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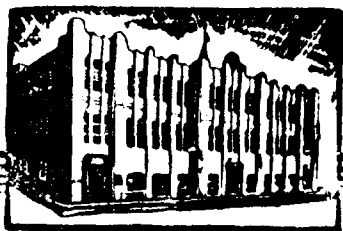
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ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE EASTERN BASTION

THE news of the visit to Malaya of Mr. J. Stratchey, Secretary of State for War and Mr. J. Griffiths, Colonial Secretary, is proof that Britain has at last stopped "playing politics" in that bandit-infested country, and what Lord Moncroft once described brilliantly as "Fabian flabbiness" is to be replaced, by firm and not at all gentle handling.

Nothing is now to be gained in recalling British shortsighted moves in that country soon after the war which helped to invite the trouble. We might, however, point out that the terrorists launched their operations in April 1948, and now after two years the situation is little better than before in spite of an almost 100,000 strong police and infantry. The measures Britain has so far adopted to suppress the revolt, though they seemed promising on paper, have proved singularly ineffective. One such measure, for instance, was the regulation adopted in January 1949 which enabled the Government to deport Chinese "squatters" wherever they were found to be assisting the bandits. There are two reasons for this. The terrorists always avoid open skirmishes and their jungle hide-outs are impossible to find. The Chinese civilians are also loath to betray the enemy though they themselves have suffered much at their hands. With the result that what started as thievery and extortion on a small scale has now developed into an organized danger to the Government itself.

In the Malayan Federation the ratio of Malay to Chinese is more or less equal and while the Malays almost to

a man are on the side of the administration the Chinese offer only a dubious loyalty. To be sure the locally-born among them have nothing against the Government except perhaps a slightly resentful awareness of their own position which is neither native nor foreign. But a great majority of the Chinese are foreign imported who have taken to banditry to earn a living. Though the terrorists are commonly denominated Communists, it would perhaps be truer to say that at the beginning at least the causes of the trouble were, as reported by the Mission appointed by the British Government in January 1947, "disappointment and disillusionment, shortage of supplies, lack of houses and amenities, high prices and low wages" and to a small extent, as in many other countries, the ferment of new political ideas. This perhaps to some degree explains the lack of positive action from the British till sometime ago. They considered the problem non-political and temporary and fit only for the local administration to tackle. Now, however, it is feared the whole revolt is getting tinged with more of red than before because of the overflow of men from Communist-conquered China.

British troops have been in Malaya for a year and their experiences must have convinced them by now that orthodox military tactics against the terrorists who avoid regular engagements and rely mainly on the element of surprise for their success, are of no avail at all. It is like a bulldozer hunting down birds. Men trained in jungle fighting are needed and the



U.S. AND BRITAIN HAVE WARNED RUSSIA:
"HANDS OFF MIDDLE EAST." RUSSIA
WILL FOLLOW SUIT.

—Courtesy: Shankar's Weekly

bandits must be tracked down man by man. At present the planters and miners are living under an intolerable strain, hunted by terror and stalked by fear while a hapless administration looks on impotently. Communications must be strengthened. The most imperative step, of course, would be to get the Chinese population on the side of the Government and persuade them to take up a more positive attitude in the situation. In protection or immunity money alone, a fortune goes into the pockets of the bandits every month. A good part of the increases in wages granted to labour during the past year and more has gone the same way. The solution does not altogether lie in making generous assurances of sovereignty to the Malay states or in promises of a stake in the country for the Chinese in the new constitution. There is time enough for independence and for a new constitution when the guerilla warfare has been put a stop to once and for all. This is hard on some of the Chinese but unless the bandit-cum-Communist trouble is considered as over, no effective political settlement is possible. It is also essential that the insidious Chinese overflow into Malaya is stopped. Fortunately the output of Malayan rubber and tin has not been affected, which is little short of a miracle. A reduction in these main exports of the country is a prospect not to be thought of because of the disastrous consequences fraught with it. It would make the dollar gap bust wide open; and the resultant economic distress would breed discontent, sure prelude to violent swinging of popular opinion towards Communism. If this eastern bastion of South-east Asia falls, there would be the very devil to pay.

Europe's New Army

SOMETHING is being done about the Atlantic Pact, after all. It has so far been only a mammoth idea on paper like a huge animal without eyes. True the committees and the sub-committees and the Atlantic Council

had been meeting from time to time but nothing palpable had emerged so far, nothing that we could have put a finger on and say "This will take care of Europe." The Atlantic Pact was designed as a collective defence agreement whereby participating nations were to consider "an armed attack upon any of the parties in the North Atlantic area an attack against them all" and take concerted action in defence against that aggression. In effect it amounted to a promise by America that she would help Europe in case of aggression just as she had helped her in the last war. No provision was made in that treaty to protect Europe against the possibility of danger, though outside it, steps towards securing that end were taken by the Marshall Plan and the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation.

In the olden days a treaty of mutual help between two nations was an end in itself in the sense that that was enough to guarantee immediate assistance to the nation attacked. Now, the complexion of war has changed somewhat and help, however immediately rendered, may always be a little too late. The ways of destruction are so many and so varied. Therefore, no nation can now afford to take a chance of being attacked. It has to protect itself against that chance.

This is the step that the Atlantic Pact nations have just taken. The North Atlantic Treaty Council which had been set up according to Article 9 of the Treaty and which has been working for a year now on filling up the gaps in the Treaty, has come out with a plan whereby Europe could be made safe against aggression and the Treaty nations have resolved "to build up a system of defence which would be capable of withstanding any external threat directed against any of them." This means that Europe is to have a standing army which would for ever be in readiness. It would be a collection of parts of national armies. Where the army is to be

situate, who is to finance its maintenance are all subsidiary matters which would be worked out by a new Permanent Council which has been set up. Financially it is improbable that the new army would cost the nations more than their armies are doing now, since the setting up of an extraneous force would naturally mean that individual defence of the countries would not be so preponderate an item of the national budgets and all national military policies would be swallowed up in the collective military plan.

The plan makes American schemes for Europe complete. But military invincibility has implicit in it a great danger. It is that it may lure its possessor into a state of mind in which he may imagine affronts and slights where none were meant, and drugged by a feeling of security, enter on retaliatory courses which would inevitably lead to war. Would Europe really be safer with two great armies divided by a frontier of fear?

Privileged Killing

"SEVEREN persons believed to be Communists were shot dead in an encounter with the police." So runs a news item published in a local

paper this week. Items like this have become a regular feature of the news lately. They reveal a state of affairs that does no credit to the authorities charged with the capture of the Communists. It seems to be taken for granted that if the police believe a man to be a Communist, they are quite in order if they shoot him dead. Such license to kill is not worthy of a civilized nation. It is monstrous that, under cover of tackling the Communist menace, the police should be empowered to kill persons whose names even are not disclosed to the public. With such latitude for violence without proof of justification, it is not surprising if the police have developed into a terror of the countryside. In cruelty and reckless disregard for human life they have thrown the Communists themselves into the shade. News is to hand that in Patiala the police set fire to a house in which a woman outlaw had taken shelter and burnt her to death. The hardening of the police into heartlessness is fast robbing them of the status of a beneficent power for the protection of society. They are coming to be dreaded as a scourge. Increasing public detestation of police methods casts on the Congress the shadow of prospective defeat in the coming elections.

Sotto Voce

Almora



"IT is curious," said my companion, as we walked up the main street of Almora, "that not one of our sacred shrines or *thirthas* is located on these Kumaon Hills. But the Garhwal Hills are full of them." At that moment

the early morning mist lifted and by a tremendous piece of luck I was vouchsafed a glimpse of the skyline snows. There they all were, from Badari in the extreme West to Nanda Devi in the East, with Khamet and

Trisul standing out gloriously—authentic evidence that we were indeed on the sacred foothills of the Himalayas, "Gowree-guroh paavanaah paadaah," in Kalidasa's majestic phrase.

The same sloka of the *Sakuntala* gives the clue to the mystery. For no Malini was to be seen winding along in the valleys flanked by terraced hills striped like the zebra. There are one or two mountain streams like the Kosi from which at night you may hear the stertorous roar of the watering panther. During the rains they swell into torrents; but thanks to a prolonged drought, they looked almost dried up while the water in the mountain tarns was black and stagnant. Man and beast had manifestly a hard time of it there, denied the magnificent bounty of the Ganga.

But the Paharis are a hardy and industrious folk and the land is fertile. They have not yet been spoilt by civilisation; the honest, open faces of the young men and the striking good looks of the young women testified to a life of grave simplicity. These people, though poor, have a passion for education. I was told that the old pandit type with its reverence for exact scholarship flourished. An even more agreeable surprise was the discovery that many of the young ladies were not only M. A.'s but Kavya-tirthas.

And yet they are content to live in those dark, ill-ventilated houses in the crooked lanes which straggle up from the main street—houses where you climb up and down endless flights of steps feeling all the time as if you were exploring the womb of a pyramid. It was in one of these houses in the old bazaar that Swami Vivekananda lived for months on end. The first floor rooms where he used to sit up till the small hours of the morning holding a handful of visitors spell-bound with that magical eloquence, are reverently preserved. And the worn flags with which the street down below is paved are the identical ones on which squatted the humble poor to whom he discoursed in the evening, seated on the rising ground.

The place is indeed full of memo-

ries of the great monk; and a gentle member of the Ramakrishna Order identified the principal landmarks for me. The brotherhood has a branch in Almora which is rather unique in that no social work of the kind which has made the name of the Mission famous is carried on there. It is a place for rest and meditation and I enjoyed their kindly hospitality. Situated at the far end of the settlement, Ramakrishna Kutir, like those famed hospices of St. Bernard which cheer the Alpine climber, charms by its solitude and silence, broken only by the tinkle of the bell which summons the inmates to their simple repast and the sighing of the wind in the pines.

The deodar is not native to these hills, growing up in abundance only at much higher altitudes. But the U. P. Government, which seems to display rather more intelligent concern than most in the maintenance of hill stations, has succeeded in growing quite a few. And what a tree it is! It might be a pigmy by the side of the famed American redwood. And the pine with its green tapers pointed heavenward has a more slender grace. But the deodar is instinct with adoration. It yearns towards the infinite, its gesturing arms undulant under the pressure of caressing winds. I was put in mind of the swinging *adukku deepam* in our temple worship.

The few people I met were delightfully in harmony with their surroundings. A plant-physiologist who has done valuable work in the hybridisation of wheat and corn divides his time evenly between science and contemplation. A benign old monk who was greatly revered for his learning was for ever chuckling as if at the recollection of some inner joy. Another, a merry soul and withal extremely practical, had been won to renunciation by service to the sainted lady of Dakshineswar. He sang like a bird and at *kirtan* was joined by a monk who kept bees. Outside, the rhododendrons and wild walnuts in bloom swayed to the ripple of the morning breeze. And the western sky was flushed with rose as the unseen sun blew a kiss to the towering cliffs.

VIGHNESWARA.

WHAT'S MAKING YOU TIRED?

By AMY SELWYN

Are you suffering from "that tired feeling?" The only way to cure fatigue is to find out what's causing it. Emotional conflicts often brought on by family "rows" and worry lie at the root of most chronic fatigue. "Talking out" personal problems with a sympathetic listener may help overcome that tiredness.

A couple of years ago, in Alberta, 100 men and a scientist strapped 50-pound packs to their backs and marched without stopping for nearly three days and three nights. Every few hours, as they ploughed through dense woodlands and swampy fields, the scientist had some of the men swallow brown pills containing a drug called amphetamine sulfate. The rest of the men got pills which looked like amphetamine sulfate, but which actually contained coloured water. Did they, the scientist kept asking the men, feel that the pills increased their strength and postponed fatigue? Both groups of men had the same answer: no. When the 100 men and the scientist limped back home after their 36 hour trek, the scientist wrote the following in his note-book: amphetamine sulfate is apparently of no value in preventing physical fatigue.

Around the same time, the same scientist had 75 other men participate in another difficult experiment. For 42 hours straight, the men sat at desks and took a series of complicated mental tests. Here, too, about half the men were given amphetamine sulphate and the other half got "blanks". Again the scientist regretfully concluded that amphetamine sulfate was of no use in increasing alertness and stamina and allaying fatigue.

These are but two of many hundreds of experiments which scientists—and their human guinea-pigs—have performed in an effort to discover ways to prevent, or cure, fatigue. Like all the rest before them, they were flops.

But perhaps you're pretty tired yourself right now, and it doesn't make you feel the least bit better to read about tired men and experiments that failed. It may pep you up to know then, that since these experiments scientists have made seve-

ral important new discoveries about fatigue. They have not found a drug or medicine which can banish fatigue. But they have found out how many common types of fatigue may be prevented, and perhaps cured. Their findings may be of vital significance to many thousands of victims of chronic fatigue. One prominent physician said not long ago that one in every four of the men and women who come to his office is suffering from fatigue!

The first thing fatigue researchers want you to know is this: if you're tired much or all the time, you probably haven't a true idea of what is making you feel this way. Not long ago, a physician made a study of 300 men and women who had been long-time victims of chronic fatigue. Some had come to him suspecting that the root of their trouble was infected teeth, or low blood pressure, or flat feet, or anaemia. But practically none had any inkling of what was really making them tired. The doctor found the most common physical causes for fatigue were heart trouble, diabetes, kidney infection and glandular disorders.

What is most striking, however, is that he found that 240 out of the 300 had nothing whatever wrong with them physically. He couldn't prove either that their fatigue had resulted from physical or mental strain. Most of them said they felt just as tired when they woke up in the morning as they had the night before, and that their fatigue often wore off during the day. Also, their fatigue seemed to vary from day to day, regardless of how much or how little activity they had.

What, then, had been killing off their strength? The doctor probed further and finally had his answer: nervousness and anxiety. In recent months, other medical authorities, too, have been gathering proof that emo-

tional—or psychogenic—factors may be a big factor in making people tired.

Here, for instance, is what was found by two Chicago doctors who studied a group of chronically tired men and women: one 25-year-old woman began feeling extremely tired when her fiancé jilted her for another girl. Another woman had started feeling fatigued the same day she discovered she and her husband would never be able to have a child. A man's chronic fatigue dated from the time he'd had to give up his chosen career—which was art—and go into his father's business. A doctor, who was so tired he couldn't stand up more than a few minutes at a time, had started feeling tired around the same time he had opened his office. He'd wanted a career in medical research, his wife had insisted it wouldn't pay enough. He gave in to her wishes, but soon felt too tired to see his patients.

But just how can your emotions make you tired? Dr. Edward Weiss, professor of medicine at Temple University, Philadelphia, explains in this way: "Strong emotions can use up so much of a person's energy he hasn't any left for any other purpose."

Authorities say that even if emotional conflicts are entirely subconscious—as they often are—they can bring no extreme fatigue. One 30-year-old man, for instance, was in the grip of overwhelming fatigue for nine years. When he'd been a freshman at college, he'd impulsively stolen a car and started to drive across the country. After going 12 miles, he got cold feet, abandoned the car and ran back home. He was never caught, and he soon forgot all about the unpleasant incident. It wasn't until his fatigue and depression drove him to a mental hygiene clinic that he discovered his subconscious guilt feelings had been responsible for his fatigue. Once he managed to express them, his fatigue began to fall away.

But don't get the idea that all fatigue has such deep or subtle roots. Here's proof: not long ago, a psychologist dropped in one afternoon at the women's rest room in a large dress factory. She noticed that some of the women were alert and energetic. Some were limp with fatigue. She found out that most of the eager women

were looking forward to an evening of solitary knitting. "Loneliness," the psychologist concluded, "often makes people chronically tired."

Often, too, chronic fatigue may be brought on by a feeling of personal inferiority, by anxiety about the future, by inability to make a decision. More than likely, the fatigued person doesn't see any connection between his fears and his fatigue.

You may feel tired, also because you don't get enough satisfaction from your job. If your work makes you unusually tired, you may have been blaming it on long hours or a strenuous routine. These factors are important, to be sure, but perhaps even more important is your feeling about your work. Experiments have shown conclusively that people can spend long hours adding figures, or reading, or copying, or doing intelligence tests without feeling tired. The moment they lose interest in their work, though, they tire quickly. Boredom is now recognized as one of the most common causes of fatigue. If you're irritated by your superiors or the people you work with, or if you feel you're not getting paid enough for the work you do, or if you're seriously dissatisfied with the type of work you're doing, you cannot help but feel tired much of the time.

If you worry a lot, about your work or about other things, that too can make you tired.

Sometimes, people troubled by this type of fatigue may take comfort in their symptoms and not want to feel any better. If a man finds himself nosed out of a promotion or a raise in pay, his fatigue may save him from feeling too sorry for himself. He doesn't have to admit that he lost out because someone was wiser or sharper than he. Instead he says: "It's just that I've been too tired to do my best work."

Psychiatrists have a special name for people who try to use fatigue as a defence against life's problems. They call them neurasthenics. Many neurasthenics take it for granted that their fatigue has a real, organic cause; they blame it on a weak constitution, over-work, or lack of sleep. They have no idea that they're literally making themselves tired, so that they don't have to face the difficulties in their lives.

The man or woman who takes refuge in fatigue may spare himself or herself from unhappy thoughts and feelings. But there is a chance that in the end the fatigue may cause much more pain than was ever bargained for.

For one thing, fatigue has been recognized as a leading cause of accidents. It's the fellow who wakes up feeling tired out who's most likely to walk into the path of an automobile on his way to work. Surveys of factories and business offices show, too, that by far the majority of accidents happen to employees suffering from fatigue.

For another thing, fatigue may sometimes help to bring on painful illness. When a person becomes chronically tired, he may become acutely aware of bodily sensations which he never particularly noticed before then. He feels the blood rushing through his blood vessels, hears his heart pounding as it never seemed to pound before. The more fatigued he gets, the more acutely he notices his heart beat, his pulse, his muscles. The upshot of it all may be that he may become convinced there is something seriously wrong with his heart, or whatever organ he has become most acutely aware of. Organically, he may be in tip-top shape, but his fear of illness may make him feel just as sick as if there were something seriously wrong with him.

Now that authorities know fatigue makes so many people sick and miserable, how do they suggest overcoming it? Many of them have been approaching the problem from different angles, and several answers have been found. Dr. Daniel Blain, Medical Director of the American Psychiatric Association, advises that one of the most effective ways to prevent, or stop nervous fatigue is to learn to think straight. In other words, make up your mind. If you spend most of your time trying to decide whether it's safe to ask for a raise, or whether you should quit your job and go into business for yourself, or whether you should spend most of your savings on a new car, you can waste or misdirect so much energy that you haven't any left for doing anything.

Dr. Weiss of Temple University has found that if he can get a tired per-

son to "talk out" some of his personal problems, he can often help him overcome his fatigue. He tells of a 24-year-old man who had been suffering from fatigue for several years. When the young man began spilling out his story, the cause of his fatigue soon became apparent to him. His mother had been bitterly opposed to his marriage, particularly to his moving out of her house and leaving her alone. She made things unpleasant for him, and forever reminded him how ungrateful he was for everything she had done for him, and how unfair it was of him to leave her. It took a while for the young man to understand that it was his mother who had been making unfair demands on him, and that he had no reason to feel guilty for wanting to lead his own life. Gradually, he felt less and less fatigued.

In Chicago, two other doctors have been attacking fatigue with another technique. Drs. Franz Alexander and Sidney A. Portis reported not long ago that they had succeeded in helping some men and women overcome extreme fatigue by prescribing basic changes in their diet. In examining a group of tired men and women, they found that many of them were afflicted with a condition they call relative hypoglycemia: a drop in the body's blood sugar level. They found, too, that a diet rich in carbohydrates (sugar and starch) can often manage to counteract this deficiency, and possibly diminish fatigue. These doctors are not implying that fatigue is therefore a dietary problem. They agree emphatically that most fatigue results from worry and emotional problems and, they say, their discoveries fit right in with this. For what they found was that this relative hypoglycemia can sometimes be the direct result of emotional conflicts.

By prescribing frequent feedings of high carbohydrate foods, the Chicago doctors succeeded in pumping new energy into fatigue victims, like one 37-year-old businessman. His fatigue had set in soon after he got a big, and unexpected, promotion. Apparently, the doctors found, the man was deeply afraid he wouldn't make good at his new job. His fears taxed so much of his strength that he was in a constant state of exhaustion. His

high carbohydrate diet didn't erase his fears, but it did give him strength enough to carry on.

To be sure, this doesn't mean that a high carbohydrate diet is the only way to overcome fatigue. What it proves, most significantly, is that the only way to cure fatigue is to try to find out what's at the bottom of it. If you're a victim of chronic fatigue, your first step in overcoming it is to

attempt to learn what or who lies behind your symptoms. Maybe it's just that you're bored, or you're trying to do too many things at once. Maybe you worry too much, or hurry too much, or are hounded by unwarranted fears that somebody else is smarter or more attractive than you. Find out what's making you tired and maybe you won't be tired any more. —Copyright.

SRI N. RAGHUNATHA AIYAR

In the latest issue of *The People*, V. V. Prasad writes:

MR. N. RAGHUNATHA AIYAR of *The Hindu*, who was here (Delhi) for a brief spell on his way back to Madras from Bareilly, is among the foremost newspapermen in the country. His approach to professional questions is that of a Liberal—alas! the Liberal approach is vanishing completely in a bi-partisan world. Mr. Fernandes of the P. T. I. said that in order to know Mr. Raghunatha Aiyar, one has to read *The Hindu*. He is right, but you must be a great expert to do that. *The Hindu* is a great newspaper because it is an institution. It is impersonal, and is capable of an exceptional degree of impartiality. Under the direction of Mr. K. Srinivasan, *The Hindu* tries to be as impersonal as a natural force—as Abraham Lincoln was. That the Chief of the Editorial Department of that paper should be a human volcano like Mr. Raghunatha Aiyar is a high tribute to the South Indian love for fair-play.

At Bareilly, he made two points in his presidential address to the U. P. Working Journalists' Federation. The

first was a plea for the setting up of a General Council for the Press on lines suggested by the Royal Commission on the British Press. The second was a plea for not neglecting the English language. The first portion of the speech was widely reported all over the country, but the second part of it went almost unnoticed. "I hope you will not set it down to the Madras's supposed partiality for English if I suggest that this (regular contact with the other newspapers and the outside world generally), should be easy if language papers everywhere have on their staffs sufficiently large numbers of qualified journalists possessing fair knowledge of English." But it was put down to a Madras's partiality to English. Especially in Uttar Pradesh there is just now an almost fanatical love of Hindi, which is aggressive and therefore appears to be imperialistic. More than half of the President's spoken address (and one-fourth of the written address) was devoted to this question of the importance of English to language newspapers. The blacking out of such an important part of the address could only be interpreted as the outcome of intolerance for the English tongue.

Charles Chaplin is the first man in the history of the world of whom it can truly and literally be said that he is world-famous. Kings, prime ministers, and musicians may be famous in the civilised world, but Charles is known in regions where Napoleon and Beethoven and Mussolini have never been heard of. He is known in the Solomon Islands, in the interior of New Guinea and the inner cities of Tibet and in the recesses of Africa. And all this has left him as malcontent as if he were still walking the streets of Kennington in boots that let in water.—THOMAS BURKE.

REHABILITATION OF CRIPPLED CHILDREN

MAN Bites Dog! The Super-Hydrogen Bomb is perfected! Another Railway Disaster! Destitute Woman Kills Children, Commits Suicide! Locust Menace Expected! Princess Marries Commoner! Rita Ali Khan Expecting Another Baby!

News! Front-page News! NEWS!!!

But, never flashed on the front-pages is news of another sort. News which, for its vital human interest, is more important, more exciting, more sensational than all the news-stories of wars, murders, dacoities and disasters put together. News from man's battle-front against disease—and death! News of miraculous cures in hospitals, of surgical marvels on the operating-table, of dead hearts brought back to life, deranged minds cured by psychiatry. Such news is buried in the pages of "Lancet" and other such dry medical journals and seldom hits the headlines in the daily press.

"AN EYE FOR AN EYE!"

Have you read, for instance, about the miracle of optical surgery in transplanting the pupil from the eye of a man just after his death and grafting it to the "dead" eye of a living man? In many European and American cities they have "Eye Banks" now—on the same lines as the "Blood Banks."

A brief news paragraph recently reported that one of the Nazi war criminals who, along with others, was sentenced to death for torturing French prisoners. Just before he faced the firing squad, he (for a former Nazi) made a strange request. "Please do not shoot me in the head," he said, "but in the heart—so that, immediately after my death, my eyes can be used to restore sight to someone who is threatened with blindness."

The implications of this episode provide heart-warming evidence of humanity that resides even in the corroded heart of a Nazi criminal.

Consider also the dramatic—or, perhaps, melodramatic—possibilities of such

a situation. What was it that induced the Nazi to make this profoundly human gesture right at the end of his otherwise vicious life? What circumstances brought about his transformation? Was this gesture in belated atonement of all his crimes? How did this particular method of paying his debt to humanity occur to him? Could it be that as a Nazi he had caused the blindness of someone through torture and now wanted that debt to be "Paid in full"? Nor does the story end with his death. It goes on—along with his eyes, the eyes of a Nazi, now restoring the sight of—? An anti-Nazi? Some victim of Nazi bombing? An ex-soldier blinded in the war? How does the beneficiary feel about looking at the world, literally, "through Nazi eyes"? Do "Nazi eyes" really see differently from non-Nazi eyes? Intriguing and infinitely fascinating, indeed, are the questions raised by the strange request of the Nazi war criminal.

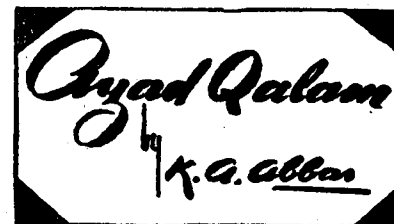
MIRACLES EVERY DAY

Then there was so much excitement over the reported miracle of a crippled nun being able to walk after beholding the statue of Our Lady of Fatimah. But, without divine assistance, no less remarkable miracles are being wrought every day in a little-known institution in Bombay—the Polio Clinic of the Society for the Rehabilitation of Crippled Children, (C/o Adams Wylie Hospital, Wylie Street, off Lamington Road, Bombay). These miracles of science, human ingenuity and devotion need greater publicity because each of them represents a resounding victory against man's worst enemies—Death and Lifelong disability!

I have just been reading, with a sense of profound discovery, the annual report of this Society, from which

I learn that the activities of the Society principally consist of:

The maintaining of a Physiotherapy & Rehabilitation Clinic for the diagnosis, care and treatment of crippled children.



The collecting of statistics relating to crippled children.

The education of the general public on the incidence of crippling diseases, and the necessity for the care, cure and rehabilitation of such afflicted children.

The P. & R. Clinic gives treatment to crippled children without distinction of caste, creed, sect, nationality or class. Daily treatment is given to children needing rehabilitation and weekly treatment to cases needing manipulation and plaster. It is meant primarily to serve the poor and the middle classes, but being the first and only institution of its kind, the committee did not think it either moral or just to penalise the children of the rich, and therefore some children of the richer classes are also admitted. The fees charged range from a minimum of As. 4 per treatment to Rs. 5 per treatment according to the financial status of the parents and are based on a schedule of income levels ranging from a minimum of Rs. 200 to a maximum of Rs. 1,000 and above.

A total number of 812 patients sought treatment and were registered at the Clinic during the 12 months under review. Of these 563 were from Bombay and 249 from the mofussil; 292 were convalescent cases and 520 chronic.

Chronic cases of Poliomyelitis, Spastic Hemiplegia and Tuberculosis of the joints develop deformities and sometimes need surgical attention prior to rehabilitation.

During the period under review 166 operations were performed under anaesthesia.

The charges for operations are, again, based on the schedule of income levels and include nursing home, operation and anaesthesia charges.

An Educational Therapy section was opened as an experiment in April 1949. A teacher, trained in Montessori and kindergarten methods, has been engaged and is being initiated into the problems peculiar to handicapped children.

Educational and occupational therapy are integral parts of a rehabilitation unit. Mind and body

being interdependent, the education of the crippled child is as important as his treatment and must progress simultaneously. Occupational therapy aids the clinical treatment of the child through handicrafts designed, chosen for and directed towards the recovery of the injured limbs. Moreover it develops to the utmost the physical capabilities of the child, and may eventually be turned to the shaping of a career.

Crippled children are, by very reason of their handicaps, denied the emotional outlets of normal children. They do not go to the playground, they are not taken to parties. Entertainments, cinemas and picnics are not for them. The 'joy-therapy programme' aims at combating the resulting frustration. It includes the organising of entertainments, parties, picnics and excursions. Two harbour excursions, one variety entertainment, an ice-cream party and a Christmas party were organised during the year. Toys were also distributed twice during the year.

STORY OF FARIDA

Statistics and technical terms cannot give a full idea of the remarkable and unique service that this little institution is rendering to crippled and disabled children—virtually giving them new life! The function of the Clinic is to be understood in terms of what it means to a helpless child, stricken with paralysis or some such horrible disability, to be able to stand erect, to be able to walk and share in the normal life of other children. Here is one case from the records of the Society:

Farida aged 7 had an attack of Polio at the age of one. Though poor, the grandmother spent lavishly and left no method untried to help and cure the child. Nevertheless, Farida became a hopeless cripple. Her legs were so contracted backwards from the knee that she could only move around on knees and hands. The old grandmother almost went blind weeping over this child. Though 6 year chronic, she was admitted as a test case, because her hip control was good. To the joy and surprise of the grandmother the legs responded to treatment and

it took eight long months of massage to straighten out the contractions. She was then manipulated with a wedge-plaster, and operations were performed on the ankles. Now, SHE WALKS!—with the aid of a *Caliper*—true! But SHE WALKS! The grandmother's joy is ecstatic. The child who was destined to crawl through life will now, aided by an appliance on one leg, walk upright through life.

This one case alone (out of hundreds) is sufficient to bring tears of joyous relief to your eyes. A crippled child—and now she walks! SHE WALKS! Behold a miracle

GOVERNMENT'S RESPONSIBILITY

Such miracles are being performed, almost every day, at the Clinic run by the S. R. C. C. Many more such miracles can be performed to cure the tens of thousands of cases of crippled children, dragging their death-like existence, all over the country. But (mark this fact) *in the whole of India there is only one such centre*, while in England there are nearly two dozens!

One would have imagined that the Health Department of the Central and Provincial Governments would be alive to the vital need for such centres for the cure and training of crippled children. But I am surprised to find from the report that the main sources of income of the Society are:

- (a) Cash donations from the public,
- (b) Membership subscriptions
- (c) Fees from patients of the clinic,
- (d) Entertainments.

No mention whatever of a Government grant!

The Balance Sheet for 1949 shows the expenses for the year to be Rs. 98,236-0-11 (Or about a lakh of rupees, to give back life and activity to several hundred children!), while the income was only Rs. 57,350-14-5. The loss is to be made up from public donations. The Secretary's report ends with these words which speak for themselves:

"Orthopaedics, as is well known, is with its very specialised needs and demands, a very expensive treatment, and if, as we hope to do, we are to cater progressively to the

masses of the very poor, we shall have to depend largely upon state and Society for financial aid. Society as a whole, has stood solidly behind us from the very first day, and but for its encouragement we might have given up long ago. I should like to take this opportunity to inform the public that the Society has been recognised as an approved charity and that all donations to the Society are now exempt from income tax.

It is bad enough that our Government Health Department have neither the imagination nor the requisite sense of responsibility to start such clinics, at least one in every province, to treat the curable cases of infantile disability. But it is inexcusable that, even now when private philanthropic enterprise has established such a centre, the Government seems to be rendering no substantial assistance to maintain it and expand its activities. But then it is only one more example of the utter irresponsibility and indifference of those who presume to rule over us.

I remember, on several occasions, reading reports of the visits of national leaders and ministers to this clinic. Verbal sympathy for the cause was expressed, the leaders were duly photographed amidst the crippled children, maybe a written testimonial was issued to the Society—and then the whole thing was forgotten. Here is a case for some one to try to cure infantile paralysis of their conscience!

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

LONDON: Pioneer aircraft designer Sir Richard Fairey estimated today that Russia was outpacing the United States two to one on military aviation but by using cheap labour may be producing from 12 to 20 times as many planes. Fairey quoted "informed opinion" that Russia and its satellites were turning out "at least 25,000 and possibly 40,000 military aircraft per year" compared with about "2,000 annually in the United States."

MONTREAL. Sir Alexander Cado-gan, British delegate to the United Nations, predicted that it might take

"generations" to put an end to the cold war, but he could conceive of no other end but a victory for the free nations.

CAPE TOWN: South Africa's Minister of the Interior, Dr. Eben Donges told the House of Assembly that the Government's new Group Areas Bill envisaged provision of separate areas of land for different racial groups by compulsion if necessary.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

BOMBAY: Seth Subhakaran Bhola-ram Seksaria, Managing Director of the Seksaria Cotton Mills Ltd. has been fined Rs. 8 lakhs and sentenced to four months' rigorous imprisonment for breaches of the Cotton and Cloth (Control Order). In his judgment the Presidency Magistrate Mr. Barot observed: "Profiteers are pests of society and prey upon the poor and the needy, and there can be

no doubt that it is in the interests of society that such men should be put down with a heavy hand"

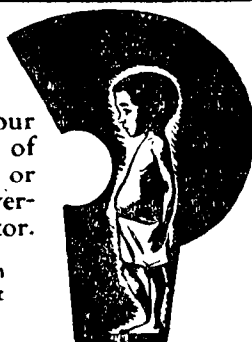
BENARAS: A woman who was rescued by a boatman from being drowned by her husband in the Ganges yesterday, killed herself by jumping before a running train here. Unable to support his family, her husband drowned their three children, was about to drown his wife in the Ganges and was jumping off himself, when a boatman intervened. The loss of her three children is believed to be the cause of her suicide.

NEW DELHI: Police took into custody a young man for squatting the whole night outside a private house here in the Saddar Bazaar Area. The man said that he was squatting there as he believed that this self-imposed penance would move his lady-love in the house to join him.

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Short Story

THAT SOMETHING!

By E. S. Ramaswami

SOME people—for no apparent reason at all—attract girls much the same as a flame attracts moths.

My friend Somu, to take a concrete case, owes his being married—very unhappily, for him, as it is—to two wives, to some such microscopic attraction, which, it now appears, he unconsciously exercises over the fair sex. I have known him some years now. I will admit that he is not very bad to look at, but will certainly like to bet that in no conceivable manner or particular he outshines the crowd. He is five feet six, and possesses ordinary features. His habits, his idiosyncracies, his manners, indeed everything visible about him are ordinary; and yet two sisters once engaged each other in the most gruesome fight just because each saw that **SOMETHING** in him. Perhaps if I take you back some years and tell you the whole story you will be able to guess what that **SOMETHING** was. I am constrained, therefore, to put the calendar and the hands of the clock back by some three years, and assume the air and style of a novelist.

It was in a tram—while going on his daily round of tuitions, for he was notorious for always earning a precarious and uncertain livelihood—that Somu first met the two sisters. I hate to run so close to type, but, as it happened, the tram was really crowded; well nigh to overflowing. It did not affect Somu, though, because he had, by boarding it at the terminus itself, filled his usual eighteen inches of seating space. The two sisters, however, who boarded it somewhere midway, had no such luck. They just stood therefore—one of them so close to Somu as to graze his knees every time the tram gave a jerk.

Not being accustomed to sacrificing personal comfort to win laurels for chivalry, Somu ignored the presence of the ladies and continued to wrap himself in his newspaper. Presently he was aware of a nag in his lower ribs and, emerging out of his paper,

he found that the man sitting next to him was muttering something and generally throwing himself into attitudes which suggested that he begged the loan of his companion's ears. Somu obliged him.

"If we two offer our seats, these ladies can sit, eh?" was the message his ear received.

Any other man would have at least considered the proposal. To Somu, the idea was most disagreeable. He whispered back that, if the gentleman wished to oblige one of the ladies, he was free—even welcome—to do so.

The young man contracted his features into shocked incredulity. He said aloud, "Do you mean to say, Sir, that you have no sense of decency and chivalry left?" and as a few other men bent towards him to find out what all the fuss was about, he added viciously, "This gentleman here refuses to offer his seat to these young ladies, see? We Indians can never learn to be decent and well-mannered. When I was in Malaya —"

This was too much for Somu.

"To hell with you and your country," he shouted. "I have not the least intention of surrendering my seat to either of these girls. Haven't I bought a ticket? It is these girls' business to see that they get seats, not mine. Chivalry be damned."

And having thus scandalised his audience into a shocked silence, he resumed his vantage position behind the newspaper—taking not the slightest notice of the two sisters who had both begun to throw him covert glances of admiration, notwithstanding his unchivalrous attitude. They had, it will be understood, been quick to see that **SOMETHING** in him.

Not three minutes had passed since the restoration of order, before one of the girls—either by accident or by design—relaxed her hold of the big bundle of books she was carrying and it crashed on Somu's head. There was

a none too subdued yelp from the recipient of the blow and the next moment he was cursing and swearing loudly and at the same time flinging the scattered books one by one out of the window.

Such, then was the beginning of Somu's dilemma—little though he realised at that time that soon this trivial incident would recur in his memory as one of the biggest problems of his otherwise placid life.

Next day, he was sought and taken to a big house not far off by an elderly gentleman who said he was looking for a tutor for his children. Again, I am unable to suggest whether this was accident or design. Somu, in recalling the tram incident, is positive that he never so much as gave or exchanged information regarding names and residences. But the fact remained that the two sisters had succeeded somehow in collecting this valuable information and setting their papa on his track.

Arrived at the house, he was introduced to his pupil—Kantha and Neela questioned as to fees, informed of convenient hours, made to agree to begin work on the following day, and returned to his house.

I do not know—and, indeed, I am not concerned with—what happened during the three months that followed. Certainly Somu professes complete ignorance on the matter. He did his two hours daily for ninety days. It is, indeed, not until we come to the first week of the fourth month that he is able to recall anything strange or extraordinary. It was like this.

He had just parked his bicycle in the stand allotted for that purpose and was in the act of entering the room where he coached the two sisters, when a hot conversation going on within, checked him, and he committed the offence of overhearing. He recognised the two clashing voices to be Kantha's and Neela's.

"You are a pig," he heard Kantha (aged 17) saying, "Why, you cat, can't you see that he loves me—me, not you? Oh, you are such an idiot."

"You monkey-faced shrin," Neela aged 16 retorted. "He'd sooner kill himself than love you. When we are married, you will know the truth. The utmost I can do is to ask him not to

kick you out of our house when you visit us."

The voices of the two participants thereafter mixed themselves in an orgy of tumultuous shouting and the sound of various articles of furniture crashing on the floor announced to Somu the fact that the two sisters were giving each other of their joicies.

The psychological moment, thought Somu, had come. He pushed the door open and entered the ring.

"Now, now, what are you two girls up to?" he shouted above the prevailing pandemonium, "You have been tearing each other's hair. Now, what's it all about? Why so much rough work?"

He succeeded finally in separating the combatants, each of whom now attached herself to one of his arms, holding it so tight that he was surprised.

"Oh, Somu," sobbed Kantha, "I love you."

Almost overlapping with her confession were Neela's words "Oh, Somu, dear, I love you more than she does. Don't you love me? Just tell her you do and show her her proper place."

Somu affirms that he was dazed—flabbergasted—overwhelmed. For a moment of two, he just reeled and then sinking into the nearest chair, he made a strong and determined effort to pull himself together.

He confronted Kantha and gave her a severe look. "You said just now, Kantha, that you love me?"

"I did" came the ready answer.

"Is it true?"

"As true as—"

"Well, never mind," he said sternly. He turned to Neela, and said, "And, Neela, you said the same thing. Do I understand you to say that you love me too?"

"I don't know about the 'too' but I do love you to distraction" said Neela, giving her elder sister a venomous look.

"H'm," interposed Somu, his mind looping into many channels of thought, "H'm we must do something about it." And with that he left the room and returned home to an evening's hard thinking.

Now, as I have hinted before, Somu never boasted more than an average

measure of that great but rare gift, commonsense—being himself an average man. But it is surprising how even a small amount of commonsense concentrated on a knotty problem can work miracles.

For two days he confined himself to the solitude of his dingy rooms and effected this concentration. At length, on the third day, in the small hours of the morning, he felt justified in harbouring an Archimidean feeling of triumph and, it is almost certain that in this jubilation he let go of the lighted end of his cigarette and thus burned a big hole in his almost new quilt.

As, indeed, anybody in his position

might have done, he decided—without a thought as to the gloomy future involved—to marry both sisters simultaneously. And this, what with the abetment he received from both the sisters, he subsequently did.

Now, after three years of a most unhappy married life, he will be excused if he sometimes confronts his wives with the very pertinent—though belated—question, "Whatever did you two see in me, I wonder?" and we hope his wives will be excused too, if each of them, in her own way, replies, "Oh, well, can't define what, but there's something in you, you know..."

Oh. That something again!

SAVE THE POLICE FOR DEMOCRACY

By Major D. V. RAJA RAO

SHOOTING Communists dead has become almost a daily feature of police activities nowadays. The official communiques given out are vague, laconic, stereotyped and without details. Shootings take place generally in an encounter in hilly or forest regions and in the exchange of fire between the Communists and the police. Varying numbers of Communists are killed. Sometimes it is individual Communists whom the police are obliged to shoot in self-defence. A remarkable feature of these communiques is that the police casualties are nil or negligible. Except the killed, the rest of the raiding party of the Communists manage to escape with the injured and no arrests are made. The arms and ammunition recovered from the Communists are relatively small and not dangerously lethal. The words 'forest' and 'hilly' are used in the widest possible latitude of their meaning in describing the scenes of action. While appreciating the energetic action taken against the Communists the public are, however, left with a doubt if excessive if not inhuman ruthlessness is not being employed in hunting the Communists. Considering that the Communists, however ugly their activities might be, are after all an ill-equipped and ill-organised lot not enjoying the sympathy of the people in general, that a State force with all its organisation, equipment and

resources should resort to extreme measures even in dealing with relatively small groups and particularly with poorly armed individuals is a measure of the panic and weakness of the Government and the inefficiency of their police force.

The law all over the world accepts the principle of life for life. Judicial hanging cannot be justified otherwise. A man who has no respect for human life is a social menace and society has every right to get rid of him. Even so, law insists on proof. Motive and premeditation are conditions precedent to murder. Even in a war where contending enemies are out to kill one another, international law and ethics of war forbid killing an unarmed or a surrendered enemy. Killing captives is considered as one of the most heinous crimes of war. Respect for life is instinctive and absolutely necessary for the preservation of humanity and should be fostered assiduously. A force which is held responsible for law and order in the country should cultivate this respect for life to the highest degree. Unless the custodians of law and order are restrained enough not to kill except under extreme conditions of necessity and only as a last and desperate measure, they cease to be our protectors and they would become a worse menace than the anti-social elements from whom they are expected to protect us.

In a peoples' Government the police are not only responsible for the security of the people but they are also the custodians of their rights, liberties and human dignity. In our country during many years of foreign rule it had been the lot of the police to defend an unwanted Government against a resenting people. They were never developed in the right democratic tradition. The Government had no respect for the life, liberty and rights of the people. Police methods were rough and ready. Scientific methods of investigation were not developed. Organised and humane methods of maintaining law and order were not cultivated. Brute force, callous inhumanity and unscrupulous exploitation of the ignorance and fear of the people, were characteristic of police methods. People were suspicious and afraid of the police and the police looked upon the people with indifference and derision. The police were taught and encouraged to look upon the people as the enemies of the State, a very negation of the democratic idea. At the height of the political trouble the police were made all powerful and a law unto themselves. Nothing they did was condemnable so long as it served the purpose of cowing down the people into submission to the foreign Government. There was a premium on the police capacity to insult, ill-treat, intimidate and imprison Indian patriots. Even so they were not given the privilege to shoot. However, enterprising police officials tried to excel each other in their record of anti-Congress work. Cooking up false situations, marshalling false evidence and putting out false reports became a common and routine feature of police work. The atrocities committed by the police against Indian patriots in the name of law and order and the staggeringly false reports put out in justification or denial of such acts are still fresh in our memory. One wonders if police history is not repeating itself in the context of suppressing the Commu-

nists now. It is also well to remember the reaction of the people to such acts of vandalism and oppression.

In a free democracy where there is no clash of interests between the people and the Government there is no room for police excesses and intimidation of the people into abject servility. With the advent of freedom and popular ministries a radical re-orientation in the police outlook and methods is to be expected. With the legacy of a police force indifferent to people's interests, inefficient in its organisation and work and antiquated in its methods, it requires the greatest vigilance on the part of the Government to see that human liberty, rights and security are not trampled upon by the custodians of law and order. The Government should strongly insist that its police should develop a respect for human life, rights and liberties and made to realise that they cannot take liberties with these with impunity.

In a civilized democracy the law is supreme. The executive cannot be a law unto themselves. The rough and ready British methods of combining the judiciary and the executive in this country are being reformed. The executive are being relieved of their judicial capacity, and yet with regard to the Communists the police are the investigators, accusers, judges and executioners all at once and in one moment. This is not a normal procedure. Obviously the Communist problem is beyond the scope of the civilian law. It would be much better to allow the military to tackle the problem than to invest our civilian police with extraordinary and extra legal powers. A policeman who gets used to shoot alleged criminals on sight even if they be Communists can never again be a trusted friend and guide to the common man. It would be worth all effort and expense to the Government to wean the police from their traditions of the days of imperial rule and train them to be the trusted servants of a free and democratic people.

They speak of the unpredictability of the Oriental mind; and I can quite believe it after learning that Japanese watch-dogs warn their masters of the presence of burglars by keeping quiet! These watch-dogs are really crickets. The Japanese householder keeps these little creatures in a cage in his room, where they chirp loudly all night. Directly a stranger enters the house, the crickets, sensing his presence, stop chirping...and the sudden silence awakes the householder as effectively as the barking of any dog!—A. B. SWANGE.

LEGACY TO THE NEXT CONGRESS PRESIDENT

By S. I. THEOGARAJ

WITHIN a few weeks from now, we will know who will be at the helm of the Congress affairs for the next three years. Today the situation is different from what it was in pre-independence days. From September 2, 1946, when India's first National (Interim) Cabinet was formed at the Centre. Congress ceased to be the edifice of disinterested patriotism and voluntary self-sacrifice. Baser elements have crept in, and now among Congressmen there is a scramble for power, pelf and position not so much in the organisation as in the Government. Congress *gaddi* is not today as attractive as a seat in the Central Cabinet; nor does the Rashtrapati hold in society an equal status with the Minister. Thus the presidentship of the Indian National Congress no more seems to be the highest office to which an Indian can aspire; nor does it seem to require the tallest talent available in the country.

Several nominations will be sent to the A.-I.C.C. office by groups of Congress delegates from the different Congress provinces and a few nominees may withdraw. If there happens to be more than one contestant there will be election; and by July next some one will be declared the President of the Indian National Congress for the fifty-sixth session to be held at Nasik. But will the delegates care to destroy the vermin that are for the past few years corroding the Congress and to remedy the indifference with which the top-ranking leaders treat the President and the organization? If they do, they will be wise enough to elect one who can revitalise the Congress and bring in pressure on the Government by his personality.

This high office has fallen considerably from the august position it once held. In free India the President of the Republic will, in stature and power, be above any other citizen in the country. But why should the Congress President, whose predecessors form a galaxy of personalities perhaps unequalled by any group of

personages who all down the ages occupied any honoured seat in the world, descend lower than the Minister who in his wildest dreams dare not even think of contesting for this Presidentship? Though this office does not now carry the honour and prestige of the head of an organization that previously had existed for service and sacrifice alone, is not the Congress President still the head of the party in power? Why should not the next President, if he has the requisite qualities, raise up his own status and the status of his party in the eyes of Congress leaders in Government employ and of the general public?

The immediate and main cause of this sudden loss of prestige is to be sought within the Congress itself. The organization which, not so long ago, was well-knit and disciplined has now become loose and indisciplinable. The reactions today of different Congress committees and Congressmen to any vital issue are so contradictory that these committees and individuals do not seem to owe any allegiance to a common or ideal body. There is no co-ordinated effort from the different provincial Congress committees to consolidate the freedom we have won and ensure the country's future security. There is no homogeneity even in their outlook on, and consequently in their efforts to solve problems that affect the future of their organization. The molasses scandal in Bihar, the Prakasam problem in Madras and the *Rebels'* challenge in Uttar Pradesh are among the more known cases of strife, conflict and faction in the Congress. But what really threatens the very future of the Congress is the attitude the Congressmen-in-the street and the lower Congress committees have adopted of late. The President's and the General Secretaries' directives to carry out certain decisions taken by the Working Committee are received with calculated coldness and studied indifference. Some of the Congressmen do not even care to reply to their letters.

They die unconsciously, of course—their own graves; for what are they without the organization?

What has happened at the top to allow the existence of indiscipline in the Congress ranks? Can this organization that once rose to a man ready to any sacrifice at the call of the President or Working Committee be brought back to its old disciplined way? Members of the Working Committee, coming as they do from different parts of the country, find it difficult to arrive at a unanimous decision on issues other than international or all-India. But it behoves every member of the Committee, in the interest of party discipline and prestige, not to speak or do anything hostile to the Committee's decision, even though within the Committee he or she might differ and press for the recording of notes of dissent.

This highest executive of the Congress, as it is constituted today, works in two different camps—camps which though not strictly hostile are not friendly either. Our tried and veteran leaders, though smaller in number, form the stronger group, and the others form the major but weaker group. The former so steer the deliberations of the Committee that decisions when arrived at do not embarrass them in their day to day administration of the Government. The non-governmental members on the Committee who take these decisions, give vent to their feelings when away from the capital. Thus when controls are in force, the Congress President goes about advocating their removal; when the Government is concerned about integrating the component parts of the country until a minimum security and stability is ensured, different members of the Working Committee go about demanding the immediate formation of linguistic provinces. And members and committees on the lower rungs of the organization take advantage of these differences and drive wedges between the different members for their own advantage when faced with charges of flouting the Constitution or with breach of discipline.

It is a known fact that Congress leaders in the Government consider the Congress President as only a secondary figure and follow a definite

line of action without caring to put him in the know of what they do. Placed as they are during the past three years or so, it is impossible for them to do otherwise. It was the way of one President to refuse to give his decision on any matter when consulted and later criticize Nehru and Patel for their independent decision and action. Another had an unrestrained tongue. While extolling non-violence he would suddenly burst out that Lanka would soon be made part of India, without realizing that he was throwing a challenge for an armed conflict to a neighbouring and friendly State. The Congress President is being ignored not so much for any other reason as for his failure to feel the weight of his office.

To end all these and many other evils the Congress President has to be an unusual combination of rare qualities. To win over all sections of the Indian people he has to be a pronounced anti-communist and must be above provincialism. To make Hindi the workable *lingua franca* of India he should be a firm believer in gradualism and be able to convince the Hindi, the non-Hindi and the anti-Hindi people of the inevitability of less painful gradualness in bringing about any permanent good. Within the organization itself he should be capable of exercising his powers with firm moderation. On Congress-Government relations he must make the importance of his office felt by the weight of his wise counsel to his colleagues in the Government. In public he should not feel offended at every jostling but should possess a hardness and real dignity that never dreads contact with others and that endeavours to win over rather than expose the antagonist by occasionally foregoing an advantage. An astute politician, reticent to irritation, Chakravarti Rajagopalachari is the one possessing all these qualities to an admirably high degree. His talents could be better tapped not by being a Minister at the Centre but by being the Congress President for the coming three formative years in our national life and crucial years in the life of the Congress. The ex-Governor-General of India will then be officially under no one and yet remain the servant of the nation.

NINETY MILES OF PRICELESS DOCUMENTS

By MAURICE CARR

IN the midst of a Parisian slum can be found the national archives of France, a palace wherein lie 90 miles of historical documents that tell France's story. Its director, Charles Braibant, noted savant and novelist, is beset by one fear—that the ancient palace may become prey to fire and the millions of dusty archives go up in smoke.

To secure the palace from the ever-present danger of fire, M. Braibant plans to tear down the dilapidated dwellings and shops that adjoin it and, in their place build a needed addition to the palace. The evicted people would be housed in a \$600,000 structure to be built on the outskirts of Paris—small price to pay for the preservation of such precious documents. As an added precaution, M. Braibant has arranged for the historic relics to be microfilmed.

The palace in which these archives, incomparably more voluminous and more valuable than those possessed by any other country are stored away, is so vast that the two largest railway terminal stations in Paris could be accommodated there with ease. A hundred years ago, when the closely stacked piles of historic documents measured only eight miles from end to end, these premises were commodious enough. But today the archives fill 90 miles of shelves and are still growing. Merely to look them over from start to finish, without any attempt at reading, you have to walk three miles through scores of chambers, vaults, corridors, and toil up and down 33 staircases, the combined height of which is greater than that of the Eiffel Tower.

When M. Braibant moved in—he has a sumptuous private apartment among the archives—he found the palace, for all its enormity, terribly cluttered up. The old palace turns blank windowless walls upon the sordid streets all around it, and gives no hint to the unsuspecting passer-by of the treasures concealed within. The moment you enter by an

archaic gate, surmounted by 600-year-old "pepper-pot" towers, and wander through the imposing complex of medieval and Renaissance buildings, paved courtyards and leafy gardens, you feel right out of this world. The palace windows within—and there are precisely 1,195 of them—look out upon a universe of their own, remote from the roar of traffic, the dust, and the daily round of making money.

Meanwhile, impoverished by two wars, the French Government has steadily whittled down its annual subsidy to the state archives, so that now M. Braibant can hardly afford to maintain even a skeleton staff. Four or five learned archivists are paid a pittance to look after millions of documents. For each of the gigantic buildings there is only one resident care-taker. M. Braibant has calculated that if he were to be presumptuous enough to have all the windows opened and closed once daily, it would require the full-time services of four men, which would promptly land the archives in bankruptcy. So the windows have to stay shut, as they have for the past half-century.

These deplorable conditions, however, are overshadowed in M. Braibant's mind by the danger of an outbreak fire. The fear of it has become an obsession with him, and with good reason, too, for leaning tight up against the palace at various points are dilapidated dwelling-houses and rickety workshops whose walls are a crisscross of faulty electrical wiring. There is no knowing when a short-circuit will start a blaze; indeed, it is a miracle that nothing of the kind has happened so far. Let but a single tongue of flame touch a shelf of bone-dry, dusty documents, and a conflagration is bound to ensue.

It is certainly no exaggeration to say that the French state archives are one of the supreme marvels of the civilized world, and their loss would be an irreparable disaster. They contain such gems as the diary of Louis XVI who on July 14, 1789, the day of the outbreak of the French Revolu-

tion which was to cost him his head, entered just one word: "Nothing." There is Napoleon's will. The testament of Louis XIV, which disappeared mysteriously on his death, has just been handed in anonymously to the archives by the last in a long line of receivers of stolen property. On a state register there is the one and only known contemporary portrait of Joan of Arc, sketched in hasty excitement by a clerk on hearing the news of the deliverance of Orleans by the Maid of Orleans. There is the original copy of the first Declaration of Human Rights. But enumeration solely of the most precious documents would fill volumes; and perhaps the more humdrum papers are, in the bulk, the more important.

When I called on M. Braibant, he was gloating over his latest "catch" concerning the origin of the crinoline. That garment, he told me, owed its existence to the French national archives. In the middle of the 19th century Empress Eugenie borrowed from the archives a set of fashion plates showing the costumes worn by Queen Marie Antoinette. In imitation of Marie Antoinette's robes, Eugenie evolved the crinoline. Whether or not our swooning grandmothers and harassed grandfathers had reason to be grateful to the French state archives for inspiring Victorian wasp-waists and barrel-skirts, this incident illustrates the practical potentialities of ancient documents in influencing contemporary life.

Actually, the French state archives were established strictly for utilitarian reasons. Directly after the outbreak of the French Revolution, the country's new and inexperienced leaders had to learn to govern as they went along. To make things easier for themselves, they consulted the royal archives which were scattered over many hundreds of towns, villages and lone mansions—and the obvious step of concentrating all the files in one place was taken.

When Napoleon was master of Europe, the hoards of paper must have overflowed through the windows, for the emperor brought back to Paris plundered state documents from all the countries he had conquered. In 1814, during his first banishment, many foreign envoys

were gathered in the French national archives to reclaim their property; when the report came through that Napoleon had escaped from imprisonment and was marching northward from the Riviera coast, the shock caused the Vatican's librarian to drop dead on the spot.

As time went on, the French archives were enriched with the world's finest collection of ancient seals, many of them veritable little art master-pieces, and masses of curios, such as the giant keys of the Bastille prison, the table on which the murdered revolutionist Robespierre was laid out and on which, strangely enough, in 1947 the peace treaty between France and Italy was signed. Only a mammoth catalogue could do justice to the most important historic objects accumulated in the archives.

With so much at stake, M. Braibant has set to work in a fine frenzy. In a series of eloquent broadcasts, he has taken the public into his confidence. He has clamoured for more funds from the state treasury and financial relief is in sight. He has arranged for the millions of documents to be microfilmed, so that if the originals burn, at least copies may remain. During the last world war a German bomb just missed the archives, hit a nearby tenement, and 50 mangled bodies were buried in the chestnut courtyard of the palace.

In anticipation of expansion of his domain, M. Braibant has formed several new groups of honorary archive-hunters including a former French prime minister, members of the old titled aristocracy, bankers and professors, who have pledged themselves to bring in shoals of archives, ancient and modern, from the dungeons of old castles scattered over the French countryside, from the vaults of banks, insurance companies, industrial concerns and from all places where the march of time is recorded on paper.

If Charles Braibant can fulfil his ambitions, he is certain to be rewarded later on with a monument all to himself in a Parisian public square. And, with his lean ascetic face, prominent nose and seigneurial air innocent of false modesty, he will look good in stone or metal. He deserves well of his fellowmen.

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FOLK ART IN INDIA: NEED FOR A CENTRAL ACADEMY

By D. V. RAMA RAO

WHAT exactly does the term 'Folk-Art' convey? Does it signify anything distinct apart from the general term 'Art' itself? While it is true that all Art is an expression of the inner joy and harmony in terms of beauty and as such of universal appeal, yet, just as terms like 'Indian Art', 'Carnatic Music' and 'Rajput Painting' are used to indicate particular patterns or traditions, similarly the term 'Folk-Art' too may be taken to indicate, broadly speaking, all those art-cum-entertainment patterns that carry a popular appeal and that can be enjoyed and appreciated even by those who are not connoisseurs. Thus, for instance, Carnatic Music and especially Thyagaraja's *Kritis* provide an excellent example of the classical exposition of art which can be fully enjoyed and appreciated only by those who possess cultivated tastes whereas many of the *Bhajan Kirtans* sung all over India have a far greater popular appeal. Similarly, *Bharata Natyam* as preserved and developed in the South is highly refined and classical while the *Garba* of Gujerat and to some extent the *Kolattam* of the South which have a far simpler technique continue to have a widely popular and even romantic appeal. There are, however, some arts like the *Kathakali* of Kerala and *Koochipudi Bhagavatam* of Andhra which possess and command high artistic and wide popular appeal. It may be noted that both *Kathakali* and *Koochipudi Bhagavatam* conform to the chaste traditions of *Bharata Natyam* and continue to enthral unsophisticated village audiences possibly because they are of the nature of a dance narration and consequently prove very entertaining. The term 'Folk-Art', therefore, merely underlines the popular aspects of art but confirms to the finest traditions of indigenous art.

India, undoubtedly, is a rich storehouse of folk-arts and crafts with a wide variety of local patterns and there is scarcely a region or province which has not contributed its own share to this traditional treasure

house. There has been in recent times increasing interest in the revival of folk-arts and crafts but concerted and co-ordinated efforts to discover, preserve and enrich so as to make them a vital and growing feature of national life are lacking.

Folk-arts, it may be noted, not only introduce a festive atmosphere in an otherwise dull and drab life but help to cultivate simple, healthy and artistic tastes; they have also a bearing on the preservation and development of cottage crafts. For instance, some of the new fashionable sari-border designs bear a remarkable resemblance to the customary flour or *alpana* designs to be seen in the front courtyards of houses all over South India including Andhra as also in Orissa and Bengal.

In rural festivities, receptions and the like, very fine decorative effect is produced with the aid of simple local material like flowers, mango leaves, plantain stems, painted cocoanuts and coloured earthen vessels called *Kumbho* in Orissa. One finds a vague echo of the time-honoured artistic traditions of our country reflected in the manifestation of all these simple decorative designs, dance narrations, *bhajan* songs and the like; and the same artistic impulses that permeate these festive activities are also reflected in the local crafts such as handloom fabrics, earthen and metal ware, clay dolls, toys, etc., which are often displayed for sale in local fairs. Some of these are extremely attractive and show very fine craftsmanship.

It is these simple folk-arts that are largely helpful in preserving our artistic traditions and in a way, too, providing the requisite atmosphere for the continuance of cottage crafts. This aspect seems to have been well recognised by artists like Nandalal Bose and Jamini Roy not to mention the Shantiniketan School of Art which under the inspiration of Rabindranath, Abanindranath and other members of the illustrious Tagore

family has done and is doing much to preserve and revive the latent artistic talent by fostering appreciation of the aesthetic aspects of the simple cultural and festive activities of Indian rural life. It may be interesting to note that it was Mahatma Gandhi that hit upon the bright idea of entrusting all decorative work in connection with the annual sessions of the Indian National Congress and the attendant exhibition of indigenous products to Nandalal Bose and his Shantiniketan disciples who by using entirely simple local material could produce a delightful effect thus providing the businesslike and excited deliberations of the huge annual political conference with a festive, artistic and natural touch.

It is no exaggeration to say that till two or three decades ago the educated sections and especially city dwellers in our country had so completely lost touch with our cultural traditions as to look down upon folk-arts generally as but crude rural entertainments not worth the notice and appreciation of 'polished' gentry. It was the deep understanding and interest evinced by scholars like Ananda Coomaraswamy, E. B. Havell and James H. Cousins that fostered a healthy public interest in Indian art-traditions; and, but for the efforts of artists like Ragini Devi, Rukmani Devi and Uday Shankar probably the classical refinement of *Bharata Natyam* and the romantic grace of *Manipuri* could hardly have been known outside the restricted regions in the South and Assam. Similarly, until Poet Vallathol took out his troupe of trained artists of the *Kerala Kala Mandalam* and Gopinath and Thankamani gave out demonstrations, few outside Malabar had heard of *Kathakali* and fewer still had any idea of its artistic excellence. So also, the supreme charm of the *Chau* dance of Orissa of which the late Shuvendra Narayana Singh Deo of the royal family of Seraikella was one of the finest exponents, came to be widely known only after the well-known impressario, Haren Ghose (who, unfortunately, met with a sad end recently) arranged demonstrations in London and Paris where it was hailed as one of the finest expositions of the dance-art. But there are still a good many patterns of simple artistic entertainments which remain practically unknown outside their

very restricted localities and, what is worse, are languishing for want of patronage. Thus, for instance, *Baro Kithi*, the *Lecia* performance and *Sankhi Natto* largely confined to the Ganjam district in Orissa and *Bhama Kalapam* mainly of the Godavari and Vizagapatam districts in Andhra, all of which are song narrations accompanied by dance gestures, can prove to be healthy and artistic entertainments with a few finer graces added.

It was largely the traditional patronage of the local Rajahs and Zamindars that helped the survival of these arts. But in the new set-up it is doubtful if such patronage could continue any longer. No doubt, cinemas and radio broadcasts have been to some extent serving the cause of popularising folk songs and dance-narrations. But, quite often, there is an indiscriminate mixing up of the chaste local pattern with vulgar imitations of some cheap modern or western style producing a hybrid effect which is none too edifying. The need for an Indian Folk-Art Centre, therefore, becomes apparent if the traditional art patterns are to be preserved, developed and studied in a systematic and scientific manner. The Central Education Department may well sponsor such a move, but, to fully serve its purpose, such a centre should be run by some cultural institute like Shantiniketan or the Theosophical Culture Centre at Adyar in Madras and not as a Government-managed department although Government should help it in every way. The purpose of such an institute should be neither to dictate nor standardise art patterns, for, any such attempt would adversely effect the spontaneity of artistic expression. Such a centre could well be entrusted with the making and maintaining of permanent musical records of the various but distinct local styles and tunes such as the devotional-cum-festive songs of Mirabai and Surdas as sung in Gujerat, Rajasthan and North India; of Tulsi-das and Kabir as sung in U. P. and Bihar; the *Abangas* of Tukaram in Maharashtra, the *Bhajan* songs of Sri Chaitanya Vidyapati, Chandidas and Ramprasad in Bengal and parts of Bihar; the *Geetas* of Upendra Bhanjo, Kavi Surja and Gopala Krishna in Orissa; and perhaps even the more classical and musical ones such as Purandara Dasa of Karnataka and

the *Ashtapadis* of Jayadeva as sung in different parts of the country; *Muvva Gopala Padams* of Kshetragna and Krishna Leela Tarangini of Tirtha Narayana Swamy as set to dance tunes in Andhra and South India and also the melodious Assamese and Bengali folk songs with which we are now familiar, thanks to the talented artist, Sachin Deb Barman besides numerous beautiful ballads, boatmen songs, workers' chorus songs, lullabies, duets, etc., of which Devendra Satyarthi made a good collection after patient efforts. Indeed, among Adivasis such as the Savaras, Santhals and Bhills, too, one comes across surprisingly charming folk-lore and art patterns which are well worth preserving. In this connection it may not be out of place to mention the name of the late Guru Saday Dutt the founder of the socio-cultural Bratachari movement which helped to focus public attention on the fast languishing folk dances and festivities of Bengal and that of Verrier Elwin who has done much to throw light on the aesthetic aspects of the simple folk-lore and songs of the Adivasis of Central India.

