty of either dominion is to feed its hungry and clothe its naked. The success of the January conference and the prevalence of relations that can be called the "best yet" are hopeful signs for the future of both India and Pakistan.

BUDGETS--CENTRAL AND PROVINCIAL

By K. S. SUBRAHMANYAM

1949-50 seems to be a financial year of sympathetic deficit-budgets all over India, with one or two exceptions. It is not enough to cover the deficits arithmetically. It is not how much expenditure is incurred and how much money is raised to meet the expenditure that matter, but how public moneys are proposed to be spent and how they are raised. The Finance Minister of a modern "socialist" State should be always guided by the principle of maximum social advantage. Those Ministers who believe that budgeting is pure mathematics would be doing the greatest service to the public if they resign and give place to those who are better acquainted with the intricacies of modern finance.

The proposed expenditures of both the Central Government and the Provincial Government are not of such a beneficial nature as to justify increased taxation on consumer goods like sugar, petrol, chillies, etc., and the enhancement of postal rates of covers and cards. Taxing goods consumed by the common man is cruel, short-sighted and detrimental to the economic and social interests of the country, because, in the first place, the shoulders of the common man have already been too over-burdened to bear any more burden of taxation, and in the second place, increased indirect taxation on consumer goods would aggravate the inflationary situation by still further sending up prices which have already gone up by 380 per cent. I would have been inclined to praise the Finance Ministers to the skies had they proposed to

extract the revenue needed to cover the deficits from the illegitimate earnings of certain moneyed classes such as "war wealth," blackmarket wealth, wealth accruing from the catering of permits and licences, etc. If the Government have not got the nerve to do this, they ought to have at least dropped certain items of expenditure even though they are calculated to promote social welfare and it would have been less intolerable than the present situation. Have they not applied the sword of inflation to the neck of Ramapadasagar?

As a matter of fact, there is some superfluity in the expenditure of the Central Government. When the British Government spent 60 crores of rupees on defence the nationalists howled at them; but what are the National Government doing now? They are spending something like 150 crores on defence though all threats of external aggression have gone. Dr. Matthai could have at least made a cut in defence expenditure to the tune of 14 crores and avoided a deficit. And while I went through the budget speech of Mr. Gopala Reddi I felt that a mountain of expenditure on the "Grow More Food" campaign had only produced a rat of result. From the magnitude of the food expenditure one would have supposed that Madras would have become a surplus province with regard to food. It seems provincial moneys are not properly and wisely spent.

It is said that socialism is the next step in democracy. At present there is neither democracy nor socialism in India.



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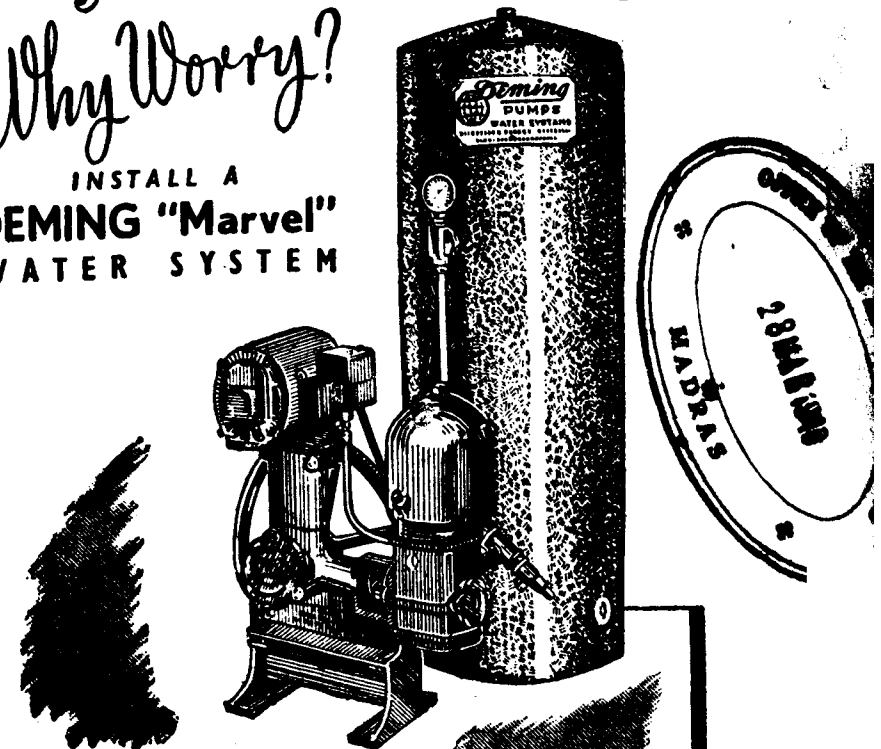
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SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1949

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SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 6

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

PROVINCIAL EDUCATION

STATISTICS pertaining to the progress and expansion of education in our province during the last quinquennium, as disclosed by the Education Minister in the course of his speech on the budget demand for the year, revealed some curious and many disquieting features. First as regards elementary education, the number of schools in the province has remained practically stationary, while the increase in the strength was much greater. For the number of schools has been increased by 600 and the strength by 8 lakhs. These facts reveal a deplorable state of overcrowding and the consequent neglect of education at the lowest levels which does not augur well for the laying of sound foundations. But the expenditure has been increased by more than one and a half times from about 2½ crores to about 5½ crores. The Minister's explanation was that most of it represented dearness allowances. The only inference to be drawn from that fact is that the teachers must have been the worst exploited servants of the Government. It is cold consolation to learn that nearly half of the entire budget is earmarked for elementary education, when it is realised that we are still far off from the ideal of universal, compulsory free primary education. Even if the entire resources of the provincial Government could be diverted to education, it would not be possible to touch anything more than the mere fringe of the problem.

Unless some system of basic training could be rationalised, and every

local authority is empowered to go ahead with the inception of the scheme in conditions of the greatest freedom and local autonomy, it is impossible to make education universal, cheap and nation-building. It is the fashion in our legislatures, for a disgruntled opposition rump to speak with ignorant superciliousness of the 'Wardha scheme,' to attribute to it defects which are not inherent in it and to discredit it as part of opposition tactics. Nothing could be more short-sighted and more unpatriotic.

Chief of the objections to the Wardha scheme is that it is vague and that it tends to exploit child labour for mercenary profit. A system of education can be either bookish or practical, capable of training the faculties of the mind alone or perfecting the dexterity of manual powers alone. Either of these objectives does not rule out a modicum of acquisition of the other sort of endowment. The traditions of education under British rule tended to emasculate the practical applicability of theoretical knowledge to an irreducible minimum. But the traditions of our age-long social system and communal life have encouraged and still encourage the development or training of the individual to be a useful, productive citizen in terms of a craft or a calling subserving vital, national needs. The medieval system of guilds has been the rule with us. Hence flowered forth a social economy based on the individual, having a rural bias and inspired by a spirit of communal co-operation. It was



Mr. V. P. Menon, Adviser to the States Ministry, Government of India, who visited the city early this week.

Gandhiji's dream to bring about a revival of that village economy in which Tiruvalluvar could be both a saint and sage and a master-weaver, a Vedanta Desikar a marvellous poet and a super-mason, and every worker a thoughtful, reflecting human being. We admit of course that under the hectic conditions of modern life a reversion to the hoary past would be an impossibility. But it does not rule out a method which could blend the needs of a modern society with the aptitudes of individuals reoriented to the spirit of a rural community. In many of the smaller and less known settlements of Americans in the West, we know that the Wardha scheme has been successfully adapted to suit the needs of a vigorous and growing society.

The objection that the Wardha scheme seeks to exploit child labour is a piece of gratuitous libel. If training children to use their hands and feet and their other faculties leads to profit to themselves or to the community, it would be incorrigible perversity to reject such goods. The Catholics and Protestants in a lesser measure have been famed for their success in establishing orphanages, industrial schools, settlements, etc., which have proved sound business propositions. They hold periodical sales of work, exhibitions, etc., at which the handiwork of children between the ages of seven to 12 or 13 are exposed to view, and invariably fetch handsome prices. And yet we have not heard of any protest against this kind of 'exploitation' of child labour. There is no doubt that a practical bias to education at its earliest stages tends to produce a better type of citizen than the sort of theoretical, bookish, memory-training which has long been our besetting bane. Spinning had been chosen by the Mahatma for compelling economic reasons which are becoming more irresistible with the passage of time. Wood-work, carpentry, modelling, to take only three other types of handicrafts will, if properly organised, provide the nation with a continuous

supply of high-class artisans who will add to the national potential not only economically but artistically as well.

While therefore we warmly commend the Minister's faith in the Basic scheme, we wish he would for his part leave the working out of details to experts. It is to be feared that he is hustling the department with a tempo which is in direct proportion to his ignorance of minutiae and lack of grasp of human psychology. The syllabuses which have been redrafted are altogether too cumbrous, too heavy, too repetitive, and are based on a notion of unity of all knowledge which can only confuse the young and growing mind.

The rate of progress in regard to our secondary schools though slightly better than in the case of elementary schools, must still be deemed very unsatisfactory. About five lakhs of boys and girls in about a thousand schools gives an average of five hundred; but actually metropolitan schools are scandalously overcrowded, while high schools out of the way in rural parts languish for want of strength. It is also worthy of note that the wastage from the elementary to the secondary stage is something very high. Only 12 per cent of elementary school boys reach the secondary stage. Here is a fruitful source of relapse to illiteracy, and no attempt has yet been made to stop this sieve.

Of the half a million of secondary school boys, only about 40,000 manage to reach the university level—that is less than 8 per cent of them. Every one knows that this expansion has been at the cost of quality, for the collegiate student of to-day is much less equipped than a lower secondary boy of thirty years ago. This dilution of quality is deplorable.

We do not know the reason for paucity of information concerning other technical and professional colleges. But figures in regard to Engineering show that we have four colleges now instead of one five years ago, but that the strength is curiously enough not four times but only two times the number of students

admitted five years ago. No explanation has been given for this anomaly.

The Education Minister also spoke of the need to build up traditions of research, and referred to the report of Sir C. V. Raman which is said to have been accepted by the Government. But so long as the Ministry's major obsession is a particular kind of communal complex, it is futile to hope for any all-out attempt to discover and encourage talent irrespective of all labels.

Sotto Voce

The Unco Guid



THOSE who have declared relentless war on caste have just spawned a new one. The community of Political Sufferers has its own rules of exogamy and endogamy duly laid down in a G. O.—that modern equivalent of the tablet from Mount Sinai. Only the Congress brand of "political sufferer," it goes without saying, will come in for the benefits under the Madras Government's scheme. I am afraid I can hold out no hopes for anti-Hindi patriots. But temple-entry Satyagraha may be given the benefit of the doubt, even if it was not directed against the British aggressor and did little damage in fact, except to the plantains consumed on the sly.

When, these days, we speak of Congress we mean the Gandhian Congress. If there should be any prehistoric survivals, associates, for instance, of V.O.C., Subrahmanya Siva and other pioneer jailbirds, for

The final impression left on the mind by the Education Minister's exposition is that he means much better than he is able to do, and that by a natural want of tact he has alienated the sympathies of powerful vested interests who would be glad to see the back of him. But even if he should go, it is to be sincerely hoped that his zeal for radical changes in the entire system from the elementary to the university stage will animate his successor.

whom "His Majesty's guests" had an ironic significance totally incomprehensible to their multitudinous successors of a later day, they had better remain inconspicuous in their obscurity. We shall build them a monument when they are dead. As to those Congressmen who fell from grace at the time of the August Satyagraha, I don't know whether their lapse will be retrospectively condoned. If they can't be considered for the five-acre grant they can always be consoled with the Governor-Generalship.

But any leader of the Dravida Kazhagam or the Muslim League will, the Government are clear, be eligible for the award if he can show that he had once marched under the banner of the Mahatma and "suffered in body or mind," as the lawyers say. It would not make the least difference if as a matter of fact he should be vigorously working today for another

partition of India. But pray do not run away therefore with the impression that the political charity of the Congress is indiscriminating. Has it not been authoritatively declared that Vinayak Savarkar had forfeited all claims to be treated as a patriot?

The Madras Government are after a record of "Firsts." They were first with Prohibition. They hope to be first with the subjugation of temples and maths. And the Revenue Minister, when asked whether there was precedent for a State remunerating persons who had suffered for their country's freedom, replied with engaging ingenuousness that anybody might set a good example. I would however adjure him to remember that excessive modesty ill becomes a good cause. Was not Mr. Sitarama Reddi carrying too far the precept that the left hand should not know what the right hand does when he declined to publish the list of beneficiaries under the scheme on the ground that no public purpose would be served by doing so?

It is public land and public money that is being gifted away. It seems not very courteous to tell the public that it has no business to poke its nose into this affair. Disappointed Congressmen at least—and they would seem to be many—have no intention of obeying the Minister's ruling. And they have no use for the polite pretence that the political sufferer has a soul above cash. They contend that, while their claims remain unattended to, other less deserving have already got their packet. The political innocent might be surprised to find that ex-Ministers

figure among the applicants. But the Revenue Minister has simply and adequately explained this by pointing out that rewards for political service are given to all who deserve them, be they wealthy or be they needy.

That is quite in keeping with Congress traditions in Madras. The Rajagopalachari Ministry promoted a famous piece of legislation for relief of agricultural indebtedness. The term "agriculturist" was so defined for its purposes that a wealthy man who owned a few acres of land could gaily get out of the obligation to repay his faithful cook the paltry two thousand he owed him, the savings of a life-time. Because the cook owned not a cent of land he was presumed to be a parasite from whose clutches it was the sacred duty of the State to rescue the "agriculturist."

So, if Harijans and other poor folk are deprived of land given them as part of the "Grow More Food" campaign, to placate Congress camp-followers, I shall not be surprised. I have even heard it said that some who are high in the favour of the bosses are casting covetous eyes at particularly attractive parcels of land belonging to pattadars who have held them for generations but have no political pull. The spoils system has raised its ugly head in every democracy. And we in India have an uncanny gift for following the worst. Tammany is too raw to pose as the *unco guid*. But some of our Congress high priests would throw Holy Willie himself into the shade.

VIGHNESWARA.

The late Mayor LaGuardia, of New York, presided occasionally in Police Court. One bitter cold day they brought a trembling old man before him, charged with stealing a loaf of bread. His family, he said, was starving. "I've got to punish you," said LaGuardia. "The law makes no exception. I sentence you to a fine of \$10." But the Little Flower was reaching into his pocket as he added, "Here's \$10 to pay your fine. And now I remit the fine." He tossed the bill into his famous sombrero. "Furthermore," he declared, "I'm going to fine everybody in this room 50 cents for living in a town where a man has to steal bread in order to eat." The hat was passed and an incredulous old man, with the light of heaven in his eyes, left the courtroom with a stake of \$47.50.

SIDELIGHTS :

History is but a kind of Newgate calendar, a register of the crimes and miseries that man has inflicted on his fellow-man.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

AMONG the unemployed now wandering in the city in search of some work to do there is one whose qualifications amount to a formidable list of distinctions. He passed the B. A. Honours degree examination standing first in first class and first in the presidency. His subjects in the examination were history, economics, politics, banking and currency. He won the Rajah Ramaswami gold medal, the Eric Conran Smith prize, the Northwick prize, the Allen prize and the Gordon prize. His age is 24 years. In any other country the Government would have taken pride in providing him work of a congenial kind in confident faith that out of it achievements of high value would emerge to add substantially to the sum of social welfare. But because he is a Brahmin he is unwanted here.

The modern conception of civilized administration is one that is not content merely with the discharge of police duties. Brain power is regarded as the most precious among the assets of a nation. The inventive capacity of a single man of genius is recognised as a source of power that can elevate a whole country and lead it to the vanward in things like efficiency, prosperity, and character, whereas millions of mediocre people may fail to add an inch to its stature. It is realised that the happiness of the masses is increased or decreased according as talent is encouraged or suppressed. In the U.S.A. there is a regular annual science talent search among high school students. We learn from the USIS, that indefatigable purveyor of information gratis about things American to the world at large, that top honours in the search this year have gone to Dwight Taylor, a youngster of 17 who has been named the nation's foremost young scientist and to Miss Caroline

Littlejohn, 16, who intends a career as a mathematical physicist. They were given awards of \$2,800 and \$2,000 which were announced at a banquet "climaxing a five-day science talent institute" in Washington. The money, says the USIS report, is "in the form of scholarships at any university or technical school to further the students' career in science or engineering."

Now mark how our Madras Ministers have been going about their business as "administrators." It would appear that at a recent Cabinet meeting they have decided that merit is not to count in the selection of candidates for the public service and for admission to educational institutions. Perhaps they feel that if any attitude of respect for merit were to be encouraged, their own position at the helm of affairs would be gravely undermined.

We punish prospective railway strikers when they show any signs of sabotaging railway property. (The order is to shoot at sight). But who is to award the proper punishment for this worst of all forms of sabotage, the sabotage of the most precious of all varieties of property that a country can possess, the merit at its command for use in constructive purposes conducive to the common good? For the benefit of our Madras Ministers who seem to think that they are wiser than Pandit Nehru and can pit their poor wits against him for thwarting his plan for immediately ushering in a totally non-communal secular State, let me tell a story.

It is a story of the destruction of coffee in Brazil, and John Gunther describes it as having the aroma of lunacy about it. To keep coffee prices up, they in Brazil decided to destroy a part of their crop. At first they buried the coffee but it ruined the soil. Then they threw it into the sea.

There it killed the fish and polluted the beaches for miles around. In desperation they decided to burn the wretched stuff, but it would not burn unless vast quantities of expensive artificial fuel were imported and used. Coffee thus turned out to be, in Gunther's phrase, "the country's Frankenstein."

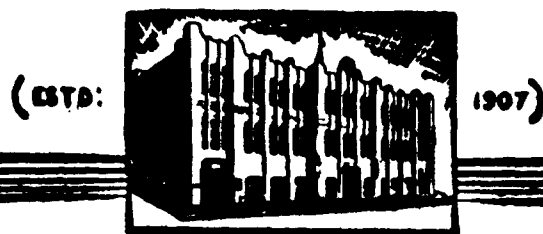
Brains are not easier to destroy than coffee, and let the Ministers take thought of the Frankenstein they may presently find themselves confronted with, if they persist in their impossible task of destroying the indestructible. The unwanted brain

power of aspiring persecuted youths, which the Ministers are out to destroy, will no doubt prove to be more than a match for all the brute force that may be employed against it, but the pity is that it is society that will have to pay the price for the folly of Ministers. What could be beneficially turned into a potent instrument of happiness for all, they are converting into a growing force of embittered discontent and anti-social reactions which will lead us all into a devil's dance of misery and mischief before its impetus is emptied. Such Ministries are the real breeding ground of the violence of Communism.—SAKA.

THE PERFECT SQUELCH

A woman once scolded Dr. Johnson severely because that famous lexicographer had put some words in his dictionary which she thought were improper. "Have you no decency?" she stormed. "Are you trying to corrupt everyone who reads your dictionary? Don't you know that such words should not even be printed, let alone explained?"

"Madame," Dr. Johnson said, "you wouldn't have seen those words unless you looked them up."



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THE POLITICAL PANDAS

By S. PARTHASARATHY

"YOU must have had a busy time last week," the Swamiji greeted me with these words as soon as I stepped into his hut. He was referring to my not having paid him the usual visit last week-end. "Not busy, but I had been to Delhi by air on some business," I said with some consciousness of my importance in having made such a trip. "What did you see in Delhi?" asked the Swamiji. "Nothing much," I said. "I was busy with my work and this was not my first visit." "Did you visit any temple?" the questions continued. "No," I said in answer and added, "I intended to visit the Birla temple but for some reason or other it did not materialise." "What is a Birla temple?" was the next question. "A big millionaire called Birla has built a fine Hindu temple in Delhi," I replied. "What is the Deity installed in it?" he persisted in questioning. "I do not know," I confessed. "Hah! Ha!" exclaimed the Swamiji, "so the Deity is unknown but not the donor! How very different from the old days!"

That remark of Swamiji for some inexplicable reason had the effect of releasing the flood of ideas that have been surging in my brain after the few days spent in Delhi. "Swamiji," I said in respectful acknowledgement, "you have made a correct reproach on the modern mind. Delhi, I found to be a city of millionaires, of politicians, of officials and of intermediaries. It is a place bristling with 'opportunities.' Money is being made but not as the result of any clever business deal or speculation, and careers are being launched without holders being seaworthy. 'Influence' pays dividends, achieves the well-nigh impossible and provides a passport to the portals of the nation-builders. Social life among the well-to-do is on a westernised pattern; conversation centres round the personalities of politicians and officials; nature subjects being shunned. The thought of God and religion, I would say it

occurs even once in a month in the minds of these people."

"But, then, where the Gods are men who can make you rich or great overnight, is it not pardonable to forget the unearthly Gods? Has not the same thing happened in your province where garlands have been placed on obscure shoulders to satisfy the egoistical desire on the part of certain political Gods to display their powers?" asked the Swamiji.

"True, Oh! Swamiji," I said in acknowledgement, "we have also seen such obscure men claim the attributes of divinity to their breath, their thoughts and their dreams. "But, Swamiji," I continued, "what makes the Delhi atmosphere so nauseating is the presence of a large number of intermediaries or what I will call the political pandas. They are to be found in every class and rank of society. One finds them among the politicians, in the press group and in the official class. But their largest number is to be found in a new professional class of pandas. Many smart and capable men in quest of money have adopted this profession as a career. The millionaires may own a few politicians or officials, but to the majority of businessmen and jobseekers from all parts of India, the services of these pandas have become indispensable. Their influence on public life is mostly not innocuous but of a corrupting and unhealthy nature. A permit, a licence or a job cannot be secured without unimaginable delay if it were left to be dealt with in the normal routine way. But the political panda drawn from the official and the political groups is the most obnoxious of all. He conceals his real profession effectively. He now and then lets fall suggestions to our administrators that some permit may be imposed or released or that some may be levied or lifted or that so and so is a very good and capable man for this or that job—all advice of course being ostensibly

tendered entirely in the country's interest. When the Minister walks into the trap and acts 'in the country's interest,' he finds he has to face hostile criticism. He becomes embittered in course of time at being found fault with for acting in the country's interest and at the insinuations, even against his honesty. He sheds the zeal of the political idealist and the administrative reformer and contents himself with playing the part of a bureaucrat. But he least suspects even in his moments of dejection that the source of his advice was tainted."

"Now comes my turn," said the Swamiji, "you know that people like me who seek retirement from worldly activities are criticised as idlers and hypocrites and as parasites on society." "I must mention this," I said, apologising for interrupting him, "one of our Ministers visited the Sri Ramana Ashramam and do you know what he said? He said he could not appreciate the money spent on buildings and on feeding people. He thought that they should be laid out on a hospital. Our Premier also commends the idea of a hospital manned by female nurses being run by the temple authorities. In fact, he wants the temples to become centres of economic activity. He even seemed to approve the sadistic pleasures of some Chaluva king who had

all the priests of a temple trampled to death by elephants for the theft of a temple jewel committed by one of them." "I didn't know we have progressed to that extent in heresy," commented the Swamiji on what I said and continued: "Suppose we were to take our places in the world, our role would be that of spiritual pandas. We would be called upon to bring down the rains, to prophesy share market trends, to cure ills, to tame unresponsive women; to cast evil on the enemy and to do such other jobs. So long as men do not seek life in the higher plane, we have no place in society. We seek solitude not to get away from the temptations of the materialistic world but to free ourselves from the pestering attentions of men seeking base ends. To those who seek the real, we are always available. Our country today is unfortunately a country full of intermediaries. Spiritual grace is being promised by these intermediaries as a thing to be bought and not gained. The modern rich man therefore says, 'I toss a few rupees now and then to the priest, and he keeps the Gods in heaven pleased about me.' From what you say, this pestilential influence of the intermediaries is overtaking every walk of life. Until divinity makes people stand and stare, I am afraid their evil influences will last."

MAN CAN LIVE WITHOUT STOMACH

A 62-year-old man recently walked out of a Sydney hospital after having his stomach removed....Doctors said he had now a normal expectation of life. However, with his stomach removed, he would have to change normal eating habits and consume only small quantities of food every two hours.

A staff doctor said the man was given a complicated anaesthetic, including some curare, a South American Indian poison which paralyses the muscles. In a two-hour operation a surgeon removed the man's stomach through his chest, by taking out a whole rib on the left-hand end of the oesophagus (gullet).

The staff doctor added that the stomach is a receptacle for food in which the preliminary stages of digestion occur. Almost every organ in the human body overlapped the function of its adjacent organ for that reason, if the stomach was gone, the upper bowel took over the digestive function. As the man now had no receptacle for the food he could not eat enough at one meal to keep him going for six hours. Therefore, he would have to eat small quantities of food every two hours.

THE 'NEW' FAMILY

THE Indian joint family is generally regarded (not without reason) as a stronghold of conservatism and an unchanging social organism which, for untold centuries, has followed the same pattern of autocratic rule of orthodox elders. It is a happy sign, therefore, when one finds this steel-frame bending under the pressure of a progressive ideology and showing resilience enough not only to tolerate but integrate the heterodox actions of its younger members.

My wife and I recently spent two weeks as guests of a Maharashtrian Brahmin family of Poona and I have had an opportunity to observe how orthodoxy is yielding and reconciling itself, to the demands of the new age, how taboos are being broken and traditions are losing their ancient rigidity. Twenty years ago, the very fact that a couple of Muslims could stay in an orthodox Brahmin household, eating with them, touching their utensils, intruding even into the kitchen, attending the *puja* and receiving *prashad*, participating in marriage ceremonies as members of the family, would have been regarded as revolutionary. Even today it would be regarded as extremely unusual, if not unthinkable and impossible. Yet it happened and without the least self-consciousness or fuss, with good humour and good grace, without the young progressives proclaiming it a triumph or the orthodox elders feeling it to be a defeat. To me it has been a demonstration of the elasticity and, therefore, the indestructibility of Indian family life.

MEET THE MOTHER

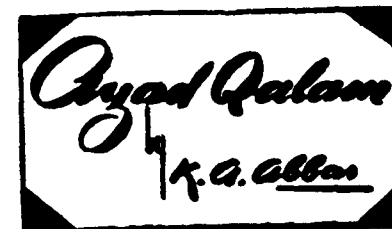
In this, as in many an other family, women constitute the core as well as the base of the family structure; they are the cementing force that keeps the family together.

The mother, a widow of about sixty, is the unassuming, unobtrusive, least assertive but nevertheless effective Head of the family. In all my life I have never seen a more hard-working and more self-effacing individual. She seldom stirs out of the kitchen, being busy most of the time, cooking for her children and grandchildren. When she is not cooking, she is washing or scrubbing. She is the first to get up, much before sunrise, and light the fire; tea is ready in the kitchen however early one may want it. She is the last to go to bed. She takes her meals after every one else has been fed. For her age, and considering the hard work she does, she is remarkably well-preserved, with a satin-smooth healthy complexion and hardly any wrinkles on her face. She is the classic "Mother" of Gorky, Capek and Pearl Buck, but she is no gloomy martyr. She wears a look not of tragic resignation but of happy contentment; a radiant joy illuminates her face whenever she sees the crowd of her children and grandchildren.

THE GRANNY AND THE POLICE

The mother's mother also lives with the family, a frail and wizened old lady of eighty or more, very religious, spending most of her time in *puja*, and yet willing and active enough to help in the household chores like peeling the vegetables. Her religion is mellowed by a deep humanity and, much to every one's surprise and pleasure, she raised no objection to the flagrant breach of caste rules involved in entertaining, and inter-dining with the two "mlechha" guests. She can neither speak nor understand a word of Hindustani,

but she spent hours talking with my wife, the granddaughter acting as an interpreter. Within a few days the kind old granny came to accept us as two more additions to her long list of grandchildren.



The granny who was born about the time of the Great Revolt of 1857 looks as if she knows nothing, nor cares anything, about the affairs of her country and the world. Yet she played a small but gallant part in the 1942 movement when two of her grandsons were doing underground political work. The house was searched and some incriminating literature was found hidden in the room occupied by the old lady; actually it was right there that some of the underground workers used to meet. The Police suspected it but had no proof. So they took granny to the police station and subjected her to a severe cross-examination. Who are the people coming to your house? What kind of talk goes on? Do you know it is a serious crime to give shelter to such revolutionaries? The old woman assumed the most guileless expression. "I am an old woman, near-blind and ignorant," she said, "What do I know of such things?" The police officer, trying to intimidate her, roared, "Old woman, you lie." To which the old woman gave a pertinent retort: "If you think I lie, why ask me these questions?" When she returned home, she said, "Those so-and-sos! Did they really think I would betray my children—and my country?"

SONS AND GRANDSONS

This is a lower middle class family with an ancient double-storeyed house, and a few acres of land some miles out of Poona. The father was a lawyer. The eldest daughter, married more than twenty years ago, has grown up sons in college. The eldest son took a science degree, then graduated in law, practised for a while and then gave it up; now he works as a demonstrator in a college and also runs a general merchant's shop and stationary store. The second son went to Germany on a State scholarship, took a doctorate in applied science, and is now working for a firm of photo goods manufacturers in Bombay. The third son runs a provision store and ration shop, does insurance work in spare-time. The fourth, who was a Congress worker and Seva Dal organiser for many years, has taken to farming and lives and works on the family lands. The youngest, and the only

unmarried one, is a student of aeronautics. The younger daughter, an undergraduate, has married a journalist in Bombay.

The vocations chosen by the sons are representative of the steady shift of middle class youths' interest from "white collar" professions to technology. Law, Teaching, Business, Insurance, Agriculture—Aeronautics. And I found the grandsons all talking about aviation, radio engineering, mechanised agriculture. The direction that the new generation is taking is unmistakable—and hopeful. At last our colleges are not producing only clerks.

