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SWATANTRA

VOL. V, NO. 21

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1950

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CARTOON	4
EDITORIAL COMMENT	5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	6
OPERATION "KUMARAMANGALAM" By Polhan Joseph	9
A SEINAGAR DIARY—By V. V. Prasad	12
NOT MERELY TO DO AND DIE —K. A. Abbas's Advice To Journalists	15
THE NASIK SESSION OF THE CONGRESS—By Dr. B. Pattabhi Sitteramayya	17
FOUR FREE INDIANS—By Mulk Raj Anand	20
REPENTANCE—By Dr. N. Venkata- ramanayya	26
THE CONSUMER CAN CONTROL COSTS By V. S. Ramakrishnan	33
TURBLY TURNS DEMOCRATIC—By Komaladevi Chattopadhyaya	35
FROM FAIR—By V. P. Sathe	38
SIGHTS—By Saka	41
STERN'S STUFF (Serial Story)—By S. Krishnaiah	43
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	46

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VOL. V
No. 21

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1950

ISSUED
WEEKLY

"BASES" FOR WAR

AMERICAN policy in Japan was being planned on the basis of the theory that there would be no war for a period of at least ten years. General MacArthur has been in occupation in Japan for five years now. At the commencement of the occupation he predicted that its utility would get exhausted in three years, and if it continued for five, regular disaster would overtake it. Events have proved General MacArthur's remarkable gift of prescience. The initial politeness of the Japanese acquiescence in the occupation has lately given place to a certain restiveness which bids fair before long to get intensified into the beginning of a non-cooperation movement. A significant indication of unmistakable change in the Japanese attitude came a few days ago when, for the first time since the occupation, a directive from General MacArthur as Supreme Commander was voted down by the Japanese Parliament despite all the pressure exercised by the occupation authorities. Still more significant were the forebodings of dark things to come conveyed in gentle language to American ears by a delegation of Japanese officials that visited Washington recently. They said that the relations between the Japanese and the Americans have hitherto been very correct, and what a pity if anti-American feeling, so far absent, should now develop in Japan. Having regard to the superb national discipline of the Japanese, American commentators have interpreted these words as a plain notice that the real leaders of Japan have decided that

the period of docile acceptance of the American occupation is to come to an end. They want forthwith a treaty of peace re-establishing Japan's lost sovereignty.

That a Japanese peace treaty had become urgently necessary was recognised as long ago as eight months by both the British and American Foreign Ministers. Japanese liberation from American military control would have been by now well advanced but for the sudden intervention and veto of the American Defense Department. It is the view of the Defense Department that the Chinese revolution and the Soviet achievement of the atom bomb have changed entirely the position of Japan, and on grounds of security there should be no restoration of Japanese sovereignty enabling Japan to conclude treaties of peace with China and Russia. She will have to make peace with them, as her economic life is bound up with Asia, and in the atomic age she is left virtually in a condition of defencelessness against aerial attack.

Washington was forced into the idea of seeking bases in Japan as a result of the Russian discovery of the atom bomb and then the State and Defense Departments found themselves confronted with an insoluble dilemma. In the atomic age, to have bases in Japan means taking over Japan itself as a base. If Japan is to be treated as an American base, America would be committed not only to defend Japan but also to feed the 80 million people of Japan. Such a tremendous undertaking might tax

the resources of the United States to breaking point, vast as such resources are. There is also the question to consider whether, in American interests it is fair to force Japan to become a prime target of atomic bombardment by the Soviet Union. It will not be surprising if the Japanese should seek to avoid such a fate, and the psychological process of it should release tides of anti-Americanism in the country softening Japan considerably for Communist conquest. The war in Korea has brought to the fore the disequilibrium of the world's military situation. It lies in the fact that while two giant antagonists specialise in the production of atomic weapons, it is the rest of world that is first drawn into war in the form of

bases for the one or the other. There is therefore a little unreality in discussions at the U. N. over the question of aggression. If the conscience of the United Nations had been in reality so sensitive to the duty of resisting aggressors, it would not have been so slow to move when the fair valley of Kashmir was despoiled without provocation by murderous invaders. Issues of strategy evidently outweigh right and wrong in U. N. politics. The plight of Japan, of being unable to extricate itself from a war not of its initiation in which it has no interest, corresponds with the plight of the rest of the world, and there seems to be scarcely a zone of safety left for people to live in with goodwill and peace.

Sotto Voce

BIRD-LIME FOR SYLVANS

Fair daffodils, we weep to see you haste away so soon.

ONLY they are not daffodils but cabbages and they die not at the hands of Nature but of the amateur enthusiasts who brought them into this world of sorrow and sin. They have to make room for the trees which currently hold the key to Utopia. Brinjals and radishes don't consort with eternity and must naturally be repugnant to idealists of the Munshi type; they are apt to call your bluff. But you may plant a banyan or a tamarind with the comfortable conviction that you will not be called to judgment. By the time there are results (or none) you will have sung your *nunc dimittis*.

Pass along any road in Madras where there were large cocoanut topes

and you will find hundreds of trees lifting up their sightless orbs to the stars in mute misery. They are the first fruits of prohibition. What the vandal jerry-builder spared, the ban on cocoanut toddy has effectively quenched. Watering the trees for nuts is a costly luxury which the canny tapper will not go in for merely from sentiment. Thus, while our secular State issues elaborate directives for tree-worship, the withered trees which nobody has found it worth while to cut down stand as mocking question marks against the heartless sky. Let us hope they will not come down in vengeance on our Ministers as they go a-maying in their limousines.

Mr. Munshi is nothing if not thorough. And the Madras Govern-



ment has always prided itself on its loyalty to the top-leaders—except where the Communal G. O. was concerned. It has called upon its officials to go forth and multiply trees of any and every description; plants are to be dumped impartially everywhere, from Government bungalows to burial grounds. The idea should vastly appeal to our villagers who by immemorial practice have perfected neighbourly harassment as a fine art. Has your cousin next door raised graft mangoes from Cuddapah at considerable expense? You have only to plant a clump of bamboos on the border. "A little more than kin and less than kind"? Maybe; but the marshals of Vanamahotsava will applaud your public spirit.

I have, however, a sneaking hope that the trees will refuse to be hustled; who knows, they may be as convinced believers in birth control as the disciples of Marie Stopes. At any rate they had a bad time of it at the hands of the Prachetasas, sons of an ancient king, who after prolonged austerities under water emerged to find the earth one vast jungle. "They had grown so rank and wild," says the *Bhagavata*, "that they seemed bent on obstructing the path to Heaven." The enraged ascetics breathed fire on them and the earth would have been stripped clean but for Brahma's pleading. Once bit twice shy, eh!

The trees that men would like to grow for fruit and oil have got to be coaxed out of the earth with an art which does not blossom by Government ukase. And well-intentioned amateur sylviculturists might do far more mischief than rapacious fuel contractors. The Madras Government has with engaging moderation suggested that "a tree or two should be planted in the fields of cultivators." When as a small boy I sat on a field-ridge at harvest-time and found no shelter but the thorn tree with its terrible brood of black stinging caterpillars a wise old peasant told me, "Little master, when you are grown up and earn tons of money you can grow *thoongu-moonji* here instead of *karuvel*," and they all, including my father, were wicked enough to laugh at my innocence.

What he meant, as I learnt much

later, was that the shade of the larger tree would blight the good paddy land which does not tolerate even the slender shadow and the light roots of the cocoanut palm. Nature's economy as modified by man's needs is infinitely complicated; our civilisation was born in the forests, but it has not stopped there. And trees, for all their domestication, are secretive things; the institution of *vana bhojana* still survives in unspoilt villages as a link with the past, but for our back-gardens we are content with one or two harmless familiar trees. Remember, too, that the Parable of the Sower is built round grain, not tree.

When will our Governments learn that people have but a limited capacity for enthusiasm and this ought not to be frittered away on passing fads? We are told that agriculture must pay dividends, even if this means regimentation in collective farms. In the same breath we are invited to celebrate the festival of the forest in our steel and concrete cities. Trees may give shade and peace and the modest sustenance which contented the *rishis*; but who wants contentment nowadays?

VIGHNESWARA

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OPERATION "KUMARAMANGALAM"

By POTHAN JOSEPH

THE thick-type poster of a Madras daily read "MADRASI AMBASSADOR'S SON ARRESTED." The words suggested something exceptionally indelicate and incongruous, because not only is the term "Madras" very unflattering in North India, but the report that the Madras concerned had been an ambassador's son, and that the Madras Junior should have been arrested in India while Father was lying abroad for the good of his country, looked as gross as the story of the clergyman's son selling the hymn-books to buy his cinema tickets. Sheik Abdullah once acknowledged the tough qualities of Southerners in the Indian Army who saved Kashmir by the declaration that the "Unknown Soldier" was in his opinion the "Madras Poor Soldier." During the war, Congress leaders spoke contemptuously about "rice-soldiers" whereas no expression like "wheat-soldiers" ever passed into currency. At the Siege of Arcot the "Madras Poor Soldier" was both shrewd and loyal when he proposed that solid rice after cooking, should be given to their white companions while they would be content with the rice-water, not a total risk if we consider some of the nutritive qualities retained by that form of grain-soup. In the news-story from Bombay there was no attempt at graphic description of the capture of Mohan Kumaramangalam. I mention it because in 1942 when Gandhiji and his colleagues were arrested, one of the papers inclined to give the incident a touch of the heroic and pay a tribute to the police, remarked that Superintendent Mr. X and his squad of police had rounded up the malefactors with remarkable courage and personal address. Considering that Gandhiji was not likely to offer resistance or fall back on plans of artful escape, a group of Sunday-school children could have performed the exploit, but Superintendent X was credited with epic bravery and enterprise because it fell to his lot to go and tell them kindly to step into the waiting cars. The present culprit "wanted" by the

police for so long a while that even his distinguished parents and relatives had given him up for lost as a casualty in the world war for freedom, was put in custody at a Bombay flat: a tame affair as compared with the convergence of plain-clothes police to the house in Lal Bagh where M. N. Roy sometime in 1930 had been apprehended at dawn.

Personally my acquaintance with Mohan Kumaramangalam is extremely brief and I doubt whether he could recall so insignificant a circumstance as sharing an umbrella during rain. His name "Mohan" itself marks him as a child of the Gandhi revolution, a name that sounds well for pets, and I believe there must be thousands in India in the present generation called Mohan. His surname suggests the cadence of bells and conveys the idea of heavenly affluence. His mother Radha Bai was in the same class with me as a student of the Madras Presidency College, the only girl attempting graduation. There was a special chair for her to the right of the Professor as in the case of Cochin Princes who had been set in apartheid, while the largest Group Area formed the gallery for the *olla podrida*. She had the makings of a distinguished speaker, but one heard little of her until her wedding with the Cambridge-scholar and zemindar, Dr. Subbarayan, now in political exile as ambassador of Indonesia. I casually came across the younger patriot on a short visit to Cambridge where, on introduction, the musical name he bore prompted me to ask if I was right in identifying him; and the rest of the short conversation had to be conducted walking under an umbrella.

When we parted, I found myself in possession of the umbrella that belonged to the opponent of private property.

*The rain it raineth on the just
 And also on the unjust fella:
 But chiefly on the just, because
 The unjust steals the just's
 umbrella.*

I observed nothing volcanic or Saklatavala-like in him nor did he pose as a prophet of the coming revolution. I connected him with the scholarly temper and outlook of Minoo Masani. Then followed a period when Mohan K was not much limned in my memory except as the Radical member of a family which contained specimens of all political parties in India ranging from the Constructive Cooperator to the intellectual incendiary. His writings in the press, his weekly summaries of foreign affairs and his analysis of personal equations for explaining Leftist developments amazed me by their comprehensiveness and lucidity; and I never was weary of reading what he had to say. Side by side with him were the contributions of Krishnan in the current scribbles of the party. For him to have gone underground meant depriving the public of a first-rate commentator who should have ranked high among the columnists of the world if he did not have the misfortune to be born in the country he loves despite prodigious discouragement. His reappearance need not be gazetted as a detective-feat by the forces of law and order because I believe there is a transformation in policy enabling the enthusiasts of Communism to rise to the surface from their hide-outs. The Communists in India got a bad name by backing the war-effort after the Hitler-Stalin clash; they were loyalists and they bore the opprobrium of being pro-British and the stigma keeps them out of Socialist family-gatherings. At the same time the Communist party is held up as the war-time tool of the British by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and the British have no answer to give when they thus get it in the neck over the pedigree of their wards. With the undergrounders coming into open air, thinkers of the Mohan-type have to ask themselves whether the Com-

munist party will be content to take after the animal that has neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity. The interregnum of incitements to disorder and sabotage seems clearing, and experts like Mr. Masani hold that Moscow has now relaxed in favour of slow-peddalling in respect of Asiatic countries that seem too docile to respond to the call for revolt.

In the transformation of strategy we are warned against the intermingling of Socialists with the new play-actors albeit for the object of consolidating the Leftist Group to fight the Congress in the next elections. The official view of the Government was probably expressed by Pandit Nehru when he said at Bandoeng that they had "nothing against Communistic ideology;" what they objected to was resort to violence so that the aim itself is not proscribed. Next, there is a world-wide drive by a Permanent Committee of Peace under the auspices of Moscow which asks people to put their signatures to a pledge of peace as against the warmongers identified by the authors with the Anglo-American bloc. As friends of peace and preachers of an anti-imperialist order, Communists in India cannot be banned, and the only prohibition against Communists pertains to those provinces where the organization is outlawed on the ground of public safety, and not on political ethics. The Government cannot after the Prime Minister's word, repress them although Progressives might entertain misgivings that it is a camouflage re-entering to the stage. Anyway, astute exponents of the new methodology have their place in India, and an indefeasible right to be heard. Mohan Kumaramangalam, I hope, has not developed into a placid mystic during the days of his eclipse. What is going to be Operation Kumaramangalam?

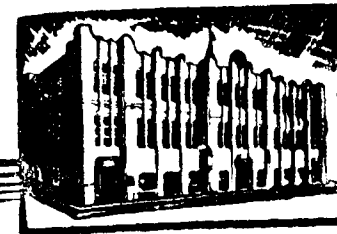
Said the law professor: "If you have the facts on your side, hammer them into the jury, and if you have the law on your side, hammer it into the judge."

"But if you have neither the facts nor the law?" asked a student.

"Then hammer on the table," answered the professor.

—W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM (A Writer's Notebook).

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A SRINAGAR DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD

SHEIKH ABDULLAH'S Government is any day more efficient than the Government of India. The people of Kashmir are not disgusted with Sheikh Abdullah, as we are with our Governments—both Central and Provincial. It is not that there is no corruption, nepotism and favouritism in the Kashmir Government as we have in ours. There are quite a few instances of all three categories. But they are surely not rampant on such a large scale. (Or, should I say, as one great leader of the Indian National Congress put it, "large iskale"?)

I am visiting Kashmir after two and a half years. The last time I came, in November 1947, the raiders were hardly ten miles away from Srinagar. The raiders had attempted to take the air-field, and if they had taken it, Srinagar would have been lost to us. When we went to Baramulla, we were told that we might expect to be strafed by stray raiders on the way. Dead bodies of sturdy Pathan raiders were still lying on the roadside. Popular enthusiasm for Sheikh Abdullah was unbounded; Jawaharlal Nehru to the people of Kashmir was a friend of the Sheikh, and was therefore to be honoured. The stock of Sheikh Abdullah remains the same today. It is a magnificent achievement.

The workers of the National Conference had taken over the administration of the country when most of the officials fled for their lives in the winter of 1947. They are all young men between 20 and 40, and mostly between 25 and 35. They tackle their problems with understanding and with imagination. They do not regard their job as a matter of disposing files. The same could have been done if the I. C. S. was coolly replaced by people who were as able, and who had greater imagination. The present I. C. S. have no doubt saved the administration from collapse. But it would perhaps have not reached the collapsing stage if we had as Secretaries of Government Departments younger men with imagination. The I. C. S. Secretaries—be it said to their

credit—strongly advised the Central Ministry against the imposition of decontrol. They had threatened to resign on many issues (mostly personal), but they never threatened to resign on decontrol. Whenever they threatened to resign they got what they wanted. Younger and more spirited men would never have allowed decontrol to be imposed; nor would they have countenanced such awfully inefficient administration of so-called controls which exist today. There is only one set of people, than whom the I. C. S. Secretaries are younger; they are the Ministers. But Panditji is now making a list of people over 70 so that he may choose from among them when he reshuffles his Cabinet again in the near future.

Panditji's visit to Indonesia and Burma will show him how young men can conduct the affairs of a nation. But old men are bound to think that those countries could have been run better by old men. Panditji may only be strengthened—and this is most likely—in his conviction that old men are what Indonesia and Burma need. Mr. Jinnah once described Pandit Nehru as a Peter Pan who never learns anything. We must add that he unlearns many things.

Is Srinagar richer than it used to be or poorer? It is definitely better off than it used to be before World War II. The sudden prosperity which came to Kashmir in the war years came to an end in 1946. The raiders came in 1947 and scared away prospective visitors. 1948 and 1949 were not very much better. This year there are more visitors. June and July are not particularly good months in Srinagar. But we have a little Connaught Place here already. There are few faces in the Srinagar Coffee House which strike me as strange. The percentage of familiar faces on the Bund is about the same as in Connaught Place.

The first crop of visitors to Srinagar seem to consist of University teachers and students. Thanks to Sir Maurice Gwyer, University teachers are now able to afford a holiday in Kashmir.

Now that Colleges are re-opening and their purses are more than emptying, they are making a bee-line for New Delhi.

The hotels are full and the house-boats which were empty for nearly three years are gradually finding people to stay in them. A large number of house-boats continue to be empty, however. This is not the season for Srinagar. After September, there will be greater prosperity for people here. Quite a large number of house-boats were built when American and British soldiers were in India during the war. With the partition of Pakistan from India, the Punjabis were hard hit. They were the people who spent their holidays in Srinagar. This source is provisionally cut off for Srinagar.

The Indian Army has, however, more than compensated for the absence of civilian holiday-makers in the last two years. Each jawan and each officer spends quite a bit of money in Kashmir, and this should result in a scheme whereby people can even save something for the rainy day. Nobody is starving in Srinagar or anywhere else in Jammu and Kashmir State on this side of the cease-fire lines.

Sir Owen Dixon has been very badly advised with regard to his policy towards the Press. He has unnecessarily created an atmosphere of secrecy around himself which does not go well with an internationally public office like that of Mediator. He seems to be unduly sensitive about reports that have appeared in the Pakistan Press. From all accounts, Sir Owen was originally extremely accessible to the Press. When the Urdu edition of *Dawn* printed a story about what he was reported to have said about the possibility of a threat to India and Pakistan from Soviet Russia, Sir Owen suddenly became a mysterious personality. He seems to think that there should be some law by which action could be taken against the Press in the same way as judges haul up people for contempt of court. If the Press is denied access to the Mediator, it is bound to have recourse to whatever other sources it can get hold of.

Two colleagues and I asked Sir Owen's personal assistant, Mr. Camp-

bell, to give us an opportunity of seeing the Mediator. He explained to us—as he had done to many others—that the Mediator had nothing to say to the Press. He did not wish to say anything on Kashmir. There was no point in our seeing him, he declared, unless, of course, we wanted to ask him about Australian legal procedure or something. We jumped at the idea. Seriously, we proposed to him that we would appreciate it very much if he could tell us something about the position of the Supreme Court in Australia. We were interested, we explained, because we would like to have an idea of how the powers and jurisdiction of the Australian Supreme Court compared with those of American and Indian Supreme Courts. Mr. Campbell was alarmed. He explained that Sir Owen had been concentrating on the Kashmir problem, and would not like to be distracted. It might be all right for us, as members of the Press, to get two columns of copy from him, but he could not be expected to speak about Australian legal procedure in the midst of his study of Kashmir.

We pointed out that it was not our idea that Sir Owen should speak on Australian legal matters. Mr. Campbell mentioned it himself. We merely followed up the suggestion. Secondly, this might provide some relaxation for Sir Owen from his arduous work. We confessed we were not so keen on providing a diversion for Sir Owen, but we would be glad if he got some relaxation out of it. We were keen on his views on Australian law courts. Mr. Campbell backed out of his own suggestion.

Campbell is a nice fellow, but he is a nervous, jumpy sort. Drinks too much coffee, I suppose. He is intelligent, and was responsible, it is said for writing the greater part of the Report of the United Nations Kashmir Commission. He knows, as he said, much more about the economic and social problems of Kashmir than the three of us did. He provides a remarkable contrast to Lourier, who is the young man who acts as Personal Assistant to Mr. Eric Colban. Lourier is a calm man; he is French while Campbell is Canadian. Colban is Norwegian. The Chief Military Observer of the U. N. is a Canadian, Brigadier Angle. The newly appointed

Military Adviser to Sir Owen is an American—General Hodges. The staff of the U. N. in Srinagar is a perfect conglomeration of people from all parts of the world.

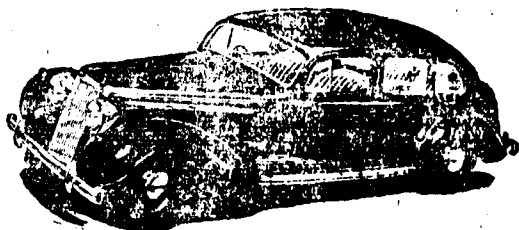
I had an idea that the trips of our Prime Minister to foreign countries probably raise our stock abroad sky-high, although, internally, we may think that the Prime Minister is unwise in globe-trotting so often and for so long. I now know that U. N. circles think the same as we do. They believe that the two Prime Ministers should not leave the country for such long stretches of time when life-and-death problems like Kashmir hang in the balance.

I understand that the U. N. Secretariat in Srinagar has even begun to doubt the sincerity of the two Prime

Ministers. I cannot say whether the doubts are well grounded. But when the U. N. begins to doubt the sincerity of people, it is a sign that they are meeting with heavy weather. They will not say that they have not succeeded in their mission. They will say that the two parties have not co-operated. There may be some truth in it; there may not be. As a purely humanitarian matter, India was perfectly justified in sending armies to drive the raiders out of Kashmir. The Government, however, was very foolish in taking half-measures for stopping Pakistani aggression. This has resulted in our spending about forty to fifty crores annually in Kashmir operations. Appeasement, if it is logical, cannot go hand in hand with humanitarianism.

If the Foreign Office asked me what is wrong with our missions abroad, I would point out to the devastating vitality of the visiting Indian bore. He wrecks everybody's nerves. Half of the staffs in Indian missions are busy catering to this eminent nobody's catholic tastes.—M. C., *National Herald*.

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NOT MERELY TO DO AND DIE

K. A. ABBAS'S ADVICE TO JOURNALISTS

The following are important extracts from a speech delivered by Khwaja Ahmad Abbas at the All-Hyderabad Journalists' Conference recently held in Hyderabad:

“WE who report living history as it is shaped from day to day, know perhaps better than politicians, bureaucrats and professional patriots the true value and significance of freedom which has been won by so many sacrifices. In Hyderabad as everywhere else in India, journalism has been an integral part of the freedom front. Most of us, I am sure, gravitated towards newspaper work not because of any lucrative temptations which frankly do not exist in the career we have adopted, but in response to the urge to serve our country and our people. Even to those who came to journalism *via literature* and not *via politics*, self expression invariably meant national self expression.

“And so, not unnaturally, we who dedicated our pens to the cause of freedom must now examine and evaluate this freedom which came to India on August 15, 1947, and to Hyderabad in September, 1948, at the time of the “police action.” Does it really and truly conform to the pattern of our dreams and our aspirations? Has it ushered in a change for the better in the life of the common man? Are the starving being fed, the naked being clothed, the homeless being housed, the jobless being provided with useful work? Have the proud and the mighty, the tyrants and oppressors of the people, been duly punished, humbled and put in their proper places? Or are their “exhausted” highnesses still smug and secure in their palaces, guarding their ill-gotten hoards of gold and jewels—squeezed out of the blood and bone of the exploited masses? Have the restraints and gags imposed by the imperialists on freedom of speech and freedom of the press been removed or have they been replaced by newer restraints and newer gags? Is the *Ji Huzur Press* still pampered with sub-

sidies—direct and indirect? And does the police and the C. I. D. in Hyderabad and elsewhere in India, still presume to control and check the flow of our pens? Is it not shameful that when an editor files a declaration for a new paper, his case is still referred not to a literary authority or a journalists' body but to the CRIMINAL investigation department—as if every editor was a potential criminal?

“To these questions I shall not pause to give you the answers for I think you know them as well as I do—or perhaps, better than I do. It is obvious, however, that the struggle for freedom is not yet ended. May be, in a sense, it has only begun. And we can no more lay down our pens and relax than a soldier at the front can lay down his rifle before final victory is won.

“And yet, the advent of freedom, however formal or illusionary it may yet prove to be, does create a new atmosphere and a new set of circumstances to which the press, like every other department of national activity, must adjust itself. The sentimental, agitational phase is over, both in politics and in journalism. No longer is it enough to deliver fiery speeches or write stirring editorials against the iniquities of imperialism or the autocracy of the Nizam. Today more specific, more concrete, economic issues have to be tackled in our columns, and that calls for a new type of journalism—and if I may say so, a new type of journalist. There was a time when the emotional patriots, with a literary flair made the best journalists. Tomorrow's editors may have to be enlisted from the ranks of the younger economists with a passion for social justice.

“India today is an independent country which seeks to follow an independent foreign policy. In the old days, when India had to tow the Empire line in foreign affairs, our convenient formula used to be to pronounce *against* all policies and international alignments and commitments that emanated from Whitehall and

were merely endorsed in New Delhi. That will no longer be possible or desirable and our foreign editors will have to make a thorough and independent study of foreign affairs, if possible, to travel abroad to gain first hand knowledge of the ways of the world, and thus be well equipped to give a lead to the country in international affairs.

"In short, I think you will agree that the New India—and as a part of it the New Hyderabad—demands and expects of her journalists a newer, more constructive, more specialised, more professional approach to their task of disseminating and analysing news.

"When I use the word 'professional,' I do not mean it in the derogatory sense of 'mercenary' or 'commercial' but in the sense of not being amateurish, in the way most of our papers are brought out. While keeping our ideals intact, nevertheless we must be competent, well informed, enterprising and bright. Dullness is no virtue, and in a journal it is inexcusable. In this connection I cannot do better than endorse the candid remarks of the President of the Conference Mr. Rama Rao, on brighter journalism, and would only like to add that attractive make-up and bright display should not be the monopoly of the scandal sheets and the yellow journals. Let genuine goods of honest journalism also be sold in colourful and attractive packing!

"Nor is display enough. Successful and more effective journalism requires a variety of interesting features, like gossip columns, news pictures, cartoons, personality articles, humour, film criticism, etc. Actually we find that agency news, stereo-typed editorials, Government handouts and cinema advertisements constitute the bulk of the contents in most of our papers except a few in Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi and Madras. Dependence on news agencies and official communique seems to have killed all initiative and enterprise on the part of editors and reporters in covering items of local interest.

"I must frankly express my disappointment on learning that out of over two dozen daily newspapers published from Hyderabad, not a single one seems to have published an authentic, first-hand report of what has been going on in Telangana. Remember that, good or evil, whatever is happening there is the biggest news story of your State. It is a news story of all-India—nay all-world interest. Outside, we get such mystifying and conflicting reports. According to the Government sources the Communists are goondas and murderers who are harassing and terrorising the poor peasantry. According to Communist sources, Telangana is a small-scale Red China where the rule of the proletariat has been established. In between these conflicting claims—and seasoned journalists must take both with a pinch of salt!—where lies the truth? The world outside wants to know not only *what* is happening behind the iron curtain of Telangana but also *why* it is happening? What are the economic causes of the agrarian unrest? Naturally, it was expected that, being virtually on the spot, *you* would know more about it than we do. But I have not yet come across a single journalist in Hyderabad who has been to these troubled areas. Why? Is it lack of initiative and enterprise on your part? Or are there *other* reasons? Are you being prevented from going there on a fact-finding mission? If so by whom? By the Communists? Or by the Government? And why?

"These and similar other whos and whats and whys and whens and wherefores constitute the great challenge to your journalistic instincts. A good journalist is the one who asks all the questions and gets all the answers—to share them with his readers. It is our tribe's eternal search for truth! And in this self-accepted task, expect neither reward nor security, neither gratitude from the public nor clemency from the powers that be. To paraphrase what was once the favourite motto of Pandit Jawaharlal (Ah! what a loss to journalism) we must not only "write dangerously" but "live dangerously"!

THE NASIK SESSION OF THE CONGRESS

By Dr. B. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA

WHEN we say that an institution is growing from strength to strength, we mean that it is growing not only in numbers but in influence and integrity as well. Indeed whatever may be the failings of individual judgment, public opinion which is not only the aggregate but the sublimite of individual opinions is, it must be admitted, generally correct in its estimate, while it is exacting in its standards. Every institution will, therefore, do well, in regulating and reassessing its own sense of self-esteem, to pay heed to local opinions in particular and public opinion in general which really is the G. C. M. of the former: such opinion may find it hard to prove itself true before its own informal tribunal and more so before the formal and rigid requirements of law courts or judicial procedure. Yet when the public, for instance, believes an officer to be corrupt in his career or an institution to be shady in its dealings, it seldom happens that such widely prevalent belief, though exaggerated in a measure, is altogether wide of the mark. Those who are in charge of any institution may carry on unquestioned in the immediate, or unshaken in the remote, future; yet the fact remains that if a clue is wanted to scan the general progress and scrutinize the moral position of that institution, one may advantageously, unhesitatingly and correctly look up and find that clue in what the man in the street thinks or says about it.

In laying down such a proposition we have subjected our own Congress to a rigid test and placed it in a somewhat unenviable position. After over sixty years of age, it has come into power and attained prestige the world over. Yet during the past three years no institution has come up at the hands of the public for greater criticism and more severe cavil than the Congress and its ministries. We are concerned here not merely with the realities as can be perceived under a *microscopic* test but also with the appearances as can be seen in a

macroscopic view. The public do not carry microscopes or even double convex lenses in their pockets much less theodolites on their shoulders. They have a pair of eyes and another of ears. If they cannot see, they can hear and if they can neither see nor hear, they can smell or taste or feel things. Perceptions through these sense organs may not be capable of objective proof and though they are subjective in character they are substantial in effect. Indeed they are almost infallible. That really is how we must rate their worth and that is how public opinion in India has always been rated and regarded whether as a warning to sovereigns or a code to servants of State. King Shiyala who was prepared to drive his chariot over his own son on the complaint of the cow to the effect that the Prince had the previous day driven the same chariot over her calf to death, did not pause to verify and put to judicial tests the complaint that had reached him at dead of night by the cow ringing the big bell in the royal palace with its snout. Nor did King Sree Rama hold court over the complaint against Sita, his beloved queen, to recover whom from the hands of Ravana. he had crossed oceans and battled with the Rakshasas. Rama Rajya is a raj in which the King's wife and ministers like Caesar's of old, should not only be pure but above suspicion. We hear every day what great emphasis our respected Prime Minister is laying on the principles of Gandhi to whom we owe the revival of the expression, *Ram Raj*. Do our provincial or state governments work up to this rigid and exacting standard of purity, or do they connive at acts and procedure not criminal to be sure, nor even culpable but not wholly in conformity with the standards of public opinion as the one test before which no ministry should quail or quiver? Enquiries into the affairs of state ministries and complaints against them may result in their escaping by the skin of their teeth but these are enough to show that they are still far



away from the ideals of Ram Raj.

Leave alone the state ministries which are conducting their affairs in their respective states or provinces under the supervision of the Congress executive. Let us take the affairs of the Congress itself and its organisational structure and functions. How have they conducted their reconstruction according to the new constitution of the Congress? Have they strayed from the path of rectitude into devious ways and detestable methods in order that vested interests may triumph? It is saddening to reflect how in certain part of the country pride and prejudice or passion and perversity have been let loose, making the general election of panchayats, the *pons assini* of the new constitution. It is really impossible for any outsider, however, eminent, impartial and farseeing, to unravel the tangled web of factious fights and discover and distinguish the genuine from the fictitious amongst membership rolls, applicants to elective seats, proposers and seconders of nominators, where the originals have been replaced by counterfeits and then condemned as such. It requires weeks of labour and tons of energy to tell the genuine from the spurious and establish the triumph of truth and morality. Whole districts are sometimes involved in such palpable frauds.

II.

Elections to the Congress will have been somehow completed well in time for its Nasik session. It is not the return of the required number of delegates and members of the All India Congress Committee and their functioning at the Nasik session that furnishes the criterion by which to judge of the success of this ensuing sitting. Let it be remembered that Nasik's will be the first of the sessions under the new dispensation which does away with the spectacular side of the Congress and limits its activities and functions strictly to business. The termination of the demonstrative aspect is proof of the extra measure of sedateness and seriousness which must be brought to bear on its transactions. If however the very preliminaries required for getting up the session have been besmirched by objectionable practices relating to elections, then we must think twice before we enforce our Democracy according to our new constitution.

Indeed it strikes me that the new constitution of the Congress is the touchstone by which to judge of the possibility or otherwise of implementing the new parliamentary and legislative electors in the country.

At Nasik, therefore, it shall behove the Nation to pause and consider whether the constitution of the Congress on the lines passed by the A.-I.C.C. in Bombay in April 1948 is a well-considered one. There is, it must be admitted, a world of difference between the elections held under the authority of Government and those held under the auspices of a non-official body. In the latter we have found that elections were declared when none were held, that nomination papers have been tampered with, that unwelcome lists of primary members have been put out of existence and fictitious ones have been substituted. In governmental elections the worst that can happen is that the polling officer may exercise some bias in directing the vote of illiterates. More he cannot do. Even this may easily be avoided by new devices. We must, therefore, own—much to our shame and sorrow—that while the vast part of the country is law-abiding and observes the principles of reason and propriety, there are turbulent areas where unscrupulous methods and physical force have been held the sole arbiters of civic and election disputes. The Nasik session will have to review the situation in the country and if need be, may have to take disciplinary action against whole areas concerned.

III.

The Nasik session may have to deal with more than one knotty issue. Should the effective membership of the Congress be restored? It may be remembered that for all practical purposes it has been done away with for the elections that are closing. For one to be a candidate one should be, according to the constitution, an effective member or an elected panchayatdar. The former being now done away with, the latter is the only surviving condition and qualification. It was with utter reluctance but under utter inevitability that this temporary provision was decided upon. The principle underlying effective membership is that one or more kinds of social and civic service constitute an essential condition pre-requisite to candidature. But sheer abuse of the

rule compelled its suspension. A whole scheme of close supervision and leisuely enforcement of this all too laudable idea are bound to elevate the position of effective members. A national organisation which cannot enforce its own rules, can have little of driving force or dynamic energy behind it.

The next difficult point is how to co-ordinate the work of the ministries and the Congress organizations. It was no easy matter for the Working Committee to enforce their decisions upon the Bihar Government this year in regard to the Sathi lands affair. The U. P. Government have taken enormous time to separate the Speakership of the Legislature from the Presidentship of the Provincial Congress Committee. In U. P. a Congress ginger party is being formed to enforce, it is said, Congress principles. In Assam, the Speaker continues as an active party member of the Congress in functioning as the President of the District Congress Committee of Dibrugarh and member of the Provincial Parliamentary Committee. All these have to be put in order. Provincial autonomy has made state governments independent. Only the food situation and certain common subjects and grants or loans hitherto allowed have maintained a few contacts and connections between the Centre and the states. The Centre has doubtless its own means of enforcing its will upon the states but the constitutional link between the two is the Working Committee of the Congress where five out of twenty members are ministers at the centre including the Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister and two other ministers of states. Would it not be better, it is argued by some, if the Prime Minister of the Centre were also the President of the Congress, while a chairman of the committee functions as the executive head and transacts all day-to-day business. This may introduce common headship for the Congress and the Central Government, but it still leaves the question of the state governments where they are, unless the premiers of the states ministries likewise become the heads of provincial or state Congress committees with distinctive chairmen of the executives. But this arrangement, even if permissible, is not practicable in multilingual pro-

vinces; for, while there are four Presidents of four different Provincial Congress Committees in Madras, there is only one Premier attached to but one of the four such Provincial Congress Committees. What then may be the remedy? Either the four Provincial Congress Committees must have a super-provincial or sub-Central Committee over which the Premier of Madras presides or the Premier must become a CHATURMUKHA BRAHMA functioning as the head of all the Provincial Congress Committees by courtesy, though he may be the elected member of but one of them. The more we labour on the problem the more does it seem obvious that linguistic provinces must be formed as soon as possible—if only it be to make possible a rearrangement of relationship between Congress committees and ministries.

What really the country must demand of Nasik or Nasik should demand of the country is an earnest striving after *moral rearmament*. At Jaipur we thought that the Congress must be the *Brain Trust* of the ministries but to-day it has a higher duty—that of a *conscience-keeper*. Both the Congress and the country, however, have weakened in their moral stamina. The Congress has doubtless come into power riding on the crest of a high moral wave. The wave may rise but the waters below are the same—stagnant and stinking and saltish. The Congress Governments have had to function with the same old officers and the same old people—the corrupted and the corrupting. We have not disinfected on a mass scale the regions and the spheres involved and even the thought of such disinfection baffles all imagination, let alone all effort. Large malarial tracts are disinfected by D. D. T. sprayed over miles of area by low-flying aeroplanes. Here in the Congress and in the administration large changes in ideology must penetrate the country into all its nooks and corners not merely by a mass movement but by a mass commotion. If Nasik can create such a stir or even pave the way thereto, we can look forward in the near future for the restoration of that Congress psychology which places once again *means above ends*.

FOUR FREE INDIANS

By MULK RAJ ANAND

(A Writer's notes on present day human conditions in India).

THE PEASANT

TUKARAM is a wizened old man at the age of 40. Life has not been kind to him because he is an Indian peasant.

He inherited an acre and a half of land on the distribution of the family property at the death of his father, a bigger share than fell to the lot of his two younger brothers, Shankar and Dhondur, who got only an acre each. Also he inherited the tumble down booth of mud and brick which was the ancestral house in the little village of Kamath in the Kolaba District of Bombay. But having a bigger share of the ancestral property also meant shouldering bigger responsibilities. For instance, the unpaid debt incurred by his father to pay for his, Tukaram's marriage, as well as the arrears of rent due to the British Sarkar, were also inherited by him.

During the war years he could just about make do, because the prices of foodstuff had risen slightly and he could pay his current liabilities of rent and the interest on the debt. It was not a luxurious existence by any means, because the number of mouths he had to feed was also increasing, his wife having delivered three daughters and two sons in the first five years after their marriage, a regular contribution of this family to India's fast growing population! Anyhow, he could just about manage. Specially as he got the right to collect all the coconuts that grew on the half an acre plantation of a rich Bombay merchant who had a bungalow on the beach at Kihim, about a mile away from Kamath village. The proceeds of the sale of coconuts, derived as a recompense for Tukaram's work as a gardener-cum-supervisor, helped to keep realities at bay.

About the time when the gift of 'freedom' came to India, or was rather won by the Indian people from the recalcitrant British Sarkar, there were one or two heavy downpours during the monsoon which ruined Tukaram's

crop. Then all his troubles began, and it seemed to him almost as though God had singled him out for the infliction of all the pain in the world. He could not pay the interest on the family debt. And the money-lender of the village, who was a member of the Indian National Congress felt that, with the dawn of freedom which he had helped to bring about by going to jail for three months in the '42 Quit India Movement, he should recoup himself for his sacrifices by amassing money quickly. The money-lender exerted his influence with the local officials of Kolaba District and got an attachment order for half an acre of land belonging to Tukaram in lieu of the unpaid interest on the debt, and nothing that the small peasant could do by way of joining hands to the officials of the District, could secure the reversal of the attachment order. As the harvest had been bad, he could not even make the rent. He had to mortgage the remaining acre of his land to the local landlord, who owned about 50 acres of good crop area as well as three mango groves, a casuarina wood and half a mile of coconut plantation on the beach at Kihim.

During the next six months, Tukaram's wife presented him with another daughter. According to the family priest, daughters always bring affliction. And though Tukaram did not quite believe this, certainly his troubles grew. For one thing there was much bloodshed in the Hindu-Muslim riots of the partition of Punjab and Bengal through which the new Muslim state of Pakistan was created. This depressed the market somewhat. When this fratricide ceased, a general slump began to creep in and the prices of household utilities, like cloth and sugar, rose to terrific heights through the disappearance of goods in the *chor bazar* or the black market. Not all the efforts Tukaram could make to get a good price for the barley crop could bring him enough to keep his head above water. He listened to the exhortations of the National Government officials, who were lecturing to the peasants, to

grow more food and stop the drain on India's dollar resources, but he could not comply with their wishes because of the smallness of his holdings, the rising of prices and a suit launched by his younger brother against him for a share of the ancestral house.

It is true that he could have grown his own vegetables and, apart from supplying his own household needs, he could have sold enough to pay for extras; but the Hindu brotherhood to which he belonged would have cast the aspersion, that he had lost caste and become a mere vegetable gardener.

At this juncture, the most awful calamity that could have happened to him happened: His bullock, Moti, died of old age, leaving Jawahar, the fellow bullock, and Tukaram disconsolate. Tukaram had no money put by to replace the loss of Moti.

Why, he could hardly pay the interest on the mortgage of the acre of land. And as if troubles never come singly, his eldest daughter, Suman, had typhoid, while his wife was expecting yet another child.

The general depression which had settled on Tukaram's personal life was, however, as nothing to the slump which weighed down the country as a whole: Prices rose daily to Himalayan heights and so did the follies of the National Government, who took his eldest son to jail without making any charge against him, except that he had been seen at a meeting of the Peasant and Workers' Party in the neighbouring town of Alibag.

The earth round Kamath is as old as India and dear to every peasant who has tilled it, the sea air is nimble; and the sky pours down its blessings without fail. But the hearts of men who inhabit this countryside are growing harder.

The landlord to whom Tukaram owed the interest on the mortgage of his remaining acre of land, sent a legal notice for him to quit. Knowing that, like the money lender, the landlord also was an eminent Congress-walla, with friends in the Government, Tukaram had no choice but to surrender the land.

Thus expropriated, he had no choice but to join hands and put his head at the feet of the rich merchant from

Bombay whose coconut plantation he had been looking after on Kihim beach. This businessman was known to every one in this part of the country as a generous merchant prince. And with benign condescension he granted Tukaram the boon that the peasant had asked for: The job of a full time gardener on the estate, with a regular pay of Rs. 30 per month.

The members of the brotherhood to which Tukaram belongs held a meeting and excommunicated Tukaram for becoming a *malik*, and he had lost caste. Meanwhile, he has discovered that the generous and philanthropic merchant prince whom he serves is a black-marketeer from Bombay and hard on the workers of his factories as a spider on the flies. But what is Tukaram to do now that 'the sparrows have pecked away all the grains that grew on his fields and even eaten up his land'?

This year his wife presented him with a son. Perhaps that is a good omen.

II

THE WORKER

Hari Das is an expropriated peasant from Allahabad district in Northern India, who was forced out of his land and came down to Bombay to work as a mill hand. He had inherited the tenancy rights to an acre of land from his father on the estate of the landlord, Raja Kishori Lal, lord and master of all he surveys in the village of Dhulia.

Hari Das had worked hard on his acre to feed himself, his wife and two children. But he had to pay a debt of Rs. 500 contracted by his deceased father on the occasion of his marriage. The interest on his debt had piled up and, what with paying the legal dues on his tenancy and the illegal dues which the Raja levied from time to time, Hari Das's position had become precarious enough a year after the war.

Then, the monsoon failed one year and he could not even pay the rent for the land. The money-lender, Duni Chand, chose this very moment to get an order from the court to auction Hari's goods and chattels, and the landlord gave away the tenancy rights to the acre to a former lackey of his.

Perforce Hari Das began to cramp down towards Allahabad, with his

wife and two children. There he sold the few trinkets his wife had saved from the ruins of their life in the village and bought the fares to Bombay, famed all over India as a city paved with stones of gold.

On arrival in the El Dorado, Hari discovered that though the streets were paved, indeed, there was no gold anywhere but only stones. Not even a bit of the stone which paved the streets was his, for it was already occupied by thousands of homeless, who slept on the pavements every night and prevented strangers from pitching their tent anywhere near them.

After many privations he met a man from his part of the country, Bhaiya Govind, who had made money by mixing water with milk and selling it as milk. This Bhaiya engaged him to milk the cows on a farm north of Bombay, and Hari and his family began to eat twice a day. Unfortunately, no pay had been fixed as Hari's remuneration for working from dawn till midnight, tending the cows and milking them. The fellow-feeling arising from being the compatriot of Bhaiya Govind was supposed to be enough. This feeling however, was not enough even to buy a rag for the children, and Hari's wife, Dina, wanted the very earth to belong to her, or at least some trinkets to replace those which she had willingly given him to pay the fares to the land of promise. She nagged him day in and day out. Ultimately, he was moved from the grooves of gratitude to Bhaiya Govind to think of procuring a job in a nearby plastic factory to the foreman of which he had been supplying milk, without water, free of charge, while Bhaiya Govind was not looking.

Mr. John, the foreman of the Plastic factory, was a Christian gentleman from the Portuguese town of Goa, who had graduated to his unique position from being a cook in the house of the Gujarati owner of the factory. He had a smattering of English and went to the church twice a day, and to confession once a month. During the confession he told the holy father of almost all the sins he committed, such as the passion he felt for one of the actresses in the nearby film studios. But he did not confess to his venality. For every job he gave to a worker in the Plastic

factory, he charged one-third of the salary as his commission. Also, he had acquired the tenancy for a plot of land measuring about a thousand yards on the edge of a marshy creek. Here he let out little plots measuring nine feet by six for hutments to the workers in his factory. The workers, who had nowhere to lay their heads on, willingly accepted the generous offer of the foreman and paid him Rs. 7 to Rs. 10 rent for the lease of the plot on which they built the most abject and tattered jute cloth, palm leaf and mat structures for keeping out the sun from the bodies of their families. There was neither road nor track nor latrine in the camp: the whole plot was an open latrine: and here six hundred people existed from day to day, breathing the foulest air and surviving only because the sun killed the germs and worms and foetid smells and hardened and immunised the inhabitants against small-pox, cholera, plague and malaria—though the last disease took a yearly toll of ten percent of the colony, and the goddess of small-pox claimed a good fifty percent of the children, another twenty-five percent dying at birth.

Hari accepted the benign gift of a little plot in Mr. John's colony and considered himself lucky. Out of his pay of Rs. 40 per month, one third went in commission to Mr. John the foreman; and Rs. 7 as rent for the plot of land; and still there was enough left over to shine in his wife's eyes and give her the satisfaction she needed just to be able to handle cash.

The laws of economy which governed Bombay as an industrial city are no different from similar laws which rule over other big cities of the world. But though the intricacies of these laws are not known to many of the Indian workers, who bring their fatalistic peasant outlook to the town and believe that God is responsible for all the scarcities with which they are faced, the incidence of the rising costs of living and the drain on wages, due to the cut-throat competition raging in the new rising industries, is felt by them as intensely as by the more self-conscious workers of the world.

Hari has been feeling the pinch ever since the pay packet began to dwindle in his hands and he found himself destitute at the beginning of

the month and heavily in debt throughout the year. He curses his kismet that he was born and longs for death, or something else, to release him. Occasionally he drinks, but since the coming of prohibition even that escape is denied him.

He had four children altogether, the two who came with the family from the North, aged seven and five respectively, and two others, both girls born in the two years during which Hari and his wife have been in Bombay. About three months ago small-pox took the two little girls, who were never really strong. The eldest boy has run away to be a servant in the house of a prostitute in Kamatipura, red light area of Bombay. The other son is the apple of Hari's eye and the despair of his wife, because he is always ailing with malaria.

Meanwhile, Hari still works in the Plastic factory, because he is too heavily in debt to Mr. John to get out of this hell. From being a benevolent Christian gentleman, Mr. John has been consistently revealing, in the last two years, certain other traits which are not quite Christian. The foreman is now married to a girl who worked as an extra in the local film studios and is, therefore, a good substitute for the beautiful film actress whom Mr. John had worshipped from afar. Only, the demands of Miss Ruby the extra, are not less inordinate than the demand of the celebrated actress would have been. And when the foreman is in trouble at home, the workers in the Plastic factory get it. He complains that the Gujarati owner is rather hard on him.

The workers don't sympathise very much because they realize that in this world the big flies eat the little flies and the little flies eat the littler flies.

III

"THE LITTLE MAN"

Mr. Rao is a despatch clerk-typist in the office of an Insurance Company. He is a graduate of the Madras University and came to Bombay on hearing that other South Indians had captured the highest positions in industry and public life after starting from scratch.

On arrival in El Dorado, he could not secure even a small corner in some respectable household where he could live. A college friend of his, who had

preceded him, gave him shelter for a few days in his poky little room in a decrepit hotel in one of the tortuous lanes of the city. But the Manager of the hotel got to know of this, and gave notice to Mr. Rao's host to quit.

Fortunately, however, on that very day Mr. Rao succeeded in landing the job he holds. The emoluments of his coveted position were Rs. 90 per month and that seemed to him, at the time, a great deal of money.

But when he went looking for a room for himself and his friend, he achieved nothing more but holes in the soles of his shoes.

His host apologised to the hotel Manager, while Mr. Rao slept for three nights under the canopy of the stars.

Being somewhat of a poet, Mr. Rao rationalised his position with an unconscious bias for existentialism, the philosophy which regards persecution of the individual as inevitable because every thing is predetermined and there is no free will—the ideal philosophy of "the little man."

With the poetry in him, however, was mixed up a certain amount of astronomy, as well as astrology and he reckoned his position according to the sudden shooting of a star near the dog star. At that moment he knew that he could venture out in search of a room in the direction where the star had fallen.

It was a Sunday morning and he took a train 20 miles out of Bombay to the District town of Thana. There he asked the Station Master whether there was a room available anywhere in the town. The Station Master's son had just become a Guard through the influence of his father and there was a vacancy in the house. Mr. Rao was rather dark and could not of course qualify to the position of a substitute for the son of the house, but he seemed a gentleman, and the Station Master reckoned that he could put him up in his own house as a paying guest if the terms could be fixed. Mr. Rao stammered out the truth that in his new job he would be getting Rs. 90 per mensem. Said the Station Master that if he was content with simple rice and lentils, he would put him up in his house for Rs. 75 per month. In a panic Mr. Rao agreed. He had not foreseen that his

season ticket for going to and from town would cost nearly Rs. 10. That left a margin of Rs. 5 for pocket money. And the need to have a clean pair of trousers, drained this extra cash.

Life was not as wonderful in El Dorado as he had imagined.

The constant complaints of his wife in the village near Madras about the impossibility of living any longer in the joint family, with a bossy mother-in-law and scurvy sisters-in-law, forced Mr. Rao to ask for an increase of pay. The Insurance Company was retrenching its staff through the slump and Mr. Rao got, instead of the raise in pay, the sack.

Again he trudged the roads of Bombay in search of a job. After four days of negotiations, he got a perch as a despatch-clerk in a newspaper office. He looked at his palm and saw that the line of destiny, which has broken at one point, ran smoothly from then on. And the faith he acquired thus seemed to push him forward. He went looking for a little hut in Thana and was lucky enough to get the verandah of a school-master's house for a rental of Rs. 20. He wrote to his wife and asked her to join him with the two year old son that was the only issue of their marriage so far. He had done some extra typing for a research student and the Rs. 50 he earned this way enabled the small family to set up house. And for a year things went smoothly.

One day he looked at the palm of his right hand and saw that there was another break in his destiny written on it. It was not long before the newspaper owner announced a retrenchment drive. Mr. Rao went to the boss and pleaded for mercy in the name of his wife, who was expecting a child. The owner, a South Indian, relented, thinking he would acquire religious merit in allowing a Hindu child to be born, so that the race should be perpetuated. But he cut Mr. Rao's pay by Rs. 10.

Now Mr. Rao works all the day at the newspaper office and takes in typing for the evenings and weekends. The second child is a girl and his wife curses her fate, because a girl is supposed to be inauspicious, meaning loss of money and constant worry about the dowry to be given her on the marriage. Mr. Rao is much more

enlightened than his silly wife. Though he depends so much on astrology, really he does not believe in anything but hard work. In that he feels lies his salvation. He cannot understand why, as a graduate of the Madras University, with a good typing speed and adequate shorthand, he can't get a better paid job. He can't figure out the reasons for the retrenchment drives which are going on everywhere. He read something about slumps in his B. A. Economics course, but somehow he feels that the scientists are letting down the world because they are misusing atomic energy to build bombs and not to produce plenty. He picked up this idea in a magazine and forthwith joined the Trade Union of Clerks, which some people call a Communist affair. In private, however, he has been toying with the idea that if only he had read more science he could become an inventor. For instance, there is so much heat and energy in the sun in India. Why, he could have harnessed some of this energy and made this hungry, down-trodden land into paradise! Such fantasies nourish him much more in the struggle for survival than all the hard work he does. In spite of himself he is now much more of a positivist than an existentialist.

IV

THE BIG BUSINESSMAN

Srijut Amritlal Parekh is a scion of a small middle-class family from Ahmedabad in Gujerat. His father and grandfather before him ran a small retail cloth shop in one of the insidious streets of the textile centre of Ahmedabad. As a side line the family concern did a little money-lending, also accepting mortgages on property. Before the first world war theirs was a modest business.

Then came Mohan Das Karamchand Gandhi, the Gujerati lawyer, who had won his spurs by the militant stand he had taken on behalf of Indians in South Africa on Tolstoyan, non-violent lines. Mahatma Gandhi's bid for national independence against the British Imperialists was not only symptomatic of the political awakening in the country, but of the growing urge for a share in the economic life of India, which was mostly in the hand of British big business. The various non-co-operation campaigns launched by Gandhi were based on

boycott of British goods, especially the textiles of Manchester and Bradford. Between the two world wars Indian businessmen thus captured 75% of the textile trade from British hands. For Indian capital, working on its own momentum, with cheap labour culled from the expropriated peasantry, and supplying the home market without incurring any freight, as did the British industrialists, were in a position to win hands down.

Srijut Amritlal Parekh came in the wake of the Gandhi movement to be a big businessman. His father was persuaded by him to invest some part of the savings of the family which had lain buried in the earth in their little house in Ahmedabad, in establishing a small textile mill. Soon the profits of the calicos that issued from the Parekh Mills multiplied and the mill became bigger.

And, during the second world war, apart from the profits of the mill, Srijut Amritlal Parekh made money on army contracts. He was a little conscience-stricken about taking on these contracts, because Gandhi was against the war, but he paid various donations in the coffers of the Indian National Congress and became immune to the guilty stirrings inside him. Similarly, he did a few other deeds, of which the nature is not known to anyone but him and his friends. All that is known is that on top of the 500% profits he made he piled up an enormous fortune in the black market.

In order to augment this fortune further, he made false entries in his books and evaded income tax. Inevitably there accrued to him certain advantages, such as a beautiful palace in the Shahibag garden suburb of Ahmedabad, membership of various planning and fiscal commissions set up by the Congress Government of India after the coming of 'freedom.'

Not all the privileges which have accrued to Srijut Amritlal Parekh, however, have really given him the assurance that he is not any longer the petty grocer or small-cloth dealer that he was before the first world war,

but a big businessman with certain responsibilities to industry. He still puts his money, literally under the earth, for safe keeping, rather than in a bank. Or he invests in landed property, which is a dead kind of investment. All the appeals of the Government for building up more industries have fallen flat on him. He is too scared of Communism to risk investing any more capital in the nation-building enterprises of India. His mills (for he has now bought up a group of four textile factories in Bombay also) make a steady profit, but he has never concerned himself with housing, social welfare and other amenities for the workers who sweat for very inadequate wages in his concerns. He does not even want to spend money on advertising his goods. For there is a scarcity of cloth and he can sell all that is made. Any expense that deprives him of 200 to 500% profit is, in his opinion, a waste. When the controls on cloth were lifted about two years ago he did not hesitate to float an enormous black market and clear fantastic profits during the two weeks while the open market prevailed. When the Government was forced to put on the controls again, he sat tight waiting for another opportunity to do big business.

The income-tax department has been after him for his various defaults. But it is well known that he gave donations for Congress funds before the dawn of 'freedom.' Therefore, the leadership of the Congress movement is very chary of doing anything to him. In fact, the Central Cabinet was lately forced to make an offer if the big businessmen who have not paid their income tax would willingly pay half the amount due, the Government would cock a blind eye on their defaults.