It may be noted that while a good many folk songs and festivities have a devotional appeal, one need not be religiously inclined to enjoy and appreciate them; indeed, they can provide rich fare by way of delightful cultural entertainment besides being educative to one and all. The present writer was delightfully surprised to hear some extremely pleasant songs accompanied by quaint and simple musical instruments dealing with such devotional-cum-romantic themes as Sita Vanavasam, penance of Uma Maheswar and Radha Raman's Leelas in Brindavan besides ballads depicting the valour of local heroes, songs teaching Vedanta philosophy called *Tatvams* in Andhra sung by wandering minstrels many of which have never been printed although they constitute a rich addition to our country's literature. Similarly, the advent of the Mahatma gave rise to a wide variety of songs and song narrations in all parts of the country. All of these possess cultural, historical and literary value and would have to be collected, printed, and annotated giving cultural, historical and social background; the tunes recorded, and where they are accompa-

nied by dance or gestures as in *Daso Kathi*, *Sakhi Natto* and *Leela* of Orissa, or *Burra Katha*, and *Bhagavatam* and *Bhama Kalapam* of Andhra or the more classical *Harikatha* recital practiced all over the South would have to be screened so as to have a permanent record of our folk-lore and culture; documentary films of these would prove entertaining and useful.

A central academy with regional institutes all over the country can not only train persons with a view to introducing some joyful cultural activity into the somewhat dull pattern of our present-day rural and urban life but could also conduct short summer courses to popularise healthy cultural activities among students. The pressing need for the early starting of such a centre becomes evident when it is realised that the present generation for the most part is being brought up on often ill-digested economic and political doctrinairism devoid generally of cultural values and that the traditional patronage hitherto extended by local aristocratic chiefs cannot possibly continue hereafter. That politico-economic ideologies rather than cultural and ethical aims figure prominently in present-day student activities may be due to several factors and may be but a reflection of the cynical mood of the age; but, it should not be forgotten that without a sound cultural basis and flourishing artistic traditions such lopsided and overstretched ideologies, far from enriching life in its truest sense, might actually deprive it of much of its charm. It is a pity that while universities and cultural associations in other countries take a lively interest in the preservation of folk-lore and arts, in our country, universities, colleges and cultural associations evince very little interest in that direction. There is no reason why every university and even college should not have its folk-art association along with its literary, history, economic, political science and similar associations and every village should not be put on a festive appearance with flourishing folk-art once more. Surely, a properly constituted central academy with regional branches can go a long way in reviving a healthy public interest in our rich traditions in the realm of folk-art and provide, too, the requisite atmosphere for the thriving of cottage crafts.

CONFUCIANISM IN RED CHINA

By V. G. NAIR

SOON after the inauguration of the Peoples' Republic, the Red leaders of China are said to have hit a hard blow on Confucius, the old Master Kung revered by generations of Chinese as the father of their culture and civilization. The birthday of Confucius is an event of great national importance in China observed by all former Governments, but the Red Republic is said to have discontinued its celebration.

To know Confucianism is to understand the spirit of Chinese culture, for the entire thought and national characteristics of the Chinese are born out of Confucian teachings. All the teachings of Confucius have one central objective—the development of the ideal of 'superior man' or the gentleman. An ideal society could be realised only through the ideal man. To create good men—living personalities of sterling humanitarian character—is the higher objective of Confucian teachings. A government or institution will live and flourish when the man behind it has a vital personality. Education rather than legislation is the foundation of good society. Good men are more precious than systems of government! All the ills of society could be prevented by creating good citizens. The family is the logical starting point for moral development. Human relationship first begins from the family, then spreads to society, the nation and to the world at large. All men within the four seas are brethren is a popular saying of Confucius. A Chinese proverb has it that the best place to look for a loyal and good Minister is in a family renowned for its filial piety. Confucian theories on government, diplomats, wealth, production, consumption and distribution had much in common with the tenets of modern Socialism. To create a Confucian society is to attain Communism by peaceful means. The wider aspect of Confucian teaching is to create a perfect member of the family, of the State and of the world. The ideal of Confucius is one of universal peace. From the inner harmony of oneself world peace is sought to be realised. The Confucian tenet of 'Tatung' or universalism and the

concept of a 'Great Commonwealth' are one in spirit with the objective of the United Nations Organisation. Confucianism seeks to accomplish peace on earth and goodwill among men.

Confucius represented the common man and his teachings were mainly intended for his welfare. But during his life time, he did not command so much respect in China as after his death. For about twenty years, Confucius preached his socio-political philosophy, and according to his own account, he could not find a single ruler or people to follow his teachings. In fact he died a disappointed man lamenting his fate and that of his people. Chinese history is replete with incidents of dynastic revolutions, internecine warfare, banditry, crime and corruption and there has been very little of internal peace and general contentment among the people. Feudalism, landlordism, capitalism, class divisions, superstitions, with all their concomitant evils of poverty, exploitation, ignorance, sickness and national inertia have been all along thriving on Confucianism despite its preaching of universal brotherhood and equality among mankind.

Confucianism suffered severe persecution in the land of its birth. In the first century A. D., Tsin Huang-ti, the Chinese Napoleon, burnt and buried alive hundreds of Confucian scholars and hunted them like wild beasts. Heaps of Confucian literature were freely relegated to the fire. Inspired by Han Fei-tzu, the distinguished Minister who belonged to the Legalist school of political thinkers, Tsin Huang-ti suppressed criticisms of his rule by adherents of other parties. The Legalists proclaimed the absolute authority of the Emperor in all matters that affected the spiritual and material welfare of the people and they insisted on the enforcement of strict laws in order to make good citizens and a peaceful society. Confucianists laid stress upon the moral influence of an upright ruler rather than upon strict laws, whereas the Legalists emphasised the absolute need for strict laws to make the rulers and the ruled alike upright and

honest citizens. The Confucian conception of government by gentlemen is opposed to the Legalist conception of government by strict laws rather than by gentlemanly persons. The Confucian system assumed every ruler to be a gentleman and proceeded to treat him as a gentleman. The

legalist system assumed every ruler to be a crook and proceeded to make provision in the political systems to prevent him from carrying out his crooked intentions, says Lin Yutang. People are born good according to Confucius, but the Legalists believed just the opposite.

CONGRESS ELECTIONS IN TAMIL NAD

By N. G. NATESA AIYAR

In 1946, I contested an election for the one seat in the Tamil Nad Provincial Congress Committee for Tiruchirapalli City. I was declared defeated and the rival candidate, the late Mr. P. R. Tevar, declared elected. I immediately filed my objection petition, under the rules, before the Election Tribunal, on the grounds that the election was vitiated by a number of irregularities, illegalities, fraud and violation of the Secrecy of the ballot box. After a delay of 12 months, and unremitting pressure by me, the Tribunal held the enquiry and as a result found my objection proved, decided that the election of Mr. P. R. Tevar was void and set it aside. For one further year, I did all I could by letters and personal requests to the President, Tamilnad P. C. (Sri Kama-raj Nadar) to hold the re-election, but it was all in vain. I then appealed to the General Secretary of the Congress and the Congress President (in 1948) against the unfair, unjust and illegal action of the Tamil Nad Congress President and sought remedy. Nothing came out of them. I then wrote a number of letters to the Congress Headquarters and personally interviewed the present President, Rashtrapathi Dr. Pattabhi Seetharamayya and the Congress Secretary, Mr. Kala Venkata Rao, in January 1949 and February 1950 at New Delhi, and complained to them of the way I was being treated. At long last, I have now received the following communication from the General Secretary, Mr. Kala Venkata Rao;

"Dear Friend,

With reference to all your letters regarding your election to the Tamil Nad Provincial Congress Committee in 1946, I wish to state that it was in-

correct on the part of the Tamil Nad Congress Committee not to have filled that seat by election when the vacancy arose due to a decision of the Election Tribunal. But, it was explained that the election could not be held for the reason explained by the T. N. C. C. who said that the seat was filled by co-option, according to the directions given by the A. I. C. C. Therefore, I would request you to drop the matter.

(Sd.) Kala Venkata Rao,
General Secretary.

I have no wish to pursue the matter further and would gladly drop it but for the rider in the General Secretary's letter regarding the explanation of the T. N. C. C. The "co-option" directions by the A. I. C. C. came two years after the decision of the Election Tribunal in respect generally of all vacancies in P. C. Ss. The point is why the President, T. N. C. C. withheld the election for this long time in spite of repeated requests from me demanding re-election being held. I have therefore again written to the Congress President to review this aspect of the case, and in the light of the charge I have made that this action of the Tamil Nad Congress President was deliberate and was motivated by a desire to shut me out of the P. C. C. due to well-known divergence of opinion between me and him in regard to executive and administrative work in Tamil Nad Congress. My case is just one of several such and I feel assured that the Rashtrapathi will soon give his considered decision in the matter in the interests of the purity of elections in the Congress.

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HAS DEVALUATION SUCCEEDED?

By M. S. P.

WHEN last year it became clear that no amount of American aid under the Marshall Plan could help Britain to find a permanent solution to her dollar problem and when it was found that, despite large U. S. financial grants, Britain's gold and dollar reserves were dwindling at a fast rate, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer took a momentous decision in an effort to bridge the dollar gap, and the pound-sterling was devalued. Seven months later, Sir Stafford Cripps, referring to the effects of devaluation, said in his budget speech that, "so far as we can at present judge, events have moved rather more favourably for us than we anticipated." As if to confirm the Chancellor's statement, Mr. Paul G. Hoffman, the Marshall Plan Administrator, announced a month later that, due to the "greater-than-expected" improvement in Britain's position since devaluation, her Marshall Aid allocation for 1950-51 would be cut by 129 million dollars. But really how far was the devaluation of sterling responsible for the improvement in Britain's dollar position?

Before answering this question, it will be interesting to recall what the British Economic Survey said about Britain's balance of payments position. The Survey recognised that "the balance of payments appears certain to remain the central economic problem in 1950 and for many years ahead." No doubt Britain's over-all balance of payments position showed an improvement in 1949, her over-all deficit in that year being 70 million pounds compared to 105 million pounds in 1948, and most of this improvement occurred since devaluation. But her deficit with the dollar area has remained stubbornly resistant to the effects of devaluation and the dollar export drive and stood at 275 million pounds as against 280 million in 1948. As a matter of fact, Britain's dollar position, so far as her earnings from direct trade were concerned, fell after devaluation though her exports increased. But this was

made good by her increased earnings on invisible items. Under these circumstances, one might well be excused for wondering what led the British Chancellor and the Marshall Plan Administrator to conclude that Britain's dollar position registered an unexpected improvement due to devaluation.

It cannot, however, be said that there was no valid ground for the conclusion that devaluation had resulted in an improvement in Britain's dollar position. In the first quarter of 1950 (which is the last quarter of the 1949 financial year), Britain's dollar reserves rose by nearly 100 million pounds. This was the result of increased exports to the dollar area by other sterling area countries. Thus while the dollar earnings of Britain did not show any improvement due to devaluation, the earnings of other sterling area countries showed a definite improvement. And since Britain is the banker for the sterling area, this improvement resulted in an addition to her gold and dollar reserves. It must be also stated that much of this improvement was due not so much to increased dollar earnings since devaluation, as to the economies effected in the dollar expenditure of the sterling area since then. Imports from the dollar area have been drastically cut by every country in the sterling area, and substituted by imports from within the sterling area. Sir Stafford Cripps seems to think that a solution to Britain's dollar problem lies in effecting a decrease in dollar spending because this was "a regular and controllable saving whereas the dollar earnings of the sterling area are more uncertain and not in our power to determine." But economies on the present scale cannot continue for long without seriously impairing the economy of several sterling area countries.

The statement that "the dollar earnings of the sterling area are.... uncertain" contains the answer to the question how far devaluation has been successful till now and what more it

could be expected to achieve. It will now be clear why devaluation is said to have brought about a "greater-than-expected" improvement. Devaluation was not expected to increase Britain's gold reserves but only to stop their depletion. In reality, however, it has not only stopped Britain's loss of gold but has even added to her reserves. But the important question is how long can this be expected to continue. No doubt some improvement in Britain's dollar position would occur this year, but this would mainly be the result of reduced dollar imports. Exports to dollar markets are not expected to expand sufficiently for some more months to compensate for the fall in their dollar prices following devaluation. After some months, Britain's dollar earnings are expected to increase "provided that the competitive advantage resulting from devaluation is not dissipated by inflation, that productivity continues to improve at least as rapidly as in competing countries and that the United States continues to be willing to accept increasing imports from the United Kingdom." But the chances are that the advantage of lower dollar prices arising from devaluation will be slowly wiped out or very much reduced by a slight rise in British prices and a considerable fall in American prices. Hence the advantage of devaluation, namely, lower prices, in foreign markets is temporary and cannot last for long. Besides, any increase in British output will have to be exported to non-dollar area countries from whom Britain proposes to import more to make up for the cut in dollar imports. This fact has to be specially stressed

because in recent months Britain is reported to have had a deficit with some non-dollar area countries on account of the dollar export drive. Also, the assumed willingness of the U. S. to accept increasing imports from the U. K. is non-existent. However, Britain cannot be expected to increase her dollar earnings significantly, if at all, in the coming months or even years, under present conditions, and the cut in Marshall Aid allocation will come as a rude shock to many since it makes any further addition to Britain's dollar reserves highly improbable.

The final judgment on the success or failure of devaluation in tackling Britain's dollar problem must take into account the fact that currency depreciation is not the proper method of dealing with a country's balance of payments difficulties. A permanent solution to this problem cannot be found by devaluing one's currency, which can at best serve as a temporary expedient. Devaluation may solve payments difficulties temporarily, and this is what it has done in the case of the sterling area as a whole, though in the case of Britain it has not resulted even in a temporary surplus balance of payments. In the coming months, devaluation, instead of easing Britain's dollar problem will make a solution of it more difficult. For, even if Britain retains the competitive advantage of lower prices, which itself is highly improbable, she will have to export much more than before to earn more dollars. Besides, there is a physical limit to the extent to which Britain can increase her production to export more.

MUNSHI'S EIGHT POINTS

By P. N. SAMPATH

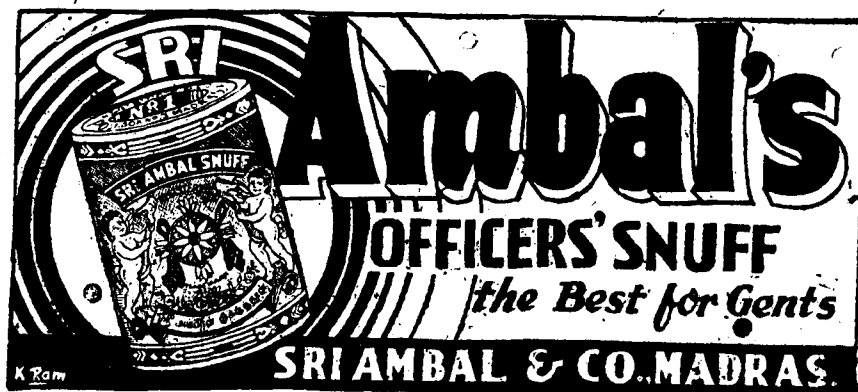
SOON after his assumption of office as the Central Food Minister, Munshi has launched his eight-point programme to solve the country's food problem. This penchant for analysis in terms of 'points' bears the unmistakable impress of his late profession. The Food Ministry has fallen to his lot only because much is expected of him. It is true that his work as a Minister in the first Congress administration in Bombay was worthy of note. But, in this particular problem of Food, mere dithyrambic enthusiasm or verbal exuberance will not suffice. By the proclamation of his eight points, he should not feel that he has executed a demarche of consummate subtlety. A good deal of initiative and co-ordinated effort is needed to achieve any measure of success. Munshi should not rest on his oars until everything planned is put into effect.

The prominent feature of Munshi's programme is the sinking of tube-wells and repairing of minor irrigation works that are at present in disrepair. This course is basic and practical. Tube-wells will be a blessing in parts where farm-cattle are in limited supply or are high-priced. To obviate the difficulties of intending well-constructors in the procurement of requisite materials, it is proposed to give each of them a consolidated permit for the purpose. This arrangement is good for agriculturists who have ready capital with them to finance the undertaking. These may be but a few. Therefore, it would be better if the Government should enable others desirous of benefiting by the new scheme, to sink wells at the cost of the Government on a loan basis. Wells-subsidy is already known to several provinces, and the tube-well scheme can be integrated thereto. Along with this, the Government should see that agricultural implements, good seeds, manures, etc., are made available to the ryots promptly, at fair prices. The tractors, bull-dozers, and other agricultural machinery in the possession of the Government should be put to the best use possible instead of their being kept as public exhibits and as stand-

ing proofs of the Government's belief in mechanized agricultural operations. Avenues must be explored for increased mechanized farming.

In one of his recent speeches, Munshi has exhorted our countrymen to observe austerity, and in that context, he quoted the noble example of the English people who have successfully fought the unprecedented post-war economic blight in Britain. But, there is a vast difference between conditions in England and conditions in India. In England, the administration is able to maintain strict and relentless vigilance, and social evils like blackmarketing and profiteering are unknown there. The English people have the utmost confidence in their Government, and they are conscious that for the recovery of Britain, austerities and sacrifices are necessary. In India things are uncertain. Social evils go unchecked on account of the carelessness of the administration. It is quite natural for the people to ask why one section of them should sacrifice while another made hay. Further, more than half of our people are under-nourished. Many go about with one meal a day, and many more go even without that. Ours is a long-suffering nation; sacrifice and austerity are not foreign to our national character. But, grinding poverty and human want sap the character of a people, making some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult. The natural scarcity of some necessities of life, and the unnatural or artificial scarcity conditions and high prices inflicted by the blackmarketing and cornering activities of a few enemies of society are sufficient to break the best of individual integrity and character.

The advantages of collective farming on a co-operative basis should be explained to the ryots and landowners, so that the evils of fragmentation of holdings, peculiar to this country, might be counteracted. Instead of doing this, some of the provinces have launched half-baked and ill-thought out schemes of land reform, achieving nothing but chaos in agricultural economy, apathy among the dispossessed and dis-



appointment among the ryots themselves.

It is to be regretted that the Food Minister has made no mention of the transport bottlenecks which are impeding free and speedy movement of foodgrains from surplus areas to deficit ones. The position now is of course far better than what it was a year or two ago, but the bottlenecks are still there to a lesser extent.

Again, Munshi has no plans for the whipping up of enthusiasm among agricultural labour. Owing to the failure of the rains over a continuous period, and as no natural water resources are there as substitutes therefor, vast tracts of cultivable land lie fallow. As such, labourers engaged in agriculture have had to migrate to urban and suburban areas for eking out their livelihood. Such exodus has been considerable in recent years. Unless the conditions of cultivation are perceptibly improved, these labourers are not likely to return to their old lands. Agriculture requires special knowledge and aptitude. Any diminution in the ranks of skilled labour cannot but be detrimental to the future of agriculture. This is therefore a serious matter to be taken note of. This is at least as important as the planting of trees which the Minister has made a point of, and for which he has chalked out a spectacular yearly programme.

Government's procurement policy

leaves much to be desired. Much is heard of the non-surrendering of stocks, voluntarily by the growers of foodgrains. On account of the bureaucratic background, Government methods of approach to the villagers are rather on the rough side, with a coercive bluntness which cannot inspire spontaneous deference. Knowing this, the Government has allotted part of its procurement work to the millers or intermediaries who collect and deliver to the Government Supply departments, foodgrains obtained from different producers. These intermediaries get a margin of profit for their enterprise. The delays and exactions in the Government Supply departments, in the process of the acceptance and payment of the bills presented by these intermediaries are such as to drive the latter to near despair and vexation. These and like anomalies must be set right in order to ensure smooth and steady procurement. Areas producing surplus food must not be victimised and brought to straits through over-procurement and export.

If Munshi were to make a fetish of his eight points and do nothing to obtain results, we will be reminded of what President Wilson's fad of Fourteen Points came to, after all that was said and done about it. Though complete self-sufficiency by 1951 is impossible, any honest approximation towards such is not without value.

R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

(A Veteran Educationist of South India)

IN his 30th year of headmastership, Sri R. Srinivasa Iyengar retires from the teaching profession. He started his career as a teacher in June 1916, and became headmaster of the Victoria High School, Papanasam, in February 1921. He left Tanjore district and joined the Sarva Jana High School, Peelamedu, in July 1926. All these 30 years, he has been a dynamic personality evincing unbounded zeal in all educational work and making the influence of his personality and views felt in the educational world. He leaves the teaching career with the beginning of this school year.

As headmaster of the Victoria High School, Papanasam, he was a pioneer

in certain spheres of education. He began the experiment of vernacularisation with IV Form in June 1923, and facing considerable opposition from several quarters, made the Department of Education permit him to present his pupils for the S. S. L. C. Examination of March 1926 for answering in Tamil such non-language subjects as History of England and Chemistry. He framed, with the concurrence of the management, the School Self-Government Act and inculcated in his pupils democratic spirit and behaviour. His educational minion was to put into practice the ideals of National Education pro-

pounded by Dr. Besant, Tilak and Tagore.

He was an elected member of Tanjore District Secondary Education Board for three years and was honoured with the Presidentship of the Provincial Elementary Education Conference in 1924 in Madras.

In July 1926, he joined the Sarva Jana High School with a great reputation behind him. He spared no pains to promote its efficiency and popularity. He developed a technique of his own in the matter of administration, organisation and supervision. His hand and his brain would be visible in the conduct and organisation of every bit of work done in every department of school work. Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer wrote in the Visitors' Book of the school in August 1948, "Mr. R. Srinivasa Iyengar has been long known to me for the freshness of his ideas and his anxiety to serve the best interests of his students in the scholastic, physical and moral spheres. He has been responsible for the introduction and implementing of many new ideals which have subsequently been adopted in the educational world." Sri C. Rajagopalachari wrote to him on the Silver Jubilee of his headmastership in 1946, "You have done great work. How I wish I had done as good service these 25 years!"

His work in the field of scouting has been unique. Not only his school scouts attained a high standard, he organised training camps in Tanjore and Coimbatore districts for patrol leaders, cubmasters, scoutmasters and rover leaders. He edited district scout gazettes, bulletins and an All-India Scout Diary. He served in the provincial executive of the Boy Scout Association and the Hindustan Scout Association, and in the All-India Council. He conducted a campaign against officialdom and imperialism in scouting for nationalising the movement.

An outstanding part of his life-work has been his contributions to the daily press and the magazines all over India. His writings cover a wide field. He would not find peace of mind till he had typed the article on a current topic and sent it to the press. Dr. A. Lakshmanasami Mudaliar wrote to him that he never missed reading his articles in the daily press

or the monthly magazines. He has expressed his views on almost every aspect of education; and he maintained an independent outlook. It requires courage of a rare type to predict in September 1942 Churchill's unfitness to handle post-war reconstruction problems or criticize the Congress acceptance of Lord Wavell's offer or to agitate to throw out the Governor's Bill to the Annamalai University Act during the Advisers' regime.

He has not yet completed his 57th year, is physically and intellectually virile but decided to withdraw from the increasingly strenuous day-to-day school administration to avoid a breakdown during his service and live the leisured life of a cultured gentleman, studying public questions and offering his opinions on them without fear or favour in the larger interests of the nation. Retired intellectuals should function in however small a sphere, in isolation or in groups and be mobilised for national service. The Rt. Hon. Sastri used to compliment him, saying that he had done as much public work as a full-time member of the Servants of India Society.

He feels he has lived a very active and useful life without having had a moment's rest all these 30 years. He has not availed himself of even half the quota of eligible casual leave in any year; and has had no other leave. The vacations and holidays gave him more work than rest. He is proud of finding many of his old pupils as industrial magnates of this generation and almost every one of his pupils in prosperous circumstances. Every morning all these 30 years he addressed his entire school community and imparted to them moral and spiritual education. His only wrench on retirement is that he has to desist from this activity hereafter. He constantly reminded himself of the verses of Mathew Arnold portraying how students felt towards his father Dr. Arnold.

*"If, in the paths of the world
Stones might have wounded thy
feet,*

*Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful and firm!"*

STERNER STUFF

By S. KRISHNIAH

RAMCHANDER had a worried look on his face. The clock on the wall opposite him had just struck nine but his son had not yet returned home. He got up from the rickety cane chair, went out and started pacing up and down the narrow verandah.

But Ramchander did not have to wait long. Sukumar's footsteps could be heard walking down the lonely side-street towards the house. The father stopped pacing and turned to meet his son.

"You have been to the cinema, haven't you?" he asked coldly but not in an accusing tone.

"Yes, father. The picture was grand!"

"I didn't ask you that. Don't you remember I specifically told you last week not to go to this picture?"

"Yes, you told me. But I thought that it was only because you could not afford it. Ram called me today and paid for me."

"It is not who paid that matters. I don't like you to disobey me. Hereafter at least I hope you'll take my permission before going to pictures." This was supposed to be a reprimand but the voice in which Ramchander uttered these words conveyed no such impression.

"I'm sorry, father. I thought you wouldn't mind," replied Sukumar plaintively.

"That's allright, Suku. Go and have your bath now. I'm hungry."

Sukumar disappeared into the house and Ramchander stood gazing after him in paternal pride. Yes, Ramchander thought, some day his ambition would come true. Sukumar would take his Engineering degree and Mr. Bathiwalla would give him a job. Soon Sukumar would prove to be the bright fellow he had always been and... and Mr. Bathiwalla might even offer him a partnership. Ramchander had nursed this dream for nearly fifteen years and every year he had

come nearer its realisation. Ever since his wife had left him, when Sukumar was barely a year old, all his love had been centered on the helpless baby. On that tiny tot was focussed all his affection, hopes, joys and above all his ambition. He had been a clerk in a firm of constructional engineers—Messrs. Bathiwalla & Co.—and till that day he had remained so with very little difference in pay. But, however poorly paid, he was senior Mr. Bathiwalla's personal clerk and he had discussed Sukumar's prospects with the great boss himself. He had been very kind and had promised Ramchander that he would certainly employ his son and god-father him when he finished the engineering course.

Ramchander's construction of castles in the air was rudely interrupted by a burst of song from the inner recesses of the small cottage. It was Sukumar singing in the bath room. Ramchander abruptly stopped pacing and listened. The delicate silvery notes of a popular song came floating on the cool night air and any father would have been in raptures to hear his son pour out such melodious music. But not so Ramchander. His face crinkled in a frown and he walked into the house.

"Suku! Suku!" shouted Ramchander banging the bath-room door, "Stop singing, will you?"

The song ended abruptly and there was no sound from within except the splashing of water. Ramchander waited outside and in a few moments Sukumar emerged with a dhoti tied round his loin and his torso naked.

"How many times have I told you not to sing in this house? That is one thing I totally forbid."

"Sorry, father," murmured the son as if quite used to being rebuked on that count.

"Singing is cheap. It is only beggars and idlers who sing. Haven't I told you that one day you are going to be a great engineer? How would it

be if somebody caught you then singing scratches of film songs?"

Sukumar did not reply his father. He was eighteen years old and was in the second year of his engineering course. It did not at all appear to him that singing was cheap nor could he bring himself to think that his father could ever be in the wrong. Unquestioningly, he had always accepted his father's views and acted according to his advice only to find them invariably sound.

Having donned his shirt Sukumar accompanied his father, whose temper had cooled by then, to dinner. The food was plain and as usual the father and son sat down on the bamboo mat and ate out of plantain leaves.

"Father, the picture was grand," said Sukumar apropos of nothing and talking of the subject uppermost in his mind. "It is supposed to be the best South Indian picture produced till now. Jayanthi, who acts the part of the heroine, is superb...."

Ramchander was quite and Sukumar did not know he was trying to control his temper.

"You know, father," the son carried on, "the story is also very good. It is about a doctor's wife and Jayanthi plays that role. Her devotion to her husband and son averts a...."

"Shut up, will you?" the father interrupted, his face contorted with rage. "I don't want to listen to your film nonsense." Ramchander had completely lost his temper and he rose leaving his half-eaten food on the leaf. He washed his hand and went back to pace the verandah.

To say that Sukumar was surprised would be to use the mildest of terms. He was struck speechless. His father's behaviour was totally unprecedented and the look of anger and hatred which his face had revealed and the painful contortions it had undergone made Sukumar's young heart palpitate. Mechanically he finished his meal and got up. He was too afraid even to go and apologise to his father. And he did not know what to apologise for. Ramchander had chastised his son at other times. He had been a stern but loving disciplinarian but Sukumar could not think of one instance when his father had lost his temper so far as to shout at him.

So Sukumar, for want of anything better to do, went to bed, but he could not sleep. Actually, that night, Sukumar had wanted to tell his father something which to the latter would have been very unpalatable. He had wanted to reveal to his father that night that he was taking part in a drama. It was harmless, of course, but his father would have found it unpleasant.

The truth was that the Madras University students were staging a variety entertainment in aid of the Punjab refugees. It was organised on the most lavish scale. His Excellency the Governor was attending it and the cheapest ticket was two rupees! He had been told that already all the upper class tickets had been sold out despite the fantastic rates of admission. The elite of South India would be there. The main item of the variety entertainment was a Tamil drama written specially for the occasion and Sukumar, of all the thousands of university students, had been chosen to play the title role!

The entertainment was due the fol-

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lowing week. Sukumar had wanted to consult his father before taking the role, but he knew that his father would not approve of it and the temptation to appear before the foot-lights had been overpowering. So he had taken the role assigned to him, attended the rehearsals and had acquitted himself creditably. That day Sukumar had intended to inform his father about his taking part in the play since he considered his step irrevocable and thought that his father, realising that, would concede that favour reluctantly if need be.

But what happened that night between the father and son had so frightened Sukumar that he had to shelve his intention. There was only one thing Sukumar could do under the circumstances and that was to keep his father in the dark until the entertainment was over. Sukumar did not like that. Not only did he feel guilty but his silence would also mean that his father would not attend the entertainment and see his son play the title role. But Sukumar had to reconcile himself to that. After all his father

detested singing, music, cinema and such things and, it was likely that he would only be bored stiff by that show.

The six intervening days before the entertainment on the following Saturday night passed quickly. The organisers had enlisted the help of Mr. Ramesh Gupta, a film-director of Cinetone Studios—the same director whose picture Sukumar had seen the previous week—to come and offer his suggestions and criticisms on the play. He had attended the dress rehearsal on Thursday and, after praising the whole show and Sukumar's acting and singing in particular, he had made many constructive criticisms and had given some special tips to Sukumar in person. Sukumar, overawed by so great a personality in the field of histrionics, could not even find his voice to thank the almighty film-director!

And then it was Saturday—the day of the variety entertainment.

(To be continued)

TEN LEADERS OF EAST ASIA IN AMERICAN EYES

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: Since the Communist victory in China, Americans have been demonstrating unusual interest in Asia and its leaders. American papers have carried extensive surveys of the Orient. Herewith is an appraisal of East Asia leaders from the American point of view.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU, 60, Prime Minister of India, second most populous of the world's nations, with 342,000,000 people and an area of 1,221,000 square miles. An intellectual of aristocratic ancestry, educated at Cambridge. Became Gandhi's chief lieutenant in the long fight for Indian sovereignty. Veteran of many British imprisonments, he is idol of India's masses and wields great influence as the champion of Asiatic freedom.

Although Nehru once showed admiration for the Soviet experiment, he is a proponent of gradual Socialist reform rather than violent Marxist revolution. In foreign policy his present goal is to steer clear of both great power blocs and make India a neutral third force between Russia and the West, a position which would be difficult to maintain if war comes.

MAO TSE-TUNG, 57, chairman of the Chinese Communist party and ruler of 450,000,000 people. A tough, old time revolutionary, he is the product of forty years of Chinese turmoil. A practical leader and also the party's chief theoretician and propagandist. Born of land-owning peasants. Became a Marxist as a university student. Co-operated for a time in the 1920s with Chiang Kai-shek, then became Chiang's adversary. After the war with Japan, Mao with tacit Russian aid, built up Chinese Communist forces and finally led them to victory. He now controls all but a few outlying regions of China's vast mainland. Some believe he will play Moscow's game only so long as it coincides with his own interests; thereafter they

hope that he like Tito, will follow an independent line.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK, 62, President and Generalissimo of Nationalist China. Once regarded as the symbol of a new, united China. Led millions of troops in the struggle with Japan. After the Communists went to war with his Kuomintang regime in 1947, his position rapidly changed. Economic woes and inefficiency undermined his power. Chiang was driven from Nanking in April 1949, from China's mainland last December. Reported to have reorganized and strengthened his regime on the island of Formosa, now his last stronghold. Loss of the rich neighbouring island of Hainan, however, has revealed continued Kuomintang weakness. Now, to hold Formosa against Communists, Chiang depends on a garrison of less than 200,000 men and an air force of only about 250 planes.

LIAQAT ALI KHAN, 55, Prime Minister of Pakistan is now in the United States on a goodwill tour. A calming influence on the tense relations between his country and India. Like Nehru, an aristocrat. Son of a Nawab who sent him to Oxford. Became a successful business man, then turned politician. Joined the Moslem League in 1932 and became one of the late Mohammed Ali Jinnah's most trusted followers in the struggle for an independent Moslem State of Pakistan. Liaquat Ali Khan and Nehru get on well together, they formerly were colleagues in the coalition Congress-Moslem League Cabinet. Their recent discussions have alleviated danger of war between their countries. Anti-Communist Pakistan looks to the United States for financial and technical aid.

BAO DAI, 36, Chief of Government of Viet Nam. Former ruler of Annam under French guidance. In custody of the Japanese during the war, he abdicated in 1945 and retired to Hong

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Kong which he liked for its night life. Installed by the French in 1949 to counter Ho Chi Minh's Left-Wing Nationalists. On his return political opponents labeled him the playboy Emperor. But the French found Bao less a puppet than they had expected. He appears to be the anti-Communists' only possible choice for a leader against Ho. His ties with the French, however, are believed to handicap his relations with other southeast Asia nations.

HO CHI MINH, in his late fifties, leader of the anti-French forces in Viet Nam. A veteran Moscow trained agitator, son of a minor official, he tried his hand at photography in Paris and there, in the nineteen twenties, he joined the Communist party. Later carried on revolutionary activities in China and in southern Asia. In the final stages of the war with Japan, his followers became the centre of Indo-Chinese resistance. Set up the Viet Nam regime. In 1946 he clashed with the returning French. Now stays in hiding with his guerrillas. He is generally believed to have ties with Moscow, although he has been quoted as denying them.

SOEKARNO, 48, President of the United States of Indonesia. A Moslem. Uses no first name but is sometimes given the title Achmed. Exiled by the Dutch in 1927 for nationalist agitation. Returned but was again exiled until the Japanese brought him back in 1942. The Dutch charged that Soekarno collaborated with the Japanese during the occupation; his defence was that he was promoting nationalism against the day of deliverance. He is not considered brilliant but he seems to have the faculty for picking good advisers and listening to them. A great orator, he is important inspirationally as a revolutionary symbol.

THAKIN NU, 40, Premier of Burma. An ardent nationalist who faces heavy

odds in his efforts to unite a country torn by a four-cornered civil war. A poet, playwright and student of Buddhist philosophy. One of many brilliant Asiatics drawn into politics by the struggle for freedom, he helped bring independence to Burma. Formerly a Marxist. But faced with chaos within and fearing Communist China without, he has modified his Socialist policies and openly courts the favour of the United States which could help him rebuild his nation's shattered economy. His present position with the Burmese is similar to that of Nehru with the Indians.

LUANG PRIBUL SONGGRAM, 52, Premier of Thailand. Tough, wily and successful. A militarist with a record of political ups and downs and of authoritarian tendencies when in power. He gained control in Bangkok before the war, set up a regimented, supernationalist regime and showed a marked friendliness toward the Japanese. After Pearl Harbour, Pribul put up a token resistance to the Japanese, then remained to rule under the invaders. Ousted in 1944, he regained the Premiership by a coup in 1947. To make himself acceptable to Western powers he has dropped some of his totalitarian proclivities but he still operates a loose dictatorship.

ELPIDIO QUIRINO, 50, President of the Republic of the Philippines. Conscious of his role of leadership and would like to extend it by his sponsorship of the proposed Asiatic Union which has the blessing if not the actual backing of the American State Department. But at home he is faced with the difficult problems of ensuring order and bolstering his country's shaky economy.

A Congressman, Senator and Cabinet member in the Commonwealth. After the war he became Manuel Roxas' running mate and then succeeded to the Presidency when Roxas died. An easy going man who tries to please all factions.

AMERICAN PRESS FREEDOM

NEW YORK CITY: Many newspapers are having a difficult time in these days of creeping inflation. As business enterprises, they are caught in a squeeze of rising fixed costs bet-

ween the trade unions and the virtually monopolistic power of the paper industry that holds the price of paper at \$100 a ton.

Critics of the press sometimes for-

get that under our system a newspaper must first succeed as a business enterprise if it is to survive. That is a pre-requisite not merely to survival but to independence.

But on the other hand, there are those in our business who seem to feel that commercial success is enough; that is the end-all and be-all of the newspaper. They are just as wrong, as the idealists who choose to ignore the essential base. A newspaper that is merely a catalogue of advertisements is not a newspaper at all. If it is to live up to the function conceived for it by Thomas Jefferson and the founding fathers, then it must reflect not merely the flow of the news but the competition of ideas in a free society.

To do less, to give out merely the private prejudices of one small group or even one individual, is to fail. And failure can contribute more than most casual newspaper readers realize, to the decline of the democratic system.

These thoughts are occasioned by an important event just held here. With Senators, Cabinet members, Governors and assorted grandees present, the *Denver Post* dedicated a handsome, new building with new presses and new building. In the clear Colorado sun on the speaker's stand in front of the new building we listened to speeches in tribute to a free press and to Palmer Hoyt, publisher of the *Post*.

The new building, with presses, cost something more than \$6,000,000. Since

the *Post* is a prosperous paper, this was paid for out of revenue.

That figure is a measure of certain realities behind the phrase, freedom of the press. It is a far cry from the days of Tom Paine and the pamphleteers when a man with a hand press could have his say in more or less equal competition with the rich and well-born Tories who opposed the dangerous radicalism of America's revolutionaries. A man standing in the village square, could with the sound of his voice, reach most of the influential men of his community.

The technology of modern communication costs fabulous sums. I have heard the cost of Marshall Field's newspaper ventures in New York and Chicago estimated as high as \$30,000,000. The newest medium, television, absorbs capital as the desert sands drink up water, and practical working basis to support this prodigious new child is not yet in sight. These harsh realities put an even greater responsibility on those who own and direct America's newspapers. The very fact that competition is possible only at a cost almost prohibitive makes it more urgent that there be no monopoly of viewpoint or prejudice. The press has privileges that rest on the noble concept of freedom of inquiry and freedom of ideas. The mere huckster may claim those privileges for a time. But ignoring the duties and responsibilities that go with privilege, the huckster will in the end lose all.

TECHNICAL ADVICE FOR MINING

By K. L. N. MURTHY

Accurate geological maps of a country are necessary for an estimation of its mineral resources. The need for a body of geologists for this purpose is quite evident. Now considering the mining aspect of this problem—Operations. Mining operations are generally managed on a very small scale by individuals who start with such a small capital that any idea of procuring the advice of a geologist or a mining engineer is inconceivable. Much of the ruin we generally see in these small ventures may be avoided by preliminary technical advice before commencing the mining operations.

To discharge these functions Professor Mahadevan from Andhra university has drawn out a scheme under which every

year research scholars geologically map out hundreds of square miles of Andhra tracts, most of the scholars being from that area. An area of nearly one thousand square miles was apportioned for detailed study, last year. But it is not possible an individual or a group of individuals, however nobly inspired to successfully fulfil so hazardous task as this. It is high time Government came forward to help.

The immediate necessity now is for a Government-controlled geological body to give free technical advice to bonafide mine owners. Mining leases should be controlled in the case of strategic minerals. Indiscriminate mining should not be allowed.

SIDELIGHTS : :

I have no idea, and you have no idea, what sort of impression our manner makes on others. If we had, how stricken some of us would be! We should hardly survive the revelation. We should be sorry we had ever been born.—A. G. GARDINER.

IT has become customary for ministers to receive addresses of welcome from municipalities and other public bodies. A story has gained currency that one minister, when offered an address of welcome, suggested that another should also be got up in honour of a lady usually accompanying him from place to place. The lady got the address along with the minister. And well she might. Life under Congress rule is keyed up to controls and restrictions on a scale undreamt of before; and though the ministers have not made life any better for common people, they have it in their power to make things pleasant or unpleasant for individuals. They can provide succulent sinecures for their favourites. They can wreck the careers of those unlucky enough to have aroused their antipathy. Some have become suddenly and enormously rich through furtive dispensations of ministerial favours. Others have been ruined through relentless ministerial persecution. It is not surprising if the number of persons seeking to win the goodwill of ministers with rose garlands and welcome addresses has gone up by leaps and bounds everywhere. It is not necessary for a minister to be good or great or capable to be the recipient of a welcome address. Any minister can get it, worthy or unworthy.

A welcome address to a minister does not therefore nowadays give any indication of the esteem in which he is held. It is more often in essence a business deal than a mark of genuine public approbation. The portrait of Winston Churchill does not yet adorn the House of Commons. Nobody is admitted to the honour of having his portrait hung within the zealously

guarded precincts of the Palace of Westminster until full ten years have elapsed after his death. When a man is in office or power, emanations of influence therefrom are apt to cloud people's judgment, making a balanced estimate of his historical position in the midst of his contemporaries extremely difficult. Time is needed for the crystallisation of the real from the ephemeral in the reputations of the wielders of power.

It is a good rule for ministers to be abstemious in the matter of having incense burnt in their honour while they are in office. Many enjoyments are possible for the powerful, but the principle of restraint makes for integrity. In order to preserve permanent civil servants from the temptation of acting without restraint, a wholesome convention enjoins them not to accept presents. The difference between a bribe and a present is no more than an illusion. While cash can be banked straightaway, the present can be converted into cash. There is an immense range of convertibility, of things tangible and intangible, into things convertible into cash, in transactions between the custodians of state power and others. Rectitude for ministers does not merely lie in provable formal abstinence from direct personal acceptance of gratification. It is more important that indirect avenues through which benefit can be gathered, should be choked. Some of the ministers are known to be paragons of seeming saintliness, but scandal rages fiercely round their names, nevertheless, for the reason that a son or son-in-law or brother-in-law blossomed suddenly into a cynosure of the attentions of the millionaires while he pulled himself up from bankruptcy into sensational opulence. Cushioned as they are in comfortable sycophancy, bazaar talk about themselves may not reach the ears of ministers though it is a considerable ingredient in the impressions they make on the public mind. Wise ministers will therefore do well to administer on themselves a

system of taboos to save their reputations from being dragged into the mud. They should not receive congratulations in advance of achievements. They should not consent to be feasted too frequently in far away places. They should not tour to the point of raising travelling allowance into a substantial source of income. They should not have public engagements in the neighbourhood when there is a marriage in the family. A Public Works minister should not build houses.

The President of our Republic lately ordered dozens of copies of photographs of himself. The order cost some thousands. The Bombay Government incurred at about the same time a heavy expenditure over photographs of Sardar Patel. It is to the credit of the Madras Government that when approached for simi-

lar orders they declined to comply. It is to be hoped they will stick firmly to their original refusal and not change and yield under further importunity. The mass production of pictures of leaders in power is to be deprecated when it has to be paid for out of public funds for whose utilisation with wisdom and economy such leaders are themselves responsible. Sardar Patel is more bent on the reality of power than thrilled by its vanity. He may find no joy in seeing pictures of himself hung up everywhere. But that does not prevent profiteering psychologists from acting as if he did. There is a good case for adoption of the British tradition of leaving posterity to look after the memorials due to great leaders instead of casting it on their own shoulders as a burden, like the burdens of the administration, to be borne out of public funds.—SAKA.

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THE POLICEMEN

By V. P. RAMAN

A few evenings back, as I was walking on the pavement on the Marina, I saw two policemen (one in uniform and the other in *mufti*) holding up the groundnut vendors and other urchins and vagrants that chanced to pass by, and asking them to be seated on the parapet, preparatory to being led to the lock-up. I went up to the policemen and asked them what offence the poor people had committed to justify their prosecution. I was told that strict orders were given to them to prohibit the sale of edibles on the footpaths by street vendors and also to place under arrest all those who appeared to be beggars. A cheerful lad among the detained herd offered more information. He said "They are going to fine us three rupees per head, that is all. I usually make five rupees a day, if business is brisk. Three rupees, gone, I am still left with a couple of rupees! However, if this Government decides to levy sales-tax on my monkey-nut commerce, I shall have to think of other means of livelihood...burglary, for instance!"

Soon, quite a crowd of people collected round the pedestrian peddlars, while the policemen on guard looked out for other victims. After a while, the cops asked the poor folks to get up, one by one, and slip away quietly; which was gladly done. When the crowd had dispersed, I thought I would talk to the officers of the law and learn what they had to say about their duties. Here is the conversation that ensued:

"Why do you harass these people, when you know they are helpless and afraid. How does their business in any way endanger society, that the police, the custodians of public safety, should be entrusted with the task of rounding them up?"

"You direct your question to the wrong quarter, Sir. Though we policemen take the blame for everything we do, it is generally forgotten that we are merely instruments. We

carry out orders, and the blame that attaches to us is purely vicarious."

"But, my good fellows, surely you don't mean to tell me that you are specifically ordered to tyrannise those whose only crime is poverty?"

"Not exactly, Sir. But if a policeman does not bring in at least four cases a day, he is deemed to be an inefficient man, and as a punishment, he is asked to do some hours' extra parade in the hot sun. To save ourselves, we are forced to get, somehow or other, four people to be hauled up in the magistrate's court the next day. Sometimes the innocent too are fined, and we know it. But if we were to be so scrupulous, we would have to bask in the hot sun...."

"That doesn't sound reasonable. Should not the authorities feel glad if, on one particular day, fewer cases are registered. The less the better, is it not? Unless you want more crime! And tell me, why do you always pick upon the poorest of the poor to fill your case-book? Is there no crime higher up?"

"Quite the contrary, Sir. But the policeman is afraid to lay the arm of the law on any offender who is high up in life. That would only cost him his job. Indeed, we have among ourselves an unwritten rule not to have anything to do with guys in cars. Directly we deal with them, these big-wigs contact the ministers, and ere long we are asked by irate inspectors to mind our own business. We never had this trouble when the British were here. Then, the high officials were unapproachable with small requests. They never interfered with the day to day police work, and always made it a point to support the policeman's action, unless they had acted *ultra vires* of their powers. But now it is very different. Especially, these unlicensed toppers! They swig brandy right under our noses, but we are unable to raise our fingers against them, for, drinking with them, are

officers so high up in the services that we can only salute them and walk off. If some impecunious tapper sips his mug of surreptitiously obtained toddy, we pounce upon him and he is duly punished. But bigger culprits go unpunished. Indeed, if we policemen had no fear of high-level interference, we would get, not four but forty cases a day. Having to steer clear of the highest classes who har-

bour the worst offenders, we have to harass the poor. This compromise with our conscience sometimes breaks, and we let the poor go, as you just saw us do. It is a thankless and miserable job, Sir, to be a policeman...."

I returned home thoughtful. Wisely has it been said, "*The laws were like cobwebs; where the small flies were caught, and the great break through.*"

INDIANS IN SOUTH AFRICA

By V. S. RAMAKRISHNAN

THE lot of Indians in South Africa, a member nation of the Commonwealth, has always been anything but satisfactory. Again and again, laws are enacted to impose on them as many disabilities as possible with the one intention of making the Union of South Africa a land of whites only.

Created into a Dominion by the South African Act of the Imperial Parliament in September, 1909, by union of the then self-governing colonies (now called provinces) of Cape Colony, Natal, Transvaal and Orange Free State, the area of the Union is 472,550 sq. miles. It was in 1860 that the first Indians went to the Union of South Africa, i.e., even before the formation of the Union itself, as labourers in the sugar fields of Natal, followed by comparatively better-off Indians, for purposes of trading. The Indian population in South Africa has been put at a quarter million and 90% of these were born there. A vast majority lives in Natal. In 1936 a census showed that there were 183,661 Asians, mostly Indians, in Natal, and 36,030 in other parts of the Union. In 1940, Indians numbered 195,000 in Natal as against 201,900 Europeans. In 1897, for the first time, Indian immigration was checked by the imposition of a language test and later by stricter tests in 1913. But, even earlier, i.e., in 1893, Indians lost their parliamentary franchise, the municipal franchise was taken away in 1924. Since then laws have been framed to drive out Indians steadily. The Areas Registration Act prohibits acquisition of lands by Indians in Natal and Transvaal Provinces and restricts their trading privileges. The "Pegging

Act" of 1943 widened the scope of the Areas Registration Act so as to deprive Indians of the right to purchase or occupy property except by special permission of the Government. On expiry of the "Pegging Act" in 1946, the Indian Occupation Ordinance was drafted prohibiting the purchase or lease by Indians of property except in certain areas, but granting, by way of compensation communal representation in the Provincial Councils and in Parliament.

Indians refused to be made victims of racial legislation, and trade relations between India and South Africa were broken off in 1946. India brought up the matter before the United Nations, not so much because the victims were Indians, but because the South African Government were grossly violating the provisions of the U. N. Charter against racial discrimination, to which the member nations stood pledged. India's complaint in effect still remains unheeded, though the question was fully debated at the various sessions of the U. N. Assembly. South Africa has consistently maintained the attitude that the treatment of a country's subjects is a domestic matter and that the United Nations should not pry into member nations' internal affairs. It is very unfortunate that other members of the Commonwealth, including the United Kingdom, whose Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, recently reaffirmed his Government's solemn intention not to support racial discrimination of any kind anywhere, should have thought it fit to adopt a nonchalant attitude regarding the moral issue raised by India. This has

encouraged South Africa to persist in her racial policy.

Even before the adoption of economic sanctions by India against South Africa in 1946, India's Upper House (the Council of State) had passed the Reciprocity Amendment Bill empowering the Government to impose such disabilities on foreigners as were imposed on Indians resident in the discriminating countries. Both these acts put courage into the hearts of Indians in South Africa, who found themselves utterly helpless against the whites backed by the Union Government.

As a result of negotiations started by India in the name of the ideals and resolutions of the United Nations Organisation as an instrument for the furtherance of world peace and human equality, talks were held at Capetown in South Africa from February 6 to 11 in 1946 and a joint communique was issued on February 19, agreeing "to recommend to their respective Governments that a Round Table Conference be convened to explore all possible ways and means of settling the Indian question in the Union of South Africa."

As is characteristic of her only too often, Pakistan did not co-operate at all with India in the common fight of safeguarding the interests of Indians overseas. On the other hand, Pakistan lifted the trade ban on South Africa. Two reasons were attributed to this action. Firstly, Pakistan was desperately in need of coal which India was supplying her until the emergence of the Indo-Pakistan trade conflict over Pakistan's stoppage of raw jute supplies to India; and since South Africa was willing to supply coal to Pakistan, it was inferred that Pakistan might possibly have agreed to supply jute in return. Pakistan's action was in striking contrast to what other countries did in response to India's request in 1946 immediately following the enforcement of the India's trade ban against South Africa. Trade circles in Singapore and Colombo co-operated fully in stopping the surreptitious passage of jute goods to South Africa from India through their ports. Further, Pakistan informed India of her intention to lift the trade ban on South Africa only two days in advance of the date set for the purpose and that too in

a perfunctory and not consultative tone, hoping that India also would follow suit. Our Government were wise indeed in not doing so. Secondly, Pakistan was reported to be frantically attempting to win over the Muslim part of the Indian population in South Africa, a considerable portion of which was said to be associated with organisations dominated by "Indians." However, it is a matter of satisfaction that South African Indians did not get involved in the "Indian" and "Pakistani" conflicts and presented a united front against racial discrimination.

The latest weapon in the armoury of South Africa's racialism is the Group Areas Bill. On April 1, 1950, South Africa's Minister of Interior, Dr. T. E. Dönges, said that the only way to achieve racial harmony in the Union was to segregate Europeans, Indians, coloured people and Africans and have separate areas for them to live in. The Bill threatens to wipe out whatever success have been achieved by the champion of the oppressed, Mahatma Gandhi, in South Africa towards helping Asians in their struggle against colour bar and racialism. For under the Group Areas Bill, which provides for the repeal of most laws affecting Asians enacted since 1919, the Government can set aside any area as a "group area" in which only members of a particular racial group can live or own property. It will apply to any part of the so-called "controlled area" of the Union which includes the whole country except those districts already set apart for racial groups. The bill also provides for the establishment of a land tenure advisory board of not more than 7 members to advise the Minister on all matters relating to the bill.

A Government memorandum attached to the bill said: "It is a measure of positive apartheid allowing each racial group in South Africa a measure of existence and development as a distinct entity but also for the maintenance of racial harmony generally. It should also have a beneficial influence on South Africa's relations with the Governments of India and Pakistan as it provides for the eventual elimination of existing legislation specifically distinguishing between Asiatics and non-Asiatics into the general pattern on land tenure and occupation in the Union." We

are told blandly that the bill does not imply racial discrimination against Indians alone, since the restrictions are equally applicable to all racial groups in South Africa and that "all these groups will be treated alike." In short the bill climaxed the sordid drama of racial oppression and seeks to keep Indians and natives under perpetual segregation. Commenting on the bill, the South African Institute of Race Relations, a non-political body devoted to the study of questions concerning race relations declared in a forthright manner on May 4, 1950, "Excluded from the franchise or without effective parliamentary representation, non-European peoples in the Union cannot but view the Group Areas Bill with grave misgivings as to its effects on their future prospects." The situation has deteriorated so much as to cause even the Finance Minister, Mr. N. C. Havenga, say, "If we want to continue our existence in this sub-continent, we will have to see whether we cannot find a solution to the colour problem."

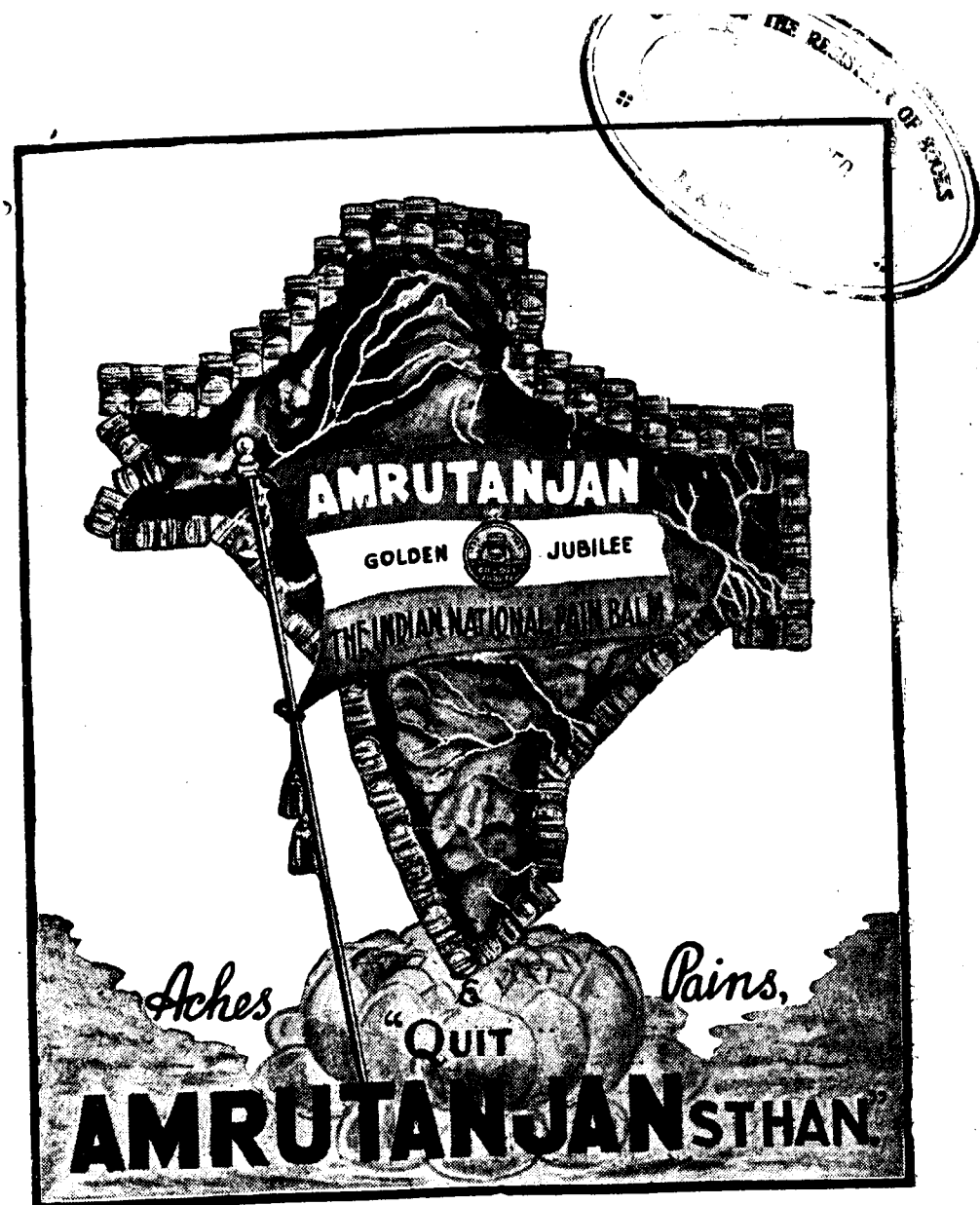
It is an irony of fate that Nationalists, led by Dr. Daniel Malan, who were groping in political obscurantism till the late thirties and who have managed to wrest power from Field Marshal Smuts' United Party, should now embark upon racial measures which if anything are calculated to carry out the Apartheid policy to a worse extent than ever. Talking more than once in terms not at all conducive to Commonwealth unity, Dr. Malan has turned against Britain even. On the ground that the B. B. C. was not prepared to keep politics out of its radio news service, his Government has decided to ban B. B. C. news relays in the South African Union and it will be recalled that among his first official acts was his attempt to stop British immigration into South Africa. It was recently reported that English-speaking people of the Union were quitting South Africa in a get-out population there by about 5000 this year, and that Dr. Malan's Government did nothing to discourage the move. In reply to Field Marshal Smuts in the South African Parliament on April 14, 1950, Dr. Malan said that total segregation of natives and

Europeans was ideal, but he thought it was not practical in a country whose economic structure was based on native labour. Why then this campaign against Indians and Africans? Dr. Malan had not even thought it fit to forward copies of his Group Areas Bill to the Governments of India and Pakistan; to say the least, his decision to proceed with the Group Areas Bill on the eve of the proposed Round Table Conference between India, Pakistan and South Africa smacks of fascism, as aptly expressed by the "Manchester Guardian" in a leading article on May 2, 1950 which said that the "clear and consistent pattern" emerging from the measures proposed recently by South Africa's Government tended to embody much of the Nazi philosophy.

What has been going on in South Africa all these years is undoubtedly a systematic campaign to do away with Indians and keep the natives in utter subjugation. The fact that South Africa owes her present position to the strenuous labours of Indians under conditions of grave hardships, is ignored. However, the Administrator of Cape Province, a European, of course, spoke true wisdom when he declared at a social function on February 10, 1950, that "we, the people of Cape Province, are conscious of the contributions made by the people of India to the cultural and economic development of our country and are proud of the fact that the march of progress brought the two republics of India and South Africa together in discussions as free and independent states."

It is not that Indians and Africans lack friends and sympathisers in European countries, but they are not able to make their voice felt against the vociferous majority in these lands subject to racial feelings. The root cause of the unpleasant state of affairs in South Africa is the inability of the United Nations to enforce its human equality resolutions. Indeed South Africa got a fillip to its Apartheid policy when a proposal of France and Russia, debated at the meetings of the U. N. Human Rights Commission, in 1949, was defeated at the meeting of the Commission on April 28, 1950.





The HUB of ASIA
 and eventually of
The One World

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DR. MATTHAI LIFTS THE CURTAIN

WHEN Dr. Matthai resigned his office as Finance Minister, everybody treated the news as in accordance with schedule, for this was the one item of news for which the enterprising lobbyists of New Delhi had nearly over-prepared us. The news that Dr. Matthai was leaving was received with genuine regret, as his sincerity had made a profound impression on everybody and two years of office had hammered his Fabian zeal for reshaping the economy of India into a realistic approach to problems of public finance. In fact, it is a far cry from the days when he blessed the Liaquat Ali Khan budget with its depression-inducing imposts like the Business Profits Tax to the date when he pleaded energetically and with sincerity for a realistic approach to fiscal problems in his 1950 budget speech. His resignation at a time when he was maximising his efficiency as Finance Minister was regarded a misfortune. The appointment of Sir Chintaman Deshmukh as his successor is the best news we have received.

What has however taken everybody by storm is the forthright statement of Dr. John Matthai in reply to Pandit Nehru's speech at Trivandrum attributing the resignation to differences over the Planning Commission. The statement of Dr. Matthai is as restrained as it is lucid; and as revealing as it is thought-provoking. The country had at no time concealed its disappointment at the personnel of the Planning Commission—with the head of the administration who is

already working 20 hours a day as its President; a Minister from Bombay not by any means a planning expert, resigning office to take up Vice-Presidency; a Food Commissioner who has not finished his commission to render India independent of outside foodgrains by 1951 being deployed as another Planning Commissioner. Sir Deshmukh's was the only name on the Planning Commission which did not cause eyebrow-lifting in responsible circles and now Sir Deshmukh has taken up the Ministry of Finance.

Dr. Matthai refers pertinently to the problems the Planning Commission is creating by acting like the Old Man of the Sea. It acts as a parallel Cabinet and its Vice-President is a wholtime servant of Government while the present Finance Minister is a Member of the Commission and decisions on questions like cotton control have had to be taken in consultation with the Planning Commission. This is a melancholy state of affairs. As for the superfluity of the Planning Commission, one is inclined to agree with Dr. Matthai. With the cessation of the War, countless Secretaries of Government were detailed to draw up post-war plans in each sector of our economy and the secretarial cupboards at New Delhi are choking with these plans, awaiting resources and material to implement, and alas! it looks as if that millenium when both are plentifully available is receding like the horizon, with Central and State treasuries openly reporting a sad state of depletion. Dr. Matthai's plea that

a three year outbreak of planning has left us fairly rich with plans and what is required is a proper order of priorities having regard to our means seems to be just horse sense. Then there is the report of the Fiscal Commission which should furnish before the month is out, the additional material that Government may require. It is now clear that this Planning Commission business has miscarried woefully and may cost us more than a sensible Finance Minister, from the way Dr. Matthai says it has started functioning.

Then we come to the other reason for Dr. Matthai's exit—namely the uncontrolled spending by the Ministries. It is frankly disconcerting to hear that we have made a beginning with democracy in India by allowing the Standing Finance Committee—a body elected by Parliament—to be flouted by the Ministries in the matter of Central expenditure. The instance given by Dr. Matthai of our London High Commissioner in effect overruling the Standing Finance Committee is all the more revealing. It is an open secret that we are investing on the conduct of our external affairs amounts out of all proportion to the trade gains or agreement benefits that may accrue to India. We hope it is not pretended that we are nitwits enough to spend all this money to develop that airy nothing called international goodwill. Every country which opens embassies abroad finds its way paid several times over by the trade relations it establishes, and Germany never made any secret of it before the last war. In fact, the best known man in the German Embassy in India before 1939 was its Commercial Attache. But we apparently have different notions and cannot do without building and staff in Dublin currently, whatever happens to the Central Exchequer. It is difficult to understand how we can hope to command respect abroad, if our internal finances are managed Micawber-wise. Dr. Matthai says that our finances have worsened since he

presented the budget on 28th February and this again is a disturbing state of affairs.

A sense of realism and urgency; a sense of proportion and of priorities and respect for democracy is all that Dr. Matthai seems to have pleaded for—alas! in vain. In this controversy the honours go to Dr. Matthai.