OLD AND NEW

Old meets new in the life of this family, even as it does, I am sure, in the lives of thousands of such families. In deference to the sentiments of the elders, the religious festivals are observed as are the prescribed fasts. The meals cooked in the family kitchens are strictly vegetarian but occasionally eggs may be boiled and eaten without the mother or grandmother raising any objection. Away from home, all with the exception of the eldest brother and sister enjoy non-vegetarian food. I suspect the old ladies know it but they are wise and tactful enough not to show that they know; nor do the youngsters parade their heterodox ways at home.

Marriages are "arranged" but not "forced"—and even the girl's consent is taken before she is betrothed. So far no inter-caste marriage has taken place in this family but one of the sons did contract an unorthodox alliance by marrying a divorcee and the family has gracefully accepted her. The college-educated daughter-in-law is supposed to do domestic work, serve the food to the men-folk in the traditional style, milk the cow and even remove the cow-dung, but after the work is done, she may go to her room and entertain herself with the radio or practice on the *sitar* or accompany her husband to pictures or even play cards.

Food is served in brass *thalis* or on banana leaves, and not in plates, but the utensils are not regarded to be polluted by the touch of a Muslim. There are images and pictures of gods

kept in a niche, with an oil-wick lighted before them; but also in the house are pictures of national leaders including Gandhiji, Nehru, Doctor Ansari, Maulana Azad, Sardar Patel—and Jai Prakash Narayan. There are sacred books and also works of Marx, Freud, Shaw and Maupassant!

It is, on the whole, a lively, happy family. There is plenty of laughter and chaffing of each other and practical jokes and blaring radio music and occasional chanting of hymns. The mother reigns but does not rule; she is respected but not feared by her children who call her "thou"; the family ties have been loosened to allow a great deal of freedom to the sons and daughters but have not been snapped altogether. The elders have secured the loyalty of the youngsters by relaxing the old rigid ways; the youths have secured their freedom of action by conforming to some of the traditions at home. The family is still "joint" because every member knows that if he wishes he can separate; there is no compulsion to bind him to the others. It is a synthesis of freedom and federation, of individual liberty and family sentiment! Not all families in India have managed this synthesis with such understanding and grace, but the family I have described is by no means unique. Indeed, it may not be a family, but the Indian family—rooted in the past but slowly, almost imperceptibly, changing in conformity with the pattern of the new, secular, free India!

ONE YEAR

The event may not be of world-shattering importance but let it be recorded for the benefit of any readers who might be interested that the *Azad Qalam* was one year old last week.

This feature is now appearing in ten papers, in seven provinces (Bombay, Madras, C. P., U. P., Delhi, East Punjab and Bengal), and in five languages (English, Gujarati, Telugu, Malayalam and Hindustani). The total circulation of all papers publishing *AZAD QALAM* is in the neighbourhood of a quarter million.

Occasionally a reader writes to say what he does not like in this column; now and then one also writes to say

what he does like. But if a feature like this is to develop into something more useful than a weekly essay of doubtful literary value, a more frequent and closer contact between writer and readers is essential. So, the next time you feel like throwing a brickbat (or even a bouquet) at me for something in this column, please do not frustrate your impulse. Take up your *qalam* and let me have it!

By the way, it is *AZAD QALAM* and not *AZAD COLUMN* as so many people whom I meet persist in pronouncing it. "Qalam" means "pen"—whether it is really "azad" is for you to judge!

BOOK OF THE WEEK

A GIANT'S STRENGTH, by the famous socialist American author Upton Sinclair (T. Werner Laurie, Ltd., London, 2s. 6d.) is a play in three acts about the atom bomb, deriving its title from the lines of Shakespeare:

"O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but
it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

One may call it a fantasy because the second and third acts envisage the possible consequences of an atomic war—the desolation of the world's most populous cities, the terrible loss of life and the reduction of millions of human beings to the level of existence of stone-age cave-dwellers—but there is nothing fantastic about the situations created by the playwright, for they are based on the specifically stated and even proclaimed calculations of atomic scientists. This, or something very much like it is bound to happen, if the atomic bombs are used against each other by rival world powers. The horrible implications of Sinclair's imagined plot are but the grim shadows cast by coming events—unless an aroused world conscience can stop the catastrophic drift towards universal suicide! To that end this well-contrived play (or, rather, pamphlet in dramatic form) is dedicated. And, as a socialist and humanist, Sinclair draws pointed attention not merely to the destruction of man's material civilisation that the unleashing of the bomb would no doubt entail but to the greater peril of the loss of all those values of culture and humanity

which are our heritage from a thousand generations and which we are more than likely to lose by reduction to a primitive standard of living. Cleverly and wisely he also hints at the terrible possibility of fascist power taking advantage of Anglo-Russian tension by launching a secret atomic attack on American cities, thus provoking the U. S. to launch a "retaliatory" attack on the Soviet and their friends, and thus involving both sides in a mortal atomic combat which must mean the complete annihilation of both of them.

What, then, is the solution of the problem? Sinclair proclaims it through his youngest character, the radio-addict boy Bub, who says towards the end:

"I just want to put an end to these everlasting wars. I'm the one to fight them and I don't want to fight anybody. Only the people can stop it—the big business crowd have shown that they won't.... The people have got to find a way to make the peace and keep it.... Tell all the people: There shall be no more killing. There shall be love and kindness and understanding! There shall be a world government, with the power to keep order. Let that Government have the weapons, and let no other government have them."

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"MOSCOW: Vyshinsky has replaced Molotov as Foreign Minister of the Soviet Union."

"LONDON: Britain's Overseas Trade Minister described prospects of trade between Britain, India and Pakistan as bright."

HISTORY FROM HATS

Women's hats, according to Mr. James Laver, express the Spirit of the Age. Mr. Laver, who is Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, recently traced the history and importance of fashions in headgear. He pointed out that just before a major upheaval women's hats tend to become extremely large—as they did before the French Revolution and before World War I. After a great social upheaval, however, the reverse is apparent. He added that the mid-Victorian poke-bonnet illustrated a period of submission to male authority, the 30's saw hats that were a "little mad," and that during the troubled 40's women, of course, wore no hats at all—LONDON PRESS SERVICE.

"CANBERRA: Mr. Robert Menzies, Opposition Leader in the Australian Parliament, said that there could not be a "really powerful British Empire" unless there was an Empire Defence Plan."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"BOMBAY: In the recent by-election to the Bombay Municipal Corporation from the Mezageon ward, only EIGHT percent of adults in the constituency cared to exercise their right to vote."

"POONA: The Council of the Maharashtra Girls' Education Society has decided to close down its Intermediate College for Girls as few girls in Poona want to study in an exclusively girls' college and prefer co-educational institutions."

"CAWNPORE: Miss Mohli Singh, student of a local college and daughter of a retired Sub-inspector of police, was arrested while, it is alleged, she was distributing Communist literature."

"A Punjabi Refugee family of four is said to have committed suicide at Delhi due to unbearable despair and starvation."—*Bombay Weekly News*.

"On Sunday last while going to Andheri I found a Punjabi Refugee busy with his books in the railway compartment. On a closer approach I gathered that he was a prospective candidate for the ensuing M.A. Examination and he had been in the train right from 7 p.m. as he had no other place with adequate light to study. 'My katcha cottage has no electricity and I intend to remain here upto 12 o'clock' he remarked."—*Bombay Weekly News*.

Short Story

WITHOUT HALOS

By Doulatram Parshuram

HE sat marking every pair of feet that passed. He had learned the art of gauging a man from what he wore on his feet, long ago. He had been a shoe-shine boy then, and it had been a requisite in his calling that he study the footwear of all people.

He no longer did that because he had any interest in the footwear itself. True, he still deduced from it whether its wearer was a man of money or not, yet his ultimate motive was not to cringe before a person and take his shoes in his lap and wipe them clean and shine them. No, he knew better than that. His study aided him nowadays in deciding whether or not a man should be followed, so that, in the crush somewhere, he might be relieved of the unnecessary task of carrying a purse around. This was easily done, and ten-year-old Razaq liked a neat job. He liked it because it was a thrilling thing to do. Only sometimes, he had doubts, since he was slightly aware of the implications of what he did. His companions, the other boys, told him it was perfectly all right to do this thing, after all they were helping the man whom they relieved of the burden!

The rub only came in when they told him that he must be as unobtrusive as possible. He must duck in the crowd and disappear, if possible, quicker than a flash of lightning. Perhaps they themselves did not fully know, but they never talked of what the "fellow with the blue clothes and the yellow cap and the chappals" could do.

Razaq expressed his doubts as to why he must disappear after relieving a person of his burden. His companions gave the most lame excuse there could be: that it was because it was so, because it was part of the game. Razaq still could not catch the import, and then they called him a sissy, and teased him by saying he still wanted to lick shoes.

Which, of course, was not true; and they knew it. Razaq would not get angry. No. Only sometimes, when they harried him beyond endurance. On these occasions he would vent his irritation by springing up and chasing them away. They would run away, laughing, and after a while would return to their companion as if nothing had happened. They were never afraid of him, for he was small, and was not tough or hard-skinned. His companions said he had no fight in him.

But, even though he had no fight in him, their uncle (who gave them shelter and taught them how to remove purses from pockets) said he was all right. He had long bony legs and he could run like the wind. He could be trusted to be far away from the scene of action even if the person who was relieved did discover that his property was missing.

Razaq had been marking the shoes and he had noticed a dirty pair: the one his companions referred to. He would have let the remark pass, only the dirty pair of shoes had stopped just opposite to him and its owner was engaged in conversation with some person. When Razaq's companions yelled a second time Razaq bounded up and chased them away. He stood looking at them as they ran some distance, laughing, and then retraced their steps.

As Razaq turned to his place, he found a well-dressed young man standing outside the restaurant, looking in his direction. Razaq's glance involuntarily bowed to the gentleman's shoes. They were made of fine leather, new and shining. The dress too sat well on the gentleman. He was looking at Razaq and he motioned him toward himself. "Hey, friend, come here."

Razaq wondered why the man should have called him. But he went nevertheless.

"Listen, I am going into the restaurant, and I am leaving this bike here. Take care of it for me, will

you? I shall reward you for your labour. It's not much: you've just to sit here and watch. Will you do it, friend?"

Razaq did not know what to say. He was out of his wits. Here was a man treating him like a man, not like a child. His eyes were glistening. He just grinned and nodded. The man nodded, too, and went inside.

"Be one with the wind," Ramji, the leader of the gang, said to the other boys. "Disappear. Do something useful. Leave us here, Razaq and me: to do our business." When they were gone, he turned to Razaq. "This man inside needs to be relieved of his burden. You will follow him, won't you?"

Razaq shook his head. "No, I won't," he said.

"And why not?"

Razaq knew, but how could he express himself to Ramji? The man had placed his trust in him, and it was up to him to fulfil that trust. He would not wrong the man in any way.

When he was firm in his refusal, Ramji said: "O. K., let's see what the small wicker basket on the handle of the bike holds. It may have something valuable."

He moved over and put his hand into the basket, despite Razaq's protest. One after the other he held up for inspection a small notebook, a beautiful artpaper volume of glazed illustrations, a box of sweets, and from deep under a small silver box which on opening was found to contain some curois. This last he grabbed hold of.

"We shall take this," he announced. "It will bring us good cash." "But how can you?" Razaq protested. "It's not yours. It's in my trust."

"Yours is mine, isn't it?" Ramji countered.

"No. It's not mine. I have to hand it to the owner, safe and intact. He has trusted me."

"Don't be a fool," Ramji said. He was encouraged by the fact that there were no pedestrians around at that time. "He won't feel the loss."

"But I can't betray him when he has trusted me!"

"Why not?"

Razaq did not know what to say. His small conscience knew, and told him, what was right, but what could he say to this big hunk of a boy who stood before him, an impersonation of evil?

Suddenly he was afraid. He put a strong hand on Ramji's arm. Ramji twisted his arm free and shoved Razaq away. "Get away, you," he said.

Razaq's fear was mounting. "Give me the box. I have got to return it."

Ramji said, "Run away," and began to walk away with the box. Razaq went after him, calling to him in a shrill voice. Ramji gave him a cut on his nose, with the knife-edge of his hand. It pained him terribly and brought forth blood. Yet he followed Ramji. He knew he could not fight, but at the same time he knew he could not let Ramji go.

He ran ahead of Ramji and stood in his path. "Give me the box," he said.

Ramji answered him by giving him another blow that sent him reeling. He almost fell. Then he got to his feet and again encountered Ramji, a strange determination on his face.

Ramji's vehemence suddenly gave way. "Here, take the box," he said, and threw it on the macadamised road. "I shall take something else."

While Razaq's mind was struggling between the two things: the box on the road and Ramji's proposal to take something else, a military truck was fast approaching from some distance off. Ramji had seen it and he put a strong hand on Razaq's arm to detain him from taking the box. If the wheels of the truck passed over the box it would be flattened beyond recognition and repair.

Razaq did not want this to happen. He stood deceptively passive for a second and then suddenly lunged with one of his bony legs and contacted Ramji's stomach. Ramji doubled over, while the military truck roared nearer. Razaq wrenched his arm free and dashed for the box.

There was a sickening screech as the brakes caught hold of the wheels and brought the truck to a jolting stop. For a few yards behind the

truck there were long black lines where the wheels had sunk into the tar of the road.

The driver swung out of the truck, swearing: "Damn...the dirty fool. Why did he have to die under my truck?"

But Razaq had no wish to die, nor any reason whatever for shifting his tenancy of this world. There was nobody under the truck. The road was empty.

The driver looked around. So did a few others who had come out of the restaurant at the noise of the brakes. On the other side of the road, on the pavement, they espied Razaq lying on his stomach, his hands behind him, clutching at his thin bony legs: the legs that had enabled him to escape by a hair's breadth from the clutches of death.

The driver swore again and climbing into his seat drove away. The spectators either returned to their tables in the restaurant or went their way. The boy had been saved, and it was not theirs to worry any further.

Only the owner of the bicycle stood gazing at Razaq who presently raised himself and made his way, limping, across the road to the restaurant.

Razaq looked around for Ramji, but the latter's bulky figure was nowhere in evidence.

As he reached near the restaurant Razaq was conscious that the gentleman of the bike was looking at the box in his hand.

"Ramji is a rogue," Razaq said. "He tried to make me violate the trust you laid in me." He could not think of anything else to say. What was there to say, after all?

"I can see that," the man said. "He has made a fine mess of you. Here, take this," and he gave Razaq his handkerchief to clean his dirty face with.

Razaq took it gratefully, and then told the man everything. He did not spare the minutest detail.

The man was pleased. He's a good, kind man, Razaq thought. And he said so.

"Kind nothing," the man said with genial brusqueness. "I can appreciate bravery. 'You've got fight in you.'"

Razaq was surprised. But was the gentleman wrong? Was he, Razaq, a man or a mouse?

"You can still fight," the man said. "You're brave. You can lick the world. Are you ready to take the chance?"

Razaq looked up in bewilderment. "I don't follow you," he said.

The man explained. He was ready to give Razaq a decent job; and the latter could also go to school—later, perhaps, even for higher education. He could go on fighting, winning, bettering his life. His whole life was in his hands, if he had the fight in him.

Razaq grasped the import of his words. There was a new light in his eyes. "Yes, I have got the fight," he said.

The gentleman came down the stairs of the restaurant. "Decide yourself, Razaq," the man said. "You won't be made to do anything unless you are willing. It will be a hard life, not the easy-going way you have had until now. Are you sure you want to go the hard way? It will mean rules and discipline. If you don't feel like it, well, we shall forget the whole thing. This never happened."

He waited for Razaq's answer. The small boy looked up at him and though there was nothing in his face to give the boy any indication or guidance, Razaq thought he saw in him a light of the hero he had been looking for all his life. Would he back out now? No, decidedly NO.

"I am no sissy, mister," Razaq said. "I shall come with you. I shall fight it out."

"Good," the man said. "We shall go now."

Razaq placed the silver box in the wicker basket and started along with the man. After a few paces the man gave him the handle of the bike. "Here, lead it yourself," he said. "One day you may have one of your own."

Razaq caught hold of the handle and smiled in happiness. The man smiled back at him. Only, the man's smile was the broader.

SIRDAR BHAGAT SINGH

By **BEJOY KUMAR SINHA**

(On 23rd March 1931, Bhagat Singh along with two of his comrades, Rajguru and Sukhdev were hanged in Lahore prison. The writer was closely associated with Bhagat Singh for several years and was sentenced to transportation for life in the 1929 Lahore Conspiracy Case. In this article, he describes some revealing incidents in the life of the great martyr)

EIGHTEEN years ago Sirdar Bhagat Singh and two of his comrades kissed the gallows on the evening of 23rd March 1931 in Lahore, the capital of a Pakistan province now; and since then every year on this day, in all parts of India people assemble in thousands to pay their homage to the great martyr who has become a legendary national hero. His is a household name in India to-day. His daring and his sacrifice are sung in ballads and folk-songs in all provincial languages. In thousands of families children have been named after him. But only a few outstanding events of his life are yet known to the public.

When I look back to the period of two decades ago, to the days when we both lived and worked together, often far away from public gaze, several incidents of his life come crowding into my mind—incidents that are characteristic of his exemplary courage and spirit of sacrifice. I recall the day when I met him in his 'condemned cell' (the small cage-like room in which a prisoner under sentence of death is confined) in the month of December 1930. He and his comrades Rajguru and Sukhdev had already been sentenced to death in the previous month and put in separate condemned cells in Lahore Central Prison. Eight of us who were sentenced along with him in the **LAHORE CONSPIRACY CASE** to transportation for life were also confined in cells in a yard just adjacent to his in the same jail. It was a bitterly cold winter morning when I was led by the Chief Jailor into the Sirdar's cell. The permission to 'interview' him had been granted, I was told by the jailor on the way, to give us an opportunity to consult and decide about filing an appeal to the

Privy Council. With a throbbing heart I followed the jail officer. I recalled how we had bidden farewell to each other on the day the judgment had been pronounced and were now meeting again, perhaps to part for ever. I was lost in my thoughts when I was almost awakened as if from slumber by a cheerful voice hailing me, "Bejoy, Tum Agaye," (Bejoy, you have come). Bhagat Singh was standing before me with his usual smile on his face. I did not know what to say. I experienced a queer sensation. I felt that my friend with whom I had worked and suffered for years, sharing the same hopes and fears, who stood so near to me at that moment, was a stranger from another world. I just stood there without saying one word, when he looked at me, with eyes full of understanding, eyes that conveyed that he had sensed the storm that was raging in my heart. In a deliberate, matter-of-fact tone, he therefore broached the subject of our appeal. The tension was broken and soon we were engrossed in our discussion. Pandit Motilal Nehru from his sickbed in Simla, had asked us on behalf of the country to file an appeal in order to gain the necessary time to secure a general amnesty for all political prisoners. Bhagat Singh's words I still remember vividly. He said "Bhai, aisa na ho ki phansi ruk jai" (Brother, it may not happen that the hanging is stayed). He had no illusions about any amnesty being granted but he feared that as the prosecution evidence was weak and the trial had been conducted ex-parte in the absence of the accused in court, the death sentence might be commuted on appeal and he would be then deprived of the opportunity of furthering the cause of the revolution by dying for it. He pointed out to me

that he could serve the cause best by his death at that juncture. I agreed with him and we decided that we should therefore give our consent to a general appeal to be filed only on the technical ground that the Lahore Conspiracy Case Ordinance under which we were tried was ultra-vires. He knew that such an appeal was bound to be rejected and desired that the interval gained should be fully utilised for revolutionary propaganda throughout the country. When we had finished our discussion, the jailor, a Muslim gentleman, politely asked me to go back to my cell. For a brief but unforgettable moment we closely embraced each other. With considerable difficulty, I held back the tears that welled up from my heart. With heavy steps I walked back to my yard.

When the whole nation wanted to save his life, Bhagat Singh himself wanted to die. He was eager to die so that his cause—the revolutionary movement, might live. In a letter, on the eve of his execution, he wrote to his younger brother Kultar Singh:—

"In the light of dawn, who can withstand destiny? What harm even if the whole world stands against us? ... Dear friends, the days of my life have come to an end. Like the flame of a candle in the morning, I disappear before the light of the dawn. Our faith and our ideas will illumine the whole world like a flash of lightning. What harm, if this handful of dust is destroyed!"

Bhagat Singh's life is crowded with such incidents that portray his lofty character. He was an intellectual who became a revolutionary. By temperament he was an artist. Asceticism was foreign to his nature. I recall how one day a week before

ON MY SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS

*To my short-sighted eyes,
The world seems better far,
Than artificial aid
To sight would warrant it:
The earth is just as green,
The sky a paler blue;
Many a blurred outline
Of overlapping hue;
Shapes, forms are indistinct
Distance, a mystery;*

the **ASSEMBLY BOMB INCIDENT** when both of us were standing in a New Delhi Park, watching a group of boys and girls playing happily, he heaved a deep sigh and remarked, "What a tragedy, that we young men who are so conscious of the beautiful things of individual human life have, under an unjust social system today, to choose to die than to live." He was immensely fond of music and literature—his two hobbies in life.

Bhagat Singh's only request to the Government was that he and his comrades should be shot as regular war prisoners. But this last request was turned down by the alien Government of the day, which in a vindictive spirit even refused to hand over the dead bodies to the nation, after the hurried executions. The lifeless bodies were hacked to pieces, piled one upon the other and burnt to ashes with a little wood and gallons of kerosene oil. That was the way a Government, calling itself civilised, replied to the nation's entreaties. There was indignation all over the country and Jawaharlal Nehru epitomised the mood of the people in the following words:—".... But there will also be pride in him who is no more. And when England speaks to us and talks of settlement, there will be the corpse of Bhagat Singh between us."

The agony of alien domination is now no more but the classless society of which Bhagat Singh dreamed and for which he died, has yet to be achieved. The nation has declared it as its ultimate goal but the path is rugged and the obstacles many. In the days ahead, when our steps falter and our spirits droop, the memory of his courage and his intense patriotism will sustain us till we reach the journey's end.

*Often a common scene
Conceals a new beauty;
Ugliness is hidden
In a curtain of mist;
And hard cruel faces
Lose their malignity.
So do not pity me
For my short-sighted eyes;
They see an unknown world
Of wonder and surprise.*

—PREM CHAYA.

LESSON FROM HISTORY

By Dr. P. C. ALEXANDER

[Nations of the world would do well to recollect what resulted from the policy of "armed peace and alliances" followed by European States early this century—and learn not to repeat their mistakes.]

IT is now quite clear that the leading powers of the world are pinning their faith more on alliances than on the United Nations Organisation for their security. In spite of frequent proclamations by the big powers of their loyalty to and faith in the U. N. it is now considered by them more as a forum for international propaganda than as a guarantee for world peace. The weakness of the U. N. as an instrument of international peace has not caused much disillusionment in the world today as the present generation never had entertained much hopes about it. The failure of the League of Nations was a great shock and disappointment because people had expected much from it. But the idealism and optimism of the post-Versailles days are conspicuous by their absence in the present decade. Very few people now have real faith in the possibility of world peace or in the ability of the U. N. to guarantee it. This accounts for the feverish haste with which the great powers are now pursuing the policy of "armed peace and alliances."

"Armed peace and alliances" formed the dominating policy of the European states during the last decades of the 19th and the early decades of the 20th centuries. This policy was started by Bismarck the master-diplomat of the 19th century with a view to keeping Germany in her position of supremacy in Europe. Bismarck's main objective was German supremacy and he wanted to ensure it by isolating the enemies of Germany and organising a ring of favourable alliances. The Triple Alliance consisting of Germany, Austria and Italy was the greatest triumph of Bismarckian diplomacy. But the defect of this policy is that it ultimately defeats the purpose for which it is pursued. Germany was anxious to isolate France, and Austria was anxious to isolate Russia. But very

soon the isolated States formed an alliance with Britain—the Triple Entente—which proved to be more powerful than the Triple Alliance. The policy of diplomatic alliances pursued by the leading powers of Europe resulted in the division of Europe into two armed camps, each blaming the other as having aggressive designs. Both sides claimed to be alliances for defence and each found fault with the other for raising armaments. By 1914 this policy of "armed peace and alliances" had brought the world to the brink of the Armageddon. Only a spark was sufficient—the murder of Archduke Ferdinand at Serajevo—to set the whole world aflame.

The policy of the great powers of the world today is reminiscent of the early decades of the century. Already the world is divided into two camps and each is trying to strengthen itself by alliances and armaments. Under cover of Article 52 of the U. N. Charter ("Nothing in the present charter precludes the existence of regional arrangements or agencies for dealing with such matters relating to the maintenance of international peace and security as are appropriate for regional action, provided that such arrangements or agencies and their activities are consistent with the purposes and principles of the U. N.") many alliances like the Western Union, Eastern European Union and North Atlantic Pact are being organised. The big powers are competing with each other in getting the support of the neutral powers for their respective blocs; if the present policy is to continue there will be few neutral states left in the world. American policy is to weaken Russia by isolating her, and she is now using her immense economic resources for this end. The Marshall Plan was the first concrete step in this direction and it has achieved its

political objective of organising Western Europe as an anti-Russian bloc. The recently announced Truman Doctrine—that American capital and technical knowledge will be used for the development of the under-developed areas of the world—is a logical corollary of the Marshall Plan. It is an extension of the principle of Marshall Aid to areas beyond the geographical limits of Europe. While America and Britain had been busy organising the western states, Russia had been steadily extending her influence towards the east. The recent victories of the Red Flag in Asian states have convinced America of the necessity of extending her scheme of alliances towards the east, and the Truman Doctrine is intended as an effective counterblast to Russian schemes in Asia. With the historic announcement of the new Truman Doctrine America has entered the Asian field as a competitor with

Russia for the support of the neutral states and very soon we will find the majority of the Asian states falling in line with either of the two groups.

The first world war was no accident. Neither was it a war of aggression started by any single power or combination of powers, as was the case with the second world war. It is usual for English historians to place the blame for the first world war on the shoulders of the Kaiser and the German people. But impartial students of European history know that it was a war invited by the European states by their blundering diplomacy. The first world war was the inevitable result of the policy of "armed peace and alliances" which Europe had followed for three decades. If we are to draw any lesson from past history, it is that the present policy of "armed peace and alliances" will lead to the same result.

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FIFTY YEARS WITH SIR TEJ BAHADUR

By Dr. SACHIDANANDA SINHA

(This is the first of a series of two articles on Sir Tej Bahadur.

The second will appear next week)

FROM time to time, for nearly sixty years now it has been my misfortune to watch the reaction of the gloom cast upon the country by the death of one or other of our great leaders. The distinguished men who had served the country, in various spheres of life, and then passed away, could be grouped into two classes—the national, and the international. Several of them were national figures with an international outlook, who had passed away between the eighties of the nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth century. But during this fairly long period of over sixty years India had produced but one international figure—Gandhiji.

So far as Indian nationals are concerned, with more or less international fame, in special circles abroad, there have been several such in modern India, and I recall (advisedly from amongst those no longer amongst us) Paramhansa Ramakrishna (in philosophic mysticism), Vivekananda (in spiritual activism), Dadabhai Naoroji and Gopal Krishna Gokhale (in their patriotic devotion to and fervour for the regeneration of the country), Tagore (in rare literary originality), Gandhiji (in his burning desire for securing India's independence in the shortest time possible), and last but not least Tej Bahadur Sapru (in constitutional and constructive nationalism) who attained the highest distinction in comparison with those who had made its study their own. He left us on the 20th of January last, released from a prolonged and highly painful suffering, heroically borne with enviable fortitude, and many (almost all of whom may not unjustly be called youngsters) have presented since, through the medium of the press, what they thought they should write

about him. Being perhaps the only person who was four years older than him, and who received him, at the writer's own house, on the date of his arrival at Allahabad, in October, 1898—that is now more than fifty years back—I may invite the reader's attention to some instructive aspect of Dr. Tej Bahadur's many-faceted career.

Having practised for about four years in the district courts of Bihar, as an advocate of the Calcutta High Court, (there was no High Court at Patna then) I got myself enrolled as an advocate of the Allahabad High Court in November, 1896, as my health had proved unequal to the demands of mofussil practice. In 1897 I purchased a small house in Cannington, the civil station of Allahabad, and built it immediately on a larger scale. It was in this house that I had the privilege of receiving Tej Bahadur Sapru on the date of his arrival, at Allahabad, in October, 1898. It was like this. Satya Chandra Mukherji was an advocate of the High Court of what was then known as the "North-Western Provinces"—after 1902 called the Province of Agra and constituting since, with Oudh, the United Provinces. In October 1898 he turned up one morning, being my next door neighbour, and said that he was in great difficulty, and wanted me to befriend him. I asked him what it was all about. He said that during the course of his practice he had gone to Moradabad, and met there, more than once, a fine and brilliant Kashmiri youth, who was ambitious enough to think of coming to the Allahabad High Court to make his fortune. He had commissioned Satya Chandra to get a house for him, which had been done. But I should meet the newcomer at the station, as he himself (Satya Chandra) would

be away from Allahabad on that date on some professional work.

Now Satya Chandra was no ordinary personage in the Allahabad of those days. He had a large criminal practice, and was also the author of a well-known book called "History of Our Own Times." He had also induced successfully the then British editor of that most influential daily—the Allahabad Pioneer—to start a series of articles, written by himself, called "Indians of Today." With the prospect of my figuring sometime in that group (although, except that human nature is weak, I had then absolutely nothing to my credit) I was anxious to oblige Satya Chandra. I soon discovered that his request was that I should meet Tej Bahadur Sapru at the Allahabad station, and take him thence to a small thatched house on the old City Road. I readily agreed. Having taken full directions in regard to Sapru's identification, I had no difficulty in spotting Satya Chandra's "brilliant Kashmiri youth" as he walked out of a second class carriage, dressed *à la anglaise*, and looking smart. I introduced myself as Satya Chandra's messenger. Tej Bahadur insisted that I should take him to his house, and that he would pay me a call in the afternoon, which he did. All this happened in October, 1898, and he passed away in January, 1949, half a century later in the palatial residence he built at 19 Albert Road. During this long period we remained the best of friends without even a speck clouding our friendship, truly a rare and a unique phenomenon. The only memorable incident of the first day's meeting was his request that I should allow him to call me "Bhai Saheb," (elder brother) and I should call him by his pet name of "Makhanji"—a gentleman's agreement as the result of love at first sight, which was observed faithfully for fifty long years by both of us.