Srijut Amritlal Parekh is one of the doyens of Indian freedom and is now busy building a monopoly by trying to buy other giant concerns. He has not yet succeeded in this aim, but the picture, of hope, blindfolded, playing a harp, hangs on the wall facing his desk in the Office.

"The situation is growing more intolerable every day. The people have begun to say that the British government was much better. They are even cursing the Congress."—DESABHAKTA VENKATAPPAYYA.

REPENTANCE

By Dr. N. Venkataramanayya

"BUT, Appa, so long as you are at the helm of the state, no disaster can befall the empire. A good and strong minister can cover up the defects of his sovereign."

"Your Majesty is then quite determined to barter away for the sake of a courtesan, the empire which your grandfather, father and elder brother fought for."

A momentary cloud of irritation flitted across the face of Krishnaraya, but he replied with an unruffled voice,

"Yes, Appa, we are willing to sacrifice our sovereignty at the altar of love. You have to take a risk, Appa, and rule the empire, if necessary, in the name of Achyuta."

"Risk, Sire! I run no risks. It is the empire and Your Majesty that are involved in peril."

"We! How so?"

"By surrendering the sovereignty and the empire to Achyuta, does Your Majesty expect to love and live in peace? No, Sire. Though bereft of power Your Majesty would become a source of danger to your successor. It is but wisdom to remove the danger to secure one's possession of the throne."

"We see! That is how you take it. However, that does not alter our resolve."

"But why should we court disaster?"

"Because we cannot have both the empire and this lady as our queen."

"That is, indeed, true. But the difficulty is not perhaps insurmountable. Could not Your Majesty wait for a few days and defer the marriage with this lady for a short while?"

"What do we gain by this?"

"Perhaps, it may not be impossible to arrange the matter in such a manner as to give satisfaction to all concerned."

"You think that we can marry Sanga then?"

"If Your Majesty desires still to wed her."

"O! Appa! You are great, indeed."

Timmarasayya remained silent. Sanga was overcome with joy. She cast herself at the feet of the Prime Minister, touched them with her forehead, and kissed them again and again until the Raja, overcome by emotion, lifted her up gently and hugged her in a tight embrace.

Early one morning, a few days after his return from a campaign against the Sultan of Bijapur, Krishnadevaraya was seated on a settee in the Namatirtha Mandapa of his new palace at Nagalapur engaged in the performance of his morning ablutions. The *Kapiladhenu* was just led away; and the virgin and the couple of brahmans, who, according to the daily routine, came to show to the Raja their auspicious faces, having received the *tambula* with *dakshina*, had also departed. Two chowry-bearers stood behind him on either side of the settee with white fly-whisks, and a handsome maiden holding a large mirror in her hands took up her position in front of him to enable him to put on the *kasturi-namam* on his forehead. An elderly *avasarika* leaning on a silver mace entered, and saluting the Emperor, said, "May it please Your Majesty, Rayasam Ayya-parasa awaits Your Majesty's pleasure in the *mogusala*. He begs audience of Your Majesty and wants to know whether you can graciously grant him permission."

"Now?"

"Yes, Sire"

"Does he state his business?"

"No, Sire; but he looks grave and is very importunate in soliciting audience."

Krishnaraya remained silent for a few seconds, considering whether he should grant him audience at such an early hour. At last he made up his mind, and turning towards the *avasarika*, commanded, "Show him in. We are pleased to grant his request."

She retired and returned almost immediately with a tall black man, and leaving him in the presence of the Raya went back to her post at the hazara of the palace. The tall black man joined the palms of his hands together and raised them over his head in salutation to the Emperor and then folding them on his breast stood silently looking on the ground. The Emperor asked, "Well, Ayyaparasa, what brings you to the palace so early in the day?"

"A desire to see Your Majesty and proffer a request."

"What is it?"

"I come, Sire, on behalf of Saluva Timmarasayya's family, specially at the instance of his daughter-in-law to ask a favour of Your Majesty."

On hearing Ayyaparasa's words, Krishnaraya flew into a fury, and cried out angrily, "Does she want us to release her treacherous husband from prison?"

"No, Sire, Timma Dandanayaka has already released himself."

"Escaped again? Jangamayya will have to answer for it with his head."

"Jangamayya has nothing to fear, Sire. He has not allowed Timma Dandanayaka, to escape him."

"What do you mean, then, by declaring that he released himself?"

"He died; his soul fled to heaven, leaving his body in the custody of Your Majesty's officers."

"Died? What did he die of? We have not even heard that he was ill."

"Timma Dandanayaka departed this life by resorting to prayopavesa. As Your Majesty were engaged in making preparations for the forthcoming expedition to Belgaum, nobody wanted to distract Your Majesty's attention by bringing it to your notice."

"Timma Dandanayaka died of prayopavesa! Why did he take this step?"

"Because he did not want to live in the kingdom of an ungrateful and unjust king."

"We are ungrateful and unjust, are we?"

"That is what he declared again and again, Sire."

"How! What does his wife want of us?"

"Your Majesty's permission to become a Mahasati, Sire"

"Brahman women do not generally commit *sahagamana*."

"True, Sire; but nothing stands in the way if they are desirous of following their husbands to the world of the Gods."

Krishnaraya sat in silence immersed in thought. Timma Dandanayaka's dying accusation began to prick his conscience. Did not Timmarasayya poison his beloved son? Was he really ungrateful and unjust? It was only natural that Timma Dandanayaka should make protestations of his father's innocence; but Queen Kamaladevi's assertion that the old man was not guilty of the crime for which he was punished showed that there were other people at his court who held similar views. Did he return evil for good? Unable to come to a decision, he heaved a deep sigh, and turning to Ayyaparasa, he said, "Yes, we give our permission. Timma Dandanayaka's wife may mount, if she so wishes, the funeral pyre of her husband."

Ever since the day when he heard of the death by prayopavesa of Timma Dandanayaka, Krishnaraya was constantly harassed by the thought that he was guilty of brahmahatya. It is true that he did not actually kill a Brahman; but he could not divest himself of the idea that the prayopavesa and the death of Timma Dandanayaka were the direct consequence of his cruelty and maltreatment. What was the crime for which he was so cruelly punished?—a suspicion that he helped his father Timmarasayya to poison His Royal Highness Prince Tirumaladeva Maharaya. Did Timmarasayya administer poison? There was no clear proof of it. If Timmarasayya was innocent his son could not have been guilty. If they were not guilty, he was, indeed, both ungrateful and unjust. To smother this ever-recurring thought, Krishnaraya plunged himself into the affairs of the state, specially in making preparations for the conquest of Belgaum. He gave audience to the Portuguese envoys from Goa; negotiated personally with merchants; he received the reports of his news agents who brought intelligence of the activities of the Governments of Calicut, Gova, Bijapur and other Muslim kingdoms. Though he was able to ward off the unpleasant idea in this manner during the day time, it preyed upon his mind.

with redoubled vigour at night. One night a fortnight after the death by prayopavesa of Timma Dandanayaka, and the immolation of his wife on his funeral pyre, information brought by spies from Bijapur and Kondavidu caused him much uneasiness, and intensified his restlessness. Bacharasa, his Sthanapati at Bijapur, warned the Emperor that his son-in-law Ramaraja was engaged in a secret intrigue with the court of the Adil Shah. Though it had something to do with the fortress of Raichur, he could not yet furnish His Majesty with the exact details of the plot. Intelligence from Kondavidu revealed the existence of considerable discontent in the province. Persistent rumour that, at the instance of the Emperor, all the members of Saluva Timmarasayya's family were poisoned in prison caused fear in the minds of the nobles who were closely associated with the old Prime Minister in the administration of the province when he was the durgadhyaksha of Kondavidu. To safeguard themselves, they sent an invitation to the Gajapati to come down with his army and occupy the country promising their support to the enterprise. Krishnaraya was enraged. His own son-in-law, the husband of his beloved daughter, Tirumalamba, whom he had protected from the wrath of Quly Qutb Shah of Golkonda had turned a traitor and dared to intrigue with the court of Bijapur. He would teach him a lesson which he will not easily forget. His mind soon began to run in another direction. The feeling of resentment gave place to one of astonishment and regret. How could people be so credible as to believe blindly that at his instance Timmarasayya's family was poisoned? They ought to have known that it was false. But how could they know that it was false? Timmarasayya and such of the members of the family that are still alive are securely immured within the walls of the prison at Vijayanagara, and they live at such a long distance in the province of Kondavidu. If the rumour of his having administered poison to the members of his old minister's family is false, could not the charge of poisoning Prince Tirumalayya levelled against him have been similarly false? What was the evidence on which Timmarasayya was convicted? Mere suspicion

based on the statement of Queen Tirumaladevi and her servants. But Tirumaladevi was prejudiced against Timmarasayya. Ever since the marriage of Chinnadevi and her installation in the palace as the chief queen, Tirumaladevi hated Timmarasayya and never failed to take advantage of every opportunity to injure him. And yet in the paroxysm of grief caused by the sudden death of Tirumalayya Deva, he could not take a dispassionate view of the case. In his intense rage, he punished the minister for what he believed to be treachery. If Timmarasayya were really innocent, how then could he excuse himself? Was he, then, indeed ungrateful to his old benefactor who had faithfully served him for many years and rescued him from danger on several occasions?

Assailed by these thoughts Krishnaraya became restless. Tossing over his bed, he groaned in mental anguish. Unable to remain alone in his bed chamber, he resolved to spend the night in the palace of Queen Kamaladevi. At the instance of the chief eunuch who always slept in the ante-room of the bed-chamber of the Emperor, the boy women brought in the portable basket chair usually made use of, on such occasions and placed it by the side of the royal bedstead. The emperor got up from the bed, and as he took a step or two in the direction of the chair, he felt a spasm of pain, which beginning in the groin pierced through the abdomen to the chest like the thrust of a rapier; the muscles of his waist began to contract, and his legs ceased to function. He collapsed on the bed, and unable to bear the pain began to roll upon the bed groaning loudly. The eunuchs rushed to his bedside, and attempted vainly to relieve his pain by massaging the waist and legs. They rushed to Kamaladevi's palace to inform her of the sudden illness of the Emperor and ask her in the name of the Raya to summon the pranacharya.

The Pranacharya hastened to the palace in response to the summons of Kamaladevi. He carefully examined the condition of his august patient, felt his pulse, observed the external symptoms of the disease, and diagnosing its character administered a potion to alleviate the pain in the

groins. He then retired to an adjoining chamber where he resolved to spend the night, so that he might be near at hand in case of emergency. As soon as the pranacharya left the sick chamber Kamaladevi emerged from behind a curtain, where she was standing during the visit of the physician, and seated herself on a low chair beside the Emperor's bed to minister to his needs. Due to the effect of the potion, the pain in the groins had begun to subside; but fever and with it an unquenchable thirst began to torment him. He cried for water every moment; and the more he drank the more he craved for it. With the increase in the vehemence of fever, his mind became more and more excited; and the inhibitions which usually controlled its activities, relaxed, it plunged into a world of its own creation where it was not shackled by reason. The present was obliterated; and the past which lay buried deep down in the cavity of his mind rose above the threshold of consciousness and made itself manifest. The stirring events of his youth were no longer shadowy memories; they became reanimated with life afresh, and passed before his mind's eye in quick succession. At first Krishnaraya lay passively gazing as a mere onlooker; but soon that phase passed; and as the illusion assumed more and more the semblance of reality, his excitement increased and he began to imagine, as one does in a dream, that he was actually participating in the events he witnessed. He began to utter long-forgotten passwords, shout out words of command to his forces, issue detailed instructions to officers several of whom were dead about the movement of troops on the battlefield, hold consultations with his ministers, and dictate terms of peace to the ambassadors of his defeated foes.

"Appa," shouted Krishnaraya suddenly, "What shall we do now? How are we to deal with Tirumala Rahuttaraya? You remember our vow, that we would neither bathe nor eat today without trampling upon his head. Now he has submitted and come down to surrender the keys of the citadel. How can we fulfil our vow and offer, as we are bound by the Kshatriya Dharma, protection to the enemy who has come seeking asylum with us?" He remained silent for a while as if he

was listening to the answer of Timmarasayya to his question. At last a smile lighted up his countenance and with an air of satisfaction, he said, "Clever, very clever, Appa, we never thought of it. True, true, placing the foot on one's ushnisha is indeed tantamount to trampling on one's fallen head. Does Rahuttaraya agree?... Ah! that is sensible. We don't mean to dishonour so gallant a warrior." Suddenly he sat up in the bed, and lowered both his legs as if to place his feet, on the ushnisha that he had fancied to be lying on the ground. Kamaladevi spoke soothingly and persuaded him to lie upon the bed again.

The Raya lay listless; after a while his eyes closed; and he fell into a doze. He suddenly laughed, and opening his eyes he sang:

Kondavidu manadera Kondapalli manadera

Kadani evvaru vaduku vacchina Kadakamudaka manadera.

(Kondavidu is ours, Kondapalli is ours; if any disputes this, the country as far as Katakam is ours)

"O prophetic washerman! How can we reward you! Kondavidu is indeed ours. Marvellous, Appa, marvellous. You are as great a general as you are statesman. How many of them? One, two, three... thirteen! Virabhadra Gajapati Narahari Patra, the son of Kumara Hamvira, Siraschandra Patra... the flower of Gajapati's, manadera! Now, what shall we do with these? What is your advice, Appa? Send them all to Vidyanagara in fetters? Good, we shall do so."

An abrupt change seems to have come over his phantasy; for, he cried in great excitement, "Look! Look! What a huge conflagration! Has Lakshmi Kantarasa already effected an entrance into the city? Why, our spies told us only at midnight that the city was strongly guarded; and that the sixteen patras were personally supervising the defences... What! the Gajapati fled from his capital! Why? He was frightened, was he..."

All at once the tenour of his ramble altered. His voice fell into a half inaudible murmur. He no longer talked but began to repeat what appeared to be the contents of some-

state document, which suddenly shot across his mental horizon. "From the papers," he whispered, "sent by you, we learn that you can never forget the words of insult uttered by the Gajapati at first, as well as his conversation with others about the assignment of forts and territories and the distribution of the rewards. You state that you had talk this night with the Gajapati, and are resolved to ride with him to our camp under the pretext of leading a cavalry charge against it and hand him over to us. In return for this service, you want us to send you the jewels of the Raya valued at a sum of 64,00,000 ghats, on the receipt of which you promise to carry out your part of the bargain. Good. We are sending you now with special messengers all the jewels you have asked for. Accept them and fulfil your promise by rendering the service which you have undertaken to do.—Timmarasayya." So, that is how the Gajapati came to flee from his capital spurning the victory that was almost within his grasp. Did Timmarasayya succeed in persuading the sixteen *patras* to desert their master? That could not have happened. No Oddes joined our forces. Why then was the Gajapati frightened? Why did he suddenly abandon his capital and seek refuge in the distant hills? Timmarasayya who can teach wiles to Chanakya and subterfuges to Yugandhara, he alone can explain. Marvellous, marvellous indeed are the ways in which his ingenious mind works.

"A golden image in a halo of fire!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "How calmly does she stand in the midst of raging fire! Look! What those wretches are doing! As if that blazing fire is not fierce enough to reduce her to ashes, they are feeding it further with logs of sandal wood and pails of ghee and oil. Stop, stop, you stone-hearted villains, don't you see that she has already fallen down on the pyre? Oh, horror! See, see, how her charred body writhes!...."

Kamaladevi who sat helplessly by the Emperor's bedside, unable to arrest the progress of the delirium, cried involuntarily,

"Whose body, sire?"

"Why, don't you recognize her," he replied somewhat peevishly, "that is the daughter-in-law of Timmarasayya.... she rises, she rises again! But

that is not Timmarasayya's daughter-in-law! but Sanga! O! my beloved, come near me, near me...."

Krishnaraya's excitement increased; he began to utter words of endearment, which she had never heard from him before. He would sit up in the bed and stare vacantly at the entrance of the room; and refuse to lie down on the bed, in spite of her repeated entreaties. In desperation, she summoned the chief eunuch and sent for the physician believing that the Emperor's condition was serious and demanded his immediate attention.

Krishnaraya lay in a recumbent posture propped by pillows in his bed. Delirium, thanks to a dose of powerful drug administered by the *pranacharya*, had subsided; his mind ceased to wander and perceive objects not visible to others; but he was still ill, very ill; frequent twitching of limbs indicated that he was still subject to pain, specially in his groins. An *avasatika* entered and announced in a subdued voice, "Salva Nayaka awaits Your Majesty's pleasure in the ante-room, Sire!" He commanded her by a nod of his head to bring him in. She retired; after a few seconds, she returned with a fair, tall, handsome nobleman, and leaving him in the presence of the Raya, went out of the room. As soon as he was alone with Salva Nayaka, the Emperor asked in a very feeble voice, "Well, Chellappa?"

"The commands of Your Majesty have been carried out, Sire."

"How so?"

"A *nirupa* has been sent with a fast riding courier to the Governor of Chandragiri commanding him to set at liberty at once Achyutadeva and send him on to the capital with the honour suitable to an exalted prince of his position."

"Yes?"

"Ramaraja and his brothers are warned that they should not leave their palaces; and trustworthy officers with armed men are posted around them to enforce obedience to the orders of Your Majesty. The commandants of Vijayanagara and Ane-gondi are instructed to keep their forces in readiness to meet any emergency."

"Have you released Timmarasayya and the members of his family?"

"Yes, Sire. And as Your Majesty desired I brought him here."

"Where is he?"

"In the abyantara-mantapa, Sire."

"Bring him in."

Salva Nayaka made a deep obeisance and left the Emperor's presence; but he soon returned followed by a decrepit old man who was carried in a chair by two hefty *boyis*. As soon as the chair was deposited on the ground, the old man asked in a tremulous voice, "Where am I?"

"In the presence of His Majesty the Emperor," replied Salva Nayaka.

On hearing this, the old man fumbled with his hands for the bamboo staff which the *boyis* had placed against the arms of the chair, and leaning on it raised himself to a standing posture.

"Why have you stood up, Timmarasayya?" asked Salva Nayaka.

"Because," he answered, "a servant should not sit in the presence of his master."

These words brought tears into the eyes of Krishnaraya. In a voice which was nearly choked with emotion, he said, "Appa, it is our desire that you should sit."

Timmarasayya slowly sank back into the chair. Then the Emperor, turning towards Salva Nayaka, commanded, "Chellappa, we entrust the capital to you; hold it until the arrival of Achyutadeva Maharaya."

As soon as Salva Nayaka left, all the twelve queens of Krishnadevaraya entered the sick chamber, as if by pre-arrangement. They were considerably surprised when they found Timmarasayya whom they never expected to see seated in a portable chair in the presence of the Emperor; but none of them dared to say anything. They walked up to the bed of the Emperor. Tirumaladevi, as becoming her position as the chief queen, sat on the edge of the bed near the Emperor's feet. Kamaladevi who was next in rank stood at the foot of the bedstead facing the Raya directly. Annapurnadevi, took up her position on the right of the Emperor; and behind her crowded all the others. Krishnaraya saw them all, but never said a word to any of them. He turned towards his old Prime Minister, and called in a low voice, "Appa!"

"Sire!"

"Do you know why we had you brought here?"

"No, Sire, how can I understand the motive which prompted Your Majesty to take this step?"

"We should have gone to you in the prison, and falling at your feet craved your forgiveness, but our illness, Appa, is serious, and our limbs are not under our control."

"Why, Sire? What have I done to merit so great an honour?"

"We have grievously wronged you, Appa. You protected us from our enemies, rescued us many a time from danger, and bestowed fortune and happiness on us. How have we rewarded you for all this? We deprived you of all your wealth, put out your eyes, cast you in prison with all your kith and kin and brought about the destruction of those that were dear and near to you. Can there be worse ingratitude?"

"Your Majesty can never do wrong, Sire. You acted as a King should do. It is the duty of the King to punish crime without regard for personalities. You inflicted punishment for what you were convinced to be a great crime in accordance with the injunctions of the Dharma Sastras."

"But we have done wrong. We were misled, and believing that we were dispensing even justice, we inflicted severe punishment on an innocent man. Appa, some facts which had recently come to our notice have clearly established your innocence. You had been, Appa, like a father to me. Can you and will you forgive me?"

"Innocent, Sire?" queried Tirumaladevi, intervening in the conversation.

"Yes, madam," replied the Emperor, "as innocent as we are."

"Was not my beloved son poisoned?"

"No, madam, he died a natural death as you must have known. People unworthy of the confidence we reposed in them took advantage of the untimely death of the prince, and misled us into the belief that he was poisoned."

"I am happy to hear Your Majesty say so," declared Timmarasayya. "I can now die in perfect peace of mind."

"But, Appa, can you not forgive us," asked the Emperor.

"I shall most willingly do so, Sire, if there is anything to forgive."

"We fail to understand you. We inflicted a barbarous punishment on you."

"I don't think that what Your Majesty had inflicted on us was punishment. I take it as retribution."

"Retribution?"

"Yes, Sire, for some wrong done by me in the past, or even during this life-time to some innocent person."

"That may be even as you say. But why should we be the channel through which retribution overtook you? No, Appa, we are not so heartless as to lull our conscience with such deception."

"No, Sire. It is not deception, but a hard fact. Your Majesty served only as a *nimitta*."

"*Nimitta*?"

"That is what the Lord has said. *Nimitta-matram bhava Savyasacheh*. Why was Arjuna chosen to destroy the Kaurava host? For the very same reason the Lord has been pleased to make you the channel of my retribution."

"But Appa, You are clothing your unwillingness to forgive us in philosophical garments. If you cannot forgive us, why don't you say so frankly?"

"Your Majesty must not misunderstand me. Ever since the day on which the blessed *Nagalamba* entrusted Your Majesty to me, I adopted you as my child. A parent's affection to his child can never be completely smothered. What the mind cannot forget, the heart readily forgives."

"So you forgive us, Appa,"

"Yes, Sire, with all my heart and soul."

"We are happy, very happy, indeed, to hear your noble words."

A sharp stab of pain in the groins made the Emperor wince. It was followed in quick succession by others each greater in its intensity than the preceding. He turned pale, sweated profusely and fell into a swoon. The sudden onset of pain and its effects on the condition of the Raya created consternation among the queens. The

hope of his recovery which had germinated in their minds by his temporary revival, was dashed to pieces. They did not know what to do. The *pranacharya* who hastened to the sick chamber in response to the urgent summons of the queens examined him carefully and found that the vitality of the Emperor was low, the pulse was feeble, and the heart throbbed violently. For a moment he hesitated; and then taking hold of a leathern pouch from a tripod nearby, he sprayed *himambu* over the face of the Emperor, and thrust small plugs of cotton containing bits of camphor into his ears. At the cool touch of *himambu* the Emperor revived and opened his eyes. The *Pranacharya* then took out from his medicine bag a small glass bottle; extracting from it a pinch of reddish powder, he mixed it with a few drops of honey and after applying it to the tongue of the Emperor, retired from the room. When the queens returned to his bedside, Krishnadevaraya regained his consciousness completely; but his face was drawn, his lips and face turned blue; and a strange lustre sparkled in his eyes. It was obvious that the end was not far off. At the sight of him the queens began to sob; but Krishna-raya commanded them to stop by holding up his hand. He looked at them each individually without speaking a word. When, however, his eyes rested on the chief queen, he said with some effort,

"Tirumala, you must not think of accompanying us."

"Whither, my lord?"

"You know very well."

"Why so, Sire?"

"You have a son to take care of"

"Is that the only reason, Sire?"

"That is enough. We are your husband and sovereign. It is our wish and command that you should remain behind."

Tirumaladevi was silent. A few seconds elapsed, then Krishnaraya called, "Lokkha, Lokkha, Where are you? Come near us."

"I am here, Sire," said Kamaladevi, and coming near the head of the Raya, she bent forward. He placed his hand on her shoulder, and whispered, "Lokkha, do you remember that verse in Potana's *Bhagavatam*?"

"Which verse, my lord?"

"*Lav-okkintayu ledu.*"

"Yes, Sire."

"Repeat it aloud"

Kamaladevi restrained her tears by a tremendous effort and recited the verse slowly. By the movements of his lips, it was evident that Krishna-raya was reciting the verse to himself silently. When Kamaladevi reached the last line, he raised his voice and sang in unison with her.

His eyes opened wide; a look of wonder and astonishment came over

his countenance. He cried in great rapture, "Look, O! Look, the Lord of Seven Hills has himself come. Appa, Appa, where are you? The Lord has forgiven me! Rise, all of you and greet the Lord of the Universe!" He suddenly sat up in his bed with his outstretched arms. The effort was too much for him. He fell back and lay still.

The sick chamber was filled with the lamentations of the queens and cries of Narayana, Narayana, Narayana."—(Concluded.)

THE CONSUMER CAN CONTROL COSTS

By V. S. RAMAKRISHNAN

"HIGH cost of living" is the talk everywhere. We talk about it anyday and at any time. Many have been gruelling under a feeling of despair over the situation which is by no means happy, and suicides merely on account of inability to make both ends meet are not uncommon. There is a tendency, too, to criticise the Government for the rise of prices. People say, "War ended in 1945 and the prices have still not come down. This Government has utterly failed to ensure reasonable prices." They may be right in one way and they can criticise the Government on more than one count. But, how many of us pause to consider how far we are responsible for the high prices?

There are many ways in which we ordinary commonfolk can make a substantial contribution to a reversal of the present price trends. It only needs a little more will to stand united, an earnest desire to evolve some pattern of common action calculated to act something like a cushion against the onslaughts of black-marketeers and other allied anti-social groups. Without unduly worrying ourselves about "production," "controls," "decontrol," etc., let us consider the many opportunities that lie unutilised before us and decide to put into operation as many as it lies in our power.

The black market is a legacy of "scarce" of goods. We did not hear of it in the late thirties when a measure of rice was available at a price we pay for a cup of the so-called "coffee" today. How did it start? Well,

we started it and have so far helped it to flourish; and, as long as we do not change our approach to the whole problem, the question of its elimination is a remote possibility. Because we are prepared, grudgingly or otherwise, to pay the fantastic price demanded by the black-marketeer, knowing fully well that we are thereby abetting an anti-social act, the general price-level in practice remains at a very high level. Let us refuse to support it as far as possible, and the results will be encouraging.

The war maintained an incredibly high level of employment in complete disregard of merits on high scales of remuneration. There was, consequently, a lot of money going round and round. Any article, right upwards from a tooth-brush, fetched high prices. But conditions have changed. Day by day, we are witnessing the gradual re-appearance of the old free-trade system, though supplies have by no means increased. The rupee has regained some of its lost ground, but the pace cannot be quickened unless we see to it that conditions are made favourable.

First of all, the high price a consumer pays for an article is not due to the manufacturer alone, though he too plays a part in the general process. It is the result of the nefarious activities of a chain of middle-men. By the time any commodity—say a razor blade—adorns your next-door pan-shopwalla's narrow wooden stall, its actual, rather reasonable, price is inflated by at least over hundred per cent; and you are only too ready to

buy it at that price, hardly realising that you have encouraged a black-marketeer once more. Everyday, everyone of us buys many articles at such high prices, and each time we let down the Government, reduce their various measures of controls to a farce, and make the work of the officials connected with the enforcement of controls considerably difficult. Let us cultivate a determination that a certain commodity will not be bought unless sold at a reasonable price. We need not have to wait indefinitely, much less for some months, for the prices to come down in that eventuality. We are now asked to pay, for instance, nothing less than Rs. 5 for a bottle of Horlicks, in Madras. Let us decide that we—and that implies every buyer of Horlicks—will not buy it as long as it is not available at the advertised retail rate. The result will be that within a week you will get the same Horlicks at the controlled price or, at best, a few annas over it.

Boycott the black-market as far as possible. After all, prices fluctuate mainly on the basis of the extent to which demand is forthcoming.

It should, of course, be admitted that such a boycott will hardly be possible if we do not join together and act in a concerted way, towards ensuring the presentation of a united front. Many of us have heard of such a common action in a few "consumers' organisations" or "consumers' associations" set up here and there, with the object of safeguarding the rights of consumers; but an investigation will reveal that an incredibly few of us would be actually aware of its manifold benefits and the potential impact it causes on the very concept of organised social life as we know of it today. We need today such organisations for every city, every town and every village. It should be the duty of every resident in a locality of a city to join together, confabulate and decide to boycott every trader of that locality for buying a commodity if he demands a high price.

One may argue that India is not the only country affected by black-marketing activities and that every country is having its own. But the people in those countries co-operate with their Governments, and especially among themselves, to root out anti-social acts. England with a popula-

tion forming a small percentage of India's estimated 377 millions, is more resolute, realistic and enterprising. We suffered no doubt during the war years but it fell to the lot of Britons to suffer more. Tea, which we along with Ceylon and Pakistan export to them in crores of lbs. is rationed and the Englishman prefers to drink his favourite beverage less rather than to get it at a high price through surreptitious methods. For over ten years, the Briton forgot all about his weekend picnics, holiday resorts, etc., due to petrol rationing. He got back that freedom a few days ago. He did not, however, go to the black-market to get a couple of gallons extra, as we here do.

Controls, as applied to price, distribution, movement, or all together, may or may not be liked by all. Divergent views have been expressed on this question. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that controls will remain as long as there is scarcity of goods. When there is, especially, artificial scarcity, controls are all the more indispensable. As it is, it is not a pleasure for anybody, least of all to the Government, to impose controls. It is true that the method of imposition, enforcement and working of controls in India is all imperfect and the whole process has come to an ignominious stage. That should not, however, deter us from doing our task to the best of our ability. Indeed, the Kashmir Government under the guidance of her illustrious Prime Minister have did better than any other part of India in making controls a success. It would appear that people there co-operated with the Government fully and the Kashmir Government are reported to have publicly flogged some traders who indulged in selling food-grains at more than controlled prices.

The newfound freedom has brought many responsibilities. Observance of laws and a genuine regard for each other's needs and comforts in the overall social set-up of the country are two fundamental responsibilities which it is our moral duty to discharge. It becomes necessary, therefore, for us to curtail our criticism of the Government in this particular respect, and organise ourselves more effectively towards bringing about a life freed from the vexatious rigours of a controlled economy.

TURKEY TURNS DEMOCRATIC

By KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

THE overwhelming victory of the Democratic Party in Turkey is a major political event of the day, not only for Turkey but the world at large. It heartens the languishing believers in the power of the franchise. In a world ridden with totalitarian tendencies, it came like a breath of fresh air in a torrid land.

DICTATORSHIP Vs. DEMOCRACY

This victory brings to an end the long rule of the People's Party launched by Ataturk—Turkey's Father of the Nation. Essentially it registers the people's desire for a change. A twenty-five year regime is rather an unusual record for any single party except under some form of totalitarianism. Ataturk had frankly plumped for dictatorship, choosing it as the most effective instrument to transform his country from semi-mediaevalism to modernity. But the price the Turkish people have had to pay has been heavy. Ataturk had however assured his people that dictatorship was only a temporary measure to be replaced some day by democracy. But experience has taught us that there is no compromise between the two and here is no gradual evolution from dictatorship to democracy when the new Republic has become tabulised. The change is only possible when the people decide to assert themselves. How this happened is the story that has led to the Democratic Party's recent victory.

Turkey is a land of large and unusually varied resources, both natural and human, rich mineral deposits, coal, great sources of mechanical power, favourable climate, ample potential for an adequate agricultural base, alert, hardy, and freedom-loving people. But in spite of Ataturk's almost superhuman efforts to make his country an industrial potential on par with industrially advanced countries of Europe, one may say the real industrial age has not dawned in Turkey. The economic standards are incredibly low, particularly in the countryside. In fact, this is the first painful fact that impresses itself on a visitor to Turkey, the incongruity of poverty in a state born of a revolu-

tion. Why this low economic level after three eventful decades of this young, bouncing republic which shot up like a glamorous comet in a dazed, war-crippled world, with so much of hope and promise for the strugglers for freedom and which set out with the "brave ambition of becoming one of the streamlined countries of the world?

REVOLUTION CHANGED CLOTHES NOT CLASSES.

The Turkish Revolution while externally a war against the foreign enemy, was internally political and economic. It substituted the moribund, corrupt, absolute monarchy by a modern republic. But it was not directed by a socially conscious class, as other revolutions. It was wrought more to save political freedom by creating a nation and the economic programme sprung not out of social objectives but as incidental to the creation of the state. The recruits to the national army sought to save their country from foreign aggression and not for any social or economic changes. It was largely dominated by the middle class, closely inter-related and hailing from the old established families. Thus while the parliamentary republic brought new political forms and made sweeping changes in ridding the country of antiquated customs and usages, overthrowing religious domination of politics, the social core of the political life remained less altered. The sub-soil continued untouched. The ambitious plans for modernising placed greater emphasis on changing clothes rather than classes. The transformation was operated from above, with little attempt to make the reforms take root and sprout from the earth below. Reliance for carrying out policies was laid more on the administrative machinery than on people's organisation. The real government went into the hands of those who had led the Revolution and established the new state, organised in a close-knit party under the leadership of a single man who dominated the Party, the National Assembly, its legislation and its executive.

'ETATISM' AT WORK

From the first the new leaders attached considerable importance to industrialisation. But the Ataturk did not also believe it sufficient to rely on spontaneous growth of a private economy, for the existing mechanism had not undergone any major change for centuries and had remained primitive. The foreign investments had not gone into the economic development of the country, but rather in extracting for the investor whatever ready riches there were. The most urgent problem Turkey had to face was that of development of the country's potential wealth. Even the manufacture of the most elementary needs was lacking or inadequate. What few factories existed were under foreign control. This made the country dependent on foreign imports. Transport too was in a sorry plight, with few passable roads and only 2,500 miles of railways. Already burdened under foreign debts, the unfavourable trade balance added to the strain. The Government started with an economic policy within the bounds of private enterprise and did strive to stimulate industrialisation through the enactment of several legal measures such as the Law for the Assistance of Industry, for the establishment of Agricultural, Business, Mining and Industrial Banks. But the growth was slow, halting and inefficient. The world depression was calling for more state control and more drastic measure which laissez faire would not permit. State planning was therefore decided upon. This led to an agreement between the Soviet Union and Turkey under which the latter received a loan of 180 million Roubles without interest, and which was to be used for the purchase of Russian machinery and material; or technical aid to set up the industries; and for general help in the five year plan. Turkey was to repay the loan in kind. There thus came into existence 'etatism' written into the Constitution. Literally it meant "Actively being for the State." The policy it enunciated was that the state had to take an active part in the country's economy if it were to be led to prosperity, by direct activity, regulation and supervision of private industry. Taking into account the enormous handicaps Turkey had to face her industrial advance was remarkable.

Approximately four fifths of the Turkish people are either engaged in agriculture or depend on it. It also supplies the bulk of Turkish exports. Agriculture is thus basic for upon its fortunes and efficiency depend the welfare of the nation and its future prosperity. Yet it has continued to remain primitive in technique and at a low level of productivity. For although agriculture received far more attention under the Republican regime than in the Sultanate days, as compared with the industries, it lacked adequate funds. True the state broke up large estates, i.e. over 200 acres, to distribute the land to cultivators, abolished the tithe, shifted some of the tax burden to the urban population, granted tariff protection to agricultural products, and such other similar measures. But the basic problem of production remained far less affected; for where agriculture is primitive in method, high-powered industrialisation for specialised goods is rather out of focus. Similarly while the bulk of the cultivators are still in a backward state, the few government sponsored model forms mechanically operated are of little avail. The economic development concentrated far more on streamlined industries than the smaller needs of the people for the simpler things—little irrigation schemes, simple but better implements, better transport and more roads in the backwoods. Similarly, industrialisation has to proceed with light industries; plants for processing of agricultural products for the market, foundries for turning out ordinary agricultural implements and other ordinary consumer goods. For this would increase the real wealth of the country and seal up the dangerous gap between wide primitive living which not only prevents the growth of surplus but also of essential necessities and the few streamlined industrial establishments. This economic tension got further aggravated by the second world war with the rising cost of living and inflation.

POPULAR OUTCRY AGAINST BUREAUCRACY

The Russian bear, once Turkey's only friend and comrade in their mutual dark days of adversity, but today powerful and at bay, has developed claws again and is seeking to get a grip over the Dardanelles and for

that purpose putting pressure on Turkey. This has reduced Turkey to the verge of panic. Military readiness has become all important. Out of a population of 20 million, as many as a million men are permanently in the fighting ranks, eating into a very big slice of the country's revenues. To meet this arms burden and its industrial complex, taxes have been piling up year after year, until the groans of the people have become too loud to be suppressed. True the U. S. A. has given some aid but that is really aimed at making this strategic country into an important base. In the meantime the internal economic distress has been growing, with prices soaring, cost of living shooting up and the taxes mounting to keep pace with the economic pressure. It was inevitable that the public resentment against the regime should grow and seek expression. The latter was not easy, for the dictatorial habit had hardened and was not prepared to relax. The government was democratic only in name. The head of the Party and the President of the Republic was permanent. The Party Council had exclusive control over the economic resources and programmes of the state, and was the sole power to nominate candidates, claim the right to supervise elections, including counting of the ballots which in truth negatived the chances of free elections. No bills could be presented to the Assembly without its approval. It could name all appointive officers. Almost an unassailable bureaucracy had necessarily to result from this system. Through the state industrial complex, the same bureaucracy controlled the means of production, man's most powerful weapon.

RAPID GROWTH OF OPPOSITION

Over the years an opposition to this government had been forming. This shaped itself into the Democratic Party. It had naturally to face tremendous obstacles as is inevitable under any totalitarian regime. The post-war economic and political problems added to the burdens of the ruling party. The Soviet threat and American pressure were the last straws. In 1940 President Inonu who had been Premier under Ataturk and

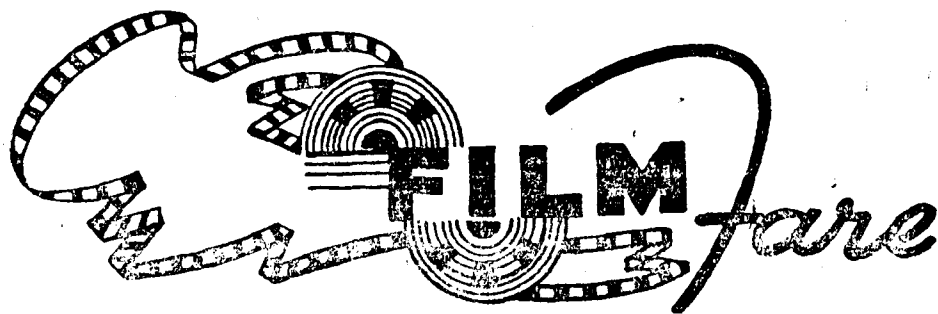
had succeeded him as the strong man of the Party saw the writing on the wall. He said that it would not be possible to withstand the rising tide for long, so it was best to face it half way. In 1946 the life tenure of the President as head of the Republican Party was changed to four years, the same as constitutionally held by the President of the Republic, so as to facilitate change of presidents. But in spite of this palliative the opposition kept growing and growling. In 1946 President Inonu again declared that as head of the state, his attitude toward Parties was impartial and that all would receive equal treatment in registering the popular mandate.

The Democratic Party in the meantime fought strenuously for electoral reforms to bring the election usages into line with that of democratic countries. Free elections were the only alternative to subversive activities and violent revolts. That the Republican Party recognised this is all to its credit.

Jelal Bayar who as leader of the Democratic Party, now heads the state, is one of the most seasoned politicians of Turkey. He was a minister in one of Turkey's previous cabinets. But the growing authoritarian atmosphere impressed on him the need for a strong opposition party. His heading the opposition was widely welcomed and it was said that even President Inonu had blessed this—which shows the high prestige the new leader of Turkey enjoys as a national figure.

A LESSON TO INDIA

The events in Turkey hold many lessons for India—both in its economic as well as political policies and practices. For the two have many common parallels. The Republican Party like the Indian Congress had come to believe it was indispensable and after it the deluge. Not only Turkey promises to survive, but to thrive on the change. But what is even more significant is the genuine warmth and gladness with which this has been welcomed by people all over, not out of spite for the Republicans but because democracy still lives and, given the chance, fulfills its noble rule.



THE STAR OF TOMORROW

By V. P. SATHE

BOMBAY: The star-system is cracking at last. There are two reasons for it. First, the producers cannot afford to pay the stars their exorbitant prices; second, most of the stars, by appearing in too many pictures, have lost much of their glamour. Besides, during the last three months, in spite of the stars, so many pictures have flopped that even the distributors who have been so far forcing the producers to take all-star casts have lost faith at least in the present stars, if not in the star system itself.

So, instead of paying for stars, the producers are in a mood to pay for publicising new faces. One of the producers has announced a picture contract for Rs. 20,000 for a talented new comer; another producer increased it to Rs. 25,000 and now a third producer has offered Rs. 50,000 for a new comer—the star of tomorrow!

Meanwhile, even the stalwart producers like Chandulal Shah and Dalsukh M. Pancholi have decided not to go in for stars. While Chandulal is reported to have told Director Zia Sarhadi to choose a cast of new comers or lesser known artistes, Dalsukh M. Pancholi told me only last week that for his next picture he will cast a good new comer in the role of the heroine. In fact, he is frantically in search of such a new comer. As a result, in almost every studio new-comers mostly from 'the land of five rivers' are being given sound and camera tests. Kuldip Pictures, for instance, have signed a new girl from the Punjab to play side roles to begin with. Producer P. N. Arora is intro-

ducing a new face in "Pardes." And Nutan, Shobhana's daughter, already cast in three or four pictures, seems to be clearly destined for stardom.

At this moment one recalls the year 1947-48 when the depression first set in, and the war-time stars lost their glamour. Those were the days when the industry discovered scores of new stars like Suraiya, Raj Kapoor, Dev Anand, Dalip Kumar, Munawar Sultana, Om Prakash, Geeta Bali, Kamini Kaushal, Rehana, Rehman, Nirupa Roy, Shyam and Nargis. True, some of these stars, especially Nargis, had made their debut in the war-days; but they achieved their present glory only during the last three years.

And now, thanks to their own shortsightedness, some of them are threatened with extinction while others will have to prepare themselves for serious rivals. For, while the true artiste can surmount the fleeting phases of stardom, the star-system must crack sooner or later as it is cracking today.

REVIVE STAGE TO REJUVENATE SCREEN!

At last, the new talent can get a break. But the real problem for the producers is where to find new talent. Mr. Chuni Lall, who has publicly complained about the lack of talent, has suggested that the Government should open a training school or academy for acting. During the last crisis, it was People's Theatre and Prithvi Theatres that supplied a great deal of new talent; both these institutions are not in the same position today. But had the producers taken more interest in the stage, they would never have felt

the dearth of new talent which they are feeling so acutely today.

It is not an Academy but a live theatre movement that can solve the star problem; so paradoxically enough the film industry must subsidize the theatre which it has almost killed, for its own sake. The stage should be treated not as a rival but a composite part of the screen.

THE PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

This week, instead of choosing an Indian picture, I have purposely chosen a foreign picture which has a special significance for Indians. The picture is 20th Century Fox's "Pinky" which deals with the burning problem of colour bar in United States.

By tradition Hollywood has been anti-Negro. Negroes have always been presented on the screen either as sub-human slaves, illiterate half-wits, buffoons, drunkards, gamblers and beasts; but never before, barring one or two exceptions, have they been presented as intelligent, educated, self-respecting human beings. "Pinky" is the first picture about Negroes which presents them as good human being not in a patronizing manner but in a human manner with a spirit of equality.

"Pinky" is the story of a Negro girl whose complexion was so white that she could have easily passed for a white. In fact when she left her home town for the North, she did pretend to be white and fell in love with a white man.

The picture begins with her return to the home-town in a southern state. From the moment she comes, Pinky feels acutely the racial differences and she feels ill at ease in the old surroundings. She instinctively feels like running away; it is only her grandmother who forces her to stay back at least to look after her ailing white mistress. While attending as a nurse on the old lady, on many occasions she loses her temper. But after her death the will is opened and it is found that the deceased had left the house and her other estate to Pinky.

The white population of the town resents this and is eager to deprive her of her legitimate rights. She takes up the challenge and fights for her rights. At least in the picture she wins the battle. But her bigger victory over herself is her refusal to go away with her white lover to live like

a white girl with him and her decision to stay with her people by converting her new house into a hospital and by devoting herself to training her sisters into the nursing profession.

With the treatment that the Indians are getting in Dr. Malan's South Africa the colour problem is not of mere academic interest to us; it is a very live problem and as such we are bound to welcome all efforts like "Pinky" which expose the fallacy of the colour-bar.

But "Pinky" tackles the problem in a rather pinkish way. The attitude to the Negro problem is sympathetic but reformist. It is a picture which is mainly addressed to the white race and as such every care has been taken not to wound their feelings. Hence it has not the revolutionary fervour of Howard Fast's "Freedom Road" or Sinclair Lewis' "Kingsblood Royal." It also fails to rise to great heights as a motion picture because of the lack of great acting on the part of Jeanne Crain. Though she has done her best the role obviously called for a greater artiste. The most memorable performances are contributed by Ethel Barrymore and Ethel Waters. It is a creditable piece of creation on the part of director Elia Kazan and scenarists Philippe Dunne and Dudley Nichols. In spite of all its shortcomings, "Pinky" is a heart-warming film which one can recommend heartily to every discriminating picturegoer.

PERSONALITY OF THE WEEK!

—or rather personality of the year is the silver-haired ("platinum blonde," he is often called) veteran film magnate Chandulal Shah. For he has almost brought about a revolution in his Ranjit Studio with "Jogan."

Ranjit has produced over a hundred pictures during the last twenty years—some popular and many flops. It has been famous so far for mass production, not for quality, for entertainment and not for art! "Jogan" is the first truly artistic picture from Ranjit, made regardless of box-office formulas, and yet luckily it has proved a tremendous hit in Bombay. On this picture Chandulal Shah staked his entire reputation. For years he worked on its script and proved once again that he has not lost his original flair for screen writing. Though he has not given his name in credit titles,

it is an open secret that Chandulal wrote not only the story and screenplay but also the dialogue of "Jogan."

Here it is interesting to recall that though Chandulal Shah is known today as a "Seth" he began his career in the days of the silent films, as a screen writer-director who was reputed for making artistic pictures. But when he became a producer himself, he steadily lost his artistic fervour and commercialised himself and his company. Yet he has always admired art. His admiration for post-war Italian and French films which he saw when he visited Europe two years ago, manifests his intrinsic flair for art which seems to have been revived with "Jogan."

The success of "Jogan," about which Chandulal was very doubtful has thus re-affirmed his faith in art. And, henceforth he will produce pictures not of the usual Ranjit variety but of unusual and artistic pattern. That is why he has signed Zia Sarhadi to direct a story which, like "Jogan," is completely different from the beaten track. Henceforth he has decided not to have any stars also.

This daring defiance of all box-office formulas by a firm believer in box office like Chandulal Shah is nothing short of revolutionary. Apparently, he now believes the best way to win at box-office is to defy it. Whatever the reason, in the name of motion picture art, the new policy of Chandulal Shah is to be heartily welcomed.

AUTHOR TO SUPPLY WAR!

A very interesting story about a certain picture, on Kashmir is current in the Bombay film studios. The story reminds me of William Randolph Hearst, the Press tycoon of U. S. A. who sent his star correspondent to Mexico to cover the War. The correspondent went there and cabled that there was no war to report. Hearst replied "Don't worry, you stay there and I will provide the war."

Almost a similar incident occurred recently in India. An author asked a producer to make a picture on the Kashmir War, through the head of a State. The producer pointed to the recent Indo-Pak Pact and argued that the Government of India may not approve of such a venture and may not grant the necessary permission. The

author who is apparently influential asked the producer not to worry. He told him to go to Kashmir and start the film and leave the Indo-Pak relationship to him. In fact, in all seriousness he promised the producer to supply the war between the two Dominions on the Kashmir issue.

The producer was taken in. He went to Kashmir with his unit, stayed there for a month and returned without shooting a single foot. There was no promised war; and, in addition, no shooting facilities. As feared, the Military authorities refused permission on security grounds. For it is feared that certain films giving detailed information about some of the strategic places of Kashmir have reached Pakistan in part; and to avoid its recurrence the Government of India has given instructions not to allow any more film shooting in Kashmir.

Anyway, the moral of the aforementioned incident is that it cost the producer about fifty thousand rupees and in addition he had to abandon the project for good.

NEWS OF THE WEEK!

—Filmkar's new picture starring Om Prakash in a double-role went before the cameras on June 21, at Central Studios; K. N. Kapadia, in association with Mohan Saigal and Narendra Suri, will direct this picture.

—A new concern entitled U. S. A. Films has been floated by Ullhas, Shums Lucknovi and Avdhoot, cameraman of Shantaram. They are soon launching their new picture.

—V. Shantaram, the ace-producer-director and member of the Film Enquiry Committee, has gone to Kashmir on a holiday.

—Vijay Bhatt, the well-known producer is reported to have bought a story from Director Ramchandra Thakur for his next picture.

—Certain cinemas in Bombay owned by Muslims who have migrated to Pakistan are being allotted to Sindhi and Punjabi refugees.

—I. S. Johar is writing a story for Filmistan, which will be directed by Najam Naqvi, and will write and direct another for the same concern.

—Kuldip Pictures' "Adhi Raat" had its all-India premiere at Indore and seven other centres in C. P.

SIDELIGHTS :

The high prerogatives and usufructs of government are exercised and enjoyed today by the apostles of Service, a horde growing daily, vastly, and irresistibly, in numbers, impudence, power, and pay.... Public merchandising of bunkum has displaced the old spoils system.—H. L. MENCKEN.

MR. K. RAMA RAO who presided over the recent conference of journalists in Hyderabad, wants to see three or four first-rate schools of journalism established in the country, subsidised by the Government and directed by experts brought from abroad. There are schools for the army, why not for journalists, he asks. One reason why schools of journalism have not already sprung up may be the difference in character between the military and the journalistic professions. Arms count for a great deal in warfare which it is the business of soldiers to make themselves fit to engage in. Soldiering as a profession calls for knowledge of the equipment in use in war and skill in using it, neither of which can be had without proper training. But there are no complicated tools to manipulate in the profession of journalism. Its greatest masterpieces have been achieved with no greater outlay than paper and ink. It is remarkable how little the most eminent of the world's journalists have owed to the tutelage of a professional school. Whereas there cannot be a doctor or an engineer who has not passed through the grinding of a technical teaching establishment, journalists are self-taught and get trained while they work. It is not a profession that one can teach another in formal lessons, because there is no preliminary mastery of theory pertaining to it that can lead to proficiency in practice. Every practitioner has to learn his journalism as best he can. But the opportunities to learn are endless. They are as extensive as the entire world's output of printed matter.

Schools cannot go on without a promise of attractive prospects for those that get trained in them. Not very long ago there was a rush for admission to

the agricultural colleges. Ever since unemployed agricultural graduates have been driven to look out gloomily for clerkships, the rush has subsided, and the colleges concerned are having to go a-begging for applicants. Engineering and medical colleges are the rage at present. It will continue until it is overtaken by a glut in the market lowering the earning power of medical and engineering degrees. Technical education through special institutions cannot flourish unless it is sustained by advance planning for expansion of opportunities of service for the trained personnel continually turned out by them. Journalism in India is a blocked profession with no openings for new entrants, and schools of journalism cannot last, as under present conditions their products will only be cast adrift with no avenues to employment.

The theory that millions of newly educated people in the wake of independence, will contribute an enormous increase of circulation to newspapers, and usher in a Northcliffian age of prosperity for the press, is plausible but deceptive. Subscriptions do not cover the cost of production of a newspaper. It is sold for much less than what it costs to produce. It is the advertisements that make up the deficit. Without expansion of advertisement revenue there can be precious little of expansion of the press. It is only in countries where industry has progressed greatly, contributing a rich advertisement revenue to newspapers, that the press as an institution has developed on a vast scale and become prosperous and powerful. The leadership of the press of the world that belongs to Britain and America reflects only their leadership of the world in the industrial sphere.

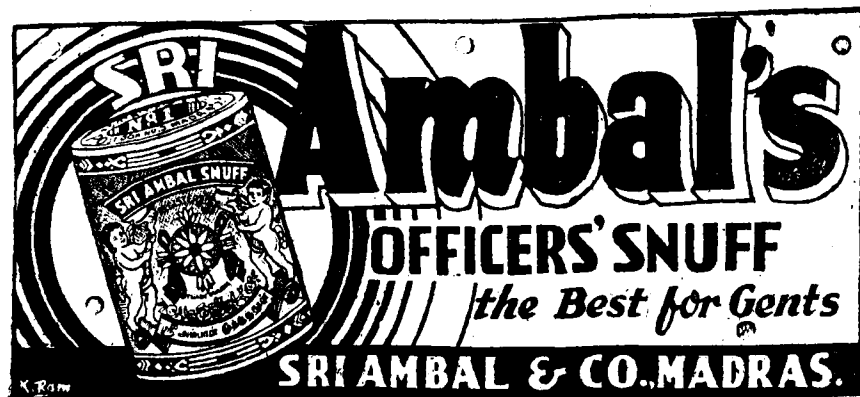
It is industry that makes wealth go round. Unredeemed by industrial advancement, the poverty of India is so widespread, that the means of buying newspapers are beyond the reach of millions. Many that read newspapers do not buy them. Much of the industry that exists is tied up in a few hands. Industrial magnates have

lately begun to look upon the press as a powerful lever for advancing their private interests. They have reduced journalism to the position of a by-product of commerce. Chain newspapers, fed by rings of connected firms striving to corner the advertisement business, have cast a blight on journalism. Having first achieved a substantial measure of control over the Congress, and through the Congress over the Government, Big Business next set about to buy up the press. One or two big independent daily newspapers still survive, but the authentic voice of independent thinking is being gradually stifled in the Indian press.

We have in Madras a Congress ministry, and occasionally it pretends to great concern over the welfare of Congress patriots that had suffered in the non-cooperation movement. Sometime back it announced a programme of distributing lands to persons claiming to be such patriots. I understand that some of the ministers became beneficiaries under the scheme. The principle of using State power for benefitting a section of the people only with grants of public property is tantamount to legalised looting, and the repercussions of it have made the administration a cesspool of stinking intrigue. They have secured, with grants of land, a band of workers paid in advance in kind to serve as canvassers in the coming elections. Public property has been turned to party use by a ministry without any vestige of a conscience. No effort is wanting to demoralise the press with heavy discrimination against independent critics, but to the credit of

Madras journalists it must be said they have sized up the ministers nicely, and enthusiasm to play the ministry's game, however profitable, is confined only to a small section not of much account professionally.

There should be a machinery for calling to account misbehaving ministers that abuse their positions for personal ends. One such case has just come to light. One Srinivasan was a municipal engineer in the Madras Presidency. He was censured in official records for having abandoned his post of duty without leave. He was known to be demented. Yet he was promoted Assistant Engineer over the head of a score of deserving seniors. He was also specially selected to undergo training at State expense at the Institute of Hygiene and Public Health, Calcutta, in disregard of the claims of many abler and more qualified applicants. He was recommended for a scholarship of three years in the U. S. A. When he went up for interview at New Delhi, the selection committee found him sub-normal, but pressure was brought to bear on them and they waived their objections. Sri Srinivasan is now due to leave for U. S. A., but he has disappeared, and for the past three weeks his whereabouts are unknown. I charge Minister Santharam with a most reprehensible sort of communalism,—subcommunalism at that—in having utilised the power of his position to benefit a son-in-law of his own to the hurt of many a more competent man in service also entitled to consideration.—SAKA.



Serial Story

STERNER STUFF

By S. KRISHNIAH

THE STORY SO FAR: Sukumar, an engineering student, makes a sensational stage appearance while taking part in a variety entertainment. Jayanthi, a film-actress, and Ramesh Gupta, a director, who are in the audience warmly congratulate him. Ramchander, Sukumar's father, is a music-hater and is frightened that his son would be attracted to join Cinetone Studios as an actor. When the father learns of his son's ambitions in the sphere of film-acting, in a passionate outburst he reveals to him the truth that Jayanthi is his mother who had deserted both husband and child to follow a film-career. Sukumar is astonished by this revelation and promises his father never to waver from his determination of becoming an engineer. Meanwhile Ramchander who is a clerk in M/s Bathiwalla & Co., a firm of constructional engineers is brought to book for having systematically swindled the firm. He is given two days to pay back Rs. 2,000, or else is threatened with the law. Ramchander, not finding any means of paying the money, commits suicide and asks his son in a fervent letter, read after Ramchander's death, to continue his studies with the money that the insurance company will pay. Sukumar resolves to follow his father's wishes. Jayanthi visits him and finding him lonely takes him to her house.