France Looks Away—From America

THE Schuman Plan which is being so much discussed in Britain and on the continent is France's first act of triumph since the end of the war. Though the Plan is being acclaimed as the most brilliant blue-print for Europe's recovery since Mr. Marshall made his sensational speech at Harvard on June 5, 1947, it would not be far wrong perhaps to say that this is not Monsieur Schuman's personal brain-wave. The hopes and schemes of many French Premiers have gone into its making. Germany, and especially the Ruhr, has been the pet obsession of successive French Cabinets since the inception of the Third Republic and the fear of a possible German military rejuvenation has not yet died in the hearts of Frenchmen. France has been hit hard in both the World Wars and her recovery after the second has been painfully slow and politically full of confusion. When the war ended in 1945 and countries were busy getting up on their shaken feet, France's first act almost after she had dusted herself was to demand international control for the Ruhr. For the Ruhr is the industrial heart of Europe. It represents a potential military and economic strength of which a whole continent stood in awe during the ravaging days of the last war. And when at first the American and British Military Governors proclaimed themselves in favour of letting a freely elected German Government itself determining the ownership of the vast wealth

of coal, steel and iron of the Ruhr, France felt paralysed with apprehension. And when within the grey walls and ruins of the bombed industrial centre, life began to throb again, France's courage sank. But the International Authority provided later allayed her fears somewhat. And while the misunderstandings, bickerings and false assumptions on the problem of dismantling German industrial plant were destroying slowly but steadily the relations between the Allied Powers and Russia, France, her fears quietened for the nonce, busied herself with improving her agriculture. Now the time has come when the problem of Germany cannot any longer remain undecided and the Ruhr has raised its mechanized head again. Since 1946 the industrial recovery of Germany has been rapid and her output has reached the target set to limit it. The Schuman Plan is France's solution for the Ruhr problem as also her retaliation for the pent up humiliation and shame she has felt in playing second fiddle at all post-war international conferences, and her own feeling of ineffectiveness because of the political impasse at home. It is her answer also to American insistence on Europe untangling its custom and tariff bound economy and becoming self-sufficient as soon as possible.

But the Schuman Plan is not either original or unprecedented. Students of history may recall that just before the First World War, the Germans shifted their steel industry from the Ruhr to the Lorraine, and Germany developed her own steel industry only when she lost Alsace Lorraine in 1918. To produce one ton of steel, three tons of ore and two tons of coal are needed. So what was more reasonable than that Ruhr coal should be brought to Lorraine ore?

The essential feature of the new plan is free trade between the member countries of the scheme. It means, in simple terms, that coal and steel will be sold on equal terms to all the participating nations. It thus gua-

rantees the quick industrial recovery of Europe while at the same time removing the chief obstacle in the way of the working of the Western Union—Europe's network of customs. Enough safeguards have also been provided in the subordination of the Controlling Authority to the Council of Europe as also U. N. supervision to see that the products are utilised for "peaceful means." Production and machinery are to be modernised and this expansion of methods and means of industry is to be used for the bettering of living standards and the "progress of world peace." Which raises the question of whether this plan will interfere with America's plans for the military defence of Europe. But there is no reason why the U. S. should be apprehensive on this score. The raising of living standards and the improving of economic conditions is as good a way of fighting Communism as with a mechanized and equipped army. Perhaps it is even better. At any rate, it will cost less.

The Schuman programme is a complicated plan for all its seeming simplicity and needs not only a working out and planning but also a *working together*. But it puts an end once for all to fears of another German aggression if the supervising authority does its work well. Moreover, France's own plans for self-sufficiency and economic stability will see fulfilment. Part of the political chaos in France since the war has been the result of the disruption of her economy caused by the hard core of her steel production having been rendered impotent. The propping up which she would get by the Schuman Plan would just about balance her agricultural and industrial output and make her economically and structurally sound again.

The Plan puts an end also to Allied vacillation and hesitancy in the matter of letting Germany into the Western bloc. Though America, Britain and the other Western countries are all unanimously agreed that un-

less Germany shoulders her part of responsibility in the reconstruction of Europe she will be a deadweight on them all, there has been a marked reluctance on their part to come to a final decision about the Ruhr, to some extent because none of them could be quite sure Germany would not one day outgrow their control. But a decision has after all to be taken sometime or other and Mr. Schuman has more or less forced the hands of the Allies in the matter. A lengthening of the leash on Germany would inevitably lead also to her becoming a fullfledged member of the Council of Europe, thus disposing of two questions on which there have been wasted an inordinate amount of time and money so far.

Reaction to the Schuman Plan is becoming far more significant than the Plan itself. Dr. Adenauer, Catholic Chancellor of West Germany, welcomes the idea while his sworn opponent, Dr. Schumacher, resents France's threat of intrusion, as he sees it, into South Germany, which is the Ruhr's steadiest market so far. The German Socialists have not yet reconciled themselves to the French arrangements with the Saar and the interference with the Ruhr on top of that is a bitter blow to them. Britain, sulking a little because she had not been let into the secret of the plan before the Foreign Ministers' conference in London, is also apprehensive that these new trends in European economy would upset her own coal (nationalised) and steel (not yet).

While the scheme as such and its possible and probable consequences are, occupying the attention of the

other Allies. America with frank scepticism is examining France's motives in putting it forward at all. Perhaps her suspicions are well founded. Reaction to America's stupendous charity in Europe as also her assumption of a dominating role in all international conferences and in European politics has stirred up a slight feeling of exasperation and pique in Europe. America has been too much of a good thing in that continent. Moreover, the constant American allusion to the threat of war and her hysterical self-assurances in the form of an ever-rising pile of armaments, its vast military plans for Europe, are all proving a little unnerving. Non-communist Europe, divided though it may be on many other matters, is agreed on one thing. They do not want a third world war. In fact, they do not even want to think about it, and America wants them to think about it. And so sandwiched between the hysterics of America and the insidious seeping in of Communism, their only chance, they perhaps feel, lies in refusing to have anything to do with either bloc, in refusing to be swept into a war precipitated by the brute strengths of the two opponents. If the Schuman Plan is directed towards the eventual formation of such a bloc, it is to be expected that America's maternal instincts will be outraged. The despatch with which the Schuman Plan is being clarified and simplified, is an encouraging indication that non-Communist Europe has recovered sufficiently to throw a challenge of her own making to the world and to prick both Russian self-complacency and American pomposity.

THE POWER OF COAL

Every basket is power and civilization. For coal is a portable climate. It carries the heat of the Tropics to Labrador and the polar circle; and it is the means of transporting itself whithersoever it is wanted. Watt and Stephenson whispered in the ear of mankind their secret that half ounce of coal will draw two tons a mile and coal carries coal, by rail and by boat to make Canada as warm as Calcutta, and with its comforts being its industrial power.—EMERSON.

Sotto Voce

Ineffectual Angel



MR. LIONEL FIELDEN, who organised State broadcasting in India, revisited this country last January after an absence of some years. He has been telling radio audiences in Britain of his impressions and experiences. Being in Delhi at the time of the Presidential inauguration, he found the highest in the land making up to him in the most flattering way. The ex-Governor-General, at the reception in the banquet hall after the ceremony, "took me away and gave me half-an-hour's private conversation." Sardar Patel gave him a whole afternoon; while Prime Minister Nehru asked him to lunch and "thereafter seemed always ready to give me as much of his time and charm as I wanted."

Mr. Fielden who rather naively gloried in his reputation as an *enfant terrible* under the white bureaucracy has felt under no obligation to respond to these Indian civilities with Chinese politeness. He found everybody attractive and lovable, including with a truly catholic taste Rajkumari Amrit Kaur as well as the Begum Liaquat Ali Khan in the tribute. But you must not be misled by the Englishman's seeming frivolity; he is never more political than when he puts on his most dandified air. Mr. Fielden duly noted that New Delhi had never been half as lavishly illuminated in the vanished days of Viceregal pomp. But he also noted that "those charming people" in the Indian capital seemed to be sitting on the edge of a volcano.

On the contrary Pakistan seemed to him animated by the Dunkirk spirit. She felt herself threatened on all sides; and that might account for the rather aggressive form her

independence took. But Mr. Fielden could not agree with those Indians who maintained that her vaunted unity had been achieved by throwing out the Hindus. Had he not found 300,000 (THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND!) Hindus were still left in so small a province as Sind—not to mention the fifteen millions in East Pakistan? Mr. Fielden, like all artists, seems to have rather a weak head for mathematics; otherwise he might have asked himself how many Hindus there had been in Sind before the Partition—and how many in West Punjab and the Frontier.

For all its lack of logic most of Mr. Fielden's countrymen and most of his trans-Atlantic cousins think much as he does when it comes to summing up India and Pakistan. They perfunctorily applaud Mr. Nehru's invectives against communalism. But when Mr. Liaquat Ali claims that Pakistan is democratic because unlike India she has a homogeneous people, they are prepared to take her democracy on trust, discreetly shutting their eyes to the fact that the homogeneity was gained by freezing out millions of Hindus. And now that the Pakistan Premier has assured America that he feels about Russia "much as you do," how could they afford to have any further qualms about Kashmir? The Anglo-Saxon peoples are good democrats at home—within limits; but abroad they are realists.

Seretse Khama is bottled up, not out of deference to the race bar—oh no!—but because the natives extremely dislike (or at any rate they must, by all the rules of the game the Colonial Civil Service has invented) his taking an English wife. A threat to international peace must be averted at all

costs. And America, the fatherland of liberty (for all except the blacks), thinks that the Japanese, like Pavlov's dogs, can be conditioned by a seasonal dose of Christianity into contented satellites. Mr. Nehru's philippics against communalism probably interest the cynical statesmen of the West for a reason which his nobility of mind would not allow him to suspect. They might help them with Pakistan.

Let me make the point clear. Europe and America are vying with each other to woo Pakistan. Oil may be the ultimate attraction—if it can be found. Meanwhile Pakistan requires goods and services and the Western Powers a manoeuvring ground against Communism in Asia. "Pan-Islam" might be a bore. But so long as Nehru keeps the carrot of secularism dangling before the Hindus, we shall have no bust-up of the kind which would be bad for business. So let us humour Islamic democracy for all it is worth,

even though it looks as pretty a myth as the Centaur".

If this reading of their mind is unjust to the Western Powers, why is it that they steadily avert their faces from the fact that while the many millions of Muslims in India today go about their lawful business fearlessly, Western Pakistan has been practically emptied of its Hindus? Did they not clamantly demand international intervention when infinitely smaller minorities were involved in East Europe between the wars? Why, again, are they studiously playing down the fears and tribulations of the minority in East Pakistan? The truth is we live in a world which is fiercely partisan—be the line of cleavage racial, political or communal. In such a world the ineffectual angel beating his wings in the void is a tragic spectacle.

VIGNESWARA.

THE INTERNATIONAL IMPORTANCE OF MANCHURIA

By KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

MANCHURIA assumes international importance again as the new state in China emerges. What will be the future of this land which has played such a strategic and decisive role in Chinese history, again and again from the time of the early Manchu exploits and ending with the establishment of the Manchu dynasty in Peking. It was through penetration in Manchuria that Czarist Russia initially attempted to spread her control over China. It was the hold over Manchuria that provided Japan with a base for the conquest of China. Once again it was Manchuria that gave the Communists a similar advantage, to bring China under the Red flag. But the last word on Manchuria's chequered role in Chinese destinies can hardly be taken as said. Will Manchuria in the years to come prove an apple of discord between Soviet Russia and Red China or cement a growing affinity? What gives Manchuria this special importance and why does it continue to occupy this peculiar position?

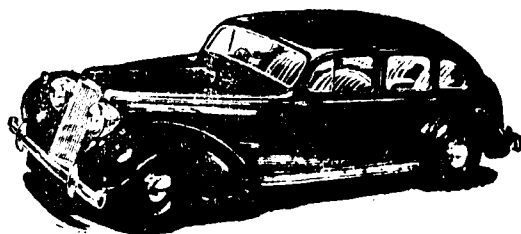
Manchuria is roughly quadrilateral in shape, 900 miles in length and about the same in breadth. It falls into three main regions, the central plain, the mountain and forest region, and the steppes. The population has been always predominantly Chinese, for streams of Chinese peasants had kept moving up and colonising the land driven by extreme poverty and pressure of population on the land at home. The colonisation of that country by the Chinese was positively encouraged by the Manchurian land-owners, who wanted hard-working tenants, devoted to the land, such as the Chinese proved, as cultivators. Manchuria was a predominantly cereal-producing country, soya bean being the chief, whose popularity abroad was one of the main factors in the stimulation of rail construction, for it carried 59% of the world's supply. Industry was still in its infancy, for although mining and smelting was known in China from early times, it was only after the

Russo-Japanese war that industries got encouragement especially with the coming of the rail-roadway—the South Manchurian Rail—which also took over mining.

BASE FOR JAPAN'S LONG RANGE PLANS

Japan's designs on China were in the nature of a long-term plan, and Manchuria was the base for the purpose. One of the first steps in this was the acquisition of the Leased Territory in the Liaotung Peninsula from Russia as one of the terms of the Portsmouth Treaty. This Russia had secured from China in 1898. Similarly Japan also acquired under the Treaty the Southern Section of the Russian built Chinese Eastern Railway with all its branches, together with all rights, privileges and properties appertaining to the railway and all coalmines belonging to it or worked for its benefit. As a matter of fact the land acquired covered much more than what the mere railway line took in. For under the Russo-Chinese contract Russia had absolute and exclusive rights of administration over the lands supposed to be necessary for the construction, operation and protection of the line, and which Russia interpreted liberally to extend over large tracts adjacent to important and strategic stations. When the Japanese took all this over, they built towns and colonised them, creating virtually little Japans all over the territory. Under the Portsmouth Treaty the two powers decided to station armed guards to protect their respective railways. A separate agreement between China and Japan confirmed the terms of this Jap-Russo Treaty and in addition conceded larger privileges for the Japanese in China and extension of her bases in China over territory and railways. This leased Zone the Japanese named Kwantung and placed it under their own administration with an army under a Commander-in-Chief attached to it, with jurisdiction also over the railway zone. This army was

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directly under the War Minister and Chief of Staff in Japan and could act independently, by-passing the Cabinet.

The Kwantung Army was an arm of the main Japanese Army, fired by the dreams of conquering the whole of South-East Asia. A politico-military force, it played the chief role in the Coup of 1931 in Manchuria. It became the crack unit, making Manchuria its arsenal. The ground had been prepared through the economic grip Japan had been able to acquire over the country due to the loose autonomous government Manchuria had under Marshal Tso-Lin, and the inability of the Central government at Nanking to exercise any control. Later Marshal Tso-Lin clashed with Kwantung and decided to free himself and the country by becoming independent of the Jap-controlled railway. He blocked further Japanese line constructions and started to lay his own. At this stage he got killed in a train explosion for which Kwantung was supposed to have been responsible. A bomb explosion on a South Manchurian Railway track was then made the signal for the Kwantung army to light the fuse and take over the entire country in September 1931.

By now it had become clear to the Kwantung army that no quarter could be given to the late Marshal's clan as his son Chang Hsueh-liang had declared Manchuria's allegiance to Chiang-Kai-Shek's Government and set about disengaging the Japanese control both through vigorous political propaganda and through the building of independent rail tracks. Japan therefore sponsored a new state, renamed Manchukuo, to head which they appointed the former Manchu Emperor, Henry Pu Yi who was later proclaimed Emperor again.

JAPAN'S DIVIDE AND RULE POLICY

This however had serious repercussions on internal Japanese politics, resulting in the assassination of several prominent leaders and Ministers including the Prime Minister, for their opposition to the Army's forward policy. The civilian elements, particularly the business groups were averse to embroiling Japan in international conflicts lest they have unfavourable effects on Japanese trade. The Army was however once again able to assert itself and get its action okayed by Tokyo.

The new state was in reality, behind the gaudy trimming of independence, a puppet of Japan. It however needed a local facade to lend it some indigenous support. Like all imperialist powers, Japan thereupon fell back on the various minorities in Manchuria prominent among them being the Manchus, Mongols, Koreans and the Russians. The Manchus were however too few in number to form any significant political force, and too much assimilated into the Chinese way of life to be of any material use in this game. The Japs fared better with the Mongols who had had rather a poor deal under the Chinese, who had managed to keep them still as a pastoral community, preventing even the transition to an agricultural community by taking away their lands to form them into Chinese Agricultural colonies. The Japanese gave the Mongols a boost by the formation of the special Mongol province of Hsingan from which Chinese colonists were excluded. True the government of this province was also run by the Japanese advisers, and though a section of the Mongols began to play ball with the new rulers, several felt disillusioned and saw that they got less than what they had been led to believe meaning complete autonomy, and were also antagonised by the dictatorial ways of the Japanese. Some of the Mongols also developed affiliations with the Outer Mongolian pro-Soviet regime.

The other group were Koreans. The Korean farmers had migrated in large numbers to Manchuria in spite of restrictions from both Governments, Korean as well as Chinese, for the same reason as did the Chinese peasants, population pressure and extreme poverty at home. They were widely spread over Manchuria. With the Japanese acquisition of Korea and the declaration of the Koreans everywhere as Japanese subjects, they came to be regarded by the Chinese as Jap agents, especially because of the Japanese subsidised Korean Residents' Association, Korean schools, Korean village settlements in the Railway Zone, etc. Now the Japanese began to deliberately carry out Korean colonisation to politically and economically offset the overwhelmingly large Chinese population. Under this plan were specific schemes, such as, for instance, the increased production of

rice for Japanese consumption; and paving the way for large scale Japanese colonisation by clearing forests and reclaiming new land through Korean labour. In fact the progress report on Manchuria admitted the strategic role of the Koreans in the scheme for Japanese colonisation of that country.

The third minority group were the Russians. The Russian community in Manchuria had originally developed in consequence of the Russian penetration of the country. After the advent of the Soviet regime, Manchuria came to have two types of Russians, the Red and the White. It is on the latter that the Japs began to work by urging them to believe that Japanese domination would terminate their exile by helping to overthrow the Soviet rule in Russia. But as with the other groups, the Russians too discovered that they had exchanged one set of taskmasters for another. Disunity within the community due to intense factionalism made it more vulnerable. The purchasing of the Chinese Eastern Railway by Japan from Russia made several Russians lose their jobs and the diversion of freight from Harbin to other centres accentuated the commercial depression and economic distress of this community.

MANCHUKUO'S RAPID INDUSTRIALISATION

Due to the long-standing estrangement between the Japanese Army and the big industrial interests in Japan the Kwantung Army had no use for the Zaibatsu in their Japan-Manchuria-North China political and economic plans which were of a new character designed to make the Manchurian industries into a continental war base. This ran counter to the older policies of preserving the hinterland primarily as a market for Japanese manufactures.

Gradually however new money groups sprang up in Japan stimulated by the ever growing war industries, and these the army tied up with its Manchurian programme. These differed from the older Zaibatsu interests in two principal respects: they were almost wholly confined to the iron, steel, light metal and chemical industries, the very ones the army aspired to foster; secondly, they showed complete readiness to collaborate

with the army; thirdly, their shares were widely distributed and not confined like those of the older concerns, which made it possible for the anti-plutocratic army elements to join hands with them. Soon a giant holding company, the Manchurian Heavy Industry, took over all the industrial concerns from the Railway and the other agencies. By 1936 production doubled.

In 1937 the army's plans for the Japan-Manchukuo-North China economic block went a step further with the opening of the war with China. With it a full-scale industrial went into operation. In essence it was increasing the war potential and was the chief desideratum of the army. Although production got stepped up, it could not reach the targets. In addition to the usual bottlenecks of limited tools and skilled hands, there were other hurdles such as inadequate exchange reserves, hampering in purchases of essential materials abroad, especially by the interruption in the soya bean trade and a drop in the earnings of foreign currency; withdrawal of American firms partly because of political developments; the paralysis brought on the European trade by the outbreak of the European war and the curtailment on supplies from that quarter. While the Japanese, especially in view of the exigencies of war, accelerated their principal efforts to develop Manchuria as a supplier of minerals and metals to Japanese manufacturing industries in the home land, Manchurian manufactures witnessed a marked increase, especially in the chemical, metal and machinery industries. This industrial potential was far ahead of anything elsewhere in Asia, excluding Japan and Siberia, even though it was largely integrated to the economy of Japan.

In agriculture, the army leaders were more concerned with military rather than economic objectives and they preferred the exotic growth of Japanese and Korean settlements to improving the condition of the Chinese peasant by promoting agrarian reform. The enormous lag between the forward industrial expansion and the agricultural backwardness made Manchurian economy lopsided. The resistance of the Chinese peasantry to monopolistic official control further reduced production, adding to the heavy drain on Japan's agricultural

resources. After 1939 a drive was made to brighten up the production through bounties to farmers, encouragement of cooperatives and experimental farms, irrigation, livestock breeding, etc. This obtained some marked results.

The rapid pace of industrialisation altered the character of Manchuria in the way of rise of modern towns and cities which absorbed 10% of the total population. Manchuria's economic development made considerable headway covering a large variety of items, coal, gold, iron-ore, pig iron, steel-products, coal liquefaction, whale oil, salt; heavy engineering machinery, chemicals, electric power (for which two huge dams were constructed one of which surpassed the famous American Boulder Dam); aluminium, lead, zinc, copper, tungsten, vanadium, magnesite, arsenal which produced arms, ammunition, rocket mortars, tank accessories; air-craft automobiles; rayon pulp; paper pulp; textiles. All this had naturally brought in its wake modern transport and communication facilities.

RUSSIA BACK IN MANCHURIA

In the summer of 1945 Japan faced irretrievable defeat. It is said that Japan tried to buy Russia off by offering to make Manchuria a neutral zone by withdrawing her troops, of course on the understanding that no Russian forces enter. But Russia had already obtained far better terms at Yalta in February 1945, under which, for taking up arms against Japan, the rights and possessions lost to her in 1905 would be restored, and that in Manchuria there would be internationalisation of Dairen with safeguards for the pre-eminent interest of U. S. S. R. in that port; the lease of Port Arthur as a Soviet naval base; the two railways C. E. R. and S. M. R. to be operated as a joint Sino-Soviet undertaking with similar safeguards for the Soviet interests. These concessions were made without any reference to China who had been promised the restoration of Manchuria! Obviously, this was done under the assumption that the Kwantung Army backed by the giant Manchurian industrial plant might prove a hard nut to crack. It was, however, the otherway round. Actually this army had become considerably weakened due to large reductions. Manchuria

fell into Soviet hands like a ripe plum. The hearty welcome extended to the Red Army by the Chinese showed the degree of feeling against the Government.

The Sino-Soviet Treaty of August 1945 more or less ratified the Yalta Agreement. An analysis of the terms reveals that they gave Russia de facto control of the area once known as the Kwantung Leased Territory, except Dalny which was to become a free port with a Soviet harbour master and Russian goods to be duty-free.

More significant however is the railway agreement. In truth the history of Manchuria since 1895 has been, in main, one of internal rivalries over railways and ancillary enterprises. The period of foreign financed and managed railways was inaugurated by Russia, animated no doubt by both political and strategic reasons. For while the politicians had ambitions of penetrating Manchuria and North China through the agency of railways and banks, the army officers had visions of territorial annexations. The Russo-Japanese war tilted the balance in favour of Japan. World War II in 1945 restored the old position and once again Russia took the stage to enjoy the position which she did in the heyday of her empire. Under the new arrangement the two railways were to be amalgamated into a single system to become the joint property of the two Governments and to be jointly administered. This was, however, not the last word on the subject by a long way. Early in 1946 the Soviet Government declared as reparation large quantities of industrial equipment to Russia. This is what the U. N. Reparations Commissioner says in his report: "The Soviets did not take everything. They concentrated on certain categories of supplies, machinery and equipment, and by far the larger part of all functioning power-generating and transforming equipment, experimental plants, laboratories. But worst of all, after prolonging occupation, they withdrew only to yield possession to Chinese Communists. The Nationalist armies were unable to resist this and Manchuria passed into Communist hands."

JOINT RUSSO-RED CHINESE

CONTROL

The Communist seizure of Manchuria marked a new phase in Chinese

history. The Chinese Communist movement directed from Yen-an during the war years now for the first time came face to face with the Soviet power on the Amur, in Dairen and Port Arthur, thanks to the Yalta Agreement. The two wings of Communism seem to have operated with understanding collaboration. It is with this important region as a base that the Chinese Communists have been able to bring the whole of China under their control even as the imperialist Russians had once tried to do

and as the Japanese actually did. The strategic significance of Manchuria cannot therefore be minimised.

Here in this region the Chinese Communist and the Russian Communist regimes are in joint control. Russia does not maintain her grip over her spheres by physical intervention so much as the impact of the ideas she generates. Moreover China is too colossal for even the Russian bear to paw about with. But obviously Manchuria will largely determine the relationship between the two.

NO WONDER THE WORLD IS SHORT OF DOLLARS

By M. S. P.

AFTER the Marshall Plan, the devaluation of the pound-sterling; but still Britain's, and Europe's, dollar problem remains unsolved. And no wonder that it is so. For a five-year plan or an overnight decision cannot rectify an imbalance in world trade that has developed over the past half a century and more. To those who are baffled by Europe's inability to find a permanent solution to the dollar problem, despite the huge financial aid given by the U. S., the story of America's industrial development during the last 50 years contains the proper answer. A vast change has been taking place in the economy of the U. S. from 1900 onwards. That country has now developed an almost stupendous and fantastic self-sufficiency unknown in history. Along with the industrial growth of the U. S., a great change has come over the pattern of world trade, and the result is that at present most of the countries of the world are faced with an unbridgeable dollar gap. Every economic trend during the last five decades has tended to aggravate this dollar scarcity.

How this change in the pattern of world trade came about is the tale of the two world wars and of the great progress the U. S. has made in the technical and industrial fields. In product after product, America has increased her production several times, sometimes as the result of

peacetime changes and sometimes as the result of wartime exigencies. Even commodities which she did not produce formerly, the U. S. is now producing in large quantities. Many of these industries were started because of the need for self-sufficiency felt during the war. For example, America is now producing large amounts of synthetic rubber and artificial mica, and has thereby reduced her need for rubber imports from Malaya and mica imports from India. Where the two world wars have not pushed the U. S. into becoming independent of the rest of the world, great advances in technology have. Thus, at the present time, not only is the U. S. self-sufficient to an extraordinary degree, she produces much more of many commodities than she requires, and which other nations require. In agriculture also she has made great strides, and she is now one of the most important exporters of food-grains. The number of products which the U. S. no longer needs to import is so many that a list cannot be made out. Magnificent achievement though this is, it makes it impossible for other countries to buy from her as much as they want to or as much as she can sell. For, since America imports so little from outside, other countries cannot import much from her either. They are without the dollars with

which to buy from the U. S. And hence the uncontrollable dollar gap.

Western Europe in particular suffers very much from the dollar shortage. Her share in American imports has fallen from 50 per cent in 1900 to a little over 10 per cent now. Further, compared to the increase in U. S. national wealth between 1900 and 1950, her imports have fallen very much. Again, American exports have displaced European goods from many markets, particularly from the dollar markets. But the most important reason for Europe's dollar difficulties arises from the fact that many West European investments in the American continent have been sold away during the two wars to pay for vital imports from America during wartime. Western Europe has thereby lost a very important source of dollar income, which formerly accounted for a large portion of her dollar earnings. Thus, while due to various reasons Western Europe's dollar earnings have fallen, her dependence on the U. S. for many important commodities, both manufactured goods and raw materials besides food, has greatly increased. No wonder, therefore, that the world in general and Western Europe in particular are short of dollars.

To long-term trends must be added the more familiar hindrance to trade—the tariff. The self-sufficiency of the U. S., phenomenal as it is, will not be an insurmountable barrier to solving the world's dollar problem but for the prohibitive American tariff which effectively curtails imports to the minimum. While Mr. Paul Hoffman is preaching to Europe on the need for increasing exports to the U. S. by two and a half billion dollars, no steps are taken to facilitate the import of goods into the U. S. by reducing import duties. It is true that at present the U. S. is executing reciprocal trade agreements with several countries and import duties are being reduced under them. But, in such agreements, it is always the stronger nation (economically speak-

ing) that obtains more concessions than it gives. Thus, while these agreements are being executed by the U. S. under the pretext of enabling other countries to overcome their dollar shortage, in fact such countries' dollar payments position grows worse as a result. Through these agreements the U. S. is trying to expand her exports while the world is not able to pay even for their present imports from the U. S. The world cannot but be short of dollars under these circumstances.

It will be clear from the foregoing that the responsibility for solving the world's present dollar shortage lies with the U. S. She must remove the obstacles in the way of Europe's paying for imports from the U. S. by exporting goods to her. The first thing she must do is to reduce the rate and scope of import duties. No doubt the scope of U. S. import duties is now very much less than what it was two decades ago. But many individual duties are still very high. And it is by exporting to the U. S. those goods on which the import duties are very high that other countries can hope to pay for their American imports. In the other goods on which U. S. import duties are not levied or are levied only at a low rate, they do not have a chance of competing successfully with American home production. The second thing the U. S. must do if she wants to avert a breakdown in international trade—which is inevitable if the dollar problem remains unsolved for long—is to stop her drive for self-sufficiency. Unless she does these two things, world trade will never be restored to equilibrium. The present dollar shortage will remain a permanent phenomenon preventing a return to freer international trade and compelling other nations to restrict imports from America. Severe restrictions on imports from the U. S. imposed by other countries will seriously upset the American economy, and hence it is in the interests of the U. S. itself to avert such a catastrophe by taking proper steps in time.

Mr. Gordon P. Hagberg took up his duties as Information Officer of the United States Information Service, Madras, on June 5, 1950. With the addition of Mr. Hagberg, there are now three American officers in the United States Information Service, Madras. Mr. Stanley R. Chartrand, Public Affairs Officer came to Madras in July 1946, and Miss Martha Guse, Director of Library Services arrived in April 1949.

—USIS.

CONDITIONS IN TELINGANA

From A Correspondent

TELINGANA, the glorious home of the Great Sathavahanas, famed for its art, culture, commerce and learning when the Chalukyas, the Kadambas, the Kakathiyas and the Naiks held sway, had ceased to be worked upon as an epic land of the Andhras long ago. For here many a fierce battle was fought, the Krishna, the Godavari and the Tungabhadra ran red with blood. Beautiful cities and villages were ravaged and laid waste due to religious fanaticism, the internecine strifes of rulers and conquerors and the insatiable greed of military adventurers. The story dates back to the times of Alla-Ud-Din Khilji and continued to the days of Aurangazeb, the great Moghul.

The tyrannous dynasty of Asaf Jahis and the exploiting Britisher in their turn bled the country white. Such has been the cruel fate of Telingana, but it serves no purpose to brood over the past. The Andhras must face the future with courage and determination and ceaselessly strive towards rebuilding Telingana.

It is time that the vociferous exponents of Vishalandhra ceased issuing longish and empty statements. Let them set themselves to the task of relieving the sufferings of their brothers and sisters and help them to re-establish themselves in all walks of life after their harrowing experiences of the atrocities of the Razakars, Dinadars, self-seeking politicians and corrupt, pleasure-seeking officials. The purpose of this article is to give a faithful account of the conditions prevailing in Telingana today. The writer and his friends stayed in the districts of Mahabubnagar, Hyderabad, Warangal, Nalgonda and some other parts of the country for some months, and this article contains impressions of Telingana.

What we saw everywhere in Telingana filled us with deepest sorrow and shame. Many houses hooted destruction either by the Razakars or the Communists or the "Congress Satyagrahis," (these styled themselves 'salars' 'leaders,' 'dalapathis' etc.) Every tree murmured fear, the prison bars whispered resort to third-degree

methods; the air was full of stories of black-marketeering and corruption and greed of officials. There was terror and panic everywhere despite what the official Censor might say about it. Especially in the Nalgonda and Warangal districts, the so-called 'strongholds' of Communists, there is a heavy concentration of military and police forces and departmental men to protect the people. Unfortunately this has only the effect of terrorizing the people. One notices everywhere that the common man is suffering intensely. There is ever-increasing fear and discontent among the people.

Let us now turn to the agrarian situation in Telingana. Large tracts of virgin land continue to be fallow and the tilling of the land, which came to be abandoned even before "police action" began, has not been resumed to any appreciable extent despite the much vaunted grants of Taccavi loans, and other aids to peasants. The agriculturists do not seem to feel any sense of security. The evil of absentee landlordism continues. The landowners, instead of trying scientific methods of cultivation and benefiting themselves and the country are desperately bent on recovering their lost prestige. Skilled agriculture is a rare thing in Telingana and a large majority of peasants eke out their scanty livelihood by hard and unremitting labour. Stone cutting and sheep rearing are the two popular small-scale industries. The advance of science and social education has not resulted in bringing about changes in the social and economic conditions of the country. The people in general are economically very backward despite their honesty, dependability and willingness to apply themselves to work.

The people are faring no better as regards education, health and sanitation. It is true the authorities have started more schools and provided improved sanitary arrangements at a few places. But the large number of officers with fat salaries, that the Government of India had dumped on the State, that one comes across in Telingana, are a burden on the people. You

will see legions of flies and mosquitoes invading the public resorts; there is no protected water supply even in important towns; the stench from cess-pools and gutters is unbearable. The epidemics continue to levy a heavy toll on lives. Lepers and persons suffering from other skin diseases can be counted by thousands. It is not considered good for the people to learn their mother-tongue; they must learn Urdu or otherwise be kept out from jobs. We saw no signs of development schemes of any kind, no good roads and communications.

Civil Teams! The Government of India, after the "police action," with a good intention no doubt, sent hordes of police, military and revenue officials. The fat salaries offered and the conditions prevailing in the State created a veritable race for jobs. We heard it said that quite a number of departmental men from Madras, armed with 'meherbanis' got themselves sent out to the Hyderabad State "on deputation." These officials were given preposterous salaries, sudden promotions, and they are called "civil teams" or "officers on deputation." These officers soon lost the confidence of the people. Their lack of knowledge of the habits and customs of the people, their unfamiliarity with Urdu, the State language and with local conditions, threw them into the hands of designing and self-seeking individuals. They were soon found yielding to corruption and graft and a desire to amass money by adoption of questionable methods. The people of Telangana, whose hopes and expectations of the new regime soared sky-high, got disillusioned rapidly. We found many of the civil teams men, including clerks and lesser officials, maintaining a very high standard of life and enjoying many kinds of luxuries open to men of affluence. Hence we could not help feeling that there was widespread corruption amongst officials from top to bottom. It will be worthwhile for the Government of India to order a scrutiny of the bank accounts, as well as a check-up of the movable and immovable properties of the members of the civil teams on deputation in Hyderabad.

At one district headquarters in Hyderabad, one person underwent a

fast for about 13 days as a protest against police excesses and the high-handedness of officials towards the people. He gave us details as to why he was on fast and even disclosed the names of officials alleged guilty. The arrival and administration of the 'Union' officers spread dismay among the State employees. Their work increased, they had to put in more hours; at the same time they found their grip on the people gone; their 'mamools' 'nazranas' and other perquisites were knocked off by the newcomers. There was growing uneasiness and discontent amongst State employees on account of the superiority complex of the members of the civil teams. Heart-burning was caused by the differential scales of pay. The present state of things is bound to encourage malingering on the part of State employees. Hitherto only the friends and sympathisers of Razakars and religious fanatics among the State servants were to be seen engaged in helping law-breakers. Today there is every cause for apprehension that the discontented State employees may secretly ally themselves with law-breakers in order to paralyse the Government.

The Government of Hyderabad, though snubbed in various ways by the Union Government, are still insisting that candidates for State employment should, as far as possible, be "mulkees" (State subjects) and possess sound knowledge of Urdu. The rule is waived as regards the recruitment of stenographers and typists as the number required is small and as local candidates are not easily available. The preference for 'mulkees' in the matter of employment has opened-out chances for corruption on the part of not only state servants, but also men of the civil teams. The latter, because of their wide powers and official influence, are enabled to palm off their friends and relatives as 'mulkees' and secure them fat jobs in the State. It is a common sight today in the State to find candidates for State employment seeking the aid of members of the civil teams, in getting themselves registered as "mulkees"—all for a consideration of course.

THE ARAB LEAGUE

By Dr. V. VENKATA RAO, M.A., M.Litt., Ph. D.

THE formation of the Arab League on March 22, 1945, marks a stage in the development of Arab nationalism. The basic assumptions of Arab nationalism are, firstly, to preserve and enrich the Arab heritage, to secure independence for all Arab lands, the establishment of some degree of unity between them, the encouragement of national consciousness among them, and finally the reorganisation of the economic and political structure of the nation by means of a controlled westernization.

Arab nationalism was differently understood by different persons in different ways. At times, it was associated with the strengthening of Islamic religion and tradition, while others adopted the secularism of western nationalism. Still others viewed it as a means to replace the French and the British administrations and capture the privileges and powers that go along with public office. Although it was viewed by different people from different angles, one thing common to all was the feeling of oneness. And this urge for unification of all the Arab peoples arose in the 19th century as a reaction against Turkish domination and European imperialism. Arab nationalism first developed in those countries, such as Egypt and Syria, which were most open to European influence.

Arab nationalism or Pan-Arabism as it is popularly called, is different from Pan-Islamism. Pan-Islamism means a union under the Caliph of all Muslim peoples from Morocco to Persia and beyond, including the Muhammadans of India and China. Pan-Arabism, on the other hand, includes only the Arab speaking countries. It differs from Pan-Islamism in that it bases itself on Arab national culture and not Muslim religious tradition.

Several plans were conceived for the creation of an Arab State, particularly during the years of the Second World War. There was much talk of an Arab Federation. This conception postulates a union of separate Arab States or politically organised regional units, each maintaining its own identity. This federation would

involve a common type of education, mutual economic relations, discouraging customs barriers, common foreign policy with an army under a joint general staff.

In 1943, Dr. Yusuf Haykal proposed another scheme. He proposed the formation of a Council of Confederated Arab States, with four units to begin with, Egypt with Sudan, Greater Syria which would include Syria, Lebanon, Palestine and Trans-Jordan, Iraq and the Arabian Peninsula. The Council would have its permanent seat in a central place and not in any of the existing cities. It would have a President elected from among its members for a term of one year. He would simply be 'a figurehead.'

A more definite project was conceived by Col. S. F. Newcombe in 1934. His plan was to constitute Syria, Lebanon, Palestine and Trans-Jordan into one state; an Arab League with Syria and Iraq should be formed at once; other Arab states may join later at will; the Arab League would have a permanent council nominated by the member states and presided over by one of the rulers of the states to be chosen by the states concerned; the Arab Council would have limited powers over defence, foreign affairs, currency, communications, customs and the protection of minority rights; Jews in Palestine would have semi-autonomy; Jerusalem would have a special commission of three to ensure free access to places of worship for all faiths; Great Britain should enter into a treaty with the Arab League and protect it from outside aggression. The Arab League would have a wide measure of autonomous government.

Another plan similar to the above was advanced by Nuri Said Pasha, Prime Minister of Iraq. He suggested an outer and inner ring of Arab states: the first to consist of Iraq, Egypt and Saudi Arabia; the second to consist of Syria, Lebanon, Palestine and Trans-Jordan. The outer ring would form a loosely limited league just to promote a common culture and mutual assistance. The inner ring would form a single entity as a federated state with its own currency,

defence, customs and foreign representation.

The attempt to create an Arab state has an interesting historical background. At the beginning of the present century, the Arab National Committee proclaimed in 1905, as follows: "The Arabs have recovered consciousness of their national, historical and racial unity and desire to detach themselves from the worm-eaten tree of Othaman and to unite as an independent state. This New Arabia will extend as far as its natural frontiers, from the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates, to the Straits of the Suez, from the Mediterranean Sea to Oman. It will be a constitutional liberal monarchy under an Arab Sultan. The present villages of Hezaz will form an independent state with Medina district, and its ruler will likewise be the religious Caliph of all Muhammadans." Thus the Arab programme was drawn up a whole decade before the outbreak of the First World War. It contemplated a Federal Union of Arab countries, the return of the Caliphate to the land of its origin and the romantic restoration of Damascus and Bagdad to their ancient glory.

The outbreak of the First World War brought these aspirations within sight of realisation. The Sheriff of Mecca, Hussain Ibn Ali, an aspirant to the Caliphate and for the leadership of the Pan-Arab movement, opened negotiations with the British, who in the opinion of the Arabs were less dangerous as enemies than the French. After protracted negotiations, the British Foreign Office made it plain in April 1915, through Sir Reginald Wingate, the Governor-General of Sudan, that Great Britain would make it a condition of peace with Turkey that the Arabian Peninsula and the Muslim holy cities in the Hezaz would remain in the hands of an independent Muslim state. In July 1915, Hussain proposed to Sir Henry Mac Mahon that the British should accord recognition of Arab independence over a wider area which included the whole of the Arabian Peninsula, Syria, Palestine, Trans-Jordan and Iraq. The British were not prepared for such a comprehensive territorial demand. Sir Henry Mac Mahon, therefore, gave an evasive reply to this question. He said, that "it would be premature to consume our time in discussing such details in

the heat of war." At the same time he pointed out that much of the territory mentioned by the Sheriff of Mecca was still in Turkish hands and that some of the Arabs in such occupied territories were lending their arms to the Germans and Turks, "to the new despoiler and the old oppressor."

The year 1917 determined the fortunes of the Arab provinces. In March 1917, the British captured Bagdad. The Commanding General proclaimed "It is the hope and desire of the British people and the nations in alliance with them that the Arab race may rise once more to greatness and renown among the people of the earth and that it shall bind together to this end in unity and concord." After the cessation of hostilities, Great Britain and France expressly promised on November 8, 1918 "the complete and definite emancipation of the people so long oppressed by the Turks and the establishment of a native government and administration deriving their authority from the initiative and free choice of the indigenous populations." And yet both Britain and France had already entered into an agreement, popularly known as the Sykes-Picot agreement, for the division of the Fertile Crescent among themselves. And this agreement differed greatly in spirit from that which had already been concluded with the Sheriff of Mecca. Further, negotiations proceeded between the Zionist Organisation and the British Government. The agreement arrived at was embodied in a letter from the Foreign Secretary Mr. Balfour to Lord Rothschild, popularly known as the Balfour Declaration. The Declaration viewed with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jews.

The Peace Conference was called upon to reconcile the conflicting commitments made by the British and the French. The Conference did not decide the Arab question but referred it to a committee of ten. In 1919, Feisal, the son of King Hussain of Hezaz, appeared before the committee and advocated the formation of a federation of all Arab territories. But this demand of Feisal aroused the suspicions of the Syrians and the Lebanese, particularly the Christian populations. Lebanon, therefore, demanded a French mandate over Syria.

Feisal returned to Syria to assuage Syrian and Lebanese fears. He declared in a speech "Although Syria, the Hezaz and Iraq are Arab countries, there can be no question of welding them together in a unitary state controlled by a centralised government" as all of them did not reach the same state of civilization. While this was going on, the Allied Conference at San Remo decided to accord France, the mandate for all Syria excepting Palestine. Thus the hopes entertained by the Arabs which seemed very near realisation were shattered to pieces. In the place of one Arab state, several independent states came into existence. Palestine and Trans-Jordan were placed under the British mandate; Syria was divided into three, Lebanon, Syria and Latakia, and Jebel Druze.

After the conclusion of the Treaty of Versailles, Arab states thus formed, were concerned with their own independence rather than with the formation of a single state. It was only after the outbreak of the Second World War that interest was once again evinced in Arab unity. It is true that conferences and conventions were held for considering such innocuous subjects as Arab education, Arab agriculture, and Arab medicine prior to 1941. But it was only after the suppression of the Iraqi revolt in 1941, and the subjugation of Syria in the same year, that the British interested themselves in the promotion of Arab unity just to wean away the Arabs from the Axis powers and thereby strengthen the British influence in the Middle East. On May 22, 1941, Mr. Anthony Eden declared in Parliament as follows: "The Arab world has made great strides since... the end of the last war and many Arab thinkers desire for the Arab peoples a greater degree of unity than they now enjoy. In reaching out towards this unity, they hope for our support. No such appeal from our friends should go unanswered. It seems to me both natural and right that cultural and economic ties between the Arab countries and the political ties too, should be strengthened. His Majesty's Government for their part will give their support to any scheme that commands general approval."

Since then, there had been frequent consultations between the Arab leaders and the British Government. In

March 1943, Nahas Pasha, the Prime Minister of Egypt, announced that a conference of the Arab states would be held in Cairo. This announcement was followed by a crop of statements. The Prime Minister of Trans-Jordan said that the first step towards Arab unification was the creation of a Greater Syria under Emir Abdullah. The Prime Minister of Iraq, Nuri Said, advanced another scheme for Greater Syria which Iraq would join later. And Emir Feisal, son of Ibn Saud said that Arab unity could be established on a sound basis only on the foundations of the Koran. Feisal's statement caused great embarrassment to the Arab statesmen who saw in this a danger of alienating the sympathies of the Christians of Lebanon and arousing apprehensions in the minds of the great powers of a resurgence of Pan-Islamism.

The question was again considered by the big powers at the Tehran Conference, held towards the end of 1943. This time the big powers seemed to have made a realistic approach to the question of Arab unification. They realised that Arab unity could only be achieved gradually and that consideration should be given to the dynastic ambitions, cultural divergencies and above all the strong desire on the part of each state to be sovereign. The Lebanese were not prepared to give up their independence and Palestine presented serious difficulties. In spite of all these difficulties, a conference for Arab unity was held on September 24, 1944, under the chairmanship of Nahas Pasha. At first Saudi-Arabia and Yemen stood out. The conference concluded its deliberations on October 7, 1944 and a Protocol was signed by the representatives of Syria, Lebanon, Trans-Jordan, Iraq and Egypt. Saudi-Arabia and Yemen signed later.

The first section of the Protocol called for the creation of a league of Arab states. The participating states would have equal representation on the governing board, whose main task would be to supervise the execution of agreements concluded between the states, to organise periodical meetings, to co-ordinate political policies and to mediate in disputes that may arise between the members. No state should resort to arms for the settlement of any dispute with a member of the League. The second dealt with

co-operation in the economic and social fields. The third expressed the hope that in future, Arab countries would take further steps to cement unity. The fourth declared that Arab states would guarantee the territorial integrity of Lebanon. As regards Palestine, the Protocol said that Palestine constituted one of the important elements in the Arab world and that the rights of the Arabs could not be touched without danger to the peace and stability of the Arab world. The Protocol declared that the Arab League would support "the cause of Arabs of Palestine."

The Alexandria Protocol was ratified by all the Arab states whose representatives had signed it. And on March 22, 1945, A Covenant of the League of Arab States was signed by the heads of Egypt, Iraq, Lebanon, Syria, Saudi-Arabia and Trans-Jordan. A copy was sent to Imam of Yemen for his adherence. The Covenant differed considerably from the Protocol. For, in the first place, it was less binding upon the signatories, than the Protocol. Again, the Protocol had stated that "in no case should a foreign policy be pursued by any member that is detrimental to the League or to any member of the League". This was omitted in the Covenant so that if Lebanon should wish to contract a Treaty with France on lines different from those made by Syria it would not be subject to criticism by the other members of the League. Moreover, the Protocol provided that "all differences" between the members of the League might be brought for arbitration before the governing body and that its decisions would be binding. The Covenant, on the other hand, provided for the interference of the governing body, only in cases of disputes "not involving the independence, the sovereignty and the territorial integrity of the states." This concession enables Lebanon to avoid being forced to accept a change in its status or boundaries by a majority vote. As regards Palestine, the Protocol assumed the continuance of British administration and expressed sympathy for the situation of the Jews in other countries even though it rejected a Zionist state. In the Covenant, there is no mention of the British or of the Jews. On the other hand it says that Palestine is juridically independent after its extri-

cation from the Turkish domination. It is thus evident that the Arab League as it finally emerged is a loose one. It is true that the members of the League entered into a military pact on the model of the charter of the United Nations. In spite of these periodical demonstrations of unity, the fact remains that the League as it exists does not possess even one attribute of statehood.

It may justly be asked why in spite of many favourable factors for the formation of an Arab State, such as common language, common religion, common heritage and common culture and geographical oneness, the movement has so far failed to achieve the end in view. Critics have pointed out the 'enormous difficulties' in the way. They say that the basis of the federal state, whether it should be the Koran or western style nationalism, has not yet been finally settled; that the people of the Arab countries are in different stages of civilization; that they abound in ethnic and religious minorities. These are stock arguments; yet the difficulties pointed out are not insurmountable. As a matter of fact these so-called difficulties exist in almost every country. India is in the same stage where the Arab countries are. The difference is one of degree and not of kind. And yet we were able to bring all the divergent elements under one administration. It may be that Egypt feels that its interests are rooted in the valley of Nile. It is also true that Egypt is mainly concerned with the union of the Sudan with Egypt and that Egyptians regard themselves as superior culturally to the Arabs of the Middle East. An Egyptian, if he has to make a choice, would certainly prefer western culture to the hard and fanatical Wahhabi code. Iraq is undeveloped and is mainly depending on oil revenues. Even though these economic and social factors are there as obstacles, the difficulties are mainly political. Firstly, the smaller states fear the domination of the bigger states like Egypt. Secondly, Saudi-Arabia and Iraq would enter into an Arab federation only if they are given leading positions in it. Syria and Lebanon are primarily concerned with insuring their independence before considering the question of federating with other Arab states.

Though the Newcombe plan to con-

stitute the existing states of Syria, Lebanon, Palestine, Trans-Jordan and Iraq into Greater Syria is practicable because of geography and social factors, there are practical difficulties in the way. Trans-Jordan would join the Federation only if Emir Abdullah of Trans-Jordan became the head of Greater Syria. But Syrian nationalists hate Abdullah. Iraq is willing to join the Syrian federation because it desires to have access to the sea through Haifa or Tripoli. But Ibn Saud of Saudi-Arabia is opposed to this because not only would it increase the importance of Iraq, it would upset the balance of power in the Middle East. Ibn Saud, therefore, obstructed the plan on the ground that the Palestine question must be settled first. Lebanese Christians have made it clear that they would not surrender any part of their sovereignty nor would they agree to any modification of their territorial limits. And this demand was conceded by the Arab League.

Apart from these political difficulties, vested interests, both foreign and indigenous, were responsible for torpedoing the movement for Arab unity. It is a well-known fact that all the Arab states are ruled by certain Muslim families. And the Muslim families in Lebanon that have a share in the administration of the country do not desire to see any authority and patronage pass from Beirut to Damascus. In Palestine, the Mufti and his relatives would certainly not wish to play a second fiddle in the larger Syrian Federation. The Syrian Republic is ruled by a group of families from the four main towns. They no doubt believe in a Greater Syria plan. But if this meant any diminution of their influence and privileges, any subordination to a higher authority, then they would prefer to leave things as they are. And further, most of these families, according to Dr. Einstein, are the biggest landlords and they are in passive alliance with the foreign interests like the British and the French because "they are always afraid they will be gotten rid of."

But the greatest obstacle appears to be the interests of the powers like the British, American and the French. They created false hopes and deceived the Arabs. Prior to the First World War, the British Foreign Office did not

place much emphasis on relations with the Arabs. But during the years of the First World War, Lord Kitchener, the British Consul General and others connected with the Arab Bureau were developing the idea of creating an Arab state to offset the influence of Germany over Turkey. During the years of the Second World War, the same motives impelled the British Government to float the idea of Arab unity. At the same time, Britain toyed with the idea of a National Home for the Jews. The Balfour Declaration of 1917 is a mixture of strategic and idealistic motivations. Leading British statesmen had come to believe "that the Jews, restored to statehood, would be the ideal people to guard the British bastion of defence on the Palestine land bridge between the Nile and the Near East." The creation of a National Home for the Jews ultimately resulted in the establishment of Israel. And with the establishment of Israel the foundations of an Arab state were shaken. Not only Britain but also the State Department of the United States Government were responsible for the Arab situation. The State Department was afraid of Soviet expansionism in the Middle East. They would, therefore, desire to establish a *cordon sanitaire* of Arab states. The British also considered the Soviet as an evil force dedicated to reducing Britain to a fourth-rate power in the Middle East. They would, therefore, desire to establish a block against the Soviet. Thus the interests of both Great Britain and the United States of America coincided. Therefore, both the countries promised the same thing to the two different groups, Arabs and the Jews. For instance, the Democratic Party declared at the Chicago Convention in 1944, "We favour the opening of Palestine to unrestricted Jewish immigration and colonization, and such a policy as to result in the establishment there, of a free and democratic Jewish Commonwealth." This was followed by President Roosevelt's letter in October 1944, to Senator Robert Wagner of New York to be read before the convention of the Zionist Organisation of America. In this letter, the President not only reiterated the plank of his party but also committed himself as follows: "Efforts will be made to find appropriate ways and means of effecting this policy as

soon as practicable. I know how long and ardently the Jewish people have worked and prayed for the establishment of Palestine as a free and democratic Jewish Commonwealth. I am convinced that the American people will give their support to this aim and if re-elected. I shall bring about its realisation." After his re-election and just before his death, Roosevelt reiterated his earlier pronouncements: "I made my position on Zionism clear in October. That position I have not changed and shall continue to seek to bring about its earliest realisation."

Compare these statements of President Roosevelt with the despatches of the State Department. When the Prime Minister of Iraq questioned the authenticity of the statement made by Roosevelt just before his death, the State Department assured him that the statement referred to "possible action at some future date." On May 26, 1943, in a highly confidential note to King Ibn Saud, the State Department asserted that no decision affecting the basic situation in Palestine would be reached "without full consultation with both Arabs and Jews." On October 26, 1943, in a secret cable to the acting Foreign Secretary of Saudi Arabia, the State Department said, "We sympathise with the aspirations of the people of the Near East to attain full independence and strengthen the ties between them." Thus from time to time, as American Jewry obtained Congressional support, the State Department reassured Cairo, Yemen, Bagdad, Beirut, Damascus and Jidda by secret diplomatic cablegrams that no decision would be reached without consultation with the Arabs.

SETH DALMIA'S LEADERSHIP

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

SETH DALMIA is very much in the news now. His frank confession regarding the motives under which he, and possibly other industrialists in the country, contributed to the Gandhi Fund has received notice in almost every journal, and on the whole editors have commended him for his frankness. He offers now his leadership to the country in the moral sphere and in the field of social ser-

And the State Department continued playing both ends even under Truman. Truman revealed on August 16, 1945, that he had discussed Palestine with Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee at Potsdam and that they wanted to let as many Jews into Palestine as possible. But on October 23, 1945, in a confidential cable to Bagdad, Cairo, Damascus, Beirut and Jidda, the State Department explained that President Truman and Prime Minister Attlee "engaged in exploratory correspondence on this subject and naturally mentioned Palestine as one of the havens for homeless Jews, but there has been no change in this Government's previously announced attitude on Palestine."

It is thus evident that the formation of an Arab State has been made difficult by vested interests both indigenous and foreign. But then the situation is not without hope. The formation of an Arab State is possible if the foreign interests are eliminated, the dynastic rule is abolished and a uniform system of government, say republican, is established in all the Arab states. Further, the feeling of oneness among the people of the countries should be developed. At present, Arab nationalism is inarticulate and unformed. Like all immature movements, Arab nationalism has not yet found its authoritative voice. The spirit of the movement has not yet been definitely and adequately expressed. At present the Arab states are concerned more with the preservation of their sovereignty. And no lasting solution can be found to the problem of Arab unity unless they surrender a part of their sovereignty.

vice, particularly towards the rehabilitation of refugees. The avowals of politicians and of capitalists are always suspect, but his latest statement has, I believe, in it that ring of sincerity, which must have affected others as it did me. There was a Gandhian strain in it. "At the conversion of a sinner the angels in Heaven rejoice." Yes, but mortals do not take to apostates so kindly. They must have

proof, and convincing proof, that the apostasy is not for a temporary relief as the apostasy of "sinners" who confess before they get their bowl of soup at the Salvation Army centre.

It took Mahatma Gandhi many years to establish his credentials. But once they were accepted the country had no doubts about his sincerity. That Seth Dalmia is not of the ordinary run of capitalists has been evident from the time he came forward with his One World plea. For no other Indian industrialist can we make this claim: Possibly, on the whole they are good people, "of a charitable disposition" as Indian obituaries say of prominent men when they die, but the public at large hears of them only when they make the "chairman's speech" at the annual dividend-declaring meeting. In Europe and America rich men serve in many fields of public activity. They do not feel that they have discharged their duty simply because they have sent in a true statement of their income to the Income Tax Department or a contribution to a philanthropic fund. John Pierpont Morgan was not only the president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York but was a great collector of books. Miss Belle da Costa Greene, who became his librarian in 1905 and retired last year was herself a great scholar and held in repute by scholars in Europe. And he paid her a princely salary and she travelled in state between Europe and America frequently on her missions for collecting rare books. Andrew Mellon's art collection which he bequeathed to the American nation was a priceless collection. Pulitzer founded the annual Pulitzer prizes to win one of which marks out a man as successful in the theatre, in authorship, or in journalism. Then there are the annual Guggenheim scholarships which confer a distinction upon the recipients at once, marking them out as "hopefuls" and which at the same time enable them to live anywhere they like, either Paris, Florence or any other centre of artistic and literary culture. The Guggenheim awards are extremely generous and are given for two years though sometimes extended to four years. No conditions whatever are attached, for artists and writers do not thrive upon conditions, and the awards are open to all American nationals, irrespective of whether

they are Caucasian, Jew or Negro. Many of the top-ranking writers, painters and sculptors in America today have at one time or another received Guggenheim scholarships. Lastly there is the world-famous Nobel Prize, which again is the brain-child of an industrialist.

What have we got to compare with these? We have some measly awards, hedged in with conditions that make you mortgage your very soul and body to those who grant them. And, one hundred and fifty rupees a month is the highest limit of generosity upon which our neediest and ablest men of learning and distinction (if they are successful in getting their merits recognised by the tribunals of "Merit") are expected to raise a family and carry on research at the same time!

I bring out this comparison between our industrialists and those of other countries to show that ours are coarse-grained money-grabbers and hoarders while those in Europe and America use their wealth in princely fashion as patrons of art and learning. Even Lord Nuffield, with all his initial handicaps, has seen the value of education and used his wealth for founding Nuffield College.

Seth Dalmia, therefore, begins his self-assigned task of the moral leadership of his people with this tremendous handicap—that of the public mistrust of Indian industrialists and their declared intentions. For, their past history, except for contributing to political party chests, (which capitalists even in Hitler's Germany did, for reasons of expediency) is an unedifying one. If, however, Seth Dalmia overcomes this mistrust, by his utter sincerity, then he has crossed his worst hurdle. After that it will be smooth progress. We must remember that when Mahatma Gandhi came back from South Africa he was hardly known in the land of his birth. People had of course heard of his *Satyagraha* there but India's temporary "pantheon" had all its niches full-filled with magnificent orators, and men who had had the best European education, men who belonged to families of zamindars and princes but who had cast their lot with the people, according to their own ideas of "casting their lot with the people." The parallel was something like that of the political bosses

of today and the public. Against that awe-inspiring magnificence and superiority—superiority of education, birth, wealth and personality—Mahatma Gandhi pitted, what? Only his sincerity? He was one with the people. He travelled third class on the trains. His food did not cost him more than it cost the poorest man to feed himself and his family. His clothes were of the simplest. His belongings—none.

Today, every petty little minister must have his reserved saloon to travel a distance of a hundred miles. He must have an army of red-sashed peons and chaprassies. Sometimes, as it happens with the ministers in the province of Madras, they must have police escorts. And they are "on tour" all the time. Sometimes two ministers visit the same town at the same time, and the local City Fathers are hard put to it in the matter of dividing deference and praise evenly. Except for the *shikars* that local princes and citizens had to organise in the days of British rule, during the visits of ruling Sahibs, the pomp, and above all the cost to the tax-payer, are all there today!

Austerity for the poor man, but if a capitalist wants to entertain a thousand guests on the most lavish scale possible, not only can he get permits for all the rations (and over rations) needed, but he can count upon every minister in the province being present on the occasion to partake of his hospitality. And yet we go on planting monuments of cement to the "Father of the Nation."

At no time was there such a divergence between the professed virtues (all according to the letter of the creed of the "Father of the Nation") of our political bosses and their practice—both in their private life and in their public policies. Probably at no time has India been so bankrupt of idealism and leadership as she is today. Not even in the last quarter of the last century when A. O. Hume despaired of finding even "twenty-five selfless men" to take up the regeneration of the country has the country sunk to such depths of cynicism and hopelessness and self-intent as it is today!

Our political bosses have their sycophants and "yes-men." When they visit a city they will find cheering school-children lining the roads and the City Fathers in each place

will present them the usual address of welcome. These things happened, with even better precision, in the days of the British Raj, but no one was deceived. Not even the Britons! Today the only people who seem to be deceived, who seem to be wearing blinkers, are our political bosses.

Well, the country is without a leader. That is self-evident. Seth Dalmia has realised this fact, as he seems to have done, and if he has realised that all that the people seek in a leader is the stark simplicity and sincerity of their late leader, Mahatma Gandhi, and if he feels, that despite his wealth he can manifest the qualities of simplicity and sincerity he will find that the country will gradually support him. It is not wealth that people want of a leader. It is not brilliance nor brains nor that well-groomed look that advertisers of hair-pomades insist upon. It is only sincerity and simplicity. India produced so many *tapasvis* and *yogis* because this was the country, pre-eminently, conducive to the life of self-denial and simplicity. We still have *yogis* whose standards are those ancient standards. We want national leaders whose lives are simple and whose hearts are sincere, sincere enough to admit of even Himalayan blunders, when they commit such blunders. It is said of Disraeli that once he asked John Bright, "How is it you with your rugged speeches move multitudes and even the apathetic House of Commons while my speeches which are the result of so much preparation and care seem to make no impression at all?" Bright's reply was, "I am sincere."

Seth Dalmia will be welcomed by the country not as the millionaire but as the simple son of the soil who has turned his back upon the flesh-pots and the security and ease of the wealthy, as one who interprets the wealth of the country in terms of the number of people who have a meal a day and a roof above their heads, as one whose compassion has been evoked by the plight of the innocent victims of political bargaining, as one who will do everything to expose the corruption and nepotism and extravagance in public life prevalent today, and, above all as one who exemplifies the sincerity in public affairs and in private life that was the hallmark of Mahatma Gandhi.

Serial Story

STERNER STUFF

By S. KRISHNIAH

THE STORY SO FAR: *Sukumar, an engineering student, is the only son of Ramchander, a clerk in a firm of constructional engineers. Ramchander is obsessed by a hatred of music, cinema and allied arts but his son shows a marked talent for singing. Sukumar has been chosen to play the title role in a Tamil drama which forms the feature item in a variety entertainment organised by University students in aid of Punjab refugees. Ramchander is in the dark regarding his son's intended appearance on the stage.*

IT took a dozen policemen and a punctilious inspector to prevent any confusion among the cars that poured into Museum Theatre that Saturday evening. Most of the cars were sleek post-war models and one by one they emptied into the portico gaily decked ladies accompanied by gentlemen not to be outdone in swank. They were all coming to witness the variety entertainment got up by the students of the University. Their Excellencies arrived and most of the Ministers were present. It was going to be the grandest amateur show ever put on the floor in Madras. Despite their abnormally enhanced value all the tickets had been sold a fortnight before the event.

Fifteen minutes before the scheduled time for commencement every seat was taken and it was easily discerned, even by the eye of the most casual observer, that there had not been a more select and distinguished gathering of the high and mighty of the city's social circles since the war.

Meanwhile, in the green room, Sukumar was not only excited but also in the steel-grip of stage-fright. This would be his maiden appearance on a stage and he was pacing up and down in a futile effort to control his nervousness. He wondered why the organisers of the show had chosen him, of all the thousands of university students, to play the title role in the

drama which was specially written for the occasion and which was going to be the main item on the programme. Was it his voice, which everybody had praised, that had secured him that part requiring the display of both histrionic and vocal talents?

Sukumar's nerves, already keyed up to the pitch of snapping, received another nasty jolt when Mr. Ramesh Gupta entered the green-room. The film-director who had already given him many helpful suggestions had come with the intention of repeating them and stressing their value.

To his experienced eye it was easily evident that Sukumar was terribly nervous.

"Look here, young fellow," said Mr. Ramesh Gupta sliding an affectionate arm round Sukumar's shoulders. "You mustn't be nervous."

"Yes... I mean no!"

"There are over a thousand people waiting to see you there and you can't let them down."

"No."

"There is nothing to be nervous about. Just imagine there is no audience at all."

"Yes."

"You put up a grand show at the rehearsal the other day. If you are half as good today you'll sweep them off their feet."

Sukumar was silent.

"I'll tell you something. You know Jayanthi?"

Sukumar stared blankly at Mr. Ramesh Gupta.

"Of course you ought to know her. She is the greatest actress and songstress that ever appeared in a Tamil picture."

Sukumar continued to stare.

"Well, she is here. I brought her specially to see you. Now, buck up. Don't look so frightened. You can't let everybody down."

Mr. Ramesh Gupta left the green-room hoping for the best.

But he had miscalculated. He had hoped that the news of Jayanthi being one of the audience would make Sukumar shake off his nervousness. But he was wrong. To Sukumar that bit of information was the last straw. His knees melted under him and he collapsed into a vacant chair. After a few minutes, during which time his mind remained a blank, he once more attempted to collect his wits. So the great Jayanthi had come to see him—she, whom people queued up in long lines and spent hard-earned money to see projected on the screen in all her glory!