Tej Bahadur Sapru came of Kashmiri Brahmin stock, long settled in Delhi. His grandfather, Pandit Radha Krishna—whom I was privileged to know well—was a distinguished executive officer in the Upper Provinces, and was the recipient of a Government 'jagir' for his valuable

services. His father Pandit Ambica Prasad—whom also I knew well—mostly stayed at home, and managed the family estate. Tej Bahadur was born on 8th December, 1875, at Aligarh, where his grandfather was then in service. He was educated in the local high school, from where he matriculated in 1890, at the early age of fourteen; and then joined the Agra College. In 1892 he passed the Intermediate Examination, and 1894 saw the triumph of his academic career when he graduated, topping the list of the successful candidates in the Bachelor of Arts Examination, with honours in English literature. In 1895 he took his M.A. in English, securing again the first place in first class. In the same year he qualified himself in Law by taking the LL.B. degree, and immediately started his practice at Moradabad, to serve his apprenticeship. Having then joined the Bar, he lived to celebrate his Golden Jubilee in 1945. After the usual probationary period at Moradabad, he joined the Allahabad High Court Bar in October, 1898—where he lived and worked for fifty long years.

The first few years of Tej Bahadur's life in the High Court, as in the case of many others, were of weary waiting in "a state of brieflessness": but they were years of strenuous study of the fundamental principles of law, which formed ultimately the foundation of his enormously successful career as an erudite and profound lawyer. In 1900 he passed, with distinction, the Honours-in-law Examination, and received in 1902, the degree of Doctor of Laws. "Dr. Tej Bahadur Sapru," as he then came to be called (until he was knighted in 1923) soon attracted the notice of the Bench, the Bar, and of a very large circle of clients. From that time onwards till his last illness—a period of over forty years—his professional reputation increased steadily, and for several years his professional services were requisitioned from the Lahore High Court in the North-West to that at Madras in the South-East. And yet the doctorate obtained by him was not the goal of his ambition; but only a means to an end. He never forgot—what many others equally well qualified at the start had failed to realise—that law was not only proverbially

but justly regarded as a very jealous mistress; and so he continued to woo her zealously as a young lover, until, in 1906, he was enrolled as an Advocate of the High Court at Allahabad—then justly considered as a great distinction, as it placed him on a footing of equality in status with members of the English, Irish and Scottish Bars who enjoyed till years later some special advantages in rank and precedence as against members of the Indian Bar.

It was only after ten years of steadily rising practice that he got his first great chance—a case of great importance under the Hindu Law. Sapru was pitted in it against some of the eminent leaders of the High Court Bar. The case lasted for some weeks, and he argued it with such consummate skill and rare forensic ability that at the conclusion of his address he was unreservedly complimented by the Chief Justice presiding over the Bench. It was this case which established his reputation as an advocate of the first water; and at once marked him out for the highest position at the Bar.

By 1912, when he was engaged in some important commercial cases, in the Lucknow Chief Court—absorbed in 1948 in the Allahabad High Court—he opposed successfully Sir Rash Behari Ghosh—then the Doyen of the Indian Bar—and thus came to occupy a front-rank position as an advocate of conspicuous ability throughout the United Provinces. By 1916—when he was engaged in a sensational 'Waqf' case, in which Mussalmans, as a community, were keenly interested, and Sir Rash Behari again opposed him, he had come to be acknowledged as one of the foremost leaders of the Bar, possessing an all-India reputation. His services had since been in constant demand all over the country, including the High Court of Judicature at Hyderabad, of which he had been enrolled an advocate. Henceforward he appeared in several cases of importance in the High Courts of Calcutta, Patna, Lahore, Nagpur, Madras, and other places.

Very seldom did Sir Tej indulge in wit or humour, but when he did the effect was generally devastating. A journalist in London, who once rang

him up late at night, got it as much as he merited. "Our Indian office has just cabled that you have been offered a peerage," he told him. "What of it?" asked Sir Tej. "Well, Sir" persisted the eager but exasperating newshawk; "Could I know what title you have chosen?" "Certainly," replied that inveterate smoker, "It is the Duke of Blazes" and banged the receiver down. That was, indeed, characteristic of him, even in court. In fact, there was nothing soft in his manner as an advocate where he looked massive, impressive, and even dogged. He stated his case with almost scientific precision and an unshakable mastery over facts and law, rather than with any attempt at literary effect or eloquence; for though a scholar in English, he did not care to import literary touches or flourishes into his advocacy. He was at his best when provoked by a judge with some harassing question. In the course of his submissions, in the "Searchlight" Contempt Case, in the Patna High Court, when pressed hard by the Chief Justice (whose decision had led to the contempt proceedings being instituted) he made in all solemnity the following submission: "My lords, there is no presumption that a judge need know law." No judge on that Bench was provoked after that into heckling Sir Tej.

This brief record of Sir Tej Bahadur's career at the Bar will give some idea of the highly unique position he justly occupied in the profession. It may safely be asserted that while few advocates in India stood higher than Sir Tej—either in legal learning or in forensic skill, there was perhaps none who surpassed him in upholding the best and highest traditions of the ethical standard of the profession. In personal and public life also he upheld the best and highest traditions of social conduct. And it was that which invested him with a moral grandeur which, coupled with his vast erudition, made his name loved and respected throughout this sub-continent and abroad. When occasions arose it was he who proved to be the most successful negotiator between the British Government and the leaders of the National Congress, more than once.

INSIDE STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN CHINA

By V. G. NAIR

ALL roads in China now lead to Moscow. The journey may be long and beset with horrible disasters, but the ultimate destination of those who fight nationalist China is the Kremlin. Peking has fallen to Communist onslaughts and the country is ruled by two groups, the Kuomintang and the Marxists. History is being repeated in China today—the history of dynastic revolutions, internecine wars, famines, pestilence, poverty and destruction.

In the last war, China was severely beaten, mauled and maimed, but Japan could not make her bend. The atom bomb saved China from further mutilation, and though crippled she emerged out of the great war with great expectations. Her heroic resistance to Japanese aggression was the admiration of the entire world. The Communists contributed their share to the resistance against Japan. China was elevated as one among the Big Powers. After the war, her representatives sat at all international gatherings and decided the fate of nations. As one of the sponsors of the U.N.O., her power and prestige were found to increase. For nation-building activities, American economic aid was forthcoming though not substantially to meet the ever-increasing demands of war-torn China. The Government could rebuild the shattered structure of the country, but several difficulties stood in the way. The long war had sapped the vitality of the nation. After V. J. day everything in China was in a flux. Some of the Kuomintang leaders had become obsessed with the pride of victory. Corruption became wide-spread. Public cooperation for governmental activities was found wanting. Hoarding and speculation paralysed trade. Inflation increased the cost of living to an intolerable extent. Commodity prices constantly rose. Importers joined the ranks of smugglers to avoid exchange control and import restrictions. The collec-

tors and tax payers conspired to cheat the public treasury. Extortion and evasion of justice were left unnoticed. Blackmarketing reigned supreme. Justice was sacrificed for the appeasement of politicians and haughty militarists. Democratisation of China according to Dr. Sun Yat-Sen's plans became ignominiously slow. By retaining personal power, some of the Kuomintang leaders devitalised their organisation. Ignoring the problem of improving people's livelihood, they merely harped on the tune of nationalism. Fanned by disgruntled politicians and Marxists, the legally constituted National Government was branded dictatorial, undemocratic and reactionary. To all appearances, China looked a sovereign State, but internally she was weak and demoralised. This was post-war China.

Amidst such deteriorating conditions—vicious and deplorable—Communist expansion in China became easy. The Communists under inspiration from Moscow mainly concentrated their attention on an economic programme and their slogan was "Land to those who till." They promised food, shelter and clothing to all those who helped them in their fight against the National Government. Their slogans caught the imagination of the underdog. The Communists took on themselves the work of enforcing the mandate of Sun Yat-sen's principles of People's Livelihood. They propagated that it was nothing but Communism in its fundamental aspects.

Russia's grip on Communist China is twofold. One is strategic and ideological and the other tactical and operational. Russia had more grip on Manchuria than on Yenan, because she controlled Amur in North Korea, Darien and Port Arthur as facilitated by the Yalta Agreement of 1945. Yenan had less grip on Manchuria than on North China. After the great war, the Chinese Communists,

seizing large quantities of arms and ammunition from the Japanese troops in North China, abandoned Yen-an at the bid of Moscow and marched into Manchuria. There, the two wings of Chinese Communism, the native wing under Mao Tse-tung and the 'foreign' wing under more direct Russian control, came into close contact. From their base in Manchuria, they then marched again into North China capturing important strategic points and occupied Peking.

Mr. William C. Bullitt, former Ambassador of the United States in China, has made certain startling revelations about the inside story of the civil war. He observes that for forcing Chiang Kai-shek to a permanent agreement with the Communists, General Marshall, President Truman's Special Representative to China, had the Department of State refuse to give licenses for export of arms and ammunition to China. From 1946 to 1948, except for some ammunition left in China by United States Navy and Marines, the Chinese Army had not received a single cartridge or a single

shell from the U.S.A. by way of equipment. Meanwhile, he says, the Chinese Communists received all help from Moscow.

The Cairo Agreement of November 1943 signed by Roosevelt, Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek declared that all Chinese territories occupied by Japan would be restored to the Republic of China. These territories included Manchuria, Formosa and the Pescadores. But at Yalta on February 11, 1945, Roosevelt signed a pledge with Churchill and Stalin by which vital rights of China in Manchuria were given to Soviet Russia. The incompatibility of these two agreements and the United States' traditional 'non-intervention' policy in the internal affairs of China need immediate solution.

The Chinese tragedy has a moral for India. However great a nation might be in her ancient culture and civilization, she must be always guarded against disunion particularly created by outside influences, and also against corruption and inefficiency in public life.

MAN-EATERS AND THEIR WAYS

By A. F. THYAGARAJA

THERE is something strangely fascinating about man-eaters (I am not referring to the human species that preys on its neighbours but to the animal variety), something sinister, malevolent, and yet engrossing our attention like an Iago or other villain of dramatic craftsmanship. Bizarre and blood-curdling are the stories I have heard first-hand from those who have themselves experienced the terror that strikes by night. A cousin used to tell me of the man-eating tigers in the remote Orissa jungles, and I remember a particularly bad one who would give notice of his arrival by roaring as he approached the village. The panic-stricken peasants cowered in their huts, bolting their insecure doors as best they could, while the monster stopped and roared every few yards as he neared his victim. Inexorably the instrument of Death drew nearer, and the villagers did not have the nerve to do anything other than resign themselves to the inevitable. In a few moments from then the hut selected would be ripped open and the fiend would have claimed another sacrifice.

Similar was the reign of terror established by the lions of Tsavo when the Uganda Railway was being built. These great beasts made themselves a lair near the rail-head, and the construction had to stop because the life of no worker, white or black, was safe. Col. Patterson's well-known book, *The Man-Eaters of Tsavo*, describes these epic adventures, and even today there are areas in the great Congo country where these marauders operate. A few years ago the "Lights-out Lion" became notorious in the Rufiji district of Tanganyika. Contrary to popular opinion, which maintains that beasts fear light and fire and avoid them, this lion would look for lighted places and make them his goal. A shopkeeper foolishly left his door open and a light burning one night; in the small hours of the morning the lion entered the store and carried away a woman sleeping inside. His black

record showed 47 killed and 17 injured in less than a month; nowhere would he call twice and he ranged widely over the vast area watered by the Rufiji river. At length he jumped one night into a congregation of Bantus, conducting the initiation ceremonies of young men of their tribe, and seized a woman. The din of drums, the blazing of fires and the shouts of those making whoopee had not deterred him. As the lion leapt out and rushed into the blackness of the African veld, fortunately he stepped on to a loaded rifle fixed on a game path, and was well and truly shot in the chest; the shot killed both lion and woman.

But why should lion or tiger, turn from its natural prey, and become man-eater? The old view was that animals grown decrepit, or unable, as the result of injuries inflicted by careless shikaris, to stalk down swift-footed animals like deer or giraffe, have a try at a human being, and discover how easy it is to secure a human kill. But the records of those concerned with man-eaters, and of hunters who have pursued them, show that many man-eaters killed are in their prime and in perfect health. There are undoubtedly some cases in which injury has been a contributory factor. Two views find favour today in this connection. One is that the half-grown beast, unable to recognise the lord of creation at sight, and learning the art of stalking as an apprentice, kills a man or woman and acquires its first taste of human flesh. The taste, once acquired, cannot be easily eradicated for, I understand, human flesh is soft and delicate to the palate, and has just that slight saltish tang that a carnivore fed up with the tough meat of zebra or sambur, appreciates. And humans are so easy to kill. The other view is that a man-eater communicates the taste to her cubs. She brings morsels of human flesh to the cave, and when they are old enough to accompany their mother the young ones assist her at the kill. Thus the

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partiality for human flesh runs in families and the horrible tradition is established.

Once become man-eater the beast develops diabolical cunning. Gin-trap and jaw-trap, poison and spell, kettle-drum and bon-fire fail to scare or secure him. And what is worse, familiarity with man breeds in him a contempt for man and his ways, and one can imagine the self-complacent smirk with which he outwits his victims. Jim Corbett's *Man-eaters of Kumaon* stresses the almost super-human craftiness of the man-eater, and demonstrates how difficult it is for the ordinary shikari to destroy him. That is why Corbett has made it a rule that when he operates in a certain area no other hunter should be allowed to assist him. For such assistance is invariably a hindrance to success. The book has deservedly attained phenomenal popularity; it was chosen Book of the Month in America, and has won what to many (but thank Heaven, not to all) is the blue ribbon of authorship—it has been filmed at Hollywood. Corbett has followed up his first success with *The Man-eating Leopard of Rudraprayag*. I doubt whether it will be as popular as the first book, for novelty has a hand in these matters, but it will certainly be a success with the reading public. From these two books the nature-lover can learn a good deal about these great cats that have adapted their native cleverness to a human environment. Every one of the Corbett tales is gripping; but I was particularly fascinated by the tigress which met her end by responding to a call which no animal may resist; she was lured to her death by the mating call which Corbett imitated to perfection. And what praise can be adequate for the coolness and courage of the man who sits behind a rock and invites the most dangerous beast on earth to approach him?

As I write this a report appears in the press under the date February 13, which I find incredible. We are told that two of a family of man-eaters, which were causing depreda-

tions in Paneri in the Mangaldai subdivision of Assam, were killed by a shikari who claims, believe it or not, to have shot over three hundred man-eaters, and to have seen heaps of skulls and bones. Nowhere does Jim Corbett refer to a family causing such havoc; he has tackled only individuals. But families of lions acting together are common in Africa. And a man who has destroyed three hundred man-eaters should surely tell the world of his experiences. Those heaps of skulls make one think of Trader Horn or Tarzan or some other romantic hero and his adventures.

The study of the man-eater and his ways brings certain considerations to mind. One thought is not only of the courage of men like Jim Corbett, "Kalahari" McDonald, "Yank" Allen and other famous hunters, but of simple folk like the Garhwali villagers or Bechuana kraalsmen, who live surrounded by such a menace, and yet go about their daily avocations in cheerful nonchalance. To hear of and see unnerving sights every day and to continue to inhabit the same locality, and face the future with confidence is a symptom of national promise. But could not something be done to minimise the danger or the damage? In many of the incidents recorded by Corbett the Rudraprayag Leopard seized his victims when they stepped out of the house to ease themselves. If each house, however poor, could have at least a lavatory within its precincts, and if every door had a secure hasp and bolt, many of the poor people killed by beasts would be alive today. Certainly this is not beyond the competence of the village *panchayat* or other local authority.

In the lavish beauty with which Nature has dowered the majestic Himalayan foot-hills, the quiet waterways of the Sundarbans, and the forest-clad slopes of the Assam ranges, lurks the danger of the man-eater, a perversion of Nature's plans and a challenge to man. But whenever men accept that challenge, and arise nobly to meet it, there the human spirit triumphs over the sorrow and destruction of wanton Death.

Woman Worker In U.S.A.

THROUGH SEVEN DECADES: TENDENCIES & TRENDS

THE occupational history of American women from post-Civil-War days to the beginning of World War II is the subject of a 260-page study released recently by the Women's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labour. Entitled "Women's Occupations Through Seven Decades," it is believed to be the most comprehensive record ever published of women's work in America.

Author of the report is Miss Janet M. Hooks, labour economist of the Bureau's Research Division, and an outstanding authority on employment trends.

The new study begins with the year 1870, the first date on which detailed occupational information on women was available, and ends with 1940, the year of the last decennial census.

By 1940, which the report uses as a benchmark for comparison, women workers not only were found in all but nine of the 451 census classifications but had risen to a total of 13,000,000, about the same number as the entire work force 70 years earlier. They also had become almost a fourth of all working people as contrasted with the 15 per cent women formed of all gainfully employed persons in 1870. Their proportion among the women in the population likewise had increased, spurred on by the transfer to the factory of spinning, weaving, and other former home tasks, the increasing use of time-saving equipment in the home, and the growing need for "money" income. In 1870 only 13 in every 100 women had jobs outside the home. Seventy years later, the comparable figure was 26 in every 100.

Only three occupations were found among the 10 leading ones for employed women both in 1870 and 1940. These were the groups of "servants," teachers, and nurses, who held, respectively, first, fifth, and tenth place in 1870 and first, third, and tenth in 1940.

The occupation listed in the census as "servants" was first in point of numbers in every year, with 1,600,000 women falling into the classification in 1940. Teaching, which also appeared among the first 10 occupations at every census, was second in 1920 and 1930 but dropped to third place in 1940. Nurses, including practical nurses and nursemaids as well as trained nurses, formed the tenth largest group of women workers in 1870, but the occupation dropped from the leading 10 for the next five decades, then reappeared in ninth and tenth place respectively, in 1930 and 1940, though the classification of those years included only trained nurses and student nurses.

The seven other leading occupations for women in 1940 were those of stenographers, typists, and secretaries, who held second place and numbered more than 1,000,000; "other" clerical and kindred workers, in fourth place with over 700,000; saleswomen, who exceeded the 500,000 mark and ranked fifth; operatives and kindred workers (apparel and accessories), whose gains of more than 343,000 from 1910 to 1940 pushed them into sixth place; book-keepers, accountants, and cashiers, who added 287,000 to their numbers in a three-decade period and placed seventh; waitresses (except private family), who emerged in eighth place; and housekeepers (except private family), in ninth place. Housekeepers, first shown among the top ten groups in an 1890 classification that included stewards, were lost from the leading 10 occupations for several decades before assuming their 1940 position.

Other occupations in which notable increases occurred from 1910 to 1940 were those of barbers, beauticians, and manicurists. The boom in the beauty business after 1920 skyrocketed the numbers of women in that field from 33,246 to 113,194 in 1930 and to 218,132 in 1940.

Religious, social, and welfare workers, members of the professional

group which includes teachers and nurses and others, also scored gains—a combined increase of some 65,800 women in the three decades preceding 1940. On the upward swing from 1910 also were women proprietors, managers, and officials of acting and drinking places. Aided by the increasing tendency of the public to “eat out” and the popularity of the tea room, women in this business reached 66,000 in 1940, nearly a fourth of the total persons so employed.

Rapid and steady growth also was experienced by women in the field of editing and reporting, where their advance somewhat outstripped that of men. From only 43 in 1870, their numbers had risen to 15,890 by 1940, with two-thirds of the additional women entering the occupation after 1910.

The sizable increases in different fields, the report states, can be viewed as “signposts of some very significant trends in women’s occupations. They are symbolic of the greatly expanded opportunities connected with record-keeping, communication, and other indirect aspects of industrial production, and with distribution; of the continuing transfer from the household of such functions as education, care of the sick, making of clothing, and the increased requirements for these services with continued population growth; and of the development of entirely new cultural traits due to style trends or new inventions, such as widespread use of cosmetics, of sheer full-fashioned hosiery, and of electrical machinery and appliances.”

Some occupations, though registering increases for women, were still relatively uncommon for them in 1940. Among these was the occupation of “clergyman.” The first woman graduated from a theological school completed her course as long ago as 1851 but numerical advance has been slow, the total number of women “clergymen” being only 3,308, in 1940. From 1910, when separate data first were available for clergymen, the average yearly increase in the number of women was but 85.

Other professions that have added more women to their ranks but which still are so-called “masculine domains” are architecture, law, and

medicine. From one lone woman architect in 1870, architecture expanded to include 497 women in 1940, and the number of women lawyers and judges increased from 588 in 1910 to 4,447 in 1940.

The most rapid growth in the census classification which included women physicians, surgeons, osteopaths, chiropractors, healers, and medical workers took place from 1900 to 1910. In that one decade, the total number of women added was 6,300, almost as many as the numbers added in either of the 30-year periods 1870 to 1900 or 1910 to 1940. By 1940, these combined fields employed some 20,671 women, nearly 38 times the number in 1870.

Women physicians and surgeons, who first were listed as a separate group in 1920, numbered more than 7,700 in 1940, an increase of about 500 in the 20-year period.

In the profession of dentistry, the number of women rose from 25 in 1870 to a peak of 1,902 in 1920, and thereafter declined to 1,067, by 1940.

Another predominantly “masculine realm” in which the number of women likewise increased was the occupation of funeral directors and embalmers. Women in this business numbered but 20 in 1870. By 1940, their total exceeded 2,000.

Aviators, grouped with “showmen” in 1910, since have been counted separately and included eight women pilots among their ranks in 1920, 66 in 1930, and 51 in 1940.

At the same time that some women’s occupations were showing phenomenal growth, others declined by a considerable number. Reflecting the trend toward urban living and the decline in agriculture, the number of women farm labourers decreased by 527,352 from 1910 to 1940. Dress-makers and seamstresses, once among the leading groups of employed women, declined in number by 388,498 during the same period, which also saw a loss of more than 223,000 laundresses and laundry operatives. Other occupations on the losing side, though in considerably lesser numbers, were those of tailoresses; musicians and music teachers; operatives in tobacco manufacturers; machinists and other apprentices; practical nurses and

midwives; boarding house and lodging-house keepers. Smaller also, by more than 81,000, was the group which included milliners and proprietors, managers, and officials of general merchandise and other stores.

Three 1870 occupations which have completely disappeared from recent censuses are those of the mantua maker, the hoop skirt maker, and the daguerreo-typist. Gone also, as a separate group, are the flax dressers.

Merged also with other workers since 1870 have been the bathhouse keeper and livery stable keeper, who

are classed with proprietors, managers, and officials; wheelwrights and bell hangers, who now have become part of the craftsmen occupations; woodchoppers, whitewashers, and steamboat women, who long ago were united with related types of work in the labourers’ group. Other occupations that once seemed of significance but no longer receive special consideration include the hair workers, gilders, mattress makers, comb makers, needle makers, screw makers, and mirror and picture-frame makers.

THE PROBLEM OF SUB-NATIONAL LOYALTIES

By BAROO

IT is easy to poke fun at the fears of minority communities and to dismiss them as groundless. But that does not help matters in the least. Fears are in most cases groundless, or at least unreasoning, whether they are communal or otherwise. But they do not disappear on being told that they are so. It is time we realised that the suspicions and forebodings of small groups *vis-a-vis* larger groups are in the nature of a psycho-pathological condition and must be treated as such. Else this conglomerate Union of ours with its hundred and one cultural and linguistic components will have a great deal of trouble digesting them into a new whole.

To begin with, the majority community must on no account assume a superior moral attitude towards minorities that are prompted by fears of sorts to organize themselves. The basic problem is to break their fear down, not to break their organizations down and thus intensify their feelings of insecurity. There is nothing inherently bad in group loyalties. If loyalty to the group that is called the nation-state can be glorified to the extent of waging war on another nation-state, what fault can you find with allegiance to a group smaller than the State? None whatsoever except on the very practical and sensible ground that the security of the State must be

safeguarded at any cost. But I am sure no minority community in India today is thinking of challenging the State. The minorities are merely anxious to protect their ways of life, as parts of and within the framework of the nation. If sometimes their demands seem excessive, that is due to the unbalancing effect of fear on their minds.

Let it therefore be clearly understood that we have no right to pass moral censure on minority groups with what, for want of a better phrase, we will call sub-national loyalties. Supra-national loyalties the State may by all means control and suppress (as Governments frequently do when faced with the Communist menace), but the allegiance of groups which do not look beyond its borders for support must not be examined too closely. The task of statesmanship is to further that irresistible historical trend that is uplifting humanity from lower to higher and yet higher loyalties, and organizing it into bigger and yet bigger political and social units. The digestion of countless “minorities” all over the world is bound to take place as part of this process. It will not be helped at all by hurrying the pace, but rather by a gentle disarming of unreasonable and unreasoning fear.

After all, it is a far cry from the allegiance that the cave-man bore to

his totem to the feeling of unity that is sought to be engendered by The Atlantic Union. And yet we must not be unduly impressed by this achievement. For only the size of the group has grown; there has been absolutely no change in the nature of the motive behind the group loyalty. The same feeling of insecurity which made the patriarch possible in days of yore, to-day explains the phenomenon of Mr. Churchill promenading across Western Europe. The loyalty we owe to the nation (or to the regional bloc) and the allegiance that the aboriginal bears to his tribe are much of a muchness. Merely because a group is small is no reason why its members should be thought low of for being loyal to it. On the contrary, the smaller the group, the greater the fear, and therefore the greater the need of approaching it with sympathy.

But the fears of the minorities can perhaps never be fully comprehended unless one realises that there is a curious inertia in nature which makes all of us want to continue to be what we are, and keeps us from changing as fast as we otherwise might. The fear of the Muslim or the Sikh of becoming de-Islamised or de-Sikhed is just as real and illogical as the horror the Indian would feel at the prospect of becoming, for instance, Anglicised for all time. One cannot be too sure that the change in either case would be for the worse, but logic has no part in these matters, and the heritage of centuries cannot be lightly thrown aside. Let us remember this elemental truth, and proceed slowly, and not force the pace. Let us merely keep a general sense of direction and face the right way. The movement towards a homogeneous nationhood will take care of itself.

WORLD FOOD PROBLEM

ECONOMIC RECOVERY PROSPECTS

By WICKHAM STEED

IS the world as a whole beginning to recover from the havoc and loss of the war years? Within this wide question lies another, more restricted yet hardly less important: Can the Western "capitalist" democracies maintain a standard of life higher than that of the Eastern totalitarian nations?

Were I asked to answer these questions, I should take the moral quite as much as the economic factors into account. And in the Western countries I should emphasise an undoubted growth of confidence that recovery has begun and seems likely to continue.

The Economic Department of the United Nations has just published a survey of the chief economic changes in the world during 1948. "Perhaps the most important economic development of the past year and for that matter since the end of the war," it says, is the increase of food supplies. This applies especially to the production of grain which is reckoned to have been, in 1948, 10 per cent higher than the average production between 1934 and 1939, instead of being four per cent below that average, as it was in 1947.

So far so good. Grain, including rice, forms the staple food of so large a proportion of the world's population that an increase of 14 per cent above the level of 1947 is surely encouraging; and I fancy that if reliable figures could be given for the production of other vegetable foods, such as potatoes, similar or better results would be shown.

It is true that in the background stands another unanswered and probably unanswerable question: whether the growth of population in several parts of the world does not tend to outstrip the means of supporting life. Some authorities, notably Sir John Boyd Orr, think that it does. I am inclined to believe that in their opinion a prolonged period of assured peace would

permit even this anxious problem to be solved by international co-operation.

But food means distribution and distribution means trade, at least under any approach to normal conditions. Trade again means industrial production to pay for food, and industrial production means transport by sea, land or air.

On industrial output, the economic survey of the United Nations has given figures which seem to show that world recovery is well on the way. In 1948 it was 30 per cent higher than in 1937 and at least five per cent above 1947, though a greater part of these increases took place in the U.S.A. The crisis in the output of coal, which was acute in 1947 has been largely, if not entirely, overcome. More agricultural machinery has been manufactured and brought into service, a fact which should lead to a still larger production of food in the near future.

As far as Western Europe is concerned these results are attributable in a great part to the effects of the European Recovery Programme based upon the Marshall Plan. Few wiser concepts have ever borne witness to constructive purpose in any period of the world's history. Valuable though the material aid from the U.S.A. has been to Europe, the moral stimulus it imparted has been no less efficacious. It strengthened confidence in the possibility of recovery and it did much to ward off the dangers of political and social upheaval. Had Russia and her satellites chosen to share its benefits, the outlook for speedy world recovery would today be bright.

Two of the least satisfactory features of the economic position in Europe are that in 1948 exports from Western Germany to countries east of the Iron Curtain were only four per cent of their volume in 1938 and that this vacuum must be filled if the West is to earn and to pay for the imports it needs from the East.

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In order to stand on their own feet, when Marshall Aid ceases in 1952, the countries of Western Europe will require to buy from the East, in money or by barter, nearly as much as they bought there before the war. In this respect it is noteworthy that Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and even Russia appear anxious to increase their trade with the West. Here political considerations may impede exchanges which economic requirements should promote; and behind the political considerations lies an assumption which the Western countries—and some Russians—think untenable.

This assumption is that the "capitalist" social and political systems are bound, by vices inherent in "capitalism," either to collapse in chaos or to make war in the hope of averting collapse. Upon this assumption Communist tactics, if not Russian policy, has been largely based. Yet the ablest economist of Russia, Professor Varga, thinks it fallacious and says so.