SUKUMAR was not surprised by the palatial building in which Jayanthi lived nor by the luxuries that abounded in the establishment. As he sat beside his mother on the springy divan and absent-mindedly ate the delicate sweets and sipped the coffee he chatted with her on various subjects. Jayanthi had the knack of making him feel quite at home.

"Do you think you will enjoy hostel-life, Suku?"

"I don't know. I've never been in a hostel before."

"Why don't you live here with me and go to college?"

Sukumar suddenly felt shy.

"I can't very well do that."

"I know what you think, Suku. You think that your father will not, were he alive, approve of that. I understand. Perhaps he has talked to you about me. Has he?"

"Yes, on one occasion."

"Then it is very likely you have a prejudice against me just as he had. Did he not tell you that I ran away with my music-master?"

Sukumar blushed.

"Yes, he must have told you that. That is why you feel so embarrassed. I don't blame him either because appearances were against me. He must have told you also that he and I ran away together and it was a marriage our families did not approve of. Don't feel so awkward, Suku. We have to go into all this if we are to understand each other in the future. You don't mind, do you?"

"No," murmured Sukumar indistinctly.

"Well. Perhaps you'll be surprised to hear that your father at that time was very fond of music. To me music, especially singing, was a passion and my music-master had hopes that some day I might be good enough to appear in concerts. But after we got married Ramchander objected to my continuing music studies. That was the first and last thing we disagreed about. I was keen on developing my singing and appearing before the footlights and receiving the applauding homage of a distinguished audience. We had a lot of quarrels over that and only then did I discover that your father suspected an affair between me and my music master. That was both ridiculous and insulting. I was eighteen at that time and my teacher fifty and he had a daughter older than I! But Ramchander was dogged in his persistence that I should discontinue my studies in

music and I decided to leave him. I knew my music-master's wife and daughter very well and decided that I would live with them. You were only a year old then and I had decided to take you with me. You don't know, Suku, the battle that raged in my breast. I still cared for Ramchander very much and I knew that he would not find life worth living if I left him taking you with me.

"So I left you behind so that I might give him something to live for. I found a musical career very hard and unprofitable and so I joined the Cinetone Studios and had to work, very hard to come to the top...."

Jayanthi paused.

"I do not blame Ramchander if he imagined bad things about me. I know he suffered a lot but there was nothing I could do. I too suffered a lot, Suku. Money and fame mean nothing when one has to live away from one's husband and son. We both made mistakes and paid heavily".

Jayanthi paused again.

"Look here, Suku, why don't you hereafter live with me. By all means continue in the Engineering College. Your father wished it and you must do so. Meanwhile you can develop your voice. I'll engage the best master for you and you will really be a great singer. I can easily get you to sing over the radio."

"All these things are wonderful, but I'm afraid, they will interfere with my studies."

"No, Suku, I don't think so. You can have all the comforts here for study and all the time at your disposal. Voice training won't take much time. Two hours a week won't harm your studies, will they?"

"No."

"That's what I thought."

"You see," Sukumar spoke rather awkwardly. He had not yet called Jayanthy 'mother'. "My main idea now is to obtain the engineering degree. Sometime back I was rather proud of my voice and even played with the idea of a film-career."

"All that can wait. You are so young. I agree with you that it is a good thing to qualify yourself as an engineer. I've even been thinking of sending you to England after you finish this course. After all I've made

so much money and it certainly couldn't be put to better purpose than your education."

To study in England! Sukumar sat up. He had never imagined such a large slice of luck to come his way. He would do anything if only there were prospects of his going to England for higher studies in engineering.

"But Suku," Jayanthy continued, "you must develop your voice. You owe it to our country to make something of it. Anybody who possesses such a beautiful voice must sing in public and bring joy to those who hear. These are rare gifts of God which should not be ignored. That is why I say you must not neglect your singing. For that matter you can even act in a few films while in college. What I mean is, just take a small role and sing a few songs."

"Oh, that'll be grand." Sukumar was in a mood to agree to anything.

He spent a very nice day with his mother. His depression and loneliness were gone and youthful spirits once again asserted themselves.

Jayanthy's car dropped him back at home when it was dark. Sukumar fumbled with the key and opened the front door. There were no electric lights in the cottage and he had forgotten where he had put the match-box and the lamp. Rather wearily he sat down on a chair.

Opposite to him was the rickety old cane chair, his father's favourite seat. Sukumar stared at it in the dark. Was it not the figure of his father sitting on it? Yes, it was Ramchander. Sukumar peered hard and the more his eyes got accustomed to the darkness the more clearly he could see his father sitting in his accustomed fashion on his favourite chair.

"Father!" called Sukumar. "You don't mind my having gone with my mother? Did I do wrong?"

The figure in front of him was silent.

"You see, father, I was so lonely here. And it was so nice of mother to come and call me. She was very kind to me—very kind and loving. Do you know she even promised to send me to England? That would be wonderful, isn't it, father? Just imagine an English degree behind my name!

I do hope I'll be a great engineer. Don't worry, father. I'll never let you down. I'm sure you don't mind my singing and acting a little bit. Or do you think it won't do me any good? Perhaps you still don't approve of my singing. But mother says that I will be bringing happiness to those who hear me. There can be no harm in singing over the radio. Perhaps what you dislike is film-acting. Is that so?"

Sukumar again gazed at his father reclining on the chair silently. The vision which Sukumar's morbid imagination had conjured up before him refused to answer.

"What do you think I should do, father? You don't say anything.... Oh yes, I know. Your letter! You want me just to carry out what you wrote to me. Allright, I'll do it. I won't go and live with mother. I won't take any singing lessons and I won't act in films. That's once and for all settled."

It was all darkness before Sukumar's eyes as he gazed again in the direction of the chair which was now empty. He rose up and went in search of the box of matches. From the next day he must attend college.—(Concluded)

No society can possibly be built on a denial of individual freedom. It is contrary to the very nature of man and just as a man will not grow horns or a tail so he will not exist as man if he has no mind of his own. In reality even those who do not believe in the liberty of the individual believe in their own.—MAHATMA GANDHI.



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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.

Recruitment Of District Munsifs—Place Of The High Court

Still another glaring case of communalism invading the recruitment even to the Judicial service, which at least should be free from this kind of virus, has occurred in the case of recruitment of the District Munsifs on caste, communal and religious basis; 83 persons have just been selected on that basis, five months after the promulgation of the new Constitution denouncing communalism and caste discrimination in public administration.

Apart from this sorry feature, which has become a regular feature with the Government of Madras, there is another point on which I take liberty to comment.

Article 234 of the Constitution is as follows:

"Appointment of persons other than the District Judges to the Judicial service of a State shall be made by the Governor of the State in accordance with rules made by him in that behalf after consultation with the State Public Service Commission and the High Court exercising jurisdiction in relation to that State" (There is not a single comma in the whole article).

It is clear from the above that rules as well as the selection of candidates must be made in consultation with

- (1) The Public Service Commission and
- (2) The High Court.

How is this requirement fulfilled in the present case? It would appear that a Judge of the High Court sat along with the Public Service Commission at the time of interviewing the candidates.

I hope I shall not be misunderstood if I raise a merely constitutional point and ask "Does it satisfy the language of Article 234 quoted above?" Does one Judge make the High Court within the meaning of that article? Does not the term "High Court" mean the High Court Judges assembled in a meeting to exercise their minds on the selection just as it means the members of the Public Service Commission sitting together in a meeting? It may be mentioned that the presence of the Judge in the present case at the time of interviews is like the presence of a Head of a Department when making recruitment to that department, just to assist the Commission in its deliberations but without the power of awarding marks. It cannot be said that the Judge sat there with a delegated authority; for, the

language of the article does not permit delegation.

I think the proper course should be for the Public Service Commission alone to mark out the list of the applicants recording their preferences and for the High Court (i.e. the Judges sitting in their own meeting) to make their recommendations on the list made by the Commission and then for the Government to select the candidates after a perusal of the recommendations of both the bodies.

Will the Government therefore lay down the procedure at least for the future, making such rectification as is possible to make the present selection accord with Article 234 of the Constitution.

T. VISWANADHAM, M.L.A.

Honouring (?) Leaders

A few weeks ago an article in SWATANTRA quoted a remark of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru that no street, town, hall or building shall be named after any living individual and another from Winston Churchill. More recently you stated that no portrait of even a Prime Minister of England is put up in the House of Commons till the expiry of ten years after his demise.

But we in Madras have our own methods of honouring (?) our leaders. In Mount Road, there are a 'Bapuji Cafe' and a 'Nehru Hotel.' In Town there are a 'Nehru Cafe' and a 'Nehru Lunch Home.' In Nungambakkam there are a 'Nehru Provisions Stores' and a 'Rajaji Flour Mill.' On Kodambakkam High Road, there are a 'Nehru Laundry' and a 'Nethaji Stores.' Two of the above mentioned hotels were opened by an ex-Premier of Madras and another high-ranking dignitary. What are your comments please?

R. RAJAM.

Police Excesses

• The Divisional Magistrate of Tuticorin acted unlawfully in promulgating an order under Section 144 on 20-5-50 and preventing peaceful public meetings. On 21-5-50 a private meeting of the workers of the Socialist Party in a closed room was prevented at about 11 a.m. by a police party and the leaders of the Socialist Party were forced to come to the police station where they were warned that they should not speak at any meeting in view of the order under Section 144. When

the order was disobeyed by a procession of 7 young men crying slogans on 21-5-50, they were beaten by the police. On 22nd May 1950 the police entered the Harvey Mills and beat the workers, 11 of whom were severely injured.

The cause for an order under Section 144 is that Mr. Paul Pandyan, who was leading a panchayat of agricultural workers fasted in front of the office of the Divisional Magistrate, Tuticorin, to secure redress. This panchayat was situated at Mangottapuram, at a distance of 20 miles from the place of fasting. Here about 200 agricultural labourers having traditional rights of cultivation have been ejected and trespassers admitted to possession by some landlords. Mr. Paul Pandyan was making a moral appeal to the Magistrate by his fasting to reinstate the old labourers. There are no parties who might fight against each other at Tuticorin and whose assembly of more than four may lead to a breach of the peace. Public feeling could only vent itself against the landlords or labourers who resided at a distance of about 20 miles. No harm would accrue as a result thereof. But public opinion is, however, vehement against the Government which permitted such ejection of longstanding workers in the major and essential industry of agriculture and in the midst of the present food crisis. In order to thwart this growing volume of public opinion an order under Section 144 has been promulgated. This is no "reasonable restriction" on the freedom of assembly as provided in the Constitution Act; but an abuse of power to protect Government servants from being criticised for their one-sided police action in supporting landholders and property rights.

The action of the police in preventing a private meeting of Socialists in a closed room on 21-5-50 is an infringement on the right of freedom of assembly. The law has endowed the State with the barbarous power of even preventive detention in case of suspects who might act prejudicially to public safety. The Penal Code has ample provisions for arrest of those intent on any violent acts against the State and society, but there can absolutely be no justification for the police to enter a place of peaceful meeting and obstruct its holding.

Recent High Court judgments have laid down that a case under Section 188 for disobedience of Section 144 requires proof that such disobedience has led to disturbance of the peace. In view of this position the police possibly have taken to infliction of serious injuries on those who disobey an order under Section 144, thereby combining in themselves the functions of the prosecutor and the judge. It is not easy to get medical certificates and sue

the police for wrongful activities. The result is police rule.

The Divisional Magistrate, Tuticorin, has misused his powers for preventing free criticism of Government policy regarding ejection of labourers and tenants in public meetings by promulgating an order under Section 144. There is no case for any disturbance to peace when both parties to the dispute reside at a distance of 20 miles. Prevention of peaceful assemblies is an unconstitutional act inasmuch as the present restrictions cannot be proved to be reasonable. The order can hardly empower the police to prevent meetings of members of lawful organisations in a closed room. The police brutalities are unjustifiable, and there is no department of Government to bring them to book unless the public themselves find the resources to sue the police before magistrates, which can hardly happen. Public frustration will only lead to disobedience of wrongful laws and desperation and discontent in rural areas.

K. G. SIVASWAMY.

Secretary, Madras Civil Liberties Union.

Trygve Lie's Peace Efforts

That the peace-making efforts of Mr. Trygve Lie, Secretary-General of UNO, aroused world-wide interest is an indication of the avidity of the people throughout the world for establishing permanent peace and banishing armed conflict altogether. While it is too early to say anything definite about the success or otherwise of Mr. Lie's efforts to bridge East-West differences, it will be admitted that his 20 year peace-programme, coming as it does at a time of growing world crisis, has lamentably failed to enthuse the people to entertain optimistic hopes about the successful solution of the deadlock. His declaration that he does not agree with the Soviet boycott of UNO seems to be an attempt to conceal his inability to offer a concrete solution to the thorny problem. It is a matter of common knowledge that the main obstacle to the smooth working of the UNO is the uncompromising attitude of USSR on the question of Chinese representation on the Security Council and other international organisations. While it is true that Soviet delegates invariably exhibit a cynical disregard for parliamentary propriety by taking an adamant attitude on all questions, it can hardly be denied that the relentless pursuit of a policy by Soviet Russia designed to rule out the possibility of a compromise on the Chinese issue is fully justified and within the framework of the principles which constitute the basis of the United Nations Organisation.

Now that the Peking regime has been accorded recognition by some big and important nations, it will be a travesty of democracy to deny the Chinese people, on technical grounds, their legitimate right of participation in the deliberations of an international organisation established for promoting peace. The Western democracies who do not agree with the political ideology of the new regime in China, are only shutting themselves to the realities of the situation by looking down upon the new Chinese Republic.

One, therefore, cannot help thinking that Mr. Lie's peace programme which has not a word to say about solving the Chinese issue, cannot with success lead the world on the road to the cherished goal of permanent peace.

V. RANGACHARI.

Madras Corporation Finances.

I would like to draw the attention of the public of Madras, the Provincial Government and the Central Government to a daylight robbery of the public money that took place on 14-5-50 at the Corporation Stadium, Madras. The Corporation of Madras spent a lot to construct a Stadium at the Peoples Park

with the prime object of letting it to replenish the Corporation funds. On 14th May a big boxing bout was held at the Stadium between two famous champions Kitheri Muthu and Tiger Notterry. The Stadium was packed to the full and the gate collections amounted to about 1 lakh of rupees. As per rules governing the lease of the Stadium, the Corporation must get 25 per cent of the gate collection after deducting the Entertainment tax. But the Taxation and Finance Committee let out the Stadium free of rent for the boxing bout to one Mr. Ramaswamy Nadar for the reason that he had contributed Rs. 3,000 to the Gandhi Stupa Fund. How can the custodians of the Corporation funds forego such a big amount in the interest of a contractor who earns money on conducting prize fightings in boxing? What has the Gandhi Stupa Fund to do with Corporation finance? Where does the connection between the two come in? The Government must hold an enquiry about the conduct of the Taxation Finance Committee in this respect and hold them responsible for loss of this huge sum, especially at a time when the Corporation is hard hit in finance.

T. G. LAKSHMANASWAMY,
Ex-Dy. Mayor of Madras.

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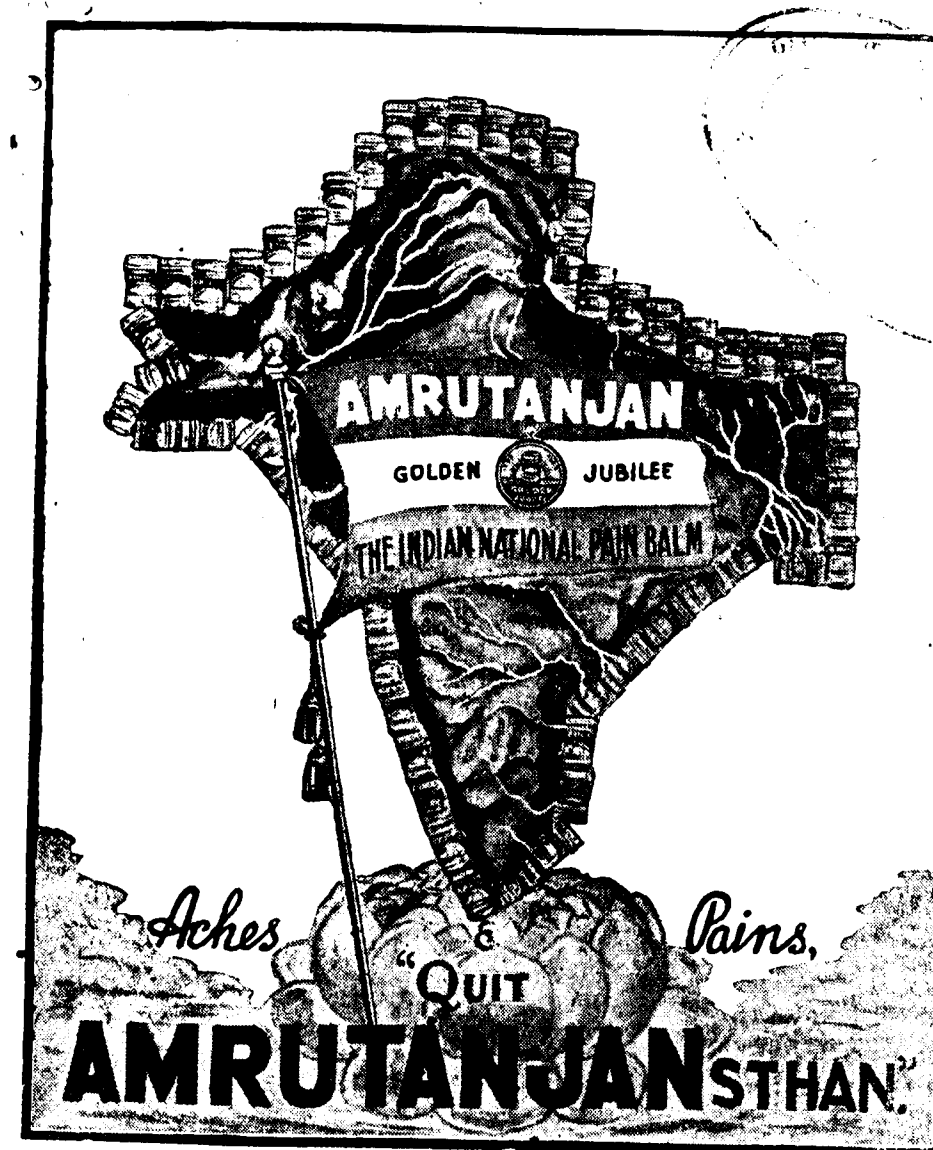
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VOL. V NO. 22

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
ON THE COVER: PAKISTAN REFUGEES IN MADRAS	
CARTOON	4
EDITORIAL COMMENTS	5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	7
FLAMING SPIRITS—By "Bhikku"	9
A KASHMIR DIARY—By V. V. Prasad	11
FAIR AND FREE ELECTIONS—By Prof. M. Venkatarangaiya	13
VIDELA: CHILE'S PUGNACIOUS PRESIDENT—By John W. White	15
STORY OF SINKIANG'S RE-EMERGENCE —By Kamaladevi Chatto- padayaya	17
HEAVEN IS FOR THE BOLD (Short Story)—By Santha Runga- chary	21
ORGANISING THE KISANS—By Dr. J. C. Kumarappa	29
THE KOREAN FLARE-UP—By V. S. Ramakrishnan	31
THE INHUMANITY OF APARTHEID —By Matthew Halton	34
KOREA INVASION A FULL SURPRISE TO U. S. A.—By Dr. P. G. Krishnayya	37
FILM FARE—By V. P. Sathe	38
DARTS FROM THE CAPITAL—"Junius"	42
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka	44
TIP-BITS	46
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	47

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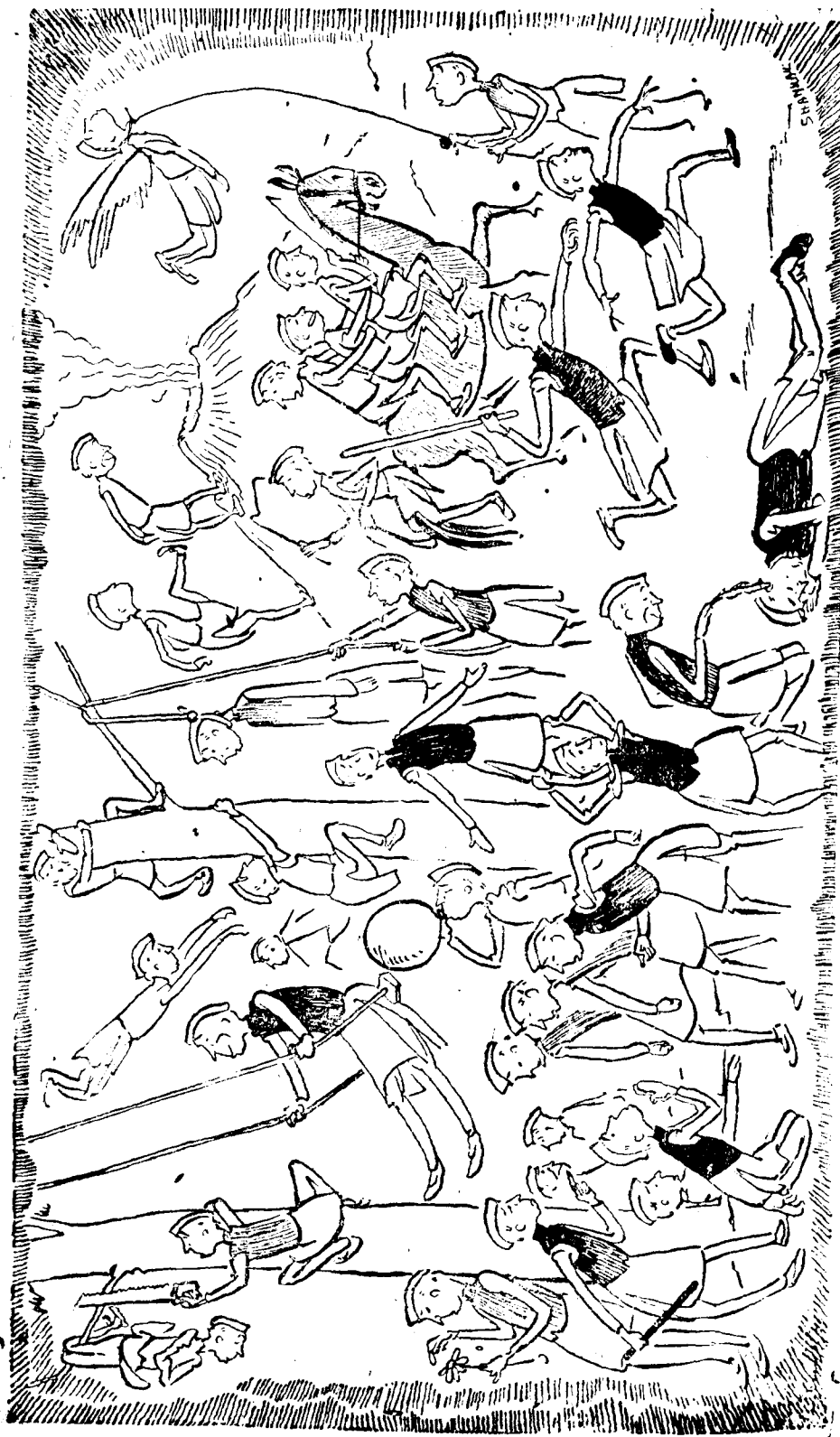
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Asked by a Rangoon Pressman whether he suffered from internal conflicts, Pandit Nehru replied: "A person without internal conflicts is a lunatic."
—Courtesy: Shankar's Weekly.

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WEEKLY

UNITED NATIONS UNDER STAMPEDE

THE character of the South Korean regime has to be taken into account for a correct estimate of the American intervention. Andrew Roth's disclosures are helpful in this connection. There is nothing second-hand in Andrew Roth's writings. He is a direct investigator at first hand of conditions in the countries he writes about, and with facile powers of description he combines vigilant observation and an intrinsic objectivity immune to the partialities of this or that 'ism' or ideology. Writing in *The Hindu* he gives an account of the difference in the regimes of the North and South in Korea. We are told that there is little to choose between North and South in terms of democratic liberties. Both have been police States. But while "the North has been making increasingly successful efforts to satisfy the impoverished majority (of its population) with things like social laws and strict rationing, the South has given free rein to speculators and hoarders." Andrew Roth's description of President Syngman Rhee's regime in South Korea is devastating in its severity:

"During the last two years," he says, "there has been a constant reign of police terror with as many as 40,000 political prisoners in prison. Many prisoners have been tortured to death. Some of those who escaped and were recaptured were shot and left on the doorsteps of mildly critical political leaders, apparently as an object lesson. ... (In the recent elections) the South Koreans elected a majority of independents, i. e., non-supporters of President Rhee, including many imprisoned candidates. President Rhee's regime has few enthusiastic supporters."

In the light of this description the reason for the rapid advancement of the forces of the North into the South becomes easily intelligible. It is clear that the Government of the South has to reckon with a people tired of it and disposed to hail the invaders attacking it as deliverers. Naturally enough there does not seem to be much enthusiasm among South Koreans for the American intervention to deliver them from their deliverers which they inevitably interpret as a move to perpetuate the hated Rhee regime. The anti-Soviet global drive of the U. S. A. against the spread of Communism has landed both U. S. A. and the United Nations in Korea into action evidently most repugnant to the bulk of the same people in whose interest it is supposed to have been taken.

There is no chance for the restoration of any atmosphere conducive to the peace of the world until America which has managed to tie up the United Nations to its own courses, recovers first from the imbalance of its restless mission of putting down Communism in the world. However powerful the U. S. A. might be, it is not powerful enough to compel every part of the world to have only a Government of a pattern approved by it and reject all others. The American attempt to run the whole world on lines of their own choice and determination is bound to fail dismally, and already it has meant a deplorable alignment of American power over a considerable part of Asia with patently undemocratic forces detested in their respective regions. In China

the U. S. A. is the sponsor and supporter of the discredited Chiang Kai-shek regime disowned and discarded by the Chinese people. The momentum of anti-Communist frenzy has thrown democratic America into the strange bed-fellowship of reactionary Dutch and French imperialists in their attempts to bolster up extremely unpopular regimes in Asia. There seems scarcely a country left in the whole of the world outside the Soviet zone of influence, free enough from economic obligations to American aid to be able to stand out or disapprove of American adventures in foreign policy. We have the United Nations placed under stampede as an aftermath of American beneficence under the Marshal Plan.

Meherally

THE 8th Annual Conference of the Socialist Party is meeting under the shadow of a threatened third world war and the sad demise of a dear and devoted worker of the party. Yusuf Meherally was the President-elect of the conference now being held in Madras City and his passing away just on the eve of the conference leaves a void which will be difficult to fill.

A man of exceedingly amiable disposition, soft spoken, every inch a gentleman, Meherally endeared himself to one and all with whom he came in contact both inside and outside the party. His loss is therefore felt as a personal one by many. His learning was profound, his penmanship superb and his forensic skill unique. In his talks his appeal was more to reason than to emotion. During the days of struggle with the British, Meherally was the favourite choice of the party to move resolutions at the Congress and A.-I.C.C. sessions or to speak elsewhere on its behalf. His language scintillated with humour and wit. In the Bombay Assembly to which he was elected lately without a contest, he made a notable budget speech. Opposition often takes advantage of budget ses-

sions to move cut motions to censure or to criticise the Government in power. Meherally took to the novel method unknown in parliamentary procedure of moving a token increment instead of a token cut motion. His plea was that the Government deserved encouragement in spending on useful nation-building enterprises. After his health failed and he could not move about much or speak much he took voraciously to reading and writing. His "Trip to Pakistan" exhibits another aspect of Meherally's erudite mind. It was full of incisive humour and subtle wit. There are a number of other books to his credit among which may be mentioned his Annotated Bibliography which particularly reveals the breadth of his reading and the analytical mind at the back of it. He was a lover of books and his library was an asset of great value to any serious research student in social science. Just as a man can be judged by the company he keeps, so a scholar can be fairly correctly measured by the books he has in his library.

A good comrade, an excellent friend and a loyal, disciplined and devoted worker, Meherally will long be remembered by all who knew him and had the privilege of his friendship. His helping hand will be missed by Socialists for long years to come. He has left his indelible impress on the party in the making of which he had a large share from the very start. The creative joy of shaping the destinies of an institution was the *bon vita* of his life and he did this work with all the patience, perseverance and devotion worthy of a great cause.

A Just Demand

IN a letter published in this issue Sri Venkateswara Sastrulu invites attention to the factional character of commercial bodies that have gained the privilege of representation to the legislature in the name of the business community in South India. "We

have now," he says, "the phenomenon of several bodies springing up like mushrooms and claiming to represent some interest or other, but most of these are founded on other than legitimate trading and commercial interests." He pleads that all business interests should be divided for the time being into two broad divisions, Indian and European, and each group given such representation as may be considered reasonable, while in course of time the two groups themselves might be merged into one. Sri Sastrulu's suggestion is logically very sound and deserves prompt and serious consideration from the autho-

rities concerned. An even more sensible arrangement would be to do away with all sorts of special representation altogether and order the electoral system on the basis of "one man, one vote." This is what they have done in Britain. One result of it has been to deprive the great universities of the country of the representation in Parliament they had been enjoying for generations. But then the apostles of democracy maintained that such a deprivation was in just accord with the essential spirit of equality which means, if anything, that no class of citizens should have a double vote denied to the rest.

Sotto Voce

ON THE ROCKS



THE wanton sacrilege committed on the Sabarimalai shrine has come as a profound shock on Kerala. The temple ranks with Guruvayoor and Vaikom in sanctity. While on the East Coast Ayyanar is regarded as a member of the rather populous rural pantheon, the benign deity who is poised in *yoga mudra* on the sacred heights of the Sahyadri embodies much more nearly the lofty Puranic conception. He is Hari Hara Putra, born of the victory of Demiurge over Destroyer on the bounds of Maya. And he practises *tapas*, like his father on Mount Kailas, out of love for his children and for their good: *vaatsalyaalokamangalam*.

I have not made the pilgrimage. But I have been to other shrines in Kerala. And I can understand the anguish of spirit the devout feel, thinking of that beautiful image desecrated. Unnumbered generations must have had in the sacred presence something

of that mingled sense of awe and affection which the Goddess Kanya Kumari inspires—the immortal Maiden who awaits the coming of the Lord with a marmoreal confidence against which the waters of time beat in vain. The right hand posed in *chinmudra*, the knees held together by the *Yoga kaksha*, the beguiling smile that calls the seeker to defy hardships and live laborious days—these make an ensemble of purity, holiness and benignity which for centuries have drawn to Him the heart's cry, "Saranam Ayyappa!"

The story goes that when Vishnu took the bewitching form of Mohini and did the crude Asuras out of their share of *amrita* Mahadeva was not present. He yearned to see that transcendent loveliness; and rather reluctantly the Lord of Vaikunta obliged. When on the instant there appeared before Him that marvellous apparition in feminine form Siva forgot Himself

so far as to succumb to Desire—and of that momentary impulse was Sasta born. Then He reined Himself in. He knew He had been deluded and the knowledge made Him free. Seeing Him composed and uninhibited by false shame, Madhusudana said, "Who else but Thee can transcend my Maya?" And the Sasta of Sabarimalai, propitiated by continence and compassion, promises eternal release.

Acts of vandalism such as this depress one precisely because they suggest that the Lord's rhetorical question—embodying the highest ideal of the race—is meaningless to the self-appointed mentors of the masses. The desecrations may be inspired by religious bigotry or communal rancour. They may, more likely, be due to the unblest fanaticism that looks upon religion as the dope of the people. Or they may even be the poison-fruit of that nihilism which is fast spreading over the earth like a miasma. Whatever the motive, the cumulative effect of these bludgeonings at the nerve-centres of faith can only be to revive the savage state without the traditional restraints.

Popular Hinduism survived many iconoclasts from Mahmud of Ghazni to Aurangzeb because it was as much the possession of the masses as the masses. The Brahman of Brahmins vied with the Chandala in the meticulous discharge of the local pieties and contingent obligations which a hierarchy of gods entailed. The political motive of setting an example to the lower orders had nothing to do with this. The Atman was no more the exclusive preserve of the twice-born

than Ayyanar and Pidari were of the Paraya. It is the modern hypocrisy, with its preaching of temple-entry for *hoipolloi* because they know no better, that instigates the vandal.

We plan to rebuild Somnath. Simultaneously we claim for Parliament the sovereign right to abolish God if it should so choose in the name of democracy. What is this but heathen pride? In what other country would be tolerated such impertinence as the H. R. E. Board was guilty of when it directed temple authorities to celebrate the Vana Mahotsava as if it were a festival enjoined by the scriptures? Agamas too can be amended by Ordinances apparently! Now, the wise humility that inspired the worship of tutelary deities was the very antithesis of this arrogant obtuseness.

Even anthropologists have begun to suspect—what those bumptious amateurs the politicians may take a few score years to discover—that the old self-confident explanations of primitive religion in terms of totem and taboo may be too naive. Popular theology has in fact grown out of man's desire to come to terms with the deep, instinctive urges of life. In his efforts to keep on even keel he has been helped by one or other of two powerful ideas—the sense of sin that Christianity lays so much emphasis upon, and the conviction, which has been Hindu India's salvation, that Ignorance alone is the enemy. Our modern world is on the rocks because it has cast away both these rudders.

VIGNESWARA.

1950 NOMINEES FOR U. S. HALL OF FAME

Woodrow Wilson, former President of the United States, who died in 1925, heads a list of 179 persons nominated by the people for election this year to the Hall of Fame in the United States.

From those nominated, a college of electors will select seven great Americans to be added to the 77 who already have been admitted to the Hall of Fame. Selections are made every five years.

Among others who received large votes were Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross; Alexander Graham Bell, Scottish-born American who invented the telephone; former U. S. President Theodore Roosevelt; Susan S. Anthony, woman suffrage leader; and Henry David Thoreau, writer-philosopher.

Situated on the campus of New York University in New York City, the Hall of Fame is a semi-circular colonnade dedicated in 1901. Along its walls are busts of persons honored and tablets bearing inscription.

FLAMING SPIRITS

By "BHIKKU"

'ALL the world loves a lover' is a saying usually restricted to the sex enthralled young, more especially to daft boys lost in the first stupefaction of that primordial call. But when one thinks of it, the saying is applicable equally to all manner of self-forgetting enthusiasms, be it of the urchin for a willow wizard of the cricket field like C. K. Naidu or of the body contorting maniac under the spell of the violin of Venkataswami, for they hold a private key to the everlasting prison of wants and desires, a salve in which the sand and grit of self-hood dissolve for the time in a bliss that is of the essence of the eternal. I am fascinated by all such and love to stimulate them to expression in the hope of sensing the infinite at least by proxy. The glitter in their eyes when on their theme is a reflection of the disembodied soul.

It was an artist from the Maharashtra country whose acute sentence to colours in nature sparked a response even in me. Lying down in the somnolent sunshine of a hill station he let loose a torrent of mispronounced language in defiance of grammar and syntax, speaking of sunlight filtering through dappled browning leaves, of lemon yellows breaking out to vermilion and shading to vernal green shot with blotches of deep purples: a reflection of sunset in glory; of flaking barks of eucalyptus tree trunks, a miracle of mauves, pinks and cobalt blues and of tinted reflections of gnarled roots with their dark suggestion of caverns, elves and gnomes in the green and blue of still waters. He was drunk with the sun's warmth and the sun's display of colours. He was an engaging and a lazy vagabond, utterly unmindful of what you thought of him. I don't know where he is now.

Another such was my friend Mannadiar, who was a fanatic about plants. Of a mould like Chesterton, with chins rolling one over another in series, and breath apt to run into a whizz on stepping up two stones in succession, his hand was yet velvet and his fingers, zephyr with leaves and flowers, grafting and budding.

Over getting an unusual species he would scatter money and time and use up what energy was left in him after survival with a frame such as his. And when one gets him to speak on his subject he would so scintillate on gardens and exotic plants, on hybridation and cross pollination, on trees of iron hardness and wood of plastic utility, on varieties of Brazilian orchids, Himalayan rhododendrons and Dutch tulips that few could resist being thrilled with the vision presented of flowery lawns and trailing leafy cascades. Mannadiar is still happily amongst us. May his chins never cease to billow.

Recently it was reported that a jeweller of Bombay offered a fortune merely for a sight of the Nizam's precious stones. Old Gopinath and Sadashiv Tawkers of an earlier and courtlier age of the defunct Tawker & Sons were of this brand. Theirs was not the passion of cupidity trafficking in glittering baubles but a revelry of the spirit in sheens of light, of green and blue and all manner of rainbow tints pulsating through peerless gems. In their search, it is said that Gopinath travelled beyond Afganistan into Bokhara and Samarkhand on the old Central Asian silk route. They travelled not as merchants but as honoured guests of connoisseur princes. With a velvet spread of gems Sadashiv Tawker was a musician and a poet from regions shut out to the merely value-seeking Croesus. It is with such that gems speak an independent mysterious language and get associated with omens and fortunes.

Whilst yet this sketch was smouldering news came of the death of another such friend, R. A. Sastry. A handsome old man with clear cut features swayed in a long black coat and a nondescript circlet of cloth for turban, his infectious cheerfulness and enthusiasm defied age. His scholarship in Sanskrit, great as it was, was the lesser of the other attributes he possessed. He was a find of Mrs. Besant in the collection of ancient palm leaf manuscripts for the Theosophical Society Library and was in

direct contact through her with Max Muller during the days when the Western world, ignorant and contemptuous of all Asiatic things—referring to the image of Budha, Sir George Birdwood said "...a boiled suet pudding would serve equally well as a symbol of passionate purity and serenity of soul"—was slowly and reluctantly discovering that there was greatness and profundity in the world before Greece and Carthage.

Orthodox in his mode of life and very austere in his habits, his mind was yet so broad based that not the wildest of heterodox doctrines would surprise or divert him from the rectitude of his enquiries or textual inferences. Trained ably in research work his mind quickened to every cast of phrase and quip and flaw in language, and style of writing for timing the date of a find and the king in whose court the manuscript was copied or originated. To see him holding an ancient scroll of palm leaves is itself a revelation in ardour and reverence. Speaking of a 15th century publication a professor in London used to say "Go to the librarian—tell him that I have sent you; otherwise he may not give it—hold it gently in both your hands—finger the texture of the ancient paper—smell the authenticity of age and tell your children that your very own hands had held the book and felt the thrill of contact with the first probe of knowledge in this subject." Sastry was of this order of savants. His occasional references to the unlikely and even nefarious places where he came across wonderful finds and the devious ways he had to adopt and the inducements he had to offer for securing them for publication gave tantalising glimpses of a life of adventure as of Arabian Nights. It revealed his fanatical perseverance and cunning in sleuthing out lost texts known only through contemporary or later references or from links missing from parts already known. But he was quite reluctant to talk of such episodes. He had several times

traversed every ancient nook of India and many regions closed to maps in Nepal and Tibet in the wake of his quests and had taken his austerity even to Cape North in Norway, subsisting on bread, milk and fruits and having his dip in the icy cold of the North Sea under the mid-night sun, in verification of the 'Arctic home of the vedas' theory of Tilak.

Getting angry with an interlocutor on a social occasion over a somewhat personal question concerning his manuscript hunts, he put it to the company to ask him anything in his scholarship and not about his personal life; and the hostess, an illustrious social worker with a ready wit, to mollify the old man asked him about the status of women in ancient India. For an hour Sastry held the audience in spell from text and commentary gliding facily from source to source from an encyclopaedic mind, describing the free life that was not uncommon among the sexes, the learning among women and their equality with men in august rituals like Vedic sacrifices, until the occasion terminated in a spontaneous ceremonial prostration at his feet by the host, one of the earliest associates of Gandhiji, in admiration and reverence.

Having helped the Vatican authorities in Rome with identifying and cataloguing their Sanscrit collections, word was received by Sastry requesting him to have an audience with the Pope. Not till he was assured of an interview on the perfect level as between a guru in one religion with the guru of another would he consent to call, and to be sure, he was honoured uniquely as such.

Such men of the character of the Grammarian of Browning are a class apart. Mankind but fitfully recognises their worth, being too often mirthful of their oddities in their life time. The range of possibilities in human beings is wide and when one has lived largely in his keenest and highest, his life is satisfied and fulfilled, whatever be the fruits in terms of success or applause.

Two little Hollywood kids were feuding. "My daddy can kick your daddy," shouted the first boy.
 "Yeah?" retorted the other. "You just wait till next year!"
 "Next year?" jeered the first. "Why—your daddy gonna take boxing lessons?"
 "Naw. Next year I'll probably have a new daddy."—READER'S DIGEST.

A KASHMIR DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD

UNCERTAINTY regarding the future of Kashmir weighs heavily on the people of the State. They are anxious to have some quick decision. The feeling that "tomorrow we die" has not been conducive to stability in Kashmir. But for this uncertainty, the administration would have been much cleaner than it is.

There are also some points which make corruption almost inevitable. For instance, the salaries of officials in Kashmir are very low compared with those in the Indian Union. Secretaries of Departments in Kashmir are supposed to draw about Rs. 500 per month. But Secretaries are also supposed (at least by themselves) to go about in Buicks and Pontiacs and De Sotos. And they do.

Srinagar itself has a considerable Opposition element in it; but the rural areas seem to be generally satisfied with the Abdullah Government. Opposition to Abdullah is mainly on the ground that the land reforms have hit the landlords. The opposition of the landed interests must be more than offset by the support gained from the landless labourers. Some noise is also due to opposition to rationing. The villagers complain that they do not get enough to eat. Sheikh Abdullah explained to me that this was because a blackmarket was developing in the villages, and they were trying to fight the blackmarket.

The Yuvarajah of Kashmir is growing in popularity equally with the Hindus and Muslims. Sheikh Abdullah still casts a spell on the rural people, but in Srinagar the vested interests are up against him. He is not accused of corruption, but there is no doubt that he tolerates corruption at very high levels.

It is difficult to say whether Kashmir will vote for India in a free plebiscite. It is quite possible that people on the other side of the border would not care to vote for Pakistan either. For all we know, they may be equally dissatisfied with the Azad Kashmir Government. One reason for dissatisfaction in Kashmir is the failure of the National Conference to explain

to the people that the difficulties which the people were undergoing were not the doing of the present administration. The economic crisis in Kashmir, they should have told the people, was the result of the lack of tourist traffic which, in turn, was due to the raiders. Instead, they sat comfortable in their chairs of office, allowing the Pakistanis to make out a very convincing case against them.

The spirit that unfortunately seems to pervade some persons in office at present is that they should make the best of it just now, "for tomorrow we die." Sheikh Abdullah alone can continue to have any future popular Government in Kashmir. Let us be very clear on one point when we do that. Sheikh Abdullah is a democrat and does not think that Kashmir must accede to India at any cost. He wants the State to accede to India or Pakistan according to the wishes of the people. Personally, he may favour Independent Kashmir. But he is democrat enough to consider his personal wishes as something subordinate to the wishes of the masses.

If India wants Kashmir for defence purposes, nobody can prevent it. After all, all Governments owe their existence to their military forces, including the Government of India—despite its fancy that it is based on Truth and Non-Violence. The present Government of India is bound to collapse if it gives up Kashmir. We have been spending Rs. 40 crores a year on Kashmir; we are therefore going to stick to Kashmir. The morale of the Indian Army will not be as high as it is now, if the Government suddenly thinks of giving up Kashmir after sacrificing so many lives. It was definitely a humanitarian act—although based on sentimental rather than humanitarian grounds—when Indian troops were rushed to save Kashmir from the barbarian tribesmen. (We refused to be equally humanitarian in East Bengal because there was no sentimental attachment in high quarters for Bengalis).

When we went to Gulmarg and Khilanmarg—two of the best known

beauty-spots in Kashmir—I found that the local population was quite favourably disposed towards Sheikh Abdullah. Jabbar Sheikh, a coolie, and Ghulam Mohammed, a mule-tender, both spoke highly and endearingly of the Sheikh, and expressed their readiness to vote for India. They were grateful to the Indian Army for saving them from the raiders. But I suppose, a plebiscite will never be held.

The Indian Army is doing a magnificent job in Kashmir. It is extremely popular, and the local population look up to it for everything. During our stay in Srinagar, a small house caught fire. The neighbours telephoned frantically to the Fire Brigade. An official asked for the reason of the call, although he was being told that the house was on fire. Then he made repeated enquiries about the exact location of the place for about ten minutes. A motor-car was sent to direct the Fire Brigade to the house on fire. The officers came round in the car without any fire-fighting equipment. They enquired whether

they were summoned to extinguish the fire. Then the Army was asked for help. It came and put out the fire expeditiously. But one house was burnt down by that time.

Major Vishwen of Public Relations, Indian Army, is an exceptionally fine officer. He satisfies the exacting requirements of a P.R.O., as laid down by John Gunther. We visited Baltal and Uri and the Cease-Fire Line along with Major Vishwen, and gained good knowledge of the work of our gallant Army. We have been convinced of the strategic importance of the hills for India's own defence. But we should be able to defend these with less than Rs. 40 crores a year.

The Kashmir Government's publicity organisation was in remarkable contrast to Major Vishwen. A certain Mr. Zutshi seems to know nothing other than complaining against Major Vishwen. Zutshi is Secretary of the Information Department of the Kashmir Government. From the way he gives you the slip, you get the impression that the Kashmir Government must be having a lot of things to hide.

FAIR AND FREE ELECTIONS

By Prof. M. VENKATARANGAIYA

THERE is now a loud demand for fair and free elections. The demand has become loud because a fear is entertained by some parties in opposition to the Congress that the present Governments in the States and the Centre, dominated as they are by the Congress party, may not arrange for elections which are fair and free from the point of view of all parties. Naturally the question arises as to what the ingredients of a fair and free election in a democracy are.

Several answers are being given to this question. But in almost all answers there is one serious defect. It is due to the fact that opinions held to-day on these matters are based upon the ideas which were held in the early days of the rise of modern democracy, ideas held in the early nineteenth century. The political and economic environment today is quite different. The existence of organised political parties is what distinguishes contemporary democracy from the democracy of a century ago. Economically space has become less significant. In many countries distance has ceased to account. The growth in the means of communication has made it easier for representatives and candidates to be in intimate contact with their constituencies even though the constituencies have become wide. This may not be as much true of our country as of the West. But its importance has to be recognised in all discussions regarding single-member versus multi-member constituencies. Many of the earlier arguments used in discussions on fair and free elections have to be considerably modified in the light of these two factors—the existence of organised parties and the annihilation of distance.

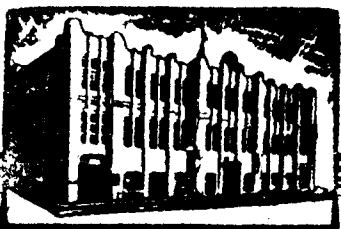
The first ingredient of fair elections is a complete and correct enumeration of all the voters qualified under the Constitution to vote. The statute lays this duty on the Election Commissioner. The Constitution has taken all the usual precautions required to make him a non-party man. His position is like that of a Judge of the Supreme Court. He is appointed by the President and he cannot be

removed from office "except in like manner and on the like grounds as a Judge of the Supreme Court." He is therefore an independent man above all parties in the country, and there is no reason to think that in the preparation of electoral rolls he will be interested in including or excluding voters belonging to one political party or others. The Constitution also lays down that the President, or the Governor or Rajapramukh shall make available to the Election Commissioner such staff as may be necessary for the discharge of his functions. This enables him to make the electoral rolls complete and accurate.

It may be asked whether such a result is inevitable. Of course nothing is inevitable in human affairs. It is quite possible that even an independent Election Commissioner with an adequate staff may not prepare complete and correct electoral rolls. He may not be interested in it. Even though he has adequate staff he has to rely on the officials of State Governments for the preparation of preliminary rolls and he may not have the time or the resources needed to check their work. All this is possible. They are defects found in all democratic countries. But remedies have been found for them. One remedy is the active interest taken by the voters themselves to see that their names are entered in the electoral rolls. And the other—this is more effective—is the interest taken by organised political parties in getting the names of all qualified voters entered on the rolls. Any defects in the work of Election Commissioners and registration officers—and defects are bound to exist—are removed by means like these.

It is argued that in our country voters are incapable of doing this kind of work expected of them. They are ignorant and illiterate. The large majority do not know that they have a vote. They are not acquainted with the rules regarding the preparation of electoral rolls. Being illiterate they do not know whether their names are or are not found in the preliminary lists, even if those lists are published in each village. Democracy based on adult suffrage is workable only where

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literacy is fairly widespread. Because of the peculiar conditions in our country and because the voter does not know the value of the vote it is unreasonable to expect the voters to get their names enrolled in the electoral rolls.

The only other effective method to remove the defects in the electoral rolls prepared by the Election Commissioner and the official agency is the interest of organised political parties. Every party if it is keen on contesting the elections and on entering the legislatures in sufficient strength must see that the names of all qualified voters are entered on the rolls. They should shoulder this responsibility. They must have their organisation in every village and their office-bearers in charge of such organisations must go from house to house, make the necessary enquiries, and help the voters in getting their names enrolled. This is what is done in other democratic countries. No purpose is served by merely criticising the work of the Election Commissioner, his staff and the official agency provided for him by State Governments. Political parties in opposition to the Congress must do constructive work of this sort; and it is more essential than merely pointing out the defects in the work done by the official agency. The Hindu Maha Sabha, the Socialist Party and the other parties in the country which believe in democratic elections should recognise this as an integral part of their work. If they think that voters who are suspected of being anti-Congress cannot have their names enrolled in the rolls prepared

by the official agency it is upto them to do the work which political parties are expected to do; and this is the time for them to do it. Otherwise they must be satisfied with whatever electoral rolls are prepared under the official auspices.

This is the reason why it has been pointed above how great is the importance of political parties in the working of modern democracy. It is a pity that the political parties in our country have not devoted adequate attention to this aspect of their work and that they are merely content with the criticism of the work of the official agency. If they are of opinion that within the limited time at their disposal between the preparation of the preliminary lists and the publication of final lists they cannot accomplish this task they should ask the Government to give them more time which will mean the postponement of the general elections to a later date than the one contemplated by Government today. We should never forget that while in a totalitarian State everything is done and is left to be done by Government there is in a democratic State a real division of labour between Government on one side and voluntary associations of citizens on the other and it is only to the extent to which the latter discharge their duties and supplement the work of the former that democracy becomes a success. Political parties in opposition to the Congress have not yet sufficiently realised the importance of this aspect of their work. Hence the danger of having incomplete and inaccurate electoral rolls.

Simon Pereira, columnist of the *Sunday Standard*, reported the table patter of a little dinner party held in the house of Bombay's Prime Minister in May 1949 on the eve of an important by-election. Present at that party was Mr. V. P. Menon, Secretary of the States Ministry, Government of India, who was passing through Bombay on his way to Madras in the south. In the course of conversation Mr. Menon, who has a fine sense of humour, suddenly remarked that whatever the Congress record in Bombay, it was squarely beaten by that of the Madras ministry in two particular respects.

"And what are these so remarkable achievements?" he was asked. "Well," said Mr. Menon looking round the table, "one is the institution of complete prohibition.... The other," after a pause, "is the extraordinary development of cottage industry throughout the province."

"Tell me," said the Prime Minister of Bombay, whose interest in the promotion of cottage industry is practically his ruling passion, "about their cottage industry programme. How did they do it?"

"It was simple" said Mr. Menon. "They brought in prohibition and now there's a private still in every cottage."

Loud laughter, Simon Pereira said, greeted the sally.—From *Betrayal in India* by D. F. Karaka.

VIDELA: CHILE'S PUGNACIOUS PRESIDENT

By JOHN W. WHITE

*Fighter Since He Learned To Walk
Still Makes It 'Hot' For Opponents*

GABRIEL GONZALEZ VIDELA, President of the Republic of Chile, probably would admit with a grim that his pugnacious character is largely responsible for much of the recent noise and excitement in Chilean politics. Then he could point with another grin to the results of the last Congressional elections to justify his repeated predictions that the democratic forces of Chile will always come out on top, despite plotting from both right and left. That may be why Washington gave Videla such a rousing reception when he made a three-week visit to the U. S. in April.

There are three great loves in the life of President Videla. He dearly loves his wife, Mitty. He loves music. And he loves a good fight. He has been fighting ever since he learned to walk.

It is completely in line with the President's character that within a year of his inauguration he took on Chile's Communists for a finish fight and personally led an expedition to the Antarctic regions to "annex" lands that had been claimed by Great Britain for a century or more.

Gonzalez Videla is a typical small Chilean. At 51, he is better than average looking, his gray hair adding to the distinction of his appearance. When he wants to be, he is most suave and congenial. As a diplomat, he was one of Chile's most successful envoys, both in Paris, and Rio de Janeiro. When it suits him to be pugnacious, however, it is a brand all his own.

Videla was born on November 22, 1898, in the little provincial capital of La Serena, 200 miles north of Valparaiso. His father was a farmer and businessman. Gabriel was the eldest of the 17 children. As a boy he was courageous, fearless and determined, always ready to use his fists if words were not sufficient.

Videla owes his political and social ideas to the principal of the La Serena

high school, where he spent a few stormy years throwing books and ink-wells at classmates who disagreed with him. The principal, Eliseo Pena Villalon, was an intimate friend of Pedro



Gabriel Gonzalez Videla

Aguirre Cerda, who was to become President of Chile in 1938. Villalon often took his tempestuous and politically-minded student with him when he visited Cerda. Between them, the older men instilled in Videla the social doctrines upon which Chile's Popular Front was later organized. Chief among these doctrines was that of the welfare of the masses.

President Videla has been in politics since he was 16 years old, when he joined the old and powerful Radical party. When he was 32, he was elected to Congress as a deputy from La Serena. Two years later he was elected president of the chamber of deputies, the youngest man ever to hold that office in Chile.

Whatever may have been the merits of Videla's career as a Congressman, he will long be remembered as the

man who threw the chamber into one of the stormiest sessions in Chile's history. The debate was a political one and became heated. At that point Videla threw his inkwell at the deputy who had dared contradict his views. Someone threw the inkwell back to him. Videla flew into a rage. As fast as he could grab the inkwells from the desk of nearby colleagues he threw them at his opponents. It took six policemen to eject him finally.

Concerts were Videla's only diversion when, at 21, he left La Serena and went to Santiago to study law at the University of Chile. By the time Videla began his third year of the law courses, he was recognized as the outstanding member of his class.

It was then he met the attractive girl he nicknamed Mitty. Today she is the first lady of Chile, and the Videlas have two attractive daughters, Sylvia and Rosita.

Mitty has had great influence on Videla's career and managed the finances of his presidential campaign. He says he owes everything he is to his mother and to Mitty. That is why he put through the votes-for-women law last year.

In the 1930's as editor of *El Chileno* in La Serena, and a politically minded lawyer, Videla soon became a national figure. When in May, 1938, the Radicals, Liberals, Socialists and organized Labour united in the leftist mass movement known as the Popular Front, he was elected its president.

The Popular Front nominated Pedro Aguirre Cerda for the presidency and he asked Videla to be his campaign manager. Cerda was elected President in October, 1938. The new President appointed Videla minister for France.

President Cerda died in 1941 and Videla hurried home to run for the presidency himself. When he found that the candidacy would split the Radical party, Videla proved himself one of the great rarities in South American politics, a faithful party man. He withdrew his candidacy and threw all his strength to Juan Antonio Rios, and Rios was elected. Videla declined a proffered appointment to the Cabinet, but took the ambassadorship in Brazil.

In 1946, President Rios died. This time, when Videla returned to San-

tiago the streets were jammed with cheering crowds. It was the biggest demonstration ever given to anyone in Chile.

Meanwhile, the Popular Front had broken up, so Videla had to organize a new coalition of parties to insure himself a plurality. As the Conservatives, Socialists and Liberals were running their own candidates, Videla had no choice but to seek the support of the Communist party. The Communists agreed to support Videla, but only on their own terms: three portfolios in the 11-man Cabinet.