And he was not at all sure he could even walk!

But the clock ticked on inexorably. He heard item after item being applauded. Would he be applauded or hissed off the stage? His mind refused to think. Then the final item was announced—the play which was to extend for over two hours and for which the elite of South India was waiting in breathless anticipation.

Sukumar got up to leave the green-room.

"Good luck Sukumar," said an elderly man who had just then come back-stage. He was the author of the play and considered the best dramatist the South had produced for many a long year. "My reputation is in your hands."

"Best of luck, Sukumar," said another gentleman near the stage-entrance. He was the Principal of the College in which Sukumar was studying.

Sukumar neither heard those words nor acknowledged them.

At one corner of the stage, hidden by a side-screen, stood Sukumar waiting his cue. Gone from his mind were all the tips Mr. Ramesh Gupta had given him. Gone from his mind was all the enthusiasm which he had planned to infuse into his portrayal of the hero. As he took the cue and entered the stage the only thing that remained in his brain was the fact that in one of the front rows was sitting Jayanthi—the idol of South India.

Thank God his memory did not fail him. Although he was paralysed and could not act he was at least able to

speak the words, he had so carefully memorised, at the right time. But that was not acting. He stood like a moron in the centre of the stage and just lifelessly repeated the words in the script.

When the curtain came down on Scene I the organisers of the entertainment were looking daggers at Sukumar who seemed to be blissfully unaware of everything around him. But being old hands at the game they knew that Sukumar was in the grip of stage-fright and fervently hoped it would wear off. They did not even tell him how horrid he was on the stage lest their words should upset him more. Instead they casually remarked to him that he could infuse more life into his role and left it at that.

The curtain was going up for Scene II which Sukumar had to open with a song. As the opening bars of the song came out of his mouth Sukumar suddenly realised that a quiet had come upon the audience. It was a weird, pathetic tune he was singing and his silvery tones echoed every subtle idea the composer had wished to convey. The silence continued—breathless and almost tangible—all through the song until his voice with a tingle of emotion concluded the song. Sukumar had played his trump card and won. The audience were swept off their feet and suddenly Sukumar became aware of the strange power he had wielded over the thousands seated before him. Gone was the stage-fright and gone was his consciousness of Ramesh Gupta and Jayanthi. Thereafter Sukumar put every atom of his histrionic talent into the role he was portraying and clearly and passionately rendered his songs. Applause upon applause greeted his success at every step. He seemed to be carrying the whole play on his shoulders.

And then the climax—his final song—and his last dying notes following the poignant crescendo reverberated in every heart and every mind. The curtain came down on the stark human tragedy and for a few moments silence—eerie and ghostly—pervaded the audience. It was only with an effort that they could rouse themselves from the stupor into which Sukumar's parting song had steeped them. And then—then the roaring

applause. The organisers pushed Sukumar again and again on to the stage to receive the boisterous adulation. The cheers were loud and long and he was not only the hero of the play but also of the day.

Sukumar, not one bit self-conscious, meanwhile retired to the green-room and proceeded to hurriedly take off the rather uncomfortable dress he was wearing and also the make up.

"Congratulations, Sukumar," his Principal came up to him. "You were really good!"

"Thank you, Sir."

"But you gave me the fright in the first scenes," said the Professor who had conducted all the rehearsals. "I thought you'd never get rid of the stage-fright and flop the whole show."

Sukumar smiled.

"Yes, Sir. I was scared stiff."

"Anyway it's all over and I don't think in my wildest dream I could have wished for a greater success."

"Do you really think it was a great success, Sir?"

"Of course. Not the ghost of a doubt about it."

"I'm really happy, Sir."

One by one the big-shots of the University came to congratulate Sukumar. Then came a stream of friends and class-mates who were lavish in their praise. The author of the play was poetic in his eulogy.

Sukumar was almost dressed when Ramesh Gupta came in.

"You were superb, Sukumar!" said Ramesh Gupta as he entered the green-room extending a hand to the hero of the day. "Congratulations!"

Sukumar, still flushed with the joy of success and still slightly overawed by the great film-director was confused.

"You are very kind," he murmured under his breath.

"You were a terrific success! There's no doubt about it. Jayanthi wants to meet you. She's waiting back-stage. Come on."

Sukumar suddenly felt shy. He was glad he had done well but that was all. Now he wanted to be left alone. He did not want all these praises and congratulations. He did not want big personalities to pat him on the back and condescendingly in-

form him how wonderful his singing had been.

"Come on. What are you dawdling for?"

Sukumar followed the film-director more because he could not think of a good excuse to put him off than because of any desire on his part to be introduced to a firm-star.

There in the verandah behind the stage Jayanthi was waiting for them. Sukumar was surprised when he saw her. That was the first time he had seen the idol of South India in flesh and bones and the great difference between the Jayanthi he saw before him and the Jayanthi he had adored on the screen was distinctly apparent. He had imagined Jayanthi to be a young girl. But here in actual life, shorn of all auxiliary glamour, Jayanthi appeared to be a middle-aged woman. But she had a fine personality with those mature charms and soft contours which no young girl could boast of. She was tall and well-proportioned and her features were chiselled sharply as if a master-sculptor had dreamt them.

"So you are Sukumar, are you?" she drawled in a voice so familiar to every film-fan. But Sukumar wondered why it should appear so charged with emotions. "I'm glad to meet you. I think I can truthfully say that yours has been the best singing and the best acting I've hitherto come across on any stage."

"Thank you," murmured Sukumar who was completely overcome by surprises. Jayanthi's words seemed commonplace flattery but the peculiar inflexion in her tone belied that impression.

"What are you doing now?"

"I am... I'm in the Engineering College."

"You're wasting your talents! Haven't you thought of acting as a career?"

"No, I haven't. This is the first time I've been on a stage."

"This won't be the last time, I bet you," put in Ramesh Gupta.

"Why don't you think about a film career?" asked Jayanthi.

"Oh no. That... well, that'd be impossible. It's my father's wish that I should be an engineer."

"And what is your wish?"

Sukumar was nonplussed. He wondered what the object of this conversation was which up till then seemed to have no meaning for him.

"Of course I'm asking you too many questions, ain't I?" she smiled easily reading what was passing through Sukumar's mind, "But I'm sure that if you ever think of such a thing it'll be a lucky day for Cinetone Studios."

"Sure, Sukumar," Ramesh Gupta chimed in excitedly. He was always in his elements playing second fiddle to the film-star. "In no time you'll be earning thousands."

"You are both very kind," murmured Sukumar still at sea.

After a few more congratulatory words the hierarchy of the film-world took leave of him.

This informal chat with Jayanthi and Ramesh Gupta left a nasty taste behind in Sukumar's mouth. Top rank film-stars did not ask for interviews from college-boy amateurs. Why did Jayanthi talk to him as if she was emotionally unbalanced? Or was she only acting—carrying her profession into real life? Sukumar did not know. He smelt something fishy as his naturally keen intellect failed to grasp the situation.

That night Sukumar went home late but having already told his father that he would be late because he had to attend the Variety Entertainment he was not questioned. The only thing he had kept secret from his father was the part he played in the drama.

Ramchander had sat up for his son and received him with the same pleasure he always genuinely felt in the company of his son.

Keeping a secret from his father rankled young Sukumar's heart. Further his mind was filled with the glorious success of the evening and naturally he wanted to speak about it to his parent.

"I want to tell you something, Father, which I've kept a secret all along. You know the grand Variety Entertainment got up by the university students in aid of the Punjab refugees, well... well, I took the leading role in the drama."

"You?... You took the leading role?"

"Yes, Father, and it was a glorious success. Everybody told me that...."

"Did you have to sing any songs?"

"Yes, plenty of them, and...."

"Oh, Suku! What has come upon you? Aren't you ashamed?"

"Why should I be? It was for a good cause and everybody congratulated me—my Principal, my professors and...."

"But haven't I always told you that you should leave singing to idlers and beggars. How many...."

"But this was for a good cause, Father."

"Good cause be damned.... So you take your father for an old fool?"

"No, Father. Certainly not. I'm sorry if I have offended you."

"You have offended me and that too grievously. You don't know, son, what all I have suffered to give you this education. I was poor and I've remained. I've gone through enough hardships to look after you as a baby and with nobody else to help me in this world I had to be both mother and father to you. I plodded on somehow. You are my ambition, son. You are all the world to me. There is only one thing I ask of you and that is to complete this education and become the great engineer you have always been in my dreams. I don't want you to sing, act in dramas and make yourself cheap. Look high up and model your life in such a way as to attain the heights. Some day you'll reach the heights, Suku, and then the happiest days of my life will begin. Perhaps when you are older you may know more about your father and maybe when I'm gone you will realise what I have done has been for your good."

Sukumar did not know what to make out of his father's passionate appeal. Ramchander's eyes seemed to have a far away look in them and Sukumar had never seen his father create so serious an atmosphere.

"I'm sorry, Father. Hereafter I won't take part in any of these things," he murmured and proceeded to commit another mistake. "But you must listen to me about this drama. It was such a great success and everybody praised me. Even Jayanthi the filmstar and Ramesh Gupta the film-director were present and...."

"Did she talk to you?"

"Yes. How did you know?... She was very kind and praised me very

much. They even offered to take me in Cinetone Studios!"

The moment he said those words, Sukumar knew he had committed a fatal blunder. The look which came on Ramchander's face astounded him. It was the stark outline of tragedy.

Ramchander turned and walked away and started to pace the verandah. He was lost in thought. Sukumar was frightened to approach him as the latter's moodiness was something foreign.

* That night Ramchander did not sleep a wink. He thought and thought. In the small hours of the morning he toyed with an idea that was taking shape in his mind. It would be humiliating—yes, worse than grovelling in the dust perhaps,—but Sukumar was first. Ramchander's pride and his humiliation would be minor matters if Sukumar's future was at stake.

(To be continued)

INDIA'S CAVES—LEGENDS ABOUT SOME

By A. KUMAR

STORIES woven round India's numerous caves and cliffs are exceedingly fascinating. The majority of these caves are natural and not hewn out by hand. These caves are known to tourists.

In Western India, there are regions which are literally studded with caves, but the mouths of these caves are overgrown with brushwood and that is why they are ignored. They cannot be seen. Caves are particularly numerous in the vicinity of Pachmarhi in Madhya Pradesh. They are, in fact, so numerous that, in spite of a deep-rooted legend that has grown up round them, people have given up the task of finding the one cave which, if found, would bring them riches beyond their wildest dreams.

It is not merely a legend, for there is a great deal of truth in it. Everybody has heard of the 'chouth' that the Mahrattas levied from the inhabitants of the territories they conquered or swept over. "Chouth" means one-quarter, which was the tribute that everybody who wished to live safely in the domain of a Mahratta ruler or in the vicinity of Mahratta troops, had to pay.

The Mahrattas held sway over a region which extended from the Western Ghats to the Bay of Bengal for seven or eight decades. One can imagine how great was the treasure they had collected during that period. A quarter of what they collected went straight to the Peshwa, whose headquarters were at Nagpur.

When the British took Nagpur, instructions had been sent that the treasure of the Peshwas should be preserved intact. But when the treasury was opened only a few lakhs of rupees were found in it. Naturally, there was great to-do, and for a while the suspicion was entertained that the British troops had looted the treasury. But by degrees the truth came out.

It appears that months before Nagpur was captured, a great train of bullock carts had been brought to the treasury and there loaded with jewels and gold and silver. The train was then moved under an escort to one of these caves near Pachmarhi. The carters unloaded their burdens and carried them into the caves. When they had completed the task, they were set upon by the escort and every man was killed.

Later on, the escort, returning to Nagpur, was set upon by a large body of soldiers sent out for the purpose, and massacred to the last man. And so the secret of the hiding place of the treasure was lost.

It is said that a few nobles of the highest rank were entrusted with the task of hiding the mouth of the cave. One of them stayed at the entrance for several years, watching the growth of the shrubs and grass that had been planted to hide the entrance. When nothing showed, the nobleman left, and, later on, even he was unable to say where the cave had been.

There is a legend that a series of caves exist in the Mussoorie hills, all

connected with one another. If one could find the entrance, it would be possible to descend from cave to cave into the Doon. Certain it is that waterfalls do disappear into holes in the ground in the vicinity of Mussoorie and are never seen again. Perhaps the water reappears somewhere in the Doon.

Now for the greatest cavern of all, which, according to Hindu legend, contains a great sea, the sea into which much of the water of the Ganga flows.

During the great Bihar earthquake in a multitude of places enormous spouts of water came gushing out of the earth, and this fact was quoted as proof of the existence of this interior sea. The peasants in Bihar lived in constant fear, not of the earth shaking, but of it caving in and dropping them into the internal sea.

In addition to this cave, there is the story of an enormous hole at the head of the Bay of Bengal. The hole, they say, was dug by a mighty people who had their headquarters in the locality which, at that time, was dry land. These people were aware of the virtues of the Ganga, which, at that time, ran a good deal to the north of its present course. They thought it was a great pity that all the water of the Ganga should be wasted in the sea, so they proceeded to dig this enormous hole which would serve as a reservoir for the Ganga water. But, although aware of the virtues of the Ganga, they were not aware of the sanctity of the river.

Millions of men were employed in the excavation work, and they had practically finished the task which

the purblind ruler had set them to. All that needed to be done was to clear the banks left by the workmen and to cut away the last barrier between the river and the channel which had already been made for it to flow down. But before a single pick was laid to that last barrier, the Ganga rose and swept it away.

The torrent rushed into the lake that had been made and drowned every man working within. More than that, the lake overflowed and the waters rushed headlong into the sea, so that not only was the lake rendered useless for the purpose for which it had been made but a great deal of cultivated land was lost and merged into the Bay of Bengal.

This fantastic story is supported by references to a certain great hole that still does exist at the head of the Bay. It is, of course, part of the sea now and all the water is salt. Several hundred years ago, a great Portuguese ship was coming up the Bay of Bengal, looking for the mouth of the Hugli. It had gone out of its course, the navigator did not quite know where he was, and he was bringing up the ship slowly by guess and by lead. Then suddenly the leadsmen found that the lead was touching the bottom again. The man then began to shoal cautiously and after a few minutes the ship was back again in shallow water.

This hole in the bed of the sea presently became known to all mariners. At present the hole is in the sea somewhere near Barisal and not near Calcutta. It is known to seamen and it is ever marked on the charts as the "Swatch of No Ground."

An hour before his guests were due to arrive, Mother dressed little Bobby in his white suit and sent him out to sit on the front porch. He called to her a few minutes later that he was going down the sidewalk to talk to Freddie.

"Alright dear, but be careful." And then remembering that Freddie was the marble champion, she added "And don't play marbles".

A little later her child came wandering into the house, his knees black, and his hair and dress very ruffled.

She looked up at him with the asking and foreboding look that mothers can assume, and he smiled back at her.

"Didn't I tell you not to play marbles?"

"We weren't playing marbles, Mother. We had a fight and I was helping Freddie to pick up his teeth!"

AN EXPERIMENT IN HEALTH

By MATTHEW HALTON

IN London, south of the Thames, there is a district called Peckham. It's an out-of-the-way district, not famous or romantic. It is lower middle class for the most part, vigorous and lively, but pretty drab and ordinary. There is one building in it, however, a large structure of glass and concrete, which is neither drab nor ordinary. Its name is the Pioneer Health Centre, and there is reason to think it may be one of the important buildings in the world. It is the home of a great experiment in health and human living.

It is an experiment in biology, and its lessons, if they could be learned and applied, would destroy most of the ills to which flesh is heir, and change society immeasurably for the better.

The Peckham health centre, like other health centres, is partly a clinic where people go regularly for medical examination. And preventive medicine is, of course, of the highest importance. Most physical ailments could probably be wiped out if preventive medicine were universal in all communities and the world could be saved much suffering and unhappiness.

Straight preventive medicine, however, is only an incidental purpose of the Pioneer Health Centre in Peckham. Its main purpose is to study not disease, but health, in the belief that if we know what health is, we can eradicate disease and, at the same time, begin for the first time the creation of healthy and truly whole communities.

The experiment was begun 15 years ago by a group of British doctors and biologists led by Dr. G. Scott Williamson and Dr. I. H. Pearse. They started with a basic idea or hypothesis of fascinating interest:

Health, they said, does not mean just absence of disease. Plenty of people who are not actually ill are still not whole, not truly alive. Health should mean wholeness. Why are so many people unhappy or social misfits, living dull, empty lives, when physically they are healthy enough? Why are so many people ill at ease

in life? Disease, after all, simply means absence of ease. "And so," they said, "to find out what health is we must first build up somewhere a small healthy community, and study it for years. And to find out what a healthy society is, we must study the human organism in relation to its social environment."

But what is the human organism? They decided that the biological unit is not the single individual, but the family. The family is the tree, the individual is the blossom on the tree. To study health, you must study a healthy family. But that is still not enough. To study health, you must study a community of healthy families. "If we can study human beings at ease, instead of at disease, we may learn things of the greatest value for the development of a full and healthy society. But how to begin?"

The first problem, obviously, and a big one, was to get the human health guineapigs under observation. It was decided to start a combined health centre and club whose members would join in families. The money was found, and in 1935, the Pioneer Health Centre in Peckham was begun.

Peckham was chosen as an ideal district because, in many ways, it is a cross-section of British society. If the experiment was to succeed, it must contain families from almost all strata of society, and Peckham contained them. It was predominantly lower middle class—it was full of craftsmen, foremen and small shopkeepers—but also had many people of the lower class and a good number of the professional and better-off. Somewhat to their surprise, the experimenters found no trouble persuading better-off people to join such a centre. Doctors and dustmen and their families spend their leisure hours together in the same canteens, billiard rooms and swimming pools, and the watching biologists are measuring and studying a fair sample of society.

The staff consists of two male doctors, three women doctors, four laboratory workers, a recorder, two nurses and two social biologists—a man and

a woman for observing and tabulating results.

The building where this experiment in biology is being made consists, strangely enough, chiefly of facilities for recreation. There are offices, laboratories, clinics and medical consulting rooms but, as the main purpose of the experiment is to study healthy families at leisure, there are recreational facilities of many kinds, gymnasium, swimming pool, game rooms, music rooms, a theatre, a restaurant and so on. The basic principle in construction is that nothing should be hidden away. Most of the walls are of glass, so that the observing scientists can watch unobstructively everything that goes on.

The result is a great community club of 700 families. As you stroll around the galleries and halls, you see fathers chatting and smoking together around a canteen table, babies playing in the nurseries, people of all ages swimming in the pool, mothers having tea over their knitting. But what I found most interesting was to sit with Dr. Scott Williamson in his office and hear him describe what the Peckham experiment has so far proved and achieved.

The first condition for membership is that people must join not as individuals but as families. The second condition is that the entire family must have a thorough health examination at least once a year, as a family—as well as any other examinations they want and need. Young people over 16 are allowed and encouraged to bring their boy or girl friends, as this enables the centre to follow the progress of courtship as well as marriage and family raising.

The most striking and immediate result, as you would expect, was a terrific improvement in health as the result of regular examinations and preventive medicine.

"Only 10 per cent of the members were physically healthy when they joined the centre," said Dr. Williamson. "And more than 60 per cent of the physical disorders diagnosed were unknown to the patients themselves before examination. But after three years of membership, 37 per cent of the members were physically whole and well."

What a vision is opened up by the fact alone of what the health of a community might be—simply if every

family could afford a health examination every year!

At the Pioneer Health Centre, then, the whole family is assembled for regular consultations and discussions. Each member separately, and all together, discuss their problems among themselves and with the doctors. At first, many people are reluctant to take part in the discussions, but reluctance soon disappears, even among timid people, when they find themselves in the friendly atmosphere of their own club, and see their problems being untangled before their eyes.

Engaged couples have pre-marital consultations, on biological and medical lines, not social or moral. There is no moral teaching or preaching of any kind at the centre. At the first pregnancy there are further consultations, and others when the first baby is born, and when it is weaned. The good doctor's dream here comes true: parents voluntarily try to free themselves of infection or illness before conception.

Incidentally, there is a higher proportion of wanted babies among members of the centre than in any other section of the community. Many young couples say at first they do not want children, but the healthy and happy community life at the centre almost always changes their minds. It seems that a natural urge is released by the sight of other young couples having and enjoying children.

But health, the Peckham experiments repeat, is not only absence of disease. Health depends on harmony between the human organism and its changing social environment. Only 10 per cent of the centre's members had no disorders—"but even among these," said Dr. Williamson, "there were many who were not whole men and women. Even the physically healthy are often only half alive. So few people are fully aware of their surroundings; and if they are, they are often too shy or timid to explore them. They are suffering from social poverty."

Social poverty—that is, the absence of full, happy living—is the basic cause, according to the Peckham biologists, of nearly all the disease and disorders of society. Real health in man and in society can only be developed by the elimination of social poverty.

The centre has developed this new capacity for living among half alive people through social contacts and recreation; through swimming, dancing, and sports, through writing and acting and plays in the centre's own theatre; through games, crafts and studies, through anything from cooking to producing ballet. From all this comes a relief from social loneliness, and with it comes a vast increase in physical, mental and emotional energy. Among all members of the centre there has been a tremendous shift towards health and vitality and, with it, the phenomenal proof that health is more social and moral than physical.

The Peckham biologists say the desired improvements which banish social poverty cannot be taught: they must be evoked by good environment. "What is it," asks Dr. Williamson, "that makes timid and unintegrated people join in social activities and throw off their inhibitions? It's not emulation. It's wrong to think people do things in emulation of people who do them better. On the contrary, skill tends to frighten the average person rather than tempt him to imitate it. Moreover, most people resent anything that is presented to them through regulation, instruction or discipline. But when people are left alone, in an environment like this, rich in possibilities, for action—they slowly but surely join in."

They found, too, that in these surroundings vicious people lose their viciousness. "It's not only poverty that creates viciousness," said Dr. Williamson. "There's just as much among the well-off. Scum rises to the top and dregs sink to the bottom—

and there's as much scum as dregs. Society is full of disease. But, given a good environment, you get new health in both the individual and society. We find that people will and can believe as social animals, as good citizens, without sanctions or disciplines, in the right environment."

"You would say," I asked, "that human beings are fundamentally good?" And Dr. Williamson replied, "Yes, virtue is just as infectious as vice. Man is almost instinctively social."

Here, then, are the lessons the Pioneer Health Centre believes can be proved:

Firstly—though this did not need proving—preventive medicine can change the whole picture of a community's health, immensely for the better.

Secondly—the practice of health is something much bigger than the practice of medicine. And it should be done on the basis of the family, because the family is the organic unit of society. The family is holistic—that is, it is more than the sum of its parts. It is the same with the community itself.

Thirdly—a human being can be without disease and yet not be healthy or whole. There is something about living which cannot be explained in physical terms alone.

The Pioneer Health Centre is only 15 years old, and the war interrupted its work completely for five years. Its experiment in biology, therefore, has far to go. But without doubt it already provides a glimpse of how a healthier and richer society could be built.—Copyright.

IMPORTANCE OF ENVIRONMENT

The most outstanding fact learnt by the scientific staff (of the Health Centre) was that, although sickness could be detected early.... it was in many cases useless to return the individual to the environmental conditions which had induced it (the sickness). Equally important, it was discovered, that in those who manifested no disorder, the standard of health or vitality was low and could not be raised without suitable equipment for the purpose. In other words it became clear that.... periodic health overhaul is ineffective as a health measure in the absence of 'instruments of health' providing conditions in and through which the biological potentiality of the family can find expression—PEARSE AND CROCKER in *The Peckham Experiment*.

LAND REVOLUTION IN HUNGARY

By MARK GAYN

Realising that the majority of Hungarian farmers are against collective farming, the Communists are not pressing the issue. Here is a on-the-spot despatch sent by an American correspondent from a village in the interior.

THE grain has been threshed, milled and stored, the fruit made into preserves, the grapes pressed into wine, and the village rests after the summer's labours. A farmer whitewashes his brick house and watches his cows grazing in the hills nearby.

For the rich peasantry, however, this is a time of unease. Szevenecs (which is not this village's real name) in Hungary has been denounced by the Communist press as a nest of kulaks, or exploiting rich farmers. They are accused of failure to sell fruit to the state and of a variety of other misdeeds. Now the well-to-do await the penalties that follow such denunciations.

I am made privy to the kulak worries by my landlady, a widow of 50 with a shrill voice, a cash-register mind, and a black kerchief tied snugly over her hair. She has put me up in her guest chamber, where I sleep between two mountainous comforters, beneath a portrait of her late husband, a soldier with an awesome moustache.

In the morning, I sit on the veranda and watch the widow run her empire—two horses, four cows, a dozen pigs, turkeys, geese, ornamented horse wagons, barns and stables and beyond the yard, a large fruit orchard and a vineyard climbing up a hillside. The woman also had 100 acres of wheatland, which she rents out.

By Hungarian standards, the woman is a kulak. She has four hired hands, some of whom she employed outside of "DEFOSZ," the farm workers' union, at substandard wages. She has failed to surrender her quota of bacon to the state and has not reported all her animals. For her wheatland, she charges half the tenant's crop.

A TYPICAL CASE

The widow likes none of the new things in Hungary—the collective farms emerging here and there; the rise of the poor farmer; the Communist meetings; the papers which extol Russia and Communism; or "DEFOSZ," now endowed with extraordinary police powers to track down and punish law-breaking kulaks.

By subterfuge and evasion, she fights them all. She does not deal in ideologies. She merely wants to keep what she has, and add to it. In the evening, she joins me on the veranda, and talks of new ventures she would start—if she could. She is hard-headed and obstinate.

Szevenecs and the widow are fair samples of many villages and rich peasants in Hungary and, for that matter in all Communist Eastern Europe. From Poland to Bulgaria, the villages today are class battlegrounds. The poor are in the saddle, and the rich are having an increasingly tough time. But, contrary to the impression in the West, the land has not yet been turned into one vast collective farm on the Soviet pattern.

There are no collective farms for 50 miles around Szevenecs. In fact, at last summer's end, Hungary had only 10,000 peasants enrolled in the so-called "producers' co-operatives." In Roumania the first five collective farms were set up only last July. In Bulgaria, where some seven or eight per cent of all arable land has been "socialised" a halt was called last March to consolidate the programme. Yugoslavia, with more than 20 per cent of land socialised has moved farther ahead on this path than her Communist foes. But she has also used greater pressures on the peasant.

NEW FARMERS

The slow pace of collectivisation has not been caused by any lack of

Communist desire. Socialisation of land is a pillar of the Communist platform in every Eastern European country. But being good practical politicians, the Communists realise they cannot push the programme faster unless they want trouble. Most of the peasants, poor, medium, or rich, want no part of collectivisation.

In the face of this opposition, the Communist leadership through most of Eastern Europe has chosen to go slow. But, at the same time, it has proceeded resolutely against the one village segment—the rich peasantry—that was certain to remain forever hostile to all Communist moves. In Hungary, the campaign has been in progress, for many months. Hundreds, if not thousands, of rich or deprived of their property for such sins as failure to keep their agricultural machinery in good repair; failure to plough their land, to hire as many farmhands as they did last year, to pay union wages, to turn over prescribed amounts of grain to the state or to pay the high taxes.

The charges, of course, do not matter. Consciously and vigorously, the Communists are wiping out their class foe in the villages, as they have already wiped him out in the cities. At the same time, every encouragement—in loans, seed, or priority on tractors is given to the poor and medium farmers.

A cabinet minister estimated for me the number of Hungarian kulaks at 50,000. In Yugoslavia, one of Marshal Tito's closest aides put the strength of the hostile element at 10 per cent of the village population. In both countries, the kulak is having a tough time. No one has been arrested in Szevenecs yet, but the widow is sure the authorities will sooner or later get to Szevenecs, too.

The widow is an enemy of the Communist agrarian revolution. It menaces her mode of life and her wealth. But, what about the poor farmhand who had nothing before the war, and has now become a landowner, thanks to the Communists?

For an answer I travelled to north-western Hungary, to the former estate of Prince Esterhazy. Some 450,000 acres of his land lay here—fields, pastures, and forests, dozens of hamlets, and a magnificent palace which the peasants call "music

house," because Haydn once stayed in it.

With Joseph Balogh, who has returned after 17 years in Canada, for a guide, I drove down a long, popular-lined road leading to one of Esterhazy's former "majors," or settlements. Balogh is a good guide, for he himself had once worked for a big landlord as a manager.

In the first major, we talked to a young-looking man who, up to 1945 had been a farmhand for Esterhazy. Then the Communists came to the hamlet and suggested that its six families divide up the land. Each family received 15 acres, for which until 1965, it would pay 200 forints (Rs. 70) a year into a fund, from which loans are made to needy farmers. The man's land tax is 700 kilograms of grain annually—roughly the yield of one acre.

The man does not seem especially grateful to the Communists for making him land-owner. It was a turn of history he does not quite grasp, but it is nice to have the land. The children are well-fed, he has just bought a horse, and soon he would be able to buy some clothes for his family. But he is emphatic when I ask him if he wants to go into a co-operative farm.

"In 1945, our major was given a lot on which to grow sugar beet. Some of the people worked poorly. But all the same, they wanted their equal share. I won't believe in co-operative farming until the people are good enough for it. With such people as these, I don't believe in co-operative farms."

THEIR REACTIONS

In the next three days, this refrain is repeated in the "majors" we visit on this vast, green plain—Black Marsh and Small House and Black Bush. The "majors" are strangely alike, like quintuplets in a pauper's family. They lie at the end of the dirty roads, and in all of them peasants live in the ugly Esterhazy built barracks—one-storey, dirty-yellow buildings of four, six a dozen tiny flats. Each family, no matter how large, had a room, a kitchen, and a closet, and in this flat it lived and procreated until a new generation burst out, to take over a neighbouring flat and start working for Esterhazy.

With land of their own, the men are losing some of the subservience driven into them by generations of estate managers. They all talk of the past with loathing. An old man expresses the consensus: "I don't know what kind of man Esterhazy was. We saw him once a year. For days before he came, we had to scrub the whole 'major.' We weren't really afraid of him. But the manager was always with us, and we were always afraid of him. We could not marry without his permission, or send our sons to schools in town, or send our daughters to work as servants elsewhere in Hungary."

The habit of speaking carefully is still with the men. But when they do talk, they speak plainly. Collective farming? They are unanimously against what they call "joint" or "common" work! "Some people are lazy, but they still want an equal share of the profits." The dislike of "joint" work even keeps them out of a co-operative arrangement to market milk. They would rather let the milk turn sour than join up with a neighbouring major that has a refrigerating plant.

Apart from warring on the kulaks, the State for the moment is not forcing the issue. The accent is on education. In many villages last spring, the kulaks were induced to give up "voluntarily" part of their land. This will now be used to set up small co-operative farms, which will serve as models, to tempt the hesitant. Peasant groups from Hungary (and also Poland, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Albania) have toured Russia's kolkhozes, and on return have given an ecstatic boost to collective farming. The press and the movies are engaged in a vigorous educational campaign.

STATE HELP

There are other devices. One of them can be seen in a part of Prince Esterhazy's former palace, an enormous, horseshoe-shaped ruin in the Louis XIV style. During the war, the Germans camped there. Then came the Russians, and in the Prince's boudoir one still sees the slogan, "Glory to the talented Strategist of Socialism, Stalin!"

The ends of the horseshoe have now been cleaned up. One contains an agricultural laboratory. The other houses a school for junior agrono-

mists, the future handymen of socialised agriculture. The boys and girls, 14 to 18 years, have been carefully selected. Of the 120 students, only two are classed as well-to-do, and the main entrance requirement is pure (or poor) class origin.

The students get more than a formal education. They also study Marxism. And a great part of their time is spent in the adjoining experimental station, where they play with the ideas of the Russian, Michurin. They crossbreed lemon trees, make pepper and tomatoes grow off the same plant, and seek to produce a perennial sun-flower.

Far more ambitious is the State farm of Hortobagy, on the other side of Hungary. In pre-war days, the Hortobagy steppe was one of Europe's oddest sights—a 150,000-acre wasteland, with marshes, clouds of geese, horses stampeding across a chalky plain, and wondrous mirages. People came here from other lands to see the mirages and hunt. The Hortobagy inn charged Rs. 80 per day, and servants brought breakfast baskets with champagne to the hunters in the marsh.

Little grew on this land, for the chemical in the soil killed most grains. The city of Debrecen, which owned Hortobagy, used it mainly for pastureland. After the war, some bold agronomists said Hortobagy could become Hungary's breadbasket, and the State decided to take them up on it. Sixty thousand acres were put into a State farm, 800 workers were hired, and the agronomists and chemists settled behind their test tubes.

Only a State treasury could afford the expense. Thus far, the 40 miles of irrigation ditches alone cost some Rs. 60 lakhs. In one corner, I saw 300 large patches of field on which 30 cultures are being tried out with varying types and amounts of fertiliser. The manager, an old, courtly giant, Balogh and I rode for the better part of the day in horse carriage, and saw the bare outline of the farm—the tractor, shops, the new settlements and incubators, and the vast expanse of new fields.

Everything we saw testified to a heart-breaking test of man. There were hundreds of acres of corn that would not grow above knee height, and of almost grainless wheat stalks. To

keep morale up, the State sent in tough Communists from the factories to act as supervisors. They know little of farming, their job is to act as a taut spring to keep the project going.

And, despite the failures, the successes, too, have been notable. It was found that rice grows well here, and gives a higher yield than in Japan. Thus, last year's 300 acres of paddy will expand to 4,200 acres this year. The sheep have done well. This year, there will be 40,000 of them, and the cheese factory will be expanded and electrified. This year, too, there will be 20,000 pigs and 1,300 head of cattle. Enormous modern coops have been built to receive 70,000 turkeys. Mean-

while, the 32 tractors are churning up land for new experiments with corn, wheat, cotton, and flax, and teams of workers are digging new miles of irrigation ditches.

If and when the chemists uncover the secret of neutralising Hortobagy's salts, this will be a great granary. More important, the Communists insist it will serve as a lesson to the obdurate Hungarian farmer in what can be done by "Socialist agriculture"—State help with funds and technicians, extensive farming, and long-range planning. But even they admit it will take a long time to convince Esterhazy's old farmhands. The widow from Szevens, of course, is beyond persuasion.—Copyright.

COFFEE

Coffee was introduced into India in the early part of the seventeenth century, and it is on record that tiny plants from Mysore in that era started the big plantations in the Netherlands East Indies and Brazil.

There are some 50 species and sub-species of coffee plants, all of which are shrubs or small trees under 30 feet in height.

Indian coffees are reputed for the care taken in their preparation. They have a strong and distinctive flavour. Coffee from the Nilgiri hills, Shevaroy's, Anaimalais, Kanan Devan Hills, Mysore and Coorg rank among the best coffees in the world. Mysore coffee which has a heavy body ranks high in the English market.



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THE ROADS THAT LEAD TO CRIME

THE suicide rate in U. S. A. is reported to be rising steeply and the cause of it (at least according to Russian papers) is the psychosis of fear and uncertainty produced by the "Cold War" propaganda in the American press.

It is interesting and significant to note the diverse reactions of different people to the same grim phenomenon. While dozens (if not hundreds) of Americans are committing suicide for fear of the atomic war, and thousands (if not lakhs, as reported by the Russian press) are suffering from psychopathological diseases, others are courageously refusing to pay Government taxes as a protest against the reckless expenditure on war preparations. No less significant is the fact that this protest comes not from Communist sympathisers, "fellow-travellers" and "Partisans of Peace," but from humanitarians and pacifists who are shocked and repelled by the war hysteria being engendered in their country.

The suicides and the pacifists' protests illuminate the contrast between the *negativist* and the *positivist* approach to life, between the fatalism of despair and active resistance to evil.

QUTAB MINAR OR SUICIDE TOWER?

If in America, it is the "Cold War" psychosis that is leading many people to the path of self-destruction, what is the cause for the alarming increase in the rate of suicides in our own country?

In Delhi there have been so many cases of people (mostly young men and women) killing themselves by a grimly spectacular leap from the top of the Qutab Minar that the famous monument has come to be called Suicide Tower.

To take only a few recent cases reported from different parts of India, in Bombay an 18-year old woman attempted to commit suicide by taking poison because she was acutely discontented with her married life—a filmic

situation which, indeed, forms the dramatic core of a film already completed in a Bombay studio.

Again, in Bombay a 28-year old Maratha unemployed war veteran, when charged with attempt to commit suicide by jumping in front of a B. E. S. T. bus, stated in Court that "hunger is worse than 100,000 enemy bullets." Tragically eloquent was his plea:

"In this world of injustice, a poor man like me has no honourable ways of living. There is not a single freedom for me. Even the freedom to die is taken away... I wish I were dead. Any day I prefer the joy of death to this living hell."

BETTER TO DIE THAN TO BEG OR STEAL?

This desperate and frustrated young man, who had received several bullet wounds in the last war ("for democracy and freedom") and was driven by a fit of despair at his continued unemployment to seek death provided a damning indictment of the present conditions in India when he said in Court:

"I knew that self-killing is as much a sin as committing a murder. But, Your Worship when I knew that I could not get on in this evil-ridden world without resorting to evil ways of life, I found greater consolation in dying than committing of theft, loot and other crimes."

One is reminded of the spectacular attempted suicide, some years ago, by another unemployed and starving youth who was so provoked by the sight of lions in the zoo, that he threw himself in the lion's cage—but the over-fed lions spared him! The strange incident, I remember, had invited comparisons with "John Doe"—Capra's filmic representation of American frustration.

From Benares last week came a grim report (reminiscent of "Because we were too many" episode in Hardy's *Jude The Obscure* in which several children cut their throats because of their privations)

of a desperate destitute who drowned his three children and was about to throw himself and his wife in the river when a boatman rescued them. A few days later the woman sought a surer means of death by jumping before a running train.

ROAD TO CRIME

Not all desperate ones take the road of Death—others seek "self-destruction" by killing the moral self and taking to crime!

"I am not a habitual criminal; my crime is only symbolic. I am typical of those who are victims of nepotism, favouritism and social hypocrisy."

Thus declaimed in court a young man, answering the Chief Presidency Magistrate who had wondered how "an intelligent young man like you could get mixed up with crime"—the crime in this case (symbolically enough!) being that the youth posed as an I. C. S. officer and fleeced merchants in Bombay and Madras.

The young man, a graduate and former Military officer, was driven by chronic unemployment to a life of crime. He told the court, using the occasion for social indictment, that in the country all round him he had found "hideous crimes" going on in high circles, nepotism was rampant and favouritism was the rule. Society was rotten to the core and for any person with the least of sensitivity it was impossible to take the heaping mass of wrongs lying down, and out of sheer desperation and in spite of himself he headed towards crime." In the end he said:

"If a man like me with unique physique, a bright military background and a future of great intellectual promise could be utilised by any of the civil or military authorities, or even by the Crime Branch of the Police, I assure Your Worship, I would have worked wonders."

"LEGION OF THE LOST"

This was not one man speaking, it was a whole "Legion of the Lost"—thousands of young men (and, in some cases, young women, too!) who are being driven to crime and immoral living by economic distress, inequities of society, unemployment—and, most of all, by the example of wrong-doers who have achieved fame and fortunes through wrong-doing.

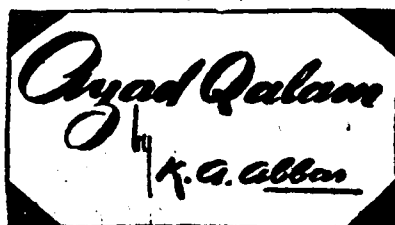
Moral principles go by the board when starving and destitute young

men see profiteers and blackmarketeers, anti-social criminals installed in seats of authority and power and prestige. If billionaires who are "respected" members of the Chamber of Commerce, described as magnates and philanthropists, patrons of the Congress and hosts of national leaders, can be involved in sordid cases of criminal profiteering, it only provides another incentive towards crime for desperate young men. The ostentatious display of these profiteers' and blackmarketeers' wealth, their cars and mansions, their sharkskin suits and their wives, glittering jewels, all proclaim to the world: *Crime does pay! Crime does pay!!* But it shouldn't be petty theft of a loaf of bread, it should be theft on a large scale, theft of a whole people's bread!

How far greed for money can go in the case of these already super-rich profiteers was demonstrated when a Bombay millowner, worth several millions, was convicted of blackmarketing and sentenced to rigorous imprisonment and an enormous fine. But it is well known that it is the exception, rather than the rule, for such highclass thieves and criminals to be apprehended. The recent cases of blackmarketing and counterfeiting of such vital drugs as penicillin, quinine, castophene and Grimault's syrup, provided another example of the inhuman extent to which the profiteer can go in his quest for gold. What does it matter for him if, for the lack of a life-saving tube of penicillin, one or two or two thousand patients suffer and die, so long as he can make some extra thousands (or millions) by diluting, or blackmarketing in the drug? And yet there were those who thought that the character of the penicillin blackmarketeer in that remarkable film "*The Third Man*" was far-fetched, little knowing that there are any number of such "Third Men" right here in India in our midst!

PORTRAIT OF A SYSTEM

The suicides, the rising incidence of crime, the desperate mood of frustrated youth, the starving and the homeless, the unrehabilitated refugees, and, on the other hand, the greed and lust of unscrupulous profiteers and money-grabbers—these constitute unlovely features of the economic system under which we are living and which our rulers are so anxious to perpetuate.



Every case of successful or attempted suicide, every good boy or girl forced into a life of crime and immorality, every case of profiteering or blackmarketing in the vital needs of the people is an indictment of the Government that has come cynically to regard all such phenomena as normal routine of life, and is either unwilling or unable to do any thing to ameliorate the economic distress of the millions.

Dead men tell no tales and every successful suicide means one less critic of the Government, but for every one who takes the negative road of self-destruction, nine hundred ninety-nine will learn to take the positive road of revolution, and reconstruction on the basis of socialism and social justice.

CANUTES AND COMMUNISM

India, of course, is not China—if you don't believe it, ask Sardar Patel! Nevertheless the spectre of Communism daily and nightly haunts our revered leaders and Ministers.

Hardly a day passes when some new cure is not prescribed to rid the world and India of Communism.

According to Marshall and Acheson and Communism, American armaments, dollar aid and the atom bomb alone can effectively stem the rising tide of Communism in Asia and elsewhere.

According to Professor Ranga, military action will purge Telangana of Communism.

According to our Socialist comrades, land reform and amelioration of the condition of the peasants will outwit the Communists.

According to Acharya Kripalani, Gandhism is the only antidote of Communism.

According to Minister V. L. Mehta of Bombay the Co-operative Movement is the "most effective way to prevent the spread of Communism."

According to some, landlords and princes must be preserved to fight Communism; according to others, they must be liquidated to deprive the Communist propagandists of their main argument and weapon.

All this anti-communist hysteria betrays a fear—fear of the inevitability of Communism (in some form or other) triumphing over all other outworn economic systems?

King Canute at least had a simpler

mind: he just commanded the waves not to advance! But, of course, they did.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

OTTAWA: Canada and Other North Atlantic Pact members are maturing super-secret military plans on a scale unprecedented anywhere in the world, a Cabinet source said."

NEW YORK: On the announcement of President Truman's decision to go ahead with the production of the H-Bomb, 27 men and 19 women in different parts of the United States announced their refusal to pay income taxes. They issued this statement through the Tax Refusal Committee of Peacemakers, a national pacifist movement.

MOSCOW: The Konsomolarya Pravda reported that 17,000,000 Americans were suffering from various psychopathological illnesses as a "result of the Cold War which people like Acheson unleashed." It quoted from American medical publications to show the rising rate of suicide in the United States and the flourishing practice of psycho-analysts—U.P.A.

CAIRO: Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the British General Staff, called on the Egyptian Foreign Minister and later saw King Farouk. He is to have military talks with Egyptian political and military leaders.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

AMBALA: While presiding over the third North Indian Astrologers' Conference, the well-known Sanskrit scholar, Dr. Parash Ram Sharma appealed to the press, public and Government to encourage the "Science" of astrology. A resolution passed at this conference demanded that at least one astrologer be sent to every provincial legislature.

LUDHIANA: A Police sub-inspector was caught red-handed, taking a hundred rupee note as bribe and arrested by the Superintendent of Police. While his person was being searched, the note fell down and the S. I. promptly picked it up and swallowed it.

BALLIA (U. P.): A twenty-year old singing girl, Shivkumari, was one of the candidates for election to the Congress panchayats. It is stated that she is a habitual wearer of khadi and regularly spins on charkha.—Riyasat.



OUR DIET, according to the Nutrition Advisory Committee of the Indian Research Fund Association, is deficient in fat which is the richest source of energy. The Committee, therefore, has recommended that every adult should include in his diet at least 2 ozs. of fat each day. We cannot, however, depend on fat alone for full health and strength for which we need a balanced diet consisting of all the five food factors and in their correct proportions. These factors are carbo-hydrates (millets, rice, sweet potatoes, wheat), proteins (dal, milk, nuts, eggs, fish, meat), vitamins (amplas, carrots, tomatoes, lemons, papayas), minerals (brinjals, drumsticks, lettuce, spinach) and, of course, fat like Dalda which is pure and energy-giving.

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SIDELIGHTS :

Mankind as individuals may have reached austere heights, but mankind as social groups are still subject to primitive passions, occasional back-slidings and outcroppings of the savage instincts, and occasional waves of fanaticism and mass hysteria....

The gracious spirit of wisdom is tied down to a beast or a demon in us, which by this time we have come to understand is nothing but our animal heritage, or rather it ties this demon down by an old and worn leash and holds it but in temporary submission. At any time the leash may snap, and the demon be unleashed, and amidst hosannas the car of Juggernaut will ride roughshod over us, just to remind us once more how terribly near the savage we have been all this time, and how superficial is our civilization.—LIN YUTANG

DISAGREEING with the recommendation of the University Education Commission, the Syndicate of the Madras University has propounded the view that the communal proportion in regard to admission to colleges, particularly professional, should be continued so far as South India is concerned. The Commission had expressed itself very clearly on the constitutional impropriety of what is called 'rationing of seats' among members of different communities. The fundamental right, according to the Commission, is the right of the individual, not of the community, and "to curtail the chance to learn for members of particular groups is inconsistent with the fundamental right." The Syndicate administers a rebuke to the Commission for having referred at all to the fundamental rights. "The Commission," it says, "would have done well not to refer to the fundamental rights" and two reasons are given by the Syndicate why such abstinence is commendable. The first reason is that "it is a matter to be decided by the courts," and the second, "that it is hardly likely that any State Government would adopt a course so clearly opposed to a fundamental right as the Constitution believes it to be." Neither of the reasons does credit to the intelligence or even the intellectual honesty of the Syndicate. Why should a matter to be decided by the courts not be referred to at all previously? Is it feared that such reference would

impair the power and independence of the courts? What is the point of the objection? This new tyranny of seeking to silence even a discussion on matters of importance in which the public are keenly interested, on the ground that the courts alone should deal with them, is not worthy of the dignity of any body of persons claiming to be mentally sane. Nor will sane people risk acceptance of the Syndicate's theory that a State Government is not likely to outstep the bounds of the Constitution. What is dignified as "State Government" in this area resolves itself, on analysis, into a coterie of uninspiring individuals whom nobody mistakes to be models either of legality or propriety. But the character of State Governments as such is really not pertinent to the issue on hand. The present Constitution was not in existence when the practice of rationing seats in Madras colleges was introduced!

The Syndicate has laboured hard to give the appearance of a philosophy of "equality" to the Government's system of communal preferences. It claims that it has "never been shown that those who have been preferred for admission to Government colleges have turned out to be inferior to others in later life either in their professional work or integrity or service to the nation." It has "never been shown," because nobody in authority has cared to assess what the nation has lost through loss of the services of the discriminated element, denied admission in colleges, even if entitled to be chosen on the basis of examination marks. "We are credibly informed," states the Syndicate, "that even if the best were chosen without any reference to community, at least 50 per cent of those who are at present selected by Government institutions on the communal ratio, would be admitted." That means that nearly 50 per cent of those admitted are not of the best, and to that extent those excluded are by the Syndicate itself admitted to be better than those admitted. And yet the Syndicate claims that in the communal scheme of preferences endorsed by it, "there is neither in-

particular person, nor
"lon"!

It is one of a series. Aspirants for other benefits will not keep quiet if principles made applicable to education are likely to prove advantageous if extended to themselves. The principle of distribution of benefits on the basis of the population of communities will result in consequences that will scarcely prove palatable to the Syndics of our University. If education is to be rationed, wealth also is to be rationed, and the richer communities will have to disgorge their accumulated properties to make life tolerable for poorer ones. If the wherewithal for existence and survival is also to be rationed, along with the seats in colleges, on the basis of the population of the communities, I am all for it, since none will be left direlict. The critical mind of the cold philosopher of equality with the grasp tight on the precious gems in his secret pocket, will then have to yield to the glow of warm, soft compassion for the disinherited of the earth.

In the struggle of life, people seek to fulfil themselves in many ways. Some acquire wealth, others learning,

and all without exception seek some means of livelihood. Those who do not labour for livelihood have it provided for them by others out of surpluses that represent more than their due share. Nothing is more combustible than the denial of opportunity to make their living through traditional channels to persons that have no reserve of resources to fall back upon. Education itself is a source of immense potentiality for sensational improvements in the national stock of wealth. Emanations from the brains of the world's geniuses have revolutionised the world's economy, and in the midst of the inequalities rampant, power and prosperity have gone to nations whose search for talent has been vigorous, vigilant and unceasing. To reach the one man of talent in the midst of millions whose gifts under proper encouragement can raise his nation above others in life's eternal, competitive race, the search for merit will have to be relentless, and those who seek to rear communal ramparts round education do not understand the A. B. C. of it. Our Syndics will do well to go in for a little education in the right sense before demolishing further the true spirit of educational advancement in the University condemned to their charge.—SAKA.



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CONTROLLED PARENTHOOD

By **SANTHA RUNGACHARY**

INDIA'S representative at the World Health Organisation, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, is reported to have told the British Council in London last week that India was not yet ready for birth-control and that "other things of much more vital importance" have to be taken up first. It is surprising how anybody, much less a Cabinet Minister, can consider this less essential to national welfare than, say, food of which we stand in such sore need today, or health which, being her own portfolio, she ought to know all about, since all these are inter-locked and have to be tackled together. The best of health will not stand repeated parturition and no granary, however big, can be big enough to feed a succession of hungry mouths increasing in geometrical proportion. Lady Layton, replying to the Rajkumari, said that Britain had a lot to learn from India and that it was "staggering" how India had utilised her women so far. It is staggering indeed, though in a slightly different sense, as the ragged children playing at street corners, and the under nourished urchins who beg at bus-stands, bear pitiful testimony. We do not want more children, but we keep on having them. The men do not want them and lay the blame on the women. The women do not want them and bewail the martyrdom which conjugal duties impose. The children themselves, if their sunken cheeks and hungry eyes are any evidence, do not seem to be getting any particular kick out of having been born into this part of the world. The very rich and the very poor have nothing against the idea of controlled families. The impact of education and Western thought have convinced the former and necessity dictates the ethics of the latter. In between these two is the middle class with its prejudices and taboos that Rajkumari Amrit Kaur has bewailed. These, living on the outer fringes of poverty, never without food but never with enough of it, demonstrate a fecundity which would be amazing if it were not so alarming. Some among them derive a dismal consolation in telling themselves "He that doth the ravens feed"

and "caters for the sparrow" would somehow take care of the young'uns they have brought forth in such indiscreet profusion. There are two kinds among them—the resigned and the self-righteous. To the first category belong those who see in each new baby, only the hand of fate and the inexorable working of Nemesis. The other type are the parents with tidy, inelastic minds who, by refusing to obstruct the course of nature, imagine they walk in virtue and in the light of God. All these are good women but, alas, the path of a good woman in India is strewn not with flowers but with children and they invariably go before her.

It is time "prejudices" are firmly weeded out of people's minds. The present educated young generation is proving refreshingly amenable to reason in this matter. Middle-class taboos are slowly dissolving under the influence of education. Marriage among the younger generation has become more complex, it is true, but certainly its consequences are far more sensible.

The attitude of the people generally towards birth control has changed considerably in the course of the last decade. The mystery of sex is coming to be known for what it is—the mystery of humbug. People are getting into the mood to try some remedy for this ever-present threat of "a child every year." But the ignorance about the system and means of contraception is appalling. The Government, instead of indulging the "prejudices" of the people and waiting for a propitious time should promote clinics where the poor can go for advice in the matter of spacing their children and taught the use of contraceptive materials. Necessity dictates morals in India as everywhere else in the world. And unless all the sanctimonious nonsense about sex and birth is steadily and mercilessly dispelled, it is inevitable that the health and economy of the country should further deteriorate and most of us will be living for ever in want and dissatisfaction. Leaving the matter in the hands of God is a cowardly trick of which our children will reap the bitter fruit.

"READING MAKETH A FULL MAN

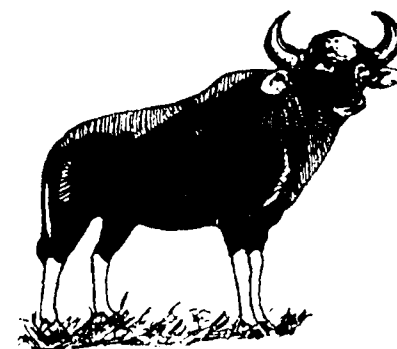
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BHADRAVATI

MR. U. N.—MAN WITH A PEACE HOPE

By P. G. KRISHNAYYA.

LAKE SUCCESS: Secretary General Trygve Lie, who is affectionately known as Mr. U. N., just returned from his 12,000 mile peace trip to Washington, London, Paris, Moscow, gives the impression of a man who is sitting on a large and valuable egg. He is worried for fear the egg won't hatch, but still he has slight encouragement that it might hatch and he is determined to do his best for the egg. At his press conference last week, Mr. Lie refused to go into any details but he indicated that he had received some encouragement from Premier Stalin in Moscow. How strong the encouragement was, whether it amounted to anything that would interest the United States, whether it could possibly be a key that would lead to beneficial negotiation, all these questions were turned aside by the big Norwegian who finds himself in such a spotlighted position at this turn of history. Wait and see, time will tell, there is some reason to be hopeful but there is also much reason to worry, these were the sum of Mr. Lie's replies to the big questions.

Whether he is in the process of succeeding or failing in his present effort, the Secretary General of the United Nations is a man of large proportions these days and not only physically. In a time of damaging tension, he emerges as apparently the only man in the world who can pack his bag and hit the road from one big power capital to the next trying to plant some seeds and ideas that might take root and grow for the benefit of all. At many times during his service as U. N. Secretary General, Mr. Lie has been an unhappy man. The United Nations, in the political field has come nowhere near resembling the original ideal and Mr. Lie's own job has frequently fallen far short of his original conception of it. He wanted to make the office of Secretary General one of real importance but most members resented any political initiative on his part and made plain their wish that he stick to administration. Against that background, Mr. Lie today is a man who is deriving

great satisfaction from what he is doing. He may not be succeeding. He may not be happy over the fact that, according to his lights, he is forced into this specific role of such tremendous challenge and responsibility. But he is making his best efforts on the most important issue of these times and both statesmen and private groups in dozens of countries have sent him messages of support and praise.

The final act in the current series of Mr. Lie's efforts was his calling upon President Truman and Secretary of State Dean Acheson. After that Washington meeting, at least a couple of weeks will pass, says Mr. Lie, before he will be free to talk about any of the specific details on what he has been up to. And he warns, perhaps two months or more will elapse before the public will see results, if any at all, of his one man campaign against the cold war. At his press conference last week, Mr. Lie took the initiative to spike reports that Mr. Stalin is dead or seriously ailing. He said he talked with the Soviet leader for ninety minutes and found him looking just as well as in 1946, except for the passage of four more years. All during the talk, Mr. Lie reported, Mr. Stalin puffed away on his pipe, and at frequent intervals would leave the table, step over to his personal desk and refill the pipe. And all the time he was sharp in his eyes, Mr. Lie reported.

Mr. Lie also found conditions in Moscow looking prosperous. He went to a soccer match there. At Lake Success, he said: "This visit was not an arranged one. I just went out and bought my ticket and went in and sat in the stadium with 120,000 other onlookers. I looked around and there were ordinary Moscow workers and citizens. I was very surprised to see how much better the dressing was this time as compared with any other time.

"Looking around, I said to myself, that crowd could be transferred to a Saturday afternoon match at Wembley Stadium in London or to Ebbets Field in New York on a Sunday afternoon."



BOOKS & AUTHORS



THE COMMONWEALTH AND THE NATIONS. By Nicholas Mansergh. Royal Institute Of International Affairs. Price 8s. 6d.

In this short and stimulating volume of studies, Dr. Mansergh has made a significant contribution to the literature on the Commonwealth. Initially, the evolution of the British Empire into the present concept of the Commonwealth and the greater freedom and flexibility it has acquired in that process are traced. The author emphasizes that decentralization and the elaborate though effective machinery for consultation are primarily responsible for the strength and the stability of the Commonwealth. After examining the extent to which the internal physico-geographic, economic, ethnological and strategic considerations have influenced the position of Canada, Australia and South Africa with respect to the Commonwealth, Dr. Mansergh concludes that an ever-hardening conviction in favour of a decentralized Commonwealth and latterly a sense of regional responsibilities are the characteristics of the present phase of development. Of peculiar interest to us in India are the essays on the Asian Conference 1947 and on the last days of British Rule. Dr. Mansergh pays a tribute to the part played by Pandit Nehru in the deliberations and agrees with him that "when the history of our present times is written the conference may well stand out as the land-mark which divides the past of Asia from the future." There is a concluding study of the nature and implications of Eire's relations with the Commonwealth.

It is strange that the author has nothing to say about Dr. Malan's Ghetto Act and its profound repercussions on India, Pakistan and Ceylon. If indeed the Commonwealth, in the words of Field-Marshal Smuts, "is a mission to mankind of good will, good government and human cooperation" is it too much to expect that inter-commonwealth relations might be friendlier and more graceful?

GANDHIJI 1915-1948. By Kanji Dwarakadas. Published by the author, 34 Altamont Road, Bombay 26. Price, Rupees Two.

Any attempt to assess Gandhi's importance as a pure politician is bound to fail as Gandhiji was essentially a saint in the garb of a statesman. This booklet is an instance in point. Mr. Dwarakadas has

given a discontinuous and fragmentary account of Gandhiji's role in Indian politics from 1914 from the point of view of a moderate, firmly believing in the inevitability of gradualness. Gandhiji's impact on the nation has not been entirely beneficial and in the author's opinion, "the present unjustified spirit of defiance was born through the teachings of the Mahatma." Mr. Dwarakadas vindicates the moderate stand throughout and conveniently forgets the phenomenal hold which Gandhiji had over the masses. The glaring defect of the book is its failure to take note of the fact that though Gandhiji's decisions were sometimes illogical and in certain cases unreasonable they were almost always empirically effective.

WHITHER KASHMIR. By Mohinder Bahl. National Book Stall, 26-F, Connaught Place, New Delhi. Price, Rs. 4-8.

"Whither Kashmir" is a personal appreciation of the military manoeuvres conducted in Jammu and Kashmir from October 1947. The author, whose transparent sincerity makes up for his uneasy literary style, after giving a brief and interesting account of the history, literature and art of Kashmir goes on to describe the military operations right upto the "cease fire" agreement with special reference to the part played by the I. A. F. One gets vivid glimpses of the splendid heroism of our men and the difficulties they had to overcome in Punch, Uri, Gilgit and Rajauri.

The book—the first of its kind to be published by an officer serving in India's armed forces—is supplemented by a number of clear maps and good illustrations. As a source of much-needed publicity for our fighting forces it is to be unreservedly welcomed.

TROUBLED WATERS. By John O'Hind. Delhi Press, Connaught Circus, New Delhi. Price, Rs. 4.

Set in the political background of mid-eighteenth century Maharashtra, "Troubled Waters" is a historical romance with more of romance than history in it. It deals with the usual theme of hair-breadth escapades, exciting adventures by sea and land, heartless pirates and the selfless, passionate, all-risking-for-his-beloved lover. There is nothing extraordinary or remarkable either about the theme or about the treatment though the novel provides interesting entertainment for a couple of hours.

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.

Voters Lists And Castes

Mischief cannot go further than it does in the 'Instructions' issued by the Madras Government to enumerators in G. O. 2253 Public (Elections) dated 22nd May 1950. Instruction No. 6 enjoins

"The name of the caste or tribe of each voter should be ascertained by you and entered."

Lest a voter should be sensible in these days of renaissance, it is further provided by the wise Public (Elections) Department of the wise State of Madras:

"If a voter declines to specify his caste or says that he has no caste, the answer should be recorded in Column 7 exactly as given by him but you should give separately at the foot of the enumeration form, the name of the voter's caste as ascertained by you by local enquiry. In respect of Brahmans, full descriptive particulars should be entered thus:

Brahman (Ayyar)
Brahman (Pantulu)
Brahman (Ayyangar)"

I want to ask whose is the genius that has fashioned this superb irrelevance and whose is the hand that has set its seal of approval to it? Of course, one should be thankful that this process of pulverisation into 'sects' besides 'castes' is confined to the Brahman but why is all this to be done? Neither the Constitution of India, nor the Representation of the People Act 1950 prescribes any qualifications for registration of voters on the ground of caste or sect. Even the temporary reservations in favour of Scheduled Castes and Harijans are not based on the strength of voters, who are above the age of 21, but are based on the proportion of their total population to the total population of the State. The Government of Madras know this. As the piece of work proposed is totally outside the spirit and provisions of the Constitution, the cost involved would not be chargeable to the consolidated Fund of the State. Government have so much other work to do. Why do they spend so much of their precious time to find out ways and means of perpetuating and extending further and further every day the Caste and Sect evil in public life, knowing it is against progress, against the Congress tenets and against the Constitution. Would they rectify this by issuing urgent orders withdrawing this instruction before the enumeration takes place on the 18th and 25th instants?

TENNETI VISWANATHAM, M. L. A.

The Matthai-Nehru Controversy

Dr. Matthai has stated that he was one of the ministers "who had a grave mis-giving in regard to the recent Indo-Pakistan Pact, and anticipated the gradual disillusionments that recent developments have produced." Dr. Matthai however did not think fit to confide in the public, and let them know what the disillusionments were, especially at a time when news of the "successful implementation" of the pact is in the air. The vital question of control of expenditure was revealed to be another bone of contention. Dr. Matthai perhaps, made the most disastrous disclosure of all when he said "There was a general tendency amongst the various ministries to disregard the authority of the Standing Finance Committee, and some of the greatest offenders were the ministries directly under the control of the Prime Minister." Coming to the Planning Commission, Dr. Matthai characterised it as ill-conceived. Its growth into a parallel Cabinet was what he was worried about. Possibly he saw a parallel Finance Minister in Mr. Deshmukh, a member of the Commission!

On June 3rd, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad entered the ring when he attempted to supply a "background" to the picture of a controversy. He was surprised at Dr. Matthai's reference to the Nehru-Liaquat Agreement. The Maulana observed "I do not know if Dr. Matthai had expressed his opposition privately to the Prime Minister, but even private opposition would not have remained outside my knowledge." Assuming it was true that Maulana Azad was so much in the Prime Minister's confidence, it is scarcely good taste to say it in public, nor was it necessary.

The Prime Minister, Dr. Matthai and Maulana Azad among them have left little information for the people to know. The biggest leak might have come from Dr. Matthai, but blame rests equally on all who allowed the controversy to develop, and one cannot help feeling that the Prime Minister's reference in the Trivandrum speech was what set the ball rolling. In this connection, the example of Shri Hare Krishna Mahatab deserves praise. He has spoken only once after assuming his new office and has made it known that he would not talk any more. His motto of talking less and doing more, is worthy of emulation by his colleagues. The present controversy could have been avoided if the golden rule of Shri Mahatab had been followed.—Q.