If the U.S.A. and Western Europe with the aid of the Marshall Plan succeed in progressively discrediting the assumption in the minds of the Soviet rulers, the economic and political outlook in Europe, and indeed in other parts of the world, might improve in considerable degree.

Meanwhile, the countries of the West are likely to hold together and to organise their defensive strength in readiness for all eventualities. They are far more confident of the future than they were a year ago. One small sign of the returning confidence is, for example, the behaviour of French peasants who have been selling their hoarded gold in the Paris free gold market so as to subscribe to the French Reconstruction Loan. One swallow does not make a summer, yet neither do any considerable number of swallows usually return till the winter is past. I think the countries of the West have now a noticeable degree of confidence that spring may not be far behind.

SPOTLIGHT: :

BURMA WITH THE LID OFF

IT must be the general feel of war in the air or a juvenile kind of pride to show off prowess, but nothing else explains why the Karen tribes of Burma should drag on the civil war even after they have been granted almost everything they had demanded. Unless they are impelled by a fantastic desire to bring the whole of Burma under their regime. I said fantastic, but like many an other equally extravagant fancy, it does not seem impossible of achievement. The Burmese Government is weak; the administration unsound. The Karens are a vast force closely knit by a strong communal feeling and an impenetrable loyalty. As the situation stands at present, Thakin Nu's Government in Rangoon has become isolated from the rest of the country by a broad strip of Karen-dominated territory. And all along the lines of communication leading to and from the capital are Karen garrisons. So incapable has the Government become of meeting this trouble and so completely and mistakenly unconvinced of the magnitude of the problem that it is still quite possible a visitor to Rangoon will leave with the impression that Burma remains a land of smiling green fields and pretty women in picturesque costumes. The restaurants and cinema houses continue to cater to the over-fed and the idle. And after night-fall grinning rickshaw-pullers gather about the entertainment spots and eagerly offer to take you to the houses of "very nice young girls." Life in Rangoon outwardly has changed very little and if tales of atrocities perpetrated by the bands of insurgents clad in splendid black, red and silver homespun uniforms, reach the citizens, they shrug their shoulders at the reports with nonchalance.

The Karen trouble is not the only trouble inside the country. The Communist uprisings going on over long and weary months, have not been

put down. In fact, it is being said that somewhere between Mandalay and Toungoo, there is set up a "White Flag" Communist Government which is reportedly ruling over more territory than Thakin Nu's Government.

Most people, on reading of the civil war in Burma, ask, puzzled, "But what exactly do the Karens want?" They wanted many things and they have been granted them all. The attitude of the Government towards the Karens has all along been conciliatory and friendly. Karens have held executive posts in the Cabinet. A Karen was the Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Not an inconsiderable number of posts in the Navy are held by Karens. They closely collaborated with the Government in putting down the Communists.

The main demand of the Karens is a separate and autonomous State for themselves, which demand has been granted. In fact, the new Burmese constitution embodies this concession in Article 180, giving scope for the formation of a Karen State in the Union if a popular plebiscite indicated such as the desire of a majority of the Karens. But whereas the Karens in Burma proper have been quite content and generally willing to compromise, the tribes in the Delta and Moulmein areas have refused to be satisfied. More than a year ago, a movement was launched for a separate Karen district which would include the Salween district, parts of the Bassein delta and Tenasserim and Moulmein, the Karen-settled areas in the plains and the Karenni State (which included Kantawadi, Bawlake and Kyebohti). A Karen mission went to London to press for a Karen State under British protection, but met with little success. And during the chaos and administrative disintegration that followed the assassination of Aung San, the extremist Karens, dissatisfied with the Government's policy towards the Communists, went so far as to set up

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an independent Government at Moulmein but this violent political deviation was settled by negotiation as it was found that it had not the support of the Karen National Union.

The Regional Autonomy Commission which was set up last year has also recommended the formation of a Karen State. But still the Karens cussedly go on fighting. It cannot even be that constitutionally they are not being treated well. They have seats in the upper House of the Chamber of Nationalities; and the lower House or the Chamber of Deputies has special provision for Karen representation.

The Karen tale of woe consists of accusations of ingratitude against the Government and of suppression of the rights and wishes of nearly one and a half millions of people. The Government has entrenched itself in the fond belief that as long as the Karen members inside the administration see eye to eye with the

Burmans, the Government is not in any great danger. But irresponsible and unreasonable fanatics can do a great deal of harm in the shape of disruption of law and order which the infant Burmese Republic is hardly strong enough to bear. The economic situation is disintegrating. The Government is short of money. It has not even the resources necessary to export its rice. Britain's assurance of help is conditional upon the Government reaching some agreement with the Karens. The Burmese Government have refused Pandit Nehru's offer to mediate.

Sometime ago, Premier Thakin Nu said: "We must wait until the shape of the new State is announced. Then Karens who go on fighting will be bad Karens and we can put them down. If we do it now, they will think it is Burmese spite against them. We must be patient." But the Karens are beginning to go too far. Methinks patience isn't exactly what is needed.

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'Papa' The Creative Artist

By 'Rajagree'

SPEAKING of fine art, Ruskin said "Fine art is that in which the hand, the head and the heart of man go together. Though the hand must be at the bottom of everything, it must also go to the top of everything; for fine art must be produced by the hand of man in a much greater and cleaner sense than manufacture is. Fine art must be always produced by the subtlest of all machines, which is the human hand. No machine yet contrived or hereafter contrivable, will ever equal the fine machinery of the human fingers. Thoroughly perfect art is that which proceeds from the heart which involves all the noble emotions; associates with these the head, yet as inferior to the heart, and the hand yet as inferior to the heart and head, and thus brings out the whole man." Music is the finest of the fine arts and the music of Sri K. S. Venkataramiah, the ace violinist of South India, popularly known as 'Papa,' is this combination of "the heart, head and the hand."

K. S. Venkataramiah was born on 12th September 1901 in Karur in Tiruchirapalli district. His father, Sri K. N. Srikantiah was himself a well known violinist in his days, being the disciple of the famous violinist, Sri Devudu Iyer. No creative artist who ever lived had a happier childhood than Venkataramiah, who was called 'Papa' by his parents. He was brought up in an atmosphere which was serene and sympathetic; there was no element in it that could be regarded as antagonistic to the free development of his mind. So Papa started his career as a violinist at the tender age of seven. From 1907 to 1910, his father taught him the rudiments of music. He laid a solid foundation to Papa's career. From 1910 to 1916, he received his training from that veteran violinist, Sri Karur Chinnaswami Iyer. In 1918, Papa had the unique good fortune of becoming the disciple of that giant, the late Trichy Govindaswami Pillai with whom he remained till 1931. Govinda-

swami Pillai was very much impressed with Papa's playing and took him with him to many performances.



Papa would also play with him. But it was in 1921 that his first big chance came. He accompanied Ariyakudi in the Triplicane Sangeeta Sabha, which was a great success. To an intelligent and imaginative boy with such an upbringing in such surroundings, it was not at all surprising that the road to glory came well within sight at such an early age. His master, Govindaswami also began calling him by his pet name "Papa" and even today Papa is known as 'Papa' and not as Venkataramiah. His first visit to Bangalore was with that other giant, Conjeevaram Nayana Pillai.

Papa is an artist par excellence. His method of bowing and fingering is worth copying by the juniors in the field today. The soft and mellifluous

music that emanates from his instrument is a rare feast to the ears. There is no unnecessary flurry. His raga playing has a beauty all its own. Because his imagination is rich, his artistry is revealed to the fullest extent while playing the raga. Ruskin's observation that 'no machine yet contrived or hereafter contrivable will ever equal the fine machinery of the human fingers,' applies very well to Papa, so deft is his fingering. He is a great admirer of Veena

Dhanam's school of music. There is no such thing as a favourite raga with Papa. What he plays, he plays delightfully, be it Kalyani or Kambodi, or Kapi or Begada or Ananda Bhairavi.

Papa is a man with pleasant platform manners. He has trained his son Thyagarajan on his lines and I am sure Thyagarajan will walk in the footsteps of his great father. His other son is the sishya of that genius, Mridangam Mani.

RICE DIET FOR HEART DISEASES

Medical scientists in the United States have new evidence that persons with hardening of the arteries and associated ills of the heart and blood vessels may be helped by a special rice diet. The diet was originated by Dr. Walter Kempner, an assistant professor of clinical medicine at Duke University, in the State of North Carolina. A small quantity of fruit and supplementary vitamins are included, in addition to the rice dishes, and the diet has a low content of salt, proteins and fat.

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"HAMLET" AT MADRAS

By Prof. P. R. KRISHNASWAMI

THIS picture directed by Sir Laurence Olivier has been shown now for the second week, thrice a day to packed audiences. Every educated person, man or woman, has eagerly booked a seat to witness the picture. There needs no clearer proof of the love of the English language, and of Shakespeare, in the people of this province. Shakespeare has become the fountain source of all that is attractive in English expression and Madras audience delight to hear it.

The visualisation of the age-old story of the Prince of Denmark is the first gift of the cinema. It was comparatively a primitive age when a king of Denmark was murdered by his treacherous brother who later married his widowed queen. An old castle with passages, halls, and pillars, houses the royal personages and their attendants, and practically all the scenes are confined to the castle. A graveyard and a sylvan stream flowing through shady trees are about the only variations. The ghost of the former king of Denmark imparts a fateful message to Prince Hamlet which effects a marked change in his outlook on life. He decides to put on "an antique manner," the better to fulfil his purpose of taking revenge on the usurper-king of Denmark. The shrewd King Claudius marks the change of behaviour in the Prince and means to fathom its cause.

As the proverbial saying goes, the play of "Hamlet" is nothing without Prince Hamlet in it. How does Sir Laurence sustain this important role? He dominates the scene from the beginning to the end. He discovers infinite energy for the despatch of all kinds of business. Whether in speaking to Polonius and Ophelia, or with Gertrude and Claudius, Hamlet shows himself extraordinarily alert. In accepting the challenge to fight the duel with foils, he shows his unsuspecting nature. His eager response to the ghost's appeal and his earnest upbraiding of his mother evidence his capacity for deep emotion. But

Shakespeare's Prince Hamlet is something beyond all this. He has a melancholy cast. The melancholy is not of course of a negative character which unfits a man for brilliant action. It is just thoughtfulness. We look for what may be called a philosophical countenance. We are afraid Sir Laurence falls short of this. A philosophical countenance is familiar enough in India. Sir Laurence needed not perhaps to carry coals to Newcastle. His very imperfection of not wearing the melancholy look is a corrective to Indian audiences.

Sir Laurence has no doubt shown great originality in the way in which he interprets the Hamlet-Ophelia scenes. He is not of course at variance with literary critics, several of whom believe that Ophelia is a poor witless creature, incapable of being the prince's helpmate, who lent herself too readily to serve the purposes of her father, the foolish Polonius. According to Olivier Prince Hamlet sees directly the conspiracy of the King and Polonius to set up Ophelia for sounding the prince's inner feelings. By overhearing the talk between the King and Polonius before Ophelia is sent out on their mission, Hamlet feels justified in treating her with scant courtesy. In fact he is positively rude to Ophelia who on her side shrieks in girlish terror and is left weeping. This is an unfortunate misreading of Ophelia's character. Shakespeare did not intend her to be such a stupid creature.

It does Ophelia the greatest credit originally that she is the object of love of the great intellectual, Prince Hamlet. But events develop quickly, and the prince's outlook is thoroughly changed. Ophelia has little chance of knowing the secret suspicions in the prince's bosom. She sees only that the warmth of his affection for her has suddenly cooled and she suffers a sense of profound disappointment. Polonius and Laertes own a marked allegiance to the new

King Claudius and a decreasing good will to the prince. They both ask Ophelia to reject Hamlet's love-suit and Ophelia complies with this bidding. The first reaction on the prince's part is to frighten Ophelia by behaving like a mad man with her. She reports this to her father who realises now the prince's earnestness in love. Nor does Ophelia give up meeting Hamlet, though the prompting to do so now comes from the Queen and Polonius. She greets him

Good my lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

She also avails herself of the opportunity to return the prince's former gifts:

For to the noble mind

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

As Hamlet leaves her she utters a prayer for him:

O, help him, you sweet heavens!
Again later:

O heavenly powers, restore him!

Sir Laurence has taken away all dignity from Ophelia and reduced her to a silly girl shrieking in terror. The self-possession and dignity of Ophelia are best testified in the splendid tribute paid by her to the prince after he leaves her, beginning with the line, "O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!" This tribute is cut out in the film version. Almost the same injustice is shown to Queen Gertrude as to Ophelia. Gertrude has married Claudius in ignorance of the murder committed by him. Her impulses are good, her affection for her son is deep. She also likes comfortable living and becomes an easy victim to the usurper's guile. The son's madness causes her profound grief while at the same time she is committed to stand by Claudius. After the play-scene is over she means to bring home to the prince his offence against Claudius. When he arrives she is shocked by the rudeness of his answers. She likes to end the conversation but the son insists on being

heard. The Queen is alarmed, she suspects murder and cries for help. Polonius catches the cry behind the arras and is killed by the prince. Once again the prince means to talk it out with his mother. She questions him

What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

After Hamlet has explained the shameful choice she has made between the brothers, bringing out the distinctive qualities of each, Gertrude becomes sensible of her sin, for the first time:

Thou turnst mine eyes into my very soul;

The ghost appears now and the prince speaks to him. The Queen can not see the ghost at all, and feels confirmed about her son's madness. At parting she expresses her regret that he has to leave for England:

Alack,

I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on. She obviously knows nothing of the reasons which underlie the prince's banishment.

In Olivier's version Gertrude forfeits her dignity from the time she calls for help, suspecting a murderous intention in the prince. If we study the play aright, the crying for help is a momentary aberration, under stress of what she thinks to be personal danger. For the first time the son has defied her and she has heard the popular report of the prince's madness. After Polonius is killed and Hamlet brings out the meaning of her sinful conduct, the sense of it becomes unbearable to her, but she is herself again. Her attachment to Claudius cannot be the same as before hereafter. The film makes this quite clear.

The play brings before us a few of the eternally true facts of life. First comes the ghost of the murdered king to bid his son take revenge. The court scene introduces the guilty king who is already full of misgiving over the strange behaviour of the prince. When the players arrive soon after, the correct manner of dramatic recitation and the true purpose of the drama are defined in words which must be remembered for all time.

Next the guilty conscience of the King is awakened at the dumb-show which reveals his own wicked actions. Now the action of the tragedy derives definite beginning in the rash act of Hamlet resulting in the killing of Polonius. The King knows no rest hereafter. He heaps crime after crime on his own head, bringing his own ruin and death as if inevitably. Hamlet's own character is now stimulated into new action, though formerly he had declared

the native hue of resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

From the time he is sent to England he proves himself quick and extraordinarily resourceful. Laertes arrives next and is egged on by Claudius to seek revenge on Hamlet. We pass next to the memorable grave-diggers' scene in which Hamlet declares his love for Ophelia:

forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,

Make up my sum.

Hamlet is a fatalist and pays no regard to Horatio's suggestion that he may abstain from the duel altogether, because of his premonition that Hamlet will lose in the duel.

As we come away after witnessing the picture we ask ourselves if we have really witnessed a tragedy. Did it purge the emotions as sage Aristotle said, a tragedy should? No, we sat through the picture without any very great excitement. The tragic glory of the play is concentrated in the last scene where all the characters are collected, picturesque groups being a special feature of Shakespeare's art. The progress of the duel is punctuated with terrible happenings. Gertrude unsuspectingly drinks of the poisoned cup when the King's face is convulsed by the sense of his guilt, both Hamlet and Laertes feel the effect of the poisoned fells. When the Queen declares it is the cup which causes her collapse the prince loses no time to thrust the poisoned foil into the king, and as that is not enough, forces him to drink of the poisoned cup. This terrible action is missed in the pic-



The late Sol Bloom who was Chairman of the U.S. House Foreign Affairs Committee and an original signer of the U.N. Charter. A member of Congress from New York since 1923, Bloom died of a heart attack recently at the age of 78

ture. We do not see the whole scene long enough to be impressed by the tragic quality of the drama. It is not as if the cinema cannot reproduce the whole glory of the drama for we remember the "Romeo and Juliet," with Leslie Howard, not missing the large crowded scenes.

The film is more thorough-going than a drama can be. Actions which are only narrated in the drama are visualised in the cinema. The whole scene of the murder of old Hamlet is reproduced to support the narrative of the ghost. Hamlet's distraught appearance described by Ophelia is conjured up to substantiate her words, and the sylvan scene in which Ophelia comes by her death is brought directly before the eye of the audience.

The way in which the film deals with the soliloquies is also remarkable. Though we do not luckily miss the famous "To be or not to be" speech coming directly from Hamlet's lips, the other soliloquies are delivered from records while the subject himself sits and broods over a particular situation facing him.

FINANCIAL PROBLEMS OF THE INDIAN UNION

By Prof. K. A. JOSEPH

"Central administration of taxes, side by side with decentralisation of government is rapidly gaining ground everywhere."—E. R. A. SELIGMAN.

SINCE India is now evolving her new constitution, the financial problems of inter-governmental relations have gained added importance. The Indian Union is a peculiar type of federation which has been gradually developed out of a unitary government. It is only after 1919 that the federal system of finance began to work effectively, though the foundation had been laid as early as the last quarter of the 19th century. The early experiments in federal finance were very unsatisfactory for all parties concerned as there was no suitable political background nor national enthusiasm for these changes. The Meston Award after the introduction of Dyarchy was condemned by all the provinces. During the process of preparing the Government of India Act of 1935 and the inauguration of Provincial Autonomy, exhaustive investigations were made about the financial problems by experts and expert committees. The seventh schedule of the 1935 Act laid down the details of separation of sources and sharing of revenues, and in 1936 Sir Otto Niemeyer announced his award which was based on the principle of assuring the financial stability of the Centre without sacrificing the interests of the provinces. He recommended the sharing of income-tax and jute-tax and granting of subvention to poorer provinces. The second world war, post-war inflation and the prosperity of the railways enabled the Centre to help the provinces earlier than anticipated and to a greater extent than expected.

But most of the provincial Governments seem to be dissatisfied with the present financial arrangement, and every province is now demanding a revision of the financial arrangements between the Centre and the provin-

ces. It is emphasised by the critics of the present system that the provinces are in charge of all the development departments like education, public health, medicine, agriculture, labour, etc., while their financial resources are very inelastic. Land revenue which used to be the mainstay of the provinces is gradually dwindling and it is likely to further diminish in importance with the abolition of zemindaris and the various agrarian reforms that are contemplated. Excise on liquor and drugs, another important source of provincial revenue, has disappeared completely from a province like Madras, while in other provinces also it is fast disappearing. Every province in India has been compelled to levy a number of new taxes like the sales tax, agricultural income-tax, electricity tax, entertainment and betting tax, etc., in addition to the larger releases from the Centre and grants on post-war schemes. However, these additions to the financial resources have not been sufficient to cover the deficits due to the policy of prohibition and the financial stability and credit of all the provinces have been adversely affected.

Meanwhile, if we make a rapid survey of the Indian Union finances, we find the Centre depending mainly on taxation of incomes, customs and central excise as well as profits from public undertakings. The Centre has to discharge the primary functions of defence, external relations, communications, currency, credit and exchange in addition to the new burdens of food subsidies and refugee rehabilitation. During the pre-war era it was hoped by many Indian politicians that the attainment of freedom and complete Indianisation of the military and civil services would bring about a substantial reduction in the Central Government's expenditure. But these hopes have not only been falsified, but unexpected and additional expenditure has had to be incurred by the

Central Government. The aftermath of partition, food subsidies, inflation, labour unrest, Kashmir and Hyderabad incidents—all these have strained the financial resources of the Centre to the utmost and even today there is the possibility of budget deficits which should not normally happen under the conditions of inflation and high prices.

Inter-governmental finances have now to be studied from a new angle and the leaders have to approach the problem with an open mind without being clouded by pre-conceived notions and prejudices. The report of the Sarkar Committee seems to have further intensified the financial tug between the Centre and the provinces. Any impartial student of finance can realise that the Centre cannot release further taxes or higher proportions of revenue to the provinces without sacrificing the financial stability of the Central Government. The investigation of the Krishnamachari Committee might indicate new lines of policies enabling a solution of the present difficulties.

Finance is one of the binding forces of national unity and unification, and autonomy of the federating units as envisaged in the Act of 1935 seems to have lost value under the new conditions now prevailing. The large measure of freedom conceded to the provinces and States, residuary powers for the federating units and financial liberty were the sacrifices India was prepared to make for keeping the Muslim majority provinces as a part of the Indian Union. But now there is no reason for the provinces making financial demands which will weaken the Centre. Financial inequalities and divergent taxation and labour policies in the provinces and States are creating new difficulties in the field of Indian economic development. Differences regarding the levy of sales tax, agricultural income-tax, prohibition, and the endless taxes to compensate for provincial excise; divergent policies in matters of agriculture, education, zemindari and industrial policy—all these are causing confusion worse confounded, creating economic anarchy and undermining the confidence of industrialists and investors. The recent criticisms against the increased expenditure by the Central Ministries like Education,

Health and Agriculture in helping some of the provinces, seem to be criticisms by those in our country who would like to see India divided not only into two but into twenty or two hundred. Some of these critics find now a new virtue in every disintegrating force in the country—the linguistic province, the decadent feudalism of the Indian States and the communal and cultural peculiarities of regions and territories. They want India to remain an anthropological museum or a social laboratory and seem to shed tears over the new links of unity and integration that are being forged by our great leaders. The financial string in the hands of the Centre is a powerful weapon which can be used by the Union Government to weld India into a powerful and prosperous nation.

The new constitution should provide ample financial resources to enable the Union to discharge its manifold duties satisfactorily and efficiently. All over the country there is a lament among the provincial leaders about the inadequacy of the provincial resources to satisfy the experimental mania of the provincial Governments. Nobody seems to be concerned about the financial needs of the Indian Union. But in financial as in many other fields the national needs of the Indian Union should have the highest priority. The larger interests of the country should be the first and foremost, and the financial policies of the Centre should not be at the mercy of the provinces and States which continue their mistaken policies in spite of the warning and advice of the Centre. In the light of the new circumstances of a divided India and integrated India facing unexpected emergencies it is very necessary for the provincial leaders to have a dynamic outlook and adopt a policy that will strengthen India and develop the national unity and administrative and financial uniformity which are essential for the orderly progress of the country.

The constitution of an inter-governmental financial commission for the Indian Union as recommended by the Sarkar Committee would be a step in the right direction. A uniform system of direct and indirect taxes, a co-ordinate policy of excise and prohibition under Central direction, gradu-

alism in land reform and zemindari abolition, nationalisation, labour legislation, sufficient grants from the Centre for education, health and a planned programme of economic development—all these should replace the present policy of conflicting programmes and competing rivalries and glaring contradictions between Central directives and provincial practices. There should be a uniform system of taxation of incomes including agricultural incomes, and when death duties are levied, it should be a duty on all forms of wealth including agricultural wealth, though the Centre might share the revenue with the provinces and the States. Very soon it may become necessary to administer the sales tax from the Centre, and to make all excise central, with a uniform system of prohibition, if this is still considered necessary.

With a proper sharing of revenue between the Centre and provinces, central administration of all important taxes, a judicious granting of subsidies and credits, and a proper development of the nation's credit, a strong foundation can be laid for building the new India of our dreams. Finance, like politics, must be con-

sidered from the point of view of hard realities and practical possibilities and it cannot be very much influenced by archaic sentimentalism and dreamy idealism. India's future—economic and political—is closely linked with the right adjustment of the financial relations between the different layers of the Government, and solving this problem firstly and lastly in the interests of India.

Unilateral attempts on the parts of the provinces and States to increase taxation and follow an independent financial policy will create more friction and more difficulties in the economic field, when it is the duty of every patriotic citizen to help the unity of the country by forging new bonds of unity and uniformity. A Federation cannot work on a strict book-keeping system. The Centre and units more fortunately placed must make their contribution to the common cause of Federation. It is necessary for the Centre to intervene so that the citizens in the Federation should have a minimum standard of social and other services, inequality of the units is remedied and the effective working of the Federation made possible.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

My mother offered to take care of the ten-year-old daughter of a friend when the child's mother was called out of town.

The first morning Dorothy came to the breakfast table but didn't eat.

"What's the matter, Dorothy?" inquired my mother. "Don't you like anything we have for breakfast?"

"No," answered Dorothy.

"What does your mother have for breakfast?"

"She always has hot scones," Dorothy replied.

Anxious to please the child, whom she suspected of being homesick, Mother hurried to the kitchen and returned much later with a plate of hot, delicately browned scones and offered them to her young guest.

"No, thank you," said Dorothy.

Taken aback, Mother exclaimed, "But, Dorothy, I thought you said your mother always has hot scones for breakfast."

"She does," Dorothy replied calmly, "but I don't eat 'em."

—Mary Ann Rheam.

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.

Can A Foreigner Criticize Indian Dancing?

It is with some surprise and not a little pain that I read the 'New Delhi Diary' in SWATANTRA of the 12th February, where Mr. Prasad put a well-laboured defence for an artist against legitimate criticism. SWATANTRA has won a reputation as a fair and independent journal. Publicity to internecine jealousies and vilifications of one another among artistes is unworthy of a journal like SWATANTRA.

I hold no brief for Mr. Fabri, but the depressing thought that Mr. Prasad, in his anxiety to give publicity to the criticised artist, should have descended to the level of accusing Mr. Fabri as a foreigner and questioning the propriety of his venturing to criticize Indian dancing, prompted me to write this letter.

I have read the views of Mr. Fabri in the Delhi STATESMAN, and I was also present in Delhi and witnessed one of the performances of Miss Tara Choudhry. Mr. Prasad has distorted the views of Mr. Fabri. I would like to examine the criticism of Mr. Prasad.

"Ballet Critic" is in no way different from dance critic. 'Ballet' comes from the Italian word 'ballare' which means just dancing—nothing else. Ballet is a dance number that one puts on the stage, whether a single number of a dancer or a group dance. The word has been so much in use that it is impossible now in English to say 'Dance Critic' without implying that the writer is dealing with ball room dancing and not artistic stage dancing.

Prior to her departure to Europe, I discussed this with Mrs. Mrinalini Sarabhai, who said that she never told anyone that she disliked her dancing being reviewed by a 'Ballet Critic'; on the contrary she told me that she would welcome criticism by anyone which would be constructive and by one who knows something of Indian dancing. In fact, she feels that Mr. Fabri is the one man who knows his job well.

The worst part of the article is the statement that one famous dancer bribed a critic to publish his own praise. At this rate, the author of the canard, the writer who believed it and put it in paper and you also as a publisher, can all be accused in the same manner.

Mr. Prasad really misses the point when he quotes what Mr. Bernard Shaw has said. Mr. Fabri has been in India for over twenty years, and has never missed a single performance all these years. To be a curator of a museum is an additional qualification to make one get himself interested in dancing.

Mr. Fabri has nowhere suggested that Bharata Natya should be developed into troupe dancing. Nor did he suggest that Miss Tara Choudhry should have a male partner for Bharata Natya. He suggested a partner only to her corps de ballet, and more efficient fellow dancers.

A foreigner has every right to criticize Indian dancing as long as he knows the art, and in this instance Mr. Fabri is very enthusiastic about Indian art and he has taken pains to study it and has discussed personages like Uday Shanker, Menaka, Ram Gopal and Rukmini Devi. He has been a balletomane of Indian ballet for two decades and more. Because one is an Indian it does not necessarily mean that he is qualified to write about Indian dancing.

Everybody agrees on the point that Tara Choudhry is a good dancer. But how is anyone served by fulsome praise? How is art going to progress if one has not the courage to tell gently and charitably one's views? The urgent need in India today is positive criticism about art in particular and artists in general, keeping in mind the interest of the nation as a whole and not the individual artist.

ART LOVER.

Lawyers' Dress

Many members of the Bar feel that it is time that the lawyers of the land are disburdened of some of their meaningless dress-burdens. During days when great national leaders like the present Governor-General and high State officials like the Ministers, both at the Centre and elsewhere, are freely moving about in all kinds of simple and comfortable dress and transacting their business, one fails to understand why the lawyers alone among all civilians should be burdened with uncomfortable turbans, coats and gowns, especially in view of our cloth-controls and cloth-rations.

May I venture to make a humble appeal to the powers that be that they may be graciously pleased, at an early date, to take necessary steps in the matter, and permit the lawyers of the land to appear

in all courts of law in such simple styles of national costume as they may find both possible and suitable?

Y. SUNDARA RAO.

Ongole.

The Adyar Library

I was greatly surprised to read, in a very responsible weekly like **SWATANTRA** the following statement: "Of the three manuscript libraries represented in the Committee the Tirupati and Adyar libraries have no historical records in their collection." Such a statement could have been made only by a person who has not gone through the treasures of both these libraries. Historical kavyas like the *Acyutarayabhyudaya*, copper plate grants like the Kalahasti danasanas, the Nellikere grant of the time of Krishnaraja Wadiyar III and a Sanskrit letter of Dara Shaksh are some of the documents already published by the Adyar Library.

As for the Tirupati collection I was one of those very intimately connected with that institute at its inception. There are several historical documents of value in that Library also. A statement like the one quoted which is against known facts ought not to have found a place in a weekly of the standing of the **SWATANTRA**. Very probably your correspondent knows the Adyar Library only by name and has not gone through the works published by the Adyar Library.

A. N. KRISHNA AIYANGAR,
Adyar Library.

"The Geological Survey of India"

A letter of criticism on my article entitled "The Geological Survey of India" by Mr. A. G. Jhingran, Superintending Geologist, Geological Survey of India, appeared in your esteemed **SWATANTRA** of the 5th instant. Please permit me to give the following reply:

The historical facts connected with the birth of the Geological Survey Department given in the first paragraph of my article are based on Dr. C. S. Fox's presidential address to the annual meeting of the Mining and Geological Institute of India delivered on 3rd January 1936 and as such the historical sketch of the department given by me cannot be taken as "irrelevant." I do not know if Mr. Jhingran is more authoritative on the history of the Geological Department than Dr. C. S. Fox who retired as the Director of the Geological Survey of India.