The Communist vote gave Videla a narrow plurality of 48,000 over the closet of his three rivals. He led the Communists name the ministers of commerce and public works, lands and colonization and agriculture, but kept them out of the ministry of the interior, which controls the police, and out of the ministry of foreign affairs.

When the Communists, instead of co-operating tried to use their position in the Government as a springboard to complete control, they found that the suave Videla had become a pugnacious fighter again. He refused to let them dominate his administration. They then made the great tactical blunder of retaliating by calling strikes in the mines and public utilities.

Videla fired the three Communist leaders from the Cabinet and persuaded Congress to outlaw the party and suspend constitutional guarantees. This gave him dictatorial powers. Communists were fired from all their Government and educational jobs; party members were deprived of all civic rights; and more than 200 of them were put in jail.

As soon as he got things quieted down, Videla voluntarily relinquished his dictatorial powers and released the imprisoned Communists so that the elections of last March might be completely free. The elections were the quietest in the past 20 years. Communist strength in Congress shrank from 15 to 6 deputies and from five senators to the two holdovers whose terms had not expired. Videla won a safe two-thirds majority in both Houses.

President Videla has served half of his six-year term. There is no reason to expect that the next three years will be any less exciting or any noisier than the past three.—Copyright.

STORY OF SINKIANG'S RE-EMERGENCE

By KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

SINKIANG, said to be the farthest country from the sea, lies in the geographical centre of gravity between the Atlantic, Arctic, Pacific and Indian oceans. In ancient times it lay across the trans-Eurasian Silk Road, along which medieval caravans of Marco Polo's time and before, threaded their way. Over the jagged Karakorum and the Pamir mountains, winding up and down, tracing this ribboned footpath, strings of camels had carried traders, adventurers, warriors, seers, philosophers, political ambassadors from one court to another, until the advent of the sea route, when travellers turned their course oceanward and the land gateway lapsed into oblivion.

Hsi Yue To Yakub Revolt

In the early days, Sinkiang was known to the Chinese as Hsi Yue. As early as 115 B. C. Emperor Wu Ti of the Han Dynasty had sent ambassadors and envoys to Hsi Yue, followed by and by Chinese troops who were supposed to keep order in the oasis regions. Between the 6th and the 7th century fresh efforts were made to assert Chinese authority over these regions by establishing two military governorships. But in 751 this came to an end when the Prince of Tashkent aided by the Arabs disastrously defeated the Chinese. A reconquest however took place under the Manchu Dynasty in the latter part of the 18th century. As an echo of the Taiping rebellion, peasant revolts broke out in Sinkiang leading up to the big political uprising known as the Yakub Beg revolt, for the suppression of which the Peking Government had to resort to outside loans—that is, foreign finance.

China's "New Dominion"

The strain of these campaigns gave rise to considerable debates in Peking on China's defence policy, one in favour of holding on to this inland frontier and the other abandoning it to concentrate on the coastal borderline. The latter started with the premise that defence of both a land fron-

tier in this remote region and of the long coast was impossible; that land defence was not so important as coastal, especially as the capital was nearer the sea and bound with it; that financially and militarily it was risky to push the campaign beyond the normal Chinese border at Kansu, especially as the suppression of peasant revolts within China proper had already been a heavy drain and Sinkiang, not being a revenue yielding area, was more a liability than an asset. On the other hand, the opposite opinion maintained that Sinkiang was of the most strategic importance to China, even for the security of Peking, more so for the security of Mongolia; that the threat to China was less from the coast since all that the Western people wanted were commercial privileges. The latter view finally won out and Sinkiang was declared a Chinese province by an imperial edict in 1884, and came to be known as the "New Dominion," the land of opportunity and adventure, a lure for the pioneers.

Conglomeration Of Races

It presents a racial kaleidoscope, boasting of fourteen different types. First of all there are the Moslem Wei-Wu-erh, who take great pride as the descendants of the Uighur race which flourished in ancient Sinkiang. Then there are the original Manchus and later settlers from Manchuria; the Mongols, the Kirgiz, the Kazakhs, Tajiks, Sarikolis, Uzbeks and several smaller groups. Above all there are the ruling Chinese, known as the Hans and six millions, the ruling Chinese Muslims are called, different from the Wei-Wu-erh, the native Muslim population of the country. In a population estimated between four and six millions, the ruling Chinese form a small minority of about 5 per cent only.

Naked Colonialism At Work

The story of Sinkiang and the clue to its present position is the age-old one—colonisation. Its chief character was indirect rule. Its basic idea was

to leave the local traditional feudal structure more or less undisturbed, utilising the existing Begg and princes as instruments of Chinese rule. It meant the maintaining of a two-strata administration, the upper one being Chinese and the lower indigenous.

The Manchu rulers patterned their land policy on that of the British in India and introduced private ownership of land and tax based on it. The Begg or nobles became like the rajahs and zamindars in India, tax collectors for the Chinese bureaucrats, indirectly increasing the burden on the producer. Feudal bureaucracy moreover inevitably encouraged nepotism and family hierarchies sprang up everywhere. This was mainly for economic reasons, that is to keep trade, especially in furs, wool, gold and jade a monopoly. As a result half the trade was in Chinese hands, a third with foreigners and a bare 12% with the local people, confined of course to the few rich families. As the Chinese proverb goes: "Officials are permitted to set the house afire, but the people are forbidden to light a lamp."

Like all imperialists the Chinese played the usual game of setting one racial group against the other so as to maintain their own grip with ease. Thus the settled agriculturists Wei-Wu-erhs were set against the nomadic Kazakhs or vice versa; or conflicts were fostered between the Kazakh Khans and the Mongol Huns over little issues such as migration tracks, forest lands, water, etc., between Mongol land-owners and their Kazakh tenants or the like by favouring first one group, then the other. This policy of divide and rule was extended even to the field of finance, for each region had its own currency which could be controlled and manipulated by exercising authority over exchange.

Sheng's Rule With Soviet Aid

Despite all Chinese efforts, revolts became a periodical feature, and out of one of these in 1930 rose the colourful Manchurian leader Sheng Shih-Tsai, which may be deemed the second phase of Chinese rule in Sinkiang. Sheng was a man with a complete military background. Sinkiang, in a very chaotic state and fed up with bribery, corruption and venality, was on the lookout for a strong military leader who could put an end

to the internal disorders and rid the country of war lords. Sheng seemed to be the answer and he assumed command. He sought and obtained Soviet help in war materials and military personnel. With this he succeeded in establishing a new regime, and he issued an Eight Point Proclamation that was to set the keynote for his administration. They were as follows:

Racial equality; Religious freedom; Equitable distribution of agricultural and rural relief; Reform of government finance; Cleaning up of the government administration; Expansion of education; Promotion of self-government; Improvement of the judiciary.

Once Sheng had eliminated internal rebellion, unified Sinkiang and established a firm authority, he formulated his six-pointed national policy, chief among them being anti-imperialism, peace, reconstruction and kinship to Sovietism.

The high priority given to anti-imperialism was natural and necessary. Behind the facade of the racial and cultural complex that is Sinkiang, many a major imperialist force had played a hand. As the 19th century outpost for the commerce of China, Russia, Britain and Japan, Sinkiang had seen her frontiers patrolled incessantly by the armies of most of them while her broad expanses were plagued by the counter agents of the same powers. Above all was the tragic tale of China's exploits in this region. It therefore seems logical that Sheng should get the necessary aid from the Soviet and orient the country towards this powerful neighbour.

Amazing Progress

The outbreak of open Sino-Jap hostility in 1936 made Sinkiang an obvious region for Sino-Soviet compromise, and through communications between the two countries through Sinkiang became practicable. Sinkiang moved a step closer to the Soviet, especially as Soviet aid to China began to flow through her. In the same year Sinkiang's three year plan of reconstruction was initiated with Soviet aid, under which Sheng received a loan of 15 million roubles. With this he launched out on the industrialization of the country and

for this purpose set up the Development Corporation and Reconstruction Commission. A network of local co-operatives also came into operation. Education made a leap forward. A special emphasis was also laid on the preservation and development of various cultures through cultural societies, and a number of newspapers came into vogue. A substantial part of the loan went also towards the stabilization of the currency. Large scale agricultural improvements were undertaken through reclamation and irrigation. This is distinctly traceable to Soviet influence and technical aid.

Vast progress has been made in animal husbandry for which the country has now become noted. Sinkiang began to work in close collaboration with the Soviet even while the Chinese Central Government was at war with the Communists. This arrangement seemed of mutual benefit to the parties concerned.

For the Soviet, Japanese penetration of Northern China meant a terrific upset of the whole strategic orientation of that region endangering not only the Soviet Maritime Province and Mongolia but the whole Russian position in Central Asia. For Manchuria is really a continuation of the vast hinterland of Inner Asia. So, rapidly Soviet technical experts and military advisers and instructors were made available to Sinkiang.

Rapid Industrialization

Politically Sinkiang continued within the Chinese administration and its education grew out of the Three Principles of Sun Yat Sen. But there is no doubt that the vigour and novelty of the Soviet development across the border held far greater attraction for the Sinkiang people than the outmoded pattern of semi-mediaeval China. The industrial complex developed in Sinkiang is proof of that. For although the Chinese had long been aware of Sinkiang's rich mineral deposits, nothing had been done to exploit them. But under Soviet aid Sinkiang launched out on their development. Its oil veins have been opened for regular flow. Its gold mines, probably the richest in Asia, are in full operation, so also its coal, copper and iron. Other minerals such as alum, quartz, gypsum, nitrate, etc., are being rapidly opened up. Thus one sees today at work iron and steel

plants, sugar refining and canning factories. Above all the most impressive is the large hydraulic plant in construction. Other features of modern life are telephones and aviation.

Sinkiang's battle against inflation met with unusual success and made its price level the lowest in China. One heard wondrous tales that utter destitution had been overcome and one rarely ever saw a beggar in Sinkiang. Against the general Central Asian background Sinkiang's achievements are noteworthy. Over five centuries of decadence was transformed in a single decade. And there is no question that this is due to Soviet aid.

China Comes Back

While these changes went on, Sinkiang was kept practically isolated from the rest of China and the world, a self-contained autonomous unit. This was relaxed after the outbreak of war between China and Japan, further modified after 1939 with the opening of the Sino-Soviet air-route via Sinkiang. By 1942 the situation altered considerably with the increasing Russian preoccupation in the world war. By 1943 the Soviet had more or less abandoned Sinkiang. This was a signal for the Western powers, who as war collaborators of China, now began penetration of the country with plans for its development.

With the constant political shifts characteristic of the war period, Sheng began to play at opportunism to retain power. His policies swung from persecuting liberals and radicals to trying to get Sinkiang incorporated into the Soviet Union. The Chinese Central Government tried to seize this opportunity to come into the picture. Military men and material was soon concentrated at Sinkiang's doorway. Sheng's hold had weakened by now and corruption was rife once more. Sheng was replaced by a bureaucrat closely associated with the Kuomintang clique. Revolts broke out, some of them well organised. As the rebel forces approached the capital, General Chang concluded a compromise agreement with them under which a coalition Government was set up, suppression of non-Chinese nationals was to stop, magistrates to be elected, national scripts to be in official

use, and three regiments of the local Kuljas were to continue as peace guards.

Special significance is to be attached to this, first as these agreements were made in the larger context of Kuomintang-Communist peace-parleys under American aegis; second the Soviet had a very active hand in it through its Consul-General in Sinkiang.

Sinkiang Again Becomes Red

The agreement according to the Sinkiang Kulja representatives, was never implemented properly. They objected to the chairman appointed for the province. The general attitude of the new administration towards Sinkiang and its people as objects of exploitation, and the ruthless handling of local revolts in Turfan and Kashgar due to prolonged discontentment, led ultimately to the withdrawal of the Kulja representatives and many others from the Urunchi Provincial Assembly. Not all the threats from Nanking could bring them back. The split merely

widened with time and rent the country into small autonomous administrations established by the non-Chinese groups on a democratic basis. Sinkiang was in practice lost to the Kuomintang Government even without Russia and the Communists. They merely gave a form to the core which already existed. Sinkiang was inevitably on the side of the Red Revolution. That apart, its ties with the Soviet are very special. Unfortunately for the old China and her colleagues, they did little to win over Sinkiang. All the wondrous changes the Sinkiang people have come to enjoy, they reaped through Soviet aid and Soviet Russia to them seemed about the only friend they possessed. Sinkiang as an industrial potential is as important to China as Manchuria, and strategically even more so. Obviously these objectives can now be fulfilled only through Soviet aid again. It is equally a decisive region to Russia, and, therefore Sinkiang must once again figure vitally in any Sino-Soviet agreement.

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HEAVEN IS FOR THE BOLD

By **SANTHA RUNGACHARY**

THE girl stood on the threshold, her books in her hands and indecision and hesitancy on her face.

"They gave us the afternoon off at school," she said. "That is why I came early."

"Indeed!" I said as I pulled on my coat. "Do you live hereabouts?"

She looked at me without answering. I gave her a surprised glance and, too indifferent to care, resumed my dressing.

"Don't you write books in Telugu?" she asked.

"Why? Would you like me to?"

"Yes," she said naively, "then I will be able to read them."

"Why don't you learn English?" I retorted.

"I am going to," she said.

"What class are you in?"

"Third form."

"Half a dozen years more and you will be talking English as well as any one else."

"I hope to do it in less," she said coolly.

Manorama came in. "You haven't" she began and stopped as if petrified as her eyes fell on the girl.

"Why have you come back early?" she demanded angrily.

"School was over," said the girl glumly.

"Go now," said Manorama hurriedly, "go out and play and don't come back till dark."

"Wait a minute," I said. "What is all this about? Why shouldn't she come before dark? Who is she, anyway?"

Manorama looked at me, a shadow of fear in her eyes and said nothing. I turned to the girl.

"Who are you?" I said. "Where do you live?"

"I live here," she said slowly in a clear, firm voice. But she had hardly finished uttering the words before Manorama bore down upon her like a fury and snatching the books from her hands pushed her out.

"What is all this mystery about?" I demanded freeing the girl from the woman's clutch. "Stop handling that girl, you slut. Who is she? I asked you!"

Manorama stood behind the door and said nothing.

"She is my mother," said the girl.

"Mother!" I said astonished turning to the cowering creature behind the door. "Well, this is a nice surprise. So you have a daughter?"

The fear on her face answered me.

"Where have you been hiding her all these years? It is the cousin's doing, I presume?"

"Don't you speak to her like that," the girl hissed. "How dare you?"

Manorama sniffed. She was now ready to cry. She was a meek, youngish looking woman with the soul of a rabbit.

"Why do you let him come here, mother?" the girl demanded angrily. "He is always humiliating you."

"This can't be your daughter," I said to Manorama. "She is like a fury."

"Alright, she is," said Manorama wearily. "She is ten and so I had my first lover ten years ago. So now you know that."

"It doesn't matter to me in the least, I assure you," I said coldly.

"It doesn't?" she asked hopefully.

"Well, my dear, I didn't quite believe you had been an impregnable fortress before I came into your life," I said deriving an obscure pleasure from seeing her wince and I felt rather than saw the little girl stiffen with

anger. I collected my papers and went towards the door.

"Don't bother to keep her out till after dark," I said. "It seems to me she will get into more trouble with that temper of hers outside the house than inside."

"Yes," said Manorama meekly.

"The crumbs after the kick," the girl said twisting her mouth and flung herself out of my reach.

I opened the door and descended the steps to the road. I came back again and peeped in. The girl was nowhere to be seen. But Manorama sat on a chair, her head bent, staring at the floor with a grave expression of sadness on her face. Her hair was down and a long bunch of false hair lay on the floor. So her lovely black hair wasn't real after all, I thought. I closed the door carefully and left again. She had not even looked up. Or perhaps she had not heard me.

That was the end of pretences. The girl went about the house without trying to hide and came straight home from school calling to her mother and chattered endlessly and interminably of this and that. She was the most unlovable kid I had ever met. She was thin to the point of being scrawny, with a perpetual hungry look on her face. Her teeth which were small and pretty like her mother's were her best feature. Her eyes were not beautiful in the conventional sense but her look somehow always arrested your attention. It was so full of life, so vibrant and eager. But it betrayed her often for it was incapable of secretiveness or shift. When she was angry her eyes blazed and the child was often angry though the initial rupture between us had been patched up with the gift of a box of chocolates at my next visit. But she carried a grouse against me nevertheless and I could dimly discern it had something to do with her mother's relations with me. She was passionately attached to her mother but hated her when she was with me. I got used to seeing her about the house though I never developed an iota of tenderness for her.

And then one day when I visited Manorama the girl was gone.

"She has left town," said Manorama. "But where has she gone?" I asked

bewildered. "Don't tell me she ran away!"

"She has gone to her father," she said in the flat voice she adopted when she was angry or hurt. "I sent her."

"So you know who the father is?" I said. I did not mean to say it but the question slipped out. And technically, anyway, the question was quite justifiable.

Manorama gave me a calm look.

"You don't know that the world is bigger than you, do you?" she said.

"If you mean by that," I said stung, "that her father was a better man than I you are only forcing me to ask another question. Why did you leave him?"

"He left me," she said.

"So he didn't think you good enough, did he, and here I am picking at the debris. I can't exactly respect myself, can I?"

"There was no debris," said Manorama, "only a handful of ashes."

What did she mean? Furious I walked towards her.

"Alright," she said, "hit me."

"You whore," I shouted at her unable to control my disgust, "are you telling me you still want him and are living with me? And for what? Tell me that."

"You wouldn't understand."

"Why don't you go to him and grovel before him and ask him to take you back?"

"I would," she said, "if he was married."

"You would if he was married?" I said. "Aren't you making a small mistake? You mean you would if he was not married?"

"No."

"I understand," I said. "I suppose it gives you a kick when you are able to take a man away from a woman. You don't like bachelors or am I to flatter myself I am the exception in your life?"

"Married men would be more understanding. They would not be so twisted inside of themselves."

I could have hit her then.

"Are you telling me I am twisted inside myself?"

"Why don't you get married?" she

said wearily. "Why do you come here? Tell me that."

"Why do men go to strumpets? I should think you have had enough experience to answer that question."

"No, that is only incidental. You don't like to share your life, do you?"

"No, no, no. And a thousand times no. Women are insufferable enough as an occasional pastime."

"You have such contempt for us, haven't you?" she said. "You are not happy unless you are able to treat us like scum. I think you would be afraid to be intimate with someone you would have to respect."

"You are damning yourself."

"Yes, I am. I am low and base. And before you set me up in this big house with a steady income I was like the rest of them. Why not? We have to earn our living. But the men struck a bargain. They wanted something from me and I wanted something from them and there it ended. They couldn't humiliate me the way you do and they couldn't buy my soul. And when they went away I became a human being again, a person who spoke and cursed and laughed and ate, at least till the next night."

"Is this what I get," I said bitterly, "for making it possible for you to live decently like a civilised human being instead of like a worm on a rubbish heap?"

"I am grateful," said she without in the least sounding grateful, "but giving me all these hasn't prevented you from treating me like something without a heart and a soul and feelings, a thing on a bed which can be used and kicked away. You use more than my body. You make me serve as a whetstone for your ego. Every time you humiliate me it props up your vanity, gives you a sense of power. A wife would not put up with that nor even would the worm on the rubbish heap."

I left the house. I walked right round the town, furious and utterly humiliated and hurt. But I was back again at the house a week later. I did not mention our quarrel nor did Manorama. But I never touched her again though I frequented the house till the day she died, seven years later.

But before she died, Suseela had come home again. I was standing by

Manorama's bed watching the doctor anxiously as he examined her. He was a smug, self-complacent middle-aged man with short stubby fingers and thinning hair. He shook his head dismally when the examination was over.

"Must be careful," he said. "Must slow down."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"They all end this way," the doctor said. "They wear themselves out when they are young burning out their bodies with their passions. They deserve what they get alright."

"You rub the sore, doctor," said a fresh, young voice gravely from the threshold, "when you should bring the plaster."

Manorama sat up in bed and stared queerly at the visitor as if she couldn't believe this quietly dressed young woman with the proud bearing could be her daughter. But Suseela was beside her in a moment and running her young hand against the dry, hot skin on her mother's arm.

"Why didn't you write to me sooner, mother?" she said softly. "I would have come."

"I didn't want to have you fetched unless it was necessary," said Manorama.

"Necessary!" said Suseela quickly. "Don't be absurd. It is not serious, is it doctor?"

"She has got tuberculosis," said the doctor bluntly.

"This is only the beginning," I said glaring at the doctor for his tactlessness. "A change of air will do wonders for her."

But I knew I was deceiving myself. It wasn't the beginning, it was almost the end. For it was galloping consumption and three weeks later Manorama sat up in bed one night and coughed violently. In the middle of the cough she fell back and the breath went out of her. Suseela sent for me the next morning.

"She died last night," she said.

"When?"

"About midnight."

"Why didn't you send for me?" I said deeply moved.

"I didn't want to," she answered steadily looking at me but with no rancour in her voice. "You never

liked to come here at night, if I remember rightly," and left me with my dead mistress.

It was surprising how smoothly life went on after everything was over. Manorama's house automatically became Suseela's house. I was not sure how the daughter was going to take her mother's death and was a little apprehensive that I might be expected to act as her guardian until she settled herself. I hated to feel myself responsible to an intelligent, educated young woman who combined the poise and confidence of an adult with the natural gaiety and abandon of a child and who, unless the years had tranquillized her, concealed under a placid enough exterior the temper of a little devil. I wondered if she was going to move somewhere else for she looked absurdly incongruous in that drab little street where painted and sneering faces watched her as she went to the library or the post office, her only two ports of call in that town. She dressed in the simplest garments, wore no jewellery, did not paint even her fingernails and did all the housework herself. She was trying for a job as a librarian, she said, in one of the schools. Gradually as her shock over her mother's death wore off, she became more and more her usual self, a gay creature of infinite joy and abandon and a lovely little bundle of egotism to boot. I called at her house often and took her out for walks across the country.

"Aren't you going to move out of that house?" I asked one day.

"No," she said. "Why should I?"

"Well," I said, "you look rather different from the others, you know."

"I haven't noticed them," she said indifferently. It was evident she did not like to pursue the subject. The street meant something to her—perhaps merely a link with the past, a thing precious in itself.

"Do you think you will like working in a school?" I asked changing the subject.

"Oh yes. I want to be a librarian at least for five years and read all the books I can lay my hands on." She stopped for a second. "I have read your books," she said.

"One day perhaps," I said banteringly, "you will write a book of your own."

"I wouldn't dare," she said laughing. "It is easy," I said, not without an accent of pride, "it is just a question of sitting at your desk for so many hours a day."

"I think it is more than that," she said seriously. "If I were to write a book, I wouldn't be satisfied till I had scooped out my soul into it."

"My dear Suseela," I said, "you shock me inexpressibly. I am beginning to think you are quite old-fashioned, after all. If you dip your pen in your heart and write you would very probably write a lot of sentimental nonsense."

But she did not laugh as I expected she would.

"You don't think I have a sentimental soul, do you?" she asked.

"It is the age. Girls at your age all have sentimental souls."

"You think I dream of *wine and music still, and statues, and a bright-eyed love, and foolish thoughts of good and ill?*"

"I don't know about the foolish thoughts but the wine and music and bright-eyed love would very much be in the picture, I think."

"You don't believe in love, do you?"

"I would believe in it more if it was not such a damnably ordinary commodity in life."

"*Common as light is love but its familiar voice wearies not ever, remember?*" she quoted softly. "*Like the wide heaven, the all-sustaining air, it makes the reptile equal to the God.*"

"That is my objection," I said untouched. "There are too many reptiles donning the mantles of the gods. Give me a few honest, unpretentious reptiles and I am content."

"I suppose," she said, "you are one of those people who can't bear to see other people don the mantle of god." That made me absurdly angry.

"Don't be silly," I said forcing myself to take her meaning lightly, "I only meant if the beauty of love is going to make every reptile equal to God, I will be content to stand in the shadow of that beauty unhealed and watch the reptiles—and the gods—make fools of themselves."

"*Some there be that shadows kiss,*" she quoted joyously, "*such have but a shadow's bliss.*"

"Better by far the shadow," I said getting into her mood, "than hold the substance in your hand for a moment and lose it for all time."

"Isn't that just like you," she mocked. "I would prefer the one crowded hour of glorious life."

"You won't find it here," I said, "not in this stupid little town, anyway."

"Won't I?" she said enigmatically narrowing her eyes as she glanced at me and for a fleeting second looking absurdly like her mother.

"It is the city for you," I said, "some big, wonderful place with enough space to contain your joy and imagination and illusions. And anyway," I added turning to her with the question I had been wanting to ask her for months, "whatever made you come back here to settle? Couldn't you become a librarian in your father's town?"

"Oh, I wouldn't have been allowed to," she said scandalized but with a laugh in her voice. "I would have had to live *dully sluggardized at home wearing out my youth with shapeless idleness*. So I told my father, '*Father, thou prun'st a rotten tree that cannot so much as a blossom yield in lieu of all thy pains and husbandry*.' Yield a blossom in that soil, I mean."

I was enchanted.

"You have a nimble wit," I said not to be outdone. "I think it is made of *Atalanta's heels*."

"My father said he felt responsible for me," continued Suseela. "He said it was his duty to meet my every need. '*Reason not the need*' I said, '*our basest beggars are in the poorest thing superfluous*.'"

I collapsed with laughter against a tree.

"What a blasphemous wretch you are," I said. "He sent for you and educated you and this is what you say in return for his kindness."

"Kindness!" said Suseela scornfully. "It was hell's inner circle. What sort of a woman do you think my aunt was? A termagant, a vindictive, domineering haridan and the only time she smiled at me was when I said goodbye to her. And my father was putty in her hands."

"You know," I said remembering, "your mother loved him very much?"

"Did she?" said Suseela matter-of-factly. "More fool she lamenting a dead love when you were there."

I didn't understand her then. In my eyes she was not a woman but an entrancing child playing with life with a laugh in her eyes and a witty word on her lips. I must have been blind, I think. But I was nearing fifty and she was twenty, I was the empty shell of past passions, she was a radiant little bud tremulously opening itself to the sun. During the second year I saw much less of Suseela, my book keeping me engaged except for a little leisure now and then but I visited her whenever I could. Slowly it became apparent to me that she had changed in the past year. I did not notice it so much as *felt* it. She was restless, unpredictable, witty and gay one moment, intolerably rude another or disturbingly tearful. I spoke to her incessantly about my book though I could perceive it did not interest her much, but personal conversation only led to a scene and I hated scenes. I tentatively broached the subject of her future once and she turned on me like a fury.

"You didn't invest in my past," she said. "Why do you care about my future?"

"My dear Suseela," I said wearily, "what is the matter with you these days? I thought we were friends."

"Friends!" she flung at me. "How can anybody be friendly with a man who gives nothing and refuses to take?"

"I don't understand you."

"Oh yes, you do. You tormented my mother by treating her like dirt. You never let her get friendly with you, did you? You keep your cowardly, immaculate soul to yourself. My mother put up with it because she had to earn her living. But I won't."

I was deeply hurt.

"What you have just said means only one thing, that I do not treat you with respect or regard. You are mistaken. I have never met any woman before so charming and intelligent and wonderful. I think I have told you that before. And as for my treating your mother like dirt as you describe it I can tell you something you don't know. During the last seven years we were not living as lovers. We were friends and when

she died I felt something very dear and precious had gone. Will you believe me now?"

"I know about you and my mother during the last seven years, she wrote to me. But doesn't it strike you as very odd that when you thought she was stupid, meek, dependant you bullied her and loved her but when you found she had a spirit of her own and was worthy of regard you began to respect her, to be friends with her but you couldn't love her? It is a significant classification and I don't like it. That is all." She stopped suddenly as if it had occurred to her she was saying too much. It only convinced me that she was still carrying in her heart the resentment she had felt towards me as a child.

My published book was my peace offering. The sales were good, as usual, the critics who didn't matter were effusively admiring and the critics who did were politely disparaging—also as usual. Three days later I saw Suseela. She was brightly cheerful and scrupulously friendly but did not mention my book. I smiled formally and talked banalities with her until at last I lost patience and pointed to the book on the table.

"You haven't said anything about that," I said.

"Oh yes, of course," she said. "It comes up to the usual standard, doesn't it?"

"Which means, I suppose," I said, "that it does *not* come up to *your* standards?"

"I liked the hero," she said. "He was quite funny, wasn't he?"

"He wasn't meant to be funny."

"No? Then why on earth does he behave in such a scatterbrained, shallow manner? He refuses to face realities."

"You have been reading my reviews," I said furiously.

"I never read reviews," she said coolly. "There is no need. I can form my own opinions, thank you."

"You think the book is rubbish then?"

"Oh, no. It is second-rate, that is all."

I measured her up.

"You know," I said, "you are not too old to be beaten? I don't know why I put up with your insults."

"Don't you?" she said.

"You said I was the one who never gave. Do you realise you are also the same type?"

"Oh, you fool," she said angrily, "you don't know anything about women, do you? And you *dare* to write about life. If you want *compliments*, you won't get them from me. I don't disperse my praises as freely as my mother did. She fawned on you, praised you, waited on you hand and foot for your favours like a common...common..."

"Go on," I said, "say it. Like a common prostitute. It is true. She was a common prostitute but at least she was a woman."

"There, I knew you would say that," Suseela said triumphantly. "Yes, she was womanly. She petted you and flattered you and stuck you up on a pedestal and treated you like a god. You liked being on a pedestal, didn't you, and being able to look down on her? It gave you such a feeling of power, of superiority, a power which you couldn't have got the only way that all power should be got—as a spontaneous, involuntary appreciation of something great or genuine in you. And so you were content to remain a tin god and fill your lungs with incense. But I can't put you up on a pedestal, my friend. As far as I am concerned, you are on the earth alright. I might even say I am beginning to see your clay feet."

"Clever," I couldn't help sneering. "The stage has evidently lost a great tragedienne when you decided to devote yourself to literature."

"Why haven't you got married? Tell me that."

"You are your mother's daughter alright. She asked me the same question. I didn't get married because a woman would have interfered with my work."

"No, that is not true," said Suseela getting slightly hysterical. "I will tell you the real reason. You are afraid. You are afraid to be bound for life to a woman who might prove herself to be morally or intellectually your superior. You are constitutionally incapable of giving of yourself to anyone except somebody who deserves nothing but your contempt. You need adulation and homage to preserve your ego. You can admire yourself only by comparing yourself to dross. You won't share because

sharing would mean equality and it would mean your ego will receive no special treatment. That is why you will never marry or love a woman who is not quite beneath you intellectually and morally. That is why you walk these narrow, twisted bylanes of this town searching for trollops whom you can use and throw away—just like that. That is why you have never been able to write a really great book. You cannot. There is a lack inside of you, which seems to me a perversion of the very soul."

"Well," I said, infuriated by her venomous, graceless tirade, "this decides it. I am leaving town in a day or two. This is goodbye, I think."

"This is so sudden," said Suseela, her face white. "You are not going away?"

"I decided just now. I have been turning the matter over in my mind for some time. And I am leaving. For good. Why not? There is nothing to bind me here. No associations, no friends. It is time I thought of a place to settle down. Who knows," I added lightly, "I might even get married and straighten out the—what did you call it?—the perversion of my soul."

Suseela gave me a small smile.

"That I doubt," she said. "You will take up again with somebody like my mother and live safe and secure in the paradise you would create for yourself."

"You speak, my dear Suseela," I said forcing myself to remember my manners, "as if you knew who she would be. And anyway, where do you come in your life?"

"Some lives never meet," she said softly, "though they go wandering side by side through Time, do they?"

"You and I?" I said. "You forget, my dear, that I discovered you all by myself one day on my doorstep."

"You are really going?" said Suseela in a low voice as I rose.

"Yes," I said without flinching. "Shall I light the lamp for you before I go? It is getting dark."

"Don't worry about me. I am not afraid of the darkness," she said in a still, quiet voice. "Don't you remember the night will pass, the dawn will come, Man's path lies upward

through the stars and Heaven is for the bold?"

Happy, satisfied, I wandered here and there for three years before thoughts of Suseela again came to me. What was she doing now, I wondered. Perhaps she was a teacher somewhere or was married and might even be a mother. I wanted to see her again and be friends with her again. I had left fifty behind me. Who knew I might even ask her to come and live with me as my daughter and talk to me sometimes, of course if she had no ties of her own. I went back to my little town and to her house. She was not there, there were strangers in the house. Puzzled I questioned many people. Where was Manorama's daughter? At last an old pimp in the house opposite answered my question. She had moved to the other side of the town, he said. Good, I thought, she had moved away from this evil, foul street to some decent place. It proved she was shaping her life successfully. As I walked the three miles to the address the old man had given me I suddenly felt intensely discouraged and depressed. Why rake up this past association again? She had gone her way and I mine. We had nothing to bind us together, even the memory of Manorama was a vague blur in a misty past. Our last quarrel rose disturbingly in my memory and I tried to remember the words she had used, the look on her face as she said them. But immersed in my thoughts I had kept on walking and suddenly found myself standing before a small house in a narrow street, a house dingy and dark with cheap bright curtains at the windows and an air of superficial glamour about it. This couldn't be the house. But wanting to make myself certain of it I tapped on the door. "Come in," said a woman's voice. I stepped into a room the only light into which came from a small open window. There was a bed immediately under the window and on it sat a woman. Her arms were raised above her head arranging a chain of flowers in her hair while she, frowning, peered into a small mirror which she had propped up on the bed. I stood inside the threshold and closed the door after me. She looked up. Her cheeks were red, her upheld arms and ears

sparkled with jewellery, her eyebrow was a thin black line, her smile wide and entirely without gladness. The sari on her bosom was carefully disarranged. The room was hot and stuffy and stank of everybody's favourite scent. She looked exactly as her mother had looked the day I opened another door in another house in this same town.

"Is it really you?" I said.

"You have come?" she said. We had spoken together. It was as if bars of music had crossed. But it was only for a moment. The next she was at my side with a bound.

"Go away," she said. "I don't want you here."

"No."

"You are not going to stay?"

"Yes."

"No," she said, "no, no. I don't want you here. Please go away."

"I told you no."

She flung the door open and pushed me and as I resisting seized her wrist her bangles broke in a tinkle of coloured glass pieces. There was blood on her wrist and on mine too as she collapsed sobbing against the wall and I felt the onrush of an animal passion for her I had never felt before nor ever dreamt I could feel for her.

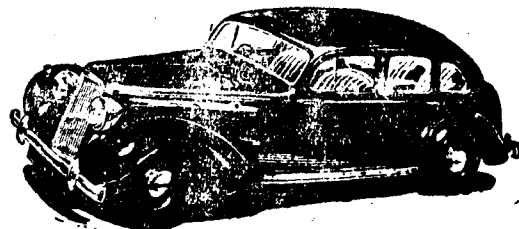
The last faint glow of evening came in through the window and lighted up Suseela's face. In her eyes in this her moment of utter degradation was a look of quiet triumph.

And I understood.

I never wrote another novel again.

Woodrow Wilson believed in himself and clearly perceived the star of his own high destiny. Once Stephen Wise asked Wilson, "When did you first think or dream of the Presidency?" His answer was startlingly simple. "There never was a time after I entered Davidson College in North Carolina when I did not expect and did not prepare myself to become President of the United States."—Challenging Years (Putnam).

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ORGANISING THE KISANS

By Dr. J. C. KUMARAPPA

WITH the advent of independence and a measure of democratic Government the common masses are coming into prominence. The politicians are wooing them for their own political ends. They are largely looked upon as possible voters, and they have their importance, from that point of view, for securing places in the legislatures. Apart from this the masses remain outside the pale of high society. The masses in India largely consist of farmers. They are generally uneducated and detached from the urban population. Their problems are different and they look upon themselves more or less as a distinct class though within themselves they have a great many divisions. These people are as yet unconscious of the power they can wield in a truly democratic State and they are still unaware of their political status. On the whole they are a peaceful people only wanting to be left alone to carry on their peaceful day-to-day avocations. They ask little or nothing else.

Attempts To Win Kisans Over

The change in the political situation in the country has brought about a complete change of attitude over the politically minded people. They are now looking to the rural parts for their votes and, therefore, they are turning their attention to find out possible ways and means of winning the votes of the masses, especially the farmers. Various schemes are afloat to win their favours. A good many parties are organising work among them to obtain their confidence. But they are not working on congenial lines. They adopt the technique of organisation that has been followed in consolidating factory labour. But the problems connected with land are very different and therefore this method of working is not likely to bring forth the desired result.

Organising Industrial Labour Easy

For, in the industrial section there are practically only two parties closely concerned,—the Industrialists and Labour. The labour forces are made up of persons whose angularities have been rounded out in urban life. Whatever castes or creeds may have for-

merely divided them, they are now generally sunk in the labour slums and in the hardships of city life. They are trained to work together in their one objective of getting what they can out of their employer. They are also usually a compact mass,—thousands of them working under the same roof for the same employer. This makes the organising of such people comparatively easy. There is unity of purpose, proximity of situation and absence of a variety of divisive factors amongst themselves. Hence it is comparatively a simple matter to organise such a labour community into a compact whole and discipline them to act in harmony.

The capitalist himself does not generally command the sympathy of the public. He stands alone as against the mass of the people. If there is a conflict the labourers are in a position to organise public opinion in their neighbourhood among people who are likely to have a close knowledge of their problems. Hence all that is required to organise factory labour is to take care of the financial position by obtaining adequate funds, which will make the labourers resist the capitalist by means of strikes, at least for a little while, until the employer finds his position an impossible one. In this manner the organisation of industrial labour is comparatively a simple one. They can act as a single body against a limited antagonist.

Agricultural Landlords' Position Strong

The problem in the agricultural sector is wholly different. The instrument of production, the land itself, is held by a multiplicity of owners under a variety of tenures. The land also varies in quality and kind. Some are good for intensive cultivation, others for extensive catch crops. The treatment required in these soils also vary accordingly. The nature of the people who own these lands differ from place to place. Some are willing to work on the land, others are absentee land-owners and a great many are partial cultivators. In between these land-owners and the labourers there is a host of intermediaries with varying rights and points of outlook. This class of land-owners are usually

highly influential and form the bulk of the middle class society. They are in a position to veer round public opinion in their favour. A great many of them are substantial men with sources of income other than land. Some are lawyers, medical men, engineers and so on. Therefore their sustaining power, in case of a conflict, is great. Their bargaining power too is considerable as compared to that of the labourers working under them. They command a respectable place in society and have considerable influence with the Government. While the capitalist stands alone as against thousands of his labourers the landlord has only to handle a few men at a time. Therefore his strength is comparatively greater.

Simple Kisans' Position Very Weak

The land labourers on the other hand are not as well knit as the industrial labourers. They have to contend with several forces working against them. The land labour force consists of different types of castes and creeds which, along with their ignorance, divides them into a multiplicity of sections, with no cohesive force to bind them together. Generally they are scattered and have little time to get together to consider their common interest. Financially they are poor and have no resisting power as against the wealthy landowners. These men live at very primitive conditions and have absolutely no social position or means of influencing the Government. As they live from hand-to-mouth they have no sustaining force nor bargaining power. The divisions amongst themselves and the differences in communities prevent them from coming together to present a united front. As a rule they are highly individualistic and undisciplined. Their case gets hardly any publicity and therefore it has not the support of public opinion. Under these conditions they stand exposed to all manner of cruelties and injustice.

Leftists' Approach Not Successful

The Socialist and Communist parties have started work in many parts amongst these helpless cultivators. But in a great many places their work cannot be said to be selfless as a good deal of party interest is infused into

it. The attempt is similar to those of the old Christian missionaries who through some welfare work tried to add to the numbers of their flock. Their work also follows the pattern which is employed in industrial labour unions. As we have already seen, industrial labour is different from field labour. Their problems are different and the characteristics of the labour forces are also variegated. Living in ignorance and extreme poverty in rural parts they are still ridden with caste feuds which keep them apart. It is therefore necessary for us to develop a technic that is suitable for the problem before us.

Organise "The Consuming Public"

A fundamental change is necessary in our approach to the work of organising the kisans. Unlike industrial labour, which has largely only two factors at conflict, namely the capitalist and labour, the agricultural sector has really a triangular set of interests. Apart from the landowner and the field labourer, the general public is interested in the utilisation of land for the purpose of production of food for itself. A land that is left without cultivation is a liability on society no less than on the landowner. Hence the public are vitally interested in seeing to it that the land is put to the best use. Therefore, the line of attack of those who wish to rectify injustice in agrarian disputes will be to organise this third party—the consuming public—rather than labour itself. So it will be necessary to conduct a campaign of education to bring into touch the consuming public with the agrarian problems, arouse their interest in the affairs of landless labourers who in fact feed them. Once the public is conscious of its own interest and the danger to it by agrarian oppression it will be possible to manoeuvre public opinion in favour of the kisans and get their wrongs righted without throwing an undue burden on their tender shoulders. Up to now there is hardly any organisation which has tapped the third party interest to settle agrarian disputes.

Once public opinion is aroused the Government machinery can be more easily set in motion in favour of food production than by the cry of social injustice. The awareness of the danger of food shortage will marshal in the forces working towards agrarian peace. By so doing the land-

owners' case will be exposed and they will appear as public enemies if they withhold their lands or make undue claims on the cultivators. Today in many parts of the country more than 50 per cent of the produce of land is taken away by this parasitical sector of society. Our efforts should be directed towards eliminating this sector and increasing the return to the

actual cultivator. By strengthening the latter we contribute towards the solution of our food shortage. It is hoped that all workers amongst the kisans will turn their attention to this problem whether they be Communists, Socialists or Gandhian constructive workers and apply themselves to the right corner of the triangle to enable a satisfactory solution of the problem.

THE KOREAN FLARE-UP

By V. S. RAMAKRISHNAN

IT was very unfortunate that just at the time when celebrations were going on all over the world on the occasion of the United Nations Organisation's fifth anniversary, war should have broken out in Korea. The early morning of June 25 was the time fixed by the authorities of North Korea for declaring war on South Korea after claiming that South Koreans had attacked three places along the border between the two States, the 38th Parallel, described by the PTI-Reuter Correspondent as one of the "flash-points" in the cold war in the Far East.

Ever since the dramatic walk-out on January 13 last from the Security Council by the Russian member, followed by a similar action in over twenty-five U. N. bodies, over the failure of Russia's demand to oust the Chinese Nationalists' representative and to make the Communists' representative take the place instead, forecasts regarding an imminent showdown between America and Russia have not been wanting. These forecasts gained strength and momentum whenever mutual accusations were made by the two Power Blocs—and such accusations were on an average more than one in a day from America alone! In view of this, the element of surprise in men's minds over the Korean affair would not have been over the outbreak of hostilities in itself so much as in the place affected.

When the Japanese surrendered in 1945, the 38th Parallel was arbitrarily fixed by the Russian and American authorities as the frontier-line. It was agreed at a meeting of the Foreign Ministers of Russia, America and the United Kingdom, in December 1945 at

Moscow that the independence of Korea would be brought about as soon as possible and a Joint Commission was set up to work towards this end. But, as in the case of every body in which America and Russia sat together, this Commission did not seem to have worked smoothly as indicated by the United States delegate to the General Assembly on September 17, 1947, when he requested the Assembly to include in its agenda "The Problem of the Independence of Korea." He charged Russia with having non-co-operated with the other members of the Commission in its efforts to unify the whole country and suggested that the General Assembly should authorise his country's forces to conduct an election in Southern Korea, i.e. south of the 38th Parallel, to create a stable Government. Russia retorted that the December, 1945 meeting at Moscow specifically empowered the Joint Commission to consult the various political parties in the two zones in its consideration of the whole problem and that the United States did not see eye to eye with Russia in this respect. Whatever that be, this debate resulted in the setting up of a Temporary Commission on Korea to discharge the task of peace-making by unifying both the zones and creating a Government and a National Assembly on the basis of fair, democratic, elections. The U. N. Commission (of which India is a member) was, however, refused entry into their territory by the North Korean authorities last year. Hence, two Governments were functioning on both sides of the war-time boundary of 38th Parallel—a Russian-backed Communist Government in Northern Korea and an

American-backed Government in South Korea.

The Security Council met at Lake Success a few hours after the "civil war" broke out and passed two resolutions—both sponsored by the United States—in the second of which it recommended to all U. N. members "to furnish such assistance to the Republic of Korea as may be necessary to repel the armed attack and to restore international peace and security in the area." President Truman, acting as Commander-in-chief of the American armed forces, ordered on June 26, American air and sea forces into action into Korea to give the South Korean Government troops "cover and support in their resistance to the Northern Korean invaders." Another order on June 30 authorised "the U. S. air force to conduct missions on specific targets in Northern Korea, wherever militarily necessary, and a naval blockade of the Korean coast." General MacArthur was authorised to use certain supporting ground units. Since June 25, American air force and naval units immediately available in Japanese waters have been in action in the Korean theatre.

The British Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, told the House of Commons on June 27 that "the scale and intensity of the attack in Korea leaves no doubt that this is a full-scale invasion" and announced on June 28 that Britain had decided immediately to place her naval forces in Japanese waters at the disposal of the Americans. On June 29, Australia followed Britain and the New Zealand Prime Minister pledged his country's support. South Africa said that she "would give careful and sympathetic consideration to any appeal for assistance" and Canada also announced that three Canadian destroyers on the Pacific coast had been ordered to go into action off Korea, if needed. Sweden has refused to give any aid and a representative of Mr. Trygve Lie, the Secretary-General of the U. N., told the Security Council on June 30 that 17 Governments had endorsed the U. N. call for aid to South Korea.

The position of Russia *vis-a-vis* Northern Korea is yet to be made known, though it was an open secret that ever since the occupation of that zone by Russians in 1945, a Commu-

nist Government on the lines of those in Eastern Europe and in China, had been functioning, actively aided by Russia with war supplies. This is but a natural corollary to America's support to South Korea to the tune of about 120 million dollars in 1949 alone. North Koreans are reported to be using Russian made tanks and other war weapons in their invasion. Russia has not said one word on the affair except to state that "the decision of the Security Council on the Korean problem has no legal force" in reply to a message from Mr. Trygve Lie forwarding the text of the Security Council resolution which called on U. N. members to help South Korea. In reply to a United States Note to Russia, asking Russia to use her influence to bring about a withdrawal of the North Korean troops, she has stated that the invasion is not going on at the initiative of North Korean authorities, but only after the South Koreans attacked three places along the border first.

It is fairly clear that this serious outbreak is a climax of the "cold-war" drama of the big powers. President Truman told a press conference on June 29 that "the U. S. is not at war" and described his country's action as a U. N. police action to suppress a bandit raid on the Republic of Korea. That may be so, but what of the actual nature of events? It is the same East-West conflict and this has been amply illustrated by the alignment of powers. Perhaps, Egypt was the only country not to be overtaken by emotions. Her delegates told the Security Council that the Korean conflict was "in fact but a phase of the divergence between Eastern and Western blocs" and, secondly, that there had been several cases of aggression and violation of Charter articles which had been submitted to the U. N. and upon which no action had been taken. Egypt may have her own reasons for withdrawing her support, based probably on the treatment she has received so far at the U. N. hands over her trouble with Israel.

India has accepted the Security Council's second resolution which recommends to U. N. members "to furnish such assistance to the Republic of Korea as may be necessary to repel the armed attack and to restore international peace and security in the area." Our Government are satisfied

that an actual war is going on in Korea and the implication of their acceptance to the resolution is that they subscribe to the Security Council's decision to the use of force as the only measure to save the situation. This entails hard-thinking and a very cautious approach and our Government have done well to reiterate that their decision "does not, however, involve any modification of their foreign policy." The Government's communique adds, "This policy is based on the promotion of world peace and the development of friendly relations with all countries; it will continue to be determined solely by India's ideals and objectives." It is inconceivable that we should send our forces to Korea to take part in what President Truman has preferred to call as "a U. N. police action," involved, as we are, in the Kashmir affair.

The world has enough reason to feel satisfied at the prompt and effective handling of the situation by the United Nations and the aggressors will before long have to rue their rash step. But, the danger is still there that the U. N. may possibly become more and more American-controlled; for without a permanent member in the Security Council, i.e. Russia, and the fate of another permanent member, i.e. China, hanging in the balance, there is some force in Russia's contention that the Security Council's resolution for aid to South Korea has no legal force. Of course, Rule 17 of the Provisional Rules of Procedure states that "any representative on the Security Council to whose credentials objection has been made within the Security Council shall continue to sit

with the same rights as other representatives until the Security Council has decided the matter," and Russia's continued boycott of the Security Council may be held by the American bloc as illegal. But, we have seen that the Big Powers have failed to demonstrate those friendly relations which used to characterise their actions during war years.

Events are moving fast and everyday will undoubtedly bring serious news that will stir up men's minds. Conjectures are many and wild already. The American Senate which was split up till the Korean flare-up over the aid-to-Korea measure, sank its differences and President Truman signed a 654 million dollars Appropriations Bill including 50 million dollars for economic aid to Korea; and, while first announcing American aid to Korea, he ordered acceleration of aid to Indo-China, Siam and the taking over of operations from the Chinese Nationalist Government at Formosa.

The situation is, however, not without its good features too. On July 1, 1950 came the heartening news that talks were held between the six non-permanent Security Council members in the offices of the Indian delegation under the leadership of our representative to the Council, Sir B. N. Rau who is also the President of the Council for June. The meeting was held to consider a possible last-minute mediation attempt to stop the Korean War. If these "small powers" succeed in bringing about a cease-fire, if not a permanent cessation of conflict, they would have rendered a very good service to the ideals of the U. N. Charter.

Dr. P. T. Raju, Dalmia Professor of Philosophy, University of Rajputana, Jaipur, who is returning to India after working in the United States as a visiting professor for a year.



Conference at Honolulu, Hawaii, as a delegate from India.

In the Autumn Semester from October 1949 to February 1950 he worked as Tata Visiting Professor of Philosophy at the Asia Institute, New York. In the Spring Semester from February 1950 to June 1950 he was a Visiting Professor of Philosophy in the University of California, Berkeley. He gave the Woodward Lecture at Yale, spoke at the opening ceremony of the Mid-century Institute of Religions of the Boston University and lectured at Dartmouth, Pennsylvania, Princeton, North Carolina, Columbia and Cornell universities. Earlier he attended the East-West Philosophers

THE INHUMANITY OF APARTHEID

By MATTHEW HALTON

Worse than Hitler's discrimination against the Jews is the segregation of Negroes in South Africa, says the English clergyman who has taken up the torch.

Apartheid is a word that is becoming more familiar as its impact upon South Africa becomes more evident. What "segregation of the races" really means is brought home forcefully in this article by Matthew Halton, which came about as a result of a meeting with a modern crusader.

THE South African Government's policy toward the Negroes is breeding disaster for the free world. That policy is not only unjust—it is shameful. And it is not only shameful—it is suicidal folly. South Africa is sowing the wind. She will reap the very whirlwind she fears unless she changes her whole outlook and gives elementary justice to the great majority of her people."

The speaker was Rev. Michael Scott, one of the saints and crusaders of our day, describing to me the tragedy, the wrong and the folly of South Africa's treatment of its native races, and the explosion to which it is bound to lead.

The racial problems in South Africa is no easy one, and it is very serious. But let no one call us "glib" or say that we "don't understand the problems," if we condemn the obvious injustices. The essence of the problem is simple enough for anyone to understand. The Union has about 2,000,000 white citizens and nearly 9,000,000 Negroes who, though its natives, are not citizens. They are denied the elementary rights of citizenship and are often treated brutally.

The African continent is now in ferment, waking swiftly to legitimate aspirations for freedom and the better life. In some areas, especially in the British colonies, they are making progress. But in the Union, a nation of the Commonwealth, under the Nationalist Government of Dr. Daniel Malan, the tide is actually running backward, against the Negroes. The new policy of "Apartheid" segregates and discriminates against them more than ever. And it will poison Africa against the white race at a time when Communism is already at work with its gospel of racial equality and its

false but glittering promises of a squarer deal.

The white South Africans are afraid of losing their paramountcy—and fear drives, as it always does, to cruel and desperate expedients and panicky arguments. "Give the blacks equality," they cry, "and the Union will soon be overwhelmed by the tide of colour." To which men like Michael Scott reply coolly: "I do not believe it. You are now doing the very things that will drive them to rise some day and overwhelm you. But even if it were true—so what? What right have you to treat your fellowmen—in their own country—as pariahs and often as serfs?"

Crank Or Christian?

Three white men above others have spoken with clear voices for the Africans and are venerated by the black peoples as their greatest friends. The first was David Livingstone, the great Scots missionary and explorer, who gave his life for the Negroes. The second is Albert Schweitzer, scientist, philosopher and humanist, one of the greatest men of our century, whose name is a blessing in French Equatorial Africa. The third is this strikingly handsome, high-souled and fearless English clergyman, Michael Scott, who is devoting his life to redress the wrongs of the South African natives.

Michael Scott sprang to the world's attention last autumn when he won a hearing at the United Nations to present the case of the Hereros of South-west Africa, a people who have drunk to the dregs the cup of white injustice. Before 1914 the Germans set out deliberately to exterminate the Herero people, and they reduced their number by massacre from

80,000 to 15,000. After the war the colony was mandated to the Union of South Africa—and the Government has segregated the 40,000 people into eight separated reserves. Scott told the United Nations that South Africa had bombed and shot Hereros and other Hottentots, burned their windmills and houses and confiscated their cattle. The world listened to the story—but South Africa, a dominion of the Commonwealth, walked out of the U. N.'s Committee on Human Rights.

Michael Scott, 42 years old, a Christian in the true sense, first went to Africa when he was 19, after his doctor had recommended a warmer climate. He took work at once in a missionary leper colony, thus showing from the start the mould in which he was cast. On returning to England he worked in the London slums, and there sympathy for the weak and unfortunate grew in his soul. Then he went to India, and among the teeming hungry millions of Calcutta and Bombay he found full outlet for his devoted and compassionate nature. In the war he joined the R.A.F. When he was invalided out, he returned to South Africa and poured himself into his work in the black suburbs of Johannesburg, amid squalor, dirt, hunger and disease.

His one-man crusade against the South African Government's racial policy soon attracted attention. During the war there had been some talk even in the Union about a new deal for the natives, but after the war and the coming of the Malan Government it was forgotten. Scott became known as a "nuisance" and a "crank," an "agitator" and a "fanatic." But to the distressed Negroes his name became a call of hope in the darkness.

Soon he went to jail. In Durban one night he saw a white mob beating up some Indians of the passive resistance movement. He joined the fray—on the Indian side. He was arrested and sentenced to three months in prison. What he saw there among the black inmates turned his reforming ardour to white heat, and he produced a document which touched even some of the calloused consciences in the Union.

Fear And Greed

He went back to work among the people, was again arrested, this time

for living in "a non-European area"—an offence against the stringent racial laws. Then he went to the Transvaal, where forced labour on the farms in some districts amounts, he says, almost to slavery. The European farmers threatened to lynch him if he ever went back—so of course he went back. He was not lynched, but he was met by a howling white mob and refused a hearing. He then went to the United Nations on behalf of the oppressed Hereros. He has now come to England to try to arouse the churches to action—"before it is too late to save our own good name, or justice for the Negroes, or Africa itself from the disaster that is brewing." He is sponsored by Christian Action, a ginger group within the Church of England.

Tall and classically handsome, Michael Scott, at 42, has a lean ascetic face already showing the pallor and the lines of suffering. You are not with him five minutes before you know that here is no case of histrionics. Here is a zealot, but not a fanatic. His arguments are reasoned and temperate. He says the whole problem can be solved. "But fear and hate won't solve it. This problem involves the whole nature of man—moral, psychological and spiritual. There is a practical solution; even if there were not, we cannot compromise with the principles of justice and humanity. When will we learn that, in the long run, the right thing to do is always the expedient thing, and that the wrong thing never pays?"

I asked him to describe the essence of the South African problem.

"Fear and greed," he said.

"The fear that if they give the Negroes the rights of citizenship, they will soon be overwhelmed.

"Then the greed. We are in the hands of three powerful monopoly groups—the gold miners, the diamond magnates and the farmers—and cheap labour is the prime concern of all three. They are combined in an unholy alliance to keep the natives out of the skilled occupations, and so to keep them from getting the education that would take them out of cheap labour."