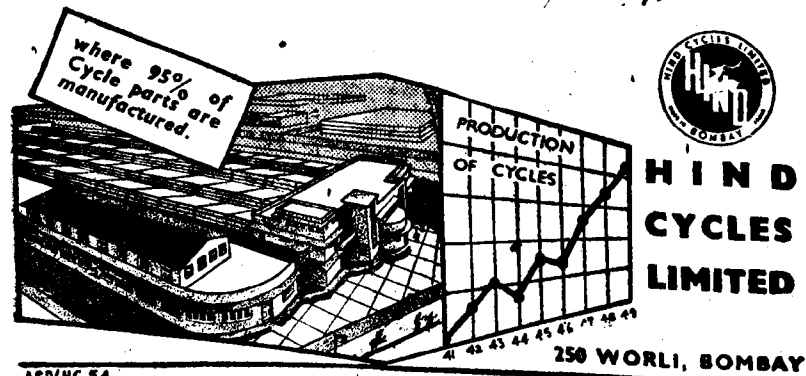


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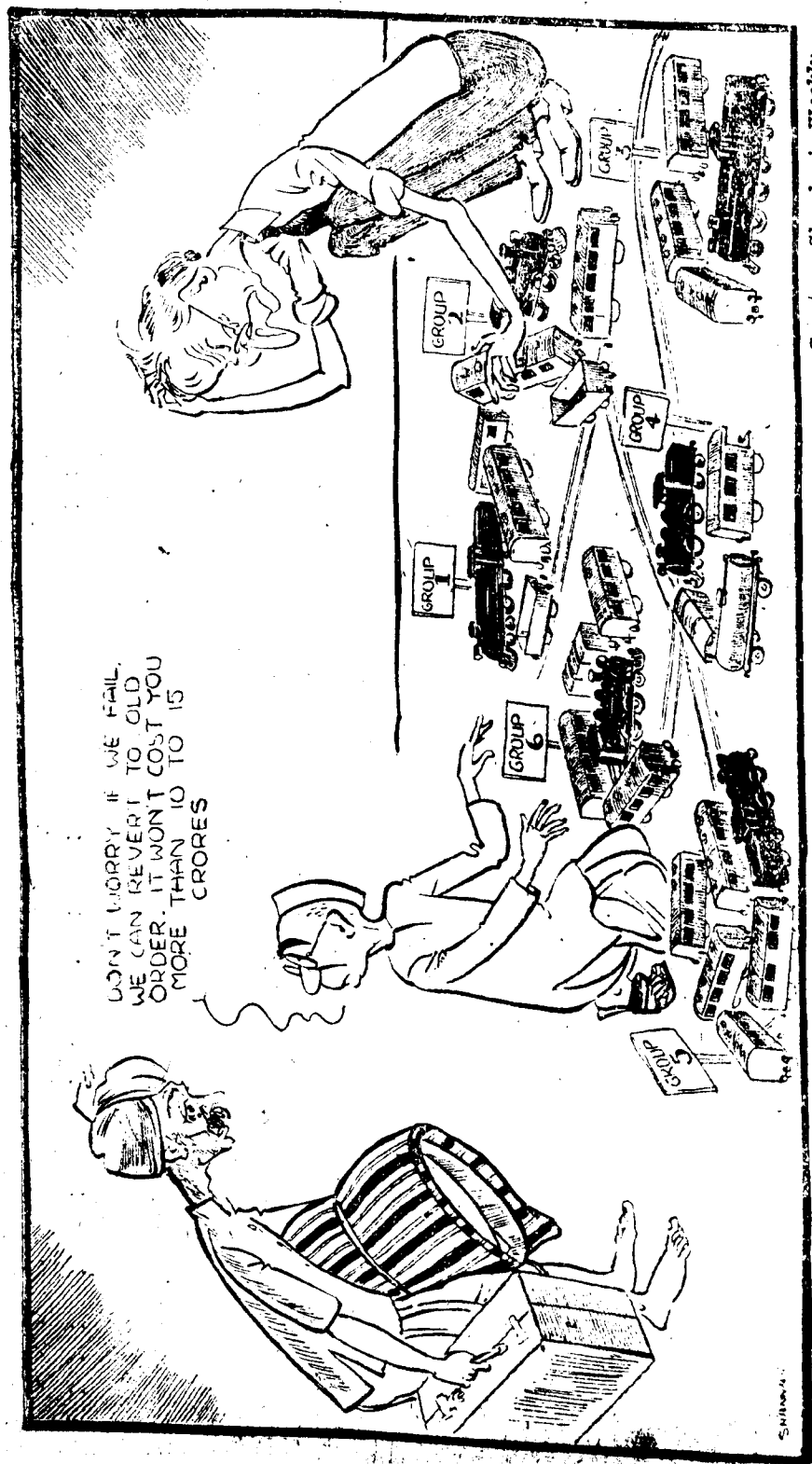
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SWATANTRA

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

COMMUNALISTS CANNOT NATIONALISE

SIR C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar and Sir M. Visweswaraya, with their unrivalled knowledge of industry and experience of administration, have from different centres spoken with one voice during the week about the dangers of nationalisation. Addressing the quarterly meeting of the All India Manufacturers Organisation at Bombay, Sir M. Visweswaraya said that the idea of nationalisation of industries should for the present be abandoned. Addressing the annual general meeting of the Nilgiris Planters' Association at Coonoor, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar deplored the conflicting statements made by responsible leaders in office on the question of nationalisation of industries. Whereas other countries started experiments in Socialism after they had grown wealthy, India, stated Sir C. P., started the experiments before acquiring wealth. The Socialistic experiment of nationalisation therefore frightened capital away from the industries which it was necessary to develop in order to increase the wealth of the country and raise the prosperity of its people. The classic argument in favour of Socialism has never been more ably presented than by Herbert Morrison in a lecture on "The State and Industry" six years ago. He expounded the view that even when vast privately controlled concentrations of economic power are very efficient in their economic conduct, they nevertheless constitute a political menace. "They have within their grasp," he said, "powers over fields of public well-being and public policy far greater in practice than

Parliament itself wields. They can determine the form of our technical development. They can by that means determine the pattern of the national working life and the level of the national livelihood. They can control to a great extent the distribution of purchasing power among classes and groups. They are free, like independent empires, to declare war with other empires at home or abroad, to make peace with them, to make treaties, to enter into alliances. Organisations in a position to wield such power, whatever their present motives or the current ideals of those responsible for their policy, present democracy with its greatest problem. None of them should be left indefinitely outside the effective grasp of public policy." Of public policy the supreme test is the subordination of sectional interest to national welfare. In arguments like those of Herbert Morrison, it is assumed that there is a difference in character between private capitalism and State enterprise, and that whereas private capitalism is apt to place the interests of a section above the public welfare and is indifferent to public policy, State enterprise has its roots in public policy and allows no sectional interest to outweigh the interests of the public. Such a difference between the two systems on which the advocates of nationalisation base their case, is neither universal nor axiomatic, and it is found to be non-existing in some parts of the world. In countries where the State itself is overdozed with a spirit of excessive partisanship, the whole argument in favour of

Socialism stands divested of validity. In India we have a considerable measure of lip-service being paid in theory to unexceptionable principles reflecting an ardent concern for public welfare. But in practice, mainly through the effective operation of communal policies, the State bids fair to become an engine for the despoilation of minorities left with deficient voting power. The public will naturally judge of success or failure in nationalisation on industrial achievement, and the obvious test of sound management must be efficiency with selection of personnel for industrial management based on individual ability and not as representatives of one section or another. Our Congress ministers have proved to be the worst sinners in the matter of appropriating State assets that belong to all to factions commanding their favour if not indeed coteries of their own relatives. In order to manoeuvre positions for the favoured, they have shown no compunction to disregard efficiency. It is not uncommon in a State like Madras ruled by ministers poisoned by the virus of communalism, to find important vacancies in public offices kept indefinitely unfilled in order that the chance might be preserved for a member of an approved community. A wholesale slaughter of talent with reckless disregard of national welfare in the interests of particular individuals, groups and communities to whom the ministers are partial, has become a speciality of the administration notably in Madras State, and the set of values comprehensively indicated as "public policy" in Herbert Morrison's phrase, is found reflected more genuinely in the practice of the better type of commercial houses than in the policies of the Government. Character and talent, put to flight by the crude vendettas of vulgarians flourishing as ministers, have turned to service with private employers, and the trend is towards higher efficiency in private enterprise and progressive degeneracy in State undertakings.

What with corrupt ministers pampering the black market and losing no chance of passing on public assets to their partisans, the State has sunk into a position that has knocked all the glamour out of slogans like Socialism and nationalisation, and while the violation of Congress principles by Congress executives continues to be permitted unchecked, public safety demands the curtailment and not the expansion of the opportunities for waste by party authoritarians under State auspices.

Between Two Fires

BY their violence and murderous onslaughts on innocent people, the Communists have placed themselves out of the pale of public sympathy. The Chief Minister Sri Kumaraswami Raja was therefore fully entitled to ask for public support and vigilance in combating the Communist menace, as he did in his radio talk on Sunday. There is no doubt that his appeal would have met with ready response but for the chill in the hearts of people caused by police deeds. The Chief Minister spoke of the police having been compelled to resort to the use of fire-arms in sheer self-defence, and added that their use has been restricted to the very minimum necessary for bringing the anti-social Communist elements under check. The theory of the minimum use of force becomes hard to believe in the face of stories in current circulation of persons shot subsequent to their apprehension and detention in police stations. In every case in which an alleged Communist is reported shot subsequent to his arrest and detention, the assumption of police action in self-defence can scarcely be accepted on authority. The natural inference of intelligent people in such cases is that the shooting must have taken place in cold blood. The police must be above board if the public are to rally round them as trusted agents for the suppression of anti-social

malefactors. But in the Andhra districts, at any rate, the misdeeds of the police have aroused widespread popular execration. They seem to have taken advantage of the Communist situation as an opportunity to run riot and take liberties with the rights of the people, and not infrequently their outbursts of tyranny and violence have been tarred with the same anti-social spirit that has rendered the Communists so obnoxious to peace-loving citizens. As between the licensed orgies of oppression of a privileged body striking in the open with the full power of the State behind it, and the depredations of hunted guerillas driven underground and forced to restrict their murderous activities to the cover of night time, it is not surprising if common people have felt themselves placed between two fires, and in the stress of their suffering, the psychological battle against the Communists has been more than half lost already. Pathetically immersed in desperate inanities to preserve for themselves posts in which they have signally failed to make good, the ministers do not seem to have yet realised that the suppression of the Communists is not so simple a matter as merely shooting and killing and breaking of bones. The real source of the strength of the

Communists is popular discontent with the ways of the ruling Government, and apart from immediate executive measures to curb their activities, the real way of dealing with the Communist menace is to contrive that the sources of popular discontent get dried up through just and humane government. Unfortunately the Government seem to possess in the police an agency for creating an inexhaustible reservoir of illwill against the regime served by them. If the police themselves overstep the bounds of restraint and act like judges and executioners, treating human life cheap, the resulting chaos and confusion is just what will fertilise the soil with rich psychological congeniality for the spread of Communist influence. There is no doubt that if the Government are to hope for better success in isolating the Communists from every vestige of public sympathy, they must first disentangle themselves from the reflected illwill connected with police misdemeanours. Let them, to start with, call the police to account for every life lost after arrest. Public perturbation will not be quietened until the fullest account is given of all such cases which are all too frequently shrouded in cryptic announcements that disquietingly hide more than they reveal.

Sotto Voce

Back To Laputa

THE pious pretence that men are all head and heart, not stomach, much less loins, is very useful for those who have got on in life. It makes them feel righteous where otherwise they might have been troubled by a vague sense of guilt. It is

so pleasant to expatiate on the virtues of sacrifice, so soothing to recollect a vicarious emotion in tranquillity. Speaking to the "honoraries" the other day our Minister for Health was horrified to think that their Association should have sunk so low as to



regard itself as a "service" Association. That, to his mind, was a sad come-down, "a degeneration" to use his own forthright words.

His denunciation seems to have gone home. For, a later speaker was anxious to make out that the Association "was not a service Association in the technical sense of the term." It was merely intended to provide a platform from which they could make representations to the Government for more facilities to serve the public. Service with a capital S is all the cue nowadays—and, incidentally explains much that is happening around us. Had not the Father of the Nation given the watchword, asked Dr. Rajan. And, contemplating his own humble efforts to follow the great exemplar, he was excusably transported to a beatific state of mind. "It was that ideal which made him what he was." One hopes the neophytes took due note of this top secret.

The more ingenuous among his audience may have even envied him his unique good fortune. The "honorary" system, that pet child of his invention, was still very much in the womb of time when he commenced practice. Those were the palmy days of the I.M.S. from whom "Honorary" Physicians to the Governor were no doubt recruited but whose services were honorary in no other sense of the word. Indeed the notion would have vastly tickled them,—and, even more, their orderlies who would never allow a patient into the presence unless he first produced the equivalent of the official guinea backed by a sufficiently large tip.

Our Indian medicos were content to revolve as humble satellites in the orbits of these major planets. They followed the Majors and the Lt.-Colonels in the magnificence of their fees, the splendour of their equipage, their stand-offishness and snobbery. The British Medical Council, which practised the narrowest trade unionism while execrating the very name, was the Mecca towards which the devout turned their faces as they genuflected. Its code, which might well have had for its motto "Dog don't eat dog," helped to peg up emoluments at princely levels, to grow "experts" (so

decreed by mutual acclamation) as plentifully as blackberries in June and to maintain a discreet conspiracy of silence when "some one had blundered."

There was occasionally a freak that eluded the vigilance of the official midwife. It not only survived but grew into a lusty brat. What was worse, the common crowd was perverse enough to prefer it to the standard article; and the freak itself was sublimely indifferent to the fact of its peculiarity. There was Dr. Rangachari, for instance, who did not think it incumbent upon him to avert his face chastely from the bungling of a brother in the profession. If by any chance he could step in and save a life jeopardised he did it without more ado. A more heinous offence in the eyes of the guild was that he did not stipulate for a fee but took what was offered, and sometimes forgot to take it!

"Strait is the gate and narrow the way" that leads to a medical degree. It is the most effective method that has yet been discovered of running through a patrimony and getting for it nothing in return except a few expensive habits. The system of honorary appointments is a glittering snare. The younger men who fondly imagine that this would be a short-cut to a private clientele are soon disillusioned. The ripe plums fall to the seniors who have (or till the other day had) their own clinics and nursing homes. And, paradoxically, "the children's teeth are set on edge."

They get neither the salary (exiguous though this be) which consoles the stipendiary assistants nor the pickings which fall to the sons and sons-in-law of the nabobs. But they are expected to be smart in appearance, suavely deferential to the seniors, cheerfully obtuse to the sneers of the salaried men who regard them as interlopers and ready to quit with philosophical fortitude when the stars in their courses so decide. Too many of them discover that they have stayed too long to make a new beginning and not long enough to claim a permanent job as of right. It is pharisaical to preach service to the starving.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS :

Mankind is being immolated to glorify States; and States are nothing but governments and their instruments; and governments are nothing but committees of fallible men and women. In other words, mankind is being immolated to save the faces and serve the ambitions of a few who, if they were seen without the panoply and mystery of State-symbolism to support them, might not inspire one family to sacrifice so much as a night's sleep.—DORIS LANGLEY MOORE.

THE Andhra districts today are the most ill-governed in Madras State. The peculiar position of the Andhra ministers is responsible for this. When Sri Prakasam ceased to be Prime Minister, a wave of resentment swept over the whole of Andhra. A popular hero, however dearly idolised, gets tarred with the blemishes of administration when he goes over from the Opposition to the Government. The classic example is that of Pandit Nehru. Power and popularity combined to make him at the outset of his premiership the most glamorous figure among the world's celebrities. In less than three years the critics have pulled him down from the high pedestal of popular adulation on which he had habitually dwelt in his pre-office days. Today he is less of a hero to people at close quarters, who are unable to shut their eyes and ears to the unsavouriness of Congress rule, its corruption and nepotism, its tolerance of the black market, its patronage of communalists, its pampering of police terrorism under the opportunity of the emergency of the Communist menace; and the need of distance is being felt to maintain the enchantment of his name and fame. The more devoted of Nehru's admirers are now to be found in the wide world beyond the seas. Within the country, his influence is greatest with the people of the outlying regions far away from the Capital. It seems to have dwindled down in New Delhi and its environs.

The penalties of potential popular

disillusionment in the wake of wrong uses of power hover over the great, filling their lives with forebodings. Sensitive to the strain of it, most of them depart from the charm of their finer natures and become wilful, irritable, unjust, a law unto themselves. This is what is meant by the aphorism that power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Sri Prakasam was saved from the vortex of debasement into which Congress leaders in office with few exceptions were drawn, by a stroke of fate which at the time seemed to be the worst of ill-luck. But it has since turned out to be a veritable springboard of momentum for the relentless pursuit of grievances. The aggrieved are the raw material of revolutions. Content is not an easy state to reach in a world full of shortages of human necessities. Much effort and great cost is involved in keeping the ranks of the contented undiminished, whereas the vast army of the discontented can live and grow and multiply on its grievances, and needs no other fare to gain tempo and spread disturbance, with the sound and fury of its threats and demands.

When Sri Prakasam was forced out of office, the sympathies of the multitude followed him into the wilderness. Thereafter, the very act of stepping into his shoes assumed in the eyes of many the dimensions of a misdemeanor. Andhra public opinion got keyed up into a mood of viewing the assumption of office by the present set of ministers very much as strikers are wont to regard the advent of black legs on the scene of their disputes. As those were days when confabulations between Madras ministers and Delhi authorities were frequent, things would have gone hard with the travellers, and pretty rough treatment would have come to them, had they no means of avoiding a terrain accessible to crowds. But the aeroplane saved the Andhra ministers that supplanted Sri Prakasam from the consequences of mob exasperation. Air travel places the unpopular out of

the reach of a resentfully excited public. It makes it possible for unwanted ministers to operate from a safe distance, pending the employment of the power of office to secure adherents to serve as ramparts and buffers.

With the exception of Sri Kala Venkata Rao, none of the Andhra Ministers of the post-Prakasam regime was fitted by qualities and competence for ministerial rank. The Tamil genius is a blend of shrewdness, commonsense, a flair for the tactics of practical achievement, and a sarcastic proneness to egg the foolhardy into tomfoolery to enjoy the humour of the spectacle resulting. It is the belief of some that the selection of Sri Gopala Reddi as the star performer of the Cabinet combining the tremendous roles of Finance Minister and Leader of the House, came in the stride of a top flight of that genius. Was it symbolic of the rift that swiftly appeared between the two sections after fruition of the collaboration to get Sri Prakasam out? It cannot, at any rate, be denied that by the elevation of an incompatible to tasks of supreme importance beyond his gifts, power is saved for masterful wirepullers in whose hands he sinks into the position of a puppet. If merit counted in the choice of ministers the one man marked out for preferment out of all the aspirants of lieutenant status thrown up by the Gandhian movement in the Andhra area, was Sri Tenneti Viswanadham. Clean, neat, tidy and of sparkling intelligence, he has an unblemished record. But Sri Kala Venkata Rao who has been the minister-maker in Andhra, much as Sri Kamraj Nadar has been in Tamilnad, is suspicious of talent that might obscure his own importance, and his preference is for inferiors who satellite-like might be made to revolve round him, drawing sustenance from dependence and loyalty. So we have Sanjivi Reddi for a minister while Viswanadham is taboo. Of leadership as such, Andhra is not ill-provided. Prakasam, Pattabhi, Ranga and Kala would in combination have made a formidable force which not even the all-powerful Nehru-Sardar alliance could afford to treat with indifference. It is their chronic disposition to be at logger-

heads amongst themselves that has cancelled each other out and helped to remove from the Centre every vestige of Andhra influence. To the credit of Sri Prakasam, however, it might be said that his general suspicion of Dr. Pattabhi and the rest gave way at least occasionally to passionate zest of effort to sink differences, and seek the path of unity. But not so the others. They have never deviated from a policy of treating what they deemed to be their self-interest as the most important thing in life.

It is not generally known that Dr. Pattabhi owes his Presidentship of the Congress to Sri Prakasam, if to any one man. Sri Prakasam was egged on to enter the lists as a competitor, and the nomination papers were duly got ready. All that remained was only to post them. If Prakasam had stood for the contest, whether he won or not, he would have ensured Dr. Pattabhi's defeat by splitting Andhra and other South Indian votes. Andhras in the mass are intensely patriotic in a regional way. They wish to see someone from among themselves shoot up to the skies like a meteor, and they have a happy gift of sharing in the glories of their great, once they survive the vigilance of the jealous in their midst to pull them down. If Dr. Pattabhi had failed to win the Presidentship of the Congress through any act of Sri Prakasam, the reproach of having mortally hurt a fellow-leader in mid-career would have stuck to him for life, while Dr. Pattabhi would have garnered the sympathies that rarely fail to compensate the defeated on such occasions. So I then felt impelled to write a letter to Sri Prakasam warning him to be wary. Here is the relevant portion of the letter:

I feel it advisable for you to stand out of the election for Congress Presidentship. Apart from other considerations, the fact that Dr. Pattabhi's candidature has been announced earlier, should make you hesitate. We Andhras have acquired a reputation for fighting with each other. We must get out of this reputation and try, if possible, to help each other. If you do not set the example, none else will do so. It will be a splendid thing intrinsically if you yourself can support Dr. Pattabhi's candidature. That will have

an electrical effect and go far towards the closing up of our divided ranks. (September 20, 1948).

Sri Prakasam responded by immediately calling Ranga on the trunk phone and getting him to move the Andhra P. C. C. in favour of Dr. Pattabhi. Prakasam threw himself with characteristic whole-hearted thoroughness into a vigorous campaign to canvass votes and took no rest until Dr. Pattabhi's success was placed beyond doubt. But the expected electrical result did not follow. Dr. Pattabhi's Presidentship of the Congress turned out to be the dimmest chapter in the history of that great organisation. Called to the highest honour in the gift of Congressmen, he sank into inconsequence because of his incorrigible propensity to partisan politics. With his bad mentorship of the ministers, he contributed to the further

demoralisation of an already unsatisfactory administration.

At present the Andhra ministers exist only to employ their opportunities of office to build up a faction of their own in each locality. Their pretence of serving the public cause deceives nobody. What the ministers seek to do from the vantage of State power, Professor Ranga seeks to do from his key position as organisational head of the Andhra Congress. The people are riven into two hostile camps, each undermining the other tirelessly. Over the whole scene torn with strife, Prakasam stands like a Colossus with a strength that owes nothing to power or position or organisation. He is looked up to by the discontented and the frustrated in their millions. The insignificance of the ministers is emphasised by his very existence.—SAKA.

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TRUMAN VS. EISENHOWER

By P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: Truman versus Eisenhower in the 1952 Presidential election. With surprising unanimity across the country the President has just travelled in the Midwest and in the South, this is the verdict. And people are rather looking forward to it. The manner in which the Democratic National Committee has been organizing to shut out all other aspirants so as to renominate and re-elect Mr. Truman has been obvious for a long time. It is assumed that the President will want another term and that his recent journey was a speak for yourself, Harry, expedition fully as much as it was an effort to help elect a Democratic Congress this fall. Nobody seems to resent it either. The President is still unpopular in some quarters; many still groan about his lack of intellectual stature. But he is a folk hero, nonetheless. The grinning crowds are for the little man who is so easily lost among them when he steps down from his train for an early morning saunter. They recognize his identity with them. And he is one of them who told off the bossy big fellows and got away with it. After they leave his presence they can measure their own boss with a different eye figuring that may be some day if they happen to feel like it, they might pop him one and get away with it too. War prosperity or the lack of it, will affect how long this can be translated into votes. Harry Truman may some day be an ex-President but he will always be a popular man. The general opinion that Republicans must and will nominate Gen. Eisenhower reflects a very bearish estimate of their situation. It is assumed they will need every vote they can scrape together by hook, crook or glamour. Thoughtful people may be concerned with what the general actually is and stands for. But discussion of the question, "Why Eisenhower?" yields the answer that he can campaign, he can interest people, he can give the Democrats a run. He can make a good President. The Draft Eisenhower campaign is on again to pressure the famed General and current President of Columbia University into becoming a candidate for the 1952 Republican Presidential nomination. It

is beginning earlier than the pre-1948 efforts, initiated then by Republicans, which was spiked by General Ike in his famous letter of renunciation in January, 1948, six months before the party conventions; later by some Democrats, strangely of the New Deal and labour persuasion who were sure President Truman could not be re-elected. He stopped that one too very decisively. The reborn draft movement among Republicans is indeed a tribute to the General and well-deserved. The New Republican "Draft Eisenhower" campaign could be taken as a confession that the party lacks either a programme or an available candidate with sufficient popular appeal and has to go beyond its professional ranks and pick an attractive person without a political record of any sort and rely on him alone to charm the voters. Issues would be submerged in a personality.

After all, Franklin D. Roosevelt did not appear much of a figure to many Democrats before he got into the White House and look at the different attitude now in the Democratic party toward Harry Truman. In similar periods of confusion and turmoil in the distant past, it got to be the custom to turn to a military figure as a candidate, build legends about him and tell him to take no positions on issues. The Whig party acquired this habit and Republicans might ponder what happened to it. While America had a number of Presidents who had tours of duty in military service in frequent wars, most of them had spent the better part of their lives in civilian pursuits and gathering political experience. History has demonstrated that men with political experience make the best Presidents. For as General Eisenhower himself has said: "In the American scene I see no dearth of men fitted by training, talent and integrity for national leadership. On the other hand, nothing in the international or domestic situation especially qualifies for the most important office in the world a man whose adult years have been spent in the country's military forces. At least that is true in my case."

NEW LIGHT FROM SEVAGRAM

By Prof. K. N. SRIVASTAVA

THE problems of the world today in their community, provincial, national and international aspects have become so complex and difficult that they constitute a most powerful challenge to mankind. The world has seen two devastating wars within a generation, each fought with the object of ending wars but successful only in the accumulation of more intense feelings, despair, hatred and fear. The tragedy is that mankind does not profit by experience but continues to go the same way which led it previously to disaster.

But the wars have certainly yielded to an awareness, even upon the people in those nations which still have faith in force as a means for establishing peace, that for the survival of humanity the world must build up a more cooperative and serviceable civilization. They seem to have begun to realize that with the present race for producing weapons of mass destruction the world shall forfeit all the material, social and cultural riches that it has accumulated through centuries of hard struggle. One could see little difference in the profession of objectives by nations, but the differences in methods for achieving those noble ends are profound. Leaders and statesmen have not, as it seems, realized fully well the intimate connection between the end they aim at and the means adopted to attain it. To resort to war for achieving peace is to wash mud with mud, always resulting in a futility of the effort and an increase of the dirt of the mind. How astonishing is the fact that the first atom bomb was used at Hiroshima, killing thousands of innocent men, women and children for the noble end of a speedy termination of the war! Dr. Arthur H. Compton, Chancellor of Washington University and one of the senior members of the American Committee of Scientists, charged with the production of the atom bomb, recently disclosed at Poona the circumstances under which the bomb was used. He said that once the bomb was ready the main consideration that led to the "fateful" decision was the anxiety to bring the war to a speedy end and

thus save the lives of millions of American and Japanese soldiers. The darkness enveloping the world today is the consequence of such ignoble endeavours that man with a lack of wisdom on his part has made in an attempt to make the world 'happier.' It is astonishing that he still aspires to use Science in the destruction of humanity by attempting to produce stronger atom bombs, hydrogen and super hydrogen bombs.

The common man is passionately eager to progress and is thus engaged today in evolving a method or methods that could take us away from primitive barbarism to a more happy and cooperative civilization. The futility of the adoption of force particularly the double-edged destructive weapons that man's ingenuity has invented for his own destruction has been proved beyond any doubt. The United Nations Organization, the world in miniature which took shape as a consequence of the two great wars has achieved little towards this end because of the fact that the delegates of member-nations, with minds clouded with passion and bigoted nationalism, forgetting the broader objectives, indulge in narrow power politics. Other instruments that are considered more effective for bringing goodwill and peace have been advocated time and again during the last few post-war years. Spiritualists see a ray of hope only in the change of the individual through sound religious education, or in the evolution of a basic world religion. Rationalists have faith in propagation of rationalism as the best attitude on the problems of the modern world calculated to inculcate reasonableness in the people. Esperanto enthusiasts plan to evolve a one-world language to serve science, philosophy and diplomacy and to foster a better understanding between nations. The building up of nationalism is thought of by many as the only feasible method while vegetarianism, secularism and worldmindedness are preached by others. The educator's approach to these problems is naturally from the standpoint of pedagogy.

It is surprising that though man

has solved many of the riddles of the universe and has conquered many forces, he has failed so far to explore the man's inner energies. As a matter of fact he has given little thought to such researches in regard to the forces that are working upon the human mind today giving birth to prejudices, hate, intolerance, despair and fear in every walk of life from the parochial to the international field. It is strange that though great numbers of people devote their lives to the study of the hidden causes of natural catastrophes, such as earthquakes, no well-determined effort has ever been made to study the hidden causes of man-made earthquakes which shook the earth twice within a generation and the tremors of which are still being felt. Such phenomena ought to be, therefore, open to research and thought.

A genuine effort, probably the first of its kind in the world's history, was recently made at Sevagram, the great laboratory where Gandhiji experimented on his principles of truth and non-violence, when about 100 pacifists representing 35 countries met to find a way for peace in the world. The Rev. Michael Scott was right when, addressing the open session of the Conference, he said that many U. N. delegates along with millions of people were looking to that Conference in the hope that a new force might emerge from it heralding a genuine spirit of peace.

The basic causes of war as analysed by Pandit Nehru in his addresses at the Columbia University during his recent visit to the U. S. A. are said to be political subjection, racial and economic inequalities. There will be general agreement as far as these basic causes are concerned but there appears to be a difference of opinion when one considers the methods that may prove effective for the removal of these evils. People may also be under the impression that the mere elimination of these evils will bring forth a happy world. That assumption is incorrect to a great extent. Even with the levelling down of such differences the nations cannot avoid occasional clashes of interests arising from commercial and economic relationships that have become inevitable in the new world. Hence, equalities alone will do no substantial good although they will minimise the chances

of frequent world disasters. To get a deeper insight into the problem it is worthwhile to elucidate the immediate root causes that help to impel the nations to resort to war over a clash of certain policies. It is a wrong assumption that the urges to aggression in all the individuals of a nation at some moment fuse together and cause war to break out. It is a truism on the contrary that the Governments which have the rudders of their nations in their hands make wars. Once a war has been declared, and sometimes a start is made well in advance even before such fateful moments, the men who rule us exploit nationalism and national sentiments and are thus able to raise a huge army of soldiers to fight or to support their policies. They play upon the ignorance and unintelligent understanding of world problems of ordinary citizens who readily consent to their own slaughter. History shows that people in the army have on many occasions revolted and refused to fight against a wrong cause after they intelligently understood the false sentiment built up by the warmongers. Such examples are few, yet they throw interesting light upon the problem under consideration.

Hence, the problem of a change-over from the science of war to a science of peace must be tackled on a psychological footing. The change-over from the cult of the bomb to the cult of non-violence will not be achieved through the United Nations or any other method which only prevents the onset rather than cures the human disease. Dr. Rajendra Prasad in his broadcast message from Sevagram just before the opening of the session of the World Pacifists' Conference, and again while addressing its open session analysed the basic causes of the present world bitterness and appealed to the world to concentrate on the individual which alone could lay the foundations of lasting peace. He said, "We have to teach the individual, to reform him, and to make him really an instrument of peace so that he may influence other individuals around him and his Government." He had further in his message indicated the lines of attack and shown the way how with the simplification and reorientation of an individual's life, exploitation of man by man could be ended. With a full realization that education alone could

reform the individual and could synthesize the spiritual and material values the delegates to the Conference formed a Commission on 'basic education and social order,' which reported that, as the vital principle of Mahatma Gandhi's basic education was the development of personality through useful and co-operative work, its acceptance and implementation would remove the major tensions which led to war. The meeting, as any realist could expect, did not achieve any immediate tangible results, as remarked by Horace Alexander and Richard B. Gregg in their post-Conference speeches; yet it focussed the attention of the grievous world on the fact that permanent peace would not emerge from the laboratories where atom bombs are manufactured but only from schools where atomic energy and human material could be harnessed for human good. The Conference demonstrated that the hope for peace did not rest in the deliberations at Lake Success (under the atmosphere of competitive power politics) but in such world congregations as the one which met at Sevagram (under an atmosphere of cooperation and spiritualism) where Gandhiji experimented on his great principles of truth and non-violence and moulded the attitudes of millions of people for bloodless revolution.

This new flame which made its way from Sevagram will, I hope, set on fire the hearts of teachers who can help the world to turn from the path of destruction to the road where harmony of free men and free peoples prevails. If the individual is tackled, his personality is developed, an informed understanding of what is

going on in the world is built up in him and a critical awareness awakened, he will not be a victim of exploitation by vested interests or by a handful of Government administrators. If the curtains of ignorance and subjectivity are removed from the eyes of people to enable them to see themselves through the eyes of others, the attitudes and actions of other people will look reasonable and understandable. Such an intelligent, critical and sympathetic understanding of the world problems will enable him to like other peoples well enough to make him go to great lengths to avoid fighting them. Education as we are having today has miserably failed to open the eyes of an educated youth who is an easy victim of propaganda, bigoted nationalism, narrowmindedness and false values. The unrealistic approaches to education make the so-called educated person so intolerant that he seeks satisfaction only in resorting to barbarism, and personal welfare only in setting disputants at each others' throats.

Hence, the change-over from a war basis to a peace basis, from the United Nations to a World Federation or a World Government, from hatred to love, fear to confidence, right to duty, and exploitation to service and competition to cooperation can be effected only through the reformation of the individual through a reorientated system of education, both formal and informal, in all its connotations. The world, fed up with the destructive trends will look to the new light that emerged from Sevagram in the hope that it may, with the march of time, enkindle the hearts of millions of despondent humanity.

PROSPECTS OF CIGARETTE INDUSTRY IN ANDHRADESA

By V. L. NARASIMHA RAO

TOBACCO constitutes an important item of our export trade as is evident from the fact that exports of unmanufactured tobacco alone accounted for Rs. 587.4 lakhs in 1946. Our imports which were valued at Rs. 25 lakhs in 1946 could be reduced

if we succeed in growing better quality of tobacco in our own country, and our exports can be increased alternatively. Tobacco unmanufactured was exported to other countries to the tune of 12,882 thousand lbs. of a value of Rs. 96,43,000.

The area under tobacco cultivation in India is approximately 1-1/4 million acres. India is the second largest tobacco producing country in the world ranking next to United States of America. Madras accounts for 20 per cent of the total Indian acreage. India possesses in tobacco a source of considerable national wealth, for it is a much sought after commodity in international trade, thanks to the ever growing ranks of smokers all over the world. The share of India in the world's production is well over 3 lakh tons of tobacco grown over 10 lakhs of acres. If the trade and industry improve as they should under more favourable conditions, India would have one of the most fruitful sources of foreign exchange in these days of devaluation.

It is not enough if India merely develops its tobacco trade, ignoring the cigarette industry for which there is a great future in a country such as ours which possesses exclusive tobacco producing areas, especially cigarette tobacco types as in the districts of Guntur, Godavari and Vizagapatam. India's annual consumption of cigarette is estimated somewhere near about 1,666 crores. The following are some of the estimates of the tobacco products and their value in crores of rupees.

Hooka	9.6	crores
Cigarettes	5.86	"
Snuff	1.53	"
Bidis	7.52	"
Chewing	3.02	"
Cigars	0.15	"
Total	27.88	"

Guntur, East and West Godavari and Vizagapatam in Andhra are the potential sources of Virginia tobacco, (mainly used for cigarette purposes) which is exported to U. K. annually in large quantities. About 90% of the huge consumption of cigarettes, estimated at 1,666 crores, is produced by foreign interests while 3% represents

direct import and only the remaining 7% is indigenous production.

Instead of being suppliers of raw tobacco to foreign countries and consumers of the manufactured products, we can seek an organised and State-aided plan for manufacture of cigarettes and other tobacco products within the country itself with Indian capital. There will be a heavy demand for such tobacco products if their quality is maintained equal to that of the foreign products imported every year.

The coastal districts produce 95% of the total production of Indian cigarette tobacco of the Virginia type. The production of cigarette tobacco is almost a monopoly of these districts in India and about half of the total production of cigarette tobacco in Madras Presidency is concentrated in Guntur district.

The varieties of 'Nicotiana Tabacum' that are grown in Guntur area are taller and more slender and of better quality than varieties grown in Guzerat. For cigarettes the leaf should be thin, fine and silky like a thick handkerchief. In the Guntur area the colour of the leaf ranges from bright lemon to reddish brown and the leaf has a thin, fine, silky texture, the size being 12 to 18 inches long and 6 to 9 inches broad. Very recently, a new variety 'Amrelo 5' has been evolved from a cross between 'Harrison Special' and 'Amrelo,' a high quality cigarette tobacco superior to that of 'Harrison Special.'

Guntur is the only area where sun-cured virginia leaf is produced in India, though in rapidly declining quantities owing to the rising prices of flue-cured leaf during the past 3 years.

The prospects for tobacco in Andhra are very bright. With the formation of the Andhra Province there will be scope for co-ordinated plans whereby the lot of the masses as well as of the classes will be improved by starting cigarette factories wherever possible in the area.

SRI DIGAMBAR RAO BINDU

HYDERABAD'S MAN OF THE HOUR

SRI Digambar Rao Bindu has never been known through out his public career to have sought position or power. He has always kept himself aloof from the intolerant scramble for power within the State Congress through the dark days before and after the Police Action. Although inclined by his very nature to avoid the rough-and-tumble, the manoeuvres and crude compromises of politics, circumstances have forced him to assume leadership of the Hyderabad State Congress at a critical period of its existence.



Sri Digambar Rao Bindu

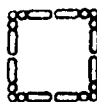
Sri Bindu began his career as a social worker quite outside politics. Born in 1896 of a poor family in the village of Bhooker, Nanded district, he finished his primary education in the local school and went to Poona where he took his matriculation from the New English Education Society. He then served as a teacher in the Viveka Vardhani School and by dint of hard work completed his Law course by attending law classes in the evenings. He worked for a time as an apprentice under Ambadasarao, advocate. Later he set up practice and worked as a lawyer for over seven years with commendable success.

He started as a social worker under the inspiration of the late Dharmavir Waman Naik and the late Pandit Keshavrac Koratkar. He was always in the forefront in this field and by his unostentatious and cheerful disposition soon became a popular public figure with an enthusiastic and devoted following. As a journalist he was connected with *Nizamvijaya*, a Marathi weekly in the State. Later in collaboration with Babil, the well-known cartoonist, he edited *Nagrik*. The paper however could not continue for long, as its outspokenness was not palatable to the anti-national Government of the day.

When new political life started in 1938 he gave up practice and courted imprisonment as the tenth dictator of the State Congress. After coming out of gaol he became President of the Maharashtra Parishad which was revived in 1944, and succeeded in consolidating the progressive forces of Marathwada. When the State Congress started its final struggle in 1948 he was entrusted by Swami Ramnand Tirtha with the conduct of the movement from outside the State as the Chairman of the Committee of Action.

Sri Bindu is a man of strong convictions. He sees all the points of his subject with piercing clarity and his appeal is addressed to reason. Once he has determined his course he defends it with supreme skill. He is neither austere nor distant. The secret of his popularity is his open-mindedness and his utter lack of prejudice, political or otherwise. He conceals nothing; he does not hedge about his statements. His simplicity and way of dealing with men and affairs has extracted admiration from the most unexpected quarters. He is a leader who exacts loyalty by himself being loyal in turn to larger issues. This is the man who has been chosen by the universal acclaim of all groups, to lead the people of Hyderabad at a critical juncture.

It was Disraeli who said: "Progress and reaction are but words to mystify the million. They mean nothing, they are words and not facts." Yet in the



name of these words the rival groups in the State Congress contended against each other in the hope of grasping political power which seemed to be within their reach. Both sides professed to fight for the rights of the common man, but more common men were tortured, done to death, starved or condemned to rot in prison during these times than ever before by the fanatical Razakars and Communists on the one side and by a misguided Government on the other.

During all this period of confusion Sri Bindu by his silent service set an example of political honesty and personal integrity. A lesser man would have turned a cynic or would have walked out of the struggle and become a political recluse. But Sri Bindu with his abundant sense of humour, understood the frailties of human nature and waited patiently. Many of those intimately attached to him implored him to actively intervene in the recent contest for the Presidentship but he would not yield, as he wanted to be "real President" as he put it. It is the curse of politics that nothing can be done simply. Even he who would save his country must first wade through the dirt of intrigue. There were times when he was misunderstood and even suspected of partisanship with one or the other of the rival groups. But at last in the stress of danger the voice of patriotism was heard; the thing called politics was roughly put aside and Hyderabad which had been clamouring for a man, at last saw its call answered.

The unanimous election, last December, of Sri Bindu as the President of the State Congress was not an accident. It was not the desperate choice of rival groups who failed to agree upon a candidate from their own ranks. It was the triumph of a principle, the acceptance of a humanistic approach to the complex problems of the State. It was a realisation of the utter futility of running after political power for promoting popular welfare—a realisation forcibly brought home by precept and example to those around him, by Sri Bindu. This is how he has characterised the political situation in his Presidential address: "This internal race for posts and positions has made us a laughing stock and has reduced the organisa-

tion to an indisciplined mob, wherein every one stands for himself and none for the nation." The only solution according to him is to separate the parliamentary and extra-parliamentary activities at the base and co-ordinate them at the top." The Congress "should not stand in the arena of elections as one of the contesting parties but should act as a friend, philosopher and guide of the common people." He is equally forthright in his visualisation of the future of the State: "British imperialists have deliberately set up this State as a centre of reaction in the very heart of India. It occupies a position of strategic importance from all points of view. The two anti-national forces nurtured and supported by the British rulers are Muslim communalism headed by the Muslim League and reactionary feudalism headed by the Nizam. These two are found together in unholy alliance in this State. Hyderabad is therefore bound to continue for a long time as a centre of intrigue." And he suggests "linguistic disintegration as the real and lasting solution" if disaster is to be avoided.

These are some of the basic ideas, simple and yet far reaching in their effects, that have found increasing support among the politically conscious workers in the State Congress and brought Sri Bindu to the helm. That he will succeed in shaping the future of the State on these lines is no longer in doubt. The association of the State Congress in the present administration has almost materialised and it is largely due to his disinterested untiring efforts that this happy consummation has been brought about. His counsel is repeatedly sought by those in authority. He is never in a hurry and he has that acute intelligence which sees the good and bad on either side and which naturally inclines to moderation. He can be depended upon to maintain unity in the Congress because his undoubted moral ascendancy is backed by his tolerance and humanism. He has, besides, the unstinted co-operation of two such stalwarts as Sri B. Ramakrishna Rau and Swami Ramananda Tirtha. The sagacious counsel of the one and the political dynamism of the other will stand him in good stead in the difficult days ahead.

—A. V. RAJESWARA RAO.

THE CASE FOR ATLANTIC UNION

By MATTHEW HALTON

"A spectre is haunting Europe. It is the spectre of Communism". So began the Communist Manifesto first published a century ago—and today, in 1950, the whole world is afraid. The free world will not feel safe until Western Europe feels safe—and that day has not yet arrived.

Why should we still have to shiver in our beds at the knowledge that, if war did come, nothing yet could prevent the Russian divisions from rolling to the English Channel? The U. S., Canada, Britain and Western Europe are far stronger, both in combined population and in industrial power and potential, than the Soviet Union and its satellites. There are some 200,000,000 Russians. But the North Americans and the West Europeans together number more than 400,000,000, most of them of hardy, martial races, leading the world industrially and scientifically, and there is no reason in good sense why they should not be confident and safe and able to laugh at the Russian threat.

But they are still afraid and weak because they are not united. Their industrial powers, their economies and their military potentials are not integrated. Only union will give them coherence, and only coherence will give them power.

Atlantic Union, fortunately, is now on the agenda of western statesmanship. The peoples are talking about it. Ten U. S. senators have advocated it. Prime Minister St. Laurent of Canada has given another lead towards it. And now Georges Bidault, the Prime Minister of France, has openly proposed a "High Atlantic Peace Council" as an immediate answer to the Cominform and as the nucleus of future federation.

LARGEST PEACETIME ARMY

It may be said, that events are marching fast enough toward the realization of the grand design. And, indeed, the free world has taken some magnificent strides. First, there was

the blood transfusion of the Marshall Plan, filling the anaemic veins of Western Europe with the economic red corpuscles of food, raw materials and machines. Then there was the Atlantic Pact, by which the U. S. and Canada guaranteed to come immediately to the aid of any member state that was attacked. Thirdly, the Europeans took a step toward what their visionaries had dreamed of since Charlemagne—a federation. A Council of Europe now meets regularly at Strasbourg. And lastly, there is the O. E. E. C. the 16 nations which benefit by the Marshall Plan, taking awkward and stumbling but encouraging steps toward the economic integration of the continent.

But all this is not enough. Europe still needs a stimulant (some of the Americans say impatiently, but almost justifiably, that she needs a kick in the pants.) O.E.E.C. has tried hard, but it is still too awkward, too stumbling; the 16 nations have not really made much progress towards integrating their economies, toward wiping out the financial and economic barriers that prevent them from developing their riches fully. The traditions and separatisms and jealousies of a thousand years still cripple co-operation. Even Benelux, the economic union of Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg, has not begun to work effectively. Above all, Western Europe has still not got herself into an effective posture of defence.

The Atlantic Pact is only a year old, and already the defence chiefs meeting at The Hague have been able to report progress. They have a "plan" of defence in case Europe is attacked. But, in fact, the only real defence is still the atomic bomb. In short, the French, Belgians, Dutch, Italians,—and Germans—are pretty sure they will be liberated some day if the Russians over-run them—but that gives them little comfort. There will be nothing worth liberating. And if war comes, they will not fight with any real determination and heart until there is a reasonable prospect

that the Russians can be held on the Elbe.

Russia has at least 2,500,000 men under arms—the largest peacetime army in history. She has 120 infantry divisions, 30 armoured divisions and 15 airborne divisions. Along the line from Lubeck on the Baltic to Trieste on the Adriatic she now has 25 divisions, and the force could be increased to 90 divisions within a month. In Eastern Germany the Russians have created also the "German People's Police," a highly trained force of 40,000 men planned as the nucleus of a greater German army later on. The Russians also have some 10,000 tanks; 15,000 first-line airplanes—which make it the biggest air force in the world (though not, of course, the best); the biggest submarine force in existence, and a stockpile of atomic bombs which is increasing at the estimated rate of 20 a year.

FRANCE IS THE KEY

Against all this the West Europeans have no more than a dozen effective divisions! Britain has an army of 400,000 men. But 120,000 of them are conscripts in training. Britain has only five effective divisions, ready for battle fight now—and three of them are in Malaya, Hong Kong and North Africa. In Germany she has only one infantry and one armoured division. The U. S. has only two divisions in Germany.

Britain is spending 12.8 per cent of her national revenue on defence, a colossal sum: something like \$700,000,000 a year. But a huge portion of it goes on the air force and the navy and on the development of secret weapons. The army is not half strong enough.

France has an army of nearly 500,000 men, but the most effective part of it is now in Indo-China. France is the key to the land defence of Europe—unless and until the Germans are brought into it—and much depends on her morale as well as on the number of her divisions. And we might as well face the fact that if the Russians attacked today, the morale of France would not last long. "What's the good?" they would say. "Why try to defend the Rhine with half a dozen divisions?" There are signs that the new French army will be a good one, but the rebuilding is painfully slow.

The Benelux countries have only two effective divisions.

The chiefs of staff of the Atlantic Pact hope that within four years France will have 24 fully equipped divisions, Britain eight, Benelux seven and Italy six. But today there are only 12 divisions effective for the defence of Europe. There will be only 20 at the end of 1952 at the present rate of expansion.

The main trouble is that Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Italy cannot afford enough money for defence. Already the cost of armies and armaments threatens the economic recovery made possible by Marshall aid.

Yet there can be no safety and health for the Europeans until they have 40 first class divisions—with all that implies in the way of modern equipment, tanks and tactical air forces—ready to defend the West on the Elbe.

Some of the pessimists and defeatists in Europe take issue with this: They say: "What do armies matter these days? Who cares about the number of divisions? If war comes, the cities will be destroyed by atomic bombs, and it will be the end of civilization in any case. Why bother defending Europe on the Elbe or anywhere else while London, Paris, Brussels and The Hague and the rest of our cities go up in pillars of smoke? Haven't you people heard of hydrogen bombs and radioactive dust?"

It is a telling argument in some ways. But it is defeatist. It gives up the ghost. The answer to it is that a weak, divided and inadequately armed Europe is an invitation to aggression, and that there is safety only in strength.

And it is being realized more and more widely that Europe can be strong only in integration with the U. S. and Canada. That is why the movement is now on foot for the creation of an Atlantic Council.

It is asked in some quarters: "How many more councils and pacts are we going to have? There is O.E.E.C. and there is the Council of Europe and the Atlantic Pact and what not. Why not let them succeed before setting up something new and still more ambitious?"

UNION ON THE WAY

To which the federalists have an

enthusiastic reply. The time has come, they say, for an Atlantic Council that will supersede everything else. The other organizations were excellent attempts, but it is already clear that they are not enough. The world crisis calls for heroic measures; for a great new impulse toward the union of the free world. And they adduce the arguments in favour:

1. Only Atlantic Union will be able to finance the defence of the West.

2. The Europeans alone, it becomes evident, lack the will or dynamic to form themselves into an effective union, eliminating the tariff walls and financial restrictions that prevent a new industrial and economic revolution. But Atlantic Union could do it. The economic difficulties which make Britain, for example, shrink today from a customs union with France would vanish in the larger framework.

3. It would help solve the German problem. Many Europeans are afraid that Germany would soon dominate a European union, but that fear would

be needless in the vaster framework of a union of the western world.

4. It would be an electrifying answer to the Cominform. For the first time, the nations of the free world would be able to concert their strategy against the Communists. So far, the counter-measures against Communism have been haphazard and last minute, and often too late. Now they would be well planned and on time.

5. The rest of the world would be enthused at the spectacle of the free peoples uniting in a bold, imaginative venture. Overwhelmingly strong, the Union would be safe from attack. And confident in its strength, it could set out to build a way of life and a world that would make a mockery of Communism and its claims. We might begin to see a light in the world gloom. We might at last be able to say, as Smuts said so hopefully when the League of Nations was born, "Humanity has struck its tents and is on the march."

Atlantic Union is already on the way. Within five years it will be a reality—unless a war gets there first. —Copyright.

TRAVELLING LIBRARIES IN THE UNITED STATES

By BETTY WASON

TRAVELLING libraries have opened a new world to American farm families. Book-mobiles—motor caravans loaded with books—make regularly-scheduled trips through country districts, into areas beyond the reach of city public libraries. Sometimes the book-mobile will stop in a school yard, so that the children can come out from the school to browse over the books, make their selection, and fill out a rental card. Again it will stop at a country store, to gather books returned by farmers and their wives, and to leave an entirely new choice of titles. Post offices, homes and community centres are used as book "depots" where the travelling book-mobile can pause, deliver its cargo, and accept suggestions and orders for other reading fare to be brought on the next visit.

The first travelling library in America was initiated as long ago as

1920, when a horse-drawn wagon carried books to rural sections of Maryland. But it was not until the 1930's that the idea began to spread. Then, under the impetus of the Tennessee Valley Authority, in an area where the marvels of cheap electricity had brought new life and hope to the farm people of the region, a fleet of travelling libraries was introduced more or less as an experiment. That experiment was so successful that today there are two regional library services in the Tennessee Valley, with the 22 counties of the two regions pooling their efforts and resources to provide an ever-increasing service. Other nearby states followed suit. In eight of the southern states—Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Virginia and Tennessee—there are 14 regional libraries in all.

In the state of Louisiana, one book-mobile travels approximately 1,500

miles every month, making from three to four hundred stops at homes, stores, schools and gasoline stations. Its route is announced in advance in the newspapers. In good weather, a folding table and stools are set up near the car when it stops so that people can look over the books and make their selections in a leisurely way. In the crowd may be lumbermen, mothers with babies in their arms, old men with canes, and always an eager group of boys and girls. Some borrowers walk two or three miles to meet the Louisiana book caravan.

Over 500 book-mobiles altogether are in operation in various parts of the United States. Thirty-three different states maintain this travelling library service, with some states, notably Ohio and California, keeping between 25 and 30 book-mobiles in operation throughout the year.

Kern County, in California, covers an area of 8,170 square miles with its travelling library service. Library headquarters are located at the county seat, and from there the caravans go out to 174 small libraries, which have been placed in schools, stores, post offices and individual farm houses. After the book-mobiles have deposited new books at these many small depots, they go on direct to the camps of migratory agricultural workers, to the borax mines located in the desert, and into the oil fields.

Each of the Kern County book stations is in charge of a custodian, who not only loans out the books in her care, but makes notations of other books which the nearby residents have expressed a desire to read. An oil geologist may want the latest book on petroleum engineering; a ranchman may request a book on cotton; or a housewife may ask for a history of the United States. If the county headquarters does not have the book requested, the order is transmitted in turn to the largest of the public libraries in the state capital. If it is not there, the order will be referred to a university library.

Throughout the state of California, there are altogether 3,600 book-distributing stations. A joint catalogue, showing what volumes are obtainable at all the larger public and university libraries, is passed out to the smaller county libraries, so that they will know where to turn when an unusual request comes in. In this way a nota-

ble collection of books on citrus fruits in one county, or one of social problems and economics in another may be readily useful to readers anywhere in the state.

In the state of Ohio, the Farm Bureau Federation has organized a state-wide Book Advisory Council to help provide the farm families of the state with the reading material they want and need. There are 1,500 branches of this council, and they conduct a two-way survey. At meetings, members of the council discuss the kind of reference material which would be most useful to farmers, and suggestions are turned over to the state headquarters, so that they in turn can find out what books on these subjects are available. The list of available books is then distributed to farm families through the advisory councils, so that when the book-mobile comes to the area, it will be able to bring the kind of reading matter the people most desire.

American farm families are interested in just about everything, to judge from the kind of books they ask for. Here is a typical list of subjects: "Books on current world affairs, what state socialism is, our relations with Russia, organic chemistry, principles of engineering, photography, how-to-do-it books, and books on human nutrition." They want fiction and poetry, too, and the children are eager to see the handsomely-illustrated tales of fantasy which the book-mobiles bring to their doors. But the demand for technical and informative literature is much greater than that for entertaining reading.

In the monthly bulletin which the Ohio Farm Bureau sends out to all its members, an entire section now is devoted to book reviews, and to lists of books recommended for reading. The farm bureau has also arranged for special book displays to be set up at village post offices, and plans soon to add book shops to the cooperative stores where feed, hardware and other supplies are sold.

At a typical farm meeting near Peoria, Ohio, a reporter talked to one of the farmers about his attitude toward books. The farmer told him:

"I didn't use to think there was much need for a farmer to read or own books. I always thought a book was something fancy that you read

when you had time on your hands. And a farmer never has much time on his hands. But I've begun to change my mind lately. Personally, I'm worried about all these things that are happening in the world. I want to know more about them—for the same reason I want to know more about weeds and scaly bugs. I want to be able to tell the good from the bad. And I want more information about farming, too—books about grass silage, soil erosion, and nutrition—and all these new things we're dealing with on land and in our homes."

In the town of Whitehouse, Ohio, the book-mobile makes a regular Saturday night stop in front of the town's best drugstore, for Saturday night is when the farmers come into town to do their weekly shopping. The book-mobile's arrival has become a regular social event in Whitehouse, and each week crowds line up awaiting its arrival.

In another town in the same area, rural residents asked that the book-mobile stop at the township school on the night that parents and teachers held their weekly meeting. The visit of the book-mobile had a double effect. It increased attendance at the parent-teacher's meeting, and it increased the reading of the nearby residents.

It is not only the farm families that are benefiting by travelling libraries. The system has become popular in the new metropolitan suburban areas which do not yet have their own permanent community centres.

The New York Public Library maintains such a service on nearby Staten Island, where a caravan known as the Richmond Travelling Library makes a weekly trip over a 90-mile route. More than 1,800 children and 400 adults subscribe to this particular travelling library, and often there is a turnover of as many as 600 books a day.

A typical stop of the Richmond Travelling Library may take place before a large grocery store in a veterans' housing project. As soon as the caravan comes to a stop, the four-man crew gets to work. The driver opens the glass sides of the book-mobile and removes the bars that hold the books in place. Then the librarian takes her post at the checking-in window next to the driver's seat, while her assistant sets up a card table

to serve as the checking-out desk. A second assistant arranges the children's books in a special bin, which the driver places outside on the ground.

In a short time, the caravan is surrounded by a crowd of excited children and their mothers. One of the assistant's stands inside the truck, accepting returned books, cataloguing them, and returning them to their place on the shelves.

A boy of six wants to have his own library card. The assistant helps him to print out a card in his childish scrawl, explaining: "As long as they can write or even print their own names, we accept them as members of the library."

The Richmond book-mobile is never in a hurry to leave. As long as the children and their mothers want to linger, poring over the books to be chosen, the travelling librarians are glad enough to remain. At last, when every child has signed up for new books, and the mothers have bundled up the babies again in their carriages, the crew of the book-mobile fastens up the shelves again, folds up the portable tables, and drives on to the next library stop.

In the course of its four-day trip each week, the Richmond Travelling Library makes 16 different stops. Other book caravans, in other states, are sometimes en route for as long as two weeks at a time, the librarians stopping for the night in a farmhouse or accepting the hospitality of a village matron. Some of the caravans have been constructed out of the ingenuity of the rural folk they serve—a truck with crude shelves fitted along the sides, or an old Army ambulance converted into a book wagon, or a jeep with its books put away in boxes. Some of the regions the caravans penetrate are so wild that only a jeep can make it over the rough roads.

The enthusiasm aroused by these travelling libraries and the inspiration they have brought to rural American families have led members of Congress to suggest that federal funds be used to support the project on a national scale. But meantime, organizations like the Farm Bureau Federation, and the rural library associations and various educational groups, are expanding the service on a volunteer basis according to American tradition.—U.S.I.S.

FARCE OF EDUCATION ON CEYLON ESTATES

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

A month or two ago, there appeared in a famous Indian weekly some photographs about how Ramasamy and Meenakshi (the typical Indian estate workers) send their sons to school in the Ceylon estates. There was no article accompanying the photographs, but the pictures gave the impression that their children were being educated well.

One of the things I enquired most about in the estates I visited was therefore about the education of the workers' children there. The results of my enquiries revealed that the so-called education on the estates was, as one estate clerk himself put it aptly, "just a farce."

I went first to a rubber estate in south-west Ceylon. The first man I met as I entered the estate border was (as I learnt later) the schoolmaster there. He was coming from the factory apparently after writing some accounts there. It was then about 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

Later in the afternoon, after seeing the factory and parts of the estate, I saw the estate school in action. It was more than 2 o'clock in the afternoon then, and the school was due to start.

The school building had no doors or windows, but a sort of enclosed verandah with a zinc sheet roofing. There were two infants sleeping on the floor and one was being lulled to sleep in a hammock by a woman. There were a number of children of various ages playing about this building and climbing up and down from the desks and the enclosure wall. There were four desks, with two benches. There was no seat for the teacher.

I made enquiries regarding the school from others nearby. I was told that it was not the actual school building. The building which was intended to be the school for purposes of show, was somewhere else. The roofing of that building had been stolen by the villagers. So no school could be conducted in the actual school building.

The one where these young hopefuls were making themselves gay was intended to be a creche and shown as such in the report. At present, since there was no school-building, the creche was in addition utilized for teaching the young ones. The children sleeping on the floor and the one that was lulled to sleep showed that it was still being used as a creche, though I still wonder at the hardihood of those infants who slept soundly amidst the noise made by the boys and girls.

The boys and girls playing about numbered thirty approximately. I was told that the number on rolls was about seventy-five, while the total number of school going age on that section of the estate was nearly a hundred. I was however later told by the workers' delegate who showed me round that it was a good show that the schoolmaster had put up for me. Actually only about fifteen boys attended school each day. Today was exceptional since thirty attended. On inspection day, more children would be herded into the school.

I was also told that all estate schools taught up to the fifth standard. All classes from the first to the fifth standard were always put in one room and taught (?) by only one schoolmaster, all at one time. I understood that it was the case in all the estate schools.

By this time, the teacher had come and the little brats were then herded hurriedly into the creche-cum-school. The woman was continuing her lullaby.

As far as I could see, no teaching was done. In fact, no teaching could be done under those conditions; all children from the first to the fifth standard were in one room. Some children were tracing letters on the sand. Others were in various poses playing or sitting idle. The teacher attempted to give some dictation to the boys and girls of the fifth standard in Tamil. It was some prose passage, dealing with the life

of Thiruvalluvar, author of the "Kural." It sounded to me as a fairly difficult passage. Of course only two or three students really wrote anything.

The teacher told me that the school had two sessions, one in the morning and another in the afternoon. He handled only the afternoon session. In the forenoon, he did accounting work in the factory office. Teaching was only a part-time job for him. I also learnt that he was not in possession of any teaching certificate. He was a nice man and just kept the children within the premises, without trouble to their parents for the time being. I learnt that his basic salary for one session teaching was Rs. 35.

In a nearby estate, I found that conditions were slightly better. The teacher was a full-time teacher and more children attended the school.

That night, I had a talk over this matter with the chief clerk of the estate. He had to confess that as a whole education in estate schools was a farce. He told me that he had prevented petty thefts in the estate by prosecutions but even he did not seem to be sufficiently interested in the theft of the school roof. He said that conditions were slightly better regarding education than ten years before, when teachers had no fixed salaries and never taught in the school. After a fight with the Government, the estates were able to get from them larger grants and pay for the teachers. But even as such the present pay of the teachers on the estates was pitifully low compared with the pay outside. So most of the teachers who taught on estate schools were untrained people, who had little aptitude for teaching and who mostly did some clerical work as their main occupation and teaching as part-time work. Secondly, the parents kept their children at home in the forenoon to help them. So all in all few indeed got educated even in the three R's. In fact, at the most, only ten per cent of estate labour was literate. The schools were kept up just because of the clause in the Indian Emigration Act under which schools must be provided for estate Indian labour. He concluded by saying that only when Government took over all estate schools and ran them as Government schools was there a chance of estate children becoming really educated.

Later next week, I visited some tea estates in south-east Ceylon. In the first school I visited, the school buildings were good,—tile-roofed and well-kept. Of course, all classes from the first to the fifth standard were conducted only in the same room.

The school was not open since the holidays had begun by then. But I met the teacher. He was as usual not a trained teacher, and taught only for one session, only in the afternoon. He was paid decently on the Government scale in this school. The number of students on the rolls was 62, while the total number of school-going children, I understood, was about 80. But I wondered how many of these 62 at all attended school regularly. The Superintendent who took me round the estate in this case said that the workers were not satisfied with the school and the teacher. He knew no English and the Superintendent could not therefore provide for such boys who wanted to learn it.

Later I went to another tea estate, where I found in one division, that the school was so far away in another division that the workers could not send their children to that estate school. Moreover, they had to cross a river on the way, and the bridge provided for crossing was so bad that they dared not send their children through that route. But they were not exactly keeping their children idle. With commendable hope and faith, they had them instructed by a local young man, the son of a worker there, who had studied in a Government school, in the place nearby provided for weighing the tea. I went to the place along with the teacher and his charge. There were old benches, four in number and the place was an enclosed verandah used for weighing and checking the day's collection of tea. It was used as a school after the day's weighing was over. This proved clearly that the workers did want to get their children educated, if the conditions were all right.

Some teachers and workers whom I met in a district election also agreed that the present estate schools did pretty little, and there was little chance of estate labour being well-educated under these conditions. The only remedy was to convert them into Government schools, to be taken over by the Government.

In the Matale session of the Ceylon Indian Congress, I again asked the C. I. C. members and leaders about it. Sri S. Thondaman said that unless the Government took a direct interest in the estate schools, it was futile to expect better results from the present system. In fact it was mainly because Kannangara, the previous Education Minister, who introduced the free system of education, promised to bring the estate schools under Government management, that they ex-

tended their support to him. The new Education Minister, Nugawela, has often promised to do something about estate schools, but has not so far done anything. So the estate schools continue just as before.

According to the Ceylon Labour Commissioner's Report there are 968 estate schools and about 53,000 boys and girls attending them. The Report tells nothing about the education imparted in these schools. That, as I have found, is pretty little indeed.

AUTONOMOUS TIBET

By ARTHUR OSBORNE

IT is probable that Tibet is doing the best it can for itself in negotiating for its recognition as an autonomous State under Chinese suzerainty. Certainly if it held out for complete independence Chinese opinion would be solid behind the new Government in effecting its conquest.

There is no nation with a longer continuous history or with a keener interest in its own history than the Chinese. As far back as history goes, China has known alternate periods of order and chaos, prosperity and starvation. Outside historians have tended to stress the periods of breakdown, but in fact they have been mere interregna between the collapse of one dynasty and the founding of another. It is natural today that, whatever the social and economic theories of the new regime, the Chinese people should look upon it as one more restoration of strong government after the interregnum that began with the 'opium wars' and the signing of unequal treaties with the Western Powers. But it still has to prove itself. And Chinese tradition demands that a new dynasty should prove itself in a two-fold manner—by restoring strong Government and prosperity at home and by re-asserting Chinese authority over the 'outlying provinces.' Tibet is counted among these, and if the new regime insists on its sovereign rights, so did other dynasties at their inauguration, even though they left Tibet its autonomy once it submitted. The Tibetans know this and also know that any succour they might receive is too far away to be effective, and they are wise to bow before the storm.

Incidentally, Viet Nam is regarded as a part of China's cultural sphere of influence but not necessarily an 'outlying province.' But Mongolia is an 'outlying province.' It will be interesting to see whether the 'Mao Dynasty' can pass the traditionally prescribed test there also.