In order to prove the unoriginality of the work of the G. S. I. during the last 14 years, I have quoted in my article the concluding paragraphs of the geological

report on mica deposits of Wynad but not the introductory paragraphs of the same, as pointed out by the Superintending Geologist in his letter under reference. He should note that his department is expected to survey and report new areas but not areas already worked and abandoned. I shall be glad if he can show one single new occurrence of mica not previously worked by any body, in the geological report in question. Moreover, the major occurrences of mica near Cherambadi, Gudalur, etc., are found in the reports of T. H. Holland and La Touche published long ago.

From a practical standpoint, Yenadis of Nellore district know a great deal about prospecting for mica and it is no wonder if I say that most of the productive mines (of mica) in Nellore district were discovered by them. There is no use of getting irritated at this statement of mine which is nothing but truth.

As a member of the staff of the G.S.I. it is but natural that Mr. Jhingran defends his department and tries to escape from the charges levelled against the G. S. I. by saying that my article is a misrepresentation and descends below legitimate criticism.

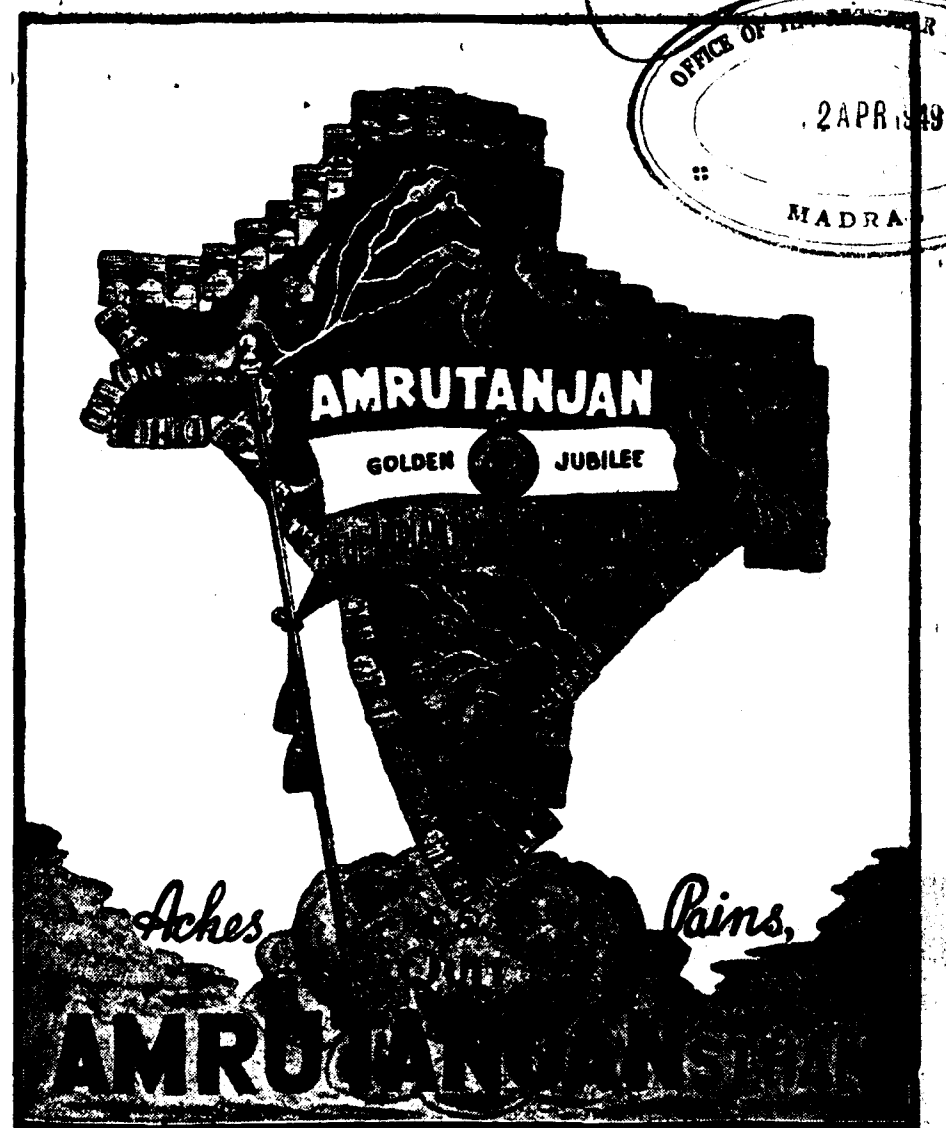
The report on lead deposits in Ceded Districts published in 1943 is another proof of unoriginal quality. If one goes through the lead occurrences described in "Annotated Index of Minerals of Economic Value" (pages—300-301) compiled by La Touche (published about the year 1920) and then reads the report (on the lead deposits in Ceded Districts) published in 1943, one will understand that my article is not a 'misrepresentation' but a representation of bare facts. The lead localities of Jangamrazupalle, Nagasane-palli, Kothur, Kollkuntla, and Baswapur in Ceded Districts mentioned in La Touche's Annotated Index of Minerals are again repeated in the report of 1943.

To be plain, most of the recent reports are the result of information gathered from the villagers, (sitting in travellers' bungalows). During the last 14 years the G.S.I. could not produce original memoirs like those written by William King and R. B. Roote.

PARASURAMAYYA PINGALY.
Sydapuram.

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SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 7

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

NEW BALANCE OF POWER

THERE have been successive power combinations in the West which vainly sought to prevent war by maintaining a "balance of power." Is the North Atlantic Alliance the latest in the line? In a sense, it is. The idea underlying it is the familiar one that peace might prevail if the war-making capacity of one country or group of countries is matched by the strength of the rest. In the past, the uneven peace of economic development within the major European states, and of their colonial expansion overseas, created an acute economic rivalry which rendered impossible anything more than a temporary balance of power. There was no over-riding purpose or faith commonly shared to sustain any alliance of states for long. Equally, there was no deep or permanent irreconcilability between the members of one bloc and of another. Power combinations therefore tended to be unstable. The conditions today are very different in respect of the North Atlantic Alliance.

The strength of the military pact to be signed at Washington on April 4 lies in the fact that the signatories are already working successfully an economic agreement of the magnitude and far-reaching significance of the Marshall Plan. There is the further consideration that when they embarked on this plan of economic co-operation, these nations took not a purely economic but also a political step of first-rate importance. Thus the integration of Western Europe has proceeded on all fronts—political, economic and military.

The Organisation for European Economic Co-operation which executes the Marshall Plan, and the smaller but even closer organisation of the Western Union, constitute a landmark in the history of modern Europe. Such close co-ordination of economic and political strategy in peace time is unprecedented. And there can be no going back. It is inconceivable that mutual rivalry will ever again lead to war between the countries of Western Europe. They will have to keep peace and co-operate if only because the main factor which brought them together—the growing threat of Communism—seems certain to continue for as long as can be foreseen. Further, it is unlikely that the Western European nations will not recognise the intrinsic desirability of that economic co-operation which their post-war economic malaise has forced on them. For the present, at any rate, the non-Communist half of Europe is not less closely knit than the Communist bloc. It may be recalled that until the 'revolt' of Tito showed that cracks were possible even in the solid walls of the Soviet sphere, many observers used to despair of the democracies acting efficiently and quickly enough to keep pace with Communist consolidation. Actually, the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Pact are achievements which Molotov and Stalin may well envy.

Nor does the unity of the non-Communist European nations seem to be any the less stable because the common feeling they share most



strongly is negative. Unlike Russia and her satellites, the Western European countries are agreed more or what they fear and dislike than on any specific positive ideology—unless the desire to preserve parliamentary democracy is to be regarded as such. But the absence of a commonly shared positive motive like communism has not appreciably weakened the Western alliance. Socialist Britain has been able to co-operate freely with the predominantly capitalist United States, and Britain's role in the Atlantic Alliance will not be affected materially if the next general elections should put the Conservatives into power. Again, France has had many changes of Government during the last few years, and different parties and coalitions came to power successively. Yet no fundamental difference was made to French foreign policy. Thus, political differences within and between the democracies do not threaten to disrupt their anti-Communist alliance. Only the seizure of power by Communists in any of these countries could take it out of the alliance.

If the rapid and all-round advance of co-operation among the West European nations opens a new chapter for them, the conclusion of the Atlantic Pact is a no less important landmark for the United States. It is the full and final abandonment of the policy of isolationism. For the first time in its history, the U. S. has pledged itself in advance to the support, if necessary by going to war, of any ally in the Eastern Hemisphere if the latter should be attacked. American participation in collective security, which began with the Western Hemisphere defence pact signed at Rio de Janeiro, is now considerably extended by the Atlantic Pact. The tasks involved are immense; for, in addition to continuing the economic aid to Europe under the Marshall Plan, the U. S. will have to be the main supplier of the armaments and equipment needed to strengthen the defences of the other signatories to the Atlantic

Pact. The open-eyed acceptance of these responsibilities is a measure of the repudiation of isolationism.

To those who have been watching with concern the growing schism between the Communist and non-Communist worlds, the Atlantic Pact will be the latest and most disturbing symptom of the drift towards war. The United Nations Organisation has been quite unable to stop this drift. The disputes over Berlin, Greece, Korea—and atomic energy—have been before the U.N.O. for a long time now and have remained unresolved. The Western powers command a majority of the votes in the organization but they can do nothing to implement their decisions because Russia wields the veto in the Security Council. Hence the U.N.O. has, in effect, remained paralysed. The Atlantic Pact is the most striking evidence of this. Under the terms of the pact, the signatories will first take action (if the need should arise) and then report it to the Security Council. Such action, which could include war, will be terminated only when the Atlantic allies are satisfied that the Security Council has taken adequate measures. After the assumption of this right of unilateral action under Article 5 of the pact, the declaration in Article 7 that "this treaty does not affect and shall not be interpreted as affecting... the primary responsibility of the Security Council for the maintenance of international peace and security" is nothing more than a polite lie. The veto power vested in the Big Powers has already, in practice, made nonsense of the Security Council's function. The Atlantic Pact explicitly writes off the Security Council.

Any hope for peace must now rest, therefore, not on the U.N.O. but on the success of the global balance of power that is now being attempted. From all accounts, the conclusion of the Atlantic Pact is not the final step in this attempt on the part of the non-Communist world. A Mediterranean and a Pacific pact are being actively canvassed. These two regions

are obviously vital in any world-wide scheme for 'containing' Communism. The Pacific Ocean area has assumed special importance after the sweeping successes of the Communists in China and the Communist insurrections in Indonesia, Malaya and Burma. But it would seem by no means easy to achieve the two proposed pacts on the pattern of the North Atlantic Alliance. There is, to start with, the question whether the U. S. will be able and willing to shoulder the additional responsibilities of underwriting (even if indirectly) any more pacts. Not less important, the readiness of Asian countries to sign the proposed pacts cannot be assumed.

The various factors making for the closeness and stability of the North Atlantic Alliance have been discussed earlier. Similar conditions do not obtain in other regions, whether in the Middle East or in South-East Asia. For one thing, the enthusiastic urge for the alliance of Western Europe with America was generated locally. But to Egypt or to India, any invitation to join a defence pact sponsored by the West will seem dubious. It is entirely natural that Asian countries should hesitate to enter a military alliance, and perhaps thereby invite trouble, when they are exhorted to do so by alien races who are, or have been until recently, their exploiters.

This is not to deny that much has happened in the last few years to dissipate anti-Western feeling in large areas of Asia. India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon are the outstanding instances. Britain's far-sighted statesmanship in relinquishing her rule over these countries has been rich in its reward of friendship and understanding. Australia has similarly won the regard of Asian peoples by befriending the Indonesian Republic and by supporting the aspirations of under-developed neighbouring countries.

Much has also happened recently to transform the attitude of the nationalist movements in Asia to-

wards Russia and Communism. There was a time when the Soviet was regarded as the friend and champion of all oppressed races. And local Communists who participated in the various anti-imperialist movements were generally regarded as harmless, even useful, ginger groups. Today, Moscow hardly endears itself with its omnibus condemnation of all non-Communists as "stooges of Anglo-American imperialism." Correspondingly, local Communists have become bitter enemies of the government in countries which have freed themselves from Western rule. Communist behaviour in Burma and Indonesia has done more than any amount of anti-Communist propaganda could do to orient all democratic and Socialist forces in Asia against the prevailing variety of Communism.

Thus, to the extent that the Western nations have shed their imperialism, conditions have arisen in South-East Asia favourable to the formation of an anti-Communist alliance. Conversely, every surviving instance of colonial rule or exploitation is an obstacle to the Western powers' scheme of a global alliance against Communism. To illustrate: a striking feature of the Atlantic Pact, to observers in Asia, is the cynical hypocrisy of Holland in signing it. For, Article 1 of the pact declares that "the parties undertake, as set forth in the Charter of the United Nations, to settle any international disputes in which they may be involved by peaceful means in such a manner that international peace and security and justice are not endangered, and to refrain from the threat or use of force in any manner inconsistent with the purposes of the United Nations." The hypocrisy is not Holland's alone. It is shared by other members of the Atlantic Alliance, principally Britain and the U. S., who have acquiesced in the Dutch rape of the Indonesian Republic.

It is only necessary to recall the experience of the last war. The Western powers then appealed for sup-

port in the righteous war which, they claimed, they were waging against the Fascist evil. They inevitably failed to win a response from the subject nations of Asia. To these latter, Western imperialism was itself a palpable evil with which it was impossible to co-operate willingly. It would be a pity if Asian nations should be faced once again with the hard and

unpleasant choice between two evils. Neutrality, based on the rejection of both, would be a happy alternative. But it may be doubted whether neutrality would be practicable—for us in India, for instance—if war should actually break out. We can only hope, therefore, for the good of our souls as of our skins, that the present drift does not after all culminate in war.

Sotto Voce

Flotsam



THOSE who are old enough to have read that childhood's classic *Little Red Riding-Hood* will remember the tense moment when the wolf emerges from under granny's bed-clothes. Some of our professional optimists may have experienced the same fearful thrill when they heard a couple of revealing Ministerial pronouncements last week. The Blackshirts have long been claiming the present Ministry as their good friends, brothers under the skin. The Ministers, however, preserved a coy silence; they neither admitted nor denied the soft impeachment. The veil has now been lifted ever so little; circumstances being propitious, it may shortly be cast aside altogether.

The Minister for Information edited the visiting Reuters' delegation by administering gentle reproof to the communal-minded press. At the same time, by the simple trick of changing the labels, he cast the witness for the role of criminal in the dock. Those who complained of communalism, he roundly declared, were the more subtle communalists. His colleague Mr. Gopala Reddi was content to plead in defence of the

Communal G. O. that "communalism was there in society and the Government could not overlook it." But the Information Minister blandly suggests that the Communal G. O. is sound nationalism and its critics are a pernicious vested interest.

The Blackshirt press, far from being offended with him for saying that it is betraying the interests of the country, may positively flaunt this as testimony to its zeal for promoting disintegration. Nor is it likely to be dismayed by Mr. Gopala Reddi's assurance that the Government "will see to it that they do not transgress the limits of law." For his colleague the Information Minister has already plaintively confessed his inability to set the law in motion against scurrilous journalism. It seems the Government's legal advisers are unable to discover any cause for action, grossly as decency has been outraged and mob hatred whipped up.

"The law is an ass," was Sardar Patel's contemptuously sceptical comment on this plea. None so blind as those that will not see. The

provisions in the Penal Code against incitement of class and communal hatred are enough to hang every one of the hundred odd rags that are now engaged in this dirty game of setting Indian against Indian. When the Brahmana Seva Sangham points this out the Minister dismisses its charges airily as being "vague". At the same time his subordinates in the districts have not the slightest compunction about preventing the victims of Blackshirt goondaism from addressing public meetings because the Blackshirts might take offence!

Such is the Ministry's respect for civil liberties. But they are great believers in the doctrine of vicarious atonement. The Finance Minister tells the Muslims that they, as the people responsible for the partition of India, must expect to find the Government grudging and suspicious for many years to come. What a commentary on Mr. Nehru's incessant exhortation to wipe out the past! If that is the fare of the Muslims to whom the Congress was always making up with exaggerated friendliness, the Brahman for whom the Congress non-Brahman has even less affection than had his Justicite brother, can hardly be surprised to be told by Mr. Gopala Reddi that it was he that started this communalism. You will remember that that was just what the wolf told the lamb.

As for expiation, nothing less than *harakiri* on his part will satisfy our Madras Ministry's keen sense of justice. "Let him cease to be a

Brahman, and he can have all the jobs he wants"—which seems very attractive, until one remembers that there are a hundred or possibly a couple of hundred castes and sub-castes among the non-Brahmans. Into which of these shall he merge and how? It has been whispered that preference in the matter of appointments in the public service is to be given to those who marry outside their caste. But a Brahman born is still a Brahman; and the brand of the helot might keep his descendants apart even up to the third generation, as it did the Jew in Nazi Germany.

If you heard what some of our city-bred Brahman youths are saying, you might think that that was the only consideration that stood in the way of their selling their souls for a mess of pottage. But I am loath to believe that they are so cynical as they seem. In any case, if Brahmanism disappears the loss will be at least as much that of the non-Brahman as that of the Brahman. Gandhiji veered towards the close of his life to the opinion that unless caste was destroyed untouchability would not go; at the same time he maintained that he was a Sanatani Hindu. Such dialectical subtleties are not for the common mass. The Hindu who discards the culture and way of life which are compendiously known as Brahmanism will be turning his face away from civilisation. He will go to swell the world's flotsam and jetsam.

VIGNESWARA

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY

Room should be found in every country for men who, like the prophets in ancient Israel, have along with their wrath at the evils of their own time inspiring visions of a better future and the right to speak their minds. That love of freedom which will bear the opposition because it has faith in the victory of truth is none too common. Many of those who have the word on their lips are despots at heart. Those men in whom that love seemed to glow with the hottest flame may have had an almost excessive faith in its power for good, but if this be an infirmity, it is an infirmity of noble minds which democracies ought to honour.—JAMES BRYCE.

SIDELIGHTS : :

The punishment suffered by the wise who refuse to take part in the government, is to live under the government of bad men.—PLATO.

THE election of a leader for the Madras Congress Legislature Party is fixed to take place on the 31st instant. Will Sri Omandur Ramaswami Reddiar, the present Premier, retain his position as leader? The general impression is that the momentum of the queer causes that pushed him to prominence has exhausted itself. Sri Kamaraj Nadar was the architect of the political good fortune of Sri Omandur. Kamaraj is no longer a supporter of the Premier. The breach between the two was due partly to the culmination of the genius for unpleasantness developed in headstrong fashion by the Premier in exercise of the power that came to him all so unexpectedly. In part it was due to a change in Kamaraj himself vis-a-vis the Black Shirt movement. He seems to have found at last in that movement a reflection of the logical consequence of the communalism he has been dabbling with; appalled and dismayed, he has begun to reverse the whole gear of his political mentality. While those whom he helped into prominence find themselves propelled into close affinity with the Black Shirts, Kamaraj has turned out to be the only leader of any considerable influence capable of checking in Tamilnad the onrush of the disruptive forces set in motion by the Black Shirt organisation.

What the Jews were to Hitler the Aryans are to the Black Shirts. The disfranchisement of Aryans is the task the Black Shirts have set themselves to. If they succeed, the basic foundation of the constitution of the Indian Union, the creation of a common citizenship for all nationals without distinction of sects, will be shattered. In another way also they threaten the integrity of the State. Insidiously the Black Shirt organisation is being built into a defiant private army to supplant the authority of the Government. The Black

Shirts are on a par with the Communists in the matter of resort to extra-constitutional methods for the attainment of their ends. But whereas the magnitude of the Communist peril is realised and no official endeavour is wanting to overcome it, the Black Shirts flourish with the furtive encouragement of godfathers in high positions. The tolerance given to a vulgar press steeped in creeds of hatred is a measure of authority's tenderness to the Black Shirt movement.

The regime of Sri Omandur has synchronised with an enormous increase in the power for mischief of the Black Shirts. The pattern of his leadership is demonstrated by the enthusiasm he has evoked among the Black Shirts who prize him as a hero and patron saint. Mr. Jinnah used religion as a weapon in politics. His religion was an affair of poses and pretences and there was no heart in it. Much the same can be said of Omandur who has proved to be very dexterous in exploiting the externals of piety for building for himself a reputation of sainthood. The milk of human kindness is the test of true sainthood, and of this Sri Omandur has given little proof. Harsh, narrow-minded, repellent in demeanour, he has failed to move the conscience of the community to paths of high endeavour. The spirit of rank communalism has invaded every precinct of the administration in his period of stewardship. The services have lost all initiative. The economic condition of the people has deteriorated. The burdens of taxation have increased. A general state of disheartened apathy pervades the atmosphere of public life. Nobody except a few beneficiaries and the Black Shirts has any enthusiasm for the prevailing leadership.

Sri Prakasam has served as cement for the Omandur Ministry. His candidature for leadership provided just the opportunity which Sri Omandur knew well how to turn to his own advantage, for exciting com-

munal and regional passions. It is reported that the Premier has been at great pains to get Sri Prakasam somehow to contest the leadership election once again. But according to all accounts he has so far remained obdurate in his resolve to stand out. He remains still leader of the largest single group in the legislature. A combination between him and Sri Kamaraj Nadar would prove formidable, and if it should take place, they would be real wielders of power, whoever might hold the titular leadership. To prevent such a combination and to persuade Sri Kamaraj Nadar to align himself with them and not with Sri Prakasam, prodigious efforts are being made by the

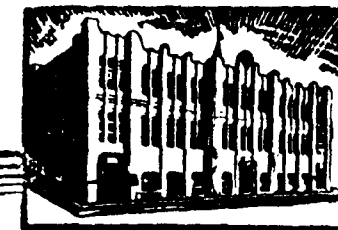
Andhra Ministers. They seem to be willing to give up Omandur in exchange for the security of their own tenures in the Ministry. The Andhra Ministers have proved to be poor specimens. Some of them have turned the State Aid to Industries Fund into Ministers' Family Aid Fund, and had a Premier of the calibre of Mr. Attlee been at the helm, a far worse fate than that of Mr. Belcher would have befallen them. Whether the prevailing rampant corruption is to continue or whether better standards are to prevail would depend on the coadjutors whom Sri Kamraj Nadar would choose in the formation of the Ministry.—SAKA.

Rhetoric and fine language about the things of the spirit is a vainer babble than in other matters; and he that thinks to grow in true goodness by hearing or speaking flaming words or striking expressions, as is now much the way of the world, may have a great deal of talk, but will have little of his conversation in heaven.—WILLIAM LAW.

The Self is not realizable by study nor even by intelligence and learning. He who has not given up the ways of vice, who cannot control himself, who is not at peace within, whose mind is distracted, can never realise the Self, though full of all the learning in the world.—KATHA UPANISHAD.

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THE UGLY WORD

By S. PARTHASARATHY

SWAMI Anuananda was in a trance-like state. The fragrance of silence that hung about the place instantly overpowered me. I sat down noiselessly and shut my eyes. The disturbing emotions of my normal mind hurriedly flew out of their recesses. I began to share with the Swamiji the pleasures of peace. After a little while, the Swamiji broke the silence by an enquiry after my health. I answered suitably and added: "Swamiji, I came here with anger in my heart after reading the Finance Minister's speech in defence of communalism but now I am only bewildered that a man who can lay claim to culture should have voiced such opinions."

"There is nothing to be bewildered about. In this world of illusion, conflict between the divine and the asuric forces is inevitable. Communalism is asuric, for the logical extension of its doctrine is the negation of the divine. You will see it in the propaganda of the Dravidar Kazhagam. Your Minister who spoke in defence of communalism has also conceded the right of the Dravidar Kazhagam to carry on anti-religious propaganda without infringing on decency. Questions of decency in this modern age only arise if you attack your political leaders and not if you deny the existence of God! It is a funny world. Humanity today is at a critical stage against the background of atomic energy. Asuric forces appear to be all-powerful for the time being. But you should not despair," said the Swamiji.

"But should we do nothing to conquer the asuric forces?" I asked. "Certainly, we should. It is through the instrumentality of man that divine forces generally act. The conquest must however be made by love. As a Sadhu, I belong to no community. When I meet men, I do not begin to classify them into brahmins and non-brahmins. I regard all men equally. Communalism is an ugly word. It seeks to vitalise the apparent differences in human

lives and obscures the underlying unity. But, while I regard all persons equally, were I to be asked to impart spiritual teaching, I would first consider whether or not the applicant is a worthy person to receive it. Similarly, if I were placed in a position to select an official or to take in a student, I would ask myself the question, 'Is he worthy for the purpose?' To say that other considerations must be given weight which are something that nobody including the North Indian can appreciate, makes no sense. There is no need to enquire into the origin of communal feelings with a view to apportion guilt. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, is the law of the jungle and not of civilised society."

"How can we overcome evil by love?" I asked. "The brahmin who according to you is the oppressed community must devote his energies to the service of the people," replied the Swamiji. "Have we not been doing it?" I asked. "We have been in the forefront of the movement for the political liberation of the country, and we have many amongst us who have dedicated their lives to social and Harijan welfare work. After all, we never arrogated to ourselves any positions of advantage in life. In the pre-British days, we held most of the subordinate diplomatic and ministerial positions under the non-brahmin rulers. When the British replaced the rulers with their men, they kept us on to assist them in their administration." "I concede," the Swamiji replied, "that your community has produced many notable men; but that is neither here nor there. Twenty-five years ago, it was a rare sight to see a brahmin stand in the docks of the criminal courts. Today, he seems to monopolise the crimes of the intellect such as cheating and breaches of trust. Twenty-five years ago, brahmins were strict vegetarians; but today they do not think twice before eating beef. Twenty-five years ago, the brahmins

were the honorary counsellors, judges and teachers to the people in the villages. Today, the brahmin is a perfect specimen of water-tight selfishness."

"I must confess," I said, "to the grave deterioration in the character of the brahmin. His fall from the ideals of his caste has been very steep. But, Swamiji, the deterioration of character is not peculiar to the brahmin. Every community has suffered." "Where there is deterioration of character all round, the effects are not always felt on the same plane," said the Swamiji. "The deterioration of the brahmin is, as I said, seen in his habit of intellectual arrogance and casuistry, in his adharmic life, in his attitude of crystallised selfishness. The deterioration in the character of the non-brahmin is seen in his insane hostility to the brahmin, to the Aryan and to the Hindu religion. The cure is not to be sought in the abolition of the caste system or of brahminism, but must be sought in an understanding of their true purpose and import. Anand Coomaraswamy wrote some years ago that Hindu society was based upon a belief in heredity, both of blood and culture. If one can determine natural causes, he wrote, each member should be assigned his appropriate duties and appropriate honour to facilitate a convenient division of necessary labour ensuring the handing down of hereditary skill in pupillary succession, avoiding all possibility of social ambition and allowing to every one the experience and activity which one needs and owes. To use a modern formula, the organisation of Hindu society was based upon the

principle of taking from each according to his capacity and giving to each according to his needs. The inseparable unity of the material and the spiritual world was made the function of Indian culture and it determined our earliest social ideas. The brahmins must, therefore, follow the ancient ideals of service to the people instead of holding Brahmana conferences to ventilate their grievances against other communities. They must go to their religious leaders and ask them to stop their metaphysical disputations and devote their time instead to inculcate the principles of true faith in people's minds by practice and precept. The non-brahmin should shed the hatred in his heart and give up his denunciations of true brahminism. The great philosophers of the west are today saying that the world cannot be saved unless the western nations choose to adopt the cult of neo-brahminism as the religion of its peoples. Caste or occupational superiority, communalism and political slogans are the false idols that you have set up in your hearts and of which Christ said: 'Every man that setteth up his idols in his heart, I, the Lord, will answer him according to the multitude of his idols.' The followers of Buddha gave up the principle of Ahimsa and set up other idols in their hearts. They are now paying the penalty in the countries they inhabit. The followers of Gandhi are now in the process of giving up the ideals of love and faith for which he stood. Let it not be written in the pages of history that the Congressmen who liberated the country from foreign rule were also responsible for its moral degradation and ruin."

Reputation is a personal possession frequently not discovered until lost.—WIN ELLIOT.

Happy are the families where the government of parents is the reign of affection, and obedience of the children the submission of love.—BACON.

There is this difference between spiritual and corporal pleasures, that corporal ones beget a desire before we have obtained them, or disgust; but spiritual pleasures, on the contrary, are not cared for when we have them not, but are desired when we have them.—ST. GREGORY THE GREAT

Our integrity is never worth so much as when we have parted with our all to keep it.—COTTON.

SPOTLIGHT

"MUCH TO CAST DOWN, MUCH TO RESTORE....."

By **SANTHA**

ON January 7 this year what everybody hoped was the final truce was imposed on Palestine. It was the fourth or fifth of its kind. Or perhaps the seventh or eighth. So many had gone before and all without exception abused by non-observance. But no man can fight for ever and soldiers are, after all, men. A general fatigue and a desire for peace has been in evidence all round since the New Year. Count Bernadotte's ghost can sleep in peace.

I said sleep. But 'doze' would perhaps be correcter. For all is not peace in the Holy Land. A conqueror's pride still lingers in the Jewish breast. With all their courage and the strength of will and resolve and the devoted desperation which has given their war the colouring of a crusade, these hardy, determined pioneers have still to learn how far is much and where pride should end and justic and humility begin.