The greed for cheap labour, moreover, has broken up the social and domestic organization of the tribes. To

get enough money to pay his head-tax and his poll-tax, the Negro has to leave his tribe and family to work on a farm or in a mine. In some areas 60 per cent of the able-bodied males have gone. And they live in shanty-town slums, or "locations" as they are called.

"The break-up of the tribal organizations may have terrible results," said Michael Scott. "It is driving the natives to anarchy, nihilism and crime. Last year there were 860,000 convictions in African courts—in a country of 11,000,000 people. The natives now go to jail for anyone of a hundred technical offences under the racial law, and most of them don't even understand them. They are required to carry passes and cards for one thing and another—as many as five or six permits—which most of them can't read. Eighty per cent of them are illiterate. And the colour bar operates to prevent the native from using any skills he may be born with or acquire. He is barred from the trade unions. In many ways he is almost a slave, forced to earn his living far from his home. In the Transvaal the Ministry of Justice has allowed farmers to open a private jail, and has promised convict labour.

"I fear all this is a prelude to sinister developments in terrorism on the part of the natives—for which who could really blame them? Some day the Union will regret the shortsightedness and greed which has broken up the tribes."

"All So Unnecessary"

But, I asked, what is the answer to the Union's fear that Negroes, if given equality, would soon control the country?

"Really," said Michael Scott, "justice comes first, doesn't it? You can't base a civilization on wrong and brutality just to preserve the ascendancy or the dividends of a white minority! One would hardly think it was necessary to argue such a point. Are the whites to be allowed to use an argument that is poisoning race relations throughout Africa?

"The British have done many good things in other parts of Africa. They are trying to bring the Negroes to a state of responsibility and self-government. In British West Africa they actually have a majority in the legislature whereas in the Union, the natives are not allowed to vote or sit

in Parliament, though they are three-quarter of the population."

South Africa has now officially requested Britain to allow the native protectorate containing Swaziland, Bechuanaland and Basutoland to be included in the Union. "If Britain agrees," said Michael Scott, "it will be a ghastly breach of faith. For a century Britain has protected them against the Dutch and the Germans and, because of this, there is vast good-will for Britain. Can we really contemplate handing them over to the South Africans?"

The Malan Government's policy of Apartheid, of segregating the Negroes from the whites completely, said Mr. Scott, is far worse than Hitler's discrimination against the Jews. "In the Union it is a case of 2,000,000 of the boss race relegating the 7,000,000 others to serfdom. The Dutch reformed Church has made at least a sane suggestion, if not an adequate one, that the natives should be given land of their own and a measure of self-government. But that, little enough though it is, is too much for Malan and his supporters. It would stop the flow of cheap labour. Greed is stronger even than fear."

The tragedy of the whole racial policy in South Africa, he concluded, is not only its inhumanity to man, and not only that it is brewing up a terrible broth; it is that it is all so unnecessary. It is hurting the white man's own economic interests as well as the black's. There are many things that could be done to enrich the nation's whole economy and make possible a great expansion. The soil and the forests of Africa, for example, must be conserved before it is too late. In the Kalahari desert there are 2,250,000 acres of land that could be reclaimed by saving the water that now seeps away there. But racial fear encourages a tight and backward economy, without vision or imagination.

The South Africans will no doubt say there is another side to all this. But there is Michael Scott's story, and he is no raving demagogue. There is no justification in morality, no justification in logic and not even justification in self-interest for the Union's racial policy—that is his argument. And he adds: "We will face there one day a debacle or civilization."—*Copy-right.*

KOREA INVASION A FULL SURPRISE TO U.S. A.

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

WASHINGTON, 29th June 1950: An atmosphere of surprise and tension which resembled that of an earlier Sunday—the Sunday of Pearl Harbour, Dec. 7, 1941—was created in Washington by news of the invasion of South Korea by forces of Communist-dominated North Korea.

On that other Sunday there was certainty as to what had happened, what it meant, and what had to be done.

On this Sunday there was certainty as to what had happened but there was uncertainty as to what its full meaning was and what would have to be done by the United States and the other non-Communist nations of the world.

From Senators and from members of the House of Representatives and from officials in other branches of the Government came reflections of that uncertainty in such questions as:

Does the military action by North Korea have the full backing of Soviet Russia?

If it does, is it meant as a test to see what the United States will do?

Will the United Nations be able to do anything effective to prevent the localized conflict from spreading into something more serious?

If the United Nations is unable to move effectively—for lack of cooperation from the Soviet Union—will it degenerate into a mere debating society, making some other form of international co-operation or some form of power alliances necessary?

Of one thing there was no doubt. That was that the executive and legislative branches of the Government were taken completely by surprise by news that fighting had started.

Saturday last, Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson just returned from Tokyo, said he and General Omar N. Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, had brought back with them

"all the facts" affecting American security in the Communist-threatened Far East.

Again only last Saturday Senator Tom Connally, Democrat, of Texas, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, said that tensions in the Far East were less.

Only recently President Truman talked reassuringly about improvement in the chances for peace.

Only recently Senator Millard E. Tydings, Democrat, of Maryland, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, commenting on the foreign arms aid bill, said: "This seems to be a quiet period."

Last Sunday Secretary Johnson, speaking to reporters, would say only that the Defense Department is keeping President Truman and the State Department "fully informed" on Korean developments.

Asked if there was any possibility of the United States becoming involved in war because of the developments, Secretary Johnson said: "Can't answer that."

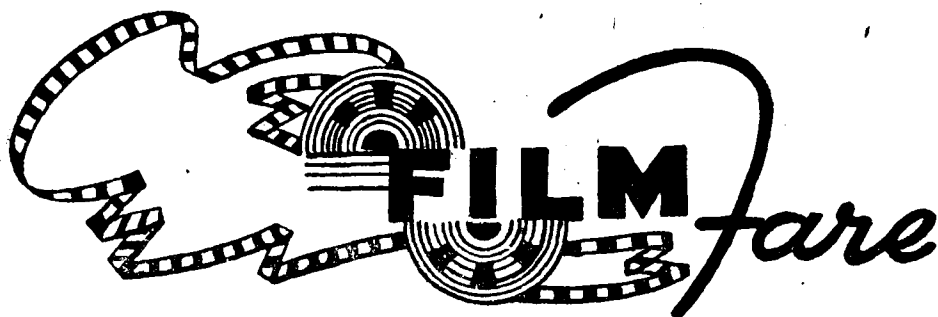
After his comment, Secretary Johnson, with General Bradley and Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, Chief of Naval Operations, left by plane to attend a civilian orientation conference at Norfolk Va., their schedule calling for them to return to Washington that very night to confer with President Truman and others.

At Norfolk, Secretary Johnson expressed confidence that South Korea will defeat Northern Korea's Communist-led forces unless Russia gives the invaders "substantial" help.

Senator Connally, an optimist yesterday, said today: "It has been referred to the United Nations, hasn't it? Well, we'll just have to wait and see what they do."

Other comments ranged from bellicose to cautious.

"Friends of Winston Churchill, on the eve of his 75th birthday, recalled a recent Churchillism: 'I am ready to meet my Maker. Whether my Maker is prepared for the great ordeal of meeting me is another matter.'—TIME.



By V. P. SATHE

BOMBAY: That the partition of India rendered millions of people homeless is a fact that needs no fresh emphasis. But among the millions so displaced were many film people—exhibitors, distributors, producers, stars and technicians. Almost all of them had to start their career afresh from scratch and the progress they have achieved during the last two or three years is so remarkable that one cannot help admiring their resourcefulness, enterprising spirit and business acumen.

Indeed, the refugees of yesterday are now almost controlling the film industry of India today. Though it is not possible to enumerate every individual achievement in this limited space, I would try my best to give some idea of what refugees have achieved in such a small period.

Last week I went to Indore to attend the premiere of *"Adhi Raat."* It was produced by a refugee producer from West Punjab, Kuldeep Saigal and what struck me most was the fact that, of all the places, in Indore it was being distributed by a Punjabi refugee distributor and exhibited in a theatre run also by a refugee exhibitor from Multan.

This combination of refugee producer, distributor and exhibitor was really striking and, during my stay in Indore, eating Punjabi food and hearing nothing but Punjabi being spoken in the circles which we moved in, I could not help feeling that I was in Lahore.

And behind the success of each one of these refugees was a tale of hard work, enterprise. Producers Kuldip Sehgal and Lekhraj Bhakri who had lost their theatres in Lyalpur had

made so good in the last three years that today they are making three pictures at a time, have an entire studio at their disposal, and have achieved a notable artistic and financial success with *"Adhi Raat."* Distributor Jagannath Dhand, also a refugee from Lahore, is the leading distributor today in East Punjab, and has prospered enough to open a new office in Indore for Madhya Pradesh and Madhya Bharat circuit. Exhibitor Khushi Anand, who had lost all his theatres in Multan, came to Indore without any money. He and his son, with the help of local businessmen, launched a distribution office and struck a fortune in their very first deal of *"Mela."* Now they are controlling a big distribution office and Indore's biggest theatre, *Raj Talkies* where *"Adhi Raat"* was released.

The most remarkable thing about their success is that none of them had sought Government help. They depended mostly upon their own ingenuity and have made good. These are but three symbolic instances; for there are many others who have done equally well and in fact some of them have done even better.

Even the refugees from Sindh are not lagging behind. In Lucknow, for instance, they are controlling many theatres; in Poona, Kalyan, Calcutta and many other centres the Sindhi and Punjabi refugees have acquired a good foothold in the exhibition trade. Now, the Sindhi refugees are taking interest in production, too. Firm Arts and G. P. Productions are both Sindhi concerns.

At this rate, it would be no exaggeration to say that the time is not far off when the so-called refugees will

dominate the film industry. Far from grudging this achievement, we must be grateful to them. For they have given a new life to the industry which was passing through the worst possible crisis in 1946-47, faced with the post-war slump; and to them mostly goes the credit for the present prosperity.

Pancholi, Shorey, Kuldip Sehgal, Mulk Raj Bhakri, Talwar—they are all the pillars of our industry today.

The Picture Of The Week

The most significant picture that I saw this week was *"Adhi Raat."* I had an opportunity to see it at Indore in a theatre which is definitely better than most of the Indian picture houses of Bombay and Delhi. Watching the picture with the small-town cinegoers I was struck by their intelligence as I found that, though the subject and treatment of *"Adhi Raat"* is quite different from the usual run, the picturegoers could not only easily follow it but correctly anticipate many of the forthcoming sequences.

Coming to the picture itself, it is a bold effort in more than one sense. For its story raises vital issues, presents them in a realistic manner and poses an important question to the society.

The question is: What should a wife, who finds it impossible to live with a man who has become a brute due to his vice of drinking, do? Should she commit suicide? Or should she seek economic independence and try to find a new life with a new man?

To the orthodox audience the very idea would appear shocking. But it is presented in such a human and convincing manner that even the most orthodox cinegoers cannot help sympathizing with the ill-treated wife, and hating her husband.

Both Author Abbas and Director Ojha have built up a strong case for divorce with a series of poignant and heart-rending situations. And yet they have avoided divorce in the end. In a skilfully-conceived climax they have tried to prove that the ill-treated wife was against the "badness" in her husband and the moment he became lame and dependent on her she is ready to stand by him at all costs, even at the sacrifice of her love. That the husband himself sacrifices his life to bring happiness to his wife lends sublimity to the ending.

It is this novel angle of the screenplay that has invested *"Adhi Raat"* with artistic charm and made it a poignant human drama. So in the end, the audience comes out with equal sympathy for the doctor, the drunkard husband and his wife, the trio around whom the whole story revolves.

For a change the story is set in Maharashtrian atmosphere. Nargis looks definitely charming in the Maharashtrian nine-yard saree; and dramatically this atmosphere is aptly exploited by giving importance to 'Mangal sutra'—a necklace made of black beads with two golden to distinguish it—which is regarded as the symbol of a woman's 'sohag.' The scene in which the husband sells the 'Mangal sutra' for a glass of wine is one of the dramatic highlights of the picture. The only possible thing that can be said against the story is that it appeals more to the mind than to the heart!

The direction reveals that in S. K. Ojha, India has one of the brightest young directors. His taking of the first dance is reminiscent of Shantaram's *"Padosi."* His use of the camera is imaginative and his handling of drama is sober and yet tense. The montage of liquor bottles is the directorial highlight of the picture. Ojha has been lucky to have as cameraman Keki Mistri who has done really a first rate job and so has art director More. There is depth, realism, artistry and imagination in direction, photography and settings.

It is a pity hence that in an otherwise realistic picture, the lavish home of the doctor and the fantastic house of Cuckoo are so unreal that they sound a discordant note. Similarly, though at least four songs are destined to be popular hits, I felt the songs are too long and too many.

Ojha was again lucky to have a good cast in Nargis who has given the best performance of her career, Ashok Kumar who is aptly restrained, Jeevan who is memorable in certain sequences and Kuldip who looks as superficial and gay as her role demanded.

"Adhi Raat" is thus a personal triumph for Producer Sehgal, Director Ojha and Author Abbas, who have all combined to give an artistic, unusual,



At the Cine News Social, Andheri: A group photograph of the stars and the scribes.

purposeful and, above all, a successful picture.

Star Of The Week

No artiste at least in recent memory can claim to have achieved stardom overnight with the notable exception of Nimmi.

She has been apparently the luckiest girl in the annals of Indian films. For, to her, success has come the most easy way; and ever since she appeared in "Barsaat" she has been riding on the crest of fame and fortune with no handicaps or hardships to halt her!

And yet life has not always been good to her. As is already known she is the daughter of that famous songstress Wahidan, who was also a film star. I still distinctly remember her in "Thokar" in which she played a vamp and "Ali Baba" in which she played the heroine opposite Surendra. Who would ever forget her duets with Surendra "Teri In Ankomê" and "Ham aur Tum"?

Well, she died in the early forties leaving behind her a teen-aged daughter as an orphan. Her name was Nawab Begum. Later she went to stay with her aunt—Jyoti, who was more famous than her sister as a film star. Again she was not so lucky; for Jyoti fell ill and had to give up acting and live on her meagre earnings.

It was thus in a far from happy state that she went to Delhi and lived over a year there. There she met the great distributor Lala Jagat Narayan who was naturally impressed by her and promised to give her a break in one of his productions.

But before that promise could materialize she migrated to Bombay and met Mehboob, who had cast her mother as heroine in "Ali Baba" and her aunt Jyoti in the romantic lead in "Aurat" a decade ago. Mehboob also could give nothing but a promise to cast her in his next picture. Those days he was shooting "Andaz."

And those also were the days when Raj Kapoor was in search for a girl to appear in "Barsaat." Mehboob introduced Nawab Begum to Raj—and a star was born? For, Raj decided there and then to cast her opposite Premnath in "Barsaat" and gave her a new name after the heroine of his first picture "Aag". Nawab Begum became Nimmi.

Unlike her mother she does not sing and, in fact, she had to have a play-back voice. Yet as an artiste she made a sensational hit in "Barsaat" which itself proved a phenomenal hit in Delhi. Though she had comparatively a very small role as she mostly appears in the beginning and the end of the story and in a few flashes in between, the character she was called upon to portray was important enough to make her famous. More so, since Nimmi invested it with a youthful charm and refreshing personality so strikingly different from the old stars whom the public was tired of seeing again and again. Happily for her she was called upon to maintain only one mood which she did so admirably and thus won the coveted stardom.

Since the release of "Barsaat" her stock in the star-market has been steadily rising. "Jalte Deep", "Aan", "Usha Kiran", "Shame Gam", "Deedar", "Banwara", "Ghungru"—are some of her new assignments which give an idea in how many pictures she is now appearing in at a time. And needless to add her value must be soaring with every picture. In fact the experts claim that she can demand half-a-lakh of rupees per picture now! Perhaps more. And all this because of the success of merely one picture. Truly, nothing succeeds like success.

However, it remains to be seen whether Nimmi can consolidate her success. Her acting talent as much as the fate of her pictures will decide that. For the present Nimmi has every reason to thank her stars for making her a star overnight.

Fond of wearing white saree and adorning herself with white flowers—at least that is how I saw her at the premiere of "Barsaat"—she is the most sought-after star by the Romeos in and out of film industry. But, though all sorts of rumours are prevalent so far, she is still unattached, living in the same house in which once Chandramohan lived and died.

MUKERJEE TO DIRECT COLOUR FILM!

Apropos the colour film that Filmistan is about to launch, the latest reports from Goregaon indicate that Producer Shashdar Mukherjee may direct the colour film himself—based of course on his own story-line. The same source reports that Naseem may have a stellar role in the colour film. Though Mukherjee has 'produced' a dozen hits this is the first time he will actually direct a picture.

Meanwhile, Filmistan has signed up I. S. Johar, the author of "Ek Thi Larki" to write one screenplay for Najm Naqvi's next picture and to write and direct one picture for Filmistan.

LOVE IN BATHING COSTUMES!

Which foreign picture holds the record for the longest run in Bombay? "Hamlet"? No! "Sitting Pretty"? No! It's "Bathing Beauty". The cine-goers went absolutely crazy over this picture.

It is this popularity of the "bathing costume" plus the urge to give something new, refreshing and daring in romance that seems to have prompted our producers to turn to bathing costumes, for love scenes.

In "Awaara" Raj Kapoor had the studio-floor dug and turned into a tank for the romantic scenes. And it took rare courage for Nargis to dive from eight feet height and for Raj to jump from just four feet height in the shallow water. No wonder, both of them were injured; but undeterred by scars and bruises both these gallant artistes carried on the shooting of the underwater romantic scenes, which at least for the Indian screen are a unique novelty.

Now we find that Nalini Jaywant and Asoka Kumar also are adorning bathing costume for romantic scenes in "Sangram." And I am told that the craze for bathing costumes

started by "Awaara" would now become a vogue in all our forth-coming pictures. So the latest in screen love-making on the Indian screen is the bathing costume. And to Raj goes the credit for starting this new vogue.

News Of The Week

—Kishore Sahu performed the muhurat of two new pictures on Wednesday 28th June at Shreekanth Studios, Chembur. The first picture is "Kalighata," a social film written, produced and directed by Kishore Sahu and the second picture is "Janmashtami" which proposes to be a film biography of Lord Krishna to be played by Bharat Bhushan and directed by Nanabhai Bhatt.

—Agha Jani Kashmiri has returned from his tour of the Middle East.

—Sadiq has come back from Lahore and is now concentrating on the shooting of "Pardes."

—Babubhai Mehta, of Jaisinh Pictures, has sailed for England to make a study of the film industry in U. K. and Europe.

—The final cast of Zia Sarhadi's "Ham Loge" is Nutan, Balraj Sahni, Kanhaiyalal, Durga Khote and Manmohan Krishna.

—Raj Kapoor, Nimmi and Premnath visited Hyderabad (Deccan) to attend the Silver Jubilee celebration of "BARSAAT."



A get-together at the Verseva Picnic Cottages, Andheri, last month, by Cine News—a Bombay film monthly known for its bright sobriety and its habit of setting unusual precedents. Left to Right: Daulatram, editor of Cine News, Ajit Merchant (Sunday Standard), Begum Para, Bakcolesh (Bharat), Shobana Samarth, K. A. Abbas (behind) and Premnath.

DARTS FROM THE CAPITAL

By "JUNIUS"

AFTER a three-week interval during which he crossed the equator, visited Indonesia, and (incidentally) Singapore, Malaya and Burma, Pandit Nehru returned to the Capital on Monday, July 26, a day none too soon. Before he could pick up the threads on the home-front or even speak aloud of his experiences in the South-East Asian countries which have always had a strange fascination for him, the flare-up in Korea between the North and the South altered the whole political perspective. Other things of immediate interest nearer home could wait, but one question arose which came to him as a challenge: "Where stands India in the larger scheme of things under the deepening shadows of this Far Eastern tragedy?"

Twice had the Cabinet met (with such members as were available) and discussed the question threadbare before issuing the Government communique defining India's foreign policy in regard to the Korean catastrophe. For all the responsibility that the Cabinet had taken, in this matter, India's foreign policy was, so to say, Pandit Nehru's personal 'headache.' It has been so for several years now. During the last decade of our struggle for freedom, it was what he said on foreign affairs that passed muster as the voice of India. Then he laid down the foreign policy of the Congress as the man to whom India owed her international-mindedness; now he shapes India's foreign policy as the Prime Minister-cum-Minister for External Affairs.

The communique issued by the Government of India in support of the U. N. stand on the Korean issue inevitably bears the imprimatur of Pandit Nehru's extraordinary personality. He is clear in his mind as to the course that India should adopt, having regard to her adhesion to the U. N. Charter and her own declared policy of neutrality.

India firstly, holds North Korea guilty of aggression against the South and thus upholds the U. N. verdict, and secondly she adheres to her policy of neutrality and endeavours to bring

the Korean conflict to an end through mediation and negotiation.

Pandit Nehru has never left the world in doubt about his views on foreign politics. He hated fascism: he still hates totalitarianism of any kind—and imperialism of any brand. He is against colonialism in Indo-China and Malaya as much as against racialism in South Africa. He is against aggression in any part of the globe. He is against war, hot or cold. And it is within the limits of this ideology that he lives, moves and has his being—and in the circumstances of a given situation seeks to determine and define India's role. Personally he has no regrets if people think—and some, in fact, do—that he is losing on the Russian front by his leanings towards the Anglo-American resistance to Communism, and on the Anglo-American front by not being a whole-hogger. He has no regrets because he has no favours to seek. And in so far as it lies with him to be the arbiter of India's destinies—and he has no competitor within sight—there will be no deviation by a hair's breadth from the path of neutrality in the power-politics of the day, while, if events force him into a struggle, he will, however reluctantly, line up with those who have an enemy of civilisation to fight against—and a cause to fight for.

Delhi knows her Panditji and is with him on the question of North Korean aggression, though there are some elements ranged against him on the unwarranted assumption that he is slowly playing into the hands of subtler diplomats who are anxious to exploit his personality for their ends which are not his. Those nearer him, however, maintain that he is wide-awake and alert and completely free from group-commitments. For some-time to come he has no time to think of home affairs, except that he will stake his all, it is said, on keeping the balance between the Cabinet and the Planning Commission as much undisturbed as possible. His presence in Delhi offers little encouragement to those who are mischievously inclined to pull the Planning Commission down.

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SIDELIGHTS : :

No government ought to exist for the purpose of checking the prosperity of its people or to allow such a principle in its policy.—BURKE.

A brilliant student whose application for admission into the medical college had been turned down last year, rushed into the house of one of the members of the selection committee.

"Don't you admit that I am entitled to a seat?" he asked.

"Yes, you are" said the member of the committee.

"Have you not given seats to some who, in comparison with me, are much less qualified?"

"We have" admitted the member.

"Is it just?"

"No."

"Why do you do it, then?"

"We have no option. Our hands are tied. We have to apply rules not of our making and we have no discretion to swerve from them."

The student blazed into indignant remonstrance. "You are agents for the execution of wrong principles which you yourself admit to be incompatible with justice," he shouted. Quivering with anger he cried at the top of his voice: "This is a wicked society. From the time I was a kid I had a keen desire to render service to society. I thought I could do so best by becoming a doctor. For years I dreamed of the good I could do to others as a doctor. But now I find there is no room in this society for such as I. It encourages only the exploiters that swindle it. Such a society does not deserve to exist. It deserves to be destroyed. From now on, whatever the consequences to myself, I dedicate myself to the sacred task of destroying this vicious, wicked society."

So saying he rushed out and was never seen afterwards by the member of the selection committee from whom I heard the story.

It would not matter so very much if here and there a disgruntled spirit runs amok vowing vengeance for a real or fancied wrong. But when the

best brains in a community are inflamed into a retaliatory mood in direct consequence of experiences rooted in injustice, the unsettlement they can create cannot be countered by police measures however severe, ruthless, comprehensive and well-planned. Men driven to desperation are not cowed down by the police, and instead of quailing at the miseries that the police can inflict, they greet them as a glorious triumph of their martyred lot. While spending so much energy to suppress the Communists, it is strange that the Government do not realise that their own policies are among the most potent of forces to turn people into Communists. In the ranks of the terrorists of old, there used to be a generous sprinkling of disappointed lovers. Frustrated in love, they found in recklessness a refuge from the heart's anguish, and in the thrill of a headlong rush to danger and death, they found a doleful substitute for the joyful honeymoon with a bride that had been denied them. The devilry of a handful of revolutionaries who gambled wildly with their lives sufficed therefore to give a continual headache to a mighty Government; and eventually it was not the terrors of police repression, but the disarming power of the Mahatma's appeal, that brought round the revolutionaries and impelled them to abandon their cult of the bomb.

The very reverse of the creed of the Mahatma has been brought into operation now to give a fillip to the Communists, nullifying from one side most of the efficacy of the police measures planned from the other end to put down the Communist menace. The Communists flourish in an atmosphere of violence. Violence is a natural offshoot when practices seething with injustice get firmly established with no prospect of their being corrected with nonviolent or constitutional means. The phenomenon in South India is the employment of political power communally to disestablish merit to the persecution of minority communities, and the hurt of the nation integrally. The administration is packed with able men

suppressed, boiling with a sense of injustice, and inferior undeserving men, pampered, lording it over their betters. There are two classes of citizens, the privileged and the disfranchised. It is a sort of Apartheid under a deceptive democratic cloak. South African Apartheid has given the Communists just the chance for which they had been hungering. South Indian Apartheid cannot but promote a great manufactory of Communists in its area under official auspices.

The plight of refugees from Pakistan housed in Madras is pitiable. They are huddled together at the rate of a dozen in a room, and several of them have not even the protection of four walls, being consigned to sheds in the manner of cattle. The photographs printed on this and the cover page reveal the impress of deep gloom on their faces. It is but a faint sign of the despair of their souls. Sri O. P. Ramaswami Reddiar when he was Chief Minister gallantly proffered hospitality to these refugees but neither he nor his successors seem to have bestowed much thought on the question of enabling them to earn a living. There is a certain technique in operation of helping the refugees with loans to enable them to set themselves up in trade or some other occupation. But it is just a technique—something to speak about of assistance planned and rendered. There is a conspicuous absence of sympathetic imagination in officialdom's treatment of the refugees. For example, they are expected to hire premises for trade before a loan is given enabling them



A Sindhi Refugee

to trade. Insistence on such a condition, in the present housing shortage, simply means a theoretical arrangement for grant of loans, denied in practice in a large majority of cases. No Minister of the Government seems to have concerned himself so far to any active extent in the care of the refugees. They have been brought here and thrown into hovels and left to shift for themselves. Result: They have deteriorated into a host of decrepit, ill-clad, undernourished, depressed and depressing humanity that are no credit at all to the authorities supposed to be taking care of them.—SAKA.

HALL-PORTER APPOINTED CENSOR OF ADVERTISEMENTS!

Lord Northcliffe made towards the end of his career a celebrated onslaught on his Advertisement Department and appointed the chief hall-porter—his name was Glover—as "censor of advertisements." Wareham Smith, the then head of the Advertisement Department, has this to say of the incident:

"Northcliffe wanted a high standard of artistic treatment of advertisements combined with a high revenue. The thing was impossible, but, to me, understandable. As to the appointment of Glover there is nothing to my mind inconsistent in that. It merely displayed the mental outlook I had seen demonstrated for years. Northcliffe had an innate spirit of 'impishness' in his character, which found an outlet in various directions.... He had a strong sense of the dramatic.... He had also a streak of cruelty in his make-up. I knew that what he wanted was impossible to achieve, but he would not admit defeat. He determined to stage a 'coup.' The manner of it was the outcome of his spirit of impishness combined with his sense of the dramatic and strain of cruelty."—From *Northcliffe In History* by Tom Clarke.

It was a custom among the ancient Spartans to send out secretly into the countryside a selection of their

ablest and most promising young men, armed only with daggers, with the instruction that they were to hide during the daytime, but at night were to fall upon all the Helots—who served the Spartans as slaves—they could find, and kill them. On one occasion, Thucydides relates, some two thousand Helots were spared by the Spartans and promised their freedom for their bravery. The Helots were honoured with garlands and led from temple to temple, and then, without explanation, they suddenly disappeared, the manner of their deaths remaining a mystery.

Mr. Robert Lewis, formerly a bombardier in the United States Army Air Force, it was who pressed the button which brought death to 80,000 people in Hiroshima. Now, according to *Le Devoir*, a Catholic newspaper published in Montreal, he has entered a monastery because he has "lost his inner peace." *Le Devoir* asks pertinently how much inner peace is going to be lost in the next war, and "how many young men will be condemned to blow up whole towns with the hydrogen bomb."—*New Statesman & Nation*.

Farouk (King of Egypt) is the only son among six children. His father, King Fuad I, believed that "F" was a favourable letter for him, so Farouk's older half-sister is named Fawkiya, and his four remarkably beautiful sisters are called Fawzia (once Empress of Iran but now divorced from her husband), Faiza, Faika, and Fathia. Farouk's ex-wife changed her name to Farida upon marriage. Their daughters are named Ferian, Fawzia and Fadia.

The world says confidently of the British that they are phlegmatic and that they muddle through; of the French, that they are frivolous, logical, or immoral; of the Americans, that they are crude, boastful or frighteningly efficient. Of the Middle Eastern countries, most are too young to have had time to develop such generally "recognized" national traits. The

TIT-BITS

Lebanese (the Swiss or hotel-keepers of the Middle East) say that the Iraqi are penurious, that five or

six of them will sit at a table admiring the view and sipping water until pressure from the management impels them to buy one cup of coffee for the six. Egyptians regard all Syrians as hard bargainers and smart businessmen, and Egyptians, in return, are thought to be rather gross. Persians are indolent liars, fond of poetry and of gardens; Saudi Arabians fierce puritans, as befits men of the desert.

The direct payment to governments in the form of royalties or other payments for oil produced in 1948 was approximately as follows: Iran received 33 million dollars, Iraq seven and a quarter million dollars, Saudi Arabia 28 million, Bahrain a million and a half, Kuwait four and three quarters million.

Two of the greatest poets of Islam, Sa'di and Hafiz, were inhabitants of Shiraz and spread its fame with their verses. Their pride of city sometimes involved them in trouble, as when Hafiz, writing of his Shirazi sweetheart, said "I would give Bukhara and Samarkand for the mole upon her cheek." Tamerlane, the great Mongol warrior then engaged in conquering half the world, called those cities home. When he seized Shiraz, Hafiz was dragged before him.

Tamerlane, not renowned for gentleness, was known on occasion to carry on the venerable Mongol custom of making pyramids out of the skulls of conquered peoples. He looked sternly at Hafiz and thundered, "Miserable wretch, I subjugate continents to adorn Bukhara and Samarkand, and you would sell them for the mole of a Shirazi wench."

Hafiz, who had been living in poverty, looked pointedly at Tamerlane's gorgeous garments and then at his own rags. "Sire," he replied, "it is through such rash spending that I have fallen on these evil days!" The story goes that Tamerlane was so pleased by this answer that, instead of punishing Hafiz, he rewarded him liberally.—*Arabs, Oil And History*.

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.

Sub-Communalism Galumphs!

In the issue of SWATANTRA dated July 1, 1950, SAKA charged "Minister Santanam with a most reprehensible sort of communalism—subcommunalism at that—in having utilised the power of his position to benefit a son-in-law of his own to the hurt of many a more competent man in service also entitled to consideration."

The Minister would not have exposed himself to a charge of this kind had the local officers been free from subcommunal bias.

The present Chief Engineer (Sri A. R. Venkata Acharya) and the Sanitary Engineer (Sri S. Rajagopalan) belong to the same subcommunity as Sri S. R. Srinivasan, son-in-law of the Hon'ble Sri Santanam. When Sri Venkata Acharya was the Sanitary Engineer and Sri Rajagopalan was the Deputy Sanitary Engineer, Sri Srinivasan was recruited in 1942 to the Municipal Engineering Service. Instead of being appointed in the lowest grade (fourth grade) Sri Srinivasan was appointed straightaway in the third grade. This was done sacrificing the interests of officers in the fourth grade and for no fault of theirs. It is a matter for investigation why this favour was shown to Sri Srinivasan to the prejudice of others in service.

It should be on record that Sri Srinivasan while municipal engineer at Vellore, deserted his post of duty all of a sudden and that he was censured by Government. It should also be on record that the Commissioners under whom Sri Srinivasan served reported about his work and his mental state. On such records, Sri Srinivasan should have been declared unfit for service. Far from this being done, he was selected to undergo training at the All-India Institute of Hygiene and Public Health, Calcutta, at Government cost. How is it that, in the face of the record against him, he was preferred to other officers with a cleaner and better record?

On his return from the special training in Calcutta, he was promoted as Assistant Engineer in the Public Health Engineer Service in preference to others who are better qualified with a cleaner record of service. Whether or not at the time of this promotion his confidential were examined by the then Chief Engineer before submitting the recommendation roll to Government, is a question which ought to be examined. Did the Sanitary Engineer submit the confidential reports to

the Chief Engineer along with his recommendation? Did he make his recommendation taking into consideration the reports against the officer concerned; or did the then Chief Engineer believe in the bonafides of the recommendation of the Sanitary Engineer and pass it on to higher authorities for approval? The record of this officer had been glossed over in the past. No notice seems to have been taken of his record when he was sent for an interview with the selection committee at New Delhi in connection with the foreign scholarship.

For quite a long time, I had been agitating that the Medical and Public Health Department always gave preference to medical men for scholarships abroad to the exclusion of engineers. Fortunately this year, the authorities seem to have recognised the claims of the engineering profession for scholarships abroad and agreed to send two engineers. It was again fortunate that Madras State was given the choice of selecting two engineers for foreign training. But now, as a result of the disappearance of Sri Srinivasan, without his whereabouts being known, Madras has lost a scholarship. But for the blatant subcommunal bias exercised in favour of Sri Srinivasan, Madras would have been benefitted by a scholarship for an engineer officer.

Those who cry hoarse that the prevailing communalism in Madras State has exorcised merit should take note of this barefaced spirit of subcommunalism which had been exhibited in this case. It is sad that a subcommunity which produced the late Sri S. Srinivasa Ayyangar, who was utterly devoid of any communal feeling and much less of any subcommunal feeling, should keep silent. It should feel humiliated that it has in it subcommunalists in the public service! Had the facts of this case been brought to the notice of the Hon. Dr. T. S. S. Rajan, he would not have been a party to push up Sri Srinivasan.

Whether or not the Ministry would take note of the facts of the case and bring to book the concerned subcommunalist officers, the subcommunity concerned should establish that it will not tolerate communalism, or subcommunalism in any shape or form. The most important issue is: Who should be held responsible for the loss which the Madras State has sustained in losing the opportunity for a foreign scholarship?

A. V. RAMAN

Madras, 5th July 1950.

Representation For Trade Interests

The principle has been conceded that trade and commerce require representation in the legislatures and on this basis the existing arrangement gives them representation through certain chambers of commerce and other commercial bodies, both Indian and European. It has long been a debated question whether the Indian chambers of commerce are really representative as they claim to be, and adequately represent the various trading and commercial interests. For instance, the representative character of the Southern India Chamber of Commerce and the Nattukottai Nagarathars' Association have been challenged and it has been said that these bodies represent only certain special interests and communities, and in certain cases, various factions and vested interests. We have now the phenomenon of several bodies springing up like mushrooms and claiming to represent some interest or other, but most of these are found on other than legitimate trading and commercial interests. Linguistic and commercial and sectional interests have gained predominance in the working of these bodies, though one would expect the trading and commercial community to be the last to be guided by such considerations. It must therefore be apparent that the existing bodies are not all that they claim to be and without trying to apportion blame, it is high time that a simple and rational method is adopted in the new Constitution. All business interests may be divided into two broad divisions—Indian and European—though a time may come when even the latter can be coalesced in the former. Each group may be given such representation as may be considered adequate and reasonable. This method will have advantage of being in consonance with our Constitution and would also strike a blow at the fissiparous and centrifugal forces in the business community and bring into existence a healthy realism and business solidarity. Such a body can speak with confidence and authority on all intricate problems of business. Any attempt to solve this question in any other way, would only result in the perpetuation of existing anomalies and retard the normal growth of a healthy commercial community. An example can be cited which will show how the existing system retards true progress. The Andhra Chamber of Commerce, no doubt founded with the best of intentions, is now the happy paradise of a single community, namely the Andhra Vysias (Komaties). For a number of years, this community has predominated in the Chamber and other communities and interests have been effectively shut out of its councils. This community now enjoys an unhealthy monopoly and wields power and influence quite beyond its numerical and business importance.

This is surely a contingency to be avoided at any cost.

V. VENKATESWARA SASTRULU

Democracy In Practice.

Democracy, as defined by Abraham Lincoln, is government for the people, of the people and by the people. The most important aspect of Democracy is in the phrase "by the people." In the modern sense, a country cannot be called 'democratic' if its political system is based on a single party rule. The existence of an organized democratic opposition is absolutely essential if Democracy is to be real and lasting. While Democracy is a cent per cent success in England it is a colossal failure in France. The chief reason is that in England the parliamentary system is based on a two-party system and in France it is based on a multi-party system which has led to disunity and disruption.

After a long period of subjection India has emerged as a full pledged "Democratic Republic." A constitution based on the accepted principles of Democracy is also ready for implementation. The Indian National Congress which was hitherto a national movement is to-day a political party representing certain interests. It is to-day the largest political party. The need for an organised Opposition to the Congress cannot be too greatly stressed. Already numerous disgusted and disgruntled elements of the Congress have formed into various political groups, calling themselves parties of opposition. Their present role is nothing but criticising every act of the Government. We are now seeing conflicting pictures of Socialism presented by various groups who say that theirs is the only solution for all the existing evils. Nowadays every party has got its own solution, but the common man seems to have no salvation.

Sri Jayaprakash Narain, the Socialist leader, is reported to have convened a conference of the Left elements in the country to come to an understanding in presenting a united opposition to the Congress in the forthcoming elections. The peculiar feature in our country is that political parties are formed around politicians and not around political ideologies. The Socialist Party led by Sri Jayaprakash Narain is definitely well-planned and is progressive in as much as their objective is Democratic Socialism. The Socialist Party, therefore, deserves the whole hearted support of the people. But somehow the Socialist Party is not able to make any remarkable head-way. The Socialists would, therefore, do well to approach the people with a definite plan and adopt more effective methods of expanding their organization embracing all patriotic and progressive elements in the country. S. V. SURYANARAYANA

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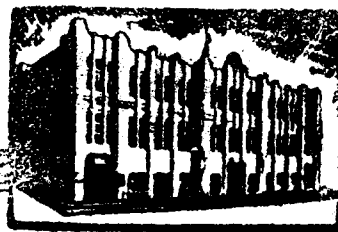
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
ON THE COVER—Ashok Mehta	
CARTOON	.. 4
EDITORIAL COMMENT	.. 5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	.. 6
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka	.. 8
NEW DELHI DIARY—By V. V. Prasad	.. 9
STOP THIS ROT OF COMMUNALISM—By Major D. V. Raja Rao	.. 11
MASTERS AT PLAY—By N. Pattabhiraman	.. 14
RAILWAYS IN INDIA—By H. Rangachar, M.A.	.. 20
FROM UNEMPLOYMENT TO CRIME—By C. B. Sastry	.. 20
ANTI-CORRUPTION MACHINERY—By "Yerra Bhatta"	.. 21
SUDHA (Short Story)—By S. Hanumantha Rau	.. 28
MARXIAN DIALECTICS—By P. V. R. Subramanyam	.. 28
OAK RIDGE: AMERICA'S SOCIALIST TOWN—By Leo Lania	.. 27
GENERAL MARSHALL'S NEW CAREER—By Gertrude Samuels	.. 30
KNOW "THE TRUTH," "THE WHOLE TRUTH" OF KOREA—By K. A. Abbas	.. 33
FILM FARE—By V. P. Sathe	.. 37
FAIR AND FREE ELECTIONS (2)—By N. Venkatarangatya, M.A.	.. 41
INDIA'S FOREIGN POLICY—By "Junius"	.. 44
BOOKS AND AUTHORS	.. 46
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	.. 47

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likely to fructify in anything better than the Congress achievement. Local converts to Socialism do not possess a fraction of the influence with the public that their Congress counterparts do even in their present condition of diminished prestige. Above all, Socialism itself seems to have survived its original attractiveness and entered on a phase of ineffectiveness both for vote-catching and as a cocksure panacea for social ills.

Nationalisation which is the pivot of the Socialist creed, has fallen from grace with the experience of recent times, and Sri Jaya Prakash himself seems to be doubtful of its advisability under all conditions; for in one of his speeches he has declared that nationalisation in the hands of a bureaucratic regime will lead to wage slavery. As the world has discovered yet no *ism* guaranteed against the emergence of its own bureaucracy, people's faith in patented recipes for their own good has been greatly shattered lately, and the prospects of Socialism are in consequence not so bright now as they used to be some time ago. Probably with the idea of stealing the thunder of the Socialists, Congress leaders have experimented

widely with nationalisation schemes, but the results have been dismal. The concentration of increased power in the State, to which the Socialists look up to as to a reservoir from which enormous benefit is to come to people, has in practice served only to confer improved opportunities for corruption on unprincipled ministers and their party supporters. In Britain which provides the most successful example of Socialism in practice, its exemplars in the administration have found that to make it palatable, substantial compromises with freedom of enterprise were imperative. British Socialism maintains a nice balance between nationalisation and freedom of individual initiative. There has been no escape from the universality of the dictum that power corrupts. As against the prospective corruptions of great concentrations of power, the world has begun to look for loopholes from Socialism and the controls of Socialism through which it can breathe the fresh air of freedom. Having tasted the bitter experience of abuse of power by administrators, thoughtful people have begun to feel that their safety lies in less control, and being left alone.

Sotto Voce

DUFFADARS AND DEWANS



"ALWAYS something new out of Africa." Or is it Orissa? Mr. Harekrishna Mahtab, who promises to out-Carlyle Carlyle in the loquacity with which he preaches the virtues of silence, has achieved a new definition of Government. It should not be supposed, he says, that Ministers alone

constitute the Government. "As a matter of fact Government consisted of all services beginning from class IV to the President of the Republic." But what about the employees of our Government Transport services? No busman in Madras lets you forget for a moment that he is invested with

rather more authority than "doth ledge a king."

"Class IV Services" is the current euphuism for the peons and chaprasis in the Delhi Secretariat. Mr. Mahtab, apparently under the impression that their self-respect was sagging under the onslaughts of superior insolence, reminds them that each one of them carries, with the brass badge of office, an *n*th share in the Government of the country. But no one who has seen them loll at ease or smoke a *bidi* or have a quiet game of dice on the settees in the corridors of the North Block will recognise in these magnificent creatures the cowed helots of Mr. Mahtab's sympathetic imagination. I have seen Deputy Secretaries cautiously tiptoe out of their rooms lest they should disturb the siesta of their august myrmidons.

Mr. Mahtab's democratic soul revolts at the thought that members of the Class Four Services should be made to do domestic work in the houses of officers. There, there, he has gone and put his foot into it again. The whole tribe of Jeeves will be up in arms against the assumption that there might be something not quite the thing about the profession of gentleman's gentleman. Survivals of an earlier generation will quote you numberless precedents of men who were for thirty years on the payroll of a Government office and never once darkened its doors. They were on duty at the patron's residence and promotion went by the favour of the patroness. And the Sircar flourished.

In actual practice it might be rather difficult to discriminate nicely as to where Government service stops and domestic service starts. If an overworked official thirsted for a cool drink he should not send his chaprasi for one; that would clearly be treating him as a body servant. He should walk round to the canteen himself and take his stand democratically in the queue. But suppose half a dozen young bloods with little to do should troop into the room of one of them and rope in a stray journalist for a little gossip. The assembly would forthwith blossom into a press conference. And a chaprasi who demurred to bringing the gay Under-Secretaries

their blushful beakers might be fired with a clean conscience as defaulting in Government work.

For all its democratic cant the cult of egalitarianism is deeply entrenched in snobbery. If fetching and carrying were not regarded as degrading we should hardly be treated to these metaphysical niceties about domestic service and Government service. Dusting a table does not become gentleman's work simply because you do it in an office. Neither is massaging a limb menial when a loving disciple does it to a Ramakrishna. A subordinate official making out a dishonest case at the bidding of a superior may feel more acutely humiliated than the peon who is ordered to remove the boss's shoes.

Our Ministers love to play the Grand Signior, though they take care to wrap their vainglory in the jargon of the hustings. Their symbolic fraternising with the chaprasi over a cup of tea is done with one eye on the popular press. And in the very act of unbending they fall Narcissus-like in love with their official halo reflected in the surrounding obsequiousness. Sir T. Muthuswami Iyer, while on circuit, found a poor petty official distracted because he could not get a Brahmana to partake of the ritual shraddha feast; the High Court Judge quietly took the fee and the food. Where among our Ministers shall we find that unselfconsciousness?

How many of them, who make elaborate pujah, opening dams and planting trees, to the appropriate music of clicking cameras, have ever thought of offering humble worship in the privacy of their own homes, for their souls' sake? Instead of paying exaggerated deference to chaprasis, would it not be better to set them an example of good manners, hard work and common rectitude? If a poor man cannot hand in a petition to the ration officer without first giving a *douceur* to his peon, how would it console him to be told that the peon is himself Sircar? Well may he sigh for the good old days when duffadars were duffadars and Dewans were Dewans.

VIGHNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS : : .

The head, truly enlightened, will have a wonderful influence in purifying the heart; and the heart, really affected with goodness, will much conduce to the directing of the head.—SPRAT.

DR. R. SUBRAMANIAM, Director of Public Health, Madras, retired from service on Wednesday, 12th July 1950. Ordinarily no notice is taken in this journal of the coming in or going out of this or that official. But Dr. Subramaniam was an officer of unusual grit, ability and idealism who within the very short time of his term as Director, worked wonders in the department of public health. When he assumed charge, the department was in a demoralised condition. No wonder, since it was an old joke, whenever any unpalatable subject cropped up, that respite could be had by sending it to the D. P. H. for disposal. The papers thus sent got buried in some pigeon-hole and rarely thereafter disturbed the peace of anybody. Dr. Subramaniam broke this tradition of sanctuary. He started by making friends with one and all, studying their respective strengths and weaknesses, and while he utilised the strength of the strong, he did not upbraid the others. He helped them in getting work done, and with example, stirred them into better endeavour. He never got angry. He had a fund of inexhaustible patience which enabled him to maintain the pleasantest of relations with the most exasperating of colleagues and subordinates.

He commanded respect by giving a lead when crucial issues came up. He depended not on office notes but on his own initiative. One excellent reform he attempted and achieved. It was to persuade the Health Board to transfer from the Surgeon-General to the D. P. H. control over such subjects as tuberculosis, leprosy and venereal disease. He agitated for health officers being relieved of public cleansing operations in order to be free to devote themselves to the special lines in which they had been trained. His inspiring example of conscientious industry galvanised a notoriously

lethargic department into unwonted vigour, and converted it into a virile agency imbued with team spirit.

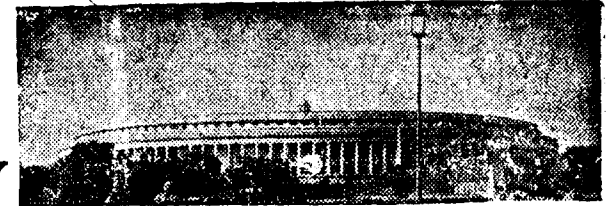
For years before he became D.P.H., Dr. Subramaniam was a professor in the Medical College. A student of Harvard, he made himself a master of



Dr. R. Subramaniam

whatever subject he was given to teach. Not only was he thorough as a teacher, he was lovable for his warm humanity and sympathetic understanding of others' difficulties. His professional proficiency and social qualities endeared him to batch after batch of students who bestowed on him affectionately the sobriquet, Mani Mama. It sounds like a nickname, but it is a fraternal symbol of his admission into the inner circle of innumerable families of the young as one of themselves. At retirement, Mani Mama is far from looking tired or fatigued. He presents a picture of health and robust vigour. There is national wastage in one of his energy and attainments being pensioned off and joined to the ranks of the superannuated, while at the same time our States complain of the dearth of technical personnel.—SARA

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THE Government of India's support to the Security Council's resolution on Korea is in keeping with various other little things they have been doing in contravention of the original policy of belonging neither to this bloc nor to that bloc. Panditji spoke of Determinism in reply to a question at his Press Conference when he declared that "one step leads to the next step." British and American Correspondents wanted Panditji to say that he has chosen his bloc, but he would not. He would do anything but he would not say it. That is the crux of our foreign policy.

We want one million tons of wheat, and we are not willing to pay for it—at any rate, not immediately. We want foreign capital from America, and we are prepared to amend our industrial policy—if there is one—umpteenth times in order to satisfy the half-expressed and unexpressed demands of American business interests. On top of it all, we tell America that we have not gone to America like a beggar to borrow money. (Do beggars borrow money?)

As Pothan Joseph said, if you tell somebody that you have no intention of touching him, he is apt to become careful and suspicious. It is a national misfortune that Jawaharlal Nehru never had to borrow a fiver from classmates in his school-days. The art of touching somebody for a fiver must be learnt at school. I knew some chaps who could touch you for a fiver and leave you with the feeling that they had just conferred a favour on you. It is okay if you don't want to borrow money. But if you are dying to borrow a few million dollars, there is no point in pretending that you don't want a cent.

It was a personal triumph for some of us that Panditji made a written statement on Korea instead of gassing away. (We had repeatedly suggested

that he should write down his speeches.) The statement was therefore coherent. It failed to convince, however, because of the weakness of argument. Panditji could not advance one single reason for the present modified stand, apart from saying that one step led to another. When Socialist Correspondent Saxena asked Panditji whether, in view of the strong opposition voiced at the Press Conference, the Prime Minister would summon a session of Parliament, Panditji readily replied that he would consider that suggestion.

With a One-Party State evolving slowly, suggestions dare not come from the members of the Party itself. All the members of the Party are prospective candidates for positions of power; they therefore do not care to make any suggestions unless they know for certain that the leaders are looking for those specific suggestions. Panditji therefore told the Press Conference that he would like to have their questions and suggestions. It is the fashion to ask a Correspondent to put a question and not to make a speech, whenever a Correspondent tries to explain a question in more than ten words. Mr. J. N. Sahní was, of course, an extreme example of a person who explained his questions thoroughly. But if Correspondents are to confine themselves to questions, the term "Press Conference" would be a misnomer. This particular suggestion of Socialist Saxena is on par with the solutions offered by Indian Delegations at the United Nations, but they need not always be that bad. Our United Nations solutions are generally to the effect that a Sub-Commission be appointed to go into the whole question. The suggestion at the Press Conference was that Parliament be summoned.

The professional bankruptcy of our Proprietor-Editors once again came to

the fore when they all independently arrived at the same conclusion in regard to Korean coverage. They decided to take stuff from British and American newspapers instead of sensibly sending their own men to see things for themselves. If we were really actively neutral, we would have sent Correspondents to cover the War both from the North Korean and the South Korean sides. It is quite true that the coverage we are getting from Sidney Smith and Michael Davidson (through the *Hindustan Times*), and Ward Price and Neal Stanford of Washington (through the *Statesman*) is excellent material, but what interests the American and the British reader may not interest us at all. I would have expected Sidney Smith to be on the North Korean side if North Korea was the aggressor. He always knows where trouble shoots from. In Kashmir I heard that Michael Davidson crossed from Pakistan to India by the simple method of jumping over the Cease-Fire Line. He had no permit to do so. He was therefore promptly arrested on the Indian side for a couple of hours. In consultation with Delhi, Davidson was afterwards released. Brook of the *Statesman* also crossed the Cease-Fire Line, but he did it legally, with Indian and Pakistani permission.

Bharatan of the *Press Trust of India* was here to arrange for Sivaraman to cover Korea. But, I suppose, Bharatan has his troubles under the new dispensation, with two blocs within the Board of Directors.

"I am in a thoughtful mood today", said Bertie Wooster to Jeeves one day before breakfast. "What do we have for breakfast today?"

"Kipperred eel, Sir."

"I suppose kippered eels have their own troubles. Apart from being kippered, of course."

"I imagine so, Sir."

"I am in a thoughtful mood today, Jeeves."

Rajen Babu was in a thoughtful mood (and so were we, the Press boys and girl) when he visited the Farida-

bad township for Refugees from Mardan in the N.-W.F.P., the other day. It was remarkable how economically they were building houses. For a two-roomed tenement the costs come to about Rs. 1,700. For about the same type of accommodation, we in Delhi are paying Rs. 1,650 as rent in one year! And the Government is charging us this rent!! And there are cases where Government agencies have justly punished house-owners for blackmarketing in housing accommodation—which really amounted to charging about half of what Government is charging us!!!

The widows of Mardan were loud in their wail. They were paid an allowance of Rs. 11-8 per month—which was hardly enough. They complained to me that the younger and more attractive widows had been carried away, and they were left back in a miserable condition. The children were half-starved. Growing young boys and girls of ten and eleven are given half-rations, but some of them need at least as much as an adult's rations.

The widows wish to be no burden on the State. They are trying to suggest ways and means whereby they can be useful to society. But who cares for them? Lali Bai, a fat, forty-year old, told me that she would like to be given a sewing-machine in order that she might earn her living. The widows are full of complaints. I believe most of the complaints are well-founded. If only someone cares to give them a patient hearing, their complaints will be reduced by half. They feel they are in a hostile world, where nobody wants them or cares for them. The widows are living in tents, while newly-built houses are lying vacant across the road. And what tents! The ground under the tent is a puddle of water when it rains. And when we went to visit the Camps, it had just finished raining. The State does not hold itself responsible for feeding and clothing everybody even in a Camp like this. And yet, the Faridabad Township is one of the show-places around Delhi.

The number of dailies and weekly newspapers in Lahore increased to double since partition. The number of such journals before partition was about 67 and now they are nearly 140. Similarly, the number of newspapers in Karachi has increased.

STOP THIS ROT OF COMMUNALISM

By Major D. V. RAJA RAO

THERE are frequent complaints in the press from all over the State about gross communal discrimination in admissions into Government colleges. Two cases are pending in the High Court questioning the constitutional validity of the Government order regulating admissions into the medical and engineering colleges. Though there is no specific Government order about admissions into arts colleges the machinery of admissions is so manipulated that the Non-Brahmin communities get a tremendous weightage irrespective of marks and merit while Brahmin boys with brilliant marks, first class and distinctions get little or no chance of admission. Quite a lot of boys are obliged to take up courses which they do not want to and for which they have no aptitude as the quota for their community is not big enough to take them in. This is a colossal waste and misdirection of talent. Any wise Government would be anxious to find the best talent amongst its people, encourage its unfettered development and utilise it for the benefit of the country. But our Government seems to be anxious to suppress the available talent in the hope of finding new talent. While the realisation of their hope is problematic the country stands to lose heavily and no Government can have any justification for this costly experiment.

Education is poor in our country and it is true that some communities are particularly backward. It is creditable of the Government to encourage education amongst the backward communities. But it is no advantage to the nation if in the process the already educationally forward communities are discouraged or even prevented from getting education. Besides, university education is advanced and specialised education which contributes to the progress of the country. The progress of a nation is proportionate to the brains it can develop and it is in the universities that a nation's brains are developed. However laudable the Government's

intention of communal equity and however much they might try they cannot ration out intelligence on a communal basis. A Government anxious to build up a progressive nation should avail itself of the best intelligence in the country irrespective of the community it comes from. Discouraging and suppressing intelligence would put back the progress of the country. Besides, suppressed and oppressed intelligence may find its outlet in aberrated forms and activities which may not be in the best interests of society and the nation.

The average student that comes up to the college is in the most impressionable age of his early youth. His civic sense so necessary for making a useful and responsible citizen of him begins to develop just then. The first thing he grasps at this critical period of his life is the importance of his birth into his community. The forward community boy feels bitter for his birth as, because of it, he is hampered at every stage in building up his career and prospects. The backward community boy, having realized the advantage of his birth, loses all respect for merit and efficiency and is not likely to exert himself in their attainment. Naturally the efficiency and morale of our future services would be undermined. That apart, the minds of these boys at the threshold of their lives are sowed with the seeds of communal antagonisms and antipathies which would influence them profoundly when they grow up to be responsible citizens. Fostering communal clash of interests and disrupting society on communal lines would not be conducive to the development of a strong, united and harmonious national life.