What is of interest in a different way and is overshadowed by the worldwide tug-of-war between Russia and America is that if Tibet's capitulation does in fact lead to the imposition of a new social order the last bastion of the older order of things where spiritual values counted far more than material will have gone down before the spirit of the age. Although the Russian version of modernism is more materialist than the American in theory, both in fact represent the triumph of body over mind, of action over meditation, of worldly values over spiritual. A land in which some 20 per cent of the male population renounce the world for a life of celibacy and sadhana and in which saints are more common than mechanics will suddenly find itself plunged into the dialectical materialism of Marx.

However, all this may not come immediately, and indeed may not come at all. The authorities at Lhasa are not acting foolishly. They know that the new regime in China has a vast amount of work before it at home and the aggressive, revolutionary phase may work itself out before ever Tibet comes on the list of priorities. And, on the other hand, they know that a denial of Chinese suzerainty at this juncture would be a challenge that the new regime would feel itself compelled to take up for the all-important reason of prestige.

Serial Story

STERNER STUFF

By S. KRISHNIAH

THE STORY SO FAR: Sukumar, a student in engineering, plays the title role in a Tamil drama which is the feature item in a variety entertainment organised by the University. His acting and singing meet with phenomenal success. His father, Ramchander, a clerk in a firm of structural engineers, who had always discouraged him from singing, is put out when Sukumar reveals to him the success he met with on the stage. He is further depressed when Sukumar informs him that Jayanthi, the film-star, and Ramesh Gupta, the director, both of Cinetone Studios, met him personally and congratulated him.

BY dawn Ramchander was completely reconciled to his decision. It did not seem so unpalatable. Without speaking a word to anybody he finished his breakfast. Sukumar found his father's face more composed and serene than on the previous night but still he did not dare start a conversation. He knew that he had unwittingly wounded his father and thought that the least said the better under the circumstances.

It was a Sunday and Ramchander dressed slowly. He wore a newly washed dhoti and shirt and hung round his neck the only gold-bordered upper-cloth he possessed. He boarded the bus to Mylapore and was going to see Jayanthi who lived in a house there.

As he entered the spacious lawns in front of the film-star's house he spotted the twin-coloured Roadmaster under the portico. Ramchander thought that the presence of the car indicated that she was at home.

Very slowly Ramchander approached the chauffeur who was sitting on the marble steps that led up to the trellised verandah, and asked him if Jayanthi was in the house.

"Yes," replied the chauffeur eyeing Ramchander coldly and not even bothering to get up from his reclining perch. "But she won't see anybody."

"I'm on very urgent business and I must see her," insisted Ramchander. "It's no use. You'll have to go to the studios in the evening and make an appointment."

"But this is a private matter and..." "Whatever it is, she won't see anybody."

"But I must see her."

"How many times am I to tell you to go away? Can't you be sensible?" The chauffeur was becoming openly impolite.

"Just tell her that I've come to meet her regarding one Sukumar. She'll see me."

"Look here, you are making a nuisance of yourself and I shall..."

"Driver!" a feminine voice called from inside the house. "Whom are you talking to?"

In one jump the driver was on his feet.

"Somebody to see you, madam. He won't go away."

"Who is he?" asked the invisible lady.

Meanwhile Ramchander took out of his pocket a visiting card on which above the printed words 'M/s Bathwalla & Co., Constructional Engineers' he had inscribed in ink his name P. Ramchander. He handed the card to the chauffeur who took it and entered the house with obsequious ceremony. He came back in a few moments and announced to Ramchander that an interview would be granted but his look did not conceal his disapproval of his employer's relaxation of the rigid code she had always adopted of never receiving strangers in her abode.

Ramchander, despite the chauffeur's contumelious look, entered the hall which was floored with mosaic tiles and expensively furnished. A radio-gram from one corner was pouring out a soft melody in scarcely audible volume. Ramchander was conscious of

the fact that in that atmosphere of swank and elegance he was a complete misfit.

As he was just wondering whether he should sit down and wait or cough to announce his entrance, a maid-servant came and asked him to follow her upstairs. There he was left sitting on a comfortable plush-upholstered chair while his guide deserted him. Another few minutes passed before Jayanthi came to meet him.

It was seventeen years since Ramchander had seen Jayanthi, but time had been very kind to her and Ramchander thought that but for certain changes in her dress, jewels, and the rounding off of the sharper outlines of girlhood she was just the same girl who had walked out on him so long ago. The mixed emotions which assailed him like a tidal wave when he met her face to face left him speechless.

Jayanthi was the first to break the ice.

"So you've come!" she said blandly.

Ramchander's inherent pride was quick to assert itself.

"Yes, I've come, but...but you can't understand how much I've humbled myself to cross your threshold."

"So you've humbled yourself, have you? Anyone in South India will go down on his knees to be received as a visitor in my house!" Jayanthi cracked back, but her tone devoid of sneer took away the sting of any sarcasm she might have intended to convey. It was just her womanly dignity trying to fence off Ramchander's attack.

Meanwhile Ramchander collected his wits. The main purpose of his visit was, to him, a matter of life and death.

"Let's not quarrel, Jaya," he said plaintively. "I've come here to beg—to beg of you the greatest favour you can bestow on me. It is about our son, Suku."

"What about him?"

"You know that well enough. Your blood in him is asserting itself. From his childhood I have tried my best to make his future as grand as my means would permit. Now he is in the middle of the engineering course. I'm afraid he is being side-tracked."

"What do you want me to do? After all he is as much my flesh and blood as yours. If he has inherited my musical talent and a good voice am I to be blamed?"

"No, I'm not blaming you for that. But why did you see him yesterday and offer to take him on in the studios?"

"I'll tell you. I saw him yesterday because that was the only chance I had after so many years to see him and talk to him. After all I'm his mother, am I not? Don't you think I love him as much as you do?"

"Then you'd have never left him."

"I knew you'd say that. But let us not go into all that...I can tell you that whatever happens a mother's love will never die. That is why I took the first opportunity to see my son and talk to him. I had longed for that for years and I got the chance only yesterday. And I can also tell you one thing more—Sukumar has music in the very marrow of his bones."

"I know that. That is why I'm so afraid. I don't want him to fall short of his ideal."

"His ideal?"

"Yes...of becoming an engineer. I can get him a job under Mr. Bathiwalla and soon I hope he will enter the business on a partnership basis."

"Are you sure that is what Sukumar wants?"

"He is too young to know what exactly he wants. But if he follows my advice he'll be a big-shot one day."

"You are mistaken. That is what you want. You were a jealous husband and now you are a jealous father. You don't want him to choose the life in which he will be happy. You want him to live the life you have charted out for him just to satisfy your ambitions. But you will find..."

"I didn't come here to discuss that."

"It doesn't matter. I have as much right to interfere in my son's future as you."

"No. Of course not. You relinquished that right when you abandoned him as a baby."

"That is what you think. But you are wrong. The night before I left you when I had already made my decision I thought for a long time whether to take Sukumar with me or not. Ultimately I decided to leave

him. And if you could only understand what agony it was for me to leave my baby behind, you won't talk like this now. But I had to leave him because even then when I was leaving you for good, even then, I still cared for you. I had to leave behind something to make you live for—otherwise you wouldn't have found life worth living. That is why in spite of my bleeding heart I left Suku behind."

Jayanthi averted her countenance so as to hide from her husband her eyes which were coruscant with tears.

"I'm sorry, Jaya," murmured Ramchander very softly, "But I want you to promise me one thing. If ever Suku comes to Cinetone Studios for a job you must promise me never to help him."

"I'll promise you that. I don't think it is likely Suku would apply to the Studios but if ever such a contingency arises I'll keep clear of aiding him."

"Thank you. I'll go now." Ramchander turned and retraced his steps.

By the time he reached home Ramchander had reviewed the whole conversation he had with his wife who had so long ago thrown him overboard to follow a musical career. He knew Jayanthi's promise to him was genuine. He was also mentally relieved at the thought that thereafter he had no need to be afraid of Jayanthi's initiative in attracting her son to the sphere of her activity.

But Ramchander was not to cheat fate so easily as all that. The phenomenal success of Sukumar on his first appearance before the footlights had gone to the head of Director Ramesh Gupta. It was an added incentive to Ramesh Gupta that the next picture he would be directing was the story of a young man who attained fame through singing and it was the director's opinion that Sukumar would be an ideal choice to play that role. He had one or two others in view but not only were they old actors who had long ago hit the lime light and were then on the downgrade as box-office attractions but also costly. The producer under whom Ramesh Gupta was working was a very stingy man and so Ramesh Gupta thought that if he could only drag Sukumar into the picture he would be satisfying everybody concerned. Further he had already thought out a few publicity

stories which would surely make the golden-voiced engineering student a public idol long before releasing the picture.

When Ramesh Gupta wanted a thing he got it. So he set to work on Sukumar meeting him often in college and giving him a lift back home in his sleek limousine. Slowly Ramesh Gupta tried to convince Sukumar that he must leave the Engineering College and follow the noble career of film-acting. Sukumar was no match for the wily director and soon he believed every word Ramesh Gupta spoke. But the main obstacle was yet to be overcome. He must convince his father. Of course he wouldn't accept Ramesh Gupta's offer against his father's wish but he must somehow talk his father round and make him see eye to eye with him.

Armed with arguments prepared and memorised, Sukumar cautiously opened the topic to his father the following Sunday.

"What is your objection to film-acting, father?" Sukumar enquired.

This immediately put Ramchander on his guard.

"Out with it, Suku. Has anyone been talking any more nonsense to you?"

All Sukumar's carefully memorised preambles had to be shelved. His father had approached the subject in his mind with rude directness.

"Yes, father. I've been talking a lot during the last week to Mr. Ramesh Gupta."

"With him alone? Or was your famous Jayanthi also there?"

"Only with him, father. He has made me an attractive offer."

"Nonsense. Don't entertain any foolish ideas. Aren't you becoming an engineer?"

"Yes, but what's wrong with film actors? They earn more money."

"Is that all that counts?"

"No, father, but I can't still see what is so degrading in the profession. Film-acting is the short-cut to fame." The last sentence was a quotation from Ramesh Gupta's eloquence:

"Notoriety is a better word."

"You are prejudiced, father. That's all."

"Oh, no. I'm not prejudiced, Suku. When you are as old as I am you'll be able to discern things with a keener perception."

"But I want to become a film-actor!"

"What? Don't be silly! You'll not only ruin yourself but also break my heart."

"Don't take it so hard, father. I won't ruin myself. Mr. Ramesh Gupta told me he would give me a long term contract and if I start working now you can retire and...."

"Enough!... you are the most ungrateful son any father can have. You'll dash all my hopes and ambitions."

Sukumar thought that his father was very unreasonable and intolerant.

"Mr. Ramesh Gupta told me that..."

"Shut up, will you?" I don't want to hear another word of what that rogue said."

"But he has been very kind to me."

"Nonsense. You've been nothing but a fool," Ramchander said almost in the white heat of passion. "It isn't Ramesh Gupta at all. The person behind him is Jayanthi!"

"Jayanthi!" echoed Sukumar, "What can...?"

"Yes, Jayanthi. You don't know a thing, Suku, and so you and I are being made fools of, but Jayanthi won't get away with this... I'll tell you now."

Sukumar did not understand anything. He thought Ramchander was nursing some sort of a delusion. It was surprising to Sukumar that he should know anything about the film-star Jayanthi.

Meanwhile Ramchander had risen up from the chair and was pacing the small room like a caged beast.

"Yes... Jayanthi! She is the person behind all this. Not a doubt." Ramchander spoke in the artificially calm voice which betrayed a smouldering passion. "You don't know who she is, do you, Suku? No. Of course not. I never wanted you to know the truth until I was no more. But I find it's no use. You must know everything, Suku. You'll be surprised to know who Jayanthi is... She is your mother!"

Ramchander paused. He had stopped pacing to confront his son. Sukumar had a vacant look stamped on his face. He was past the stage of surprises. He was wondering whether his father was in his right senses.

"No, Suku I'm not mad," said Ramchander reading his son's thought

easily. "I'll tell you the story from the beginning. I married your mother when both of us were very young, without the consent of my parents. They ostracized me. I had a job and so we managed to set up a house. Jaya, that is your mother, had a passion for music and was also a talented singer. But to her music was everything. She worshipped it. She placed it above you and above me. Finally this great passion led her wrong. I suspected that she was having an affair with her music-master and told her that from then on her music must stop or she must leave the house. She preferred to leave us both and you were not even weaned at that time. Her singing has helped her to climb the rungs of her ignoble profession. You know what she is now."

During the course of this narrative Sukumar had slowly recouped his mental balance. Many incidents in his life which had puzzled him had solved themselves. Ramchander had never spoken to his son about his wife during the latter's childhood and had always deftly changed the topic of conversation whenever Sukumar had brought up the subject. In later years Sukumar had refrained from asking his father anything about his mother since he had concluded that she was dead and hence any talk about her would be painful to his father.

But now Sukumar was ashamed. Ashamed of his mother who had eloped with her music-master abandoning her husband and the baby son. And she now had the limelight of the country upon her. The irony of it all!

Meanwhile Ramchander resumed his monologue.

"That's why, Suku, I started hating music. 'I taught you to hate it but Jaya's blood is in your veins and I could not succeed. Now, at least, after knowing the whole truth, I hope you will not talk any more of music, dramas, or films. I have had more than a man's share of suffering in this world, Suku, but all that will be more than recompensed if you will only come up to my expectations.'"

The pathetic tones of the father went straight to Sukumar's heart.

"I'm sorry, father. I'll do my best to make up."

(To be continued)

THE SHADOW AND THE SUBSTANCE

INTOLERABLE MORAL CONTRADICTIONS OF THE AGE

TO be better human beings than our theories of betterment allow, and to distrust, therefore, the theories that we have; yet to be too uncertain, too fearful or too unimaginative to make theories that will call out all our potentialities—this seems to be the situation of modern man.

Of course, we are not absolutely sure that we are better than our theories. Some of the time we remain persuaded that the men who have set the patterns of human activity in our culture were right. We agree, that is, with Trotsky, who said that great historical changes must be powered by aroused self-interest; or with the Free-enterprisers, who tell us that competition in acquisitiveness is a basic law of nature. But because we cannot agree with this low estimate of man *all* of the time, we become slightly cynical toward both our secret ideals and the programmes of human betterment which sometimes get our support and sometimes not.

Men make various adjustments to this situation. A life of furious activity in behalf of some political cause is the way chosen by some. Perhaps one reason why politics seems so out of proportion, emotionally, is that the people who give all their energies to politics have to convince themselves that what they are doing is as important as they try to make it seem to others, and this places them under an unnatural psychological strain.

Illustrations might be found among the many individuals of undeniable integrity who, long before Pearl Harbour, were fanatically in favour of the participation of the United States in World War II. This is not to suggest that only fanatics and people suffering from emotional unbalance wanted the United States to intervene in the European war. The case for intervention could be and was stated without passion. We speak of the fanatics—the persons who tended to regard all those who disagreed with them as either moral sluggards, traitors to the cause of freedom, or dupes of Nazi propaganda. Politics has been called

the art of the possible; more precisely, it is the art of the almost immediately possible—in other words, success in politics depends upon the ability of the politician to get large numbers of people to behave in a certain way, according to a given time-table. And when a human being lets his thinking take him to a point where he believes that the highest good depends upon some big political issue—like getting into or staying out of a war—he becomes a fanatic; some would call him a potential if not an actual fascist.

A vague suspicion of the logic of this sort of sequence probably keeps many people from taking politics very seriously. They see the political issues of the day when they are presented—they hear the arguments and try, under the spur of conscience, to take a just position—yet their political life remains a kind of "going through the motions." Their hearts are not in it.

So much of the "challenging" rhetoric of the day falls into the same category as political appeals that we become tired of its importuning absolutes. Their champions are too sure of the "ultimate" importance of what they say, and it is just this finality which makes us suspicious. Actually, we know that the promises are too easily made—that the passage of a particular piece of legislation, that the formation of a new society or the drafting of another world constitution will not bring us closer to the heart of our existence.

Why don't these people tell us about their doubts instead of their certainties? Why don't they throw down their misleading banners of authority? Why is it that these certainties always have to do with programmes that need the support of organizations, instead of ideas that need the questions and searchings of the mind?

We pick up the books written by our scholars, our intellectuals and our publicists, and we lay them down. If, while reading them, we bite into anything besides slogans, it is usually something which does not matter very

much. The fact is that we have reduced our allotment of idealism to two extremes—to ideals which are so remote and perfectionist by definition, so unconnected with the lives we lead, that they have only a fairy-tale reality for us; and to ideals which we may assent to, but will not give our hearts to because they can be gained without changing anything fundamental in our lives and our society.

If we have to have someone to blame for this, we can blame the churches for giving us unreachable ideals, and the pragmatists and progressive educators for limiting our "practical" ends to things which can be written into political platforms. For a multitude of reasons, we have become shy and ashamed of expressing our thoughts on matters which no one can do anything about but ourselves—as though such thoughts were of necessity ineffectual. Yet those thoughts are always with us, setting the key of our daily moods, illuminating what vision we still possess, sometimes pressing us on to belief in the midst of unbelief, sometimes planting the doubts that haunt our loudly proclaimed convictions.

The time has come to reflect upon the totalitarian implications of this state of mind. When we think it over, it may be recognized as a state of extraordinary mental and moral impoverishment, for it amounts to this: we have no natural channels of expression for the highest intuitions of what our lives are about. It shouldn't be difficult to admit to ourselves that the really important truths can never be organized—can never become the property of any class, party or cult. And it shouldn't be difficult, either, to see that our failures in politics are directly related to the attempt to make organizations do the work of independent thinking—to force social reform to atone for the lack of individual constructiveness.

Some human undertakings need organizations for their completion. You can't build a bridge or run a steamship without an organization. The efficiencies of economic production and distribution require an orderly pattern. But when it comes to the goods which are intangible—the goods we want and need most of all—organization and even the language and psychology of organization

invariably get in the way. More than finding "the truth," for example, is finding out that "the truth" is never possessed by institutions. We used to think that if we could lose ourselves in the middle of the crowd, the crowd would carry us along to the right destination. Now, we are beginning to feel the terrible suspicion that the crowd isn't going any place; that it is caught—is impotent, fearful, and defenceless, because everyone has depended upon everyone else for directions.

Occasionally, someone writes a book which seems to have some of the living truth in it—some of that sense of direction that the world now fears it has lost. Carlo Levi's *Of Fear and Freedom* is such a book, but it is written in a strange cipher, an almost allegorical language. Yet in its elusive subtlety we may feel the substance of what our hearts have been seeking among the shadows of other men's pretended finalities. This substance is not only in books, of course. It is all around us, but a book can declare a man's capture of meaning and try to communicate it, so that a book may serve as a common reference-point for what we are all looking for.

Levi intimates—and such things can only be intimated—that a sense of the meaning of life is born from human willingness to accept the struggle for freedom, from refusing to take refuge behind the protective barriers of church or state, or to accept the shadowy symbols of freedom for its substance. What is the place where comradeship and cooperation change into cowardice and failure—into submission to the dark, undifferentiated Chaos from which we or some part of us came? Levi does not say, for to be free is to decide this for oneself—it is to ask no questions of the fathomless origin of things, but only of ourselves, who are the articulate representatives of life. There is only one human failure—to ask and expect someone else to explain the mysteries to us, to be afraid for our souls or for our lives.

Is it possible that at last the world is growing up? That the pain of our lives in the present is only a prelude to some kind of rebirth into greater

maturity? This is certainly an age when human beings are called upon, almost in the mass, to find security within themselves instead of in some kind of political or military or religious organization. This, at least, would be one way to look at the disorders and ominous portents which haunt the people of every country on earth.

Every child, if he is ever to become a man, has at some time to stop living in dependence upon the personal knowledge and authority of his parents and teachers. Good parents and teachers start training the child, almost from birth, with this eventual emancipation in mind. From such training, the child learns responsibility and self-reliance. He learns how to keep from deceiving himself as to his own importance, and he learns how to respect in himself his dignity as a human being. Finally, he reaches the hour when both freedom and the weight of the world fall upon his shoulders. The freedom is limited, but so is the weight of the world, and if he were not able to exercise some freedom, to lift some of the weight, he would never grow up at all.

Some children are eager to step into the world of adult responsibility, while others fear it, avoid it, and delay acceptance of their freedom from parental authority and protection. Many people find new authorities to take the place of their parents—their "boss" or their priest or, more remotely, their political party or leader. Then for the more sophisticated there is the general cultural outlook of the time, the "climate of opinion," as the historians say, on which they rely for orientation and guidance. "Culture" may be thought of as the parent of gradually maturing generations, providing a stable environment of social wisdom in which men may find a starting place for new undertakings.

But today, instead of being its children, men are increasingly the captives of their culture. They are surrounded by intolerable moral contradictions. The traditions of the past have somehow grown into monstrous dilemmas, periodically resolved

by the incalculable disaster of modern war. The power of organization—and organization for its own sake, devoted to power for its own sake, in its most uncompromising form is *military* organization—is imposing a new kind of choice upon all human beings—a decision on which our "culture" sheds no light at all. It is as though we were a primitive tribe given to the periodic celebration of a dreadful orgiastic rite, in which every time we pay the highest tribute to one of our gods, according to the accustomed mode, it kills that god. We fight for freedom, and in defending it we turn the core of freedom into the soft pulp of fear. We worship abundance of the good things of the earth, but to keep it for ourselves we must spend nearly all our wealth in arming against those whom we suspect of wanting to take it away from us. We cherish liberty of speech and conscience, yet we find ourselves constrained to circumscribe speech and jettison conscience on the ground that free speech and conscience in actuality are a menace to free speech and conscience in theory—and so the ideal is turned against its own realization.

While these things are going on, the less tangible distempers of the spirit destroy the savor of our lives. Yet we know, somehow, that we are better than the slogans we repeat, than the compulsions we submit to, and the cultural half-truths to which we give assent. And if we did not know from within about these acts of self-betrayal, we would learn it from the monstrous weapons we are manufacturing—as overt symptoms of the vast cultural delusion that afflicts the world.

It should be evident that we cannot overcome these things on their own terms, but that we shall have to *outgrow* them. There is no mass-answer to mass-destruction and mass-betrayal. Masses do not grow; they only aggregate and disintegrate, according to some scheme of mass-phenomena. For human beings, this means that they must stop being parts of the mass, must begin to be individual intelligences who will make the secret hopes of their hearts the rule of their lives.—MANAS.

EUROPEAN AND ASIAN INTERESTS IN MONGOLIA

By KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

THE establishment of a Communist Government in China marks a big shift in world forces. The ocean frontier established by the adventurous voyages of Vasco da Gama and Columbus is being replaced by a long land frontier—the lengthiest in the world—stretching across the vast Asian Continent between the Soviet Union and China. One can't but hold one's breath to pause and contemplate on what this portends for mankind. And in this new drama Mongolia holds the stage, a land hardly known to the present Western rulers of the world. All that the world dimly remembers is that somewhere at the beginning of the thirteenth century Mongolia was the centre of the world and its warriors had won a mighty empire running across two continents, from Moscow to Malay and from Poland to Peking. All we remember of that romantic period are two legendary names: Jhengiz Khan and Kublai Khan. After they retreated from the gates of Vienna in the 14th century, nobody seems to have heard of the Mongols.

In that same year they had been pushed out of China and the Mongolian dynasty unseated. In the 17th century they were back again in China helping the Manchus conquer it, and Khalkha—which is now the Mongolian Peoples Republic—accepted Chinese suzerainty. Therefore while the South East, Inner Mongolia, was completely absorbed into China by subjecting it to direct Chinese colonisation and rule, Outer Mongolia was more tactfully and cautiously handled. The Chinese revolution of 1911 had its echo in Mongolia too, for the ground had already been prepared. One other factor helped in accelerating this, that is Russia.

RUSSIA DEFEATED IN MANCHURIA TURNS TO MONGOLIA

The rivalry for possession of Manchuria and North China between Japan and Czarist Russia had come to a head in a war in which an Euro-

pean power had for the first time been beaten by an Asian. Russia, thwarted in her plans, found herself sitting with her Trans Siberian Railway leading into a Japanese colony instead of a Russian. Then her eye fell on Mongolia and it widened. Soon the barren deserts and the windy plains of Mongolia became the fashion and rage in St. Petersburg. In 1907 Japan agreed to recognise Outer Mongolia as the sphere of Russian interest and to refrain from any interference, while Russia in turn recognised Japan's interests in Inner Mongolia. Needless to say nobody bothered to ask the Mongols to find out what they had to say on these. The Russians began their exploits in Mongolia naturally by helping it to throw off Chinese overlordship. The Mongols made a proclamation: "We Mongols from today submit no longer to Manchu and Chinese officials. Their authority is abolished." In the West the struggle continued for a while but by 1912 the autonomous state of Mongolia was formed. Russia immediately entered into an agreement with it which included a proviso that Mongolia would not enter into treaties with China or any other country without Russia's sanction. The sting was thus in the tail. Mongolia was however still supposed to be under Chinese suzerainty, but Russia and China in a joint declaration confirmed their intention to respect Mongolia's autonomous state with the right to conclude international trade agreements.

SOCIAL STRUCTURE IN MONGOLIA

Mongolia was at the time a feudal nomad country with a social structure much the same as it had been for seven hundred years before. At the top were a few dozen princes and lama gogens (bishops), who to all intents and purposes were owners of the inhabitants of their respective territories; below them came the regular clergy of the monasteries; and at the bottom the peasant masses. The peasants had to support 120,000 lamas (1/8 of the total population) in

over a thousand monasteries. They were in continual debt to Chinese merchants, who controlled all the trade in the country. The economy of the country was sunk into chaos.

In 1917 came the Russian Revolution and with it abolition of all colonial privileges. This promised a break for the Mongolian masses. But things developed otherwise. Japan joined with the Allies in leading an assault on the new Russian regime, and marched a vast army into Russia setting garrisons all along the Trans-Siberian route. They then set afoot a Pan-Mongol movement to bring together the Buryat-Mongolia around Lake Baikal, Outer and Inner Mongolia, all into a Mongolian empire—needless to say it was to be under Japanese hegemony. But Outer Mongolia refused to come in. Japan seized Outer Mongolia and set up a puppet regime. China seized this hour of confusion to abrogate her recognition of autonomy for Outer Mongolia and decided to absorb it. In the meantime the Red Army, already victorious in Siberia, took over Buryat Mongolia and a People's Government was established there. This was bound to have immediate repercussions on the already chaotic condition in Outer Mongolia. On March 21, 1921, small groups of Mongols led by a handful of conscious leaders convoked the Mongolian People's Revolutionary Party. True to its label it set afoot revolutionary changes. It declared that; "The Mongol people in revolt strive firstly for the liberation of the country from the rule of foreign oppressors, and secondly for such a political structure as will truly defend the interests of the working people and an all round development of the country." In order to achieve this the People's Revolutionary Party announced its intention to "strive for power for the toilers of Mongolia, for the elimination of their sufferings and for their peaceful development and rebirth on a level with other cultured peoples, for a culture founded on labour and for an enlightened social and political equality."

PRETENDER UGERN-STERNBERG

SEIZES POWER WITH JAP HELP

The People's Government establish-

ed by this party extended its authority over the whole of the war-torn country and went straight ahead to sketch Mongolia on a modern pattern. This was a tough task, for it could not count on any developed and conscious class. On the contrary, the populace was a widely dispersed nomad peasantry, very superstitious and feudal in make-up. While this was taking place in Maimacheu on one side of Mongolia a parallel tide was however converging on the other side. A Japanese army was sent into Mongolia under a Baltic named Baron Ugeru-Sternberg, who claimed descent from the ancient Mongol conquerors and was fired with dreams of reviving the ancient splendours of the Khans of old, under Japanese protection. His army marched under the slogan of "Asia for the Asiatics," just as another Japanese army was to march across this region two decades later with the same slogan. This army seized Urga the capital, set up a puppet Government under the banner of "Greater Mongolia." Ugeru-Sternberg kept under custody the Khan of Outer Mongolia, Bogdo-Gegen and forced him to countersign all his decrees. A reign of terror now prevailed. But the Russian Red Army driving the Japanese out of Siberia all along the Maritime region, forced this romantic figure out. The Washington Conference that followed completed this task by demanding Japan to quit China and withdraw its forces from Siberia.

COMMUNISM COMES BACK

Now a proper People's—in other words a 'Communist'—Government came into existence. The Khan was allowed to remain until his death as a constitutional head and then a Republic was declared. The first elected Prime Minister was a peasant. The Buddhist monasteries had been a great power in the country and when the State was separated from religion it naturally led to revolts by the lamas. Most of the land and livestock which had belonged to the monasteries was taken away and distributed amongst the cultivators. The rapid development under Russia of her next door neighbour Buryat-Mongolia had a strong influence on this administration. An agreement of friendship was concluded between

Russia and Outer Mongolia in 1921, followed in 1936 by a pact of mutual assistance. China's protests over this remained feeble for Mongolia itself was not prepared to brook any Chinese interference, insisting that the voluntary submission to Chinese suzerainty by Mongolia in the 17th century was more in the nature of an alliance with the Manchus and had a provision for its cancellation with the fall of that dynasty. This no doubt was precipitated by Japan's moves on the Asian mainland.

UNSUCCESSFUL JAPANESE IMPERIALIST GAME AGAIN

Japan was by now ahead with her plans for expansion. She had already taken over Manchuria and made it her continental base for the conquest of North China. In this scheme Mongolia was to play a somewhat similar role as a spring board for jumping further ahead. After this scheme was set in motion there were repeated border incidents on the Manchurian-Mongolian border synchronising with press propaganda in Japan and Germany. For the Axis had now begun to operate. Stalin explained the Soviet-Mongolian Pact by stressing that were Mongolia attacked by Japan, she would be helped by Russia even as she was in 1921. Thereupon Japan began to build a vast Fifth Column network throughout the entire Mongol region, Buriyatia, Outer Mongolia, Inner Mongolia, Mongol areas within Manchuria, all on the basis of the once-exploded slogan of 'Greater Mongolia.' These naturally were drawn from the feudal and reactionary forces that the now-awakened people were fighting against. Like all imperialists who seek allies to establish colonial rule, Japan had naturally to fall back upon anti-social elements and self interested individuals who are enemies of the mass of people.

Thus when the Sino-Japanese war broke out, Japan was able to immediately occupy Inner Mongolia and set up what was called the Federated Autonomous Government of Mongolia as the nucleus of Greater Mongolia to be formed under the Japanese aegis.

In 1939 the skirmishes between Outer Mongolia and Japan grew and even involved air combats, which means that the Soviet-Mongol Pact was at work and the Soviet planes had

been pressed into action in Mongolia. Towards the end of the year after a severe setback, Japan asked for an armistice. The Japanese threat had only succeeded in pushing this region completely into the Soviet arms. As this Republic is never tired of asserting, the only friend it ever found was the Soviet Union. Under the successive Governments in China, the Mongols had experienced nothing but exploitation. Feudalism and religious oppression had been their lot; the Japanese, in spite of their sweet promises had assumed the same role. Then had come the Soviet hand of help and shown them vast new possibilities for development and material progress.

RAPID ALL-ROUND DEVELOPMENT OF MANCHURIA

There had been practically no geological survey before of this region. It was one of the first things the new Government undertook with Russian aid. The results were most heartening. The following were discovered:

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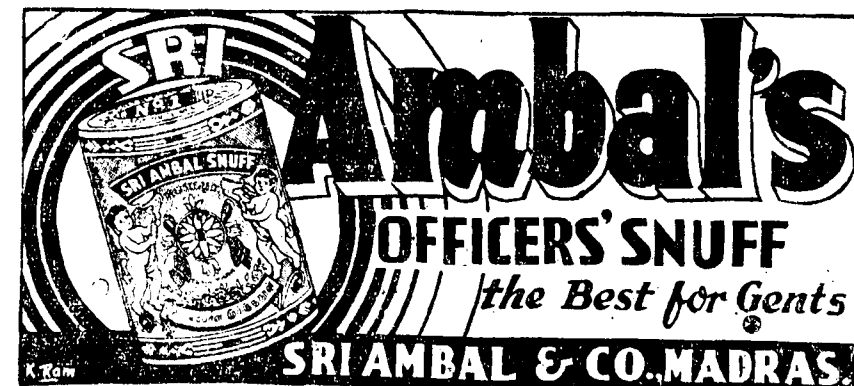
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Coal, high quality lignite with large surface crops, iron (not far from coal) large deposits of magnesite, chrome ore very near the surface; copper, gold, lead, graphite, sulphur, mercury, ochre, antimony, salt. In 1930 an industrial complex began to grow up to utilise the raw material with power supplied by a mechanised coal mine connected to the industrial area by a short railway.

Mongolia's real wealth is in her livestock. In 1919 there were between 12 and 13 million head of livestock. The new Government set to increase and improve the herd. On the eve of the war there were over 25 million, 30 per Mongol, the highest proportion for any country. It is estimated that the steppes can support to a 100 million herd, which is now the target. Semi-desert regions have been converted into pasture lands by drilling thousands of new wells, large store-houses for cattle food constructed, and hundreds of thousands of winter huts put up to shelter the cattle in the cold season. These herds form the base of large industries such as leather, felt and skin goods, preserved food and convertible when necessary for military purposes. To the Mongols, all these and more have been possible through their good neighbour, Soviet Russia. Just to the North they had watched their kinsmen in Buryat Mongolia and their country change beyond recognition in an incredibly short time. It was once just undeveloped steppes, desert and pasture land over which the nomads wandered. Today it is a big industrial centre and

a vast mineral and coal base. What is more it is practically a self-sufficient production centre. Still mineral prospecting and geological surveys go on, making ever rich discoveries. In addition it has forests and millions of herd. The most impressive of all is the huge railway workshops at Ulan-Ude, the capital, with its own smelting works, and turning out the large heavy type of locomotives. There are food factories too. What Buryat Mongolia has achieved Outer Mongolia can also achieve, say the Mongols. Soviet capital has been advanced at a low rate of interest to help Mongolian enterprise. Every effort is made to enable Mongolia produce as many goods as possible and reduce imports. Writing on Mongolia, Owen Lattimore, a great authority on Central Asia, says: "The regional wealth of Mongolia is Mongol. As distinguished from Manchuria and Inner Mongolia, the changes in Outer Mongolia are grounded on a genuinely pro-Mongol base." True its economy is woven into the larger Soviet economy. But it has meant wealth and prosperity and a raising of the standard of living for the general masses. To Mongolia continued closer association with the Soviet Union means all what was undreamed of in its centuries of association with China. Mongolia made her choice when the transformation in Central Asia started in the wake of the revolution in Russia. For with that began a big political shift from West to East and the emergence of a new China today is just one more spectacular phase of it.



JUPITER PLUVIUS IN A DILEMMA

SHAKESPEARE, presumably, never experienced the downpour of a tropical monsoon, for he said of the 'quality of mercy' that 'It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath.'

Till we came down to Bombay and suffered its torrential monsoon, we who come from the 'low rainfall area' of the North also believed in the 'gentle rain' theory. But talk to a man from Cherapoonji about 'gentle rain' and hear him laugh!

THE RAINS CAME!

Every year the advent of the monsoon reminds us of the contradictory needs and demands and prayers of different sections of humanity. There are those to whom the rain comes as a blessing, in answer to their fervent prayers, and there are those for whom it is nothing but a curse which brings misery and disaster in its train.

There is the classic fable of the two sisters, one of whom was married to a farmer and the other to a potter. While the former prayed to God for rain, the latter prayed for 'No rain.' It is not related how God reconciled their mutually contradictory prayers.

This fable had a real-life parallel recently when, in Dacca, the farmers who were praying for early rainfall to water their ploughed-up fields found, to their consternation, that thousands of homeless refugees lying in the open were countermanding their prayers by praying for NO RAIN! The heavens being in a quandary of indecision, the monsoon in that area was delayed. And so, the shrewd farmers made a pact with the refugees that they would provide them for shelter in return for their endorsement of the prayer for rain! The moral of this story is: Unity. For, once the farmers and refugees were united in their prayers, God sent the first blessed shower. Or, may be, meanwhile, it was time for the monsoon to break.

WHOSE PRAYER IS TO BE GRANTED?

One is tempted to make a slight digression on the subject of prayer. Granted there is an omnipotent God, how is it possible for him to grant prayers that are mutually contradictory—the farmer's prayers for rain and the potter's prayers for 'No rain'?

This contradiction was vividly posed in a scene in Barua's sensitively directed *Zindagi* which showed different people going to a temple and asking the same god to grant them different boons—one wanted horse number four to win in the race, another was praying for horse number seven, one wanted it to rain, another wanted it not to rain, and so on.

Barua, the sophisticated cynic, of course, did not offer a solution of this ethical problem. He was content just to pose it as an amusing aspect of life—*zindagi!*—and then passed on to the emotional problem of the two characters played by Saigal and Jamuna.

BLESSING OR CURSE?

No one can dispute or belittle the undoubted necessity of rain for human existence. But for the cloud-bursts this planet would be without any life at all. Not only crops but all plants and trees, all animals and humans, need the life-giving blessing of rain. The niggardly flow from our water taps always warns us that if there is no rain the level of the reservoir would go down further. We curse and abuse the Municipality for not supplying a constant, steady flow of water. Imagine, then, the water scarcity areas where drought means men and animals dying of thirst or reduced to drinking the dirty, germ-laden water from slimy puddles wherever found! No rain would mean sure death, lakhs of these unfortunate

countrymen of ours who, already, are paying one to three pices for just a cup of water! An exercise in arithmetic: Calculate what the luxury of a bath would cost at this rate!

And yet, the contradictions of our present economic system are so strangulating that, rain or no rain, millions of the poor and the destitute stand to suffer.

While the poor farmer, of course, ardently prays for rain, for his very life depends upon it, the homeless worker or vagrant in the city (like the potter) knows that rain means further misery for him. I always used to wonder where the several hundred thousand pavement sleepers passed their nights in the monsoons—till one day I happened to catch an early-morning train at a local railway station. And there, in the narrow waiting hall, in front of the booking windows, I saw a mass of this homeless humanity jammed like sardines in a tin, in a suffocating atmosphere fetid with the odours of unwashed, perspiring bodies huddled close together. Those who were near the door got the spray of rain and coughed asthmatically, while those who were away near the wall sweltered in the heat. Here was one place where the pavement-dwellers sought refuge on the rainy nights—and in Bombay there are at least a hundred such nights. All over the city you see this homeless legion seeking precarious shelter under bridges, in doorways, in the shadow of monuments, and, ironically enough, under the statues of leaders and reformers who had once thunderously orated for the cause of the poor and the homeless!

Then there are the refugees in the camps (like Kolwada near Bombay) living in tents made of patched-up rags, huts made of discarded tins, canisters and card-board, or in leaky, draughty barracks, who have to wade in the rain through foot-deep water and mud to reach a roofless lavatory!

Every monsoon we hear of so many house collapses—the ancient, crumbling piles of brick that cannot withstand the onslaught from the heavens! How many are killed in these house collapses, how many more are rendered homeless?

Rain is a blessing, indeed, the season of cool breezes and pleasant picnics, when one is at last relieved of the scorching summer heat. How delightful to lounge in one's easy chair in one's verandah or sitting room and to watch the merry play of rain-drops. The only worry is to fix adhesive tape

round one's car windows, to get the windscreen wipers tested in time, and to make sure about the non-skid tyres.

But suppose one has no car, no home, no gum-boots, no waterproof, no umbrella, and one has to sleep on wet ground under a overbridge, and to tramp the streets with water soaking through the holes in the soles of the shoes, and it is raining—and raining—and raining—

Does it still seem to be a blessing?

They say the bounties of nature—the sun and the moon and the rain—are free for all, for the rich as well as the poor.

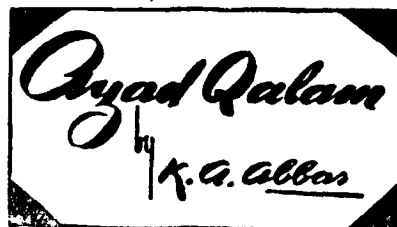
But every year the advent of the monsoon grimly reminds us that only under a different economic system can all men really enjoy the "gentle rain" which "droppeth from heaven upon the place beneath"!

MUCH ADO—

Two amusing dramas—comedies of error—were played in the columns of the Indian and Pakistan press last week—though one was serious enough to cause international repercussions.

One fine morning, all the papers flashed, with bold headlines, a Karachi report that, according to an exclusive scoop published in the Urdu edition of *Dawn*, Sir Owen Dixon, the United Nations Mediator on Kashmir, was proposing to set up a "joint Military Council" for that State by India and Pakistan—to use Kashmir as an anti-Russian base! The *Dawn* report stated that "the purpose is to enable India and Pakistan to use their armies jointly in case of Russian aggression," and added that "the fear of Communist infiltration into Kashmir has given the Kashmir issue great importance in American eyes."

The *Dawn* report was stated to be "unsourced" and no authority was quoted in its support. It was also significant that the Urdu *Dawn* should have scooped such a sensational story while the English edition did not even publish it. Yet our news-editors blazoned the report on the front-pages and leader-writers went to work on it, tearing the alleged Dixon Plan to pieces in editorials several columns long. Sir Owen Dixon was questioned about it and foreign cables rang with the story.



Every one sensed some obscure but menacing significance in the fact that the report should have originated in Pakistan. On the other hand, the Pakistani papers reacted with even greater ferocity and pounced on the *Dawn* for publishing what they regarded as "defeatist" and "alarmist" canards.

The *Dawn* had to explain. It had "pinched" the story from an Indian journal and, though, it had hoped to get away with a "scoop" and therefore had not mentioned the source, now it started abusing the Indian journal—which happened to be *Struggle*, a new Bombay weekly, which had sought to create a first-issue sensation by publishing the "secret" Dixon Plan which, of course, was a piece of "imaginative" writing.

The strange thing is that the Indian papers and news-agencies disregarded "*Struggle*," but went ga-ga over the same story when published by *Dawn*!

The alertness and enterprise of our major news-agency—P. T. I.—can be gauged from the fact that recently it reported some developments in Leh (capital of Laddakh in Kashmir, India)—from LONDON!

CONTRADICTION—75 YEARS TOO LATE!

The other comedy of error, though in a minor key, is nevertheless symptomatic of the humourless Bureaucracy that rules in Pakistan, as in India!

The *Statesman* of Calcutta, in its usual feature "Seventy-five Years Ago Today" published on May 29 an editorial note (from the *Statesman* of May 29, 1875!) reading: "We heard bad news from Dacca. The fish in the rivers in and about the city are reported to be rendered unfit for food and in fact quite poisonous, being infected by parasitical insects."

Promptly came a press note issued by the East Bengal Government strongly contradicting the report, on behalf of the Directorate of Fisheries. The poor, dear Director of Information had not realized that the report he was contradicting referred to fish in the river at Dacca 72 years before Pakistan came into being!

"Contradict First, Think Afterwards!"—may well be the motto of the officials, who control the Governments departments of information.

TOKYO: Britain's Naval Commander in the Far East said he was "not gloomy" over white man's future in South-East Asia and felt that "we have adequate forces to meet any situation that can be considered likely to happen."

OXFORD: The Oxford University Union Debating Society voted against "United States domination of the democratic world."

BANDEONAG: While the Indonesians extended a warm welcome to Pandit Nehru, . . . foreign observers, including the Dutch, on the other hand, viewed the visit rather with distrust and suspicion. They wondered whether it had any political significance. . . . His call to Asian countries to stand together and to be vigilant against inroads in new guise on their newly-won freedom raised eyebrows among foreign observers.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

JULLUNDUR: Claiming himself to be 'King of the Indian Republic' a man named Karan Singh, hailing from Biaspind, Jullundur, is reported to be meeting officials and newspaper editors of Jullundur with his "firman" asking the people of the land to obey him. He demands possession of the Government Treasuries and lands and free travelling in aeroplanes, railway train and motor lorries. He says that "in pursuance of God's will, he has taken charge of the Kingdom of India with effect from January 26, 1950". He has got a certificate from a civil surgeon declaring that his brain is quite in working order.

PATIALA: Gurdevo, a woman outlaw, and two other associates of Ajaiba, a notorious dacoit, were burnt to death when the police set fire to their hiding place on their failure to surrender after a two-hour encounter in the village of Palassur. Ajaiba and three other desperadoes were killed in a ten-hour gun battle in Bhindra village two days ago. Gurdevo, who was originally a Muslim, is stated to have joined the gang of outlaws led by Ajaiba, soon after the post-partition disturbances of 1947. According to the police, she had participated in all dacoities, murders and highway robberies committed by the gang.

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DARTS FROM THE CAPITAL

By "JUNIUS"

THROUGH the columns of this journal which has preserved its soul amidst the declining values of national life, I would rather start releasing my darts from Delhi (New brand) by taking a look round the 'vacant thrones' at the Centre.

Pandit Nehru is in Indonesia fulfilling one of his periodical international missions; Sardar Patel is at Dehra Dun, rallying in its salubrious climate; Mr. Gopalaswami Ayyangar is recuperating his health in the more familiar surroundings of Ooty; Mr. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai is resting "somewhere" in India (outside Uttar Pradesh); Rajkumari Amrit Kaur is sojourning in Europe in the cause of India, so is Mr. Jagjivan Ram; the redoubtable Dr. Ambedkar, on his return from Ceylon where he was lecturing on Buddhism is (at the time of writing) expatiating in Madras on what it is to be a Ceylonese citizen; Mr. Gadgil has reached Mussoorie for a three-week stay; Mr. Munshi is so much on the move that any day he may be found anywhere; and the veteran Maulana Azad is giving the final touches to his extensive tour programme in the Middle East. That the other Sardar of the Cabinet, Mr. Baldev Singh, and the new arrivals Mr. Deshmukh, Mr. Mahatab and Mr. Sri Prakasa are at the moment at the Capital, is, however, no guarantee that they will allow themselves to be left behind for long. Any way, with a decided majority of Ministers away—a few of them far away—from Delhi, the Government of India is carried on 'in absentia', thanks to the Secretaries who both know the game and love the chance. Here is an object lesson for those Ministers in the States, if any, who feel nervous to leave things alone and let them shape themselves, with a supreme—indeed, superstitious—confidence in the wise dispensation of an over-ruling Providence above!

Like the artist who is best known by his omissions, I have left Sri C. Rajagopalachari out of the Cabinet picture with the excuse that he has yet to arrive and assume charge. It

is sometimes the fate of the journalist to smite his friends, however high-placed; and with the utmost reluctance but under a compelling sense of duty I must express my profound regret that he is coming at all with no tender regard for an outraged public conscience. It was a great day in his life—and in the annals of the South—when Mr. Rajagopalachari waved to us from the highest pinnacle of office. It was not a bad day, though a sad one, when circumstances conspired to dislodge him from the heights, for the hope was widespread that as India's leading elder statesman and the Prime Minister's brain-trust, he would still be a power, as much outside the Government as Gandhiji was outside the Congress. It was both a bad and a sad day when in a moment of weakness he persuaded himself to yield to Pandit Nehru's persuasion and agreed to take his place beside those who once, and not long ago, stood before him to do courtesies to his rank. I hate this talk of 'national exigencies' for explaining away awkward situations. What becomes of them when light is sought to be extinguished while they pop up when a protective mantle needs to be improvised for covering up apologetic adjustments. It is a cruel joke that like Lord Rosebury under false inspiration, Mr. Rajagopalachari "took the favouring horoscope and slashed it to pieces with his own hands" by compromising his unique position and ridding himself of the halo that was there round his face even in retirement. Seldom in history has a man of his supreme gifts and stature so thoughtlessly slipped down "from Olympus with the lightness of thisle." If you have tears, shed them: believe me I have shed mine.

Delhi, particularly the South Indian part of the Capital, is agitated over another, and a greater, personal tragedy in our politics. Never has a front-rank man so lamentably proved unequal to his opportunities as the present, rather outgoing, President of the Congress. He is obviously tired of

his great 'office' while, truth to tell, the country is no less tired of him. During the last 18 months of his presidential regime I can recall no single occasion when his personality counted for anything in high national transactions. Not a few things are said to have been done over his head, without his approval, even without his knowledge while the one issue (that of the Andhra Province with which his name was so closely associated) found him reduced to a mere cipher in the larger scheme of things. Disowned at home and disregarded abroad, and carrying little weight in the councils of the nation, he gradually relapsed into the comparative obscurity from which he rose at Jaipur. Frustrated and fatigued, he is but counting his days as Congress President and almost pining for deliverance from the burdens and responsibilities which have so visibly crushed him under their weight. Alas! there is no insurance against Fate whose plaything he has been in the most eventful years in our history.

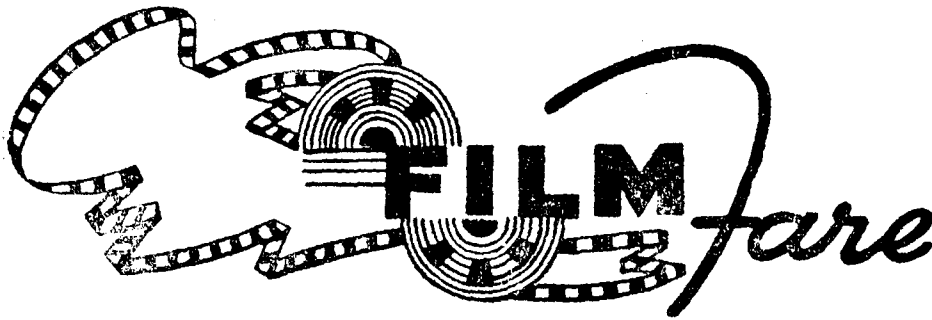
The incidental loss to national standards is a matter of the utmost consequence to the future of the Congress. Is it to be a mere registering body of Cabinet decisions, good, bad and indifferent, or a controlling agency of the Government which owes its existence to its (the Congress') hold on the country? Is the Congress President (whoever he may be) to be a mere dittoist, over-awed, at every step, by the Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister? These questions arise because of the fate that has befallen Dr. Pattabhi as the President of the Congress and virtu-

ally relegated him to the position of an ornamental puppet. With Congress prestige already at a low ebb, there is little hope of the restoration of the greatest political organisation in India to its former glory, unless Dr. Pattabhi's successor happens to be one who refuses to haul down the flag or bend his knee.

Who are the prospective candidates for the presidential *gadi*? Perhaps the Raj Rishi of U. P. will again enter the lists, for U. P. would always like to be dominant. Perhaps Acharya Kripalani, who has, as an outspoken and waspish-tongued critic of the Nehru Government, retrieved much of the ground he had lost earlier, will like to try it again. Of course, whoever may hesitate, Mr. Shankar Rao Deo will not. There is, however, little to choose between any two of them. Thinking circles in Delhi are inclined to think differently. For organising the country on the eve of the elections, for bringing prestige to office and exercising a salutary influence over the tallest in the land, will it not be an ideal arrangement to entrust the Congress to Mr. Rajagopalachari? He was Head of the State. Let him be now the authentic spokesman and chosen leader of the people, instead of a palsied limb of the Government. That will be doing both justice to the man and good to the country. And if he will make Delhi his headquarters,—he can seek to establish a friendly parallel Government. Nothing better can be done at this hour even in the name of "national exigencies." It is an honour overdue to him, and the nation may well pay the tribute now and also recover its 'missing soul'.

The body of Mussolini, the secret of whose burial is still not known except to a few people, is being sought by his daughter, Edda Ciano. She is also frantically trying to get the documents including the diary of Clara Pottacci, her father's mistress. At present, Edda is conducting a family magazine out of the fortunes she made by publishing the diary of her husband, Count Ciano. She is whitewashing her father's private life in these columns.

Dr. Clearhos Ligothetis, the locust expert, has warned again the Near East and Far Eastern countries, Africa, Australia and South America of the coming locust plague. "They will come out of nowhere without warning, by billions, by the trillions. In the air there will be swarms of them 50 miles long, five to ten miles wide and a mile or two deep," he says.



By V. P. SATHE

THOUGH Sri S. K. Patil, the chairman of the Film Enquiry Committee is out of India studying conditions in Hollywood, the committee is continuing its work in right earnest. Under the chairmanship of Dr. Tripathi, the six-man committee held an eleven days' marathon session in Bombay last month in which it recorded the evidence of sixty-six persons representing producers, distributors, exhibitors, technicians, authors, journalists and stars.

Indeed, contrary to general belief that the stars are illiterate or cannot think seriously, the stars like Prithviraj, Nalini Jaywant, Kishore Sahu, Raj Kapoor, Snehprabha and Protima Das Gupta, by their intelligent and in some cases, provocative evidence, proved that apart from making money the stars are also interested in the welfare of the industry.

Several suggestions were made to the committee during the course of the oral evidence. The most tangible and important of them are: (i) A state finance corporation; (ii) An academy for acting or opening courses for acting in educational institutes; (iii) Raw film manufacture; (iv) Positive encouragement for artistic films by way of special awards; (v) lessening of all taxes including income tax for stars; (vi) better working conditions in studios; (vii) construction of more theatres; (viii) no restriction on length; (ix) liberal censorship and (x) better literary standard of screen stories.

The most revolutionary suggestion came from author-director journalist K. A. Abbas who averred that the motion picture can really progress only under Socialism.

It is learnt that some of the film

personalities may be called again to give evidence at a later stage of the enquiry. It is also learnt that the attitude of the Enquiry Committee so far has been very sympathetic and that it will make an honest effort to incorporate almost all good suggestions in their final recommendations to the Government.

A film journalist friend, commenting on these proceedings, suggested that if the Enquiry Committee is truly anxious to know the state of the film industry then it should summon the accountants from all the companies and compel them to give all the true figures and facts. Only then the Committee will have the true picture of the industry!

PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

The Picture Of The Week or, rather, of the entire month is obviously Shantaram's new film **DAHEJ** which is being praised to the skies as well as being torn to pieces by the professional critics.

DAHEJ is a typical Shantaram picture. Ever since he made **AMAR JYOTI**, Shantaram has been successfully championing the cause of women. In **AMAR JYOTI** he pleaded for the equality of woman and man; in **DUNIYA NA MANE** he portrayed the struggle of a woman against an unequal and unwelcome marriage, in **ADMI** he went a step further and averred that even a prostitute is a human being and as such has a right to lead a respectable life if she chooses; in **SHAKUNTALA**, even at the risk of offending the classicists, he showed how a woman when unrecognised by her husband can take up the dual responsibility of father and mother; and now in **DAHEJ** he has exposed another injustice to women

by stressing the tragedy of a social tradition which accepts or rejects a daughter-in-law according to the amount of dowry she brings.

Viewed from this social angle **DAHEJ** becomes a significant film. For Shantaram shows how a simple girl, who is first introduced playing with dolls, is married according to tradition, is affectionately devoted to her husband, and even suffers silently at the hands of the mother-in-law, ultimately revolts against tradition, and makes a final but unsuccessful bid to assert her right as a wife.

It is this progressive angle that differentiates **DAHEJ** from scores of other plays and pictures on dowry; and it is his symbolic direction, slick technique and superb performances by Prithviraj and Lalita Pawar and the welcome return of Jayashree to screen that lend further distinction to **DAHEJ** as a motion picture. It is noticeable, however, that the rugged realism of **DUNIYA NA MANE** and **ADMI** is giving place to 'polish' and 'production value' in Shantaram's new pictures.

True, the opinions about this picture will be sharply divided, and as this is in keeping with the tradition of all Shantaram pictures, it can be interpreted as a sign of his being still a 'live' and provocative artist.

STAR OF THE WEEK

The star not merely of this week but rather of 1949-50 is Prem Nath who owes his stardom mainly to his success in **BARSAAT**.

Thanks to **BARSAAT**, he is now very much in demand and has since signed half a dozen contracts. He is appearing in Famous Pictures' "Production No. II," Varma Films' **SAGAI**, Documentary Unit of India's double-version **OUR INDIA** (In Hindustani and English). Recently he has been signed up to play stellar roles in Kardar Productions' **NAVJAWAN**, Mehboob's **AAN** and Film Art's **BUZDIL**. He has also an offer to appear in a picture which a foreign producer plans to make in India.

And, mind you, **BARSAAT** was his third picture; he had made a rather unimpressive debut in Bhavnani's **AJIT** and Raj Kapur's **AAG**. Yet, from this if you conclude that success came easy to Prem, you would be absolutely wrong. For, no artiste at

least among the younger set, has worked so hard for success as Prem.

Before Prem became a screen-actor he had a very severe training on the stage. Four years ago he came to Bombay with enormous zeal and enthusiasm to act. Being related to Prithviraj (he is the brother of Mrs. Raj Kapoor), he joined Prithvi Theatres; and as if it did not offer him enough scope he started taking active part in the People's Theatre. Unlike other youngsters, he was not keen always to play the role of the hero. He was willing to play any role at all cost. In the 'Peace And Unity' campaign of IPTA in 1947-48 he took a very active part and he played any role that came his way—be it of the Kashmiri martyr Maqbool Sherwani or of a goonda in "Gandhiji Aur Goonda"; he also revealed a great deal of ingenuity by 'inventing' a "human puppets" show in which Hindu and Muslim were shown fighting each other at the bidding of a foreign 'magician'.

In Prithvi Theatres, it is on record, that he had learnt by heart all the roles in all the plays. And whenever any artiste happened to be absent for any reason, Prem was prepared to do the role. It is this intensive, hard training and tough life that have paved way for his present success. Unlike many other actors, Prem is willing to do anything in the cause of his art. For the role of a Buddhist monk in **OUR INDIA** he even agreed to have his head shaved.

Now, of course, he can have respite. But his enthusiasm is still the same. He is afraid of being typed after **BARSAAT**—i.e., of being given the same kind of roles while he wants to do many different types of roles—and do them well!

Eligible, unattached, gay and informal, his hobbies are confined to motor-cycling (though now he rides in a big limousine) and ballroom dancing. The star-discovery of 1949 he is the rising star of 1950.

STARS COME OF AGE!

In June, the two most popular stars of today come of age. They are Nargis and Suraiya, both of whom are now twenty-one.

Every year their birthdays are celebrated with great eclat and their admirers offer them novel and costly

presents. Only last year, Director M. Sadiq presented Suraiya with a 16 M. M. projector with a 16 M. M. print of KAJAL.

This year, it appears that the birthdays will not be celebrated in the usual style, though these birthdays are important since both of them will become twenty-one and thus be legally major. In fact, the birthday of Nargis passed off quietly without much ado, only the family being present at the celebration. Yet, on that day she is reported to have received from a producer friend the most valuable present of her life-time—the offer of executive producership of a picture. Suraiya's birthday falls on 15th June. Let us see what presents she receives this time.

Meanwhile, an astrologer friend of mine who has drawn the horoscopes of both these stars predicts that the ensuing year will be most stormy and eventful for them. He even predicts that this is the year when, after a period of emotional tension and trial, they will find real happiness in life.

One hopes that at the least the latter part of his prediction comes true.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—Kamini Kaushal who had voluntarily retired from the screen six months ago was in Bombay last week on her way to Europe for a holiday. According to Dame Rumour she will resume working in films after her return from abroad. Her first assignment may be with Filmistan in 1951.

—A foreign cameraman, who is an expert in colour photography, has arrived from Belgium. He has been engaged by Filmistan to picturize its forthcoming colour production. Producer Mukerjee is busy selecting the story and the director for this picture.

—K. H. Kapadia, the erstwhile cinematographer of Filmistan, has joined Filmkar Ltd. for whom he will direct a musical comedy with Om Prakash in the starring role. Rehana is the likely choice for the feminine lead. Kuldip has also been signed for this picture. C. Ramachandra will give the music.

—Gajanan Jagirdar who is giving finishing touches to BIRAH KI RAAT will be directing a picture produced by Husanlal and Bhagatram under the banner of M. & T.

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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.

'Privileged Killing'

Please accept one reader's thanks for the courage you have shown in criticising the unbridled wave of police killings that have become such a common feature. "Believed to be a Communist" is indeed a fine excuse for the police to get a little target practice. The Government by giving their silent approval to the indiscriminate actions of the police as referred to by you (SWATANTRA, June 3) the burning of a so-called "outlaw," a woman etc., is encouraging a gangster complex in our country. They who sow the wind will reap the whirlwind.

J. VIJAYATUNGA.

Pondicherry.

Vulgar Journalism

I am really unable to understand as to how the Government reconciles itself to the publication of some weeklies and periodicals the sole aim of which seems to be to dish out, under the guise of providing true social stories, matter of the most vulgar type couched in scurrilous language. It will be readily admitted that the mental equipment of the school-going boys and girls who constitute the vast clientele of these periodicals, will be greatly vitiated by contact with their contents. Journalism is a noble profession whose adherents have the task of what is commonly called "moulding public opinion." Naturally, public opinion will be at a low ebb to the extent that the material contained in the various newspapers and weeklies is far from satisfactory. I wonder if the South Indian Journalists' Federation which seems to interest itself in matters connected with the improvement of journalistic ethics, has addressed itself to the task of doing away with such periodicals the existence of which casts a slur on the fair name of journalism.

V. RANGACHARI.

Madras.

Admission To Colleges

Students seeking admission in colleges have to undergo numerous hardships. Besides finding enough funds to pay the registration fees for their applications to several colleges and institutions in their desire to secure admission somewhere, they are constrained to obtain numerous certificates from persons of specified status. One such is a medical certificate from a medical officer "not lower in rank

than a Civil Assistant Surgeon." It is known that soon after admission the students of each college are examined by the college doctor and a fee of Re 1 per head or so is also charged for this. Why then a medical certificate along with his application for admission? Why should it be from a doctor of a particular status? Surely the doctor concerned feels worried by the innumerable applications for medical certificates in quick succession soon after the results are published and turns a wry face. Either the medical certificate should be dispensed with or one from a registered medical practitioner must suffice. I hope the Registrar of every University will look into this matter and issue instructions to heads of all educational institutions and alleviate the suffering of the students.

R. SRINIVASA IYER.

Pattukkottai.

Police Shootings

"Saka" has spoken out the feelings of a million lovers of liberty in criticising the policy of the State in shooting "Communists" dead. Are all those who fall in dozens day by day before the bullets of the State police in Andhra, "Communists"? Are Indians to be shot dead because some policemen fancy that they are saboteurs or subversive elements? Democracy and civilized administration are as far from such policies and executions as one pole is from the other.

SAMANANDA

Moyar, The Nilgiris.

Harijan Leaders The Cause of Harijan Oppression

Presiding over the Conference of the All-India Schedule Castes Parliamentarians and Legislators at Nagpur on 3rd June, the Speaker of the Madras Legislative Assembly condemned in strong terms the policy of the Madras Government. He said:

"The economic condition of the Harijans, is the same as it was one hundred years ago. By the passing of the Zamindari Abolition Act, the middlemen and caste-Hindu landlords have been benefitted. They have now gone in for new hands to cultivate their lands. They fear that as Harijans have been cultivating their lands from time immemorial, an Act may be passed to make them owners of the land. So, in order to circumvent such a situation, they are now replacing the Harijan labourers. An Agricultural Wages Board Act is

quite necessary. Legislation is urgently called for so that the old cultivators may work on the land. A Debt Relief Act is necessary at the present time to relieve the Harijans who are now under the clutches of the caste-Hindu landlords for the money they and their ancestors owe to them."

These reforms were promised by the Congress years ago. But what have the Harijan representatives done to achieve them? When the late Mr. M. C. Raja, a non-Congressman, wanted protection of sub-tenants in the zamindari areas, the present Speaker and the Harijan MLA's voted it down in January 1938. When the late Mr. M. C. Raja again proposed the extension of the Debt Relief Act to agricultural labourers, he had to withdraw it because of the absence of support from the Congress Harijan MLA's. Experience has definitely shown that Harijan communal leadership has only perpetuated their economic slavery. It is too late to ask the Harijans to rely on their communal leaders. They have today thrown in their lot with labour leaders and labour unions. How can they rely on Harijan leaders tied to an organisation comprising landlords whose interests are diametrically opposed to theirs. Harijan labour and caste labour have combined in many places of late to form kisan panchayats and thus protect their earnings. And the Government of which these Harijan leaders are a part and parcel has been threatening and using force to compel Harijan labour to slave for old rents and old wages for absentee landlords. Appeals of the type made by the Speaker of the Madras Assembly may be alright in a conference of docile MLA's elated with their sitting on the same table with exploiting landlord MLA's in Legislative Assemblies and other bodies of Government; but Harijans thrown on the streets with their families in consequence of ejection from their ancestral lands, thrashed and beaten, bound over under Section 107 and wrongfully detained in lock-ups and jails can hardly be expected to take consolation from these wise words of the Speaker. They are aliens in the society in which they live. It is an irony that these very leaders whose collusion with the party in power has brought the Harijan community to these depths of frustration and despair should now make this insincere appeal hoping thereby to create the public impression that they too are concerned with the distress among Harijans. If this is the record of the Congress Ministry according to them, they should either rectify matters immediately or withdraw their cooperation from the party in power. Centuries of slavery are possibly preventing Harijan leaders from being conscious of their responsibilities as representatives of the Government in power, and making them appeal for

redress to their own Government unconscious of the fact that they are its masters and not its subordinates.