About a week after the truce came into effect, Mr. Ralph Bunche, the mediator, hustled the party leaders of Israel and Egypt into a lofty, splendid private dining room of the Hotel des Roses in Rhodes. A large map of Palestine hung prominently on an easel in the room. The parties sat at a green-covered table, the Israelis at one side and the Egyptians at the other. UN representatives sat symbolically in between. Dr. Bunche presided. And the first phase of the peace negotiations ending long months of disastrous bloodshed, was launched. From then on till February 24, when an armistice agreement was actually signed by the Jews and the Egyptians, Dr. Bunche traversed the whole gamut of human emotions. About the first week of February, he announced that peace talks had "slightly narrowed the gap between the two viewpoints" and some time later made bold to say that the parties

had agreed on the release of the Egyptian brigade at Faluja. And then what was called the "delicate phase" in the negotiations was reached when all information was suddenly wrapped in a shroud of silence and secrecy as if talking about it would upset the situation. During the second week of February, Dr. Bunche began to feel "impatient and discouraged." Evidently the two sides of the green-covered table were refusing to meet. Excitement and tension reached a pitch about the beginning of the third week when no one was quite sure what the next hour would bring. And then, on the morning of February 25, like manna from heaven, came the news of the armistice.

The agreement which was 32 pages long, cleared the important question of the Israel-Egyptian boundary lines by quietly "freezing" their present positions. Exactly what is to happen to Beersheba is left apparently to the reasonableness of the parties concerned and the imagination of the onlooker. And as we know the Jews, just anything might happen to it. The agreement stipulated that the Egyptians were to quit Faluja. The Israelis were not to station any troops at Bir Asluj but might station troops, "but not a base" at Beersheba—whatever that means. Then again, except for some "purely defensive forces"—presumably anticipating offence on somebody's part, which is hardly consistent with the terms of an armistice—all the Israeli troops were to be confined to their Oct. 14 positions. The document ends on a note of pious hope that each country would refrain in future from aggression against the other.

What almost blocked the armistice talks was the dispute over the Negev or rather the Egyptian-held Gaza-Rafah strip. The Egyptians have won not only this narrow strip of the desert, but also the eastern portion of

a line running through the village of Dura right up to Jerusalem. The rest of the Negev is left in possession of the Jews.

The Negev or the Southland is the 3 million acre desert in the south of Palestine over which the Jews have dreamt most of their dreams. Ruins of cities and the remnants of Christian monasteries lie scattered about the desert over which roam the enfeebled descendants of an ancient Bedouin race. Under the U.N. partition plan, the whole of the Negev was awarded to Israel, except for a coastal strip, a bit of area inland and a connecting link to the Jerusalem section of Palestine. When war began after the mandate, Egyptian troops prevented Israel from supplying her settlements in South Negev. On Oct. 14, Israel launched the First Battle of the Negev. Central Palestine was cleared and the Egyptians were driven into their coastal strip. But Israel was not appeased. After the Security Council had entered the picture, Israel charged that Egyptian troops were harassing the Jewish settlements in the Negev and began the Second Battle of the Negev. The Egyptians were swept out of the desert and the Zionists took possession.

The Jewish plan is to turn over the vast desert stretch to the immigrants who daily keep flowing into Palestine. With this end in view the Israelis put into action their plans for the development of this arid, waterless expanse in 1943. Now more than two dozen settlements stand on the desert and water is supplied through a pipeline coming from the north. For six months last year, when the Negev fighting was at its bitterest, the isolated Jewish settlements in the Negev were being supplied by air-lift. It is thought by prospectors that valuable oil and mineral deposits might lie beneath the sands. The Zieff-Weizmann Research Institute near Rehovoth is reported to be doing intensive research work on ways and means of developing the Negev and an ambitious plan not yet put into action hopes to see the Negev irrigated as part of a vast scheme of Tennessee Valley proportions called the Jordan Valley scheme.

The Egyptian announcement of willingness to talk peace with the

enemy served as an eagerly-awaited signal to the other Arab states to come out into the open, waving white flags. Almost simultaneously with the talks with Egypt began Jewish negotiations with Lebanon. Israeli delegates also met Arab Legion army officers in no-man's-land in Jerusalem, though the only settlement they have reached so far was regarding the transfer of 67 Jewish mental patients from the hospital in Bethlehem. But the general concord in the air resulted in one gesture of amity which should have pleased the inhabitants of Jerusalem more than anything else. Arab and Jewish labourers met last month and happily commenced work on the repair of the Holy City's sewers!

In February, Dr. Bunche sent a formal invitation to the six other Arab states—Transjordan, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, Syria, Yemen and Iraq



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—to join the armistice negotiations with Israel. On March 2, Transjordan began peace talks at Rhodes but seems to have immediately felt it incumbent upon Arab honour not to give in too easily and so unreasonably refused to meet the Israeli delegates personally. This initial unpleasantness was easily enough overcome, however, though throughout the talks, the Transjordan delegates tried to give the impression of being dour and inflexible and uncompromising. What they didn't understand perhaps is that it is entirely the privilege of the victor and not the vanquished to state terms. It may be argued for them, of course, that they had never been routed as the Egyptians had been, for instance, but it yet remains a general and undeniable fact that none of the Arab states is in a position to take up an obdurate or high-handed attitude.

A tentative cease-fire was signed between Israel and Transjordan about March 10, though no agreement was reported to have been reached either about the status of Jerusalem or about Central Palestine occupied by Iraqi troops. The Arab refugees still remain an unsolved problem.

The inescapable fact that emerges from the events of the last two months is the general acceptance not only in the Middle East but also outside of the sovereignty and absoluteness of authority of the Jews in Palestine. They have been more or less having their own way in the peace negotiations. Since Israel made known her willingness to come to a settlement, a number of small gestures of cordiality and goodwill have been made by the outside world evidently with a view to put her in the proper frame of mind. France, Australia, Italy and the Benelux countries extended it recognition. The Security Council approved Israel's application for membership. Even Mr. Bevin made a belated gesture by releasing 10,000 Jews from the Cyprus detention camps though whether it indicated goodwill or was only a tactful effort to cover up the awkwardness caused by the indiscretion he committed in ordering RAF reconnaissance flights over Sinai, is debatable.

The retaliation that Israel has seen fit to make to all these indications

of conciliation cannot be explained in any other way charitably except as reflecting her distrust both of Britain's and of Arab bona-fides. The Jews have occupied, as Dr. Bunche informed the Security Council on March 10, the town of Umm El Rash on the Gulf of Akaba. British forces have been rushed to Akaba and the two battalions now stand face to face each waiting for the other to commit the first act of offence. Israel, not without glee, reporting Arab Legion movements in Iraqi-held area, has warned that she would be unable to recognise any legal consequences which might follow such a truce violation. The Israelis opened the new Israeli Constituent Assembly, the first Jewish Parliament in 2,000 years, just when Jewish-Egyptian talks were at a very touchy stage and no doubt duly noted the absence of British, French and American representatives at the ceremony. Israel's last and most shameful act of defiance was the release, through a general amnesty, of Stern Gang prisoners on the very day that their leader was sentenced for terrorism in connection with the assassination of Count Bernadotte.

Is it triumphant perversity? Is it a deeply-felt distrust both of Arab motives in seeking peace as well as of Britain's apparent friendliness? Or is it merely a sordid case of the appetite having grown with the eating? The Jews swore to fight in the name of their religion, for a home of their own. Do they not realise that now that they have achieved what they set out to achieve, war should end, people should go back to their homes and neighbour must again speak in friendliness to neighbour? Wounds must be allowed to heal. But the Jews in the blindness of their pride and triumph are going too far.

People all over the world who admire them, trust them and believe in them, are beginning to say sadly: "Israel will break the hearts of her friends yet!" Yes, indeed, she has "much to cast down" from her heart, "much to build, much to restore," before real peace can again reign in the land where Jesus Christ was born and where he died so that men may learn to love one another.

HERBERT READ: APOSTLE OF SUPER-REAL ART

By BASIL TAYLOR

Read is a romantic, in the English tradition of romanticism. Like Ruskin, he has always been interested in the applied arts and the influence of industrialism upon design. His view is that art should be the basis of education. He has laboured indefatigably to widen general appreciation for progressive, experimental work and has taken Roger Fry's place as a distinguished interpreter of current movements in European art.

IT is misleading to write of Herbert Read as an art critic—or as a poet novelist, essayist, literary critic, educational theorist or a publisher—for he is all these, and the whole direction of his thought is towards a synthesis of knowledge and ideas. All his writings are informed by the catholicity of his interests.

Herbert Read was born in Yorkshire in 1893. His father, a farmer, died when he was nine years old, and from then until he joined the Army in 1915, he lived in or near the industrial city of Leeds where he attended the University. Unlike many of his literary contemporaries, he had to discover the arts for himself. "I was filled with an insatiable curiosity," he writes, "which extended to all the poetry of the past.... and to the poetry of my contemporaries."

Following his war service (in which he was decorated for bravery) he spent three years as a civil servant in the Treasury, and then in 1922 became an Assistant Keeper in the Department of Ceramics at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. He has written that he found "the close and systematic study of one branch of art an ideal approach to an understanding of art in general," and no other museum in the country could have supplemented that specialist work with such a variety and richness of artistic expression—in furniture, metalwork, textiles, sculpture, painting, drawing and engraving.

During the next 10 years, Read gained his reputation as a poet and literary critic among a group of writers which included his friend

T. S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis, Ezra Pound and others; but his work at the museum led him to write three books—two on English pottery (one in collaboration with the head of his department, Bernard Rackham) and a third on English stained glass. In 1931, he was appointed to the Watson Gordon Professorship of Fine Art in the University of Edinburgh, and with that appointment his career as an art critic and interpreter of the visual arts really began.

In 1931, he published the first of those books for which he is best known—*The Meaning of Art*, a brief and simple account of the chief periods of artistic expression from pre-historic art to Picasso, Paul Klee and Henry Moore. By 1933, with his book *Art Now*, published in that year he had established himself as the most influential writer in Britain on modern art.

Art Now, subtitled *The Theory of Modern Painting and Sculpture*, was intended to supply the aesthetic background for the study and appreciation of contemporary art. It begins with a survey of aesthetics from vico to the present day. Its best sections are, perhaps, those concerned with the opposed movements of constructivism, and surrealism, movements which have always claimed Read's interest and support, and which were represented in Britain at that time by a shortlived group of artists called "Unit One." Its members included Paul Nash, Tristram Hillier, Ben Nicholson, Barbara Hepworth and Henry Moore, and in 1934, Read edited a volume which reproduced their work.

Like Ruskin, William Morris and Eric Gill, Read has always been interested in the applied arts and the influence of industrialism upon design (he is an honorary fellow of the Society of Industrial Artists). In 1934, in *Art and Industry*, he attempted to isolate and define aesthetic standards for new methods of production, and he acknowledged the example set by the Bauhaus and its founder Walter Gropius, whom he called, in his preface, "The inspiration and Leader of all who possess the new vision in industrial art." In 1937 he published *Art and Society* (the outcome of his tenure of the Sidney Jones Lectureship in Art at the University of Liverpool), a study of the social genesis of art and of the nature of the relation between society and those individuals who create works of art.

For some years Read has been chairman of the Society for Education in Art, most of whose members are art teachers. From 1940 to 1942, he held a Lectureship at the Institute of Education of London University. As a result of his work there he wrote *Education through Art* in which he develops at great length his belief that art should be the basis of education—the book is, in fact, a restatement of Plato's view of the place of art in education, as modified by modern psychological and educational theories. This is the last of Read's major books, but since then three important essays have appeared introducing works on Henry Moore, Paul Nash and Ben Nicholson, a number of war-time lectures, printed under the title of *The Grass Roots of Art*, and a collection of essays, published in 1945, *Coat of Many Colours*, with pieces on Cozanne, Bosch and Dali, Toulouse Lautrec, Max Liebermann, Etruscan art, Rouault, Raphael, etc. (Read's larger books on art have always rested on a foundation of shorter critical writings).

Read has been a most generous and untiring patron of contemporary art, not by collecting paintings and sculpture but by offering to artists the patronage of his pen. He has widened the general appreciation and respect for progressive, experimental work, and he has taken Roger Fry's place as a distinguished interpreter of

current movements in European Art. More than Fry, he has turned his attention not only to Continental developments, but to the work of many British artists and in particular, Henry Moore, Paul Nash, Ben Nicholson and Barbara Hepworth. Besides these and many other lesser known artists who have benefited from his encouragement, many bodies devoted to the arts have received his support, and it is fitting that he should now be chairman of the Institute of Contemporary Arts, recently established to further knowledge and appreciation of the modern movements.

He writes in his autobiography, "Modern art criticism has to adjure the impressionistic graces of a Ruskin or a Pater, and has the historical task of incorporating in art criticism the revolutionary discoveries of anthropology and psychology." Indeed, every book and essay which he writes leads the reader into a study, not only of psychology and anthropology, but of philosophy, religion, sociology, politics, the methodology and discoveries of the physical and natural sciences. Freud, Jung, Bergson, Whitehead, Krafft Ebing, Einstein, D'Arcy Thompson, these are only a few of the names which recur in his books.

Read has been concerned with the nature of art as a creative activity, the personality of the artist, the relation between artist and spectator, the place of the artist in society, and the therapeutic and educational value of art. It is because his criticism has been of this kind that he has been so influential in a generation intellectually and imaginatively dominated and often disturbed by such names as those I have mentioned, a generation dissatisfied with the aesthetic, impressionist criticism of its predecessors.

Beyond this, what is Read's own position as a literary artist and an interpreter of the arts? Read is a romantic, in the English tradition of romanticism—particularly, I would say, in the tradition of Coleridge. For that reason he has lent his support to surrealism, which he regards as a revitalization and reiteration of the romantic tradition. But he has equally favoured those forms of art (e. g. constructivism) which depend

upon an exactitude of proportion, which are rationally constructed, which, like the machine-made objects built by the industrial designer upon his drawing board, have to conform to certain principles inside nature, but outside the imaginative personality of the artist.

Read's path has been bounded by these two conceptions; his progression has been dialectical. In his autobiography he writes, "The very bases of reason, the perceptions of an unclouded intellect, are continually being contradicted by the creative fictions of the imagination, by a world

of illusion no less real than the reality of our quick awareness. It is the function of art to reconcile the contradictions inherent in our experience; but obviously an art which keeps to the canons of reason cannot make the necessary synthesis. Only an art which rises above conscious reality, only a transcendental or super-real art, is adequate. In this fact lies the final and inescapable justification of romantic art, and it is to the elucidation and illustration of this truth, that I hope to devote my intellectual energies in the years that are left to me."

THE MUDDLE OF THE MENON MISSION

By A TRAVANCOREAN

A Malayalam newspaper reported that Sri V. P. Menon might adopt the statement attributed to Julius Caesar regarding his conquest of Britain, "I came, I saw, I conquered." But the paper reflects only the official attitude. If this is the age of democracy, it is the opinion of the people that should be entitled to weight. The people of Travancore feel that Mr. Menon has grievously sinned against them and against the principles of democracy.

He told representatives of the press at the first press conference held at Trivandrum, that he had not come with any specific scheme, but that his task was of an exploratory nature. He met people of different shades of opinion and held discussions with them. His final conclusion was that union between Travancore and Cochin was best under the present circumstances.

Three proposals were placed before Sri Menon: (1) Formation of a United Kerala, (2) union of the two States of Cochin and Travancore, and (3) merger of Travancore and Cochin in the Madras Presidency. Two of the proposals were summarily rejected by him. To the first he said that the purpose of his visit was not to create a linguistic Kerala Province. As regards merger with Madras, Sri Menon's view was that the policy hitherto adopted by the State Ministry had been the creation

of viable unions of States if there are no Indian Dominion territories interspersing. The second of the three demands was accepted by him on the strength of its acceptance by the District Congress Committees and Governments of both the States. The views of the DCC's and Governments found favour with Sri Menon as they coincided with his own. He is reported to have said "I do not see why these two States cannot be merged as a Union. There is no fundamental difference in religion, culture or economy."

An examination of Sri Menon's statements would show that it was not without a preconceived view that he arrived here. The impression sought to be created that it was to ascertain public opinion that his mission was undertaken evaporated with the passing of days. He must be taken to have been sent to the southern States "to get the formal approval of the people for an already accepted proposal."

But there arises another difficulty. Sardar Patel, answering a question in the Dominion Parliament during Sri Menon's visit to the South, is reported to have stated that there had been no demand from either Travancore or Cochin for integration of the two States. Sri Menon was shown the report. He is said to have referred the matter to Delhi and he explained later that he had been

directed to go ahead with his task on the assumption that the said statement had not been made. It would not be unfair, therefore, to infer that Sri Menon was working on his own to get his personal opinion accepted by the Government and the DCC's concerned.

The DCC's concerned have not unequivocally accepted the scheme of integration. Both the Committees accepted the scheme only conditionally, the condition being that integration will be the first step towards the creation of a United Kerala Province, a condition, which from the nature of things, Sri Menon could not officially accept, though he seems to have accepted its implications. Minister Sri Madhava Menon's statement on the proposal for integration also may be noted.

If, as I have attempted to show, Sri Menon's mission was to get the approval of the people for a *fait accompli*, so much fuss need not have been made over the affair: interviews, press conferences, acceptance of memoranda, tours of Ministers from Cochin to Travancore and Travancore to Cochin and speculations in the press. An ukase from distant Delhi would have sufficed. If the visit was in fact to gauge public opinion, one must say Sri Menon has failed in his mission, probably for the first time, and let us hope, for the last.

The Governments of Travancore and Cochin are constituted by the Congress in the two States and the view or desire of the emissary of the States Ministry of the Congress Government of India, would, as a matter of course, be accepted by the Governments of the States. But the Governments are not the people, nor is the Congress Party the people. One must be pardoned for making the assertion that the people and the party are not synonymous. And, in

a democracy, it should be the will of the majority of the people that should prevail, especially in a momentous issue.

One might hazard the suggestion that Sri V. P. Menon's decision is not endorsed by the majority of the people of Travancore. The Merger Committee constituted by old and tried Congressmen challenges a plebiscite on this partitular issue. The Travancore Tamil Nad Congress (whose right for self-determination has been accepted by the Travancore Congress in open session) is opposed to the scheme. Several bar associations in meeting assembled have recorded their opinion in favour of merger with the adjoining province. Resolutions from public bodies have been communicated to Sri Menon. Even the Congress Committees accept the scheme only conditionally.

It is well known that the Travancore Congress which is in office represents only a section of its members. The Ministry in office came into power through means which are a matter of public controversy even today. The oldest and tallest of its adherents are out of favour with the official bloc.

The decision to integrate Travancore and Cochin has not the backing of the people of at least the former State. Secondly, the schemes for unification of Kerala also is not endorsed by a majority of the people of Travancore. Sri V. P. Menon's mission has not enthused the people of Travancore in favour of his scheme. The method adopted by him has not gained him the confidence of the people. Those who swear by democracy must adopt the methods of democracy. If it is the decision of the Government of India to integrate the two States without reference to the wishes of the people concerned, let there be no show of what is not there.

".....a nation needs something more than the intellectual guidance which its leaders can give. Among them there must also be leaders of a firmness which will face opprobrium and defend causes for the moment unpopular. The chief defect of public opinion is its tendency in times of excitement to overbear opposition and silence the voices it does not wish to hear. Courage is the highest and perhaps the rarest quality among politicians. It is specially needed in democratic countries."—JAMES BRYCE.

SIDELIGHTS ON SOCIALIST PARTY CONVENTION

By KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

THE Socialist Party's recent annual convention at Patna serves to pose the Party in a distinct perspective and sharpens the frame-work of its setting because it was the first annual assemblage after the Party's break with the Indian National Congress. To a lay person, the Socialist Party presents certain very striking contrasts to the Congress. It is very definitely the Party of the younger, the newer generation that has had its training in a sterner school. Older members of the Party who have slowly drifted away, confess they felt strange in this crowd—as though they did not belong there. Even for those who have stayed on in the Party from its very inception, it means a big adjustment. The approach of these younger people to current problems is different. It is crisper, less compromising. They seem little concerned with the old-world niceties. The general tension, restlessness and impatience have no time for any temporising. The desire for quick strides, short-cuts and direct frontal attacks is overwhelming. Even the language they speak is different. The impression that is left on one is that it is a new Party and a very different one from what the Congress has been or is ever likely to be. One may envisage intellectual collaboration between the two under any grave emergency. But psychologically never.

The Party consists mainly of members whose political stirrings and careers spring out of 1942—which heralded a new era and set a new political pattern. True, the father of 1919 was also the author of 1942. But Gandhiji was a rare person. His was a keen, flexible mind with whom frontiers of age and elements counted not. By 1947, he believed that Socialist Party should not be liquidated, that it should leave the Congress, above all that it was the party of the future.

The structure of the party too is new. The popular slogans, Kisan ki

party Social Party, Mazdoor ki Socialist Party, are given effect to in the constitution—for that is the frame-work to which mass organisations belong. It is the apprentices from the trade unions and kisan sanghs who, when their political awareness begins to stir, create the party unit. The political instrument is forged to satisfy the social urge, which is the most powerful lever for change. No organisation can continue to remain a vital force unless it has a definite social objective. Where a political ideal goes counter to the social goal, it can only become authoritarian and make society a concentration camp. From the first, Gandhiji insisted on the social objective. The masses rallied round him and he became its symbol by his close identification with the people. The Gandhian programme expanded and changed with the fast-moving times and the gap between it and the Socialist Party narrowed. The Congress, however, kept slowing down on the social gear and it has today come to a pass where even the will to change the gears is fast ebbing out. It seems to be overwhelmed by the magnitude of the problems facing the country. When you are pressed in from all sides, the panic within your heart paralyses your being and you decide that in standing still lies your safety.

The Socialist Party has to supply that need of becoming the channel of the pressing social change if it is to be done in a reasonably orderly manner. If not, then the Red insurrection which does not always mean a genuine revolution. But the masses may be and are often led into believing so. For, their needs, hungers, agonies cannot wait. They cannot live on post-dated cheques.

All this and more is reflected in the Socialist Party. One recalls Pandit Nehru's brave effort in 1935-36 to change radically the character and composition of the Congress through what he termed the mass contact

programme. He even mooted functional representation. But the Congress never took kindly to the idea.

The kisan and the mazdoor who come to the Socialist Party realise, though perhaps vaguely, that it is the channel to power—the highway that will lead to the lost heritage of the masses. So the Party's constitution provides for the affiliation of trade and kisan unions; organisations of professional people, artisans, technicians, co-operative societies and the like.

It was this cross-section of society that was assembled at the recent convention at Patna. The Bihar Socialist Party which is of a predominantly kisan character seemed bent on making the convention a real first class show, partly to generate much-needed self-confidence in the long-neglected kisan, and partly because it was felt that this first assembly of the Party after its re-emergence as an independent one should make a creditable showing, express a character and individuality of its own. The living arrangements were good. Without that pomp and ostentatious show that the Congress finds necessary to put on to win public confidence, the Convention was impressive in its own modest way. One of the things that drew our commendation was the medical unit. It consisted of doctors who had volunteered their services with senior medical students to assist. It was headed by a very bright young man who, in spite of a fine professional record, had lost his job for being a member of a political party—the Socialist Party. But he seemed little concerned. His mind was set on becoming a specialist in fighting epidemics.

The programme of the Convention was novel too. The aim was to make it a business session, not just demonstrative. All organisational and policy matters were discussed in the delegates' session which remained open to the Press but was not attended by the public. It made the discussion more intimate and business-like at the same time.

The burning topic of the session was whether it was desirable to make

the party a mass one, opening gates of admission to all who believe in the principle of Socialism and accept the Party's programme. Practically all the older leaders with a few exceptions were for this big change. The opposition feared that such a change would open the party to a lot of undesirable opportunists. But if Socialism is ever to be a political power in the country, the Party must be overhauled and take on a mass character. A small restricted party is bound to lapse into a caucus; and, as the political party, so the Government. As the Socialist Party has pledged itself to work for the achievement of democratic Socialism, it has to emerge out of its little shell. There is ample safeguard against the opportunists and their machinations.

No account of the Convention could however be complete without a reference to the cultural programmes. This is again a great improvement on the old style conference. The party realises the enormous importance of cultural self-expression in the evolution of the human personality. Every night, the public and the delegates flocked to the pandal where, for a small nominal fee of 8 annas, one could enjoy drama, music, dance, and variety shows. The cultural squads attached to the different provincial parties provided many of the items. Special mention has to be made of the Maharashtra cultural equad attached to the Rashtriya Seva Dal. Since the imposition of the stringent restrictions by the Bombay Government on drilling and exercises, its restive genius has blossomed out into the cultural channel.

As one listened to the discussions, one was made acutely aware of the youthfulness of the party. The delicate-flavoured idealism which had stung us into action in our youth was mostly killed by recent events. It will spell disaster for the party if its youth turns cynical. The mightiest task of the party is to provide a strong corrective to the growing evils in the country by observing at all times a high standard of public conduct and integrity. (Copyright).

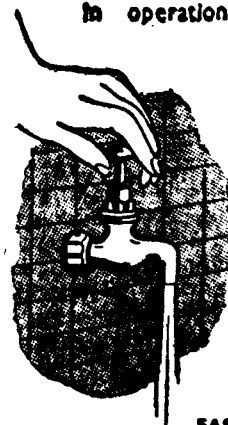
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FIFTY YEARS WITH SIR TEJ BAHADUR--II

By Dr. SACHIDANANDA SINHA

FROM the day he set foot in Allahabad, in 1899, Sapru began to take an active interest in public life. He acquired a great reputation as a rising young publicist by contributing some striking articles to the now half a century old "Hindustan Review" (which was founded by me, at Allahabad, in 1900)—the first of his writings being a survey of Sir Anthony MacDonnell's administration as Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces. In 1913 he was elected to the Provincial Legislative Council. The same year he presided over the United Provinces Political Conference. In 1916 he was elected to the Imperial Legislative Council. In 1920—while still a member of the Central Legislature—he was appointed to the Government of India as Law Member; but retired from office two years later, owing to ill-health. During the year 1918-19 he served as a member of Lord Southborough's Functions and Franchise Committee which had been appointed to work out the details of the Montague-Chelmsford Reforms scheme, and was also a member of an important deputation before Lord Selborne's Committee, in London, in 1919.

After his secession from the Congress, Sir Tej had joined the Liberal Party, in 1919, and was twice elected the President of the Liberal Federation in 1923, and 1927, at both of which he delivered notable presidential addresses. Owing to differences of opinion, however, with some Liberal leaders, he severed his connection with the party in 1931, while in London. In 1923 he was deputed by Government as a member of the Imperial Conference in London, where he made notable contributions on the question of the status of Indians in the Dominions of the British Commonwealth. Next year he became a member of the Muddiman Enquiry Committee, and helped materially in the formulation of that valuable

document on the working of the Montague Reforms.

Having studied the constitutional laws of almost all the democratic States, and having been also in close contact with political movements in India, Tej Bahadur occupied a unique position at the London Round Table Conferences, and took a most prominent part in the proceedings of their three sessions, and also of that of the Joint Parliamentary Committee, in 1933. He distinguished himself notably by his valuable contributions to the discussion of the problem of Indian Federation. In 1935 he issued a report—as President of the Committee appointed by the United Provinces Government—on the problem of the educated unemployed; which attracted considerable attention both in official circles and among the non-official public. But though it had a remarkably good press, Government has not taken till now any action on its recommendations.

It was in recognition of these valuable services to the State that Sir Tej was elevated to the rank of a Privy Councillor. The total number of Indians so honoured had been but four, leaving out those who had attained that rank conferred as members of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. A distinguished public man, and an accomplished lawyer, Sir Tej brought to bear upon his work a trained legal intellect, and the mental vision of an experienced worker in public affairs. As Law Member he did exceedingly good work in getting amended the provisions embodied in the Code of Criminal Procedure, based on purely racial grounds between European British subjects and Indians in Criminal trials, and getting them practically abrogated. During the period of a little over two years that he served as Law Member, he was perhaps the most influential member of the Government of India. There was no question of importance on

which his opinion was not sought by Lords Chelmsford and Reading, the two Viceroy's he worked with—both of whom held him in great regard for his legal learning and political experience.

An implacable realism marked Sir Tej's public and political activities. His dynamic intellect carried the impress of stark realities, and did not permit him to indulge in or approve of mere sentimentalism in public affairs. To a mind so developed and trained, the present-day manifestations in our political activities, which centred round party slogans and stunts, did not naturally appeal, as Sir Tej had a horror of being shoved into the limelight. In fact, he had avoided—except once or, perhaps, twice—the polling booth, with all its excitements in the way of screaming posters, hyperbolic manifestos, exaggerated shibboleths, partisan letters to the press, and the other paraphernalia of the hustings, in which India now aspires to excel even the glories of Eatanswill. All these were foreign to the mind, and equally so to the temperament, of Sir Tej Bahadur, which revelled in matters based on reason and practicality rather than on those deriving inspiration from mere emotionalism and sentimentalism.

Besides being a jurist and a scholar of English, Sir Tej was well versed in Persian, and was an authority on Urdu and there were not many in India who could hold a candle to him in mastery of the language and literature of Iran. The members of the Iranian Cultural Mission, which visited India in 1943, were at once struck by his remarkable scholarship in their mother tongue, and his familiarity alike with their classics, and the modern literature in their language. Sir Tej might also have justly felt proud of his knowledge of "things Muslim," in general. Addressing once a public meeting, in Madras, he was assailed by a young man on some point relating to Islamic culture. Sir Tej turned towards him with the biting words: "Let me assure you that I am any way a far better representative of Islamic culture than you here in Madras can ever hope to be." Again, once in the Hyderabad High Court in a case in which he was opposed by

none other than Mr. Jinnah, who could not help the Judges, as they desired him to do, by reading out and interpreting the document in the original Arabised Persian, it was Sir Tej, who came to the aid of the Bench, and floored his adversary, to the latter's embarrassment. The leading Urdu daily of Hyderabad, in reporting the Court's proceedings, referred to this incident in its telltale headlines which read as follows: "Maulana Sapru translates Arabic text for Pandit Jinnah."