The Government excuse for this policy is that for reasons inherent in Hindu Society, one community, the Brahmin community, monopolised education denying it to other communities for centuries together with the result that even now that community is still monopolising education and

oppressing the other communities. Whatever might be the truth of this argument in the Vedic days it cannot be said to be true during the later periods of our history and particularly under the British Government. The British Government never denied education to anybody on communal grounds. The backward communities never cared to avail themselves of the educational facilities given by the Government as they were quite happy pursuing their trades and agriculture which were more profitable than education. But to the Brahmin education is his livelihood. In the Vedic days he earned his livelihood as the spiritual guide to the people. But as non-Hindu conquerors came in and the system of Government and social order changed, under their influence, the Brahmin still stuck to the education of the time and earned his livelihood either as a Government official or as the link between the Government and the people in their civic transactions. Indeed, not so long ago, being a Government servant was looked down upon as something unworthy and dishonourable. But, as the village organisation and economy began to break down and life became more and more centralised under the policies of the foreign Government, the Government official became more and more powerful and influential. The trading and agricultural communities began to feel increasingly the power and influence of the officials. The rich and vested interests amongst them began to see the advantages that would accrue to them if they could have their own men amongst the services to safeguard their interests. When the struggle for independence began and the British saw that the intelligentsia of the country were backing the fight they exploited this growing desire for power amongst the agricultural and trading vested interests and played them up against the educationally forward community. Under the British patronage this communal discrimination and communal politics gained strength. But it was never strong enough to counter the intense nationalism behind the fight for freedom. However, with the attainment of independence the unifying influence of nationalism was weakened with the withdrawal of the foreign Government that excited it, and the vested interests are having an

easier time fomenting and exploiting fissiparous social and communal differences for gaining political power. This political game is not likely to stand the test of time but in the meantime it is poisoning and disrupting society with communalism and weakening the State. Neither Prime Minister Jawaharlalji's conception of a strong secular democracy nor his anxiety to harness the best talent in the country to its service seems to find much favour with the power politicians in this State. It is time enough that Panditji and others anxious to build up a strong progressive State try and stop this communal rot in South Indian politics that is undermining the very basis of the State of their conception.

Here is a typical example of how the Government policy of communal discrimination works in admissions into arts colleges.

For admitting students into the Government Arts College here (Rajahmundry) a selection committee of ten non-officials is nominated by the Government to assist and advise the Principal to select students for admission. The recommendations of the committee are advisory but a Principal, if he values his post and prospects, would be wise enough to treat them as mandatory. It represents the communities of the Hindu society and the minorities roughly in the same proportion as they want to impart education to them. Some of the members are illiterate, some have never seen the portals of a college and though the majority of them are graduates, none of them can be classed as educationists, nor can they be classed as leaders of public opinion or as highly respected citizens enjoying the respect and confidence of the citizens.

This committee proceeded to select students on the following principles:

10% of the seats are reserved for Harijans by Government order and these seats are to be kept vacant for prospective Harijan applicants for fifteen days after the reopening of the college.

All girl applicants to be admitted irrespective of community and merit.

Each member is allowed to recommend at least one candidate on special (personal) grounds but the proportion as below between Brahmins and non-

Brahmins should be observed in these special recommendations.

The remaining seats are to be distributed amongst the communities and minorities in the following proportion, in the order of merit. Brahmins 3, advanced non-Brahmins 3, backward non-Brahmins 2, Muslims 1, Christians 1 in every 10.

Vacancies kept vacant for want of Muslims and Christians are to be filled by non-Brahmins only.

Fifteen days after the opening of the college, the Harijan vacancies are to be filled in the same proportion as above between Brahmins and non-Brahmins.

The result of the distribution is that about 20% of the Brahmin applicants get about 30% of the available seats, while about 60% of the Non-Brahmin applicants get about 65% of the seats. The minimum standards for admission for Brahmins and Non-Brahmins work out at about 60% and 40% respectively, except in the case of special recommendations where it is still lower.

One interesting feature of the admissions into B. Sc. and B. A. is that most of the students who passed Intermediate from the same college could

not get admission because they are over and above the quota for their community. Out of twenty six first class students of the same college that applied for seats in B. Sc. only three or four could get admission. Outsiders and other community boys were taken in, to make up the strength of the class. One wonders what justification there can be for this manipulation. Intermediate is not a course by itself. It is the common preliminary course for all university degrees. A boy entering a college has every right to take his degree from that college, unless after finishing Intermediate, he prefers to go for a degree not provided for in that college. The committee can have no right to disrupt a boy's studies in the middle of his degree course and ask him to get out after Intermediate. This is some thing worse than a railway through passenger passing through two railway systems failing to get accommodation at the junction. The committee is not capable of seeing the incongruity and absurdity of what they are doing, nor do the Government want them to be intelligent enough to see it.

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MASTERS AT PLAY

By N. PATTABHIRAMAN

THE scene is an English village green, draped with beauty as most village greens are. The sun is shining bright making everything sunny. The green trees with the green domes of foliage, nested in by nightingales, add a charm of their own. The tiny birds are chirping from bough to bough. The grass is velvety green and is matched in beauty by the church on the south of the ground, grey with age, solemnity incarnate. A few hundred people, young and old, are around the line that marks the boundary, drinking ale, laughing. Among the crowd can be seen Neville Cardus, his "phosphorescent pen" betwixt his fingers, and he shall touch every aspect of the game with it and shall touch nothing that he does not adorn. By the critic's side is Sir Pelham Warner, top-hat in hand, whispering to Neville.

Crack! Two men clad in white come out of the shamiana, pavilion temporarily, to judge the fairness of the game and give judgment in the struggle between the willow and the leather. Dragomen of Justice! Dossy, one-armed Frank Chester and good old Hardstaff are they. They are followed into the field by eleven men clad in white, some of them showing their dentures. Norman Yardley, their skipper, waves them to their respective positions. Evans is behind the wicket; Edrich and Bailey are in the slips; Washbrook at cover; Yardley himself at mid-off; Hutton at short-leg; Hollies at mid-wicket; Compton at mid-on, a bit deep; and dashing Simpson and Doug Wright are a few yards away from the crowd. Alec Bedser, rubbing the ball on his trousers, is to bowl.

Palms clash again. Hobbs and Sutcliffe are coming out, Hobbs with a wide bat in his hand, a wider smile on his face; and Sutcliffe, his face unsunned, grim with Yorkshire. Hobbs is to face the attack. Chester signals "play"; the match between the Old and New Brigades is on. It is eleven, and Alec begins to bowl his medium stuff. The first ball swings in late. Hobbs shapes in front of it.

"Golly, what a damnable thing he does. I'll see him back home for lunch," cries an unknown critic. But no. Hobbs is too great to be deranged so easily. At the last moment he drops his wrists a little, the ball flies clear of the blade and a few inches over the fort, yet so far away from it. Jack knows his job only too well. The first over produces a single only. Trevor Bailey takes charge of the attack from the North. But the masters know their job. A single here, a two there, and an occasional drive to the ropes and the score mounts fast. An hour of classic cricket produces 62 runs. The crowd is settling down for some really classic game. But a funny game cricket is. Hollies having replaced the Surreyman, Bedser, is sending down his slows now. One of these balls Sutcliffe hits mightily and the ball speeds to the boundary. But alas! one of the balls is down there below. Herbert having disturbed it unwittingly. Wally Hammond crosses him on his way to the wicket and whispers, I think, "Better luck next time, Herbert." Hammond takes guard and sets the leather-hunt in motion. "He is not a miser hoarding up runs, but a millionaire spending them with a splendid, yet judicious prodigality", someone was quoting what A.G.G. said of the immortal Ranji. "Plum" is patting Neville on his back, his joy uncontrolled and uncontrollable, on seeing the "greatest English batsman of all times" at his best, majestic as ever.

The score mounts fast; the crowd roars time and again in joy. Hobbs completes his fifty and shows his sunny face to the crowd in appreciation of their vociferous applause. But in his ecstasy, he steps forward a bit too far in trying to play the next ball from Hollies and Evans sees to the rest. "Afterraal itees olide cricket, ole boy," cries an enthusiast. Yes it is holiday cricket indeed.

It is Patsy Hendren coming in, the funniest cricketer that ever gripped the handle. Sunny is the scene now. Sunnier is the game. Yardley perhaps feels pain in his shoulders, waving the fielders hither and thither and waving to the Heavens above. Yet it is Yard-

ley that is going to bowl now. But the masters proceed their own way, their play more brilliant than the brilliant sunshine. Hammond completes his majestic century, a hundred embosomed in emerald. Cardus is gnawing away his umbrella-knob, intoxicated with joy, and "Plum" is waving his top-hat to Wally. Did I not say it is holiday cricket? And so it is, in the truest sense. Hammond thinks he has had enough and swishes at an apparently innocent one from Wright, peers at the sky as if trying to locate the ball flying to the cathedral, hears a clatter behind and without looking back runs his longest run. The score is 247 runs for three wickets. A tall and lissome figure, a kerchief around the neck, with a Harlequin cap enters next. It is that one and only Douglas Jardine. Wright has completed his over and it is Yardley bowling now. The fourth ball Hendren plays forward, a little hesitant, the ball hangs a little and Yardley swoops down and scoops the catch with the alacrity of a man who knows how to count his blessings one by one. 247 for 4, and Hendren out for a typical 59. Gubby Allen is in and out. The New Brigade gets hold of the game and the fort gets rattled once and again, Bedser being the culprit. Jardine sees his comrades hurrying to the shady shamiana. "Pyrotechny," he probably murmurs, and the ball begins to fly all over the field off his blade. 300 is hoisted, Jardine not out 41. But when Jardine, anxious to get the strike, calls George Duckworth, the last man in, for a quick single, Washbrook flings a lightning return at Duckworth's end and signifies the end of the innings. Old Brigade 300 all out in a few minutes under three hours. Holiday cricket if you like it!

Lunch is taken with the end of the Old Brigade's innings and again at quarter to three the players are on the field. It is Hutton and Washbrook at the wickets; Duckworth is behind the sticks; Hammond, Sutcliffe and Tate are in the slips; Verity is at gully; Hobbs inevitably at cover; Jardine at mid-off. G. O. Allen is at short-leg, "Monkey-face" Hendren at silly mid-on; and Macaulay at deep mid-wicket. Larwood looks queerly at Hutton and then bowls his expresses. The maiden over is a maiden. Tate bowls from the North end. This over too is a barren one, both from the point

of view of runs and wickets. And then again Larwood. Hutton steals a single and Washbrook comes to face Larwood. 'Lol' bowls; Cyril cuts it delightfully; Hedley falls down flat in an effort to stop the ball, but fails; and Umpire Hardstaff signals the first four of the innings. Larwood comes on again, muttering. The ball comes apparently at the same speed, but really faster than the previous one. Washbrook cuts it again. "Howzaat," it is Duckworth at his highest pitch and Hammond; and Washbrook is back in the pavilion c. Hammond b. Larwood 4. It was really a hard catch, yet it looked so simple when Wally took it. Edrich occupies the place just vacated by Washbrook, swishing his bat, apparently intent on holiday-making. But Larwood has different plans. Harold's last delivery of that over sees Edrich staring at his fallen fort. Miserable Edrich mutters some oath; cheerful Harold chuckles. Denis Compton is come to save the situation. Len and Denis play careful, yet easy cricket and the scorer sharpens his pencil. The scoreboard does not click, for there is no score-board to click. The scene is the village green and not the Mecca of Cricket, the Lord's; and the match is a holiday affair and not an Anglo-Australian battle for the mysterious Ashes. Well, back to the game we go. Hutton and Compton valiantly and in a brilliant style pull their side out of fire and then indulge in pouring water on it.

Jardine consults Larwood and then hands the ball to him. Larwood grins. And it is again Lol to Len. Harold runs down rhythmically and hurls the ball down with all his might. The red-hot bullet strikes the willow and whisks it off the hands of Leonard and on to the wicket. The score is 213 for 3 wickets and Hutton is back again in the pavilion, b. Larwood 101. Simpson replaces Hutton and takes little time to settle down, and with Denis pushes the score on at a fast rate. But at 251 Compton spoons up an easy catch to Jardine and is out for a magnificent 123. Yardley comes in to fill the breach. At the end of Larwood's over Jardine looks at a spot on the pitch, smiles awhile and gives the ball to Hedley Verity. The in-coming batsmen lose themselves in excitement, hot on the heels of victory and succumb to the sensation, Hedley

exploiting it to the full in his own masterly fashion. Will there ever be anyone to fill your shoes, Hedley?

And now to the final stage of this unforgettable, bejewelled, village cricket match.... The score is 290 runs for 9 wickets with an over still to go before "stumps." "Will the New Brigade triumph?", is the question on every onlooker's lips. The crowd sits tense with excitement. Simpson is batting magnificently with sixty-two to his credit. Macaulay now bowls to him. The first ball Simpson hits viciously, it lands a few inches within the boundary line and bounces off for a four. Seven runs are still needed for a victory and five balls still to go. But the next two balls Macaulay manages to keep Simpson quiet. Cardus chuckles and is ready to applaud Simpson's fall and Old Brigade's victory. Warner is tense with pleasurable excitement. The fourth ball Simpson swings at lustily and of all persons Hendren drops a dolly catch, a sitter. But that funny little brogue turns round to the crowd and shows "monkey-face"! Cardus frowns. Sir.

Pelham is diathermic. The fifth ball Macaulay bowls short of length and Simpson lashes at it. The ball comes towards where I sit at a very low angle. I am stiff as a statue, a prey to excitement, the ball lands just in front of me, without the boundary line, and knocks me on the head and.....

"Very sorry, Uncle. It was purely an accident. I promise I'll never play cricket on the lawn again." This was my nephew, standing at a safe distance from me, with a tremblement in his limbs. I woke to the startling and sad reality. I had been in a reverie all the time, cosy in an easy-chair, in the verandah adjoining the lawn. For a time I had watched the tiny tots playing cricket in the lawn and then had fallen into a reverie. I can never forgive my little nephew for the most unforgivable crime he committed by hitting the ball on to my head, thereby disabling me from witnessing one of the most thrilling finishes in the history of cricket. Or, can you?

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RAILWAYS IN INDIA

By H. RANGACHAR, M.A.

Mr. H. Rangachar retired recently from the post of General Manager of the Mysore State Railways. An experienced railwayman that Mr. Rangachar is, he retains his keen interest in railway matters even after retirement. We are happy to be able to present readers of SWATANTRA with his appreciation, critical and constructive, of our railways in a series of articles. This is the first of the series.

WITHIN this decade and particularly during the last two or three years, momentous events and changes have occurred which have fundamentally altered the character

in heavy wear and tear. In the early years of the war, the engines, waggons and rolling stock, not to speak of miles of railways, were transferred to theatres of war and it was only in the latter years of the war that some additions to engines and waggons were made by the U. S. A. on the lease lend basis.

The war and the post-war periods have been years of financial prosperity to the railways with the solitary exception of the partition year. There have been very heavy arrears of maintenance, renewals and replacements to be made good.

From Company To State Management

The process of the State taking over, for direct working and management, the systems of their railways worked by English joint stock companies, was virtually completed early in the decade. This brought all the major railway systems in the country excepting those of Indian States, under the direct working of the Government of India.

Partition Of Railways

The independence which the country won is the greatest event in its history. For the first time since railways came into existence, it became possible to work them as instruments of national policy, in consonance with and in furtherance of the country's interests, unhampered by other considerations. The surgical operation of the partition involved the severance of some 6,640 miles of railways and their transfer to Pakistan. The lines transferred account for some 25 to 30% of the total gross earnings of India Government railways. There was also the deficit of the partition year, the dislocation of railway working, the loss of traffic and the partial depletion of the staff. Some of these factors are still operating.

Integration Of Indian States

Last but not least, from the point



H. Rangachar

and condition of Indian railways and their working. It is necessary to take due note of these and their effects to understand the present position of the railways, the problems confronting them and their future.

War And Post-War Operation

The first is the operation of railways during the war and the post-war periods. The main characteristic of the operation during the war period was the abnormally heavy increase in the volume of traffic of all kinds which the railways were called upon to handle with insufficient equipment and rolling stock. This involved heavy overworking of the plant and equipment with very inadequate maintenance, repairs and renewals, resulting

of view of the country's interests has been the integration with the Union of the Federal functions of what were termed 'Indian States,' resulting amongst other measures, in the transfer of the railway systems of these States to the Central Government. This change came fully into effect from the 1st of April last and is thus just over two months old. This means an addition of a route mileage of 7,560 to the India Government railways. With this integration, the entire railway system in the country, barring 776 miles of unimportant outlying branch lines has become a nationalised undertaking, enjoying a monopoly of railway transport throughout the Republic. This system, covering the entire Union with its network of 33,085 route miles, is the largest nationalised undertaking in the world, with the exception of railways in the Soviet Union.

The loss to the Indian Government railways occasioned by the transfer of lines during the partition cannot be regarded as having been made up by the addition of the Indian States' lines, though the mileage of the latter is about 900 more. The railways transferred to Pakistan were important and compact systems with heavy volume of traffic on most of them. The Indian States railway systems are, on the other hand, detached systems spread throughout the country and worked by a large number of administrations. Between a third and a fourth of the mileage forming part of the main trunk lines of the country are of main line standards. The rest are branch lines; the track, the signalling arrangements, and the equipment are below main line standards. The total gross income from these railways is estimated at 17 crores in the Budget of 1949-50, or about 8 to 9% of the revenue of the Government of India railways. These lines present also some difficult problems of management, working and finance. Pending the necessary reorganisation and other arrangements, these railways continue to be worked as before, except for the transfer of control to the Railway Board.

Revolutionary Changes

The net effect of all these changes is that virtually the entire railway system of the country is a nationalised concern, directly operated by Government. For the first time in their his-

tory, these railways can be operated as a single system; common policies and measures can be enforced throughout the system and all the multifarious benefits and economies, arising from the efficient working of a large scale industry with great scope for rationalisation, can be derived. The railways have had prosperous years and have not been badly off financially. The indications are that the prosperity may continue for some years. The conditions are therefore very favourable for reorganisation of the railways and reorientation of their policies and methods of operation to make them a most efficient transport agency, playing a worthy part in the future economy of the country.

These revolutionary changes have not been accompanied by any corresponding change in the organisation, control, technique and methods of operation. The old system and machinery of management continue at the seat of Government; the Minister and the Railway Board augmented by a few more officers and staff continue the administration on more or less old lines. The old systems of administration into which the railways were divided continue as they were before, with very few changes. The railways are in a period of transition, very prolonged, from the old to the new. Thus the potentialities of the great changes have not yet been developed. To say this is not to deny that attempts are being made, with varying degrees of success, to deal with the problems and to improve the railways. The last Budget speech of the Minister for Transport gave an account of the improvements on railways, which had ceased to be the "bottlenecks" in the economy of the country they were till some months ago. The number of additional locomotives has eased the power situation; the waggon position has also improved and there were indications of improving efficiency of operation. Still, many of the major questions of organisation and problems connected with railway working remain to be dealt with and solved.

The examples of some other countries which, at the end of the war, had incomparably more acute problems but have succeeded in solving them and rehabilitating their railways cannot be without their significant

lessons for us. The railways of France had suffered extensive damage and destruction. Nearly 3500 miles, mostly main lines, and over 2500 bridges, had been destroyed. The damage to engines, rolling stock and marshalling yards was extensive. The work of rehabilitation and rebuilding has been pushed on vigorously so much so that the railways carried in 1948, 150% of the passenger traffic and 155% of the goods traffic of 1938. British railways had also suffered heavy damage and were in such a bad shape at the end of the war that Dr. Hugh Dalton, the then Exchequer, remarked—it is said rather uncharitably,—“This railway system is a very poor bag of physical assets... a disgrace to the country.” Their rehabilitation has proceeded rapidly. They carried in 1947 and 1948, 126% and 134% of the goods traffic of 1937, expressed in terms of ton miles (A ton of goods carried one mile is a ton mile). In the Soviet Union, over 35,000 miles of railways, including sidings had been ripped open, under a systematic plan of destruction adopted by the Germans; and over 4,000 stations had been destroyed. Still according to the World Economic Report for 1948 of the United Nations, the volume of freight loaded in 1948 was 19% over 1947; measured in ton kilometres it had increased by 27% over 1947 and exceeded the volume of traffic in 1940.

In Europe generally, good progress has been made in the rehabilitation of the railways and the volume of goods carried had reached pre-war levels in 1947. Large sums had been spent on their rehabilitation. The world Economic Report above referred to states that “according to estimates for a number of European countries, an average of 23% of total gross investment was allocated to transport in 1947 and a slightly smaller amount in 1948... net investment in transport in the countries for which data was available was larger than net investment in manufacturing. In normal circumstances, investment in the transport sector of European economy is much smaller than in the industrial sector.” Compared to all this, our achievements in rehabilitation and rebuilding are poor.

In our case it should be stated that political conditions in the country at the conclusion of the war were such as did not allow due attention being

paid to the problem of railway rehabilitation and improvement. The partition of the country and the great problems it gave rise to, claimed most of the attention and resources of the Government later. It is only during the last 2 years or so that the railway problem is tackled and some progress is being made. It is however of great importance that measures of reorganisation and rehabilitation should be pushed through with utmost expedition. For ensuring rapid and definite progress, the railways should prepare a five year plan, with objectives clearly defined, and with definite target dates fixed for each major work of development and improvement, and implement the same, almost with the intensity of a war measure. It is not known if such a comprehensive plan, definitely fixing the order of priority for each development work of importance, has been prepared. If so it will be an advantage for the Government to publish this for the information of the public, so that the institutions and persons interested may offer constructive suggestions.

Further Development

For a country of its size and population, India has not sufficient railways. According to the statistics given in Sir M. Visvesvaraya's *Planned Economy for India* (1934), this country has, per million inhabitants, 120 miles of railways while the corresponding figures for some other advanced countries are, U. S. A. 2,132 miles, U. K. 460, Canada 4,318 and Japan 206 miles. An expansion of railways is all the more necessary in the altered conditions of the country, its defence needs and big developments planned in engineering works, agriculture and industries.

To a large extent, further expansion has to be governed by the conditions created by the independence of the country and its offshoot, the partition. Thus, top priority has to be accorded to the provision of railway connection to parts of the country which have been isolated from the railway system of the country. The construction of a direct railway line to Assam in very difficult terrain and its completion recently before the scheduled time is a commendable achievement to the credit of the present railway administration. Similarly, the development of railways in the frontiers, in view of

the defence requirements there, should be given priority. A major port is being developed at Kandla in the Gulf of Kutch to make up for the loss of Karachi to Pakistan and to meet the commercial and other needs of the adjoining region. The necessary railways to connect with the port have to be constructed and, accordingly, provision has in the current year been made for the construction of a metre gauge line from Deesa to Kandla. The integration of Travancore and Cochin has made the construction of a railway at an early date connecting the two capitals, quite necessary.

Equally important is the construction of the lines which are necessary to remove the existing deficiencies and anomalies of the railway system. The chief amongst these is the absence of a direct through connection between the metre gauge systems of North and South India. This has resulted in these two being unconnected isolated systems. A project to connect these two systems by laying a metre gauge line between Khandwa and Hingoli has been under some kind of consideration or other for a long time. The question has to be reinvestigated from the point of view of the possible unifi-

cation of gauges and suitable arrangements made. Another deficiency is the absence of direct short connections between important sections of railways. The metre gauge system of the Southern Maharatta and Mysore State are not connected with the metre gauge lines of the South Indian Railway except by very circuitous lines some of which are of branch line standards. A line connecting Chamarajnagar and Coimbatore via Satyamangalam will provide the necessary direct short connection. This important connection has been delayed so far due to the opposition of the M. & S. M. and S. I. R. companies who feared that the short-circuiting link would result in some fall in their traffic and earnings. It is however to the credit of the present Government that they have, according to reports in the press, decided to take up the construction of this link.

In the present financial situation of the Government, all the capital that is likely to be available will be needed for the projects mentioned above. It is not likely that funds will be available for financing a programme of railway construction. This has to wait for better times.

FROM UNEMPLOYMENT TO CRIME

By C. B. SASTRY

EVERYONE realises that crime is the symptom of a social malady which, if allowed to grow unchecked, will assume incurable proportions. Indications go to show definitely that such a limit is reached in our country. Thinking people will have to find out the social causes of increasing crime, which must lie somewhere deep within the social structure based on the system of political economy prevailing today.

Every individual in society has to depend on it for his prime necessity, food, which is the one essential commodity for maintenance of human life. His next necessity, which also is to be considered as primary is clothing. He needs a shelter too. Our society today provides him all this and more but he has to pay for it with money. To get money one

has to earn it and to earn he needs employment.

None can obtain his necessities without money. But unemployment is developing at a fast stride making it more difficult for one to earn money. The poignancy of the worsening situation can be seen from the recent press report that for 20 posts in a Government department 23,000 applications were registered. (By the way, even these 20 posts might have been reserved for some whose necessity may be much less than the remaining 22,980 who may need the jobs more). It need cause no surprise if this state of affairs leads to frustration, and people having nothing else to do, turn to shady means for earning their living. Once the morale breaks down, crime is not far off.

It is not very difficult to break down the morale of our educated. Our present system of education produces citizens whose sole ambition in life is to settle down at a table in the corner of some office. When this field becomes overcrowded those who find no opportunity in it have not the confidence to forge new paths of industry based on their own initiative. Our education may teach us a lot but it kills the initiative. Creative tendencies in man always find a secondary importance in our system of education. During the "fight for freedom" our leaders were vehement in condemning rightly this system of education. But the usual mood of complacent hesitancy which comes over those saddled with power has come to them also now, and the criticism has ceased. Graduation whether in science, arts or commerce has become a passport to enter a Government office and nothing more. Our graduates and the undergraduates therefore cannot be blamed for their dependence on society and Government to provide them with ready made chances for earning a living; that is the heritage of our educational system. The only remedy for this would be for the Government to take up the responsibility and provide employment for all educated in our State-sponsored universities.

But no Government can provide full employment in their offices to all the

population. A Government can however initiate steps to speed up industrialisation through various schemes laid over a period of years and pave the way for employment to all. Even in England where heavy industries are developed to great proportions it is becoming impossible to accommodate every one of the unemployed in some form or other of service.

Only a miracle can save our society from heading towards a catastrophic clash of increasing unemployment, and its natural corollary, crime. Even among textile and other mills that are functioning profitably and employing millions of workers, some are being closed down on paltry excuses, shutting out many more of our unfortunate people from employment. Thus an army of needy, starving, ragged roofless, unemployed is growing in numbers. Escapism drives some poor souls among these unfortunate masses to self-destruction. Some more try their luck marching through cities and towns trying their skill at melting the hearts of the charitable.

In view of the prevailing atmosphere the move of Sri H. V. Kamath some time ago in the Constituent Assembly pleading freedom for people to commit suicide can be construed as a gesture to afford relief to sufferers. Unfortunately (or fortunately) it did not find favour with our puritan moral faddists and the motion was disallowed.

ANTI-CORRUPTION MACHINERY IN HYDERABAD

By "YERRA BABU"

WITH a view to providing legal machinery to enquire into allegations of misconduct including corruption, inefficiency and disloyalty to the Government of India on the part of Government servants, the Government of Hyderabad have recently promulgated an Act called the Hyderabad Servants (Tribunal of Inquiry) Act of 1950. The Act provides for the constitution of a tribunal consisting of one or more members to enquire into allegations against Government servants drawing a salary of more than Rs. 150 per month, and if

found guilty, to recommend to the Government one of the seven penalties provided under the Act which range from censure to summary dismissal from service. The Government under the Act reserve the right to pass such orders as they "deem fit" on the report of the tribunal in each case referred to it by the Government.

The need for legislation of this kind is long felt. Despite the fact that the administration of the State has been carried on for the last one and half years or so by I. C. S. officials who are supposed to be superior to local

political leaders in the matter of efficiency, intellect and experience, the standard of administration has not improved a whit. It is as it was before the police action under the Moghul regime which was notorious for its carelessness and callousness. We had it from the present Chief Minister himself that the standard of administration in Hyderabad was perhaps the lowest. The Government servants, mostly Muslims, were and are still either inefficient or negligent—and careless. If the Government strictly enforces the provisions of the Act, on the charge of inefficiency alone a good majority of Government servants will have to be replaced by qualified and efficient persons.

Till recently, Swamiji's group in the State Congress was never tired of alleging that corruption was rampant among public servants. The moffusil air is thick with corruption scandals. The civil team recruited from other provinces, especially from Madras, have during a very short period earned great reputation for being corrupt and for being highhanded in their treatment of the general public. They have been lording over the districts, taking liberties with the people. It is a common complaint against them that they always side the Deshmukhs and other rich classes when villagers represent their grievances against the Deshmukhs to the authorities.

The escape of Mir Laik Ali is proof positive of the presence of disloyal elements in the administration. Some time ago, the citizens of Hyderabad and Secunderabad at a public meeting demanded of the Government a general purge of the disloyal elements from the administration. Frankly speaking, there has been no change of heart in a section of Muslims in the State. One read a feeling of jubilation on their faces when the escape of Mir Laik Ali was flashed in the papers. They still look to Pakistan as to a "paradise" on earth. This is partly due to the policy of clandestine discrimination against Muslims pursued by the Government subsequent to the police action. Mus-

lims have come to feel that it is as much a curse and disqualification to be a Muslim in Hyderabad as to be a Brahmin in Madras. Hindu Matriculates are given jobs or promotions in preference to Muslim M. As. Surely this is not the way to create confidence and a sense of security among the minorities. If this policy continues to be pursued it will in the long run prove to be a potential danger to the security of the country. All talk of secular democracy would be a mockery unless the Government make the Muslims feel quite at home. There are, however, some Muslims whom even preferential treatment can hardly make loyal to the State. The present Act is intended for them.

It is, however, felt that had the Act gone through the various stages of a legislature it would have emerged in a tighter and more desirable form. Some of its sections are too vague. The procedure laid down in the Act for punishing the guilty public servants is objectionable and defeats the very purpose of the Act.

A serious defect of the Act is the monopoly by the Government of the right to refer allegations of misconduct on the part of public servants to the tribunal, or to put it more accurately, the absence of provisions enabling public bodies and individuals to refer their allegations to the tribunal. The Government should have realised that they are not omnipresent, much less omnivigilant.

The Act says that the tribunal "shall have the same powers as are vested in a civil court," and yet the tribunal can only report its findings and recommend one of the seven penalties provided under the Act to the Government. The tribunal's recommendation is not binding on the Government because the Government have the overriding power under the Act to pass, on the report of the tribunal, such orders as they "deem fit." The tribunal should be vested with powers to impose a penalty, not to "recommend" it to the Government.

In many parts of the Middle East, the press is as free as could possibly be desired. It is free to attack the Government, or anyone else it chooses, as viciously and as slanderously as Governments or individuals can be attacked anywhere in the world. Recently one of the Teheran newspapers offered a million riyals' reward to anyone who would assassinate the Iranian Prime Minister.—Kermit Roosevelt.

Short Story

SUDHA

By S. HANUMANTHA RAU

SHYAMALABAI, sitting near the dim kerosene lamp in her kitchen, cooking the supper, saw a shadow flit across the threshold and looked up to see who it was.

"May I come in, mother?" asked a sweet voice with just a suspicion of a tremor in it.

"Oh, is that you, Sudha? Why, yes, of course. Don't you know that you are always welcome?"

Sudha entered and stood silently by the old woman, her head bent down and her dainty hands mercilessly crumpling a silk kerchief.

"Why, what is the matter, darling? You seem to be upset. Sit down, sit down by my side and tell me what troubles you," said Shyamalabai, looking up at the sweet face clouded by sorrow.

"It is your son," murmured Sudha.

"Oh, what did he do, darling? I thought you two were great chums."

The girl lifted up the kerchief to her eyes.

"There, there, don't you start weeping, darling," said the old woman, pulling Sudha down by her side and patting her back. "Didn't all your education teach you anything better? You must try to be self-possessed always, dear."

"Yes, yes, it is all very well for the mother of a mischievous boy to say that."

"My boy! What did he do, darling? Did he call you names? Did he...?"

"Does a girl run to you with a complaint if she is simply abused?"

"What did he do to you, darling? Haven't I been your best adviser and friend all these four years since I moved into your neighbourhood? Why do you hesitate to tell me?"

"He—he—mis—misbehaved," said the girl, bursting into tears and reclining her head on the old lady's shoulder for support.

"Goodness, what a wicked boy! But, Sudha dear, you forgot one thing. You know that I have been discussing with your parents your marriage with my son, and they—noble souls that they are—have condoned my poverty. Don't you remember, Sudha, darling—there, there, don't rub your eyes out like that. They are already blood-red. Don't you remember, just two years ago, during your elder sister's wedding, we all had great fun in the mock marriage we staged between you and my boy? You naughty girl, you pretended perfect shyness even to mention Balu's name when the other girls teased you. All that must have made him so free with you, you know. Can't you excuse him? Isn't he your own Balu?"

"And that is why, perhaps, he disgraced me."

And Sudha began to sob afresh.

"Bear up, bear up, poor darling. These boys of the present day are all bad. You should be indulgent about them."

"So, after all, the blame is on me."

"Oh, no, darling. But, Sudha dear," and the old lady moved closer still to the girl and whispered in her ear, "do tell me what he actually did, and let me know how far his wickedness has gone. The rogue!"

"I was playing in my garden in the arbour near the compound wall. He suddenly jumped over the wall, rushed to me, and before I knew what happened, lifted me in his arms and began kissing my lips! I could not even scream."

"And then?"

"And then, I beat him and pinched his shoulders and managed to cry, 'Let me down, let me go.' I won't let you go until I have kissed you enough, darling," he said and kissed me again."

"That is too bad of him, really, too bad! But do you mind it really, Sudha? Can't you forgive him? You know by next June you will have been married to him. And then.... Now

look at me, Sudha. Look at me and smile."

"It would have been all right if I had been alone. I had two friends with me. They saw all and laughed and ran away. Oh! how am I going to show my face to those girls?"

And Sudha burst into tears again. "Goodness, is that so? How blind the boy was! Don't you worry, darling. I know how to punish him. Be sure I will teach him to behave. Now, ease your mind. Sudha, dear, and go and forget it. It is getting late."

Fifteen minutes later Balu entered the house, whistling a tune and beating time on his left hand with his tennis racket.

"Is supper ready, mother? I'm awfully hungry. Had five sets of tennis to-day and beat all the blighters in the Club. Isn't that great, mother? I deserve to marry the Zamindar's daughter for my play, but the pity is, the Zamindar has no daughter."

"Shut up, for heaven's sake. I have heard of your exploit. I only wonder why you are not ashamed of yourself."

"Ashamed! Why should I be ashamed? It is those fools that should be ashamed, those who can't escape me."

"Yes, I know. Rogues usually crack petty jokes to ease their minds, specially after committing a criminal deed."

"Criminal, did you say, mother? Criminal indeed! You are old-fashioned, mother, and you have always your sympathy for the vanquished. You can't appreciate the valour of the conqueror, and you call him a criminal. You poor old darling! It is all because you are so good—good to blindness."

"I'm sick of it all, my son. Your father never dreamt that you would sully his name like this. He was lucky enough to pass away and leave me to bear all this disgrace."

"Father would never call it disgrace. Father was so different from you. He too was old-fashioned, but he could understand. Why, if he were living to-day, he would have said, 'Bravo, my son!'"

"Will you shut up or shall I strangle myself?" shouted the lady from the kitchen.

"Why, what happened, mother? Are you really angry?" asked Balu, and rushed into the kitchen.

"Why should I be angry, and with whom? I only pray to God to take me away soon."

"What *did* happen? Tell me first, mother."

"I am amazed at your pretended innocence. As if it were not enough for me to hear all this, you want me to recount all that you yourself did!"

"But what have I done, mother, that should upset you so much? And who has been telling you stories against me?"

"Ah! Injured people come and complain to me of the indignities they receive at your hands. To whom should they go? But what do you care for an old woman like me? A few more incidents like this, and this neighbourhood will be too hot for us. Nobody will give you a girl to marry, and I shall have to die, leaving a universally cursed boy, the terror of all the girls."

"Girls! What girls? And who has been poisoning your old mind, and how long? Whose dirty brain is responsible for this? Tell me and I'll blow it out this minute."

"I know you would. Do I not know the blood that is running in your veins? For having suffered at your hands, the poor girl deserves to be killed by you!"

"Who is that girl, and what is her name?" hissed Balu, clenching his fists.

"Are you not ashamed at your age to climb over walls and molest girls?"

"Which wall, and which girl? Will you or will you not tell me?"

"Can't you stop still pretending innocence, when you know that I have heard all? Or have you jumped over several walls and molested hundreds of girls and wish to know which of them came and complained to me?"

"Oh! you are incorrigible! You are stupid!"

Balu put on his tennis shirt again and banged the door of the room.

"Have your supper before you go out. It will get cold," said the mother.

"Throw your supper into the gutter," said Balu as he rushed out of the house.

The old lady burst into tears.

"Oh, what an age you have taken to come, Usha! Put down the rupee now," said Sudha, clapping her hands and jumping up.

"Tell me first if you have won the bet at all, and then you can have the rupee."

"I have won the bet, Usha dear. He did go out of the house without taking his supper. Oh, you should have seen the old lady when I left her! It was simply wonderful, I tell you."

"Tell me everything from the beginning. Are you sure that he would not go home again and take his food? How can we yet conclude that you have won the bet?"

"I have won the bet, Usha, I have. Wait and see. He won't eat his supper at home to-night. Why only to-night he won't take his food for another six months, unless I go and pacify him. Poor dear!"

"What did he tell you?"

"I didn't see him at all. I mean, he didn't see me at all. Ah, dear, dear, how wonderful it was!"

"You did not tell me you would do it to-day when we discussed the bet in the evening. When your servant came and told me you wanted me urgently in the garden, I thought of all possible reasons. Now out with your story. Begin at the beginning."

"You see, I learnt that Balu had gone out for his tennis and that the old mother was alone at home and the bet was simply torturing my brain, and I thought this evening was as good as any other time. So I went to the old lady and what do you think I did? I started weeping."

"Weeping?"

"Yes, darling. Weeping—weeping, crying, sobbing and all the rest of it. The poor old woman was really moved and believed every word I said. Oh, you should have seen the expression I put on. I believe my photo at that moment over a caption 'Injured Innocence' would have won a first prize."

"But what is it you told her?"

Sudha moved close to Usha on the bench and whispered in her ear.

"You rogue!" exclaimed Usha. "You shouldn't have actually said that. Poor Balu! He will never marry you."

"I'll take care of that, all right. Do you think I don't know how to undo the mischief I myself do, particularly when it concerns my Balu?"

"Even before marrying him you have got him under your control. But go on with your story."

"Yes, and then the old lady made me sit down by her side and tried to console me, telling me how he loved me, and how his attachment to me emboldened him and all that stuff."

"And what did you say?"

"I started crying once again."

"How bad of you! But did you really weep successfully, and could you do it?"

"Could I do it! Well, haven't I wept on more difficult occasions? Don't you remember, Usha, dear, when we enacted Savitri on the Prize Distribution night?"

"Oh, yes, you are an actress. And then?"

"Just for an instant I was afraid my plan would go wrong. But it worked out all right. I took leave of the mother, and hid myself behind the door and waited for Balu's return. He danced into the house, humming a tune and brandishing his racket—a perfect picture of happiness. I felt like springing at him with open arms...."

"Never mind how you felt, but tell me what happened. You seem to forget everything in the world when you think of Balu."

"Doesn't he deserve it all, Usha? Doesn't he? Is there another boy like him in all this town....?"

"There, there, you are lost again."

"Oh, you are right, darling. You are right. I'll finish the story. The mother took Balu to task without actually telling him facts, and he couldn't understand anything, got wild and went away asking her to throw the supper into the gutter. I don't care for the bet now, Usha. I must go and find Balu and take him to my house for supper. I told mother I would bring him."

The girls were about to get up from the bench, when they heard the report of a pistol shot just behind them, a sharp cry of agony, and the thud of something falling.

The girls screamed as they clasped

each other. "It is some murder. Let us run for our lives."

"But didn't you notice anything, dear?" whispered Usha. "The cry seemed to be rather a familiar voice to me."

"Impossible! Come on. We shall go home," said Sudha as she dragged her companion.

"Wait a bit. If, unhappily, it should be someone we know, could we leave him like this? The poor fellow may need a drop of water while he is dying. Come on, we shall see, and don't be afraid."

There was perfect silence and the girls tiptoed to the place behind the bench in the midst of the shrubs, and in the dim darkness of the night, found the prostrate body to be that of Balu. The hands were thrown out, the right one holding a pistol, the head was hanging over a little mound of earth and there was an unearthly stare in the eyes, made more ghastly by the darkness.

Taking in the whole situation at a glance, Sudha fell down on her knees and began crying, "Oh, Balu, darling! Why did you do this? I only played a joke and bet a rupee that I would make you not take your supper tonight and not that you should go out of this world altogether. I never dreamt

my joke would end like this. Oh, my Balu dear, why didn't you rush out and kill me when you were angry? Why did you kill yourself? The very first word you said when you came home this evening was that you were hungry, and now you have gone away without food, without even a drop of water. Oh, God! How shall I show my face to your mother and tell her that I killed you?"

She bent down, placed her head on the body and sobbed aloud.

The next instant Balu sat up and threw his arms round the astonished Sudha's neck and said, "You devil, are you punished sufficiently for your mischief?"

"Oh, dear, dear Balu, You are not dead?"

"No, darling, but I might have been," said Balu, as they all got up shaking the dust from their clothes.

"You are the fittest match for Sudha!" said Usha.

"Well, girls, that bet would have ended in a tragedy to-day. When I came out here with this pistol loaded, I never dreamt I would go back home. I heard your voices and something made me listen, and then I knew it was Sudha's bid for some excitement, and haven't I given you a big dose of it, Sudha?"

MARXIAN DIALECTICS

By P. V. R. SUBRAMANYAM

'You have no future except my foot-falls'
Says the voice behind time's rotation,
'You have no future except contradiction,
Contrawise you move in cycles of suspension,
Suspended amidst life, death and necrophobia
You move within yourself, killing or killed
The patricide and genocide building new cities.'

Break this circle if you want,
Unwind the clock and find who wound it—
From this dead end you will turn back
And turn a rock of immutation,
Your red beard and red eyes moved like gadgets,
Your library of doubt burnt up in Alexandria.

'You have no future except my foot-falls,'
Says the rock behind the million clocks
And in such a dull place of perambulation
We have nothing but to make a weird iteration.

OAK RIDGE: AMERICA'S SOCIALIST TOWN

By LEO LANIA

A makeshift southern village, built to study atomic energy, becomes a busy American city and a unique experiment in community living.

KNOXVILLE, in the southern State of Tennessee, is among America's least attractive cities. But as soon as you leave the drab downtown section, you are enchanted by the scenery of the nearby Smoky Mountains with their fairyland charm. The highway follows a foaming river, cuts through quaint villages which have not changed in the last hundred years, and climbs to wooded heights. Each turn opens a new vista on deep valleys and narrow gorges.

In one of these valleys, almost completely isolated from the outside world, lies a unique town. Ten years ago a wilderness, 5 years ago a camp of 120,000 people who lived mostly in tents, improvised barracks, and trailers, Oak Ridge today has a permanent population of more than 30,000.

A broad and well-paved avenue unwinds through the residential section. The homes are simple, painted white, and surrounded by friendly lawns. At the first turning stands the medical center, one of the most modern and best equipped in the United States. Farther down the road are a school and a nursery as well as the recreation center, a sprawling wooden structure which is both club house and civic auditorium.

To the right the main street passes a dozen tennis courts and leads up a hill. This is the business center. Elegant shops of men's and women's apparel, leather goods, and jewellery tempt you with their window displays. There is the inevitable drug store with its soda fountain and the motion picture theater.

At the first superficial glance you would not suspect the uniqueness of this town until you see the barbed wire fences which border its area in a wide crescent. Behind those fences are the plants and laboratories that are the heart of Oak Ridge.

While the experiments which are conducted day and night behind those

barbed wires are America's most effectively guarded secrets, there is one experiment which every visitor can witness freely and which is perhaps no less remarkable: Oak Ridge is a socialist community. Certainly there is not a city or town in Socialist Britain where the whole life of its inhabitants and their material existence are shaped in more complete accord with socialist patterns.

You cannot own any land or house in Oak Ridge. Homes are only for rent. If you want to open an office, a drug store, a restaurant, or a shop, you apply for a license and if you get permission to start your business, your rent is fixed on a sliding scale depending on your revenue. You are not allowed to make more than 10 per cent profit. The proprietor of the local drug store, for example, has most of his earnings siphoned off into rent.

Unlike residents of any other village, town, or city in the United States, nobody can become a resident of Oak Ridge by an act of his own free will alone. Whether employed at the atomic energy plants and laboratories owned by the Government, or at Carbide and Carbon Chemicals, a private corporation, or even if he is a retailer, a person must first be screened by the Federal Bureau of Investigation before he can live there. Oak Ridge is, therefore, at least inferentially, the most nonsubversive community in the United States.

If ever a town deserved to be called a boomtown, Oak Ridge certainly would qualify for that description. But in this boomtown, no one has been allowed to gain from the miraculous expansion of its population. No one has been permitted to take advantage of the many business opportunities the city has offered and to turn them into private profit.

"Business is excellent," the owner of a men's wear shop told the writer. "Back home in the city of Montgomery, if my store would do half as

well, I would have made a fortune in one short year. Here I just manage to earn my living. On the other hand, I do not have to worry about competition and falling sales either."

The per capita income of Oak Ridge is higher than that of any other industrial community in the United States. The range of income, however, is limited—extending from the modest salary paid to the janitor, to the high salaries for top scientists or administrative directors of the atomic energy project itself.

The town is managed by the Roane-Anderson Company, which functions as agent for the Government. The bus companies as well as the hospital are subsidiaries of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission which reports directly to the U. S. Congress and which remains the supreme authority in all affairs affecting life in Oak Ridge. Even the city manager has been named by the Atomic Energy Commission. Residents do not have the right to elect their mayor or other

municipal officers, but only the so-called town councilmen who act as liaison between the people and the city manager. They can consult and advise only, lacking the power to enact any legislation on their own. Residents retain their right to vote in national elections.

Dr. X, a surgeon and skin specialist, whose home was originally in the western State of North Dakota, settled in Oak Ridge after the war. "My wife was first not too keen about moving into a community which did not seem to offer you any bright future," he explained to the writer. "But after the first year, we found out that we would not like to live anywhere else. This is a city of young people. The birth rate is the highest in the nation and the death rate is lower than average since the average age is 31 years. I am in my early 40's, but probably the oldest physician in town. The facilities for research and study in my special field are extraordinary, and as far as

my wife is concerned, she has found here a far more stimulating intellectual and artistic atmosphere than in any of the big cities. We have lectures and concerts every day of the week. We have our country club with its excellent golf course and a very congenial social life."

Not only the material life, but also the social relationship of Oak Ridge residents is unique. Democracy is more than a political idea—it is an act of daily existence. The foremost scientist and the worker live side by side. There is no "exclusive" and no slum neighbourhood. And since the people of Oak Ridge have come from every State of the nation—and many from overseas—Oak Ridge is the ultimate expression of the melting-pot idea.

An evening in the auditorium gave a revealing insight into the thinking and feeling of the intellectual group which obviously comprises a larger segment of the population than in other places of like size. Most of the young men and women who participated in the question and answer period on world affairs advanced a definite liberal and progressive point of view. Yet there was nothing of radical absolutism, or nihilism, or Communism, all equally dangerous. The well-balanced and thoughtful criticism of America's foreign policy was impressive. The idea of the United Nations has firm roots in Oak Ridge.

Even more surprising is a marked

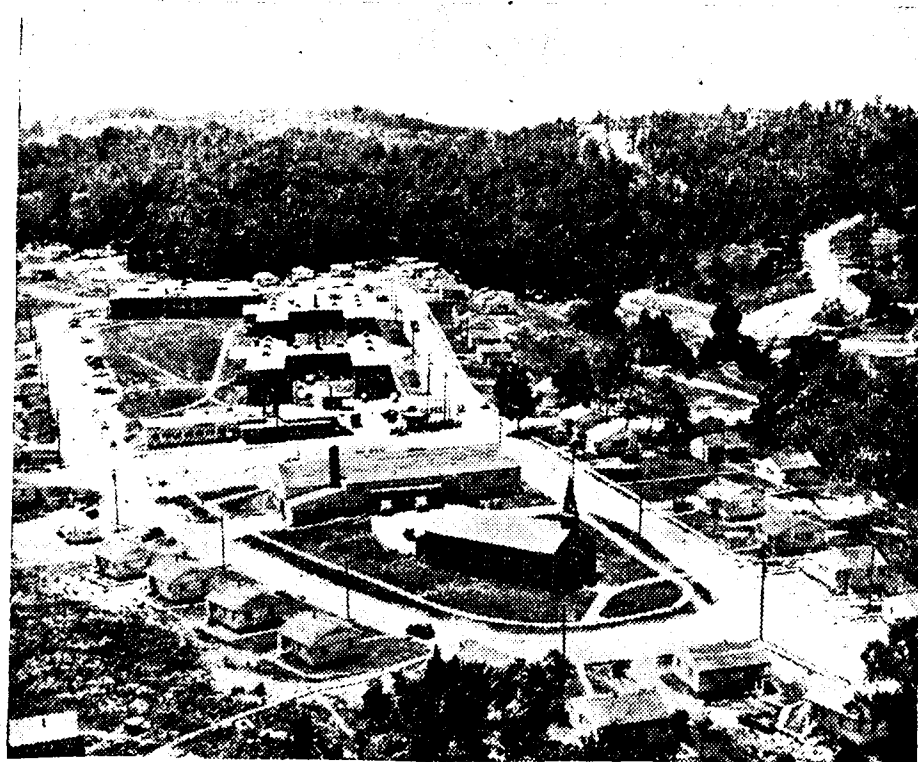
difference between the young scientists and their counterparts in other countries. The men and women of Oak Ridge have achieved a healthy attitude towards the daily life and problems of their fellow men. This broad world outlook is a safeguard against a too rarified and cerebral climate. The spiritual air in the auditorium was fresh and easy to breathe.

It is therefore not surprising that the atomic bomb occupies the off-the-job thinking of the people of the City of the Atom much less than an outsider would expect. The use of atomic energy for peaceful purposes, for industrial development, and especially for medical research commands a more intense interest.

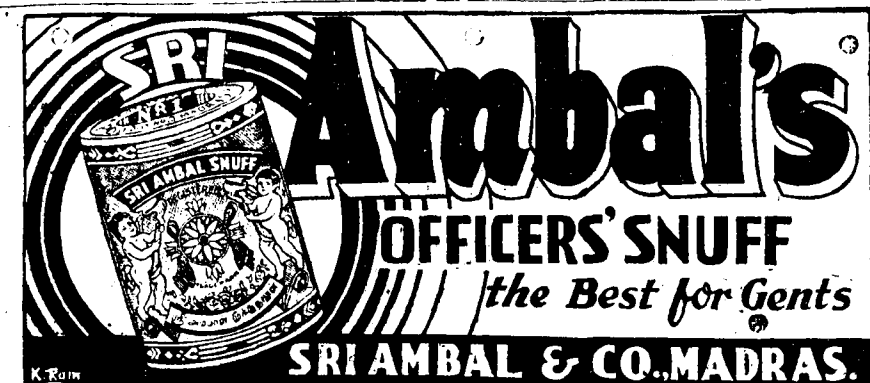
To be sure, there is a lot of grumbling. The older scientists complain about the rigid secrecy which surrounds their work. The younger ones do not mind. The interest which both groups take in their work is greater than their interest in material gains.

Oak Ridge is a special case. As such, it offers no valid illustration of the benefits or shortcomings of a socialist community. But even the businessmen, who still dream of the chances they have missed because the City of the Atom has turned out so differently from the cities of gold and silver and oil, admit that their life is "quite nice." Not colourful, not adventurous—just nice.—*United Nations World.*

If people will learn, however difficult that may be, to know each other better, their languages will tend more easily to merge. Were there one day to be a universal nation, then a universal language would inevitably follow.—*Robert Escarpit.*



OAK RIDGE: The atom bomb was planned at this peaceful scene. It was a wilderness 5 years ago. Today it is city of more than 30,000 settlers. It is Government-owned and Government-operated.—(Photograph courtesy of United Nations World),



GENERAL MARSHALL'S NEW CAREER

By GERTRUDE SAMUELS

IT was wet, gray, foggy, and airplanes had been grounded that afternoon—all but one which had just been tanked up and stood waiting confidently for him on La Guardia Field, New York City's airport. At exactly 4.30 p.m. with not a second to spare, a black car drove up, and out he came with a lightning swiftness as though he himself were airborne. He was a tall, handsome man in brown topcoat and soft brown hat, leather dispatch case gripped in one leather-gloved hand. As he extended the other hand in greeting, his features at first seemed rigidly correct, from the blue eyes and the mouth's slightly smiling line to the deep ridges of neck wrinkles above his white shirt. Our party got hurriedly into the plane; pilot and copilot came quickly to be introduced; we fastened our seat belts. And with a glorious disdain for comfort or weather, he shook out a newspaper and was deep into an official text as the plane took off.

Thus came my formal introduction to George Catlett Marshall, one of the most famous men of our time, senior officer of the United States Army, and five-star general, who, according to the best-informed sources and nomenclature, was "retired."

At 69 years General Marshall could look back on a lifetime of soldierly contributions in two World Wars, on rich feats of statesmanship on several continents, on a plan that in his lifetime was reaping rewards in human and economic benefits. He had been ill. He was supposed to be living in retirement, and President Truman had recently appointed him president of the American Red Cross. I was to accompany him for a brief time to observe his meetings with leaders of various Red Cross chapters for their 1950 fund drive, and this held the promise of a quiet, relaxing trip.

After just 3 days of flying, entraining, motoring, running, and walking up and down stairs and in and out of rooms with hurrying people led by a general still obviously on some mano-

euvres, after many official breakfasts, luncheons, dinners with thousands of people, after official and unofficial press and radio conferences, veterans'



George Catlett Marshall

interviews, and industry and labour meetings, it can be said that any report of General Marshall's retirement appears to be greatly exaggerated.

To understand the pace at which General Marshall moves—which leaves younger men (and women) completely shaken—one has to understand the thinking and spirit which move him. For they are clearly in the larger pattern of his humanitarian work. Many people, he points out, have asked him why he left the serenity of his home in Leesburg, in the southern State of Virginia, to which he had "retired" after a major operation in 1948, to take up public duties again. He answers by referring to the character of the American Red Cross and the genesis of his appointment as its president.

He tells you that the American Red Cross is required, under its Congressional charter and international

treaty, to assist the armed forces of the United States in war and in peace; to act swiftly in great national calamities and mitigate the sufferings caused by pestilence, famine, fire, and floods; and to render emergency relief aid in other lands. He sees it as an organization that belongs to the people (the President of the United States is its honorary chairman), working through some 3,700 chapters throughout the Nation and through their 5,000 branches. Except for a relatively small number of paid workers—reduced from some 25,000 persons during the war to 5,000 today—the largest responsibility for its work must rest with thousands of volunteer businessmen, farmers, physicians, labourers, housewives, and young people.

For years, General Marshall goes on, he had been a personal witness of Red Cross performance among the American troops and watched its effect on morale. When he was retiring as Chief of Staff, back in 1945, President Truman spoke to him about becoming its president. It held "very great appeal" for him then. "But the next thing I knew I was being sent to China to try to bring peace in that country's civil war." On his return he became U. S. Secretary of State in 1947, and soon afterward put forward the European Recovery Plan which bears his name. After he resigned as Secretary of State, following his operation, it became a question of whether he would do anything or go on the retired list of the U. S. Army. Once more President Truman brought up the subject of the Red Cross.

"Mrs. Marshall and I talked it over, as we had frequently in the past 4 years," the General said. "It was her decision. She said there was my work at the Pentagon (Washington headquarters of the U. S. Department of Defense where the General still maintains an office and staff), and the several commissions on which I serve. But we felt that board meetings were not enough for these times. Mrs. Marshall had always been an active worker in the Red Cross, and we agreed that this seemed by far the most satisfying work by contrast with the heavy burden of the war years. To us," he added quietly, "the appointment offered too great an opportunity and challenge to be ignored. To

head the Red Cross was a great honour."

His role as president, or chief administrative officer, requires him to pass upon policies of the organization; on national budgetary expenditures, and to represent the organization in relationship with Red Cross societies throughout the world and with such U. S. Federal agencies as the Department of Defense and the Veterans Administration.