K. G. SIVASWAMY.

Rights Of Citizens

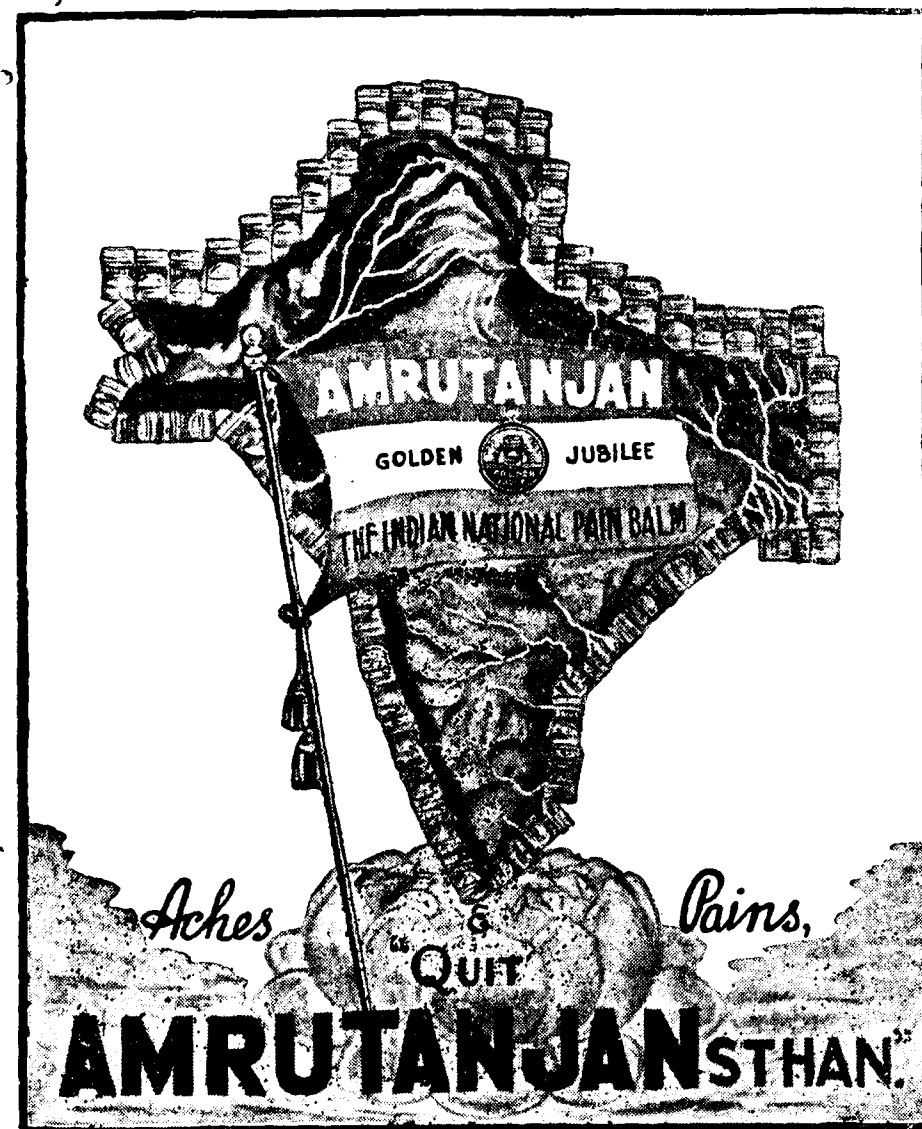
Fundamental rights have been incorporated in our Constitution. But when the question of their operation arises they seldom exist. The frequent imposition of Section 144, the incessant detentions of venerable non-Congress leaders, the curtailment of their freedom of speech and movement—all these uphold the fact that the fundamental rights of citizens are constantly infringed by the State. Referring to the Preventive Detention Act of 1945 an eminent politician says: "The liberty of the subject is at the mercy of a sub-divisional magistrate." It is surprising that Dr. Ambedkar should pronounce that a fundamental right confers no absolute right on a citizen. If such responsible persons should speak thus then de-facto democracy cannot be said to exist. That Government is the best which governs the least; for as Sir C. P. says: "Executive authority wielded by the State tends to demoralise the citizens."

C. VISWANATHAN.

State Handloom Committee

In April last the Madras Government constituted the STATE HANDLOOM COMMITTEE to advise the Government on the protection and development of the handloom industry. The members are drawn from the weavers' associations, prominent office-bearers of weavers' co-operative societies, yarn dealers, spinning mills, members of the legislatures who are conversant with the handloom problems and such others. While this selection is satisfactory to a great many, a certain section led by the Secretary of the Weavers' Congress of Nidubrolu, are criticising this as they claim that they alone represent all the handloom weavers and as such the committee in their view should be entirely composed of their nominees. No one with any thought for the successful outcome of the deliberations of an advisory body would demand such a monopoly; for in that case there is no need to constitute a committee and it would be sufficient if the Government asks the Weavers' Congress to put forth their views in writing and then either implement them or reject them. Here it is a question of taking the best brains of the handloom field composed of weavers and cooperators, traders and spinners, etc., so that any decision would be comprehensive and practical. So I trust the authorities would give a suitable reply to such agitators, and would continue to do the right thing.

V. V. RAMAN,
Member, State Handloom Committee.
Pullampet.



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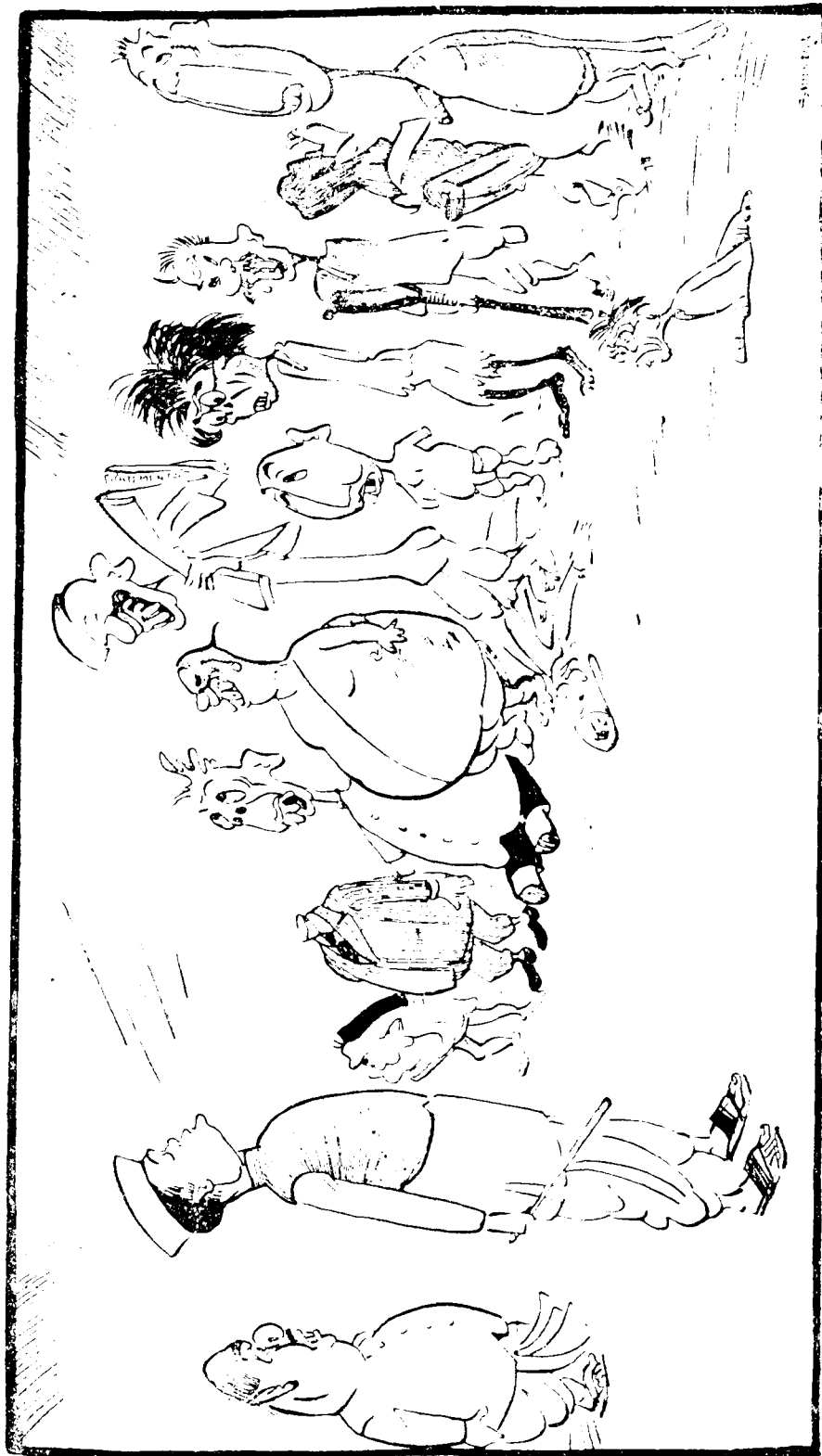
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Fall In!



Courtesy: Shankar's Weekly.
Jayaprakash Narayan is calling a conference of opposition parties to forge a united front against the Congress in the next elections.

SWATANTRA

VOL. V
No. 20

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1950

ISSUED
WEEKLY

COMPETITION IN GENOCIDE

TWO Senate Committees approved this week measures to increase the military preparedness of America and her allies. Simultaneously it is reported from Washington that Britain, the United States, and Canada are discussing ways to tighten security on atomic secrets. American military strategy since 1945 has been based on the theory of the exclusive possession by America of the most powerful and devastating weapon yet devised. The Americans reduced their Army and Navy in Europe and America to the size of token forces. They concentrated on the atom bomb. They assumed that the sole risk of war came from Soviet Russia. And they in effect said to Russia, "Once you engage us in war you must expect total extermination."

A dreadful jolt was given to the basic assumption on which the whole of American military strategy rested when it was discovered that the secret of the atom bomb was not the exclusive possession of America; that the Russians too had discovered it and were engaged in active experiments to harness it to military ends. Since then there have been perturbed discussions in the American press to indicate the ineffectiveness of current American military strategy for meeting the Russian menace. It is being recognised that in a war of long-distance atomic bombing, the advantage lay more with Russia than with America and her allies. "We have no real defense against Russia's employment of atomic weapons upon ourselves and our allies," states a writer in the *New York Times*. "We might

level every city between Leningrad and Vladivostok without undermining Russia's ability to subdue our European allies, occupy Europe and Asia, and attack our American cities." Atomic war is really competition in genocide. In such a war superior powers of extermination belong to Russia, what with the advantage of targets like London and Washington with millions of people packed into a small compass. The Russian population is dispersed over a vast area. Americans are concentrated in compact cities. The power of devastation of the atom bomb is far more terrible when employed against the crowded targets of America and Britain than against the less urbanised economy of the Soviet Union.

It is therefore held by a school of American critics that by concentrating on the strategy of extermination America has "both vitiated her immediate objectives and annihilated in advance her ultimate human goals." They say: "Better five million American soldiers, ready for war, and capable of meeting Russian forces swiftly wherever they may threaten, than a hundred and fifty million American people ready to commit wholesale genocide—only themselves to become the victims of the very methods they have chosen, with a possible loss not of five million but of fifty million lives."

Apartheid

WHILE the world powers are concerned over the Russian menace, they have failed to note that the real

threat to peace is located in South Africa where the Government plan a system of race segregation more rigid than any yet attempted. Their policy called apartheid aims to maintain white supremacy at all costs and to prevent the non-whites who outnumber the Europeans 4 to 1, from ever gaining political domination. The essential spirit of apartheid is revealed in a proposal now being seriously considered, to have separate witness stands and docks for whites and non-whites in the law courts.

The psychological effects of apartheid are apt to be worldwide. It destroys American chance of success in the attempt to rally Asian peoples against the Communist menace. The integrity of the British Commonwealth is imperilled by it. It will give rise to retaliatory excitements that will not be quietened until white sojourners in the countries of the coloured people are bundled back to their homes. Communists will not fail to make capital of the situation. They will say that Communism has nothing in it so revolting to Asian interests and dignity as the apartheid of the non-Communist world. And the anti-Communists will have no convincing reply to the argument.

Bevin and Acheson must stamp out the mischief of apartheid from African soil if the psychological battle of their worldwide campaign against Communism is not to be lost irretrievably.

Bunglers Bolstered

TWO of the latest acts of the Madras Ministry are worthy of note as illustrative of their fundamental character. One is the raising of the price of rice simultaneously with the reduction of the ration. The

other is the decision to inflict collective fines for prohibition offences. It would appear that somebody made a bad bargain and paid a high price for rice, and so the Madras Government have decided to pass on the cost of the bungling to the consumer. They have not evidently made a success of prohibition, and so their failure is to be made penal on the public. The usual practice in democratic countries is to get rid of ministers that bungle. But in the Congress regime it is the bunglers that are maintained in position while the public is called upon to pay the cost of their continuance. As if this were not enough, public money is wasted in advertising the excellences of the regime. In this State, we have a ridiculous journal called *Madras Information* issued under official auspices, which specialises in reprinting speeches of ministers that have already received wide publicity in the daily papers, and publishing pictures *ad nauseum* of the same worthies in a variety of poses. Its contribution to the intelligent discussion of outstanding contemporary issues is practically nil. Why should public money be wasted over an undertaking which from every journalistic standpoint must be pronounced a miserable failure and a flop? By comparison with *Madras Information*, *Indian Information* which used to be run by the Principal Information Officer of the Government of India, was far more attractive, but it was stopped nevertheless as the Central Government were happily induced to make the discovery that its annual cost of some ten lakhs or so could more wisely be diverted to better purposes. When incompetence is excelled by vanity in the make-up of administrators, public opinion is constantly put to rout. Such is its plight here.

Has some malign change of character infected the leaders of Free India, that they no longer believe in the liberty that they and their predecessors struggled toward throughout an entire epoch of history?.... Is it that Lord Acton was right—that power always corrupts—even power taken for the purpose of ending the tyrannies and injustices of an age?—MANAS.

Sotto Voce

FAIRY-TREASURE



IT is part of the legendary lore of treasure troves that, unless you are the rightful heir, gold and silver will become base metal at your touch. In ploughing his field a man comes upon a mud pot containing a few pebbles and lumps of charcoal. Piety reinforcing prudence, he leaves it alone, fully persuaded that with the right moment and the right man the re-transmutation into diamond and pure gold will automatically occur. This popular belief holds a symbolic truth which those in quest of Thyagaraja's "hidden" *kritis* would do well to heed. We may, with luck, recover the dead and bleached bones. None but a Thyagaraja could recall them to life.

Many brilliant compositions of the saint-singer have in all probability vanished. But it would be too much to hope that, more than a century after his passing, they can be tracked even by the keenest musical sleuth. Narasimha Bhagavata, K. V. Srinivasa Iyengar and other pioneers have managed to collect the *sahitya* of a large number of songs from the various *sishya paramparas*. Even among these pieces there may be quite a number of "preenders." Humility in the old days often made a man palm off his own compositions on a revered teacher or exemplar. In our own sophisticated times, a variety of motives—from malignant fraud to a mischievous desire to pull the leg of the innocent—has produced a plentiful crop of forgeries.

Our textual criticism is too rudimentary to discover the ass in the lion's

skin. But our ear for music is more reliable. The man who is saturated in the *sampradaya* of the great singer can detect falsities of form more easily than faked texts. For, while Thyagaraja was a poet, any poet could have written his words; but his *dhatu* was his own in a unique way and no imitator had the key to the mysterious world of musical imagination from which emerged that angel choir.

I am aware that quite a few dubious pieces are accepted today as part of the canon. That is bad enough, but it would be infinitely worse if, as a result of the move now set on foot, there should break out a rash of "duplicates" whose words may or may not have been written by Thyagaraja but whose music would be definitely by other hands. In course of time the fact that the *dhatu* was a later imposition would tend to be forgotten. By a sort of Gresham's Law the fakes might even gradually oust the genuine works of the master from popular favour.

The little fluttering birds of inspiration are very much at the mercy of time. How Jayadeva sang his Ashtapadis we shall never know. The *talas* and *ragas* traditionally assigned to them were those which Kumbha Rana found in vogue. These too have passed into oblivion and today in different parts of the country these immortal songs are sung in very different ways. The Ashtapadis at least have a strongly marked rhythm which sets very definite limits to the scope for variation; the poetic structure largely deter-

mines the *varnamettu*. But our well-meaning *vidwans* trying to recapture Thyagaraja's melodies might produce results quite as fantastic as an old acquaintance, who had the grammar of music but not the sensibility, did when he dressed up some of the most famous of the Nandan Charitra keerthanas in Hindustani tunes!

I shall no doubt be reminded that some of the best known pieces of Gopalakrishna Bharati have in fact come to us, not in their original musical form, but in *varnamettus* designed by Tanjore Krishna Bhagavata. I shall not deny the success of this particular *tour de force*, though I have no means of judging whether Bharati's musical design was not more strikingly individual. But these *keerthanas* are songs rather than *kritis*; their poetry is far more important than their music. Trying to build a musical edifice on Thyagaraja's words would

be no less brazen than trying to reconstruct Shakespeare's blank verse from Lamb's "Tales."

The onset of the divine afflatus, to institute a homely comparison, is like the dough rising or the milk coming to the boil. There is a brooding and a simmer; whirling vortices form, from which the milk flees as from its destiny, exposing the poet's naked soul; then the bottom rises, the breakers come crashing in and there is the sudden orgiastic overflow. Thyagaraja borrowed as royally as Shakespeare. He took immemorial folk tunes and put new life into them. He was a master of the craft who had learnt by patient experiment and long meditation. And when the milk of divine love rose to the boil in his breast the gates of Tumburu's Heaven opened wide and the *raga devatas* came forth to drink of this nectar. Let us not scare them away with our booby-traps.

VIGNESWARA.

THE AMAZING MRS. ROOSEVELT

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

Managing Editor, The Orient & World Press, New York

MR. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT was born Eleanor Roosevelt, niece of the great President Theodore Roosevelt. She never had to change her name since she married her distant cousin President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Born wealthy and in one of the first families of U. S. A., it is uncanny she should have developed such social understanding. Her sympathies have always been with the poor and the downtrodden. Her life is in direct contrast with that of the average idle rich of America. All the close associates of President Franklin D. Roosevelt agree she exercised a profound influence on him. Her husband was an invalid all through his terms as Governor of the State of New York and the President of the United States. She was in some measure his eyes and ears. She travelled extensively to bring him first hand reports of what ordinary people want and expect.

From a secluded cottage in Hyde Park in the State of New York, one of America's most noted women exercises the same ardent interest in people and in public affairs that she showed during her 12 years in the White House as First Lady of the United States. Eleanor Roosevelt left the White House on April 20, 1945, eight days after the death of her husband, President Franklin D. Roosevelt. She had borne the shock of his death with quiet dignity and with more thought for others than for her own bereavement. It was she who broke the news of the President's death to the then Vice President, Harry S. Truman.

"What can I do for you?" Mr. Truman asked. Mrs. Roosevelt looked at the man who would inherit the burdens of her husband's office and said simply: "What can we do for you?" The death of her husband did not mean Mrs. Roosevelt's retirement from the diverse activities that had filled her busy life. She soon found broader interests and began to devote more time to writing, lecturing and crusading for the causes she had championed for many years. She was

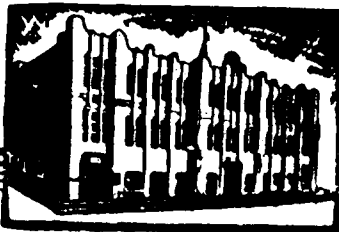
deeply concerned with such issues as human rights, social justice, better housing, maternal and child welfare, public health and education, fair labour standards, rural improvements and harmonious international relations.

Always outspoken in support of the projects she believed in, Mrs. Roosevelt during her husband's 12 years in office had travelled throughout the United States to speak before hundreds of groups and organizations. She visited homes of the poor, factories and mines, to observe conditions she believed should be corrected. She had won a large audience through her daily newspaper column, her magazine articles and books. During her first seven years in the White House she sold 51 articles, wrote three books and helped many other writers to get their works published. Many of her articles were written between lectures and radio engagements, on trains or in hotels.

Her activities during World War II were innumerable. She took part in Red Cross campaigns and in drives for relief, for clothing and for recruiting nurses aides that were badly needed in hospitals. In 1941 she worked tirelessly as an assistant director of civilian defence. She made several war-time trips to the Caribbean, England, Scotland, Northern Ireland, and New Zealand. During these trips she talked with American troops, visited hospitals and observed the women in other countries. Upon her return she reported her findings to the American people.

Such an individualistic First Lady could not move freely in the public spotlight without exciting public comment, favourable and unfavourable. Under criticism Mrs. Roosevelt maintained the same calm that characterizes her demeanour in all trying situations. She has earned and still earns a great deal of money from her radio and personal appearances and from her writing. She has contributed generously to programmes of aid for blind and cripples, for the jobless

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and homeless, for the education of deserving boys and girls and for community health and school projects. Today Mrs. Roosevelt moves in even wider circles than she did as the wife of the President of the United States. The demands upon her time, her energy, her wisdom and sympathy continue.

The activity nearest her heart today is the United States. As one of its earliest proponents, she participated in numerous forums on the Dumbarton Oaks proposals for a United Nations Organization and was a delegate to the San Francisco Conference where the United Nations Charter was drawn up. President Truman appointed her a delegate to the first session of the U. N. General Assembly in 1946 and she had been the only U. S. delegate to be appointed to every succeeding regular session. En route to the first General Assembly meeting in London she wrote in her daily column: "On the success or failure of the United Nations Organization may depend the preservation and continuation of our civilization. The building of the UNO is the way that lies before us today. Nothing else except security for all the peoples of the world will bring freedom from fear of destruction." As chairman since 1946 of the Human Rights Commission of the U. N. Economic And Social Security Council, she has directed the commission's work in drafting the Charter on Human Rights. This document aims to establish a world wide concept of human dignity and freedom for all peoples.

Mrs. Roosevelt's long established popularity among the peoples of other countries has grown during her travels to United Nations meetings in Europe. In addition to the countless citations and honours that have been showered upon her in the United States, she has received honorary degrees from the universities of Lyon, in France and from Oxford University in England. She has been feted at official dinners in many other countries. She is welcomed by people of all ages and stations in life wherever she goes. She is never too busy to hear the problems of people. A United Nations associate once said: "Mrs. Roosevelt's work did not end in the conference or committee rooms. She was constantly sought out by people for advice and counsel."

In between her activities in the

United Nations she still fills hundreds of speaking engagements, and maintains her own half hour television show on Sunday afternoons, called "Tea With Mrs. Roosevelt." Her television guests have included scientists like Albert Einstein and Robert Oppenheimer, former Atomic Energy Commission Chairman David Lilienthal, as well as Senators, Congressmen, and many other prominent persons in the fields of science, labour, government and world affairs.

She continues to write "My Day," the daily chronicle of her experiences and opinions. She dictates the newspaper column in 30 minutes to Miss Malvina Thompson, who has been her secretary for many years. The subject matter for this widely read syndicated column may be an unpleasant train journey between speaking engagements, her joy at meeting her first great grandchild or her opinion on a subject of worldwide significance.

Speaking of her column, Mrs. Roosevelt has said: "My husband never told me what to write and what not to write, but of course I was always conscious that whatever I wrote might have repercussions, so I censored myself. Nowadays, however, I do not feel any such inhibitions. I write as I please." She recently completed the second volume of her autobiography, "This I Remember," a candid account of her life with the late President and of significant historical events.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. reviewing the book in the Saturday Review of Literature, said that "her self-discipline and her determination to be fair with others has often given her writing an air of foolish benevolence that does little justice to her real saltiness of personality. Actually her ingenuous prose conceals an enormously sharp and practical eye." Mr. Schlesinger adds that in the same quasi-naïve way, she describes the varied personalities she has known, puncturing their pretensions in language so tactful and kindly that one wonders whether she knows herself how truly devastating her most open phrases can sometimes be."

Probably no woman in American history has entered the lives of so many other women as intimately as Eleanor Roosevelt. Women have felt free to write to her on any subject. She sometimes receives as many as 800

letters a day from women of the United States and other nations. She spends about three hours a day reading and answering her mail.

Mrs. Roosevelt is extremely busy and her eventful life calls for a carefully timed and systematic daily schedule. She has disciplined herself to concentrate on whatever she has to do. She has cultivated the habit of complete relaxation between her activities. She has always had excellent health and abundant energy. She guards it by a balanced scheme of living. She still enjoys tennis, riding horseback with her grandchildren, swimming and long walks in the country. Now 65 years old, Mrs. Roosevelt takes great pleasure in close association with her growing family. She has 5 children, 17 grandchildren and one great grandchild.

During her years in the White House, Mrs. Roosevelt entertained people from all walks of life. Her warmth of manner and kindly humour always put everyone at ease. School children, servicemen, clubwomen, government workers, educators and unofficial visitors from other countries were welcomed in the White House as graciously as visiting dignitaries who appeared at State functions. King George and Queen Elizabeth of England, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, the Crown Princes or princesses of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Madame Chiang Kai-Shek of China, all have been her guests.

Entertainment at the White House during World War II was curtailed because of food rationing. But Mrs. Roosevelt often served tea to groups of servicemen, veterans from military hospitals and representatives of other countries on wartime missions to the United States. Many of the White House supplies for wartime meals came from vegetables and fruits grown and canned on her farm in New York State.

Mrs. Roosevelt's individuality is evident in her choice of clothes. Usually her dresses, hats and accessories are practical, well made, of warm colours and suited to her exceptionally tall figure. From time to time Mrs. Roosevelt has been urged to run for public office in the United States. In 1948 it was supposed that she would seek election as Vice-President on the Democratic Party ticket with President Truman. In the same year a

national women's group proposed that she be appointed U. S. Secretary of State upon retirement of George C. Marshall. But she has consistently denied any intention of running for public office. She has occasionally supported and endorsed other candidates of the Democratic Party.

Mrs. Roosevelt has said that she intends to devote the rest of her active life to the United Nations which she calls the best hope we have for peace. Her daily column has revealed a normal amount of impatience with the frustrations and delays in the United Nations caused by actions of the Soviet Union delegates but her faith in the ultimate success of the United Nations has never wavered.

Sometimes, when I listen to the nonsense the Communists keep saying, I get momentarily discouraged, Mrs. Roosevelt once said. Then I remember that they themselves do not believe a word of it. They are just carrying out orders.

Numerous institutions, societies and groups in the United States and many other countries have honoured Eleanor Roosevelt in the five years since the death of her husband. His Majesty the King of Sweden awarded her the Prince Carl medal in February 1950 in recognition of her outstanding work in the field of national and international humanitarianism. On the basis of a vote of 7,500 people from all walks of life she received in April 1950 the Four Freedom Award, given annually in the United States in memory of her late husband.

The countries of Lebanon and El Salvador have honoured her on memorial stamps and a forest in Palestine is named for her. Bryn Mawr, a women's college in the State of Pennsylvania, conferred its highest honour jointly to Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Anna Lor Strauss, President of the National League of Women Voters, for their distinguished achievements in the field of international relations.

She has received honorary degrees from West Virginia State College, that State's largest Negro University and from two other American colleges. She also received honorary degrees from educational institutions in other countries. Utrecht University in the Netherlands conferred on her an honorary degree in 1946. Queens University in Ontario, Canada, paid

similar homage in 1948 and so did Lyon University in Lyon, France and Oxford University in England. When she received Oxford's doctor of civil law degree, Lord Halifax, Chancellor of Oxford and wartime Ambassador to the United States, described her as a pillar of world affairs and a visitor most dear to British hearts.

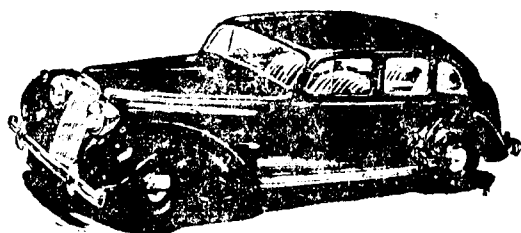
She had received awards from such American societies as the Phi Beta Kappa. She received the Distinguished Race Relations Service Award from the National Association of Coloured Women in 1946 and the Carver Memorial Award in 1947 for promotion of better race relations. She was honoured by the National Crippled Children and Adults Society, in February 1950.

She was named woman of the year, by the U. S. National Council of Negro Women in 1945, by the National Council of Jewish Women in

1947 and 1948, and in recognition of her work on the United Nations Human Rights Commission by the Women's National Press Club in 1948. She is a member of the Women's National Press Club and an honorary member of the Women's Press Club of London, England.

She was made honorary chairman of the Society of American Relief for Greek Democratic Association in 1946. The first World Congress of Ukrainian Women meeting in Philadelphia in 1948, thanked Mrs. Roosevelt for her efforts to aid those who are left without the four freedoms. Some 200 women from western Europe, Canada and the United States attended the Congress which was sponsored by the Ukrainian Women's League of America, to discuss the plight of their people still living under the totalitarian rule of the Soviet Union.

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THE REVOLUTIONARY WHO STOPPED WORLD REVOLUTION.

By **RAYMOND POSTGATE**

A foundation member of the British Communist Party, Raymond Postgate left the Party in 1923 because he disapproved of its tactics and policy.

He is the author of The Bolshevik Theory (1919), a book personally revised by Lenin, and Revolution from 1789 to 1906 (1920), a standard work. Since 1920 Postgate has written 20 books, chiefly history and biography. The Common People, written in collaboration with G. D. H. Cole, has sold some 50,000 copies and is widely used by students. He has also revised and brought up to date H. G. Wells's Outline of History.

He was born at Cambridge in 1896, son of the then famous classical scholar, Dr. J. P. Postgate, and married in 1918 the daughter of the late Rt. Hon. George Lansbury.

MARSHALL TITO of Yugoslavia has been expelled from the Communist International and put under the ban of Soviet Russia. Effectively, this has been done by a man who has been dead for nearly twenty years. The man whose actions made it certain that Joseph Broz, "called Tito" as the police index cards say, would be turned out of the Communist world as an infamous person, was named Gregory Zinoviev; he lies in an unknown and un-honoured grave (though once a Russian town was proud to be named "Zinovievsk") and it is almost certain that Tito applauded his execution (though nobody troubled much about Tito's opinions twenty years ago). It is quite certain that Tito had previously applauded Zinoviev's earlier policy, for no loyal Communist had disagreed with them, and Tito was superbly loyal.

Gregory Zinoviev was a big, early-balding man, with a large white face; he was plumpish and Jewish looking but I believe he was not in fact a Jew. (It doesn't matter, anyway; the earlier years of the Russian revolution were free of racial prejudice). He was not a very valiant revolutionary, among the very valiant men who surrounded Lenin, but he was an extremely good organiser. He saved the people of Petrograd (now Leningrad) from starving during the civil war, for example. So he was naturally given the job of organising the world revolution, which the Soviet Union was rather anxiously waiting for in 1920.

He set about it as a man would who had made a great success of ration books and food inspectors. He drew up, and had approved by the appropriate conference, a series of very clear and very strict rules, and enforced them without any mercy. They were only twenty-one (like a good bureaucrat, he realized regulations must be few and fierce), and where necessary he presented them personally, with that mixture of suavity and obstinacy which is typical also of the highest-level British civil servant. He entertained at dinner in Strasbourg the French Socialist leader Jean Longuet, Karl Marx's grandson; but finding he would not sign all 21 conditions he quite coolly organised at the Tours Congress a split whose object was to throw Karl Marx's grandson out on his ear.

ZINOVIEV'S VICTORY

By 1923 it was pretty well all over. Zinoviev had found a mixed, babbling crowd of international revolutionary parties, calling themselves "The Spartakusbund," "The Italian Socialist Party," "The I. W. W.," "The Socialist Labour Party" and so on, with varying programmes; and he had replaced them by a disciplined series of regiments all called "The Communist Party of" and accepting identical programmes laid down at conferences which were always held in Moscow. He never knew till he died (if he realized then) that he had killed the chances of the world revolution. All these disorderly parties had been cleaned up and put under central control, and that cen-

tral control was in Moscow. That was his victory.

The story of the years between 1923 and 1948, when Tito got into trouble, is usually written as it was seen from Moscow; so seen, it is as sordid a story as the later years of the French revolution. Zinoviev, architect of centralisation and of merciless discipline, found that at home there was another architect who had built more strongly; he was executed by this rival, whose name was Stalin. Centralization and discipline were after that carried to an extent which he could hardly have hoped for: nobody in any party throughout the world was allowed to remain a member if he did not in his actions show that he was absolutely disciplined. In practice, this meant that the policy of the Kremlin must be supported without question. For the leaders of the Communist International were also the heads of the Russian Government. After the "purges" and executions of the late '30s all the members of the old "Tsar-ee-kah," the central committee which had directed the revolution, were dead or in prison (except one, Stalin) and their places were taken by men who had "grown up into the revolution." Many of them had never been outside Russia; hardly any of them had had any contact with foreigners in the days when all Socialists were equal. Their world was one of the kolkhozes, komsomols, "gigant" farms, and adulation of Great Comrade Stalin; outside it, they met only admirers and never critics—except of course "enemies of the workers" who would have to be "liquidated."

This was very dangerous for them: it was the more dangerous because the Communists in Europe, who worshipped the Soviet revolution as an Irish or Westphalian rebel worshipped the French revolution in 1797, were still being subjected to all the influences of Western democratic argument which had made Marx and Lenin great men, and which the Stalinists never felt, or understood.

The Russians assumed that all the European Communist parties were smaller, respectful, imitations of the "C. P. S. U.," as their own party was called. They had to be "purged," with curious frequency, it was true; but that was merely unfortunate. The

Russian leaders of the International never fully understood that what was happening was that these parties were continually being filled up by honest revolutionaries who thought (since the slogans were the same) that they were joining Lenin's party of 1921—the party of world revolution. Some of them found that they had joined Stalin's party of 1938–1948, the party of Russian imperialism, and left in disgust; some, less acute or may be more determined, stayed in.

POTENTIAL "TITOISTS"

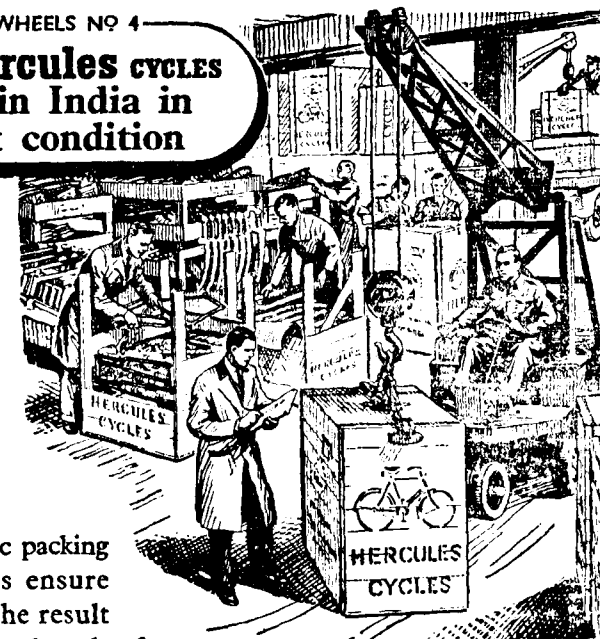
There were potential "Titoists," from 1932 onwards, in all the Parties west of the Vistula; but the Kremlin planners did not know this. They could not; in their rare trips abroad they saw about as much as a Viceroy like Lord Curzon saw of Indian nationalism (and their behaviour was rather similar). They assumed, as confidently as Lord Curzon would have, that the expression of their displeasure would be enough to bring the people to heel; and that is why they have lost Yugoslavia.

Consider their initial action, at the beginning of 1948, when they decided Tito needed a rebuke. They withdrew the Soviet military mission and the Soviet civilian advisers. That is, they withdrew their means of physically controlling Yugoslavia. The Yugoslavs had objected to the Russian generals being paid (by them) between three and four times as much as Yugoslav generals, and to the civilians collecting secret information behind their backs. The Russians declined to answer the complaints—they assumed that the frown implied in the withdrawal of the missions would be enough to produce a tearful repentance.

They were nearly right too. The letters from Tito and Kardelj are almost (but not quite) hysterical. The Yugoslav finances, they say, cannot stand these claims. The Yugoslav Party is following out strictly international Communist policy. Comrade Djilas did not really say that British officers "morally" were much better than Russian officers; it was only that after the Russian occupation of Belgrade some very unpleasant things happened and his hasty phrase had been explained long ago and Comrade Stalin had personally said it should be forgotten. As for Comrade Velebit

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WHITHER, EUROPE?

By KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

in the Yugoslav Foreign Office, the Russian comrades were quite mistaken in calling him an "English spy," but if they felt that way he should be removed at once (and he was).

WHERE KREMLIN FAILED

The Kremlin very nearly brought Tito and his colleagues to heel. It is not quite clear (I have just been reading the correspondence again) at what point they failed. I would guess that two things settled it. Firstly, there was no Russian garrison. Secondly, all the Yugoslavs had been trained, not in Moscow seminaries, but in the school of European Socialism. They had revolted against "the Sergeant-Major," whether he was of the German, Austrian, Serbian or Turkish army, and were not going to submit to a new one. Their answer to the Russian demand that they should humiliate themselves, confess their error, and submit to discipline was the thoroughly western one: "—you!", a very soldierly remark, incidentally.

The Kremlin has learnt from the Tito experience. It no longer expects that the "mystique" of the Russian revolution will cause the local Communists to obey. Before ever it issues the instructions for economic and political coordination with Russia it kills off any leaders who are likely to oppose them. It raised first the

"ideological" charges against Rajk in Hungary and Kostov in Bulgaria, for example. (Kostov, poor man, signed the charges against Tito: you can see his name among the delegates of "nine Communist parties" deploring the heresy). It has learnt the right technique, and there will be no more Titos in Europe, I am afraid.

And Tito? What will happen to him, and to Kardelj and his other colleagues? That I cannot tell. The French revolution went, to some extent, the same way as the Russian revolution, and I have been looking for a parallel. Bonaparte was the successor of the Republic, as Stalin is the successor of Lenin's Commune. He disillusioned the republicans throughout the civilized world; but there were still many who (like Tito) could not all the same reconcile themselves to the corrupt world of George III and Metternich. You can see what they thought if you study the history of the Irish revolutionary Robert Emmet.

But what would have happened to Robert Emmet no one knows. For Dublin Castle caught him and hanged him a hundred and forty seven years ago, in September. Tito has protected himself and is not likely to be hanged, or even knifed. May be he will write a new chapter in history which was left unfinished in 1803.

INDIAN STUDENTS MAJLIS AT OXFORD

THE present membership of the Indian Students Majlis at Oxford is 45 full members and 50 associate and honorary members.

Membership of the Majlis—formed just before World War I—is open to students from India, Pakistan, Ceylon and Burma. Associated membership is open to all students at the University, and prominent Indians residing at Oxford are elected honorary members.

The aim of the Majlis has been to get together people from the various countries from which the members come, and to hold discussions—political, economic, cultural and philosophical. Acquainting the English people with Indian culture and furthering the good relations between the two countries is also one of the objectives of the Majlis.

One of the leading figures of the organisation is R. V. Divecha, last year's President of the Majlis, who has made a name for himself in the cricket world. The present President of the Majlis is Lavraj Kumar, who is studying chemistry at Magdalen College. He is a Rhodes Scholar, a graduate from Allahabad University. He, too, is a good cricketer. The Secretary, C. R. Warriar, is also a Rhodes Scholar, a graduate from Delhi. He is studying mathematics at New College.

Among the members is V. K. Ramaswamy. He is at Balliol and obtained a first in Modern Greats. The Majlis also has an Athletic Blue in Eric Philip, from Madras, the well-known Indian Olympic runner, who is a Rhodes Scholar reading for a D. Phil in economics.—G. V. T. CHURCH.

THE overwhelming victory of the Belgian Catholic Party in the recent elections brings to the fore once more the age-old question of religion in politics. The alignment of politics and religion has been a long established feature of European politics that centuries of rationalism has not succeeded in destroying. Europe has been leading in social thought since the advent of the machine. Now the irrepressible question is, does Europe still retain that leadership. What does Europe stand for today? In the first place one cannot speak any more of Europe as a single unit; it is so decisively divided. One has only to look at Berlin to get the partition ship in the face. One may therefore begin with Western Europe with which one is more closely in touch. At least there is no mysterious (real or imaginary) curtain to shut it out of our view.

The dominant impression one gets of this Europe is more of a negative nature rather than positive. In Western Europe it is Anti-Communism which has brought these countries together into the Atlantic Pact. In fact this negative aspect has been pressing so much on the more-socially-awake intellectuals of Western Europe that they cannot refrain from saying "The Russians have a purpose, we have none."

PAPAL AUTHORITY GREATER TODAY

The single largest force prominent to the eye is the Christian, that is the Vatican force. Servan Schreiber, a French intellectual wrote recently: "Not for many years has the Vatican been so active as now. Never in recent times has the Pope had so much influence in Italy, as today. The collapse of German hegemony in Europe, the widespread bewilderment over Communism, the fall of the Italian monarchy, all these have helped the Pope." The present feverish activity going on around the Pope is even more mysterious than even the activity of the Cominform. Strong threads lead from the Vatican to Spain, to South America, to the United States; and the Italian Government, acting largely on behalf of

the Vatican, has close bonds with all the "Christian" parties of Europe.

In the present-day context the old conservative type of Christian parties have little or no chance. The proletariat as well as the peasantry is more wide awake and in no mood to maintain the *status quo*. It is straining for a move on. Inflationary conditions with rising costs of essentials, especially food stuffs, put a severe strain on the producing class. Unless a party has some social philosophy and promises of welfare measures, it has little chance of success. The Christian parties have therefore donned a social garb too, and they indulge in social shibboleths for the purpose of selling their party. But one has only to see them at work to gauge the measure of their social conscience.

POPE-PEOPLE TUSSELE IN ITALY

The most graphic scene is in Italy where all the ardour for Christianity does not exclude a ruthless attitude to labour. And as for the poverty in the villages, it has to be seen to be believed. It is being increasingly felt that the Italian brand of Christian Democracy must inevitably lead to fascism or something very like it. The agrarian problem is the crux of the politics there. Catholic influence hitherto has rested upon the control exercised by landlords and middlemen over the actual cultivators who now demand a radical change in their status. The long attachment of the Church to royalism is largely due to its involvement in land ownership. The Italian Government's tolerance of the fascists, their organisations, and their press on the one hand, and the persecution of the partisans who fought for freedom on the other, are all of a piece. In the meantime the Catholic Church in an effort to tighten its control over the country has issued a decree of excommunication against about one third of the adult population—all who voted Communist, and those that the Church would like to lump with them for the purpose of outcasting. This cannot by any stretch of imagination be called a religious decree. By all

standards it is a political one. When press and public questioning and discussion started over it, the Church drew in its horns a little and interpreted it to *exclude those who join the Communist Party for the purpose of earning a livelihood*. From reports it seems that the Catholic masses of Italy have remained unperturbed over this sweeping censuring of themselves. Mario Rossi, the well known journalist relates his talk with a priest who when asked how he was able to enforce this decree replied: "I shall overlook it completely or I should lose all my parishioners. After all a good many Catholic Communists go to Church and behave like other Catholics." As for the villagers they seem to be saying: "We will force the priest to give us Sacrament—after all the city dwellers get away with it for they go to churches where the priest does not know them"! The ban cannot make a very great impression on people who will recollect that heroes like Mazzini and Garibaldi and their brave men came under similar excommunication, not to speak of those who in the cause of Italian unity occupied papal territories in 1860. Nor can they overlook the glaring fact that the only prominent political personality in recent times to escape the ban was Mussolini!

LEOPOLD'S SUPPORTERS

—CATHOLICS

With the situation a little easier in Belgium, the 'social' Catholic Christians there are busy in the adventure of trying to restore King Leopold to the throne and defending with ardour the religion of "free enterprise." Historically the Church has always stood against republican democracy, the only kind of real democracy for these countries where monarchy was inextricably tied up with landed interests. Thus these Christian groups, calling themselves anything from Christian Democrats to Radical Socialists all over Western Europe, are engaged in trying to hold the line like modern King Canute. In all of them the Catholic element is strong. Their slogan is that the era of the spoilt proletarian child is at an end; and as for unemployment, well it's not such a bad business, it makes the others in jobs work harder! The Vatican plan is a sort of a Latin Block as the core, to which other countries may be

added later, except perhaps England unless it decided to bring the Conservatives back. In September last the Pope addressed the German Catholic Workers' Association issuing a call for a united Europe under one Government, in other words, the establishment of the Vatican hegemony.

CHURCH INFLUENCE ON BONN CONSTITUTION

The most spectacular defeat for progress was the German election. It is not generally known that the Catholic Church played an important role in this too, under cover of a battle against Communism. To understand its proper significance it is necessary to go a little further back. In the old Reichstag, the Centre Party as the representative of the Church assumed the role of the balance-main-tainer, since it declared that as a bed-rock of Catholicism amongst workmen as amongst employers, it could stand above class conflict. When the Nazis came to power some of the highest leaders of National Socialism came to be recruited from the Catholic sections. The Papal Emissary in Berlin negotiated a Concordat with Von Papen as early as 1933, thus securing privileges the Church had enjoyed only in the Catholic lands. The large influx of Catholic refugees into Germany from Poland and other territories has added enormously to the strength of the Catholic forces in Germany and enabled the Church to bring its influence to bear on the Bonn Constitution, the German vote in the elections and the selection of Adenauer's Cabinet.

A Catholic workers' movement for West Germany has been organised, separate from the others, separate even from the Christian trade unions. The total result has been an utter defeat for the Left forces.

DE GAULLE—HAND-MAID OF THE CHURCH

The rise of the Gaullist movement in France is another proof of the strong attraction that authoritarianism still has for the Catholic middle class. The Church has a ban on the Socialists too, hence it forbids Catholics becoming Socialists or even forging alliances with Socialists. True the Church accepts compromises on the premise that the Church should be prepared to deal with any Govern-

ment that respects the rights and privileges of the Church which invariably includes the Church's control over education.

THIRD FORCE ONLY ANSWER

The answer to all this was to have been the Third Force. This idea developed in greatest strength after 1947 when the Communists were eliminated from the French and Italian Governments and when what were called Third Force Coalitions, opposed to both the Right and the Left, were formed. It was expected to develop a social and ideological system of its own, different from American Capitalism and Russian Communism, but based on social justice and planned economy, to avoid the evil features of the present economy such as unemployment, to end colonialism and bring freedom to subject countries. This, it was hoped would successfully arrest the march of Communism, for Communism would find it harder to compete with the ideology propagated by the Third Force.

The French politicians even got on to the idea of a military or geographical Third Force. But all this never really became a force. The strain in the internal situation called for a more positive and dynamic policy than what these coalitions could pursue in the way of radical changes in the mode of production, in agrarian policy, in the system of wages and prices, measures to fight inflation and blackmarketing and a host of similar things; in other words it demanded a leadership that would not waste time and energy in flirting with the vested interests and the Right reactionaries, but would fearlessly cut out the abscess of corruption and special privileges, all of which is now draining its poison into the economy of Western European countries.

The rising offensive of the reactionary forces in France are undoing all that was accomplished on the wave of the Resistance movement immediately following the war such as nationalisation of banking and industry. The Socialists were squeezed out by being prevented from placing the tax burden more on the top incomes instead of the lower, where the administrative machinery instead of concentrating on lowering the costs of distribution engages instead on how to prevent rise in wages and carrying

the burden of a huge military budget swelled by the Indo-China operations. The Socialists who had originally joined the Government to form its fourth wheel and keep out the Gaullist are now pushed into the same enclosure with them in the anti-Communist struggle. In the process the Gaullists are getting strengthened and gathering to themselves other reactionary groups, some secretly even from within the Government.

TWO OTHER FACTORS

In Belgium, Spaak and his Socialists are already out. Two other factors have helped in emasculating and finally killing off the Third Force. One is the lukewarm attitude of the British Labour Party. Its intense preoccupation is with its own experiment at home and with its game of power politics abroad. Even though under a Socialist Government at home, British politicians have become so deeply infected by the virus of the ruling power, that it is willing to let the empire make a continuous drain on the country's resources as well as its morale. The British Labour Party could not be a supporter of a Third Force when it already was linked up in its international relations with one of the existing opposing forces, the United States, which in the popular concept stands for a Right Force. Whatever its successes or achievements at home, the British Labour Party has failed to strengthen Socialist forces in Europe or abroad. In the long run the Socialists in England will suffer for this. For by failing to strengthen Socialists in Europe it has continued to play a lone hand and thereby allowed the reactionary elements to re-establish and entrench themselves. The defeat of Socialism in Germany is an instance.

The other factor is the powerful influence that America has come to exercise on European politics. It is now widely felt that Washington does not look on the present British Government with favour, and would be happy to see it replaced. Europe has seen American relief at work in the German election result, and anticipates the elimination of even the most innocuous brands of Socialists from European Cabinets. The prediction that Washington will force Labour "out," is on the increase in the European press. To the Right forces,

Labour is the last stronghold of Socialism and if that is eliminated from politics Socialism will have no lease in Europe. To American interests, a Right-dominated Europe is a happy hunting ground for financial investments with no new-fangled nonsense about conditions.

The European Union which began to take shape at Strasbourg is promising to become an instrument of these reactionary groups as a counterpoise to unity through the Third Force, led as the Union is by Dr. Gasperi, Churchill, Van Zeeland, Adenauer and the like who are out on a Don Quixotic battle with Communism. As one French commentator has put it: "Is a United Europe really worth having, if it is to be run by those whose 'Free enterprise' will land us in worse economic chaos than we are in already"? The Marshall Plan, the Atlantic Pact, the Strasbourg Union are all acting as levers to the strengthening and safe entrenching of the reactionary forces.

A NEW SOCIAL ORDER

In the fog of perplexities and con-

traditions in which life is carried on these days, emotion rather than reason tends to superimpose itself in our everyday working. What the world is suffering from is a "profound anxiety attendant on a global change of life." We live in an environment in which science and technology travel at lightning speed upsetting our established working standards, wiping out familiar landmarks, while the human mind and psychic make-up fails to keep up with it. The two blocs, Capitalist and Communist, fritter human energy away charging each other with dehumanising the masses, fettering the workers and destroying personal and political liberty. The solution does not lie in helping either to destroy the other and getting engulfed in the dark abyss of totalitarianism but in creating a social order within which the human being can achieve some measure of self-fulfilment by catering to their physical and emotional needs. This alone can be the base of democracy if given a content to successfully meet the challenges of the present day world which lives not on the contentment and harmony of man but on his perpetual fears.

THE GROUP AREAS BILL—SOUTH AFRICA'S LATEST

By KUMARI MUKUL MUKHERJEE

THE Group Areas Bill which is now passing through various stages in the South African Legislature, is a desperate attempt on the part of the Nationalist Government to bring about complete "apartheid" in South Africa by segregating different racial groups in the country. The bill seeks to create racial zones, each zone being inhabited by members of one race only. All these zones will have practically nothing to do with each other in social, economic or political matters. Viewed in this context the South African Indians who constitute only two per cent of the population and are widely scattered all over the country will find it difficult—if not impossible—to survive as a community.

WHAT IS THIS BILL?

The bill provides that the Governor-General with the approval of the

Parliament may proclaim any area as falling under the Group Areas Bill. The area thus proclaimed will be set aside for occupation and ownership by members of a particular racial group. If an area is proclaimed for occupation, ownership rights of the original occupants will not be affected. A period of not less than a year will be specified in which all occupiers belonging to races other than that for which the area has been proclaimed, will either have to move out or obtain a special permit for continuing. Permits, according to the proposed bill, will be given only in cases of hardship and only when the minister concerned is satisfied that these permits will be in the interest of a racial group—for example, for teachers, doctors and chemists.

If an area is proclaimed for owner-

ship by a particular racial group, no person belonging to any other group will be allowed to buy property in the area concerned without a permit. Those already owning property there can retain it until death. They however cannot bequeath it or sell it to any one who is not a member of the racial group allotted to that area.

Landowning companies of racial groups other than that for which an area has been proclaimed are allowed in the bill a period of ten years to dispose off their assets. Once an area is "controlled" no one will be able to transfer his property rights to a person belonging to another racial group without a permit. Similarly a change of occupation of property between persons of two different groups will require a permit.

The bill envisages the setting up of a land tenure advisory board consisting of not less than seven members. The main function of the board will be to advise the minister on all matters relevant to the bill.

The bill will replace the Asiatic Land Tenure Act in Natal and a similar legislation in Transval.

WHAT THIS BILL MEANS TO INDIANS

It will be seen that the bill when it becomes law will place the ownership and occupation of land entirely under the control of the Government without the latter having to approach the Parliament again. The bill will also enable the Minister of the Interior to deal with the question of Indian penetration in the Cape by further extending the principle of restriction and segregation.

Almost all the financial agencies have, since the Asiatic Land Tenure Act came into effect, ceased to give loans to Indians. The effect of the bill will be to further strangle the financial life of the Indian community.

The value of the existing properties owned by Indians will depreciate considerably since the present owners will not be able to bequeath their property even to their own children. The question that crops up from this is: What will happen to children if the father dies? They will obviously be thrown out on the streets, the ownership of the property going into the hands of the Europeans at a next-to-nothing price. What will happen to

the Indian firms established for years? In the event of their closing down, they have no other place to go to. This is so because except in certain parts of Natal, the Indians are not sufficiently large in number to be able to carry on a lucrative trade among their own group.

The argument that the bill equally affects the Europeans so far as property and other rights are concerned does not have much weight because the Europeans are already in possession of the best parts of the urban and rural areas. Any measure therefore that aims at segregation will result only in keeping the non-Europeans out of the preserves of the Europeans.

In this connection it will be of interest to quote what the *Cape Times*, a leading South African paper said editorially on this particular aspect of the bill: "Remember," it said, "that the nationalist politicians in particular are at the mercy of the most passionately prejudiced of the Europeans in the country, and it is obvious that, once the Union is delimited into group areas under the Act—if it becomes an Act—our non-European peoples will be contained in overcrowded areas whose expansion will always lag behind need."

The success at the preliminary talks between the Governments of South Africa, India and Pakistan was hailed by the South African Indian Community. But the Group Areas Bill has shattered all their hopes for a successful round table conference.

A CHALLENGE TO U. N.

The Group Areas Bill is a direct challenge and affront to the United Nations. For while the Union Government has in pursuance of the United Nations Resolution of May 1949 agreed to hold a round table conference with India and Pakistan to discuss the question of racial discrimination, the new bill seeks to by-pass the round table conference even before it is held—nay it defeats the very purpose for which the conference is to be convened.

One may ask therefore whether there would be any good in holding a round table conference at a time when one of the parties to the conference continues to pursue a policy of racial segregation and thereby aggravate racial hatred and racial ill-will.

BERIA: KREMLIN'S POLICEMAN

By MATTHEW HALTON

THIRTEEN men sit around a green baize under the bulbous domes of the Kremlin. They are the 10 full members and the three non-voting members of the Supreme Soviet Junta, the Politburo. Russia is not a dictatorship of the Proletariat, nor yet of the Communist Party, nor even of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. It is a dictatorship of the Politburo.

The 13 men argue freely and sometimes fiercely—not about their ultimate aim, which is the creation of a Communist world under Russian leadership, but about tactics and strategy, which are always fluid. Tactical flexibility is the first principle of Communist methodology, and is so designated in the sacred books. It may be true, for example, that there are men in the Kremlin who want an accommodation with the West, but only as a manoeuvre. When once a decision is taken, the argument ends.

Four men among the 13 are more powerful than the rest.

At the top, of course, there is Stalin, whose authority derives from his key position of "first of the secretaries of the secretariat of the central committee of the Communist Party."

Successor To Stalin

The other three, one of whom will succeed Stalin, as first of the secretaries when he dies or retires, are Comrades Molotov, Malenkov and Beria. When Stalin goes there will be no civil war or palace revolution to decide the succession. It has been decided already. It is to be government by triumvirate: Molotov, Malenkov and Beria. But paramountcy is bound to fall to one of the three. And some observers say Beria will be the man.

Today Lavrenti Pavlovitch Beria is the most powerful policeman in the world.

Nominally he is not, as we sometimes read, the "chief of the secret police," the head of NKVD. In Russia there are two allied security systems—

the Ministry of the Interior (NKVD) and the Ministry for State Security. Sergei Kruglov is the head of NKVD and a certain Abamakov is the Minister of State Security. Titularly, Beria is a Marshal of the Soviet Union, and a Deputy President of the Council of Ministers, and nothing more. In fact, both Kruglov and Abamakov are his lieutenants. Beria has a master position whose title is not known.

Beria is said to be the chief of the Russian secret service throughout the world, and to have made it the best secret service in the world, but there is no way of verifying this. He is said also to be in charge of all Russia's atomic energy research. What is known is that Beria is responsible for both the moral and the physical quiescence of the State; that the labour and concentration camps, with their millions of slaves and dissidents, are in his hands; and that, in a very real sense, he controls Russia, body and soul. In the words of Lieut.-Col. Grigori Tokaev, a high Russian intelligence officer who renounced his country last year and is now in London, the Beria terror, both physically and mentally, is the worst the world has ever seen.

The Police State is no new thing in Russia. Over a century ago, Czar Nicholas I's Ochrana was notorious enough. But even at the apex of Czarist tyranny repression was never as ruthless, thorough and scientific as it became after 1917.

Lenin-Built

Within a few months of the revolution, Lenin had built a counter-revolutionary police and espionage system which became famous under the name of CHEKA, from its initial letters. Its head was Felix Derzhinsky, a Polish-Russian aristocrat and a merciless killer. He approved the dictum of Zinoviev, Chairman of the Comintern until he himself was liquidated, that "if in an area of 10,000,000 people 10,000,000 oppose the Soviets, all must be destroyed."

The CHEKA later became the OGPU, under another aristocrat,

Rudolf Menzhinsky, whom Lenin described as "a decadent neurotic."

Next came the terrible Gregor Yagoda, who advocated and began forced labour camps to "reform" political prisoners—and to get the White Sea—Baltic canal dug fast. "We killed far fewer than Peter the Great when he built St. Petersburg," said Yagoda. "I did not make people dig the frozen earth with their finger nails." Yagoda was put to death himself for trying to poison Maxim Gorky.

The fourth was Nikolai Yezhov, a shrieking neurotic who purged the OGPU itself and transformed it into the NKVD. He ran the police from 1936 to 1938, years of nation-wide ideological and political purge not outdone in history by the prescriptions of Sulla. Almost all the old guards of the Revolution and over half the army high command confessed dissidence and treason and were put to death. But in spite of all this zeal, Yezhov too disappeared from the scene.

No Detail Overlooked

Beria is not a neurotic or a sadist or a killer for killing's sake. He is the pragmatic ideologue personified; he believes passionately in the Communist dream, and talks eloquently sometimes of the Communist world brotherhood, when the State itself will wither away; but to attain that end he is the most supple of Jesuitical of strategists. He is brilliant, but also hard-headed and sane, and in a way this is the most chilling thing about him and the regime. "We are no more ruthless than is necessary," he once told a French diplomat, and that is no doubt true, though what constitutes *necessary* is the matter of definition. He is not a brute. He is not a Himmler, though I am told he looks rather like Himmler. Himmler was a curious and revolting blend of sadism, mysticism and devotion to Hitler; Beria is a cold-blooded and unemotional intellectual. His one personal ambition is for power.

Old Bolshevik

Beria joined the underground Communist movement when he was 17, just before the Revolution, and so he has the right to the proud title of Old Bolshevik. Though of a poor peasant family, he was avid for education, and at 20 he graduated from the

polytechnic school at Baku with diplomas in draughtsmanship and engineering. He taught school at first, then became a full-time architect. But his Communist zeal drove him to become a full-time operator for the CHEKA. His ability, his ruthlessness and his keenness made him, in one year, the head of the CHEKA for Transcaucasia. The paper began calling him the "Stalin of the Caucasus." He conducted a party purge in that district so thoroughly that he was promoted to Moscow. And in 1938, when Yezhov disappeared, Beria took his place as chief of NKVD. When the war came he was placed completely in charge of civilian morale—not only of repression and terror, the negative aspects of morale, but also with the appeasement and encouragement of the people.

During an interview with three of the British Government's Russian experts, I asked them to define Beria's functions, and one of them said: "Beria could be exactly defined as the minister of tranquillity and terror, or as the minister of hell and appeasement." The other two agreed, and I asked them how terror and tranquillity could go together.

Terror Of Russia

They explained that just because Beria is the terror of Russia, and knows through his 500,000 agents the exact state of popular opinion at any time, it is his task to make the little but significant concessions which appease discontent.

"Here's a little story," said one of the three. "Early in the war the regime relaxed its vendetta against religion, but the churches were still not allowed a ration of fuel, and in a Russian winter even the devout won't sit in unheated village churches. And then, when civilian morale was at its lowest, the priests in the villages were told they could help themselves from the Government woodpiles. That was Beria's work, and if you think it is insignificant detail remember it was just one of the hundreds of details that Beria was watching all the time."

"Take another example. As a measure of appeasement it was decided that peasants on the collective farms should be allowed a small plot of land of their own to grow potatoes for themselves. When the war ended, the more rigid doctrinaires wanted this

concession abolished. It is not proper Socialism, they said. Can't we now afford to reduce the amount of private-potato-growing? It was Beria who said no.

He Executes

"Beria will and does execute the most frightful deterrents. He will kill 1,000 or transport 1,000,000 or break up a whole race in central Asia without a qualm—but he knows just when to stop, and precisely which little point to concede. His job is to prevent despair from becoming the courage of despair, anger from becoming revolt."

His combination of appeasement and terror won the warm admiration of Stalin. "While we have Beria," said Stalin in conversation with Churchill, "Russia will never give in."

Laventi Beria is about 50 years old. Like Stalin he is a Georgian though he hardly looks it. He looks somewhat like a prelate of the medieval church. With his high, bald forehead and pince-nez spectacles he is described as easily the most polished and intellectual-looking member of the Politburo.

Beria's private life, as in the case of all other members of the Politburo, is wrapped in thorough and deliberate secrecy. All I know, though I have talked to people who knew him, is this:

RICH DIET REDUCES FERTILITY

Further evidence that a rich diet tends to reduce fertility while a diet considered poor from a nutritional standpoint seems to increase fertility is reported by nutritionists in the United States on the basis of recently completed animal tests. Rats were used in the experiments because their food needs most nearly coincide with those of human beings.

The tests were made by Dr. Anton J. Carlson, retired physiology professor of the University of Chicago, and his colleague, Frederick Hoelzel. Results of the tests, Dr. Carlson told a recent assembly of the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology, are in agreement with established facts regarding human and livestock fertility.

Test rats fed on a rich diet did not reproduce enough young after three generations to keep up their colony, Dr. Carlson said. Rats fed on a poor diet—low in protein and fat—produced many offspring, although they sometimes had difficulty in raising their litters. Rats fed on a good diet, with much "roughage" to counteract the effect of excess calories, produced many healthy offspring.

Dr. Carlson decries the modern tendency toward eliminating roughage from the human diet, and believes that concentrated foods, regardless of their nutritional content, are less suited to the human digestive system than rougher, natural foods.—USIS.

Baffling Phenomenon

He has a wife and two children. Like most of his colleagues, he lives in a luxurious villa just outside Moscow; like his colleagues he has his house heavily guarded day and night; and like them, he travels to and from his headquarters in the famous Lubyanka prison in a limousine, with the blinds always drawn. His working day begins at 5, and though of peasant origin he is a gourmet in his choice of food. After dinner he relaxes till nearly 10 o'clock, reading, conversing and hearing music. Then he works hard until 3 or 4 a.m.

"Even the best informed Russians know almost nothing of the personalities and private lives of their rulers," said a man whose job when he was in Russia was to study those angles. "And for good reasons. Nothing personal is ever allowed to be written about them. Even at the theatre Beria, like Stalin and the rest, is never seen entering or leaving. The curtains of his box are pulled back, the lights go on—and there he is, like royalty."

We know less about the intentions and policies of the Government intelligence of Russia than, say, the Egyptians knew about the intentions of a Caesar 2,000 years ago. And secrecy about individuals adds to the thickness of the curtain that has fallen.

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Serial Story

STERNER STUFF

By S. KRISHNIAH

THE STORY SO FAR: Sukumar, an engineering student, meets with great success as an actor and singer while taking part in a variety entertainment. Jayanthi, a film-star and Ramesh Gupta, a film director who watch him on the stage congratulate him. Sukumar, who had kept till then his father, Ramchander, in the dark, divulges to him his glorious success, at which the parent frowns. Ramchander, in an attempt to save Sukumar from the distractions of stage acting, goes to Jayanthi who had been his wife once and Sukumar's mother. She promises not to woo Sukumar to the films but Ramesh Gupta wants Sukumar since he has got a part ideally suited for him. Ramchander learns this and comes out with the whole truth informing Sukumar that Jayanthi was his mother who deserted both of them long ago. Sukumar understands his father's point of view and promises not to be diverted from the main object of his life of becoming an engineer.