Sir Tej Bahadur's knowledge of Urdu literature was unrivalled, and was excelled by very few in the country. He delighted in pursuing Persian and Urdu works, both classical and modern. He took a deep and an abiding interest in the fortunes of Urdu—his mother tongue. He was for years President of the Anjuman-e-Taraqui Urdu, the headquarters of which is now at Karachi and of which Dr. Abdul Huq is—or was until the partition of India in August, 1947—the Secretary. The critics of Sir Tej pointed to his indifference to, or distaste for, developing Hindi literature, forgetting that sixty years back, when Sir Tej was a boy, education in Hindi and Sanskrit was practically unknown amongst Kashmiri Brahmins, and that as such he received no training worth the name in either of these two languages and their literatures. Yet on one occasion (so late as in January, 1946) when the same comment appeared in a high class Bombay weekly, of which I sent a cutting to Sir Tej, he wrote to me in reply as follows: "As regards the cutting which you have sent me. I have read it with much interest. Why should people assume, merely because I know Persian, that I am antipathetic to my Hindu heritage? I have really been always proud of it."

Sir Tej's house was the 'rendezvous' of Urdu poets from all over Northern India, and presiding over 'mushairas' (assemblages of poets) was his favourite if not sole hobby and pastime—this being the one notable recreation and relaxation in his otherwise strenuous professional career and public activities. Sir Tej Bahadur had never indulged in any sport or game, and had gone through his life without taking any exercise. He took the-

THE SIKH PROBLEM

By BAROO

view—which I myself fully share—that the Almighty had made the human machine so perfect that to take exercise for its being kept healthy is to offend against the Divine ordinance. But though not a sportsman, Sir Tej was the very embodiment of sociability, and represented to perfection the true spirit of 'noblesse oblige,' to an extent which I had scarcely come across in my very large circle of friends. In his spacious and well-furnished study a motley crowd of public men assembled almost every evening, and conversed together on current topics. "We admire" said a prominent new-type Congressman, at his house, "Sir Tej's greatness in law, and hospitality. But what we do not like about him is his attachment to the old school of politics." His sympathy for poor students—many of whom gratefully recall it even now—was well known; while his humanity showed itself best in the way he treated his many servants—a test judged by which greatness so often fails, even in the case of so-called great men. Such was Sir Tej Bahadur the Man.

"I am rather fond of tobacco," Sir Tej used to tell us euphemistically, the fact of the matter being that he was beyond a shadow of doubt the most fervent lover, in India, of "My Lady Nicotine," and a chain-smoker. Once a Chief Justice who wanted him to answer a question which the other side had raised, said to him jocosely: "You had better stay a few minutes longer, Sir Tej, otherwise your arguments may end in smoke"! That was a hit from the Bench which was witty, and was undoubtedly appreciated by the delinquent counsel. But though an inveterate smoker, Sir Tej was a

confirmed teetotaller, and his knowledge of wines and spirits was below the freezing point. Even when the King's physician (the late Lord Dawson) prescribed for him in the interest of his health, with or before his dinner, a small cup of brown sherry, or a well-diluted draught of old liqueur brandy, he defied the doctor's advice, and until compelled by him he would not take it regularly, as prescribed but occasionally gulped down, when pressed hard by the doctor, a cup of it with as wry a face as one would make when swallowing quinine!

In a country like India where even good public libraries are scarce outside the metropolitan cities, it is by no means surprising if private collections of books (such as one finds in the West) are practically unknown. Barring a few exceptions, even the most successful lawyers in India have scarcely a private library, worth the name, of general literature. Sir Tej was one of the rare exceptions to this almost general rule. He owned two great collections—a law library, and a general library—the former replete not only with standard text-books, but also with Indian, English, American, and Colonial Reports, a fact amply evidenced by the numerous extracts which he appositely embodied in his great work—the Report on Indian Constitutional Reforms—written by him as the Chairman of the Committee of the No-party Conference and published in 1945, embodying in it his ripest wisdom. This work offers to the thoughtful reader a great intellectual treat and will remain for all time to come the standard work on the problems it deals with.

THE so-called "Sikh Problem" in the Punjab furnishes the student of politics with a fine object lesson in the potentialities as well as the limitations of communal propaganda. Although it is still too early to affirm with any degree of certitude that the Akali agitation has been finally mastered, the comparative calm with which the East Punjab received the news of Master Tara Singh's arrest has belied the fears of those who foretold large-scale troubles in the wake of that event. It is instructive as well as interesting to enquire into the causes of this obvious flop, particularly so because there was not much ado even on the Protest Day fixed for March 2.

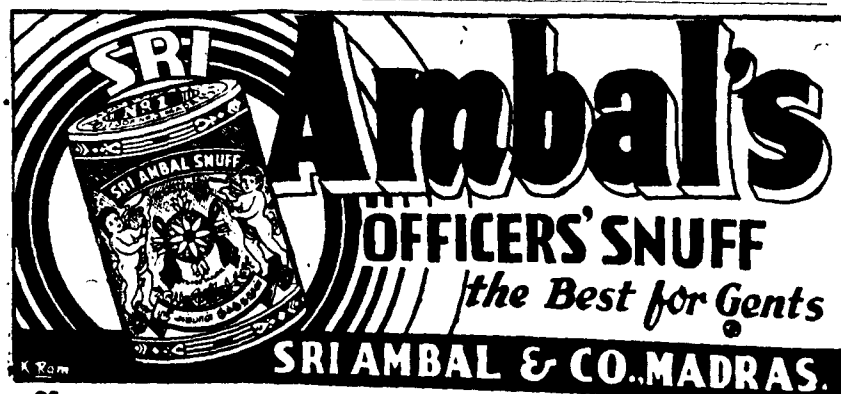
The zeal of the convert is proverbial. Master Tara Singh's psychology is perfectly understandable when it is remembered that he is a convert to Sikhism. In his eagerness to serve his community, he sometimes overlooks certain basic facts about it. Why back in 1946 he toyed with the idea (what an idea!) of playing the Congress against the League and getting away with a disproportionate share of the spoils for the Khalsa. Even if he had the gifts of a Metternich (which of course he hasn't), and arrived at a settlement with the highest bidder, Master Tara Singh would have lived to rue the day. Communities can no doubt be exploited and turned to advantage by clever leaders, but safely so only so long as their *ethos* is not outraged. What the Akali leader forgot when he treated with the League was the fact that he was thereby going counter to the whole history, the entire tradition of his community. For the *raison d'être* of the Khalsa is the fight they put up against Muslim intolerance during the last days of the Delhi Empire, and their subsequent role as the vanguard of the Hindu religion in its emergence from decadence.

It is important to remember this basic fact whenever we think of the Sikhs as a people who might repeat

the Muslim performance of separation. The thing is just not possible. The heritage of the past three hundred years makes such an idea unthinkable, just as the heritage of the past thousand years made Pakistan feasible. From childhood upwards, the mind of every Sikh child is impregnated with stories and accounts of how the founders of the Khalsa fought the tyrant in defence of a faith that is still essentially Hindu, if not wholly Hindu. But tradition and history apart, the Sikhs are very much part of the Hindu society even today. There is inter-dining and inter-marriage between the two "communities." This is a link altogether more powerful than any other one may think of, and proof of the fact that the Sikhs are quite unlike all other "minority communities" in the country. They are really an offshoot of the majority community.

That is why any silly attempt to ape the methods of the Muslim League are destined to fail from their very inception. The Sikh masses can in no circumstances be made to turn against the Hindu masses or think of them as their enemies. No leader will retain popular support for a day on the basis of such a policy.

These are the limitations of Sikh communalism today. What are the possibilities? The possibilities are those that selfish interests provide for the clever politician everywhere. Any minority group will react to a cry of the community in danger. Or rather its vocal and ambitious elements will. There are ministries to be got, jobs to be had—if separation takes place and thereby a duplication of governmental functions and organization. Members of the services and the hopeful unemployed feel allured. There will be double-quick promotions to posts one never dreamt of holding (hasn't such a windfall already occurred to the Services in both East and West Punjab?) There will be new vacancies created, more jobs going round. All these



are powerful interests and vocal, and ones that the politician can make good use of.

The ambitions of the petty bourgeois have proved to be the pest of our times. But experience shows that the trouble yields to firm hand-

ing. It is our great good fortune that we have a man of more than Bismarckian dimensions at the helm of affairs today. You can depend on Sardar Patel to drive the canker of unavailing communalism out of the minds of the brave Khalsa.

Mrs. SAROJINI NAIDU

By VIRABHADRU

(A tribute paid at a condolence meeting held by the Poetry Society, Hyderabad Centre, on March 17, 1949)

SO Mrs. Sarojini Naidu has left us.

It will indeed be difficult for any one to speak, on a sad and solemn occasion like this, of her who till the other day meant so much for all of us. As I stand here before you to move the condolence resolution, the words of Mrs. Annie Besant, spoken on a similar occasion thirty-four years ago, come back to my mind. Presiding over a Gokhale memorial meeting in Madras a few days after the death of that illustrious statesman and patriot, she said, "Our hearts bid us be silent, convention bids us speak." Mrs. Naidu was the most distinguished figure in the Poetry Society for several years and never missed a meeting unless she was snatched away from Hyderabad by the pressure of political events in India or was too ill to go out of the sick room. She not only added dignity to its meetings but also thrilled the audience with her speech or recitation of one of her poems. Even if she did not speak, her coming was enough. Her very presence was a lyrical poem.

Mrs. Naidu was a lyrist of the highest order. Her language was sweet and voice melodious. She loved beauty and had a zest for life. She was the apostle of joy and had also a remarkable sense of humour. Providence bestowed upon her "the gift of laughter." As an orator she was supreme and it may not be an exag-

geration to say that so far as our country is concerned, oratory in English has set with her. About 20 years ago, she spoke in the Town Hall, Public Gardens, Hyderabad, the subject being the "The Candle of Vision." It was a most inspiring address and the late Rt. Hon. Sir Akbar Hydari, who was present at the meeting and was a great friend of the Naidu family, was called upon to say a word or two by way of thanks. "It was the advice of my master, Dr. Besant, it was in fact an injunction from her," said Sir Akbar, "that after her speech was over, none of us should make any. That is the only tribute I can pay to Mrs. Naidu's address tonight."

To people outside Hyderabad who saw her from a distance, Srimati Sarojini Devi might be only a poet, orator, patriot or administrator. But to others who knew her more closely, she was much more than that. She was an institution, a personality, an inspiration and hope. To them she was the image of culture, poetry personified. She was queen among women and mother. She was the light of Hyderabad. In fact we can say that with her disappearance, a great light has passed out of the world. And we, the people of this unfortunate land, do not know whether we shall ever see the like of her again in our country.

LINGUISTIC TANGLE IN INDIA

By Prof. P. B. ACHARYA

ONE of the most baffling problems confronting us today is the problem of an All-India language. No controversy in recent times has been as heated and vehement as that carried on time and again in determining a common language for India, a language that can in the place of English, serve the purpose of interprovincial communication. Very often, intense heat but not even a ray of light issues forth from such a controversy. Some think that Hindustani with all its current Persian words should be our common language. Some vociferously declare that it is the birth-right of Hindi, completely emancipated from the thralldom of Persian words and re-invigorated by a liberal inclusion of Sanskrit words, to be the national language of India. But there are others who are less enthusiastic and more clearheaded and practical-minded. They feel sick when this language problem is brought to the forefront and prefer to postpone it for future consideration. According to them, the so-called national language, whatever it might be, should not be forced upon a reluctant and discontented section of our countrymen. It should evolve itself in course of time. No amount of compulsion can make it a reality.

Language is the expression of the culture and civilization of a people. It reflects the genius and the intellectual life of the people who speak it. It is symbolic of their spiritual experience, their aspirations and their cultural heritage. It is typical of their nature and their evaluation of the different values of life. English is the language of people cool and courageous, never losing their balance of mind even in the most trying circumstances. German is indicative of the great intellectual virility of the Germans. French is elegant and refined reflecting similar characteristics of its people. In the same manner our genius, our intellectual and spiritual life and our culture have been reflected in

Sanskrit, for a long time our national language.

Language, if it should survive the changing conditions of human life must adapt itself to the changing times. It should be clear, precise and simple, easily understood and spoken by the common man. In short it should mould itself from time to time to suit the needs of the people, enriching itself by taking in new words and new inspiration. In this connection Sanskrit and English provide us ideal examples. Sanskrit was the spoken language in India roughly till the 10th century A. D. With the advent of the Muslims it gradually lost its predominance and ceased to be spoken by the people. The reason was it could not accommodate itself in the changed conditions. Moreover, being the language mainly of the intellectual section of the people the Brahmins who, by their verbal ingenuity, rendered it more and more artificial and ambiguous, it lost its contact with the common man. The orthodox custodians of the language did not allow it to grow and enrich itself with the addition of words of foreign origin. The result was, it receded to the background and became a dead language, though, of course, it has ever since remained an inexhaustible source of inspiration to us. English on the other hand, could survive all the violent changes and revolutions that took place in England, because, being the language of the *Demos*, it could easily adapt itself to the changing environment. A large proportion of foreign words crept in and enriched it. It assimilated all foreign influence and became richer and more vigorous by it. Ever since, English has grown in its vocabulary and influence tremendously. Now it occupies the privileged position of being the international language.

HINDUSTANI

Now, which is the language in India which occupies the unique position of being symbolic of our culture? Sanskrit is, but it is no longer

a spoken language. Hindustani (a diluted form of Urdu with an admixture of Persian) has been no doubt the spoken language in Northern India for a long time, but it cannot represent the culture of all the people of India for two reasons. Firstly, it was forced upon the people by the Muslim conquerors and remained a sort of compromise, a meeting place for the two divergent communities, the Hindus and the Muslims. The true Hindu genius in all its essential aspects has not found expression in it. Secondly, even this Hindustani was confined to Northern India, whereas in the South flourished such languages as Telugu, Tamil, Kanarese and Malayalam, incorporating in themselves the culture of the Dravidian peoples. With the exception of Tamil, these languages were enriched by the inclusion of many Sanskrit words. Even in Tamil, there is a perceptible tendency in modern times to borrow words of Sanskrit origin. Taking all these realities into consideration, one can easily say Hindustani cannot be made our national language. It was and it has been a common language for the Hindus and Muslims of Northern India, but not for the people of the northern and southern parts of India. The communal ground on which such Hindustani has been advocated most ardently has disappeared with the partition of India. Now any national language that we may have, must be based on cultural and linguistic grounds.

CAN SANSKRIT BE THE NATIONAL LANGUAGE?

Sanskrit is the most scientific of all the languages in the world. Its grammar is perfect and its system of verbal inflexions and conjugations occupies a unique place in the history of language. In brevity, flexibility and precision it has no rival. But it is also a difficult language to learn and master. This difficulty arises in two ways; firstly, it ceased to be spoken more than a thousand years ago and consequently the contact of the general public with this language was gradually lost, on the other hand only a few educated people making it the expression of their thoughts and learning. Secondly, it is a language that does not suit the

modern conditions of life. In this life of hurry how can we devote years and years to learn it and acquire that much proficiency which is necessary to express our thoughts and ideas freely and easily? To simplify the language is not so easy as to talk of its simplification. It involves a modification of the entire range of its grammar and vocabulary and consequent diminution of its essential grace and elegance. Sanskrit has once for all ceased to be a spoken language but it continues to be a perennial source of inspiration to us. Our modern Indian languages most of which are its children continue to grow richer and more vigorous under its benign influence.

THE CLAIMS OF HINDI

Now we come to the crux of our problem. Excepting Sanskrit which can no longer be revived as a spoken language, there is no other language which represents Indian culture and genius in its entirety. If at all a single language in India can claim the status of our national language, it is Hindi and Hindi alone, *but with certain changes and under certain conditions*. Its claims are often exaggerated by interested people. It is said that it represents the culture of India as a whole. It is also stated that the majority of the people of India speak or understand the language. Nothing can be farther from the truth. No doubt the Hindi-speaking people in India are in simple majority. Nearly a third of the population either speak or understand Hindi. But what about the other two-thirds which consist of the Bengalis, the Telugu-speaking and the Marathi-speaking people, the Tamilians, the Kanarese, the Malayalees and others? Hindi, of course, has become more popular now-a-days thanks to the valuable services of the Indian film industry, but on that account it cannot be said that it has acquired a pre-eminent position among the languages of India. It has neither the cultural associations and hoary past like Sanskrit and Tamil, nor a great and rich literature like English or French or Bengali. It is of recent growth and cannot represent the cultural heritage of India. Stripped

of all exaggerations, it is an easy, simple and convenient language. No exceptional intelligence and concentration are needed to study and understand it. Such a language as it is today may serve the purpose of inter-provincial communication but it cannot occupy the proud position of the national language of India—a national language that is truly representative of the Indian people and that symbolises India's culture and genius.

SOME CHANGES TO BE EFFECTED

If Hindi is to be adopted as our national language, some important changes must be effected in it. Firstly, it should be made more intelligible to the people of the South who are well over a 100 millions, by the inclusion of simple and common Sanskrit words, since almost all the languages of the South have in them an undercurrent of Sanskrit. All Persian words must be scrupulously avoided, except those that have won the widest currency in it, and in their places common Sanskrit words must be used. By so doing, a certain uniformity in the usage of common words of Sanskrit will be gained and this helps in rendering our national language easier and more comprehensible. The signification of such words should be as far as possible standardised because some of them, though taken from Sanskrit, have acquired different meanings in different parts of India due to long usage. To take an example, 'gaurava' a Sanskrit word when used in Telugu means 'honour' or 'prestige,' but it means in Hindi 'greatness.' The difference in meaning here is quite obvious and it is only a standardization of the signification of such words that can put an end to such discrepancies. Dictionaries should be compiled giving the standard meanings of common Sanskrit words in all the provincial languages. Secondly, Hindi to be a dynamic and living language should be flexible and capable of taking in words from other languages—especially from English and the Dravidian languages. This may sound strange and even preposterous to our zealous advocates of pure Hindi, but it is an important point to be considered. The 200 years old contact of English

with India has brought into our life a number of changes and innovations. We have begun to imbibe the spirit of the Western civilisation and this process of assimilation ought to be complete if we want to keep pace with the modern world. Hence we find the necessity of retaining in our language those common words of English which have crept in and which become unintelligible when translated. Secondly, the people of the South can have real substantial and psychological satisfaction when our national language is made the representative of their culture also. This can be achieved only when the common words of Dravidian origin also find a respectable place in the national language which we are going to evolve. These words may be used as synonyms of their counter-parts of Sanskrit origin.

TECHNICAL AND SCIENTIFIC WORDS

Some people think that the real difficulty one is faced with in the evolution of our national language is that of bringing out our own technical and scientific terminology. But one fails to understand why English words themselves should not be retained in our language. Sciences and technologies are of foreign origin and growth. More or less the same terminology is used in all western countries. Why should we not use the same? It is fanaticism bordering on blindness, to think that we should not have anything foreign in our national language. Attempts are being made to translate the technical and scientific terminology into Hindi (really Sanskrit words are used in translation, but the terms thus coined are partly incorrect and partly complicated). The result is that for common English words understood generally even by the man-in-the-street, we get words ludicrously long and difficult to pronounce. It is highly regrettable that our men of genius instead of devoting their valuable energies in some fruitful services to the nation are wasting them in such pseudo-patriotic and pseudo-nationalistic endeavours.

The retention of English terminology (which is also the international

terminology) has some solid advantages. Our students do not have the strain of cramming a terminology which takes a lot of their precious time and energy and which ultimately does no good to them if they go abroad for higher studies. By the adoption of English terminology our own language becomes richer and our contact with the foreign countries, cultural and commercial, is facilitated to a great extent. In this modern world, we cannot afford to remain in our blessed isolation. We have got to strengthen our international relations. There is a growing need for mutual understanding and co-operation among the nations and it can by no means be fulfilled by purging ourselves and our languages of the foreign element.

THE PLACE OF ENGLISH

A word must be said about the place of English in India even after the evolution of our national language. Some people argue that English has no place here any longer and it should quit the shores of India as soon as possible. The reasons they advance for our giving up this language are unsound and unconvincing. They say that it is a sign of slavery to continue English even after achieving independence and that English has done great harm to India and her culture. If we think dispassionately, we come to the inevitable conclusion that the study of English language is absolutely necessary (English now being the international language) if we want to keep ourselves in touch with the external world. Every Indian student should be acquainted with at least one European language; in that case why not a language with which we have been in touch for the last 150 years, a language that contains a rich vocabulary and a richer literature? English has rendered the greatest service to India. It enabled us to have access to the glories of Western science and Western political institutions. It infused into our hearts nationalism and love for freedom and democracy, for who can resist being political-minded after reading Burke, Scott, Byron and other brilliant writers and poets? It unfolded to us some of the most precious treasures of

literature in the form of Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe and Moliere. Strangely enough, it stimulated our love for our own culture and poetry. But for English, Tagore, Sarat Chatterjee, and a number of other literary men of India would not have been what they are today in our literature. The Englishmen opened our eyes to the greatness of our culture and literature.

English has come to stay. We should enrich our knowledge of science and literature by a greater and more intensive study of this language. It may occupy a secondary place in our educational system, but it should be recognised as a very important second language which under no circumstances can be easily dispensed with. The profound inspiration of its invaluable literature should continue to enrich our literature and its scientific methods of literary criticism should continue to stimulate our men of letters to a greater and more vigorous literary activity.

THE SCRIPT OF OUR NATIONAL LANGUAGE

Opinion is divided on the question of the script in which our national language is to be written. Some advocate Persian script along with Devanagari, some Devanagari alone, and others more progressive in their views suggest Roman script. The first is out of question because, being unknown to a very large percentage of people it cannot be popularised. Moreover, this script has no value now either intrinsic or international. In an undivided India it might have had some ground of support, but now after partition the number of its advocates is fast dwindling away. Devanagari script is our national script in the sense that it belongs to our mother language Sanskrit. Moreover languages like Hindi and Marathi are written in it, and the script of many other Indian languages of the Aryan family such as Bengali, Gujarati, Gurumukhi and others are closely allied to it. This script is the symbol of our national culture carrying with it ineradicable memories of our intellectual and spiritual life. It is considered to be one of the most scientific scripts ever invented by the human brain. So this

script is the best suited for our national language. Roman script is widely used by the people of the West and hence most popular in the world today. We may popularise the use of this script also and decidedly there is no harm involved in it. Perhaps there may be an advantage in having these two scripts for our national language. When written in Devanagari it is read and understood by our people, and when written in Roman script it is rendered intelligible to the people outside also. We may begin with these two scripts and whichever gains the widest popularity may be retained and the other may be progressively withdrawn.

The evolution and popularisation of our national language may take time. Meanwhile English should continue to serve our administrative purposes. We should sound a note of warning to those who are over enthusiastic about bringing changes in our national life. Sudden changes are dangerous. They threaten the security of our nation. Those who talk about the birth-right of a particular language to become the national language, and who want to impose it on an unwilling section of the people are in fact doing the greatest harm to the cause they uphold. The less they talk about such birth-rights the better.

THE FUTURE OF HYDERABAD

By K. T. NARASIMHA CHAR

THE future of Hyderabad affords a very interesting and intriguing problem. When it is remembered that prior to the Police Action by the Indian Union, Hyderabad tried to assert its independence and claimed the right to have an individual existence of its own like any of the Sovereign States of the world, the vagueness in which its future is shrouded is bound to excite curiosity. The Laik Ali Ministry, egged on to extremes by the fire-eating and fanatical Syed Kasim Razvi and his followers, went to the length of making an appeal to the U.N.O., not to speak of the Nizam's personal letters to King George VI and President Truman. But the bubble of Hyderabad's independence was pricked once for all by the Police Action. And freedom in five days was the proud record of the people of Hyderabad, who had suffered for two centuries under an autocratic and mediaeval regime where the Muslim minority rode rough-shod over the rights of the vast majority of non-Muslims.

The leaders of the Hyderabad State Congress have not come out with any definite statement giving their opinion on the future of the State. The State Congress itself, no

doubt, is in a state of flux. But on a question of policy of primary importance, one expects this great people's organization to have clear-cut views and to give a definite lead to the people. The young Socialists of Hyderabad, more enthusiastic than experienced have asked for the disintegration of the State. They are supported by one of the many organizations which claim to speak for the Harijans of the State. On the eve of the preparation of the electoral rolls for the coming elections to the Hyderabad Constituent Assembly, the Nizam, it is reported, has expressed his anxiety to accede to the Indian Union, doing away with the need for such waste of time, energy and expense. This report, if true, is noteworthy as showing that the Nizam has at least come to have a realistic view of the situation. He seems to have been advised to make sure of his continuance on the throne when the alternative envisaged is the disappearance of his dynasty, if the opinion of some sections of the people is any indication which way the wind is blowing.

What does the common man in Hyderabad think of its future? His voice has never been heard so far,

but he is no longer dumb, thanks to the Police Action. Is he in favour of the disintegration of the State into its three linguistic groups of districts speaking Telugu, Kanarese and Marathi? Or does he wish the continuance of the Asfjahi Dynasty, forgetting their past record and forgetting what he has suffered under their undemocratic rule? A third prospect, which is a sort of happy blend, is the possibility of the Hyderabad State being taken over by the Indian Union *as a unit*, as one of its provinces and put in charge of a Governor. Unfortunately no leader in Hyderabad seems to have studied the problem with the care it deserves, though it vitally affects the welfare of seventeen millions. It may be taken for granted that every Muslim in Hyderabad will solidly vote for the retention of the Nizam. The inherent respect of Indians for royalty is strengthened in the case of Muslims by their religious solidarity. And though the institution of Kingship may not be sacrosanct in modern eyes, Muslim sentiment in Hyderabad is a matter to be reckoned with before an unalterable decision is taken regarding the future of Hyderabad. World opinion, too, cannot be neglected when the Indian Union is dealing with the future of the premier Indian Muslim Prince. The complexity of the problem is relieved by the fact that most rulers of Indian States have merged their individuality and that of their States in the Indian Union. The Nizam, too, may be naturally expected to move with the times rather than run the risk of being removed by force of public opinion.

Non-Muslims in the State, who form the overwhelming majority of its population, will welcome the taking over of the State as a unit in the Indian Union, without disintegrating it into linguistic areas. Fortunately, the question of the re-distribution of India on a linguistic basis has been shelved for the present by the Union

Government, so that it may be safely presumed that the dismemberment of the State is a distant possibility. There remains the question of the Nizam, whether he is to continue as a constitutional ruler of the State, now that his despotism has ended. If the consideration of the strength of the Indian Union as a whole demands the disappearance of the Indian Princes, mere popular sentiment in the States, whether Muslim or non-Muslim, should not be allowed to stand in the way of the larger interests of India as a whole being safe-guarded, though it may mean the liquidation of the larger States still in existence and the vanishing of their rulers. Sardar Patel may be safely trusted to follow the right course in the matter of Hyderabad, Kashmir, Mysore, Travancore and other States.

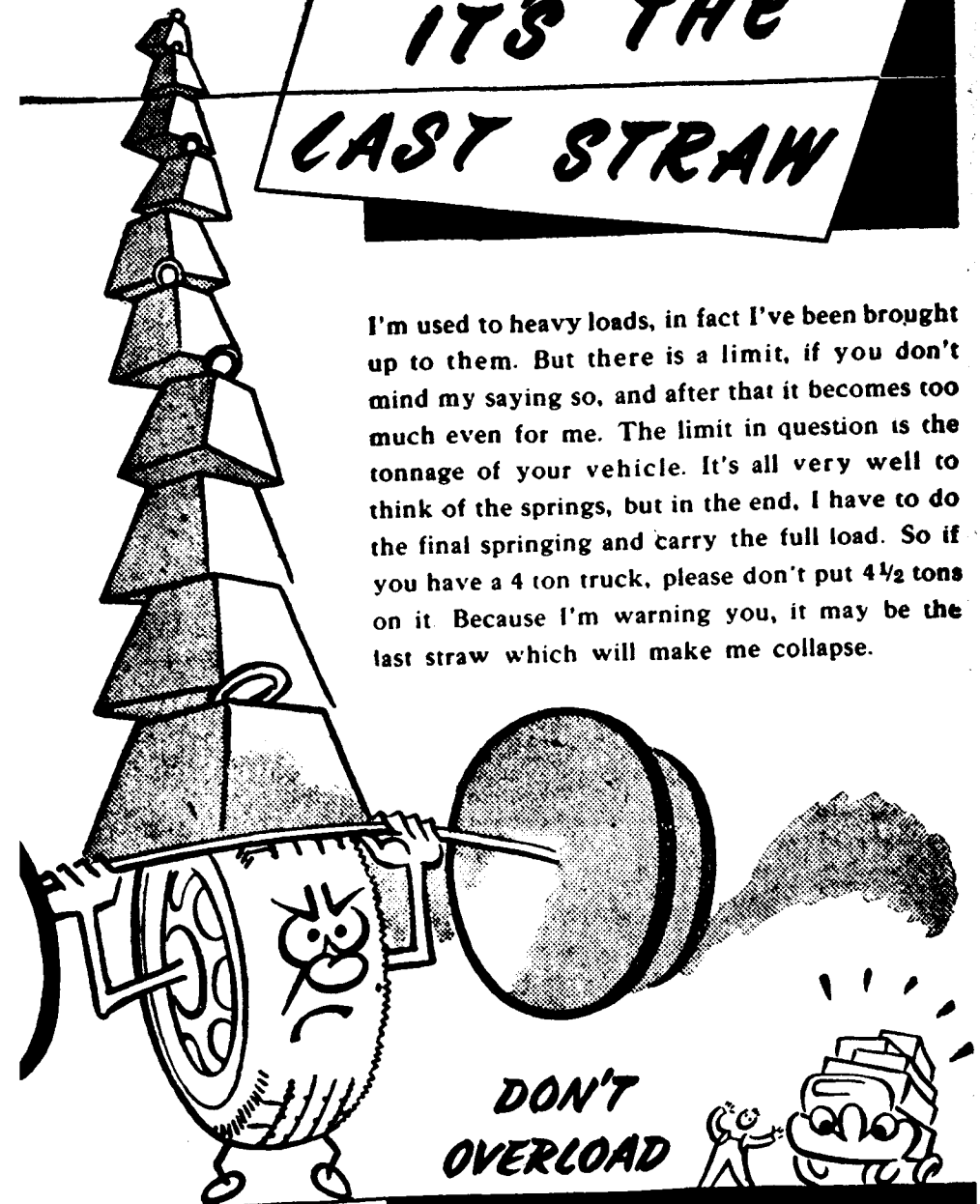
Whether the Nizam continues on the throne or not, there are many reasons why Hyderabad should exist *as a unit* in "integrated unison" with India. The people of Hyderabad have certain common characteristics, even as Andhras or Karnatakas have. To break up the State and tag it on in varying proportions to different parts of India will amount to undoing the effect of centuries of common life, thought and aspirations of Hyderabadis. Though the people of Hyderabad are not as progressive as the other parts of India or even some of the Indian States, they should not be denied an opportunity of moulding their own future and building the Hyderabad of their dreams in consonance with the ideals of the Indian Union. The wisdom of Sri C. Rajagopalachari the statesmanship of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the strength of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel will all be put to the test in dealing with the problem of Hyderabad's future. Will no these three great sons of India help the people of Hyderabad to enjoy the fruits of freedom?