It is a post that he apparently views with about as much detachment as a major military operation. On his appointment in October 1949, he flew some 7,500 miles in 6 days to meet leaders in 158 chapters, "because I know from my Army experience that you have to go to the people themselves to find out what the problems are." He saw his work in two parts: to learn his job from the ground up by studying, questioning, examining the problems, hearing the criticism; and to tell the whole and true story of it to the people.

"I came to this work," he said, "feeling that there is urgent need of spiritual regeneration, of a real understanding among people in the interest of world peace. We have treaties and agreements on this and that, but their force and effect are diminished or wiped out if there is not good faith. We cannot accomplish this regeneration by prayer alone, but by the individual's giving of himself. The Red Cross, it seems to me, affords that opportunity to literally give to your fellowman."

It was apparent that it was a philosophy that General Marshall could transmit wonderfully to people of all walks of life, whether to individuals or large audiences. His personal persuasion of its worth, his deep beliefs, not the least of which appears to be his faith in human goodness, and his sunny nature have both an electrifying and disarming effect. This part of his personality does not reveal itself at once.

For instance, there is the way the General goes about learning the problems of a certain Red Cross chapter. Campaign leaders talk about their problems of fund-raising, the lack of volunteers, and the outside pressure to combine the Red Cross drive in their town with other drives for philanthropic purposes. For perhaps

half an hour he will listen and no word passes his lips. Arms folded, legs crossed, immaculately clean from his thinning, silver gray hair down to his gleaming black shoes, there is something startling about his intensity, as though he were memorizing or separating ideas. Then he begins rapidly to talk, to question, to ask about fundraising, to ask for sources. His voice is gentle, prodding, husky. And as he talks, his whole personality seems suddenly to change. His eyes become volubly expressive as he gesticulates or brings his fingertips almost together. His smile flashes, and his frankness leaves a stunning effect that makes his listeners lose all self-consciousness.

And there is the way that the General tells the story of the Red Cross wherever he goes. Before a typical gathering of several hundred, he is like a man who has been listening for a long time and has plenty to say. It is a warm talk, hand-punctuated, strongly idiomatic. For 50 minutes he talks without a note, and the audience sits spellbound. He praises the workers for their devotion to a good cause, and he baits them. And he makes them laugh.

"I keep hearing that the Red Cross has not demobilized as it should," he tells them. "Well, I had the greatest mobilization and the rapidest demobilization in history, so I think I know something about that subject. 'You have not demobilized,' some people say. 'The budget is too high.' I know every budget is too high and needs to be cut—except my own. But when I look into the facts, what do I find? It is very important," his hand comes up crescendo, "that you know the whole story."

He found, he says, that in 1938 there were 265,000 men in the American armed forces; today there are 1,500,000 in the forces scattered all over the world from Japan to Germany and Trieste; all told, there are some 19,000,000 veterans in the United

States today; the American Red Cross serves great numbers of these, including 110,000 men in hospitals.

"That is not my idea of demobilization," General Marshall says. He found that formerly there was no disaster budget; today, this takes a large part of the American Red Cross peacetime funds. At present in the Mississippi and Ohio River Valleys alone, where there have been floods, the Red Cross is caring for 23,000 families or some 100,000 flood disaster victims. And after the disaster "comes the rehabilitation." That kind of work is done so quietly and efficiently, he adds with asperity, that "of course it never makes the headlines of newspapers."

The tempo with which the General moves leaves workers with the distinct feeling of being alerted to battle call. He rises at 7 o'clock in the morning and may have breakfast with 50 or so fund raisers; he meets the press immediately afterward, addresses a public rally, takes his self-allotted "15 minutes free time"; flies to the next town; lunches with Red Cross chapter and community leaders; meets the press; makes Red Cross recordings; meets Junior Red Cross leaders; addresses a State-wide gathering of Red Cross, industry, and labour leaders, and housewives at dinner; meets individual or group chapter leaders later who have special problems; and before retiring around midnight he likes to read a book or set the next day's plans with Red Cross aides. He has no secretary or military aides (he has not worn his uniform in 3 years). What he prizes is precision and time.

After following a daily schedule that would exhaust men 30 years his junior, the General shows no weariness or irritation. Small talk, however, does irritate him. He recuperates by cajoling his aides later into more Red Cross talk, often around midnight.—*New York Times Magazine* through USIS.

"In a year there will be only five kings in the world—the King of England and the four kings in a pack of cards." This is what Farouk I of Egypt is fond of saying.

So far, the Arab world has been kinder to royalty in the twentieth century than have other parts of the globe. In the rapidly dwindling stock of ruling kings, four are from countries of the Arab League. The old Lord of the Desert, Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud; the boy King Feisal of Iraq; his great uncle, Abdullah of Transjordan; and Farouk himself. The Imam of Yemen might almost count as a fifth.

KNOW "THE TRUTH," "THE WHOLE TRUTH" OF KOREA

THE Third World War was very nearly declared last week—at least in our coffee-houses and tea-shops!

While arm-chair politicians took sides and excitedly debated the rights and wrongs, the 'whodun-it' and 'whydun it,' of the Korean war, amateur strategists drew the Blue Prints for a world-war, laid down the law for what America *would* do or Russia *should* do, how the battle-lines would be formed all round the world, and even ventured to predict when the just where the Atom Bombs would be dropped.

There was the 1939-40 excitement in the air all over again—and I believe it was so not only in India but in every country of the world. It is not a healthy excitement—it is more like a fever and perhaps is not unrelated to humanity's racial hang-over of blood-lust inherited from our savage ancestors.

A perfectly civilized man, smug in his comfortable home and his face beaming with excitement, said to me: "Thank Heavens, once again there is something interesting to read in the papers. They had become so dull of late."

He did not see the point of my question when I asked him whether he found the Korean war *interesting* from the point of view of a North Korean, South Korean or American soldier dying of a bullet or sharpnel wound in a muddy fox-hole somewhere along the almost mythical 38th Parallel!

War and prospects of war, no doubt, appear to be *interesting*—from a safe distance! But is there going to be any "safe distance" in the next world war? That is an "interesting" thought.

"I DON'T KNOW!"

So many people asked me what was going to happen in Korea and whether the Korean conflict would develop into a world war—and how soon! Most people expect a journalist to have, or at least

presume to have, some *special* "inside" information about every place in the world. They were so disappointed when I confessed "I don't know."

But isn't that the truth—that we do not know enough about the background of the present fighting in Korea to be able to pass judgment one way or the other? With all our tall talk about "truth" and "objectivity" it is prejudices and preconceived notions that determine and condition our individual, collective and national reactions to such situations.

America intervened in Korea without waiting for an examination of the situation by U. N. O. The U. N. O. "posthumously" endorsed the *fait accompli* of American action with remarkable, unprecedented, highly suspicious and even indecent hurry. The Government of India ratified the U. N. O. decision without caring to wait even for the report of the Indian member of the Korean Commission. The Indian news-agencies and newspapers, relying exclusively on Anglo-American sources of news, retailed the Anglo-American version as the "whole truth." Reuter, A. P. A. and U. P. A. kept us duly informed about what Washington did, and London said and Sydney felt, but hardly a line of what Pyongyang had to say about the alleged North Korean aggression.

Who, then, can claim to know "the truth, the whole truth," all the objective details, of what has happened in Korea? Speaking for myself, frankly, *I don't know!*

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

The case—as presented by the Anglo-American news agencies—is simple and clear-cut.

These are two Koreas—the Communist-dominated North Korea, a "satellite" of Moscow, and the "democratic" South Korea tied to the apron-strings of U. S. A. by bonds of purest sentiments for each other.

The big, bad North Korea, without warning and without



provocation, crossed the sacrosanct 38th Parallel and invaded South Korea. The ever watchful and gallant Uncle Sam, seeing a little defenceless country being bullied, rushed his planes and guns and tanks and troops to protect the integrity and independence of South Korea. The U. N. O., an organisation entirely devoted to the cause of protecting weak small nations against the maraudings of their aggressive neighbours, immediately came to South Korea's rescue. And the Government of India which is committed to a policy of resisting aggression—be it in Kashmir or Korea—promptly lined up behind U. S. A. along with other U. N. O. powers.

It is *prima facie* a perfect case. There is only one snag about it. It is too perfect! It presupposes too many actions and reactions to have been motivated by altruistic and humanitarian considerations. Such things do not happen. When they do, is it unnatural if we have a tendency to keep a liberal pinch of salt handy, and refuse to wildly cheer the American newsreels depicting the altruistic heroism of Uncle Sam's children in Korea?

Inevitably, every one in India has been remarking about the startling contrast between U. N. O.'s ultra-promptness in Korea and the long-drawn-out slow-motion drama of mediation in Kashmir. Strange that even after 27 months the U. N. O. could not see the glaring fact of Pakistani aggression in Kashmir—a fact which even Pakistan did not dare to deny, while in 27 seconds the U. N. O. and the U. S. A. were convinced of the fact of North Korean aggression. Pandit Nehru admits the strangeness of this contrast but suggests that the questions about it should be put not to him but to President Truman. Is our Prime Minister really so naive that he does not know the reason why U. S. A. did not move a finger to stop Pakistani aggression in Kashmir but rushed to the aid of South Korea even before the world knew there had been aggression there?

The logic of Korea can be reduced to this simple syllogism:

All men are deemed to be innocent unless proved guilty—except Communists who can be jailed or shot without the need of proving their guilt.

North Korea is Communist—so it must be guilty of aggression.

Hence the promptness with which U. S. A., U. N. O. and the Government of India have rushed to support South Korea.

Q. E. D.

It is simple enough logic for Anti-Communists—as also (in reverse) for Communists who need no objective evidence to be convinced of the guilt and fraud of American imperialism. It is difficult only for those who really believe in neutrality and want to be objective in their assessment of such world-shaking events. They must resort to the less exciting pastime of hunting facts.

KOREA—WHAT AND WHY?

Korea is a peninsula between the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan. The first important geographical fact about Korea is that, though an appendage of China, it is uncomfortably near Japan. From 1644 to 1895 Korea was a nominally independent Kingdom under Chinese suzerainty. It then passed under Japanese influence and was annexed by Japan in 1910, incorporated as a province of the Japanese Empire, and was given the name "Chosen."

The area of Korea is 85,230 square miles and the population is 21,058,300 of whom 337,000 are Japanese and 46,000 are Chinese. Though mainly agricultural, Korea possesses valuable deposits of several important minerals like coal, lead, tungsten, gold and silver.

At the Cairo Conference in 1943, Britain, U. S. A. and China agreed that on the liberation of Korea from the Japanese, she should be declared free and independent.

In 1945, however, Korea was cut in two by the 38th Parallel, the line at which the United States and the Soviets had agreed to divide their occupation of the country.

Both Russia and America have been interested in Korea because of its vital strategic position. In March 1946 General Shtikhov, head of the Soviet delegation to the Soviet-American Conference at Seoul, said, "The Soviet Union has a keen interest in Korea being a true democratic and independent country, friendly to the Soviet Union, so that in the future it will not become a base for an attack on the Soviet Union." The American point-of-view was represented by Lt.

General J. R. Hodge who wanted an American-style "democratic" country, "independent" of Soviets, and "friendly" to the U. S.

This would seem to put American and Russian interest in Korea on the same footing. But the difference is that Korea, in the hands of an anti-Soviet power, *can* be a menace to Russia's adjacent territory, but the distant U. S. A. can have only a colonial interest in Korea as a base *against* Russia!

Andrew Roth (who is no apologist for Russia) summed up many months ago the contrast between the Soviet-dominated North Korea and the American-dominated South Korea in these words:

"The Soviets have had more effective local allies. Instead of the aged and clique-ridden exiles the U. S. has imported, the Soviets have had a much younger, more dynamic, and infinitely more loyal group. Instead of neurotic, 75 year Syngman Rhee, America's cantankerous South Korean ally, the Soviets have stocky, 37-year old General Kim Il-Sung, the most famous hero of the anti-Japanese resistance.... 60-year old President Kim Du-bong is a renowned leftwing scholar... with such loyal and experienced allies the Soviets were able to run a 'behind the screen' administration which had great advantage over the officious American military government in the South.... The Soviets early strengthened their Korean allies by giving the regime governmental authority and keeping themselves very much in the background.... The Soviets encouraged them to proceed with social reforms—including the all-important land reforms."

While frankly critical of the suppression of civil liberties in North Korea, in another article Andrew Roth reported that "the North Korean Government has been training agents who have filtered across the border and succeeded in sparking rebellions in discontented areas in the South. It has also passed agrarian laws applicable to South Korea, kept in contact with anti-government politicians there.... On the other hand, Syngman Rhee told members of the Korean Commission not to worry too much about peaceful unification and added, "If we get enough arms from the United States, we will easily conquer

the North." Later he told his Parliament that if the North did not agree to their terms "it will be necessary to march North."

An American diplomat told Roth that the State Department was aware of the aggressive intentions of the South Korean Government. High Army officials believed that "the South Korean Government is responsible for about half of the border incidents."

It is also significant to recall that when Dr. Anup Singh, the Indian delegate on the Korean Commission, made a statement that the purpose of his Mission was to expedite the withdrawal of foreign troops (i. e. American troops, as Russian troops were already withdrawn) and to facilitate the peaceful unification of the country. According to one report, "Thereby he won the amity of the Korean people and the enmity of the South Korean Government."

No, the South Korean Government—and its American backers—do not appear to be the lily white angels of Peace, as the U.S.I.S. propagandists would have us believe. Nor do Reuter's despatches seem to convey "the truth, the whole truth" about Korea!

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STRAWS IN THE WIND?

WASHINGTON: President Truman asked Congress for an extra 200,000,000 dollars for "work on all forms of atomic weapons, including the hydrogen or fusion bomb."

LONDON: Reports from New York say that the general effect in the United States of the fighting in Korea has been to speed up the tempo of business."

MADURA: Mr. Lorenzo Bautista, President of the Philippines Town Hall Organisation, Manila, declared here that the Philippines though politically independent was still a colony of the United States in the economic and military sense. He characterised the independence of the Philippines as "spurious" and said that the new "Republic" was in a sinking condition with water very close to its nose."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

NAGPUR: Mr. Tejram Gahlot, an old Congressman of Wardha was served with a notice under the Madhya Pradesh Goondas Act, asking him to leave his home town, Wardha, within 48 hours and preventing him

from entering Wardha, Nagpur or Amraoti Districts. He belongs to the anti-Ministry group of Congressmen. He is, however, reported to hold majority in both the panchayat and delegates' elections of the Wardha Congress and also in the local municipality.—*Times of India*.

MADRAS: The Madras Government proposes to utilise the services of Mr. Vyas a yogi popularly known as "Paniwallah Maharaj" to ascertain the existence of subterranean water resources for sinking irrigation wells in the State. Attached to the Central Ministry of Agriculture, the Yogi is sent from State to State for the purpose and is now in Saurashtra. Mr. K. M. Munshi, India's Food Minister, told pressmen yesterday, "we have found from experience that the predictions of the "Paniwallah Maharaj" have proved correct in most cases." The Yogi did not employ any water-divining process or appliances but just closed his eyes and stated whether the spot whereon he stood should yield water or was rocky, Mr. Munshi added.—P. T. I.



By V. P. SATHE

BOMBAY: After a hectic tour of the world in 54 days, Shri S. K. Patil, the Mayor of Bombay and the Chairman of the Film Enquiry Committee, returned to Bombay last Monday. During his tour he visited Malaya, Thailand, Japan, America, England, France and Italy and visited almost every studio and film institute and studied their working "fairly minutely."

Whatever the politicians and others may have to say about this tour, from the interviews he has given to the press, it appears that Shri Patil has acquired not only good knowledge of, but the right approach to, the films. And if all his ideas and suggestions are adapted in practice, the Indian film industry will have every reason to be gratified at Shri Patil's visit abroad.

Giving his impressions of the tour Shri Patil made the following observations:

(i) that for securing world market India should produce pictures of international standard, acceptable to world audiences; (ii) that the American film industry through its foreign unit directed by Mr. Bernard Kreiser was only too eager to help Indian film producers with technical talent; (iii) that if, with foreign aid, India was able to produce better films, a profitable two-way traffic in films would be established; (iv) that while motion picture producers in all other countries had no difficulty in procuring finance at a reasonable rate of interest, Indian producers had to secure loans at rates of interest varying from 15 to 60 per cent and as such "something should be done

immediately to straighten financial arrangements here"; (v) that the committee would recommend the formation of an academy which would provide educational films, collect statistics, establish contacts with world film centres, look to the maintenance of standards, preserve important pictures in a library and distribute annual awards; (vi) that the very word 'censor' was repulsive to the American producer and the industry censored its own pictures; (vii) that the U. S. had passed anti-trust laws to curb monopolistic tendency and that the same law should be a warning to Indian producers; (viii) that the British Government had come to the rescue of the film industry by reducing taxes and financing through a corporation.

All these observations are significant and only if Shri Patil and his Enquiry Committee can succeed in persuading the Government to help the industry in the light of the above suggestions the Indian film industry will surely expand and prosper.

But the snag is that Shri Patil's enthusiasm itself may fade out and that he may find himself helpless to convince the Ministers who have either never seen any film in their lives or having seen one think that the film is an evil.

For Shri Patil must be fully aware of the chaotic conditions in which our film industry functions today, on the one hand, and equally chaotic rules and regulations which are clamped down on films from province to province.

A scene from a picture which is banned in Bombay is passed in Bengal; in spite of the distinction



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between 'U. & A.' certificate no child between 5 and 16 can see a picture in Madhyabharat, unless a fresh certificate is obtained; a picture is liable to be banned in any province at any time, viz., 'Barsaat' in U. P. and 'Madari' in Delhi. The entertainment tax also varies from province to province and so do other laws. Unless a uniform policy of censorship and taxation is adopted throughout India, there is no chance of the industry really expanding.

If Shri Patil can succeed in changing the very outlook of the Congress Ministers towards the cinema, only then his recommendations have a chance of being put into action. Otherwise like many schemes and plans of the Government, the Film Enquiry Committee's recommendations also will just adorn a 'white paper.'

Personality Of The Week

The spokesmen of the film industry say that there is a slump. There are two producers who have proved it otherwise. One is Raj Kapoor whose 'Barsaat' has collected over ten lakhs in Bombay Province alone and has just celebrated its Silver Jubilee in Hyderabad. The other producer is Jayant Desai whose 'Har Har Mahadeo' has just entered into the 75th week of its run in Bombay and 90th week at Calcutta.

Barring Shantaram, Jayant Desai is perhaps the only director of silent days who has retained his grasp over the technique and also his grip over the picturegoers with amazing success for the last two decades.

It was in 1926 that Jayant Desai first joined the film world and just before the talkie era began he had earned fame as a director of popular thrillers under the banner of Ranjit.

In fact, when Chandulal Shah switched on to talkies, Jayant Desai for over two years continued to make silent thrillers starring Madhuri and G. Billimoria. Later he too switched on to talkies and made the first slapstick comedy 'Char Chakram' introducing the team of Ghorey and Dikit. He learnt Urdu and is perhaps the only Gujrati director who reads Urdu books.

Since then for about a decade and half he made pictures for Ranjit and many a time saved it while turning a tight corner and brought it luck

and fortune. He made all kinds of pictures; from thrillers to comedies; mythology to melodrama; historicals to devotionals; and though all his pictures were not great hits, he created several box-office records. His major hits for Ranjit were 'Toofan Mail'; 'Nadira'; 'Tulsidas'; 'Shadi' and 'Tansen'.

With the co-operation of his elder brother Chhotubhai who had made a name as a exhibitor, he launched his own concern and produced another series of hits beginning with 'Bhakt Raj' and 'Manorama'. But three years ago as his pictures did not create the expected sensation, it appeared as if the star of Jayant Desai was on the decline. This was almost confirmed when he gave up making pictures altogether.

But his star had not set. He was just lying low, watching the new trends, studying the new technique. And now after a long silence he has staged a brilliant comeback with 'Har Har Mahadeo' and revealed that he is still the same old box-office wizard knowing fully well all the tricks of the trade.

Jayant Desai has never been a great votary of "art for art's sake". He has never made any picture with any other reason but to entertain the people. Quiet and unassuming in his habits, he has seldom bothered to worry about business, leaving that headache to Chandulal Shah when he was in Ranjit and to his brother since he became a producer. And yet he knows this business of distribution and exhibition inside out.

As a producer he is also known to be businesslike making pictures at a cheap cost in a competent manner. There is nothing amateurish about it; even the apparently inartistic and jarring things in his pictures are put with a purpose—a purpose which seldom fails. He keeps in touch with every important new picture; and unlike most other "geniuses" he has the spirit to appreciate others' success. In fact, he tries to analyse the success of every picture for his own future guidance.

Now in his forties, though he has always produced rather orthodox pictures, he is a very modern man in private life. His approach to life is far more rational than is evident in his pictures. Admiring as one does

his enviable success at the box-office one cannot help feeling that if only his understanding of mass psychology could have been exploited to popularize progressive themes, the film industry would have revolutionized itself. As it is, his successful career is a model for all those who want (and who doesn't?) to make their pictures popular.

Film Industry In Egypt

As reported earlier Agha Jani Kashmiri, the renowned scenarist, has come back from Egypt. Last week I met him and we talked about, among other things, the film industry in Egypt.

Egypt, for your information, is the chief centre of film production for Arabic films which cater to a big market covering Middle East and North Africa. Egypt is far more under the French influence than British; this influence is evident in its motion pictures as well. For most of the technicians are Egyptians trained in France or Frenchmen themselves.

Thanks to these foreign-trained technicians the standard of technique and organization of Egypt's film industry is very high. The studios are excellent; at the Studio Nahas you won't find even a speck of dust; at the Studio Misr, which is the biggest studio, six pictures can be made at a time.

Musicals are in great demand, some of them bring crores of rupees. The problem of stars is as acute in Egypt as in India. A single star sometimes gets a price which is almost half the entire cost of a picture. Tired of the star system, Egyptian producers are thinking of concentrating on new comers. Most of the female stars are plump and hefty; apparently the picturegoers there do not like slim figures.

The content of Egyptian pictures, according to Agha Jani, is very poor. There is nothing in the stories to rave about. Even the acting is not of a very high standard. Indeed, but for the technique, the Indian films are better than the Egyptian films in every aspect.

Iraq and Syria also make films; but they are very backward compared to India.

In this connection it is interesting to note that there are various plans afoot to make pictures in Egypt with joint Indo-Egyptian capital and personnel, both in Hindustani and Arabic. Such a joint venture, if properly planned, will prove beneficial to both the countries and open a new market for Indian films.

Studios For Delhi?

There is a move to build a film studio in Delhi. Distributor B. V. Late is behind this move. He is reported to have acquired a site at Okhla, six miles from Delhi. A limited company, Republic Studios (Bharat) Ltd., has been floated with a proposed capital of one crore of rupees. Leading producers are said to be backing this venture.

In addition, Dalsukh M. Pancholi, who controlled the biggest studio in Lahore before partition, is also planning to build a studio in Delhi. In fact, it is his ambition to make Delhi as great a production centre as Lahore was before partition.

If all these plans succeed, many Punjabi producers who feel more at home in Delhi than in Bombay are bound to shift to Delhi.

News Of The Week

—The Muhurat of Darling Films maiden production "Malhar" was performed by Gohar last week. This picture is being produced by playback singer Mukesh and directed by Harish.

—Prem Nath and Madhubala will be paired together for the first time in Verma Films' next picture which is being directed by Amia Chakrabarti.

—A new star-colony has been built in Chembur. Actually it is not a star colony but a colony of bungalows built by an insurance company. Now it so happens that most of these bungalows have been acquired by film people. Last Sunday I went first to see the new bungalow of Ramesh Saigal. Then I saw the bungalows of Ashok Kumar, Trilok Kapoor, Nalini Jaywant, Shyam, Om Prakash. Every bungalow is different in style and pattern; only the bungalows of Shyam and Om are identical and so are their cars. Ashok's is obviously the best of the lot. Yet for some mysterious reason he has not occupied

yet. Kuldip Sehgal, Jairaj, Lekhraj Bhakri, Ramesh Gupta, Sushil Sahu and some other film celebrities have also acquired bungalows in the colony which can as well be called now 'Star-colony' or 'Film colony.'

—Incidentally, this is the most sensible thing our stars have done in their life. For, though they earn so much, barring a few, none of them so far was known to have built a house for himself or herself at least in Bombay.

—Nigar and Ajit will play the lead in Madhukar Pictures' "Lokraj" the story of which is written by Pandit Girish, directed by Nanabhai Bhatt.

—Pandit Girish is also reported to be writing "Jhansi Ki Rani" for

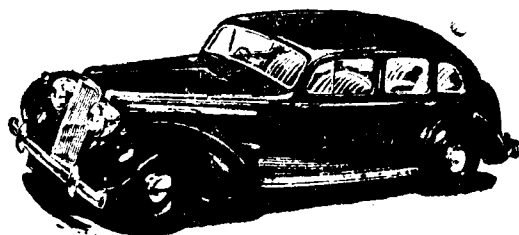
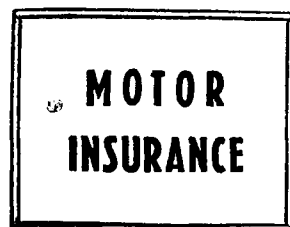
Sohrab Modi. It is rumoured that Mehtab may play the title role.

—Raj Kapoor, Nimmi and Prem Nath who flew to Hyderabad, were presented with special mementos at the function held to celebrate the silver jubilee of "Barsaat."

—Paul Zil's "Our India" is to be exhibited at Edinburgh in the International Film Exhibition. His next picture will be based on Herman Hesse's "Siddharth," a story of India of the Buddhist period.

—Sargam Pictures has announced its next picture "Shamsheer" (sword) starring Ashok Kumar and Nalini Jaywant directed by Gyan Mukerji. Their first picture "Sangram" for Bombay Talkies is nearly ready for release.

At the courts of the eighteenth-century Shahs the custom was to allow princes and other wealthy members of the court the "privilege" of purchasing for high prices the fleas which had been gathered from the royal garments.



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FAIR AND FREE ELECTIONS (2)

By Prof. M. VENKATARANGAIYA, M. A.

IT has been rightly considered that besides the preparation of complete and correct rolls of electors the delimitation of constituencies on a scientific basis is an essential ingredient of fair and free elections. Before examining the significance of a scientific system of delimitation it is necessary to make a brief reference to a few points of a general character to which sufficient attention is not being devoted by those who are today parties to this controversial issue in our country.

In a modern democratic State the machinery of government consists of four parts—the electorate, the political parties, the legislature and the executive. Each has a certain function to discharge and certain primary responsibilities to bear and the governmental machinery does its work satisfactorily only when all these parts discharge their responsibilities properly. A system of election must therefore be fair from the point of view of all these four parts. It must help them in doing their share of work as effectively as possible. But there is a possibility that a system of election which is fair when considered from the point of view of one of these may prove to be unfair when looked at from the point of view of another. The tendency today is to emphasize the point of view of the political parties; and those who are speaking on behalf of these parties are not paying sufficient attention to the consequences of their schemes of delimitation so far as the other parts of the democratic machinery are concerned. If on examination it is found that an electoral system satisfactory from the point of view of one branch of governmental machinery is unsatisfactory from the point of view of another, some kind of compromise has to be arrived at. There is no need to be fanatical in respect of any particular scheme—whether it is the scheme of single or of plural member constituencies. As a matter of fact all these schemes have been tried in very many democratic States. It has been found that each system has its merits and defects. As neither system is fair from all points of view we have to

make a choice after balancing their relative merits and defects in the light of the special conditions and circumstances in which we have to work democracy in our country.

There is also a second general point to be kept in mind. Democratic government is government in accordance with public opinion. But in no democracy is there one public or one public opinion. There are many such opinions. The question therefore is the extent to which all public opinions should be reflected in the four branches of the democratic machinery of government. Our advocacy of the single or the plural member constituency, of proportional system of representation or its opposite will depend on our answer to this question. So far as the electorate is concerned there is no limit to the number of opinions found in it. It is true that many citizens have no opinions but among those who have them it may be that there are as many opinions on what Government should do or should not do as there are individual citizens. The law provides for freedom of opinion and the right to vote which may be denied on the score of age or insanity is not denied on the score of opinions held. But when we come to the next branch of governmental machinery—the political parties—the position is different. In every country there is a limit to the number of political parties though the limit is not rigid. Because freedom of association is one of the fundamental rights of citizens in a democracy it is open to citizens to organize themselves into any number of political parties each having a particular set of opinions. But even in countries which are given to multiple parties there is a limit to their number. They may come to 20 or 30. We may in a big country conceive of the possibility of dozens of political parties especially if the people in it happen to be politically immature. But all the same the number of organised public opinions reflecting themselves through parties is always smaller than the number of opinions in the electorate and it is one of the recognised functions of political parties to rally the

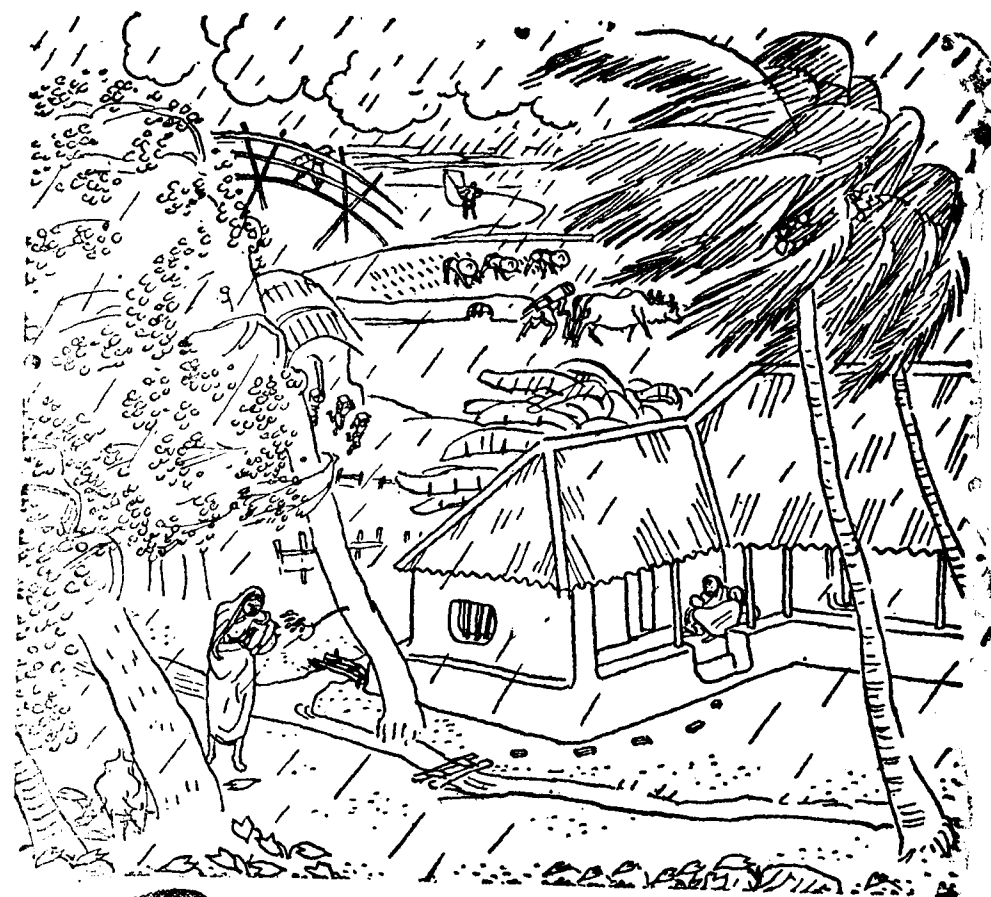
citizens round their banners and group them as supporters of one particular set of opinions or another. The result is that citizens give up the opinions they hold as individuals or modify them to a considerable extent and rally round the organised opinion of this or that party. So when an election takes place it is only out of a limited number of opinions that a choice has to be made by the voter.

When we come to the next branch of the machinery of government in a democracy—the legislature—it is found that in most States all political parties do not get representation and therefore all organised public opinion does not find a place there. And this is but proper. A legislature has to make law, levy taxes, debate on questions of policy and keep a watch on the day to day administration as it is carried on by the executive. It is found from experience that if the legislature consists of too many parties and becomes a forum for the expression of too many opinions, deliberation becomes impossible, debates become long-drawn out and the pace at which work is carried on gets slow. The best legislatures are those which contain a party in power (in majority) and one other party in opposition. Each of these parties should have a homogeneity about it. If instead of one well-organized party being in opposition there happen to be a number of small parties playing that role, opposition becomes ineffective. It also becomes irresponsible because, being small in numbers, it will have very little chance of becoming the party in power. What is required in a democratic legislature is a party holding a majority which can be held responsible for failure to implement its policies and programmes and a strong party in opposition which can criticise it and criticise it with a sense of responsibility brought home to it by the possibility of its having to form a government if the party in power is defeated. A one-party legislature is out of harmony with democracy. A multiple-party legislature is not technically and legally out of harmony with it but makes the working of a democratic system difficult and even

impossible. The point made out here is that there is no limit to the number of political opinion in the electorate; there is however a limit to the number of political opinions which are organised for action through political parties; and there is a still further limit to the number of political opinions that have to find expression and representation in the legislature. Finally when we come to the executive we find that it is best that it represents only one opinion. And this is the case in all democracies where there is a single head of the executive like the President in the United States. He represents either the Democratic or the Republican Party. Even in countries like England, Canada, Australia, etc., where there is a cabinet form of government the cabinet represents only one party. The executive is the policy-making body and in carrying on its work in that capacity it must consist only of persons who belong to the same party and who hold the same set of opinions. Countries like France which have coalition cabinets—that is, cabinets of persons belonging to different parties and therefore holding different political opinions—have been found to be weak, unstable and ineffective in policy-making and in giving a lead to the legislature and the nation.

The general survey given above will help us in saying what the best or the least defective scheme of delimitation of constituencies will be. Any scheme which will have the effect of reducing the number of political parties in the country, which will compel the smaller parties with only utopian programmes to consolidate into big parties with workable policies, which will make the legislature a two-party legislature in the main and which will give the country homogeneous cabinets, strong and responsible, is the scheme that has to be preferred whatever other shortcomings it may possess. It will be pointed out in another article that the system of single-member constituencies is more helpful in securing these advantages and that it is much fairer to all the parts of government than the system of multi-member constituencies.

The crown of all faculties is common sense. It is not enough to do the right thing, it must be done at the right time and place. Talent knows what to do; tact knows when and how to do it.—W. MATTHEWS.



Rains

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



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INDIA'S FOREIGN POLICY

PRIME MINISTER'S ELUCIDATION

THOUGH a recurring feature, the Prime Minister's first press conference since his return from Indonesia was one of unusual significance. It was held in tense moments and in an atmosphere of anxious expectancy. Both the press and the public were eagerly looking forward to it for a clarification of India's foreign policy anent the Korean crisis, interest in it having been heightened by the fluctuations and uncertainties on the military front following American action. At his best in expatiating on the larger international trends and an adept in emerging unscathed out of the hands of inquiring, or even inquisitive, pressmen, Pandit Nehru's exposition of India's policy and answers to questions alike bore the stamp of the sea-green incorruptible in the international politics of the day. For all the familiarity of his voice, his words have lost none of their fascination.

There was little new in what he said, much less anything unexpected. Yet his reiteration that India was fully justified in accepting the resolutions of the Security Council and that by doing so India did not accept any enlargement of those resolutions (referring to aggression in Korea alone) was in the nature of a fresh declaration of faith while India's endeavour to secure the admission of the People's Government of China in the Security Council and facilitate the return of U.S.S.R. to it sought to render India's position morally unassailable. Nevertheless it was futile to expect that Pandit Nehru's stand would leave no room for doubts or criticism. But it is important to realise that such irritations as there were, were due, not to want of any confidence in Pandit Nehru's statesmanship or India's bonafides but to some prejudice against the U. S. A. or what is cryptically called American Imperialism.

The chances of the Korean war drifting into a world war are, in his view, fifty-fifty—and he is, of course, correct, 'fifty-fifty'. That he is for the complete banning of the atom bomb is well-known, and equally well-known is his readiness to go to the

ends of the earth if there is any chance of peace coming out of it. About Communism he spoke in the same strain as in Kuala Lumpur and other places on his way back from Indonesia. Firstly, he did not think it would work in India or in any other part of Asia. Secondly, he was not opposed to the peaceful propagation of its philosophy but when it came to violence, it was the duty of the Government to suppress it. If a little diversion is permissible in this context, in view of the bitter complaints recently made in some quarters in regard to the excesses alleged to be committed by the police in certain Communist-infested areas, the following excerpt from an editorial comment in the *Hindustan Times* deserves reproduction:

When Randolph Churchill in a Commons debate in 1887, made the mischievous suggestion that there was some divine right possessed by the constable, Sir William Harcourt flared up and gave a historic warning: "Once preach to the police," he said, "this doctrine of unlimited power, once egg them on to unnecessary violence and harshness, and they will become the object of the aversion instead of the confidence of the public."

Congress Ministers, not excluding those at the Centre, who knew what it was to suffer at the hands of the police under an alien Government and who also knew what political capital they could make out of police excesses, should, indeed, reflect on the implications in Harcourt's warning.

Of all the things that Pandit Nehru has recently said, the most significant was his sedate reflection that "as I grow older, I dislike phrases and any other isms." For the first time perhaps he spoke of aging and of its influence on his mind—and his way of looking at things. This, indeed, is an important phase in the evolution of his great personality, revealing as it does his bias for the practical and the immediate rather than the academic and the remote in life.

He Planted No Tree

The President of the Congress ar-

rived in Delhi, in time for the inauguration of the Vana Mahotsavam, but his arrival on so auspicious a day made little difference to the Mahotsavam or to his own programme. He planted no tree while almost every other Congress leader in or out of office did it with a peculiar relish for the emergencies of the hour. Nor, for some strange reason, has the wide-awake press taken any notice of his stay at the Capital, much less bothered to tell the world what he thought of the red rumblings in Korea or the much heard of grumblings in his own State. A fallen Minister, it is said, has no friends. Things do not seem to be different in the case of an outgoing (Congress) President, though it should not have been so, as a top Congress leader's term, unlike a Minister's corresponds to the period of his own active life.

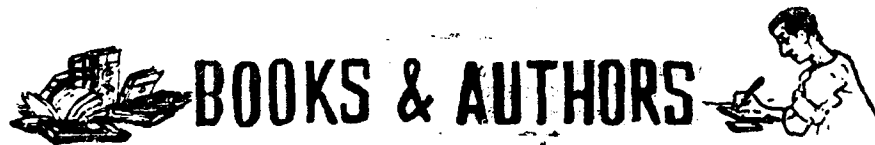
What the Working Committee, scheduled to meet on July 12, will settle or unsettle is not known, but according to present indications it will have an anxious time over the unseemly turn of events on its organisational side. If Congress prestige is now very nearly in ruins, Congress discipline is completely undermined by the wrangles of its own adherents in getting through the item of panchayat elections on the party agenda. Mr. Gokul Bhai Bhatt's "second innings" are not less puzzling than the first. Meanwhile a new situation has arisen in the wake of the all too readiness on the part of some congressmen to 'court' (rushing to the court for) legal remedies, without the previous permission of the Congress chief—or chiefs. Should action be taken against those who had taken legal action on their own initiative? If action is taken, the Congress will be further split on a multiple basis. If not, each will be a law unto himself and High Court Judges will administer the law for the Congress too while the Working Committee and the Parliamentary Board will "watch and pray" or just "wait and see." And the end of these elections will not be seen before the Congress will meet at Nasik to function in a purely businesslike style.

Next Congress President

Though the Working Committee will

not formally discuss the next Congress President, it is generally assumed that Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel will give their anxious thought to the question of the choice and make known their united preference for X or Y or Z (for it will be somebody at the bottom of the political alphabet). There seems to be neither any possibility nor even inclination to find someone at the top for an office which has lost more than half of its importance and all its attraction since "office" (in the real sense) has begun to consume the best talent in the Congress. It will be a race between those who are left behind in the race for the Treasury benches. The search for a "safe man" rather than for a strong one is a new phase in Congress history, for there seems to be no escape, in the present setting, from reducing the position of a Congress President to that of the chairman of an executive who reigns, and rules not.

With his successor firmly installed, Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya will perhaps withdraw himself yet more from active politics in conformity with his recent stay-at-home policy. His future, it seems, lies more with the survival of the *Indian Republic* than with the growth of the Republic of India. But what will happen to Sri Kala Venkatarao whom he spirited away from Madras? As General Secretary of the Congress, in the company of his senior in Congress ranks, Sri Shankar Rao Deo, Mr. Venkatarao has been very active—and also very agreeable, judged by his popularity at the Centre. Here is a gifted politician who has impressed the country by his hold on the home-state and convinced it that whatever course things may take he is to be reckoned with. If Sri Shankar Rao will ascend the Congress *gadi*, it may be assumed that Sri Kala Venkatarao will agree to continue as the General Secretary while otherwise he may like to be nearer home as the watch-dog of Andhra fortunes, for whatever his opponents may say, none will ever question his uncanny instinct for the political game and his sleepless concern for the emergence of his own Andhra as not only an autonomous unit but as a powerful factor in all-India affairs.—*"Junius"*.



REGIONALISM AND SECURITY. By K. M. Panikkar and others. Published by The Indian Council Of World Affairs, 8-A, Kashi House, Connaught Place, New Delhi. Price Rs. 4.

To quote the introduction to this impressive symposium of articles on Regionalism and Security:

With the establishment of the Inter-American System, the Pan-Arab League and the signing of the Canberra Agreement envisaging the establishment of a South Seas Regional Commission, the question of a regional approach to the problems of security and political, economic and cultural progress has assumed practical importance.

This collection of articles—most of which originally appeared in the India Quarterly—is concerned with the history, development and possibilities of regionalism and its relation to and possible repercussions on World Security.

Mr. Panikkar points out the necessarily severe limitations under which regional arrangements have to function and is of the opinion that regional organizations should be considered as agencies for dealing with special problems of local interest and not as institutions usurping the security functions of the world organization. Dr. Evatt in an authoritative essay indicates Australia's vital interest in the security and well-being of the Pacific area and in the peaceful co-operation between the peoples of South-west Asia and the South Pacific and the Western nations at present having authority over them. It is encouraging that Dr. Evatt realizes that the fundamental basis of any lasting security system is economic well-being and a high standard of life. Mr. K. Santhanam has sketched the basic constitution, composition and functions of a regional organization comprising India, China and eight other nations of South-East Asia. Mr. I. H. Baqai has traced the history of the formation of the Arab League, the creditable work it has done so far and its future role in the Middle-East. Mr. G. A. Johnson after giving a brilliant discussion of the history of regionalism in Europe concludes that at present the Great-Power ideological conflict has overlaid and distorted spontaneous impulses towards closer association. There is also a helpful comparison between the Inter-American System and the U. N. O. by Mr. M. S. Canyes, Chief of the Jurisdictional Division of the Pan-American Union, and an essay on the need for

a regional arrangement for the Indian Ocean area by Sir V. T. Krishnamachari.

Being a collection of articles, there is, of necessity, much that is sketchy and undeveloped. Yet, the Indian Council of World Affairs must be congratulated on bringing out such an authoritative, well-documented, closely argued symposium on a subject of great and growing importance to the world of today.

BUDS OF RED BLOOD. By R. M. Challa. Published by the author, Bhimalapuram, (Via) Palakol, M. & S. M. Rly. Price Rs. 1-8.

This is the third volume of poetry that Mr. Challa has produced and it consists entirely of sonnets. A gloomy, soulless pessimism coupled with a false didacticism and rhetoric characterize most of the sonnets in this slender volume. The author has undoubtedly a promising capacity for phrase-making though one feels, after reading the sonnets together, that Mr. Challa lacks the all too necessary authenticity of experience and would do well to pay more attention to the technicalities of poetic composition.

THE STORY OF GANDHIJI. By Krishna Hutheesing. Published by Kutub Publishers Limited, Regal Building, Apollo Bunder, Bombay-1. Price Rupees Two.

Written in a simple, telling style, Mrs. Hutheesing's Story Of Gandhiji, is one of the best books of its kind. The gifted authoress tells the story in the form of a mother-son dialogue which greatly adds to the general effect of the narrative. Well written, well printed and well got up, this is a book that must be read by every youngster between the ages of eight and twelve.

PROJECTS IN PROGRESS. Issued by The Director Of Information And Publicity, Madras.

Projects in Progress contains the text of two speeches delivered by the Hon. Minister for Public Works on the floor of the Madras Legislative Assembly. It contains detailed information about the numerous projects, small and big, the Government has undertaken and is profusely illustrated. As a means of publicising the Minister's speeches, the booklet is commendable, but let it be hoped that the Government will not stop with publication alone.

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.

Why Increase Tram Fares?

Tram fares in Madras City have gone up since 1st July. The directors of the M. E. T. had applied to Government for permission to increase the rate of fares from 9 pies to 1 anna per mile on the ground that the cost of labour, materials and administration had increased considerably. The Inspector-General of Registration and Registrar of Joint-Stock Companies, who had been appointed as referees to enquire into and report on the proposal, recommended that the increase in the rate of fares proposed by the Company was reasonable and might be sanctioned subject to certain conditions. The enhanced rates have now been given effect to by the Company. At a public meeting held at Royapuram, Mr. V. Chakkarai Chettiar, President, A.I.T.U.C., pointed out that there was no justification whatever for increasing the fares, particularly as the Company had not increased the number of trams to cope up with the increased traffic, or increased the wages of the employees, or provided any additional amenities for the travelling public. Further, the Company had earned a net profit of Rs. 19.36 lakhs for 1949-50, and by the increase of the fares the Company stood to gain Rs. 5-1/2 lakhs annually, in addition to the present profit. To harass the public further while the management is already making a decent profit, is unjustified on all counts.

It may be pointed out here that the condition of the trams is antedeluvian, and that they are always overcrowded sometimes even to the point of asphyxiation. The majority of them are not road-worthy. The noise they make is deafening and injurious both to passengers and pedestrians.

These facts should be taken into consideration in settling finally the amount of compensation still payable by the Government to the Company in respect of their acquisition of the undertaking. The directors of the Company and officers of the Government are still thrashing out in discussion the differences over the amount of compensation. The present position is this. The firm has sent its report wherein they have valued the property acquired at about Rs. 2.39 crores. Government have already paid Rs. 1.33 crores towards the value of all the assets taken over pending appraisal of the same by a firm of engineers agreed to by both parties. In the event of the assessors' valuation not being acceptable to either party, the

matter has to be referred to arbitration.

There appears to be little likelihood of a settlement by negotiation being reached. While issues are finally settled, the interest of the poor travelling public should not be jeopardised by Government agreeing to pay too fantastic a price. If the price paid is reasonable increased amenities can be provided to the public, the fares reduced, the number of vehicles increased, and employees given better service conditions. The claim made by the Company if allowed, will rule out such possibilities. The point should not also be ignored that the existing vehicles and equipment will not fetch more than scrap value in the open market being pretty old and worn out.

T. R. SHANKAR.

Loans To Ryots

The so-called "loans to ryots" are beyond the reach of the ryots. To get a loan of Rs. 500 one has to apply for Rs. 1,000 and get encumbrance certificates for 12 years which costs Rs. 12. Even then there is a lot of waiting to be done. By the time a ryot gets this half-cut loan it is not uncommon that he has to spend money in other ways equivalent to a 12 per cent interest. This is in no way better than local moneylending business. Reducing the costs of these transactions is urgent and necessary.

B. S. NAGAYYA.

Cigarette Industry In Andhra

I have read with great interest the article "Prospects of cigarette industry in Andhradesa" by Sri V. L. Narasimha Rao in your June 17, 1950 issue. I would like make a small correction in this article. Although Amarelo-5 proved better in yield and colour than the Harrison Special, it possessed an undesirable type of aroma which rendered it unsuitable for use in manufacture of English type of cigarettes. This variety had therefore to be withdrawn as the trade would not accept it. Attempts are being made to improve the quality of our cigarette tobaccos and it should be possible in a few years to give out a better strain than the one in general use at present.

Dr. B. S. KADAM, M.Sc., Ph.D.

(Cornell),

Director, Tobacco Research.

Mill Cloth And Co-operatives

The Madras state have looked to Co-operatives for the distribution of scarce

and controlled commodities on an equitable basis and it must be said to the credit of the latter that they have amply justified the trust placed in them by the state. The attitude of the Madras state however seem to vary with every ministry and while the Prakasam Ministry went headlong for allout support to co-operatives, the present ministry seem to be following a retrograde and obstructionist attitude. I refer in particular to the denial of any mill cloth quotas to co-operatives as per G. O. 225 dated 17-1-50.

The Government till very recently allotted one-third quota of mill cloth, produced within or imported from outside the State, to co-operatives. Suddenly they have cancelled all quotas to them and directed them to look to the open market for their requirements. In the open market the wholesaler dictates his own terms by way of charging higher percentage of profit, hush money and tagging unsold and unserviceable cloth. The co-operatives who have been dealing in cloth for years past are now compelled to close down business and throw out of employment all those employed in their cloth sections.

Private merchants however are supplied regular quotas of cloth by the Collector by linking them to wholesalers.

Is it to be supposed that the pressure of mills and private vested interests has become inescapable to the Government?

M. VENKATASUBBIAH,
Vice-President, Venkatagiri
Co-operative Stores.

Unfair Levy

It was advertised by the Post Master General, Madras, that candidates who desire to be recruited to the Postal and Telegraph Department should apply for application forms by sending an Indian Postal order for Re. 1. I am aged 17 years and I wanted to sit for the examination for recruitment of telegraphists. As soon as the application form was received, I found that the 26 vacancies in the Telegraph Department are exclusively reserved for Scheduled Castes. If it had been so advertised in the papers, I would not have applied. I bring the matter to the notice of the Post Master General, Madras, through your esteemed columns so that he may refund the amount collected from the affected candidates like me.

A. V. A. ESWARAN.

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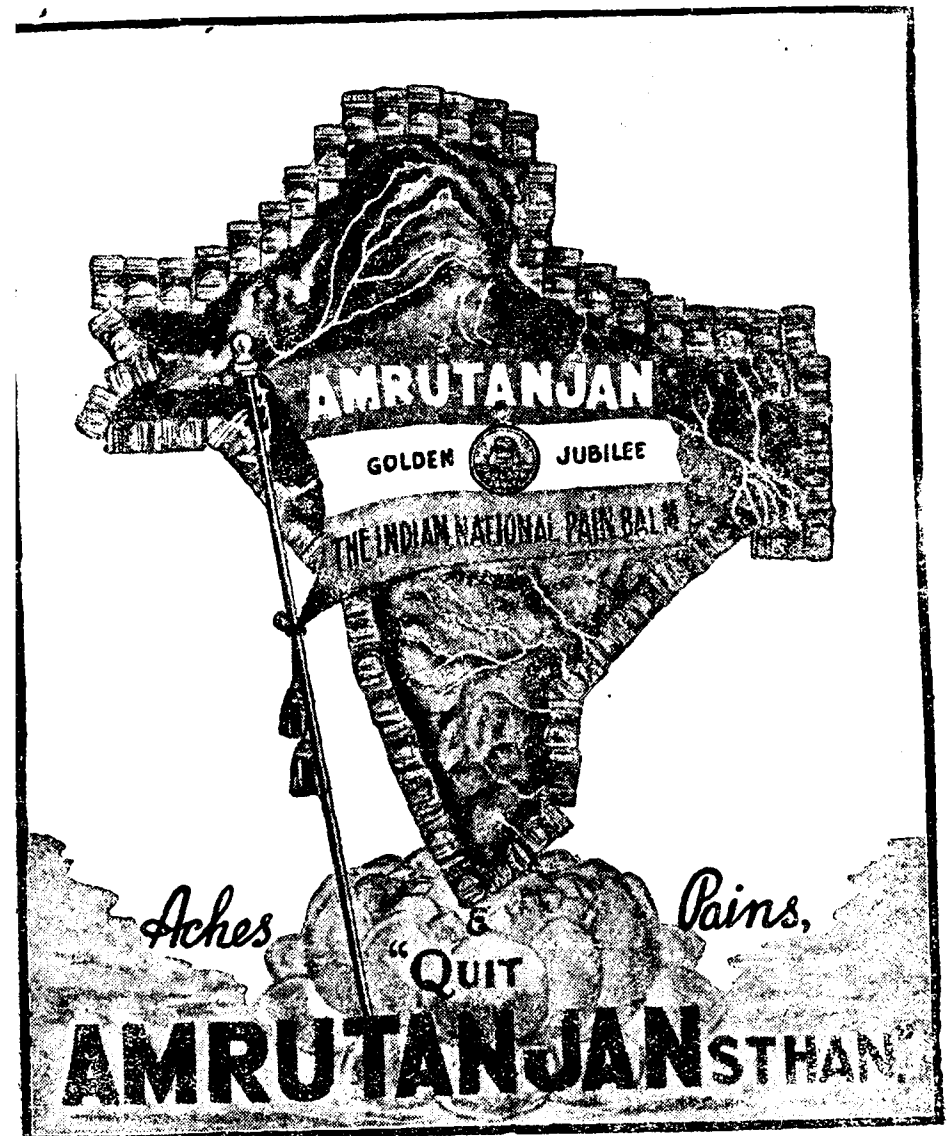
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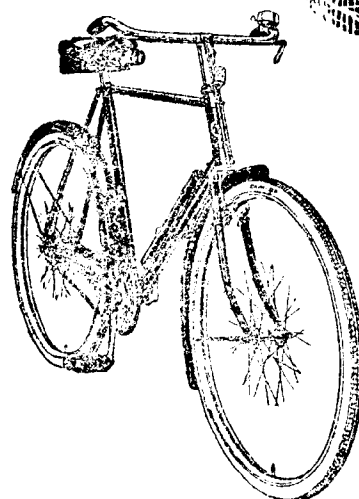
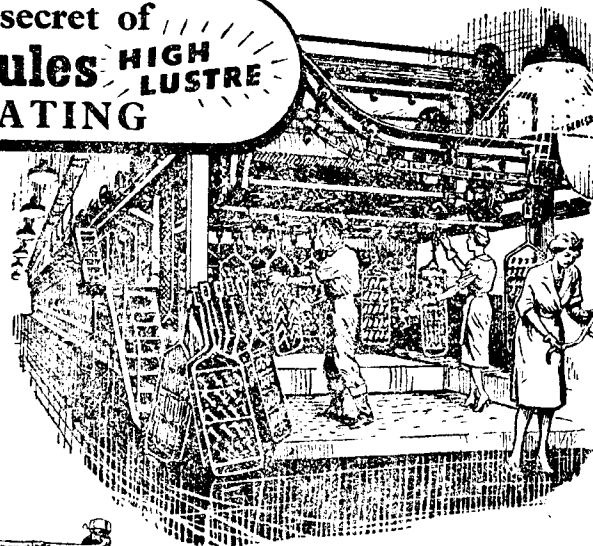
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SWATANTRA

VOL. V, NO. 24.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1950

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ON THE COVER: Srimathi S. Chellam, (extreme right) Headmistress of the Lady S. A. Girls' High School, Mylapore. (See page 42)	
CARTOON—By Tharu	4
EDITORIAL COMMENT	5
SOITO VOCE—By Vighneswara	6
SHEIK ABDULLAH HAS DONE IT AGAIN! (Azad Qalam)—By K. A. Abbas	8
NEW DELHI DIARY—By V. V. Prasad	11
FILM FARE—By V. P. Sathe	13
THE AFTERMATH OF THE VANAMAHOTSAVA—By S. Parthasarathy	17
UNWANTED—By Arthur Osborne	18
RAILWAYS IN INDIA—2: Reorganisation Problems—By H. Rangachar, M.A.	20
THE FREAK (Short Story)—By Lakshmi Subramanian	24
PURGE IN THE CHINESE COMMUNIST PARTY—By M. S. P.	27
THE KOREAN WAR—By Baroo	28
THE COMPOSITE FARM—By C. A. Dhairyam	30
A FORGOTTEN SHOOTING WAR—By Matthew Halton	32
A NEW GREECE IS RISING—By James Wellard	34
GANDHIJI: THE MAN AND THE MAHATMA—By D. A. Wadia	37
FIRE FROM A BLAZING HEART—By Serapia Devi	38
DR. SON-IN-LAW (Short Story)—By V. P. Raman	40
TEN YEARS OF DEVOTED SERVICE—By Miss Ammani Appuswami	42
THE SOCIALIST ROAD TO PROGRESS—By G. S. Bhargava	44
TIT-BITS	47
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	48

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SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1950

ISSUED
WEEKLY

FISCAL COMMISSION REPORT

BY a generous interpretation of its terms of reference, the Fiscal Commission has drawn up a report which covers the whole gamut of Indian economic problems. This constitutes at once the merit and demerit of the report. We have on the one side a very comprehensive review of the problems of Indian economy. We have on the other, a variety of recommendations couched inevitably in very general terms. The Commission has endeavoured to focus attention on the major weaknesses of our economic system as it has grown under foreign rule. One significant table in the report reveals in all its nakedness the blight that has hitherto enveloped Indian economy. The table shows that per capita manufacturing in four countries—the United States, Germany, Japan, and India—has varied as follows during the forty years from 1896 to 1936: In 1896-1900, manufacture per capita was: U. S.-160, Germany-120, Japan-5.70, and India-1.50; in 1936-38, the corresponding figures (all in dollars at 1926-29 prices) were: 330, 210, 65, and 4.90. Despite the improvement that has taken place during the war years, Indian manufacturing capacity has not substantially increased since 1938 and the increase is perhaps more than neutralised by the increase in population, so that, if anything, the per capita figure today might be less than what it was in 1936-38. That the Fiscal Commission, after recognising the "enormous leeway in industrial development that India has to make," should have fought shy of suggesting a bold programme of development is due to the fact that the Commission

has been overwhelmed by the frustrations of the past few years and has been influenced by the doubts and fears of our business community.