THIS exposition of facts made Sukumar view his father in a new light. He now understood why his father was morose and peculiar. He could understand why Ramchander at certain times had been very stern and at other times lavish in pouring out his affection.

But there were many things about which Sukumar was yet unaware. He did not know that Ramchander was a man of stern principles. He did not know that Ramchander would happily lay down his life rather than sacrifice his honour. He also did not know that Ramchander had been sorely tried in the later years and had been forced to do dishonourable deeds.

Every man has his soft spot and touched in that place he becomes just clay in the hands of evil circumstances. Ramchander had one such soft spot and that was his son. He would have gladly committed suicide

had he been sure that such a deed would assure for his son a bright future and happiness. But such an assurance he did not have. His whole personality was absorbed in his son and all his thoughts by day and dreams by night were of Sukumar's future.

And Sukumar had been a brilliant student. That was the trouble. Had Ramchander found him deficient in intelligence in his lower classes perhaps the edge of his enthusiasm and ambition would have disappeared. But Sukumar's sweeping success at every examination in school acted as an added incentive to the already ambitious father.

The trouble started when Sukumar left school and entered college. Unfortunately Ramchander's salary did not permit Sukumar's education in college. But Ramchander did not think twice when he sought admission in a good college for Sukumar. The fees were heavy and made inroads into the meagre income. But Ramchander was not the type of man to give up. He saved every pie he could, made drastic cuts in all personal expenditure. He was forced to go to office in torn and shabby clothes. The first two years of Sukumar's college study were days of acute poverty for Ramchander but he never let his son feel that the pinch of money was really painful. It was a miracle of economy that Ramchander was able to meet their living expenses, pay for Sukumar's education and also keep his insurance policy alive.

But all Ramchander's efforts came to naught when Sukumar entered the Engineering College. It just was not possible to make both ends meet. No jugglery in economy could have achieved that. But still Ramchander did not give up hope. Without a thought of how he was going to finance his son's expensive education in engineering he got him admitted. Only a month later the utter impos-

sibility of proceeding any further with his plans smote him with a sadness beyond endurance. He racked his brains. He first rejected the idea that had wormed itself into his mind but it came on and on every time he sat down to think as the only possible solution. It was dishonourable, even criminal—but somehow Ramchander could not shake it off. Either he should adopt the idea or he should stop Sukumar's education.

No. Never. Not Sukumar's education. Not at any cost. Ramchander could not bring himself to think of such a thing coming to pass. Rather... rather, well—after all, a man had to face facts—rather swindle his firm.

Yes, that was the idea that had taken hold of Ramchander in its fascinating clutches. He had lately been made the personal clerk of Mr. Bathiwalla the senior partner of M/s. Bathiwalla & Co., a prosperous firm of constructional engineers. In his capacity as personal clerk, Ramchander could easily manipulate the accounts in such a way as to make enough to educate his son and live in comfort. Ramchander in his heart of hearts had no fascination for money but it was everything to him at that juncture because it sounded synonymous with the continuation of Sukumar's education.

It was the only way and Ramchander contaminated his fingers. He was sure that he would go undetected since behind him he had twenty years of honest, upright industry in M/S Bathiwalla & Co. And he would have got away with the embezzlement but for the few mistakes he made. What with Sukumar's success on the stage and subsequent inclination to follow a career in Cinetone Studios, he was much worried. His mind had not been on the job lately and it was only natural that Ramchander had committed two glaring errors in his manipulation of Mr. Bathiwalla's personal account.

The auditors of the firm had been quick to detect those errors. Caught unawares Ramchander was forced to blabber fantastic explanations which had no chance of holding water especially against the scrutiny of trained accountants and hard-boiled businessmen.

The inevitable happened. Ram-

chander was called on the carpet by Mr. Bathiwalla.

"Look here, Ramchander. What is all this about?"

Ramchander stood silent.

"The auditor tells me that he can prove that you have been manipulating accounts for a long time. Is that true?"

Again Ramchander refrained from answering.

"Speak up, man. It is no use your trying to hide things from me. Had I been here at the time of the discovery I'd have tried to hush these things up. But you know Mr. Dinshaw. He can't stand such nonsense."

Mr. Dinshaw was another partner of the firm and was in charge of accounts and office-management.

"I'm sorry, Sir," murmured Ramchander.

"It's too late to feel sorry about anything. Better make a clean breast of things. I'll see how I can help you. Perhaps you know that Mr. Dinshaw has already informed the police. But I have talked him round and stayed your arrest.... What have you to say?"

Ramchander's chin sagged lower on his chest.

"What can I say, Sir? It will be no use denying that I stole money and covered it up by adjusting the accounts."

"So you accept your having swindled us?"

"Yes, Sir. But perhaps you know why I have been forced to do it?"

"Why?"

"It is my son, Sir. I could find no other means of educating him. And he is so bright a student and I hoped that one day he'd be an engineer."

"But that is not the point at all."

"It was only that, Sir, which made me descend to this level of embezzling. Nothing else could have made me do this."

"Then why didn't you ask me for an increment?"

"I thought you will refuse me, Sir."

"So you started swindling, eh? What a silly excuse. I suppose you know this is a serious matter."

"Yes, Sir."

"You see, Ramchander, I used to like

you. Of course you know that you cannot continue in our employ. That is definite. But if you undertake to make good the amount you have taken from us I shall persuade my partner to withdraw the criminal complaint he has lodged with the police against you."

Ramchander was silent. When a man reaches a certain depth of degradation and sorrow he cannot sink any further.

"Mr. Dinshaw thinks that you would have taken about two thousand rupees from us. If you can manage to pay back that amount I shall persuade him to drop the matter.... Don't you think it is fair?"

Ramchander felt numb. His brain had ceased functioning. How could he manage to give back the two thousand rupees? Wherefrom could he obtain that amount of money. Who would lend him?

"What do you say, Ramchander?" Mr. Bathiwalla's voice boomed again. "Don't you think it is fair?"

Fair? Ramchander had an inclination to guffaw out of sheer desperation. All his castles in the air seemed to tumble down. Life tasted bitter. Every circumstance seemed to conspire against him. Steeped in sorrow his sense of justice became unbalanced. He could see no fairness in the world. He saw the world only as a place full of frustrated hopes and stagnant ambitions.

He stood staring with maniac eyes at Mr. Bathiwalla.

"I do not know what to say, Sir," he said after what appeared to be an interminable length of time. "I don't care what happens to me, Sir. You can prosecute me, send me to prison or to the gallows for all that I care. I know I have erred and I shall gladly undergo any punishment meted out to me. But please spare my son. Being so hard will only mean complete ruin of his life. His career will be spoiled. All the hopes and ambitions I have cherished for the last twenty years will be dashed to pieces. Please, Sir, listen to me. You are a father too. Spare a father for the sake of the son."

"I don't understand you, Ramchander," Mr. Bathiwalla replied. "How can I spare you because of your son. He does not come into the picture at

all. You have swindled our firm and because I like you I promised to waive prosecuting you provided you reimburse us for the loss. How can I let you off scott-free? It will be a bad example for other subordinates, and what is more, my partners won't agree. The best thing I'll advise you to do will be to go and find the two thousand rupees."

Ramchander turned and left the presence of the almighty Mr. Bathiwalla. His heart was a lump of lead. He spent the whole day at home. Sukumar was at college. What could Ramchander do? There was nothing he could sell to make up the money. He would have gladly made a deal like Faust had such a thing been possible. Nor would anybody lend him any money. There was just no use in trying. But should he let himself be tamely arrested by the police and locked up? Was there not some means by which he could avoid that shame? Mr. Bathiwalla had definitely told him that he would wait two days for him to make good the money he had stolen before letting the long arm of the law touch him.

When Sukumar came home in the evening, the sight of the son made Ramchander cry out in agony. He wondered whether he should tell his son the plight in which he was situated. He wondered how Sukumar would react. Would Sukumar understand him and sympathise with him or would he turn upon his father and point towards him the finger of scorn. That would be the very climax of the gorgeous array of calamities. For Ramchander knew that round the corner a great career in film-acting was waiting for Sukumar. With Ramchander in prison, Sukumar would not hesitate more than a week to make a decision. He would join Cinetone Studios. Soon Jayanthi would lavish money and affection on her son and where would there be any thought indeed in the hearts of the wife and son for the man pining away in prison?

Ramchander thought of his parents—the days of his youth when with the curse of his elders on his head he had married Jayanthi and broken the family ties. Was it their curse that was with vengeful certainty working itself out after so many long years? Were his parents from another world

watching him reap the benefit of the act to which he had irrevocably pledged himself in the rash lustiness of youth?

The close of the following day did not see Ramchander either bowing to the inevitable or in a mood for frustrating the designs of a malignant fate. He was still pacing up and down. During all these hours he had played with and rejected many ideas. The first had of course been of Jayanthi. His erstwhile wife who had been so kind and tolerant to him only a few weeks ago was rolling in wealth and would surely lend him the money. But could he ask her that? Would he not, if he approached her, be surrendering to her all the rights which he had so jealously exercised on Sukumar? No. He would not go to Jayanthi. Better for the prison.

The second thought that occurred to him was to let Sukumar take up film-acting just for a year or so to make sufficient money so as to continue college later. But he rejected that also because he knew that once Sukumar entered that walk of life its lurid fascination would so far captivate him that it would be impossible to give it up after sometime in order to resume the staid hard life of an engineering student.

There was still another way that suggested itself to Ramchander. That seemed to find a solution to every angle of the problem. It was also fascinating in a way.

Ramchander continued pacing up and down. There should be no mistake in his reckoning. Because, once he adopted that solution—a pretty desperate one—there would be no means of undoing what would have been accomplished in the very first step.

Sukumar was rudely awakened the next morning by a neighbour loudly banging at the door.

Rubbing his eyes he went up to the door and opened it. The neighbour was wildly gesticulating.

"What's up?" asked Sukumar.

"An accident!"

"An accident?" asked Sukumar, his wits still foggy with sleep.

"Yes. To your father!"

"An accident? To my father? What do you mean?"

"Yes. To your father. He has fallen into the well."

It took Sukumar a few minutes to grasp the full meaning of the sentence.

"My father? Fell into the well?"

"Yes."

Like a flash of lightning the gravity of the situation smote him. He stumbled out of the house towards the neighbouring garden where there was a well but the neighbour caught his arm.

"No. Don't go. He is past help."

"What do you mean? Let me go. We must do something."

"No. We can't do anything. They are taking him out."

The kindly neighbour pushed Sukumar forcibly back into the house.

"Is he....? Is he....?"

"Yes.... He is no more, Sukumar. You must bear up and act like a man. He must have fallen in last night and got himself drowned.... No.... no.... you must not cry. These accidents happen in life. You are a young man now and you must stand up and face realities. You should not...."

The neighbour had pushed Sukumar into a chair and stooping over him went on talking.

But Sukumar was not listening. Convulsive fits of sobbing shook his lithe frame. Black clouds obscured his mental vision. Time seemed to have come to a stand-still. His thought processes refused to function. His father was no more.... His father was dead.... His father was drowned. Beyond this one oppressive thought his stunned brain was capable of nothing else.

He did not know how long afterwards they brought home Ramchander's bloated body. He fell upon the body as they laid it out and wept long and loud. Nobody dared disturb him. His grief was so poignant and seemed so hallowed that the cluster of neighbours who were beside him watched him spellbound. Sukumar wept and wept until sheer physical exhaustion made a faintness come over him. He got off his knees from beside the corpse and those who were nearby helped him to a chair.

Slowly it was suggested to Sukumar that he should leave the room. Ar-

rangements for the funeral ought to be made. The corpse must be got ready for the rites.

Sukumar obeyed unfeelingly. Something had died in him. Mentally and physically he felt numb. He got up and left the room and walked into his father's. There was only one chair there and he sat down on it and no sooner had he done so than a letter on the table before him arrested his attention because his name was scrawled on it in his father's calligraphy. He picked it up with trembling fingers and hastily tore it open. He pulled out the single sheet of paper and started to scan the lines.

"When you read this, Suku, I'll be no more...."

Sukumar could not proceed any further. So his father had committed suicide while everybody said that it was an accident and blamed the absence of a parapet wall round the old well which had fallen into disuse.

He returned to the letter.

".... This is the only way out of the tangle in which I am caught. Perhaps when you have read the whole letter you would scorn me, and if so, perhaps I deserve your scorn...."

Oh no, Sukumar swore mentally, he could never scorn his father....

".... You see, Suku, we have always been poor. My salary has been very low but I have always tried to hide from you the acuteness of our poverty. After you joined the Engineering College, I found that it was impossible to live within the income and so I stole money from the company. Do you think low of me, Suku, because of that? I could find no other means. I had to educate you and make you an engineer. The temptation was great and I fell.

"Two days ago I was caught and Mr. Bathiwalla told me that if I did not pay back Rs. 2,000, which amount they estimated I must have taken unlawfully from them, I would be arrested. For the last two days I have been thinking hard and I prefer to commit suicide than fall into the clutches of the law. Not that it matters to me, but such an episode would spoil your future.

"But let me not write about that. Let me tell you what is goading me to suicide. I want you to continue your engineering studies. On my death the

insurance company will pay you Rs. 5,000. Out of this you can pay Mr. Bathiwalla Rs. 2,000 and the rest should suffice to see you through college.

"Remember, Suku, that your dead father wishes you to become an engineer and may you not waver in fulfilling the object for which he took his own life.

"God bless you, my son, and goodbye."

Sukumar stared blankly at the letter. His eyes had dried and slowly his mind seemed to be working. Again he saw his father in a new light. Dimly in his mental vision he saw Ramchander heart-broken when Jayanthi deserted him. He saw Ramchander struggling with his principles before swindling M/s. Bathiwalla & Co. He saw Ramchander pacing up and down the verandah of their house weighing in his mind coldly the advantage of committing suicide.

Was not every struggle in the life of the father for the sake of the son? Could Sukumar deny that? Had not his father made for him every possible sacrifice and this the final, the greatest, of them all? Was Sukumar worthy of them?....

.... Sukumar lit the funeral pyre and long tongues of flame curled up as if eager to consume his father's body. Sukumar watched the scene as if he was hypnotised. He realised that he was left alone in the world with nothing except his father's resolute ambition to guide him and also the means with which to achieve the goal.

The next day Sukumar read and re-read his father's letter and slowly he found that he was being infused with the ambition that had burned in his father's heart. He made mental resolutions that he would pass out of college with distinction. He resolved that he would make himself an engineer whose prowess would please his father should he look down at him from another world.

It was two days after the cremation of his father that the big sleek limousine came up to the door of the cottage in which Sukumar still lived.

Jayanthi got out of the car and entered the house and as Sukumar rose up to receive her she stumbled towards him and enfolded him in her

arms. Tears coruscated in her eyes; and, having for the first time in his life felt the sweet embrace of mother's love, an infinite feeling of affection flooded Sukumar's soul.

Mother and son stood in close embrace for a long time. Silence, eloquent silence, reigned over them.

"I'm so sorry, Suku," Jayanthi spoke in a cooing voice after a long time, "that your father is no more and I am so happy to be near you."

Sukumar slowly disengaged himself and turned away from her.

"It was so nice of you to come."

It sounded silly, ridiculous, to talk like that to one's mother but Sukumar could find no other words to express his feelings.

Since his father's demise he had felt so lonely. The company of his neighbours had been galling and in sharp contrast the coming of his

mother seemed to ease his heart-ache.

"You must be feeling horribly lonely," remarked Jayanthi.

"Yes. It has been unbearable sometimes."

"Poor boy. I must do something for you."

"No. I won't be alone for long."

"How do you mean?"

"I shall shift to the hostel next week."

Jayanthi remained silent for some time.

"Look here, Suku, I want to have a long chat with you. Why don't you come home with me?"

"Oh yes, I will."

"That's a nice boy."

Sukumar quickly changed his dress and accompanied his mother.

CONGRESS MUST GET RID OF CERTAIN INHIBITIONS

By Dr. N. V. RAJKUMAR

IT is high time Congressmen realised their exact position in the political life of the country. They should now get rid of the notion that they are the chosen saviours of the Indian people. They must come down to earth and work as partymen to further the party interests and through it, the interests of the country. There are certain organisational defects, such as the complicated three-tier membership which has already given rise to a lot of confusion, corruption and group rivalry. A thorough revision of the Congress constitution would seem to be called for in order to remedy these defects. The insistence on the habitual use of Khadi, for example, is generally considered to be a fad by non-Congressmen and particularly by foreigners. Whether this symbol of our fight for freedom should be maintained under the plausible excuse that it is an economic proposition is a matter which the Congress Party should go into seriously. I myself think there is sound economics behind it. Nevertheless it is no sacrilege to question its utility as a party symbol, for it has long ceased to be—if it has ever been so—a matter of conviction with most people.

MORALISTIC IDEAS RUINOUS

The Congress programme likewise calls for a reorientation if it is to appeal to the practical minded masses of this country. Prohibition as a philosophy and as a social measure has undoubtedly an intrinsic value, but the people do not understand why we are going about it like fanatic temperance workers, sacrificing a substantial revenue and maintaining a costly enforcement staff—while we complain of lack of money for development schemes and ameliorative measures. Experience has shown that in such cases, a go-slow policy based on social education and mass propaganda, yield better results in the long run. It was Pandit Nehru himself who advised recently against a hasty execution of Prohibition schemes. The abolition of racing, which in

practice mostly affects the moneyed classes, speculation and other gambling practices and a lot of similar vices which the modern world suffers from and which interest Congress Governments today might, without much loss to society, await happier times. Our people are today concerned too much with their daily bread to be able to appreciate these moralistic ideas. They are not going to vote Congress into power in the next elections because it has stopped horse-racing or gambling. There are more urgent problems to be tackled, more immediate needs to be satisfied.

BURDEN ON MASSES

Multipurpose projects, national laboratories and research institutes, pre-fab houses and imposing health plans are alright by themselves. But the common man does not know how these big things are going to benefit him immediately. Appalling poverty, the mounting cost of living, increasing ill-health and dearth of hospitals, doctors and nurses, the growing unemployment of hardy, able and educated young men with their enthusiasm for a bright future damped by hostile and discouraging circumstances—these are facts of more urgent importance to him; and he does not see anything done to relieve him of these worries. Not that the Congress possesses a cure for all these ills that the nation suffers from! All the world over the same problems exist and India is no exception. What one rather expects is an awareness on the part of the administration of these difficulties and practical and realistic attempts to solve them. Any action by the Congress Governments which would result in the easing of the burden would be welcome and supported by the masses.

ANOMALY OF THE OFFICE OF THE CONGRESS PRESIDENT

The time is approaching when the Congress will have to take a decision about the exact position and status of its President under the altered circumstances. The Congress President-

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ship was a coveted position of great trust and responsibility during the days we were struggling for freedom. In a Free India, however, under the Republican Constitution with a President as the Head of State, the Congress Presidency has inevitably lost much of its old-time glory. Theoretically today the President of the Congress is only the chairman of a political party—one of the many parties in India. All the same, Congress, being the premier political party with a proud record of suffering and sacrifice and in charge of the administration at the Centre and in the States, has a prestige that other parties do not have, which makes its President a figure of national importance. It is necessary, therefore, to clarify his status and powers and to define the ambit of his action. An able and experienced President can be a force for much goodwill and co-operation between the party organisation and its parliamentary wing. A suggestion has been made in this connection that the President should not directly participate in the parliamentary activities of the Congress and that he should rather guide from outside the general policies of Congress ministries. This is a commendable proposal and deserves consideration.

CONGRESS POSITION STILL STRONG

Contrary to the impression created by the propaganda of political opponents, the Congress Party machinery is still intact and in spite of all that has happened, it is in good working order. I make bold to say that the Congress is even today perhaps the best organised party in the whole world, considering the size of the territory it operates in. No other

country today possesses leaders of the calibre of Pandit Nehru, Sardar Patel and Rajendra Prasad. India is fortunate in having such splendid leadership in a world full of dangers and difficulties.

Negatively the Congress is lucky because there is no other party in India as yet which can challenge its leadership of the nation. The Socialist Party is a rabble in spite of a few sincere leaders at the top nurtured in Congress traditions. In spite of much war-drumming and trumpeting with which it was ushered in a couple of years back, the Socialist Party has not been able to make much headway.

The only other political party which could have challenged the Congress—the Communist Party—has already signed its own death-warrant. By a series of incredible mistakes it has effaced itself from the political scene. The orgy of violence it has indulged in and the crimes it has committed against innocent men and women throughout the country, have made it the most hated of all groups. Until the Communists learn that travelling the Moscow road does not pay, they need not hope for any support from Indian nationalists.

RENOVATE THE ORGANISATION!

This combination of circumstances provides a good opportunity for the Congress to re-orientate its policies and programmes—to renovate itself as it were—for the great task ahead of making the country a happy and prosperous land during the next few years it is likely to be in power. The Congress can do this provided it gets rid of certain inhibitions and fallacies which a long period of revolutionary struggle and changing circumstances has accumulated.

A joint drive by the Scotland Yard and the Home counties police chiefs has just been undertaken to combat the growing crime in Britain. A series of conferences preceded this joint action. Scotland Yard has concluded that these crimes are due to the unbridled imports into Britain of American crime magazines. They have recommended that these journals should be banned, or at least the imports should be restricted to the minimum.

A big threat to British car export has come from Australia. Australian manufacturers have built light cars which are very attractive and which will sell at least £100 less than the cheapest of the British model.

DARTS FROM THE CAPITAL

By "JUNIUS"

NEW DELHI has suddenly lost its sense of primacy, political, even official, gravity having shifted to Dehra Dun where, with the Prime Minister out of India, the Deputy Prime Minister holds his 'court.' In the past, except for Cabinet purposes, the place where Sardar Patel stayed, became the seat of political lobbying at top level—and the rendezvous of all politicians at dispute or in difficulty. If Dehra Dun acquires the status of unofficial metropolis, it is because the constitution allows it and the Sardar cannot possibly add to his strain by moving about while the 'moving spirits' of the Central Government are under no such handicap. Taking a long range view of things, it seems that it will be both much better and far simpler if during the summer when New Delhi becomes uninhabitable for those who are in sore need of physical comfort as an aid to cool thinking, Cabinet Members converge on a chosen health resort, may be Dehra Dun itself, instead of paying a hurried visit to it and getting back to uncongenial surroundings where collective concentration on pressing national problems is alike an impossible proposition and an unjust demand.

'Man of Letters' as well as 'Man of Affairs,' the versatile Mr. K. M. Munshi, on his emergence into the Cabinet at the Centre, has developed a new personality. His efflorescence into a 'Man of Trees' is a marked feature of the new orientation at the Capital. With a Planning Commission already at work with an eye on far horizons, Mr. Munshi has constituted himself into a one-man Planting Commission, vigorously breaking new ground. Like Hamlet's Polonius with 'words, words, words,' Mr. Munshi commands attention with his 'trees, trees, trees.' The more of them, the merrier. For an organised effort on a mass scale, the first week of July will be observed as the Vana Mahotsavam Week when every one of consequence will join in the Mela by planting a tree.

one of Randolph Churchill's speeches wherein, singling out Gladstone as the target of his political invective, he regaled the House of Commons thus:

For the purpose of recreation, he (the Prime Minister) has selected the felling of trees... Every afternoon the whole world is invited to assist at the crashing fall of some beech or elm or oak. The forest laments in order that Mr. Gladstone may perspire, and full accounts of these proceedings are forwarded by special correspondents to every daily paper every recurring morning.

Under the friendly auspices of India's Minister for Food and Agriculture, we will find our giants perspiring, not by felling trees but by planting them. Every one is invited to assist at the sprouting of a new one, mango or neem or any other. Thus the forest extends in order that Mr. Munshi may smile while full accounts of the Vana Mahotsavam will be duly forwarded to every daily paper every recurring morning during the allotted week. Gladstone was not known to have given up his favourite recreation after Randolph Churchill's delicious attack. Mr. Munshi, whatever we may say of his new 'creation' in lighter moments, will no more give it up. He has made the people tree-minded on however temporary a basis. After the week's digging demonstration, what next? May be that, amidst the leaves that flutter and fall, the groans of the hungry multitude will not be heard, for happy is the man "whose trees in summer yield him shade, and in winter fire." But growing trees is a whole-time occupation and not a political pastime, much less, a ministerial jugglery. The country looks to Mr. Munshi for something more sustaining than a mere text-book recipe.

In Government and diplomatic circles in Delhi there has been a mild flutter caused by the note that Pandit Nehru struck on India's leadership in South East Asia, in his address to the Singapore press. It was not without purpose that he deprecated loose talk

on the subject. There has been a tendency on the part of some, both at home and abroad, to weave a kind of "big brother philosophy" in regard to India's role in South East Asia. Such an attitude, according to a spokesman who attended one or two of recent international conferences, is but inimical to India's chances of South East Asian leadership. To be real, leadership should be, it is said, commanded, not demanded, and is in no way dependent on the size of a country. Nor can there be any leadership through a military or economic strangle-hold. Japan tried that game with fatal results. There seems to be little realisation that in several countries in South-East Asia, the awakened sense of nationalism has come into conflict with Indian interests as landlords, money-lenders or businessmen—categories of people who have not always added to India's prestige abroad. Also by indiscreet talk some of our own politicians have helped to generate fear rather than affection in the minds of smaller neighbours like Ceylon. It is in this kind of atmosphere that Pandit Nehru insists on the new perspective that our association with the South East Asian countries should be based on co-operation which recognises the national aspirations of small countries around us, which seeks no concession except by free negotiation and recognition of mutual good and which nourishes rather than hinders the growth of national economies and aspirations. There should, in fact, be less and less talk of leadership and more of contacts and understanding, and the fostering of a community of aim and interest in the spirit of a democratic regional collaboration, not between a big country and many smaller ones, but between countries which are equal and sovereign even though there are marked differences of size and strength.

The Andhras are fast becoming a joke in Delhi, thanks to their leaders who have shown themselves utterly incapable of presenting a united stand on any single issue. No adversity ever brings them together. Their gift for wrangling has acquired a noto-

riety. Their warring camps all over their area are, in all conscience, disastrous, but when the rival groups rush to Delhi for a public parade in the streets, vowing vengeance on each other, they should not expect others either to sympathise with their lot or to understand their problems. Their presence here occasions so much of shoulder-shrugging, if not derisive comment. The latest provoked by the Congress President's ruling makes things ticklish even for the High Command. On the one side there is Mr. Gokul Bai Bhatt, a member of the Working Committee, deputed on a special commission. On the other, there is the Congress President who has suddenly become alert and overruled him. Whoever may stand vindicated, there is a blow administered to Congress prestige—such prestige as still precariously lingers. But can anything worse happen than that men should sit in judgment who have their own axes to grind?

The Government of India's announcement, following a Cabinet meeting at Dehra Dun on June 16, of an increase of Rs. 150 per candy in the basic ceiling prices of cotton, for all the general welcome that it is said to have received in business circles, has a story behind the screens which the daily press, for reasons best known to it, prefers to ignore. Leaving aside the merits of the decision, one or two pertinent questions may be raised. Was it a unanimous decision? I learn on good authority that the new Finance Minister was opposed to such a move. Was it not a fact that the considered verdict of the Planning Commission was flouted? In case of serious differences between the Planning Commission and the Cabinet, should a big decision have been taken in the absence of the Prime Minister, at a Cabinet meeting hurriedly convened and truncated in size? Finally, I have to pass on to the reader one striking observation made by a knowledgeable friend. "The Nehru-Patel leadership, while it has done miracles in politics, has worked havoc in economics." The dictum calls for serious thinking.



THREE DAYS IN HYDERABAD

EVEN three days in Hyderabad (It is now the only Hyderabad in India, so one need no longer call it Hyderabad-Deccan!) are enough to discover the grim as well as amusing paradoxes of this city—and this state.

From the hotel window I can see the smooth asphalted road over which passes a motley caravan. A huge, powerful limousine (fitted with silken curtains to veil the beauties of some Nawab's harem) flashes by, wafting the breath of an insidious perfume. Behind it comes the lumbering bulk of a double-decker bus, followed by a cycle rickshaw being pedalled by a rickety young man in dirty blue shorts. A khaki-clad army officer dashes past on a motor cycle. Finally, bringing the rear, comes a cart loaded with fuel wood to which are yoked not a pair of oxen, but a pair of human beings—a man and a woman!

THIS IS HYDERABAD!

Here are some more of the contradictions and paradoxes of Hyderabad:

It is a sprawling, big city (fourth or fifth biggest in the country) with a population of nearly a million, with good, clean, wide roads, bungalows on the Banjara Hill designed by German architects in the ultra-modern or Californian—Spanish-Saracenic styles, it has a fleet of double-decker buses, and taxis, but the slow horse-driven *jhaika*, the human-driven carts, the still servile courtesy of many of its people, the somewhat effeminate graces of its aristocracy, add up to an old-world feudal atmosphere which still clings to Hyderabad as a hang-over from the past.

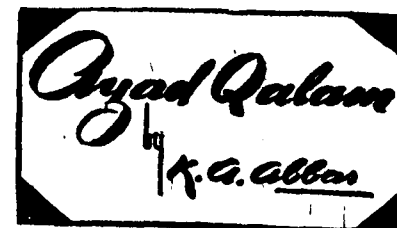
Hyderabad is a big city without the urgent, fast-paced tempo of metropolitan life. Its ways are the ways of a small town which makes it look as incongruous and odd as it would be to find the intelligence of a child in the huge big body of a man. It is a city in which they have taxis but no taximeters, buses but no trams, palaces but no flats, slums but

no chawls, grand Guest Houses but no up-to-date hotels. Also in Hyderabad you find politeness but no punctuality, social graces but very little social consciousness, much poverty but hardly any proletariat. The veneer of modernism is superficial, skin-deep, and underneath is the decaying, putrid corpse of feudalism that took a long time dying.

MORE PARADOXES

More odd contrasts? Consider the matter of dress: The leader of the Hyderabad State Congress, Swami Ramanand Tirth wears a Gandhian loin cloth. The Nizam wears an ill-fitting sherwani and fez. The Chief Minister, Mr. M. K. Vellodi, wears western suits. The Ministers wear sherwanis and *churidars*—a la Nehru and Morarji Desai! The journalists wear bush-shirts. The poorest Muslim wears a sherwani, however tattered or dirty it may be, and even if he goes bare-footed. Gandhi caps, of course, are the head-gear of the new ruling class and inspire the same awe as the conical Asafjahi *dastaar* (ready-to-wear turban) did before the Police Action. As elsewhere in India, black-marketeers take care to be seen in khaddar though, of course, it would be utterly wrong to imagine that everyone who wears khaddar is a blackmarketeer.

No less than two dozen daily newspapers are published in Hyderabad city—most of them in Urdu, four in English and only one in Telugu which is the language of the 60 per cent people of the state! Not a single newspaper has a rotary press, all are hand-composed and many are printed on antiquated treadles. The younger journalists (many of whom are sub-editors or reporters in local papers and also correspondents from Bombay and Madras papers) write bright, provocative and fiery stuff criticising the administration in outside papers but are obliged to tow the line laid down by the



Government through the Director of Information in their own papers in Hyderabad.

Consider, again, the language situation. The Nizam tried to super-impose Urdu as a state language on the three basic indigenous languages—Telugu, Marathi and Kannada. They spent millions of the tax-payers money in subsidizing the *Anjuman Taraqqi-e-Urdu* and getting foreign technical books translated, and enforced Urdu as the medium of instruction for higher studies in the Osmania University—yet Urdu has not taken root among the common people, and remained primarily a court language of the ruling class and the class aspiring to rule. The dark old Andhra peasant woman who brings buckets of water to my room in the hotel has not even a smattering of Urdu, and when I went to a village only 10 miles from Hyderabad and talked to some peasants in Hindustani they only smiled and answered in Telugu.

Since the Police Action, Hyderabad is regarded as an integral part of India—yet at the airport one still has to submit one's baggage for customs examination. The Nizam's dream of sovereignty over an independent Hyderabad is shattered, but the Nizam's currency still circulates, the State Press still prints his crisp, colourful currency notes and the state mint still mints the coins which bear the Nizam's name and the picture of Char Minar—the familiar landmark of Hyderabad.

Then, again though the Nizam, by the grace of Sardar Patel, is the Rajpramukh of his state and certified to be most cooperative with the new regime, he did not care even to stand up to administer the oath to "his" Cabinet when the new Ministers were sworn-in recently, and kept sitting all the time like a sulky school-boy. And, finally, though even today in the year of grace 1950—18 months after the Police Action, when the Nizam goes out anywhere, the traffic is stopped for his car, radical youths are no longer afraid to stand up in public meetings and denounce his "exhausted" highness as an unwanted anachronism and demand his immediate abdication.

STORY IN PICTURES

In the gallery of Raja Deen Dayal, the century-old photographic firm in

Hyderabad, are to be seen the portraits of all the Nizams of the Asafjahi dynasty looking down, from their gilded frames at the changing shape of their "Dominions." Also "framed" here are many of the aristocrats, their wives and mistresses—including a once-famous Bombay film star. The British Viceroys are duly depicted on their visits to Hyderabad—there is a picture of the present Nizam, for instance, respectfully bowing before, and shaking hands with, Lord Wavell. Almost adjacent to it on the wall is another photograph of the Nizam in a similar pose of humble cordiality, receiving Sardar Patel. Both the photos were taken at the airport—the only difference being that in the former the Nizam looks like a cartoon of Charlie Chaplin in a morning coat and striped trousers, while in the latter he looks like a cartoon of himself in crumpled trousers, ill-fitting sherwani and fez.

The largest number of pictures in the gallery, however, are not of any Nizam but of photogenic General Chaudharie and his even more photogenic wife. Which may or may not be significant but it certainly adds one more contrast to the long list we have already enumerated.

HEARD IN HYDERABAD!

Rumour and gossip may not always embody the gospel truth but they do certainly indicate the direction in which the wind of public opinion is blowing. Here are some of the things I heard during my three-day stay:

The Nizam was the real force behind the Razakar movement to establish the "independent" monarchy of Hyderabad by terrorising the population and Qasim Razvi was only the tool for the realization of the Nizam's ambitions.

The Razakars and the Nizam were foolhardy enough to challenge the power of the Indian Union because they were expecting military aid from Pakistan and material and moral aid from the Conservatives in Britain.

The reactionary aristocracy of Hyderabad shrewdly rehabilitated their lost position immediately after the Police Action by their hypocritical post of humble penitence and by lavishing politeness and hospitality upon the susceptible General and Mrs. Chaudharie.

A number of disreputable busybodies and carpet-baggers overnight turned Congressmen and donned Gandhi caps on the morrow of the Police Action and not only paid old scores by pointing out their enemies as Razakars or Communists and getting them arrested. Some of these "bogus" Congressmen were later arrested and at least a few genuine Congressmen were also caught indulging in anti-social activities.

The Police and the Army, guided and helped by Congressmen, pursued Communists with much greater vigour than Razakars.

There is a reign of terror unleashed by the Special Armed Police in the countryside on the pretext of suppressing Communists.

Despite their undoubtedly violent and sometimes murderous attacks on Deshmukhs (zamindars), Sahukars and Police informers, the Communists still enjoy the tacit, if not active, sympathy of the mass of peasants in Telangana and several other districts where they are active.

The "political" section of the Communists does not approve of the excesses sometimes being committed by the "dalams" of their guerilla

sections, but is unable to exercise restraint and control, as the various sections have got cut off from each other by columns of the Army and the Police.

Of the four "popular" Ministers, representing the State Congress, who have been taken in the Cabinet, none had a conspicuous record of service or sacrifice—two of them never even went to jail, and one of them was no doubt once wanted by the Police but for a non-political criminal offence.

I had no time to verify all these items, so I cannot guarantee their complete authenticity, but I can definitely say that these things are being talked about by people who appeared to be disinterested and non-partisan.

THROES OF REBIRTH

The paradoxical and mutually contradictory aspects of the situation in Hyderabad arise from the historical fact that it is in the throes of rebirth—the old Hyderabad is dying and the new one is struggling to be born! The death-rattle of the former can be heard clearly as also the cry of the new-born babe. And in case you are worried about the wave of violence that is sweeping over many parts of Hyderabad, remember that nothing is born with considerable struggle, screaming and—blood!



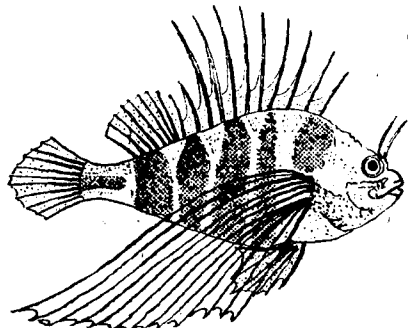
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ONE of the sad things that happened to Madras during the last war was the closing of the aquarium which used to enchant thousands of men, women and children. They used to spend hours watching the fishes in the tanks. Fish means different things to different men. Just at the present moment England and other European countries have to catch more fish because of the difficulty of getting imported food products. Many other Europeans, mostly middle-aged men, spend days studying what kind of rod and line to use during the next holidays. Yet another lot of people spend years and years in the study of fishes. These people called Ichthyologists may be seen in the tropical seas or in mountain streams or in creeks, nay in every possible place where a fish may be found, and they have solved many mysteries about fish. There are still many unsolved mysteries about fishes. To mention one, no one knows where the Indian sardines breed. In Europe it took the scientists decades to find out that the Mexican Gulf was the breeding ground of the European eel and that after spawning the parent dies.



Scorpion Fish

The baby eels have to swim all the way back to the home streams of their fore-fathers. What strange guidance these baby eels have is not

yet known. There are eels in the East, but where they lay their eggs is yet to be discovered.

The Japanese consider the eel a delicacy and its nutritive value is very high. In Japan the people are highly fish-minded. The Bengalees not only relish fish, but they have a well developed fishing industry in their rivers and ponds. Science has helped these fish farmers greatly in improving their fish. Over ten years ago it was proved that it was more profitable to manure the sea than the land. The farmer puts into his pond or into a creek in the sea, some salt like nitrates and months later he hauls in a thumping harvest of fish. The salts mixed with the water is manure and in this water minute plants grow in millions and small animals like microscopic shrimps and worms eat up these plants. Finally fish prey on these small animals and that is how the harvest is produced.

All fish is not good to eat. Some are poisonous. There is a fish on the Madras coast called the puffer or baloon fish, because it puffs up like a balloon when irritated. No one eats it in India, not even the poorest, but in Japan many people have died of eating its eggs. Though it is well known that the eggs are poisonous the eggs are said to be very delicious and the victims are mostly the cooks in big restaurants who cannot resist the fatal fascination. There is another fish found off the coast of India. It is very ornate and brilliantly coloured and is called the scorpion fish and its sting is highly venomous. The fishermen of Tuticorin are a very courageous lot but they are terribly frightened of this fish. There is a small transparent and colourless fish in the rivers of South America called the candiru which is fond of animal flesh and blood. The candiru has some sharp spines on its head and

with these it cuts into the bodies of animals including man.

In Thailand there is a fish living in the rivers and streams which for decades has been bred just like race horses or dogs. One remarkable feature of this fish is that it is a fighter and in the Far East this fish is used to stage fights. Though a terrible fighter it is a thoughtful and affectionate parent. Unlike most other fish a nest is built mostly by the father with bubbles which he blows on to the surface and he picks up the eggs laid by his mate and keeps watch till the babies are hatched.

Should any damage happen to the nest the father repairs the nest with new bubbles.

The interest in fish in India, both for beautiful and useful types, is growing and the Central Government has established a big research centre in Mandapam near Rameswaram and a large team of highly qualified scientists have been appointed to help the people to improve the fisheries of the country. Provincial Governments are also spending large sums for the same purpose and it is hoped that the popular aquarium will soon be back again in Madras.

GARDENS

By S. KRISHNASWAMI RAO

ONE of the products of a highly developed civilization and culture is the art of gardening. It is a very good pastime and also paying.

Gardening flourishes most in the sunshine of peace, and perishes in stormy times. The oldest known representation of a garden, with decorative hedges and fine lakes, is seen in an Egyptian relief from Tel-el-Amara and it dates back to 1500 B.C. One of the seven wonders of the ancient world, the so-called "hanging gardens" of Babylon were terraces of masonry on which grew splendid flowers, shrubs and trees and these gardens are believed to have been built about 660 B.C.

Homer gives a good account of the gorgeous gardens of Corfu. Near Jericho the relics of Herod's palm garden, where the Egyptian queen, Cleopatra, was received, are still to be seen. The Greek historian Herodotus tells about the fine gardens of King Midas in Asia Minor, and the *Nibelungenlied*, the German epic of the 13th century, describes the rose garden of Krimhilde.

The pleasure-loving philosopher Epicurus (342-270 B.C.) is said to have introduced the art of gardening into Athens and he used to instruct his pupils in the bower of a little garden.

The Romans were famous for their garden architecture which was under the protection of Venus, the goddess of love. And they adorned their

gardens with ornamental shapes of trees and shrubs, fountains and so-called "digestion walks." Julius Caesar had his public gardens bequeathed to the people and Pliny tells about the window gardens kept by the poorer citizens.

During the Middle Ages, the Chinese took great care about plants that began to vanish rapidly. The artificial irrigation processes of the Arabs made it possible for them to perfect the ancient Oriental art of gardening, and brought it to the highest degree of excellence in their fairy-like gardens, from Agra in India to Granada in Spain.

This branch of culture in Europe was thoroughly neglected. In the place of the villas and pleasure gardens of the Romans there arose dark and dismal castles, where a scanty space was reserved for a small kitchen garden. The monks, on the other hand, who rescued so many of the cultural treasures and traditions of the ancient times, busied themselves with horticulture, but only in the interests of medicine. Their herb gardens were later developed into botanic gardens, where plants were scientifically studied.

The revival of ancient civilization and of learning slowly transferred England into a flowery garden. The first formal garden in Europe is considered to be the Prati di Castello around the palace of the Dukes of Milan, which was built in 1450. Its

trees were trimmed to suit all manner of strange fancies. Thus an Italian who lived near Florence boasted of the "ships, spheres, porticos, temples, vases, urns, giants, men, women, donkeys, oxen and other similar fancies," that adorned his garden. The gardens of the Vatican, with their flights of steps, their grottoes, and the Belvedere summer palace were all brought into being by the efforts of the great architect Bramante of Urbino. Straight lines of the classical times again began to prevail. The formal sunk garden, with geometrical flower beds and stately fountains, was enclosed by a terrace, with slopes covered with evergreen vegetation. The Doria Garden at Geneva (1529) and the Boboli Gardens at Florence are examples of this type.

The parks of Villo di Este, of Montrogone near Rome, and on the Isola Bella on Lake Maggiore, served as model for Versailles, the stately palace of Louis XIV the gardens of which were designed by Andre la Notre, who also brought into being the gardens of Fontainebleau, Saint-cloud, Saint German, Meadon, and St. Jame's Park, London.

In the course of the 17th and 18th centuries, all the countries of Europe gradually adopted the so-called French style of landscape gardening. Parterres are merely rooms and galleries of palaces projected into the open air, and the Furstemberg Garden at Prague, Czechoslovakia, is of this type.

Towards the end of the 18th Century these gardens were replaced by the 'English style.' Though this style was inspired by the Frenchman Duffesnoy, it was adopted in England from the year 1710, the Kew Gardens being the first specimen of this type. Dead straight walks were replaced by winding paths with picturesque vistas, clipped hedges by informal groups of trees; basins by streams and ponds; cascades by little waterfalls; while scattered everywhere were imitation ruins, pavilions and temples.

An attempt was made in the Trianon Garden at Versailles to represent in miniature the whole of nature. A garden must contain something of everything and all styles must merge into one—Indian, African and French trees, Dutch tulips, American magno-

lias, a pond, a streamlet, an artificial mountain, romantic ruins, windmills, Chinese pagodas, pyramids, and obelisks. The Worlitzer Park near Dessane, the gardens of Wilhelmshone near Cassel, the Jordindel Principe at Aranjuez, south of Madrid, and the new gardens at Potsdam are examples of this type. The northernmost garden in the world was laid out at Tromso, Norway, in 70 degrees North latitude. Many varieties of plants, including roses, have been planted in it. The modern tendency is to eschew formality of any kind in gardening.

In ancient times botanic gardens were unknown. Charlemagne laid out botanic gardens in the Frankish Empire. Next to their kitchen gardens the monks used to plant herb gardens for medicinal purposes. Sivaticus of Sicily was the designer of the first botanic gardens in 1820, at Palermo; and in the 16th century similar gardens were planted at Ferraro, Padua, Pisa and Bologna. Henry IV laid out a botanic garden at Montpellier (1593) in France and it is the ablest-planned of all. The Jordin des Plantes in Paris was founded in 1635, and needlewomen used to go there to find flower designs for court dresses. Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, widow of Frederick, Prince of Wales, founded the world famous gardens at Kew about the year 1760. One of the largest collections of botanic gardens was founded at Amsterdam in 1646. The oldest garden of the kind in Germany is the one at Leipzig dating from 1580. Berlin had none till 1801.

The gardens of Calcutta (1786), the Garden of Four Seasons in Ceylon, and the arboretum planted in 1817 at Buitenzorg in Java, which has served as a model for many later gardens, are the most beautiful in the East.

Lake Xochimilco in Mexico is famous for its floating gardens. Here rafts of wood and wickerwork, which are sometimes 300 feet long; were built and covered with soil on which all kinds of plants were grown in the time of the Aztecs. Some of these gardens were wholly set aside for growing vegetables some were devoted to flowers for the decoration of the temples of the Sun. A similar plan was tried in Kashmir, but it was much subject to floods.

SIDELIGHTS :

There is always some reason, with a noble face, for helping one's self, one's friends, and especially one's children into nice jobs.... Many people who demand Equality are only asking for a different order of inequality; and it is not denied that many, indeed, who ask this, may have justice on their side. Will men accept the obligation to fall as well as the opportunity to rise as Equality's consequence?—HERMAN FINER.

THERE is a remarkable passage in the statement of the Madras University Syndicate on the retention of communal ratios in admissions to colleges. The Syndicate observed that "there were two opposite views prevailing in South India, both very strongly held by their respective adherents. Each group condemned the view of the other as being communal." The Syndicate's description gives the impression that the battle raging in South India is not between communalism and its opposite, but between one kind of communalism and another.

Some sort of wisdom worthy of the academic dignity of a learned body can be extracted from the Syndicate's words in the sense that most people in the world are communal-minded. Except in the case of the saints, human affection is selective, and is exhibited within boundaries that are in one sense or other communal. The affection of the child is integrated with the family to which it belongs by a process of excluding outsiders. Some process of exclusion comes into play in every habit of mind strengthening an attachment. The parent in his affection for his children excludes from his plans for their welfare the children of other parents who in their turn act in just the same way. Partiality of parents for children or of children for parents is nothing but communalism as it is found born in the family in its original, pristine state.

Nobody blames parents or children for being fond of each other and not being so fond of others. Parental and filial exercises of affection, are really

not only tolerated but also applauded. To be communal in this fashion is natural and commendable and it is recognised by one and all that, without it, the world's work would not go on smoothly. All have their favourites, and the interaction of the forces of favouritism let loose in our midst constitutes the main momentum of the drama of life, its variety, stress, interest, glory and passion.

Communalism is the germ of that interest in another which is the basis of social service and of all great and grand relations. The forbidden line in the play of communalism begins where its exclusive zest is indulged in at the expense of others curtailing what belongs to them unfairly. The Parsis are hard to beat in their communal consciousness. There is scarcely a member of the community that is allowed to sink to indigence, so alert is the communal conscience of the Parsis in the matter of spotting out and relieving distress. But as their generosity to the hard-up and the unlucky in their fold is sustained with their own contributions, others left out have no sense of grievance or hurt.

You can do what you like with your own. You can distribute largesse to favourites out of what belongs to you, and none has any right to raise an objection. It is when favourites of one class are fed out of assets that belong to no one class but to all, that rights and demands clash and social tension ensues. The public exchequer is not a fair field for the indulgence of family affection or communal attachment. Institutions maintained out of public funds belong to all, and in the distribution of their benefits, there should be uniform principles applicable to all seekers without distinction.

All have friends and relatives whom they wish to see helped to the good things of life. In sponsoring the causes of such relatives and friends, all are communal-minded. There is an unreality in the strictures of communalism levelled against one

another in the storm-ridden politics of the day as missiles of abuse. A communal-minded man who has the interest of his community at heart is a much more advanced being socially than one whose horizon is bound by his own self-interest. But the constructive urge of communalism is poisoned by the spirit of aggression when its exclusive psychology gets active within spheres of inter-communal association. There are right and wrong varieties of communalism. Every case of preference shown to an inferior in a public field of activity belonging to all communities is an example of the wrong variety of communalism.

One such glaring case was the demotion of Sri Draviam from the post of Director of Information (Madras) which he had filled with quite adequate competence for nearly a year. I came into close association with Draviam in 1942 while under detention in Vellore and Tanjore jails. The cream of provincial Congress talent was there, but Draviam the juvenile prodigy outshone the top-

most Congress veterans in the power and appeal of his oratory. He poured over books of politics and economics with voracious industry. He impressed all with his knowledge, ability and gift of leadership. After release he entered daily journalism where he won quick promotion with the quality of his work. Here was a man marked out for the highest preferment, but the Minister in charge had no use for him except in a subordinate capacity! Another case of wrong communalism was the appointment of Sri Santhanam, attributed to the recommendation of Sri Rajagopalachari, a veritable genius in singling out unsuitable men for responsible posts. An indifferent journalist of a prosaic sort who had made himself conspicuous with articles of monumental dullness in the Birla press, Sri Santhanam with his ill-conceived and now abandoned classification schemes has cost the country crores already, and proved to be a ruinous liability as a minister. He would have been long ago relieved had the Centre been free from the sway of an undesirable species of communalism.—SAKA.

HINDI "CHANDRALEKHA"

Exactly 18 months after it was released in North India, on the Christmas Eve of 1948, Gemini's "CHANDRALEKHA" (Hindi) is to be shown at Wellington for the first time.

Speaking at the premiere at Calcutta H. E. Dr. Kailash Nath Katju said that he was in a wonderland for 3 hours and that this was one of the best films that he had ever witnessed.

Selected as India's best picture by the Government of India to be shown at the World Film Festival it was also specially shown to the delegates who attended the Asian Conference on Indonesia in January 1949.

It was the first million dollar picture produced in India.

This is the first picture in Hindi produced at Gemini Studios and not only that, the only picture that has claimed such vast mass patronage, running to more than 3 crores of picture-goers, out of the total population of 32 crores in India.

Originally produced in Tamil, the Hindi version of the picture is to be taken as a different picture altogether. The songs, sequences and treatment are different and the

South-Indian audiences might, apart from seeing an altered version of "CHANDRALEKHA" in Hindi, get greater delight in hearing their favourite stars—Rajakumari, Ranjan, Radha and Sundari Bai, express themselves through Hindusthani.

Prominent men like H. E. Raja Maharaj Singh, H. E. H. P. Mody, H. E. Mangaldas Pakwasa, H. E. General K. M. Cariappa, Hon'ble Mr. N. Gopalaswamy Iyengar, Hon'ble Mr. R. R. Diwakar, Sheik Mohammed Abdulla, the Premier of Kashmir, have all expressed their delight after they had witnessed this picture. And H. E. Raja Maharaj Singh called upon Mr. Vasan and congratulated him on this excellent production. He said he should continue producing pictures of this type to delight the millions of India in future too.

Apart from being the only picture in India that has been so popular in the international sphere it safely claims a second rank in the world's box office records. This is an event of which the entire film industry of South India and the South Indian technicians can feel proud.

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Anna Lucasta

(Columbia Pictures)

The reformist zeal of Hollywood takes odd turns. Though American films like to portray that Good always triumphs at the end and Evil is doomed to hell-fire, now and again there comes out from that unpredictable film colony a picture in which depravity is depicted as standing on the high heels of circumstance. "There but for the grace of God go I" it says of the sinner and the producers are filled with an all-embracing, overwhelming love for humanity and think it is their duty as creatures of God to go hunting for the gold that is hidden in every heart.

Anna Lucasta (Paulette Goddard) is an over-ripe and pulchritudinous bitch and she should by all the rights of justice and fairplay have been allowed to go the way of all such. But no, she is not just any bitch, says the picture. She has been forced to lead this kind of life because her father once found her kissing a young man in a barn and, jumping to the worst conclusion as fathers do, had forbidden her to do any such thing again. This extreme of parental despotism, of course, is enough to make any daughter go to any desperate lengths, and Anna goes to all of them—desperately. She is not really bad, you understand, but circumstances have made her so. Why she does not take a secretarial course and earn her living that way is not explained to us, but we have to take only one look at her to see she is bitter against the whole world including her family. That is why she talks out of the corner of her mouth and her eyes are like opaque little stones and she walks with a swing of the hip wide enough

to hold up the traffic on Fifth Avenue. Yes, sir, she is bitter, disillusioned and cynical alright. Which might be all the reasons why she takes up with Danny Johnson, the sailor (John Ireland) who hasn't got a single inhibited bone in his body. He is the right medicine for her, Anna decides.

But while everything is nicely falling into its place in her life, her wretched family back home is planning a trap to catch Rudolph Strobel who has four thousand dollars and who has bought the farm adjacent to their own. The plan is simple. One of the daughters could marry this guy and keep the four grand inside the family. "Anna, it is" says the gentle mother. "No," roars Papa Lucasta, "she never sets foot in this house again, I told you." But he comes round eventually after a rough treatment from Frank (Broderick Crawford), his son-in-law and Anna is fetched home for a happy re-union with the family.

The story is simple after that. Anna falls for Mr. Rudolph—and this time it is the Real Thing, mind you—and everything seems to be working up towards a steady ending when, just as Anna comes home from the church after her wedding, who should come visiting but good old sailor boy Danny, to be sure! And immediately down comes Papa Lucasta to tell her cool as cucumber that he has retained her four thousand dollars to give back to Rudolph and she can go back where she came from.

Back in the city, Anna tastes the very dregs of bitterness—and her eyes get more and more opaque and her voice more and more hysterical—and boy-friend Danny flings out of her life leaving her high and dry and laughing like a candidate for a strait

jacket. She comes out of the bar, hips swinging jauntily and defiantly like a challenge to the world, when there looms forth beside her out of the darkness patient Rudolph and they live happily ever after. Presumably, that is.

Paulette Goddard suits the role of Anna to a T though why anybody should create a character like Anna is beyond understanding, unless it is to show fathers the folly of chastising their daughters when they find them in barns kissing strange young men. Oscar Homolka's make-up is far more convincing than his acting of the twisted, perverted old father of Anna. Broderick Crawford is brilliant as the revolting Frank and William Bishop ingenuous as Rudolph.

The first quarter of an hour is easily the best part of the film when we are introduced to the family of Anna Lucasta, a cheap, shoddy, vulgar, brutal, lower middle-class family and thus is the first step taken to establish sympathy with Anna. The rest of the picture is what Americans would call "cute" except for the dance by Anna in a bar which is in such shocking bad taste it is a wonder Hay's office allowed it to pass. I suppose it is be-bop the "natural" dance form that American girls and boys are now raving about.

Come To The Stable

(20th Century Fox)

WHEN Hollywood goes religious nothing suits it but the very elemental. What makes Religion go? Faith. Right. So they give two names to it and write a story round them.

The two names are Sister Margaret (Loretta Young) and Sister Scolastica (Celeste Holm) and they come all the way from France to Bethlehem in New England to establish a hospital for children there. It is doubtful if they ever bought tickets on their journey and quite certain that they have no luggage except what they stand in. What they do have in plenty, however, is that sterling quality which is supposed to make the world tick—Faith, and plenty of it and nothing but. They don't know a thing about land or money, sales or deeds, documents or

contracts and here they are in a strange country hoping to build a hospital entirely with faith. They do it eventually, of course, but how they do so savours of a mixture of gentle satire and miracle making. Their faith gets them the site of their hospital free from Rossi (Thomas Gomez) who owns it, their faith creates a spring on the spot (only it is proved later it is the water-pipe leading next door which has been punctured), their faith mixed with a bit of tennis raises the last five hundred dollars needed to pay up the option on the old factory building they purchase with an initial deposit of fifty dollars. Faith moves mountains, they say. Here it actually buys up a whole mountain. There is a mortgage on the factory five times the value of their option but the Sisters don't know about it and care less. How they raise that amount is left to the imagination of the audience which usually not being strong enough to bear this fantastic weight drops it at once, which is exactly what the producer meant it to do.

Admiring and envious lookers-on at this faith from the periphery of its influence are a young song-writer (Hugh Marlowe), an actress, the Bishop of the diocese and, last but not least, a woolly headed painter of religious pictures (the lovable Elsa Lanchester).

Celeste Holm has the least to say in the picture and says that little in a voice so soft and accented we mercifully don't catch it. She has been in a sense wasted in this role. Loretta Young takes her character seriously but Miss Holm seems to be chuckling at herself for playing a dumb nun.

Hugh Marlowe is a charming newcomer and makes one think of Lew Ayres in the impression of quiet strength he manages to convey. The film would seem to have seen some drastic cutting, for the sub-plot in which the actress and the writer are involved is incomplete and unsatisfying. We feel something else ought to have happened but didn't. Hugh, of course, finds his faith at the end, but I would rather have had him find the actress. It would at any rate have been consistent with the rest of the story and proved that Hollywood produced the film with its tongue in its cheek.—(S. R.)

MIRACLE OF DUST

By **SANTHA RUNGACHARY**

AS far back as I can remember, there has always been in our country talk of resurrecting Indian culture. Before the British rule ended it was to the tune that it was our duty as sons of this sacred soil to see that their alien influence did not corrupt our indigenous art forms and destroy the purity of native genius. But now the chorus is that since we have attained the status of a self-governing nation, our responsibility clearly lies in guarding and cherishing our dying treasures and customs and conventions, preserve by some means the fabric of our past visions and strive for a renaissance of Indian art and culture.

There are quite a few among us already—and the number is growing fast—to whom old Indian art and old Indian habits of living are grown foreign and strange and unfamiliar. We are moving away from the old Indian way of life. Not only in our country but in many countries of the world there is happening this unpremeditated, almost unconscious movement forward propelled by forces from within the people. I doubt if this half century will—even *can*—produce great art. It will produce, as it has indeed already produced, brilliant and original art, intensely clever and imaginative literature and highly sensitive poetry. But anything great or wise I do not think we will bring into existence. It might be argued that the greatest literature has been produced out of great tragedy, that we have gained a paradise of wonders through Milton's blindness and that decadent civilisations have brought into fullest flower all the best of the mind and heart of a nation. True indeed, but this period of history of the world is not decadent, though it has great tragic potentialities. Its tragedy is the tragedy of transition, of indecision, of a nervous tension of uncertainty, a wavering on the brink of unknown shores, a wanting to put on new garments but reluctant to relinquish the old. So, while we can be clever, we cannot be wise or great. We have no leisure to be, no time to stand and stare, no time to let ourselves relax but we must pace incessantly

hither and thither searching for a home, like a dog scratching the earth for warmth to settle down.

But we cannot preserve a culture by clinging to old institutions or old art or old thought. Culture is the sum total of our finer sensibilities. It is the best in our character plus all those things which have moulded it. It is the result of letting habits of life and thought and speech and action seep through into our very souls till they become a part and parcel of it. That is culture. It is deeper than civilisation. We cannot shed a culture as we shed clothes. As a language absorbs new words from other languages and in course of time makes them an integral part of itself thus imperceptibly and slowly changing its own texture and content and form, so also as our minds and hearts absorb new thoughts, new influences, new modes, new delights, the texture of our soul's fabric changes by slow degrees but surely. And at a certain stage we house inside us a mingling of the old and the new; it is a period of weighing in the balance of the adhesive power of tradition on one hand and the irresistibility and promise of the new on the other. I believe we and a great part of the rest of the world are at this stage. Our faith against our reason. Our doubts against our hopes. Our boredom against promise of variety. The familiarity of what we have against the strangeness of the delight of what we hope to acquire.

In such a situation talk of resurrecting a culture or an art is meaningless. For it is not in our hands. We are being borne along on a tide which seems as inexorable as Fate. Our old culture is dying. All that we can do is to let it die with dignity and decency, not prop it up with artificial stimulants or stampede it like animals gone berserk. That plastic should one day replace stone and clay was inevitable. Kicking the plastic in an access of fury or hoping by means of publicity to make the clay desirable again, is pointless. Let us decide to let a part of ourselves die gracefully and beautifully. Upon such death the Gods themselves must throw incense. In course of time the hiatus will be



Mr. Vasudeva Ramachandran Athaiye who exhibited in the city last week, the art of **Rongoli**

filled by something else—something as beautiful perhaps, how can we tell? Or perhaps the dead will come back to life again of its own accord and we will return by the way we went. But we cannot be pushed either backward or forward nor can a dying culture be infused with new life by external stimulus. In evolution man moves by himself, unaided.

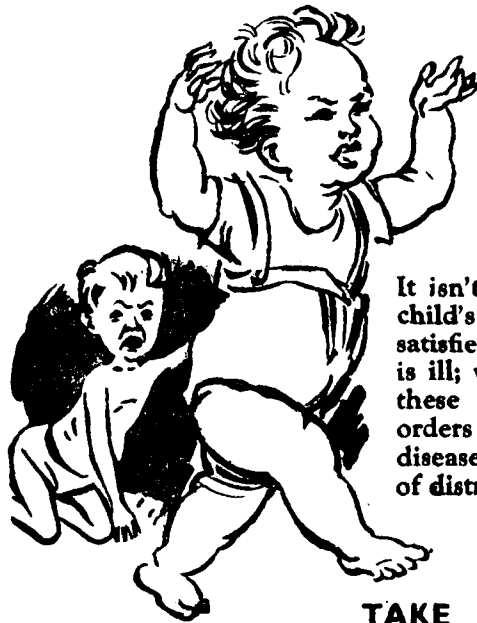
It is the people who try to tread the thin line between the old and the new so as to keep in favour with both the sides that irritate me; they change their masks to suit their purpose or play the pretty ostrich game; they believe that change is synonymous with decay and talk of Beauty with a Capital B and Art with a capital A and yet are not aware where the archaeological section of the Museum is and leer when Ajanta frescoes are mentioned. The Philistine is far less objectionable than the charlatan.

Let us shed silent tears over the things we are leaving behind us for many of them are beautiful and of great exquisiteness. As, for instance, the art of **Rongoli** as exhibited by Mr. Vasudeva Ramachandran Athaiye

at the Madras Maharashtra Mandali last week. On the ground he had drawn with various coloured powders a magic carpet of brilliant hue, intricate design and flawless proportion. It lay there like the mantle of some proud goddess which had slipped from her shoulders as she glided down the rainbow. But a violent whiff of wind could have destroyed it, erased it completely leaving in its place a patch of discoloured ground.

The art of **Rongoli** still flourishes in Poona and other places where during the Puja festival the floors of whole rooms are converted into brilliant and scintillating carpets of light and colour and beauty. They stay so for days while the people laugh and sing and light coloured lights, and women cluster round doorways admiring the miracle of dust within. When the gay and jolly days of rejoicing are over and the women turn housewives again and frown at the formidable task of cleaning up, let us only hope nobody turns on the fan to blow the lovely magic carpets away. The gentler thing would be to open all the windows and doors, and send up a silent prayer.

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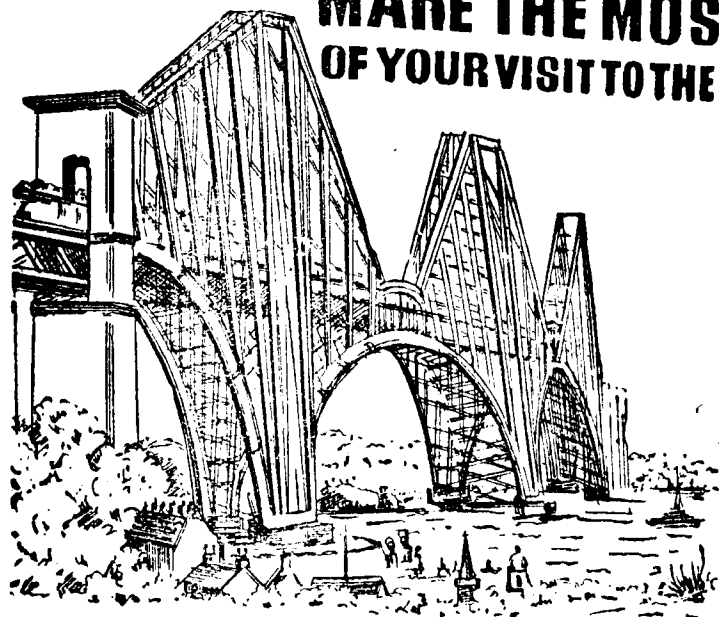
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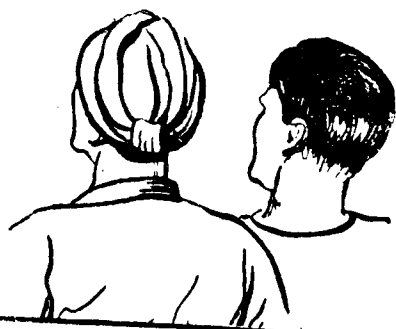
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