Receive no satisfaction for premeditated impertinence; forget it, forgive it, but keep him inexorably at a distance who offered it
—LAVATER.

Man is made by his belief. As he believes, so he is—BHAGAVAD
GITA.

IT'S THE LAST STRAW

I'm used to heavy loads, in fact I've been brought up to them. But there is a limit, if you don't mind my saying so, and after that it becomes too much even for me. The limit in question is the tonnage of your vehicle. It's all very well to think of the springs, but in the end, I have to do the final springing and carry the full load. So if you have a 4 ton truck, please don't put 4½ tons on it. Because I'm warning you, it may be the last straw which will make me collapse.



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NATIONAL HOLIDAYS

WE have declared our national aim of establishing a secular state. Theoretically and constitutionally, the secular state is *already* established. But does our daily life, individually and collectively, conform to a secular pattern?

Is it not true that, inspite of professions of secularism and common nationality, we continue to be Hindus, Muslims, Christians, Parsis and Sikhs, not only in the observance of religious rites but also in other phases of our social life? The religious and communal character of our festivals and holidays is to a great extent responsible for sharpening the communal consciousness.

Holi, Diwali and Dussehra are for the Hindus and remind them of their Hinduism.

Eid, Baqr Eid, Mohurram, Shab-i-Barat are for Muslims and remind them of their Islam. Christmas and Easter are for Christians and remind them of their Christianity.

Jamshed Navroze and Pateti are for Parsis and remind them of the faith of Zorostra.

Guru Nanak's Birthday is for Sikhs and reminds them of their Sikh-ism.

But there are no holidays for *all* the Indians as such. Can there be no such holidays which Hindu and Muslim, Sikh and Parsi and Christian, can share and celebrate together?

NO 'INDIAN' FESTIVALS!

In the village communities, before consciousness of our separate faiths hardened into religious feuds and fanaticism, the Hindus and Muslims often took part in each other's festivals—a practice which went back to the days of Akbar and his attempt at socio-religious-cultural synthesis of Islam and Hinduism. During the Mughal regime, there was a fairly general cultural inter-mingling between the two communities. Muslims

were celebrating the colour festival of Holi, Hindus and Muslims were exchanging rakhis, Hindus merry-making during Eid, and *Basant* and Navroze were developing into common festivals. If the process had not been arrested in its natural development by the advent of the British and Queen Victoria's Proclamation (accentuating communal antagonism in the guise of guaranteeing religious freedom), perhaps by now common festivals would have become familiar features of Indian life.

Even now, here and there we do find hints of cultural synthesis which have survived fanaticism, communalism, riots, partition and inter-communal massacres. In the South, in many places, Hindus participate in Mohurram which, indeed, has been "Hinduized" beyond recognition of its origin and historical significance. It has acquired much of the colourful

pageantry of Dussehra—with masked, painted dancers and music and drums. In East Bengal (now in Pakistan, the Muslim peasant celebrated the Dussehra.

But, by and large, the festivals are still celebrated on an exclusive, communal basis—the Hindus' Diwali, the Muslims' Eid, the Christians' Christmas, the Parsis' Navroze. There are more festivals in India than anywhere else in the world but there are no festivals for *Indians*!

Is it not possible to integrate these festivals into national holidays for *all the Indians*, irrespective of religion or caste?

A NATIONAL NEW YEAR

To begin with, it is high time the secular state decided to have one common New Year for the whole country. At present there are about a dozen—an average of one for each month! Even the Hindus of various provinces have a separate New Year—e.g. "Varsha-parupu" in Tamilnad, "Samvatsaradhi" among the Telugus, "GGudGI-padwa" in Maharashtra, "Diwali" in Gujerat! The Christians



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have January 1, the Parsis have their one New Year, the Muslim New Year begins with Mohurram.

Let us, once for all, adopt one uniform calendar, with a common New Year. Only then can we celebrate it on an all-India, national scale, instead of the various *chhota chhota* communal New Years we have at present.

This is not merely a question of choosing or evolving an old or a new festival, for its own sake, but to educate our citizens in a secular, national consciousness through participation in common festivals.

SECULAR HOLIDAYS

While we are out to re-shape our national life on a secular basis, let the imagination and resourcefulness of our leaders and exponents of culture be used to evolve a set of secular holidays.

Ours is essentially an agricultural country and even as it is, most of the holidays are related to seasons and harvests—Holi, Diwali, Nav-anna, Basant Panchmi, for instance. Why shouldn't the various seasonal festivals be combined and reintegrated on a common inter-provincial, inter-communal, non-religious basis? Let Holi be a festival of colour, Diwali a carnival of lights, Basant a gay celebration of the advent of spring—and let all the Indians, be they Hindus or Muslims or Christians or Parsis learn to celebrate them *together*. It will be one of the most popular and *effective* means of inculcating the spirit of unity and national, secular consciousness in the people.

Other purely secular, national holidays can be Independence Day (January 26), Gandhiji's Birthday, August 15, etc.—but it is not enough to declare them as holidays, to be spent lazily in bed or just idling, but to evolve a pattern of celebration for each event which must become a national tradition, to be followed year after year. The Government and the national leaders, for the first few years, must make a special effort to popularize these new secular holidays and give a lead as to how they are to be observed.

I suggest that the Government should appoint a committee composed of historians, sociologists, cultural workers, artists and women's leaders

to submit a plan of national and secular holidays and festivals, and the way of celebrating them, integrating the best and most colourful aspects of all existing forms of festivity prevalent all over the country and providing a perfect cultural synthesis.

Such a plan should aim not only at bringing the provinces but also the communities together!

HOLI SPIRIT

These lines have been prompted by the unusual enthusiasm with which Holi has been celebrated this year all over the country. Last year it was not observed because of national mourning on account of Gandhiji's death and the general depressing hang-over of partition and riots. This year, possibly, the consciousness of freedom added zest and vigour to the celebrations. In Calcutta and some other cities there were riotous scenes of merriment involving even minor assaults and several hundred arrests. In Bombay the up-country population (specially the "Bhayyas" from U. P.) celebrated Holi with a terrific splash of colour and noise. In the film colony, as usual, the festival was celebrated with great éclat by stars, artistes and technicians including quite a number of Muslims and other non-Hindus, once again emphasizing the cosmopolitan atmosphere in our cinemaland. But, perhaps, the gayest Holi was observed in New Delhi.

According to a report, "for the first time after the last war, the capital celebrated a national festival with pre-war gusto.... Everybody from the Prime Minister down to the humblest porter went for it. From early morning colour-besmeared revellers roamed the streets. Armed with *pichkaris*, coloured water, flutes and drums, they went round singing, dancing and drenching the passers-by.... Perhaps the merriest Holi was celebrated at the Prime Minister's residence. About two hundred inmates and servants of the house, scores of farmers from the neighbouring villages, Lady Mountbatten and her daughter, Pandit Nehru's three nieces, Mrs. Krishna Hutheesing and an assorted crowd of visitors participated in the festivities. Pandit Nehru himself was the chief contestant in the 'colour war'. He gave and received no quarter. In a few

minutes his shirt and *churidars* bore all the rainbow hues in glorious display...." (Delhi Diary in "Sunday News of India").

This, indeed, is the spirit of Holi—or of any national holiday. In this country, burdened by a hundred cares and worries, there is a great need for such occasional outbursts of hilarity, of colour and music and noise and fun, to cheer us up and give us back the "joy of life". The Prime Minister has demonstrated how Holi should be celebrated—with gay, un-selfconscious abandon.

But Holi must become an *Indian* holiday, not merely a North Indian Hindu festival. And we must have a few more such days of joyous revelry when we, all of us, can forget our cares and our communal labels and sing and dance and splash colour and enjoy *together*.

MEMORIES OF A MARTYR

March 23—which passed off almost unnoticed by the vast majority of our countrymen and our leaders—was the day on which Bhagat Singh and his two comrades, B. K. Dutt and Rajguru, were hanged by the British eighteen years ago.

Bhagat Singh's has been a legendary name in the history of our freedom struggle. Few political figures have exercised such fascination on the minds of Indian youth as did Bhagat Singh whose courage, idealism and self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of revolution inspired millions. I still very vividly remember how even otherwise "tough" and cynical young men wept in our college library on the day that news of Bhagat Singh's hanging appeared in the newspapers. Since then legends have grown round his memory—some of them obviously improvised and exaggerated—but even the bare facts of his heroic life are thrilling and inspiring enough material for a great film but, while many producers considered the subject, it could not be produced until India became free.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru who met Bhagat Singh in Lahore Jail during the hunger-strike records his impression in the Autobiography: "Bhagat Singh had an attractive, intellectual face, remarkably calm and peaceful. There seemed to be no anger in it. He looked and talked with great gentle-

ness.... "On another occasion he refers to "the phenomenon of Bhagat Singh, and of his sudden and amazing popularity in North India" and adds, "It is very fatuous to condemn persons and acts without seeking to understand the springs of action, the causes that underlie them. Bhagat Singh was not previously well known; he did not become popular because of an act of violence, an act of terrorism.... but because he seemed to indicate, for the moment, the honour of Lala Lajpat Rai, and through him of the nation. He became a symbol; the act was forgotten, the symbol remained, and within a few months each town and village of Punjab and to a lesser extent in the rest of northern India, resounded with his name. Innumerable songs grew up about him and the popularity that the man achieved was something amazing."

This popularity, in course of time, transcended the boundaries of the Punjab and fifteen years after Bhagat Singh's death, I remember hearing a group of Bombay's Harijan women singing a Gujarati ballad about the martyrdom of Bhagat Singh. His memory belongs to the whole of India.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

Ever since the advent of the movies, Hollywood has consciously and, sometimes, unconsciously used its vast, world-wide influence to misrepresent and libel the Asiatic and African peoples—the Chinese, the Japanese, the Arabs, the Malays, the Africans, the Indians. We know how our own country and people have been caricatured and grossly libelled in such films as "The Bengal Lancer," "Drums," "Gungadin," "India Speaks" etc. But, surely, no group has suffered so much from filmic misrepresentation as the Negroes, because Negro characters appear in almost every American film. Judging from the Hollywood films, the principal stereotypes of the Negro in the American mind are the savage African, the happy slave, the cringing servant, the cook and the butler and the boot-black, the superstitious primitive or the natural-born but brainless musician and dancer. In his monumentally painstaking sociological study, **THE NEGRO IN**

FILMS (Skelton Robinson, London, Price: 15 shillings) Peter Noble elaborately discusses and analyses the origins and historical implications of the irrational minds of the millions. With devastating logic Noble blows up the Hollywood-created myth of the sub-human Negro:

"The Negro is **not** the sub-human dolt that Hollywood would have us believe he is. Here are a few facts. The 1940 Bureau of Census Statistics shows that there were in the U.S.A. at that time three thousands and twenty-four (Negro) physicians and surgeons, two thousand three hundred and thirty-nine lawyers and judges; one hundred and thirty-two thousand foremen in industries and six thousand eight hundred and one trained nurses. This is surely an indication that the coloured American is an ordinary human being. But not according to Hollywood"

According to Noble, Hollywood's anti-Negro bias has been "something of a reflection of the attitude of average America" but he contends that "if film producers had, from the very first, endeavoured to portray the screen Negro in a less unsympathetic light, or had tried in any way to ease racial tension, it would have constituted an invaluable help towards the betterment of relations between the American man-in-the-street and his erstwhile slave.... It is not too late for film producers to atone for their many years of injustice to the coloured people of the world."

Noble's book is not merely an indictment of Hollywood but of the whole "American way of life" which breeds an irrational and fascistic race superiority complex.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"**PITTSBURGH:** Coal production virtually ceased in the United States when 425,000 miners began a two-week stoppage"—PTI-Reuters.

"What indeed is true civilisation? It is not dominion, wealth, material luxury; nay, not even a great literature and education widespread—good though these things be.... Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for women, the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or colour or nation or religion, the narrowing of the domain of mere force as a governing factor in the world, the love of ordered freedom, abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile, ceaseless devotion to the claim of justice. Civilisation is that, its true, its highest sense, must make for peace."—**LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.**

"**NEW YORK:** Mr. B. Rama Rau, the Indian Ambassador in U.S. who sailed for India said that American aid, both financial and technical for the development of his country was expected to increase. He said that America realised the strategic position of India and its geographical proximity to Communist Russia and was *therefore* interested in strengthening her internal resources."—Free Press of India.

"**DAMASCUS:** A Syrian report from Washington quoted the Syrian Minister there as saying that the United States Government there was planning to help Syria and other Middle East countries." PTI-Reuters.

"**PESHAWAR:** A plot to kill the Provincial Premier with a view to creating confusion behind the Kashmir front has been unearthed, says a communique issued by the N.-W.F. province government. A large number of Red Shirts have been arrested in this connection."—A.P.P.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"Two sincere Indian labour leaders, one in Bihar and the other in Bombay are on hunger-strike. Members of the temporary staff of a refugee camp in Delhi are expected to be soon (or are already) on hunger-strike."

—Shankar's Weekly.

"**JUBBULPORE:** Mr. Shankar Rao Deo, addressing a public meeting, said the Congress organisation needed thorough spring-cleaning and unless selfish persons and opportunists who had entered it were ousted it could not regain its former position."—A.P.I.

"**BOMBAY:** Unemployment, penury and dejection drove several people to commit suicide, police reported."

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Swan Song

by
M. S. Murphy

(This essay in fantasy, which happened to be left behind in manuscript, is here published for the first time. The writer, who is best known to the Telugu public as one-time editor of Anandavani, died young, in 1945, in the middle of a career as brilliant as it was all too brief.)

AS I was standing on the deserted beach, picturing to myself the appalling lot that had of late overtaken the world and me, and wondering if this could have any comparison with the vicissitudes of the giant waves that rolled by, a feverish chill shook my whole frame, and my limbs refusing to carry me further, I looked about me in vain for some shelter.

Wondering how it was that I came to be looking for shelter on the beach, I consulted my memory, and recounted to myself the whole disastrous episode which had just been enacted in the world, an episode which left me in the present predicament—dazed, stunned, bewildered, and deprived of all hope and courage—an unhappy survivor with a tale to tell—the tale of a mighty race of men who were so saturated with life that finding nothing more to desire from it, they put all their brains and energy together into one long fantastic gamble, devised and perfected ways and means of overcoming each other, and successfully planned and executed a mutual slaughter—the necessary corollary of the “pruning hook” carried to its extreme length—a colossal “race suicide” as it were,

out of which I somehow emerged with my life, if not my ever-green outlook, or my visions of a roseate future.

There I stood, in that endless solitude, with a burden too heavy for me to carry—the burden of a tale of disaster, whose weight had already crushed me beyond all endurance, and left me seeking for someone who might be able to relieve me of it. Having not the strength to bear it further, and having no prospect of a shelter anywhere before me, I crumpled under the deadening weight, and fell flat on the barren sands, the burden settling itself on my chest like a horrible nightmare.

As I lay thus, conscious only of the burden, I once again turned my eyes towards the waves in a vain attempt to find out if my lot bore any the least resemblance to theirs. While thus deluding myself into ignoring the rot and riot of the situation, a few splinters of wood, reminding one of a recent wreck on the sea, floated ashore, and added to the terrible agony in me that I had so vainly sought to suppress.

The splinters—

Yet another naval crash perhaps—the sinking of an hunted-down, ex-

hausted, man-o'-war, and tens of hundreds of innocent souls along with it—a ridiculous waste of life and energy, an insensate way of doing and undoing things, an extravaganza of supreme skill and perverse application!

God! how many millions must have been lavished on the vessel that left behind only a few splinters to tell its woeful tale! How many energetic souls must have laboured days and nights to build it! Above all, how many millions could adequately compensate the horrible groans of those poor souls who so willingly allowed themselves to be taken down to the bottom of the sea along with the sinking ship!

And yet, what a trifle this would look when put before the wholesale disaster that befell the world, that swept away the human race and all its finest acquirements!

A deep, painful sigh escaped me, and I said to myself half in a strange consolation, and half in a sad cynicism: "Happy are the goats, for they haven't got to attain such glorious heights and then sink into such depths of ignominy!"

"Happy are the goats"! I observed again, again, again. The thought pleased me to such an extent that I went on repeating it madly till I heard the sound of footsteps behind me.

Footsteps!

I looked back in amazement—It was a man—a man—a human face after all! another unhappy survivor like me perhaps. God bless him!

I looked at the approaching figure in sheer delight, for he was the first man I saw since the occurrence of the catastrophe. As he approached me I greeted him and extended my hand to him. After returning these cordialities he looked at me inquiringly and ended up in a question which took my breath away—

"Could you tell me, friend, when the next steamer is due to sail for—?"

The stranger was a tall, robust, good-looking man of about thirty, on whom the disaster had evidently left no impression. He was nonchalant, and he talked of steamers and sailings as if in normal times. It amused me to answer him:

"The next steamer, my dear fellow, will never sail at all. In fact no stea-

mer is left anymore on the face of the earth!"

My man was not impressed.

"Look here, friend," he said. "This is no time for fun. I have to get back to my country. I have been mountaineering in these parts for some time. My expedition had failed and all my party lost clean in the ice. Being the sole survivor, I arrived here at last after a hard trek through impenetrable forests and wildernesses. There seems to be a town or so nearabouts where I could apply to some shipping company for a passage. Could you direct me there?"

"I pity you then" I replied in solemn tones. "Don't you know what had happened to the world? It is gone clean, like your expedition, and there is nothing left to bother about it anymore. Bang is the word!"

The new-comer looked at me queerly, and burst into a laugh.

"Ah! the world is gone! yes, since it is too full of madcaps like you. Let me seek a saner man to guide me."

Having said this, he turned his back on me and retracted his steps. I pitied his poor optimism, and resolved to bring him back to his senses before he be too late to realise that the world had really failed to function, and that he was only proceeding to the wall. So I ran after him, and having detained him by the arm, cast an imploring look at him and observed.

"Believe me, good friend, the world had really crashed, whipping its malcontents one against the other, and beating them into a pulp. You don't seem to realise the horrible fate that has come over us all. Trust me, and I will be your guide. Ignore me, you are only going into the wilderness. You will realise it too late."

My earnest, imploring tone touched him a little. But still in the dark about the possibility of the world's collapse, and yet confronted by my emphatic countenance, he looked at me as one at sea, and said in evident disgust:

"I don't know what you mean by your dreamy stuff. Explain yourself or let me go. I have got to catch the next steamer."

"You will never catch it" I observed, somewhat harshly. "I was once a better optimist myself. I had always thought of catching steamers,



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trains, airships, and the like, and in fact caught them several times, or was caught by them. But now the game is all up with chaps of our brand. These things are now far, far away from our reach. They are what one may call the extinct species—"

"You are a lunatic" the stranger turned on me and said. He then prepared to go. I entreated him to stay and hear me through.

"No use listening to this mad stuff" he said. "At this rate I may never reach my country."

"At any rate you will never reach it" I snapped, and added, "My dear friend, this, your complacency will only leave you in misery. Take my advice and follow me. It will do immense good to both of us."

"Where, where do you want me to follow you?"

"I don't know myself. But—"

"Isn't it mad then to follow you where you yourself do not know?"

"Perhaps!" I replied. "But it may be worse for you to start alone into a no-man's land. Think, just think, what your fate is going to be, if you are let loose into a world from which all the human race is swept off. You will lose your sanity. Instead, if we are two, the adventure will immensely interest us. It is fortunate that we have met. Otherwise we would have trodden these sandy wastes for sometime and then died of boredom."

"You interest me" the stranger remarked at last. "But what is the matter with you? Why should you prefer to rot and vegetate in these sands? You are already half-dead!"

"I never preferred it" I retorted. "It has come over all of us suddenly and ominously. For my part I could never bear to look at those deserted homes again without a companion. I will simply lose my reason."

"But I don't understand what has come over the world or why should the homes be deserted? Why? Where have all the people gone?"

"They are no more."

"Nonsense! Talk sense or let me go. My time is precious."

"The truth is that you should take it all in inch by inch, if you prefer to remain sane. Enough for the present if you know that some grave calamity has washed off all the

human race. Follow me without further questions. As for what has actually happened and how it affects us, you shall learn for yourself by and by. If you are satisfied, follow me, or go your own way and perish."

The stranger stood contemplating me for some time, the lines on his forehead deepening all the while, and arriving at a quick decision, agreed to be my companion so long as the truth of my observations remained unexploded.

"What has come on this place, plague?" my strange friend asked me as we were passing through the deserted corpse-ridden streets of the town which we had entered.

"Worse!" I observed, and to convince him of this, pointed a row of mutilated structures and asked him: "Could plague have done that to those buildings?"

"Surely not" he answered, "it must be deluge then."

"Still worse" I remarked. "A deluge, far from leaving these putrefying remnants here, would have swept them off to the last atom, and paved the way for an entirely new world order. But the so-called new world emerging out of these corpses will carry with it the same germ of destruction. The same chaos will rule the new brains jumping out of this carrion—"

"And yet" interposed my friend "you have not explained to me the nature and extent of this disaster."

"That you shall learn for yourself. Come let us rest for a while in this park." So saying I conducted him into a park nearby.

There, seated on a bench, the friend opened the leather case which he was carrying by his side all the while, and took out a packet of cigarettes, and matches. He offered me a cigarette, and I deemed it god-sent, for to have such a luxury and be able to make use of it, when all around you was dead and decomposing, had its own charms. We went on inhaling the aromatic smoke amidst the horrible silence. After a while my friend got up, as if by a sudden impulse, and began to saunter leisurely among the guinea flower-beds. I let him have his way, and too wearied to think of any-

thing else, I soon fell asleep on the bench.

I must have slept like that for an hour or so when the strange friend woke me up, and laying an arm on my shoulder, asked me: "Can't we get anything to eat in these parts?"

I looked at him stunned. He wore the face of a starved wolf. Still one could do nothing but starve in the circumstances. But my friend had his hopes still hung on his peg. The keenness with which he broached his subject of eating led me to conclude that he must evidently be thinking of hotels and waiters. With a bitter pang in my heart, I pulled him up from his happy reverie of sitting to a dinner, and acquainted him, in a few chosen words, with the clamant reality of the situation. I reminded him of the great disaster, of how all the human race was swept off, and of the ghastly situation in which we stood. He was unmoved.

"Still I don't see any sense in our preferring to starve."—he protested.

"How do you mean? Shall we eat these corpses?" I asked him sharply.

"Nonsense!" he stammered. "What became of all the world's food?"

"It has gone with those poor wretches who are no more" I observed. "What do you expect to eat in these ruins? Who will cater to us?"

"These are all imaginary obstacles" my friend promptly replied. "Come, let us ransack the houses and pick up something to eat!"

"You want to batten on the garbage?" I protested with a shudder.

"We must, if we should live. Come, there is no use wailing for the dead. Let us see if we can't pick up their bread and use it. It is the living that are to be accommodated, not the dead."

So saying he raised me by the head, and drew me away along with him towards a row of stately mansions.

Being myself hungry, and the acquisition of a companion reviving in me the desire to live and hope for the best, I meekly followed him.

At the threshold of the big building we chose to enter, we saw the decaying body of a man in uniform, perhaps the porter of the house, lying flat and grimly silent. We crossed over it and stepped into the house with a guilty conscience. The

fact that the porter was no longer really there to check our aggression into this strange house, and the complete absence of all resistance to our undignified entry, awakened us all the more to a sense of guilt which ran through us, body and soul. But the assuagement of hunger being our prime consideration, we set all other considerations at naught, and passing through spacious halls and long corridors, we reached the other end of the house where the kitchens and store-rooms stood. After a brief inspection of the stores and cupboards we came upon a large quantity of gran, flour, sugar, butter, coffee, and the like.

Having thus done with the business of eating, curiosity sent us examining the whole house. We entered every room and everywhere ominous silence greeted us. The top storeys of the house were all ruined, and even a portion of the ground floor and the stair case, were badly damaged. Everything was in a pell-mell.

We halted in a large room which bore the words "guest room." The room was inviting, for there were no corpses in it. Evidently, when the disaster occurred, there were no guests in the room. The room was quite cosy and the beds clean. My friend observed that after all the horrors we had passed through, it would be simply foolish not to take a nap there and refresh ourselves.

Moreover it was already evening, and for the night we ~~must~~ have somewhere to sleep. ~~As a~~ readily fell in with his suggestion. But the prospect of having to sleep in a room all around which were strewn hideous dead bodies was not without its horrors. But since I knew by bitter experience that everywhere the situation was the same, I persuaded myself to somehow manage for the night in the room.

Then we settled ourselves in two chairs and began to smoke. My friend's stock of cigarettes was still abundant, and the fact encouraged us not a little. With this new courage gained thus and the pangs of hunger suppressed for the time being, we went on talking and planning for the next day till it became dark, and then went to bed, and soon fell asleep. (To be concluded)

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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.

Cochin-Travancore Merger

The people of Cochin and Travancore along with their brethren in Malabar stand for a united Kerala Republic. They have unequivocally declared times without number that nothing short of Aikya Kerala would satisfy them. The States Ministry and the Government of India think otherwise. In his first press conference at Trivandrum Mr. V. P. Menon said that he had not come with any cooked ideas or pre-conceived proposals and that the future of the States, had to be decided by the people themselves. Naturally people thought that he had come to discuss about the integration of these States as a preliminary step for the formation of Aikya Kerala. But nothing of the sort. Next day the adviser of the States Ministry declared that the present time was not opportune for the formation of Aikya Kerala or other linguistic provinces and he had not come to discuss about Aikya Kerala. Instead he wanted the people of Cochin and Travancore to abide by the decision (and in this case a preconceived decision of the India Government whatever it be).

Nobody in Cochin or Travancore actually wanted this merger. Sardar Patel conceded in the Indian Parliament that no representative of Cochin or Travancore approached the Indian Government for the integration of the two States. Then why foist this merger on the heads of the unwilling people of these States? Ernakulam. C. R. KUNHUNNI.

Black Market Food

Food Minister Dr. Rajan said in the Madras Assembly last week that "it took his breath away" to hear Mr. V. Raghavayya say that he was buying rice in the black-market to supplement his meagre ration. He characterised the statement as a "disgrace and dishonour to the House" and threatened him with "hanging" had he made that admission outside the Legislature. Minister Madhava Menon averred that "it was a scandal that the member should say that a Minister was doing the nasty thing which he did himself." It is to be deplored that the Ministers should have failed to appreciate the member for his courage in admitting openly that he did what every rice-eater in statutory rationed areas with perhaps rare exceptions did today out of dire necessity. I happened to be a guest of an M.L.A. during my visit to Madras at the very time of the Ministers' outburst and the way the rice was being served in unrestricted quantities to our legislators at the Government mess there, unlike in the hotels, did not indicate even in the slightest degree that

statutory rice rationing was in force, much less that the rice ration was eight ounces. Has the mess been exempted from the operation of the rationing rules? Or has the City Rationing Officer been specially ordered to issue rice to the mess in unrestricted quantities? Or does the mess supplement the ration by buying from the black-market? In any case, will the Food Minister kindly take the public into his confidence as to how this Government-run mess business is conducted? Kurnool. "HAVA."

The Steel Frame

Much has been talked of late about the steel frame, the old I.C.S. The present I.A.S. is its substitute. Acharya Kripalani during one of the debates in the Dominion Parliament, remarked that out of the steel frame, only the frame has been left, meaning thereby that we had the shadow and not the substance. Our Deputy Prime Minister Sardar Patel in his speeches during the South Indian tour pointed out that they were carrying on the administration with depleted strength of the old I.C.S. and desired the co-operation of the people during the days ahead. But one is tempted to ask whether any steps are being taken to restore the strength of the steel frame. Is new steel being put into the frame? Obviously the answer is not definite, with the result that it has now become difficult to find those singular qualities such as integrity, punctuality, regularity, robust commonsense, and impartiality. It behoves us to build up the services with ideal men endowed with zeal. The problem calls for urgent and efficient handling.

Bellary.

V. M. GIRI.

Poor Relief Tax

According to Ain-i-Akbari, Akbar exacted an annual tribute of 10 seers of grain from every bigha of cultivated land throughout his empire for the support of the poor and the needy. Similarly a poor relief tax should be levied whose incidence should fall progressively on the rich people. Local rates have proved to be a failure in England as they fell heavily on the poorer classes while the rich persons escaped from it, having their residence in the suburbs. Secondly, local rates will benefit only the local poor and therefore may not be available at places where the need of help is the keenest. Such a stupendous task as the rehabilitation of the poor can be organised only by a separate department whose main task will be to mobilise the various official and non-official agencies for the purpose.

P. S. NAIR.