The Commission takes note of the fact that after half a century of such industrial development as there has been, barely three million persons are engaged in organised industry and is appalled at the thought of the enormous amount of capital that will be required even to absorb 1,500,000 surplus men from agriculture each year and to find industrial employment for an additional three million persons a year owing to growth of population. Even at this rate the Commission estimates that it will take twenty years to relieve to any significant extent the existing surplus population which is a burden on the land. The malaise which afflicts Indian economy today is the existence of a large mass of unemployed or underemployed in the villages and the towns who are compelled to be parasitic on the more productive sections of the population and who thereby bring down the general standard of living. To depend on orthodox methods of raising capital for providing useful occupations for these millions would mean postponing their day of deliverance to the Greek Kalends and condemning Indian economy to a snail-like pace of development. The Fiscal Commission estimates the minimum requirements of capital for India in the next few years at Rs. 330 crores a year and wonders whether even this amount can be raised in the country having regard to the utter stagnation in the investment market in the past two years and the decline in savings. The

Commission gives the stock reasons for this phenomenon, but makes no mention of the fact that inflation and high prices have wiped out the savings and saving capacity of the middle class and that today high prices, instead of acting as a spur to increased production, are the biggest element of uncertainty deterring businessmen from venturing on new enterprises or expanding old ones. Whatever capital there is goes into speculative business attracted by quick profits. A healthy climate for savings and investment can be created only if the cost of living is stabilised and the general level of prices is not subject to violent jerks. If the mass of people were assured a basic minimum of food and clothing at reasonable prices, it might be possible to step up the rate of saving in the country to twenty or twentyfive per cent of the national income, as Japan was able to do during the present century.

Above all, the dynamics of Indian economic development must be conceived in bolder terms than the Fiscal Commission has essayed. There is much that is useful that can be learnt by us from Japan, the Soviet Union,

Jewish Palestine and the new China. Indian development need not be on a single pattern and there is wide room for experimentation in different methods of stimulating economic activity—from the orthodox methods of inducements to private industry to encouraging cooperative settlements on the Jewish model. The main thing is to generate the maximum of productive activity, particularly among the large sections of the population who are today unemployed or under-employed, which will initiate what may be called a "virtuous circle" and redeem the economy from stagnation. This calls for leadership, as the Planning Commission appears to recognise, at all levels, in the Government as well as outside. A creative, efficient and incorruptible leadership at every level of national life is today the foremost need of the country. Without it all our planning and appeals will come to naught. With it, it may be possible to give to our long-suffering people the elements of civilised existence—full employment, social security and a decent standard of living—in fifteen to twenty years.

Sotto Voce

STREAM-LINED SURNAMES

CALCUTTA, one would think, had troubles enough of its own without the Telephone authorities barging in and adding their quota. Rationalisation is no doubt the *mantram* of the day; but, of all things imaginable, why should they have pitched upon surnames for paring down? Well may the Bengali feel that this is being done of malice pre-

pense, to despoil him of almost the only thing the Partition had mercifully spared him. What if the Mookerjis spell their name in twenty different ways or some of them call themselves plain Mookerji while others prefer the orotund Mukhopadhyaya? May not a man do what he likes with his own?

Here in Madras we have no sur-



names among the Tamils —unless you take into account yesterday's fashion of calling yourself Kowsik or Kowndinya or today's folly of Viswanathan's son calling himself Viswanathan. But we have caste and sect names; and though they are temporarily under a cloud, those who do use them are as particular in spelling them in their own way as the Bengalis have been in playing variations on their tuneful patronymics. The orthodox 'Aiyar' also masquerades as 'Iyer,' 'Ayer' or 'Ayyar' and even umlauts into 'Ramanathier.' The Aiyengars are no whit less prolific, ranging from 'Aingar' to 'Tengar.'

I like to think that we shall not allow ourselves to be trifled with by interfering busybodies. The Madras cannot be pushed, though he may be gently led by the nose; the wily politician who works upon our ineradicable horror of seeming peculiar has the best chance of success. But I personally deplore the craze for uniformity which has weeded out many opulent cognominal blooms. When I come upon such old spellings as Coombaconum or Kristnasami in faded records or the news columns occasionally throw up the rounded vowel richness of Ateendrooloo I am happily transported to John Company's days and the broad-brimmed dufferband of the dubashes.

To hark back to hapless Bengal, whose Mukerjis, Chatterjis and Banerjis are to have their orthographic luxuriance trimmed and their morphological individualities ironed out. Have the Telephone people considered the probable consequences? Even as it is, the chances of your getting your man on the telephone in Delhi or Calcutta are about as great as my chances of winning the Derby. But, if Calcutta Telephones have their way, you may track your quarry home, only to find that he has gone to earth. You ring for your old pal Chuckerbutty after ascertaining by prolonged research that he is the thirty-fourth of the standardised 'Chakravartis' in the Directory. But C., who mistakes your hearty voice for that of the insistent Marwari money-lender, would have a perfect alibi if he banged the receiver saying, "Chuckerbutty is dead!"

Calcutta Telephones shelter behind the broad academic back of the University. That body, it seems, has been 'simplifying' surnames after an approved pattern, characteristically substituting the ornate for the familiar, and not a dog has barked. But the university is a temple of learning and the gods have always been allowed their little jokes. Besides, universities have a prescriptive right to err. If a Mukhopadhyaya who had expected a First finds he has been ploughed, he may sue for a Writ of Mandamus; more likely he will submit to his fate, while the other examinee who has profited by the confusion of names will wisely keep his doubts to himself. But the hardened telephone-user is an irreverent fellow given to profanity and if tried too far may transfer his affections to Kidwai's six-pie post card.

That would not at all be a bad thing—or so some of us think. When, waking up at midnight maddened by the metallic clatter, you are blandly asked, "Is that Egmore enquiry?" you would be more than human if you did not bark back, "No, it is Styx and this is Charon waiting to ferry you over." But it is the fellow at the other end that has the last laugh. You can always bid the Regulations go to the devil (and yourself placidly go to sleep) after unhooking the receiver and leaving it on the table. But, though sorely tempted, you remember that you are expecting a trunk call from New Delhi.

Your astrologer has assured you that you will be crossing the high seas in a fortnight. And official preference is a notoriously chancy thing. You have to take the flood at the tide; or, in modern parlance, you must never go out of ear-shot of the telephone. So you put back the receiver with a sigh,—only to find the alarm stridently pealing the next minute. But it is not the P. S. to the P. S. to the Minister for Marathon Missions, as you had confidently expected. It is a frantic call for the fire engine. But I shouldn't like to be in your shoes when next morning you discover that the call from the P. S. did come but it was for the other Bandhopadhyaya over the way.

VIGNEESWARA

SHEIK ABDULLAH HAS DONE IT AGAIN!

"NEW Kashmir," the model constitution which was adopted as its political and economic goal by the Kashmir National Conference, some ten years ago, contained, among others, the following provisions for land reform:

"The BASIC PRINCIPLES of the Agricultural plan of the National State Government will be:

1. Abolition of landlordism: because such a step would be the pivot of all progress. So long as a privileged class exists, itself doing nothing, but living on the labour of others, there can be no equitable distribution of the products of the soil;
2. Land to the tiller: because, after the abolition of the landlord class, it will be possible for the first time to satisfy the land hunger of the landless peasant, and ensure the efficient working of the land;...

In fulfilment of that pledge to the people of Kashmir (for the "New Kashmir" programme was the very core and corner-stone of the Kashmir National movement led by Sheikh Abdullah), the present Kashmir Government has been taking a series of well-coordinated steps towards the achievement of the ideal of "land to the tiller."

It began with the abolition of "jagirs"—the vast estates of the super-landlords who not only possessed thousands of acres of land but also exercised autocratic powers of life and death over their tenants who were little better than feudal serfs.

Then came the second step—the change or, rather, the reversal of the landlord's and peasant's share in the produce of land. The previous arrangement was that the landlords received from one half to three fourths of the produce, while the tenant got the remainder. According to the new law which was promulgated over a year ago by the Abdullah administration, the

tenant was to get *three fourth* of the produce and the landlord was to get one fourth—out of which he must also pay the revenue to the State!

I was in Kashmir when this law came into force and remember the jubilation with which it was greeted by the peasants—hitherto the poorest and the worst exploited of the peasants in the whole of India or, perhaps, in the whole world. In the history of Kashmir, it was the first practical step that had been taken to ameliorate their miserable condition of life.

I also remember the howls and grumblings and murmurs of protest from the landlords who even sent a deputation to the Revenue Minister, Mirza Afzal Baig, to plead their cause. The deputationists submitted that they would prefer if the State right away "confiscated" their lands—with compensation, of course! They quoted the legislation in U. P. and other parts of India where crores of rupees were being paid as compensation to the landlords.

But the Kashmir Ministers were not so easily to be trapped. They replied that they could not afford the luxury of "abolition" of landlordism—with compensation!—so they would be content for the time being with the change in the proportion of the land produce to be distributed between landlord and peasant.

The new arrangement was not only received with popular acclaim among the peasantry but gave a strong filip to the peasant movement.

Some of the more politically-awakened peasants began to talk openly: Why pay even one fourth of the produce of our labour to the landlords who have exploited us for centuries?

The murmurs grew, the "talk" spread, the movement gathered force and momentum. As in Red China, the creation of a sympathetic Government gave hope and encouragement to the

peasantry to press for further demands.

The peasants in some areas refused to pay anything—even one fourth—to the landlords, and the National Conference workers had to argue with them and persuade them to abide with the Government regulation.

Backed by the growing strength of the peasants' movement, the Kashmir Government has now gone forward to announce the most revolutionary (and in a different sense, the most constructive) reform in the land structure of the State. Landlordism, at one stroke, has been abolished—without any compensation!

Curiously enough, this news appeared in the press simultaneously with the announcement that the proposed abolition of zamindari in the seven States of Madras, U. P., Bihar, Madhya Pradesh, West Bengal, Orissa and Assam will cost in compensation Rs. 414 crores—i.e., at an average, every one of India's 300 millions must pay Rs. 14 each to the few thousand landlords!

The Kashmir legislation, however, does not violently liquidate the landlords. They are only being deprived of some of their ill-gotten lands. On the other hand (again an interesting analogy to the agrarian reforms in Red China), the landlord is being offered an opportunity to continue to be a member of the rural community—on a new equalitarian and cooperative basis, of course!

According to this law, the owners of big landed estates owning an area of over 125 acres shall henceforward retain for personal cultivation only 20 acres; the area thus taken over from such owners without payment of any compensation will be transferred in ownership to the actual tillers to the extent of their possession in each case.

A simultaneous announcement made by the state government declared that in case of the Poonch jagir, with an area of 1,627 square miles and a population of over three lakhs, proprietary rights will henceforward be conferred on holders of land, so far considered as merely *assamis* (tenants) of the Raja of Poonch. Feudal levies like *nazrana* and *malikana* have been abolished. A third announcement lays down that the game preserves in Udhampur tehsil of Jammu province covering nearly 800 acres (which were

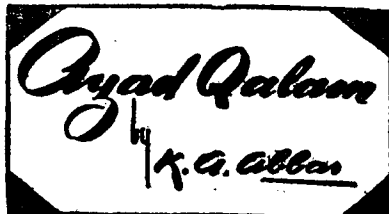
hitherto kept reserved for hunting by the Maharaja and the jagirdars) have been released for cultivation with immediate effect. Moreover, for the first time in the history of Kashmir, the common people have been permitted to shoot down wild animals in these areas for the preservation of their lives, crops and lands.

Thus it is evident that, step by step, feudalism is being ended—and fairly painlessly ended—in Kashmir and a new way of life is being opened up for the long-suffering people of that state.

It is significant that the historic announcement about the abolition of landlordism was made by Sheikh Abdullah on the occasion of the annual observance of the Martyrs' Day. There could be no more fitting occasion, for it was the blood of these martyrs who, by giving their lives, made it possible for the democratic movement in the state to end autocracy and usher in a people's government.

It is also significant that Sheikh Abdullah utilised this occasion to issue a dramatic invitation to the common people in the Pakistan-held areas to make a bold bid for democracy and freedom. Addressing himself to the people in the enemy-held areas, he said, "We have abolished landlordism in the enemy-held areas also, and the tillers there are the rightful proprietors henceforth. The agents of the Pakistani jagirdars in whose grip these areas are at present, will not allow these measures to be implemented and so it is for the people of these areas to rise and overthrow their enslavers. My countrymen on the other side of the cease-fire line should rest assured that the time is fast approaching when all these barriers will be removed and they will also reap the benefits of New Kashmir."

This is a bold and imaginative, and much more practical, approach to win over the people in the Pakistan-held territory to the side of Sheikh Abdullah's Kashmir—and of India! The Pakistani propagandists so far have been masquerading their aggression as the people's revolt against "Dogra tyranny" and "Hindu landlords and moneylenders." They will now find it difficult to explain away the revolutionary reforms that have been ushered in on this side. Their last



remaining solitary argument will crumble when the exile of Hari Singh is logically followed by the complete abolition of the Maharaja's *gadi*.

That the new agrarian reforms in Kashmir will meet with a certain amount of opposition from the vested interests both in India and Kashmir is obvious enough, and Sheikh Abdullah seemed to have been fully aware of it. For in the same speech he warned the audience: "Vested interests do not oppose us only within the state. Outside, too, they can find some sympathetic elements who must oppose us because they cannot tolerate these measures." And true enough, these vested interests have already raised their voice of protest.

Seth G. D. Birla's *Hindustan Times* which is the mouthpiece of the right-wing Congressmen and also of a certain important element in the Government, has come out with a strongly-worded editorial criticising the Sheikh Abdullah administration for daring to abolish landlordism. Constitutional sophistry and hair-splitting has been utilised to prove that these reforms are unconstitutional. Sheikh Abdullah and the people of Kashmir are reminded that "since the state of Kashmir has acceded to India it is subject to the provisions of the fundamental law of the Constitution. Article 31 of the Constitution under Fundamental Rights which can be judicially enforced lays down that no property can be taken possession of unless the law provides for compensation and either fixes the amount of compensation or specifies the principles on which and the manner in which the compensation is to be determined and given." The editorial goes on to threaten Sheikh Abdullah, to forecast social chaos and anarchy, and finally to declare that Kashmir should have followed the other States which have abolished landlordism after paying compensation.

The number of landlords affected by this legislation in Kashmir is 400. The total population of Kashmir is 40 lakhs. It is clear now in whose interests the *Hindustan Times* invokes the protection of the Constitution.

Apart from that rather glaringly obvious fact, it is also interesting to observe that the same Constitution which is quoted by *Hindustan Times* guarantees some other "fundamental rights" also, besides the "Right to

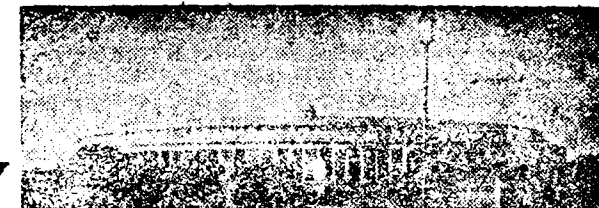
property"—e.g., the Right of Equality, the Right to work, the Right of free speech, the Right not to be sent to prison except after a proper and open trial. All these "fundamental rights" of Indian citizens are being flouted daily by Government ordinances, executive orders, and police actions. Why can't the same Government be empowered to suspend the "Right to property" also, in the interests of the common people? Or is the "Right to property" the only sacred and inviolable "Right" among all the "Fundamental Rights"?

In his speech, Sheikh Abdullah answered his critics in advance on this issue of compensation. On the one hand, he said, there were only four hundred persons owning lands above 125 acres who were affected by the Orders, and on the other there were those penniless tillers of their lands, treated as serfs by these big absentee landlords, and the peasants did not have the capacity to pay for the lands being transferred to them. Nor was the People's Government of Kashmir which has inherited a bankrupt treasury at all in a position to compensate these landlords who had grown fat enough already on the exploitation of the tillers. The landlords were not being condemned to die or starve; they were being allowed to retain 20 acres of land for personal cultivation and also orchards, buildings, etc.

Still, like the *Hindustan Times*, there are and will be several powerful groups and interests in India who will look askance at what has happened in Kashmir. On previous occasions the States Ministry has not looked with favour at the speedy democratisation process in Kashmir which has been going on for three years now.

The progressive people of India have a right to know that in their name attempts are being made to check and thwart the progressive tendencies of the New Kashmir government. They have a right to demand that not only Kashmir should be allowed to go ahead but that similar steps should be taken in India at the earliest opportunity. If landlordism is to be abolished it should be abolished, as in Kashmir or in China without compensation to the big landlords, and without mortgaging our souls to these very landlords to the extent of Rs. 414 crores!

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

AMBASSADORS and other diplomats with whom I had the opportunity of discussing Pandit Nehru's gallant moves for world peace have expressed the fullest confidence in the ultimate success of his efforts. I had thought that the outside world was likely to interpret the Prime Minister's action as a definite commitment to join the Anglo-American bloc; but a Central European diplomat told me that he realised that Nehru was acting under pressure and that the Premier was inexperienced in Foreign Affairs.

From all accounts, Mr. Loy Henderson was not pleased with the vagueness of the Indian resolution. The popular impression is that our Government expected some advantage in Kashmir in return for our support to the American-sponsored resolution on Korea. But Pakistan has outdone the Indian Government at every step, thus nullifying all our efforts. Pakistan has offered bases to America, and has also agreed to give troops for operations in Korea. The Nehru Government has been outbidden.

Mr. Stalin's reaction to Pandit Nehru's message was as expected. In Asian countries at least America is bound to appear as the aggressor. Even the Press in England has begun to doubt as to who started the war in Korea. It is a wrong move which the U. S. A. made in Korea, bringing the world to the edge of a World War. As the first Chairman of the U. N. Korean Commission, Mr. K. P. S. Menon himself pronounced that Korea was one and indivisible. We cannot now take back what our Foreign Secretary had said after full consideration.

The comment of the *London Times* has been resented by our Foreign Office, but we cannot dismiss it lightly.

Our thorough logiclessness cannot be easily defended. Panditji has accepted the Government of Pakistan as a body which is as honourable as the Nehru Government itself—and he is probably right in this assumption. It is natural that the *London Times* should have a dig at our Prime Minister when he is trying to steal the show on the international stage. There is something farcical about a man trying to repair the gulfs of the world when he is unable to plaster the crevices within his own country. But the mere fact that it is farcical in appearance has not, fortunately, deferred our Prime Minister from what he considered to be his duty. For all we know, it may work.

The vegetarians of America have extended their support to Panditji's latest moves because he is inspired by the world's greatest vegetarian, Mahatma Gandhi. The fact that Panditji himself never pretended to be a vegetarian is beside the point. Example has never been a successful preceptor. But it helps the *sishyas* to teach others what they should do. Panditji can now send an extremely vegetarian message to the U. S. nut-crackers.

Whether Panditji arrives at a settlement on Kashmir or not, Sheikh Abdullah is well on his way to a very fundamental settlement of the Kashmir Problem. His drastic Land Reforms will go a long way in re-establishing his position in the hearts of the masses of Kashmir. Of late there has been a certain waning of the hold of his Government on the Kashmiri masses. His boldness in announcing that no compensation would be paid to the owners is a good slap in the face for our various Provincial Governments which have been trying to mulct the peasant in order

to compensate the Zamindar. Mahatma Gandhi had repeatedly stated that there could be compensation for lands taken over by Government from the Zamindars. But the greatest supporters of the Congress in recent years have been the Zamindar and the Capitalist. Our Governments' dishonest efforts to compensate the Zamindars are making the Governments as unpopular as Sheikh Abdullah's measures are making him popular. During my recent visit to Kashmir, I was disappointed that the Sheikh had not gone far enough—on account of the disapproval of the States Ministry. His failure to act, I found, was undermining his Government to some extent. Abdullah has once again boldly resorted to revolutionary measures, and his popularity in Kashmir will increase again.

Was it the same plane by which we went a month ago to Kashmir that crashed at Pathankot? These Dakotas have become old machines, and should be scrapped forthwith. It is quite unsafe to travel by old worn-out engines. It is quite true that accidents in India have been comparatively small. But that should not lead us to a complacent acceptance of any accident that happens. With excellent flying conditions, we should not have even one accident.

I have heard a story about the last accident that occurred between Srinagar and Delhi. The plane hit a peak at the Banihal Pass, since visibility was poor. The pilot was warned not to take off, and was signalled to return. He had an appointment with a girl friend in Delhi, and he persisted in flying through the clouds. He lost his way in the clouds. He was given to boasting that he could fly through Banihal blindfolded. Flying is suicidal when visibility is poor. This will mean that several flights during the rainy season will have to be cancelled. This idea may not be acceptable to the flying companies. More flights will have to be cancelled during winter. But it is better to cancel flights than to lose lives. The Air Companies have their planes insured heavily, and will be able to recover their losses. But, according to all reports, human lives, once lost, cannot be recovered. It

would probably be in the interests of everybody if the Insurance Companies refuse to compensate air companies for accidents which occur when visibility is poor.

Among those who lost their lives in the recent crash are a few friends and acquaintances of this Diarist. Dwarkanath Kachru, one of Pandit Nehru's Private Secretaries, was presumably going to make arrangements in connection with the Prime Minister's forthcoming visit to Kashmir. Kachru was in Srinagar in the earlier part of June. The military authorities had an idea of celebrating "Gurez Day" when the Prime Minister pays a visit to Kashmir. "Gurez Day" falls on June 28, but the road to Gurez was not open yet on that day. It had to be postponed. Dr. Carl Perera, the Austrian Charge D'Affairs who was another victim, was a popular figure in the diplomatic corps at New Delhi.

When Pandit Nehru did not describe Mr. G. K. Reddy as a "blithering idiot" and a "liar" at the last Press Conference, I felt happy that the Prime Minister had improved in his manners. He did not call Reddy's story "fantastic nonsense," which also was encouraging. He, however, referred to it as a "jumble of falsehoods." This much may be permitted. We took it for granted that there would be no discreditation this time. It is therefore disappointing that the Prime Minister has once again thought it fit to discredit the Correspondent. President Roosevelt called Drew Pearson a "liar" twenty-seven times or so. President Truman went a step further and called him an "S.O.B." But neither of them had thought of discrediting him.

The Press Association had recently considered some amendments to its Constitution. One of them wanted that a Correspondent should be removed from membership of the Press Association the moment he ceased to be an accredited Correspondent. Reddy would have been thrown out of the Press Association if that amendment were accepted. But we threw out that amendment. Let us hope that attempts will not be made to re-introduce it again.



By V. P. SATHE

BOMBAY: The very idea of releasing Indian pictures abroad seems very romantic even today. For, so far all efforts to secure release for Indian pictures in foreign countries and especially United States have proved heart-breaking.

Long, long ago, Mr. Himansu Rai was the first Indian producer to envisage this dream of an international market for Indian films. In fact he produced his first talkie picture 'Karma' in England with the help of German technicians, and released it in London with much pomp and ceremony. But for one reason or another the picture proved a dismal flop.

Ten or twelve years later J. B. H. Wadia toyed with this idea and produced 'The Court Dancer' in English. He even made distribution arrangements with leading American distributors. But the picture never got even an adequate release abroad.

Not disheartened with these failures, Shantaram made a bid for the foreign market by taking up an international subject with war background of China in "Dr. Kotnis" which was produced in two versions—English and Hindustani. Moreover, he went all the way to New York to edit the picture again to suit the requirements of the international market and arrange for its release. He also took along with him "Shakuntala," a picture based on the world-famous classic. After spending several months studying the international market and re-editing his films, he returned to India with high hopes.

But his hopes are yet to be realized. True, "Shakuntala" was released in New York; but the picture was not released from coast-to-coast. And

"Dr. Kotnis" though released in South America is yet to be shown in United States and Britain.

IPTA's "Dharti Ke Lal" was also sent to America; but the distributors have so far done nothing about the release of that film. It was, however, shown in the Soviet Union, but without much profit to the producers.

Now another attempt is being made to capture the world market. Paul Zils, a German now domiciled in India, has made a double-version picture "Our India," under the banner of Documentary Unit of India (DUI). He has been honoured with an invitation to exhibit his picture in the international exhibition next autumn at Edinburgh. Made by a foreigner, the picture seeks to portray the development of Indian culture during the last three thousand years. If this effort succeeds, then perhaps the doors of the international market will be open to the Indian film industry.

But the experience so far has been far from encouraging. Anybody who knows this, would be amazed at Mr. S. K. Patil's contention that the foreign countries including America were keen on showing Indian films.

Unless the Indian films can dazzle the Western audiences either by their technique or music or realism they have no chance of securing a foothold in the international market.

Yet, there is a vast scope for Indian films. They can easily capture the non-European market. As it is Indian films are shown in Africa, Middle East, Burma, Ceylon and South East Asian countries. But the distribution is so arranged that the producer hardly gets anything out of this market; which, properly exploited, can yield far greater revenue to Indian

pictures. So, if the Indian film industry is to make a bid for the international market, it would be well advised to concentrate on the Oriental market first.

The Picture Of The Week

Thanks to the overwhelming popularity of "Pyaar Ki Jeet" and "Bari Bahen," picturegoers were looking forward to the release of Famous Pictures and D. D. Kashyap's "Kamal Ke Phool."

The picturegoers seem to have been disappointed. For, the picture does not offer any song which can be compared to Suraiya's former hits. The consistent failure of Shyam Sundar to give any popular tunes is really amazing when one knows how otherwise talented and proficient he is in music. As an entertainment though made strictly according to the D. D. Kashyap formula which has paid such good dividends at box office from "Chand" to "Bari Bahen," the picture is exceptionally dull. The romance is uninteresting and in fact the picture brightens up and comes to life only when Jeevan and Raj Mehra exchange some caustic remarks as they do in their every encounter.

Indeed, the scenes between these two stars are written in a lively style and acted in a breezy manner. But after all they play just side characters and cannot carry the entire picture on their shoulders.

This unusual dullness must be attributed to Kashyap's endeavour to make a sensible and purposeful picture this time. Indeed, whatever the box office results, this picture is far more logical and sensible than his former hits. The story of an outcaste girl has human appeal and it is presented fairly logically with every character properly integrated in the main pattern. It suffers from only one weakness, common almost to all Indian screenplays: the whole plot is manoeuvred by the villain who lays one scheme after another to trap the heroine. Naturally, the development is mechanical and lacks the natural flow. That is one of the main reasons why the situations fail to grip and the picture remains so dull.

The climax which is apparently inspired by the fine Mexican film "Portrait of Maria" is tame compared to the original. Indeed, had Kashyap followed the pattern of "Portrait of

Maria" with the same spirit and realism he could have made a classic out of "Kamal Ke Phool." As it is, it has become a flower whose fragrance has faded away.

For, though the screenplay is well knit and the characterization pointed, the direction is indifferent—a far cry from the brilliance which characterized Kashyap's maiden effort "Nai Kahani," the photography and sound erratic and above all the performance of Suraiya around whom the whole story revolves most disappointing. Parading in an odd costume which makes her look unreal she fails to put life in a role which a better artiste could have made immortal. Comparatively, Shakuntala is more sprightly, alive and charming to look at. The character actors Jeevan, Raj Mehra, Badri Prasad, Nirenjan Sharma have done a fine job and given a realistic touch to the story.

The purpose of the theme is, of course, laudable; for the barriers of caste constitute a stigma to our society which must be removed. This theme has been tackled before and while one compliments Kashyap for choosing such a theme and evolving a plausible story around it, one cannot but feel sorry that it should have failed to be an engrossing and entertaining picture as well. For, I am afraid, the failure of "Kamal Ke Phool" will drive Kashyap back to the production of inconsequential, cheap entertainment pictures. The art of making purposeful and popular pictures is most difficult and Kashyap must accept this challenge in future again.

Star Of The Week

Last Tuesday afternoon, I went to the Opera House. In the pitch-darkness I went back-stage and climbed stairs after stairs (which reminded me of Hitchcock's mystery dramas) and reached the attic room on the second floor. As I opened the door I found Prithviraj and Raj Kapoor sitting across the table with Raj narrating a scene from "Awara" to his father.

I watched Prithvi offer Raj a cigarette but found that Raj did not accept it. Raj who has swept the industry today with the success of "Barsaat" was, however, quite modest and a little nervous before his father. No wonder, for he was preparing

himself for directing his father next day on the sets of "Awara."

Prithviraj, however, looked as composed as ever. To him, "Awara" was just another picture; for, by now, he must have acted in scores of pictures during the last two decades. Prithviraj is one of the very few stars who made their debut in silent days and have yet retained their fame and standard.

Prithviraj, incidentally, was also one of the first graduates to join the film industry. Thanks to his excellent physique in the beginning he was given rough roles of the Douglas Fairbanks variety. But more than his work in silent films he remembers his days with Anderson Company which performed English plays. Prithvi and Mubarak played prominent roles in those plays and toured round the country. The plays were not always successful; in fact, Prithviraj recalls many tragic experiences which have now given him courage and fortitude in conducting Prithvi Theatres.

After some years on the stage, he again joined the screen. He shifted his headquarters to Calcutta. He worked mainly for New Theatres but he also worked for other producers in "Secta" and "Milap" and gave two of his most outstanding performances. And, mind you, in spite of working on a meagre salary for several years. Ultimately he was obliged to leave New Theatres.

But the glamour of his performances in "Manzil" and "Vidyapathi" brought him fresh contracts in Bombay. He joined Ranjit and later became a free-lancer. During the war time boom, his stock went very high. For one picture, I think, he was paid Rs. 3,500 per day!

What did he do with his earnings? He did not buy any estate; he did not buy a race horse like Chandramohan or Motilal. Instead he started a theatre—Prithvi Theatres—and put all his earnings there. In the beginning the theatre was a loss; he had to sink a lakh and half rupees in it. Some people criticised him; his pet reply was that other stars go to races and waste their money on other hobbies, well he does it on the theatre which is his hobby.

But his patience proved successful.

His play "Deewar" became a phenomenal hit. The theatre became self-supporting and he gave up film acting, devoting all his time to the theatre, though at one time he used to attend shooting in the day, work in the play in the evening and again go for night shooting—working for 22 hours a day at times. Moreover, his theatre has given the film world many stars—Raj Kapoor, Danyanti, Hemavati, Sajjan, Kanwal Kapoor, Prem Nath, Pushpa. And On Tuesday Prithvi told me that three more of his artistes—Vyas, Indu and Kuldip—were leaving the stage to join the film world.

Prithvi has been very liberal in this respect. He has no contracts to tie down his artistes; why, he never tied down even his sons. When Raj had finished school, Prithvi asked him about his future plans for education. Raj wanted to be educated in films and his father helped him by securing an opportunity for him to work as assistant with Kidar Sharma and then in Bombay Talkies. Later, Prithvi did not stop him from acting and producing films though Raj was such a great asset for Prithvi Theatres.

There is only one obsession with him, and that is his theatre. Of late the Prithvi Theatres has not been able to make both ends meet. So, to cover up the losses, Prithvi is constantly undertaking tours; and even when the tours have failed to bring the expected returns he has started to act in films again.

At the age of forty-four he is more active than most of the youths among our film stars. And his return to films has been glorious, for his performance in "Dahej" has been applauded even by Shantaram's and Prithviraj's worst critics. He is currently appearing in "Deepak" produced by his music director Ram Gangoli and "Awara" produced by Raj Kapoor. And he is in a mood to work in more films mostly for money; yet he is not one of those artistes who for the sake of money, would accept any contract. The artiste in him must be satisfied first; only then money will persuade him. He did not accept even the role in "Awara" until he had approved of the part assigned to him.

That is the spirit which has made Prithviraj what he is today; that is

the spirit which the younger artistes do well to emulate.

Indo-Pak Exchange Of Stars!

One of the welcome results of the Nehru-Liaquat Pact is that the relations between the film people in Pakistan and India have vastly improved. And now there is a possibility that, while stars from Lahore will come to work in Bombay, stars from Bombay will go to Lahore to work in Pakistani pictures.

Six months ago such an idea would have been deemed preposterous. It is, however, on record that in the past efforts have been made to bring certain stars to Bombay from Pakistan. Thus for instance, Jaimani Dewan is reported to have made an earnest effort to secure Swarnalata to play the lead in "*Anmol Rattan*"; it is also known that Jayant Desai has been trying for several months to persuade Charlie to come down to Bombay and act in his films.

But both these efforts failed. Now it is learnt that Caravan Pictures which has plans to produce pictures both in Bombay and Lahore has arranged for exchange of stars. The stars who are working in "*Akali*" will come to Bombay for shooting. Besides, there are strong rumours that Swarnalata and Ragini are migrating to Bombay.

Shyam and Om, who visited Lahore recently, have already made promise to work in Pakistani pictures. And now there is every hope that they will be soon called upon to fulfil that promise.

Indeed, thanks to prohibition, many stars would be only too glad to go to Lahore where at least the non-Muslims are exempted from prohibition.

This exchange of stars, it is expected, would further ensure cordial and friendly relationship between the two film industries.

Tussle Over "Baiju Banwara"

Students of Indian music must have heard the name of Baiju Banwara; a contemporary and rival of Tansen. In fact the story goes that Baiju defeated Tansen in Akbar's court and yet saved his life. Now two promi-

nent producers are interested in producing his life viz., Chandulal Shah and Vijay Bhatt.

Chandulal Shah, it is learnt, got the story on this subject written almost simultaneously with "*Jogan*." But that story was still lying on his shelf. Now when he learnt that Vijay Bhatt wants to make a picture on the same subject with a musical score by Naushad he got in touch with Vijay Bhatt. And for the last few days they are reported to be discussing the issue to decide amicably as to who should produce the film. In addition, another concern Chitravani, is reported to be making "*Baiju Banwara*" at Lucknow with Bharat Bhusan in the lead.

News Of The Week

—On 17th July the Muhurat of K. Pictures' "*Shree Ganesh Janma*" is being performed by Jayant Desai at Jupiter Studios. Nirupa Roy, Trilok Kapoor, Ullhas, and Jeevan lead the cast.

—On 23rd July the stars and technicians of "*Har Har Mahadev*" will be presented with gold medals by Mr. Keki Modi at Excelsior where a function to celebrate the 75-weeks run of the picture in the city is being held.

—"Badal" is the title of the picture which Amiya Chakraborty will be directing for Varma Films with Madhubala and Prem Nath leading the caste.

—D. N. MADHOK and J. K. Nanda have left for Simla to write the script for Nanda's next picture.

—Bimal Roy is in Bombay these days. He came to attend the premiere of "*Pahela Admi*" and met many film people during his stay. At New Theatres Studio, Souren Sen is making a bilingual musical "*Roop-katha*" and Kartik Chatterji has begun "*Yatri*," a story with a Himalayan background.

—Sumitra has been signed by Filmkar to play the lead in "*Ghungaru*."

—"Hanste Ansu" is the first Hindi picture to get "A" certificate and Krishen Chandar, who wrote the dialogues of "*Hanste Ansu*" has been assigned the job of writing dialogues for "*Angrai*."

THE AFTERMATH OF THE VANAMAHOTSAVA

By S. PARTHASARATHY

PRITHVI knocked louder and louder at the door of Vishnu's room and got no response. Unperturbed, she set up a small earthquake which rocked Vishnu out of his sleep. He got up and opened the door. "What do you want?" he asked, not unkindly. "I had a delegation of the seedlings and saplings of the Polyalthia, Azadirachta, Ocimum sanctum, Albizzia Lebbeck, Magnifera, Thespesia populnea, Plumiera, Peltophorum, Cessalpinia and Cassias, complaining about the lack of water for their nourishment. It seems thousands of them have recently been planted during a vanamahotsava in Purana Desh. You must do something to protect them," said Prithvi. "Judging by the name alone, they appear important folk," said Vishnu, smiling. "But I can do nothing without the co-operation of Varuna. And you know Varuna is not his old self these days. Shall we appeal to the Supreme Body?" "Why not," agreed Prithvi.

The Supreme Body held its meeting. As usual, the Supreme Being presided. Brahma, Vishnu and Siva were present. Prithvi, Varuna, Vayu, Agni, Pushan and others were also there. Ganesha and Karthikeya could be seen. Prithvi stood up and repeated the complaint she had made to Vishnu. The Supreme Being called upon Varuna to answer the charge of neglect of duty.

Varuna answered thus: "Oh, Wise One! Prithvi's domain, especially Purana Desh, is not what it was thousands of years ago. You all know what the Greek Megasthenes wrote about Purana Desh. He said that famine had never visited the country and that there has never been a general scarcity in the supply of nourishing food. For, since there is a double rainfall in the course of each year, the inhabitants always gather in two harvests annually. Further, he said, there are usages observed by the people to prevent the occurrence of famine among them. The husbandmen are regarded as a class that

is sacred and inviolable and even when battle is raging in their neighbourhood, they remain unmolested. They neither ravage an enemy's land with fire nor cut down its trees. And you, in your great wisdom, had so arranged the configuration of the country that when I shower the rain on the mountains, the waters traverse a long stretch of flat country affording sustenance and strength to man, animal and plant life. The mountain tops, where not clothed with snow, were inhabited by dense members of the tree tribe. These stored up the waters round their roots and let them out again in measured flow through the various rivers and streams. What do I see now when I go to distribute the rains? The forests on the mountain tops and sides are gone. They have been cut down by men for fuel, for timber, for chemical use, for paper, and to make room for coffee, tea and potatoes. I have even seen their much-boasted men called 'Congress Thyagis' cutting down hundred year old trees in the lands gifted to them by Government. And now a publicity-minded Minister goes about by aircraft and landcraft conducting a vanamahotsavam. It is not an effort either to stop the deforestation or to afforest but to plant half-rooted and weak saplings and seedlings in the compounds of Government offices and public places. Oh, All-Knowing one! Am I to shed my rain on the mountains or am I to go chasing this Minister and his horde to all spots where he has planted a solitary seedling and throw just a bucketful of rain on it? Oh, Ever-Righteous one! You know the policy you had laid down ages ago. Whenever man chooses to domesticate an animal, our responsibility to keep it nourished ceases. Similarly, when man has chosen to domesticate the tree tribe, am I to be held responsible for nourishing it? Oh, Effulgent one! not only in this, but in many other matters as well, the men tribe are following the unchosen ways. Vishnu protects only those that secure the favours of Lakshmi,

Brahma goes on creating not minding whether there is enough space or food. Shiva does not destroy fast enough. We have to carry out our duties which get heavier and unpleasant day by day. Oh, Merciful one! please relieve me from the burden of satisfying this recalcitrant and ungracious race of men." As he ended his answer to the charge, a murmur of approval rose from many of those present. Some even stood up and made similar requests to be relieved of their duties.

A blue haze had been creeping into the hall even as Varuna was speaking. The Supreme Being said nothing but continued to smile. A red glow followed chasing away the blue haze.

The atmosphere became very warm and everyone except the Supreme Being felt uncomfortable. But even the red glow was only transient. A dark gloom overtook it and one couldn't see the other or even one's own person. Everyone became apprehensive and some even shivered. The Supreme Being could not be seen at all. Suddenly it was light again. The Supreme Being continued to smile as before. The gods assembled looked down. There was peace and happiness in Prithvi's domain where there was war and misery before. I woke up from the dream to find the Indian Express with glaring headlines on the Korean War placed on the arm rest for me to read.

UNWANTED

By ARTHUR OSBORNE

IT'S never too late to learn. Grey hairs notwithstanding, I was taking Hindi lessons from a lad at the University. After the day's lesson he hesitated. Obviously there was some matter he wanted to get off his mind. To give him time I took a cigarette and offered him one.

"Do you think journalism a good profession?" he asked me, apropos of nothing.

I laughed. "That's why I'm in it. It can be a noble profession if you make it so; it can be a paying profession if you have luck and ability; it can be the profession of a black-maller if that's your natural bent."

But it was no airy discussion he wanted. "Would you advise me to take it up?" he asked.

I started at the idea: "Of course not!"

"Why? You think my English is not good enough?"

"Many journalists have worse English," I parried. "But what for you have just spent several years getting a degree in agriculture and you talk of taking up journalism! The country needs agriculturists far more than it needs journalists."

"It may need them," he retorted bitterly, "but it doesn't want them. At least the Government doesn't. Surely as a journalist you must know that all their talk of encouraging

agriculture is just electioneering claptrap? What can I do with my precious degree now I've got it? Get a job as a lecturer on 125 a month going up to an eventual 200? It may sound very noble, but I want to earn my living, and I might want to marry and bring up a family."

"But isn't there any practical agricultural work you can do?" I suggested. "Not just teaching."

That released a new flood of bitterness. "Not under our Government. They don't want practical work. Only talk. Let me give you an example. I know the value of trees to a country and wanted to do forestry research at Coimbatore, but it's not possible. The Government has closed down the research station and forestry officers' training college there—the only one in India, mind you—and left only a school for rangers. D'you know what that means? That from now on nobody can become a forestry expert in India unless he has the means to go and get training abroad. And even if he did he would get about a couple of hundred salary when he got back. They don't want forestry; they don't want experts; they want talk. How many lakhs d'you think they've spent over their tree-planting propaganda? Just because it's spectacular! And yet they haven't the money to keep open

the forestry research and training station that the British left them."

"And agriculture proper?" I suggested.

He laughed bitterly: "Not unless I have the capital to buy an estate. I couldn't get a job on a living wage from the Government. And anyway, don't think my degree is so wonderful. I've done no proper research. There are no facilities for it in India. I should have to go to America or England or Russia and then probably find no opening when I got back. We need scientific bee-keeping and poultry. D'you think the Government in India gives, as in America, facilities for learning farming or opportunities to those who know it? We need to know how to adapt high-yielding strains of rice, wheat, cotton and sugarcane to our climate and soil. In Russia they've experimented and learnt all about it and know how to do it. But how can an Indian learn? We've absolutely no facilities. All our Government does is to make speeches."

He brooded over the situation for a moment and then added: "Even if there was any demand for agricultural experts in India it would be no

use my applying because I don't belong to the ruling community of Madras State. Our communalism is just as tyrannical as Dr. Malan's, though our rulers have not the courage to be blatant about it, as he does."

He stood up briskly to go, and said: "Anyway, that's how things are and I've told you because you are a journalist and may be able to do something to help people understand. Why, our milk yield per head of cattle and our rice and sugar and cotton yield per acre are about the lowest in the world and our hen's eggs about half the size of foreign ones.—Not that it will do much good. Nothing will shake their complacency but defeat."

And he was gone.

I recollected what I had read in a recent article in a current weekly. That intellectuals can be oppressed with impunity because they do not go on strike or riot like oppressed labourers, but that one or two embittered intellectuals can do far more harm in the long run than an infuriated mob. I had just seen one in the making.

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RAILWAYS IN INDIA-2

REORGANISATION PROBLEMS

A major problem created by the integration and nationalisation of the railways is that of setting up a suitable organisation for their management and operation and for their control by the Central Government. In the last Budget speech, the Minister for Railways and Transport announced that a plan "for the regrouping of the units of the Indian Railway system" and "the setting up of the Central Railway Executive..." reoriented as part of the new plan" will be prepared and that public opinion will be invited on it and considered before it was finalised. The Railway Board have accordingly published their tentative plan for the regrouping of the railways. The plan for the set-up of the Central Executive is yet to be published.

Regrouping Of Railways

According to this scheme, the railways are to be divided into six groups or administrations, replacing the existing 9 class I railway systems of the Government of India, 4 class I units of the former Indian States and a large number of smaller administrations of the latter. The principles governing the regrouping are that each of the new railway administrations to be formed should serve, as far as possible, a compact region, that it should be a large self-sufficient viable unit with work-shop and other facilities and that the changes now proposed should cause minimum dislocation to the existing traffic and working of the railways.

As is well known, railways are an industry subject to the law of increasing returns or decreasing costs, in which there is great scope for efficient large scale operation and economies resulting therefrom. The operation of large scale units is economical on account of the savings possible in the administrative and managerial staff, the fuller utilisation of the equipment and plant, the avoidance of duplication in ser-

vice and facilities and rationalisation. The reduction of the number of railway administrations to six, of 5 to 6 thousand miles each, is therefore a very desirable reform. These administrations are not big, but medium sized ones, judged by the standard of what is possible and what obtains in other countries. The Canadian National Railways operate over 23,700 miles, the Canadian Pacific over 17,200 miles, the South African Railways 13,600 miles and the Japanese State Railways nearly 10,900 miles. In the U.S.A. over 51 per cent of the total mileage of railways is worked by 11 administrations operating 7,000 miles and over. The Atchison Topeka and Santa Fe Railway operates 13,500 route miles, and New York Central over 11,000 miles. It is significant of the trend of developments that in a memorandum to the U. S. A. Congress in 1938, two members of the Interstate Commerce Commission recommended the consolidation of all the railways of over 2,35,000 miles into one system. In India the Acworth Committee recommended the creation of 3 systems, the Eastern, Western, and Southern. Later the Inchcape Committee suggested the amalgamation of the railways into five groups.

It should however be recognised that in the present circumstances of our railways, it is not practicable to form such big administrations. In the first place, tele-communication facilities are not sufficient even on major railways. They are very inadequate on most of the integrated States' railways. Adequate telecommunications are very necessary for operating large systems. Secondly, the facilities for train working are inadequate in most sections. Some main lines of States' railways have no traffic train control system. Thirdly, an organisation at headquarters and out on line suited for operation of big systems has not yet been evolved. Fourthly, operations and practi-

ces are not standardised and there is great diversity between different railways and different sections of the same railways. Lastly, the efficiency of the various grades of staff on many railways and their training should improve. Conditions favourable to the establishment of bigger administrations are therefore lacking at present. To derive the advantages of nationalisation fully, bigger administrations should be formed and the total number of such administrations need not exceed three. Necessary measures should be undertaken to provide the required equipment and facilities referred to above to enable the consolidation of railways into three systems in the course of the next few years. The regrouping now attempted should be regarded as a half-way house towards a further reorganisation and consolidation of railways.

Small vs. Big Railway System

The view has often been expressed that it is much more advantageous to work railways as small units than as big administrations. It is contended that on big systems it is not possible to secure the close supervision and control over the staff, the intimate knowledge of local wants and requirements and the close contact with the public of the area which is possible in small administrations. These disadvantages, it is claimed, far outweigh the benefits that may be derived from possible economies in the operation of big systems. According to the advocates of this view, administrations controlling 2,000 to 2,500 miles are of suitable optimum size.

This view ignores the many advantages and possibilities of working railways as large units. Substantial economies are possible in big systems under the administrative and managerial officers and staff of all grades. The engines, waggons, carriages and workshop facilities could be used fully and to maximum advantage. Duplication in facilities, with the waste which it involves, is unavoidable in a number of small systems but can be eliminated in big systems. A number of small administrations necessarily involves hold-up at junctions and exchange points and consequent delay to through traffic. There will be greater expenditure on accounting and other work and difficulties in stan-

dardising procedure and operations. There is also greater difficulty in fixing responsibility for delays, losses, and damage to traffic and in settling claims. As for close supervision and control over staff and contact with the public, it is not a matter that depends so much on the size of the administration as on the development of a suitable organisation and machinery. In a divisional type of organisation, each division is virtually a miniature railway administration with an officer in charge coordinating the work of officers of different departments. This ensures the close control and supervision needed and enables the officers to keep themselves in touch with local needs and requirements. It is also within the experience of many in this country that some previous railway administrations of the "optimum size" were not more efficient or more responsive to public needs than bigger administrations of twice or thrice their size. The recent advances in tele-communication and other fields have facilitated the efficient operation of big railways. With a suitable organisation of the divisional type it is now possible to derive the benefits of large scale operation and its economies. It is therefore to the advantage of the country to divide the railways into as few big systems as local requirements and conditions permit. In the present circumstances, it is not possible to group them into fewer than six systems; later on, with all facilities provided, it will be possible and advantageous to combine them into three systems.

The proposed regrouping scheme may now be briefly examined. The Northern Railway, comprising the present East Punjab Railway and sections of E. I., O. T. and B. B. & C. I. Railways and serving the Punjab, PEPSU and most of Uttara Pradesh will be a big, compact, self sufficient unit. The Western Railway consisting of the metre gauge section of the B. B. & C. I. Railway, Saurashtra and Rajasthan Railways will be a large metre gauge railway administration, specially serving the needs of these areas. It also serves Kandla, the proposed major port in lieu of Karachi. The setting up of these two separate administrations is a satisfactory arrangement from the point of view of areas to be developed and the strategic requirements of the frontier. The trunk railways branch-

By

H. RANGACHAR, M.A.

ing off from Bombay to North India and to the adjoining industrial zone will all be formed into one administration, the Central Railway. The South Indian Railway, most of the M. & S. M. Railway, and the Mysore State Railway will be grouped into the Southern Railway, a compact system serving the Southern portion of the peninsula. The Eastern Railway serves Hyderabad, Madhya Pradesh and parts of Orissa and Bihar. The North Eastern Railway traversing parts of Orissa, Bengal, Behar, Uttara Pradesh and Assam is an important line connecting Calcutta and serving the coal zone of Bengal and Behar. The proposed scheme is, by and large, a satisfactory one designed to meet adequately the traffic and other needs of the areas.

Internal Organisation

The formation of larger units necessitates internal reorganisation of the administrations. The main question to be decided is whether the departmental or the divisional system is to be adopted. This is left an open question. The departmental system is a centralised one in which railways are divided into districts, each in charge of district officers for each department, such as engineering, power and traffic working directly under the heads of the respective departments. The divisional system is a more decentralised one in which each division of the railway is a unit, with an officer in charge assisted by officers of other departments. In this system the work of the railways in each division is coordinated with special reference to the requirements of each area. It has been the experience of railways abroad that the divisional type of organisation is best suited for big systems of railways. This system should also be adopted on the regrouped railways to ensure satisfactory and efficient working.

Simultaneously with the coming into existence of regrouped administrations, arrangements may with advantage be made to have, for some services, common organisation for two administrations. There may thus be only one central head office for such services as the bulk purchase and distribution of consumable stores, labour welfare and publicity. The workshop organisation should also be replanned on a common basis, so that heavy

the maintenance and upkeep of locomotives, carriages and waggons are allocated to them, without rigid adherence to the territorial limits of railway system. It may be possible to eliminate some small shops and to divide the available work between different shops so as to ensure that each shop is fully engaged and that engines and rolling stock of any one railway are not held up for want of workshop facilities on that railway. In the Operation Department, the elaborate system of accounts for the interchange of waggons should be simplified. To ensure a full and unrestricted use of motive power and waggon facilities to meet traffic requirements on all railways, a common organisation should be set up which can, whenever required, order engines, waggons and carriages to meet traffic requirements on other railways. In other words, the loco and stock of all railways will be pooled and worked under a central authority. These and other similar measures will ensure full use of existing equipment and plant and facilitate the eventual establishment of bigger systems.

Control By Central Government

The plan for the reorganisation of the Central Executive and of the authority for the control of railways at the seat of Government has yet to be formulated. This is a problem requiring early solution.

The most important question for decision is whether the railways are to be worked directly by the Government as one of their departments or whether, as is the case in large nationalised concerns elsewhere, a statutory semi-autonomous public corporation is to be established to administer and operate the railways, in accordance with policies to be laid by the Government and the legislature. In the case of a public utility concern like the railways, these corporations have less powers than those in other socialised industries and greater powers have to be reserved for Government in the public interest.

The organisation set up in Britain for the nationalised transport system is an instance in point and will be of some interest to us. According to the Transport Act, 1947, the integrated British transport industries are administered by a statutory public

corporation, the British Transport Commission, whose general duty is to provide "an efficient, adequate, economical and properly integrated system of public inland transport." The "management" of the transport system vests in the executives working under the Commission and exercising powers delegated to them by the latter. The executives consist of a chairman and members appointed by the Minister, in consultation with the British Transport Commission. The railways are divided into six divisions, each in charge of a chief regional officer responsible for the general administration of the region and the co-ordination of the work of departmental officers there. The Minister of Transport has very wide powers; he appoints the members of the British Transport and in consultation with them, the executives. He has powers to make rules and regulations governing the operation of the transport system and to direct and control the finances of the Commission. He can determine and direct the performance of the functions of all the bodies set up under the Act so as to make them conform to public interests. A rates tribunal and other consultative bodies are also set up.

In the present stage of development in Indian railways the establishment of a semi-autonomous public corporation does not seem expedient or feasible. Our railway organisation is itself in a transitional stage; the financial position of the railways is to be strengthened and placed on a

satisfactory basis; the improvement and modernisation of railways require very heavy capital outlay which Government has to provide and the different systems of transport have to be duly co-ordinated. Till all this is done the system will not be ripe for being handed over to a partly autonomous corporation. In fact the interposition of such a body at this stage may hamper, to some extent, the pace of progress. The Government have therefore to manage railways on the policy and administrative levels till the position is consolidated. Changes will however be necessary in the existing set-up; the Railway Board will have to be given greater powers in the operation and management of railways. The Board in turn should also decentralise some of its functions and entrust greater powers and responsibility in operational matters to individual railway administrations.

Thus, the powers of the Railway Board should be increased more and more till their functions and position approximate to those of a public corporation. When the railway system is thus consolidated and a coordinated system of transport is established, conditions will be favourable for the setting up of a public corporation to administer the transport system of the country under policies to be prescribed by the Government and the legislature. For the efficient and economic working of the transport system as a business concern the establishment of such a body of transport experts and financiers is necessary.

BEDUIN CODE OF HONOUR

There is a famous family, the Sa'adoun family, descended from Mohammed. Their head is Abdullah Falih Sa'adoun, an old, very old man, gentle and pious, who lives a life of asceticism and meditation in the desert of Iraq. A cousin of his, an educated girl, fell in love with a man named Achmed Sani, who was Director General of the Interior Department of the Iraqi Government. He was an able man, holding respected office. But unfortunately he was descended from slaves. It was unthinkable that the blood of Mohammed should be mingled with any but the finest blood of Islam.

So the girl's relatives warned her and Achmed Sani that their marriage was impossible. But they went ahead and married anyhow. Now it was up to the head of her family to protect and preserve the Sa'adoun honour. He took leave of his lonely tent and his contemplations, and travelled to Baghdad. Arriving there, he went straight to the office of the Director General of the Interior. Achmed Sani received him politely, and offered coffee. But the old man, equally politely, declined. "I am very sorry," he explained regretfully, "I shall have to shoot you. Please believe that there is nothing personal in this. But I have no choice. You must know that." Achmed Sani said that he did. And Abdullah Falih Sa'adoun pulled out a revolver, with which he shot Achmed Sani dead. Then he gave himself up to the police.

THE FREAK

By LAKSHMI SUBRAMANIAN

THERE they were at it again, his uncle and his aunt—this eternal wrangling, would it never end? Was he never destined again to live a peaceful, happy life? And what was the subject on which such violent clashing of wills took place? His uncle's voice came over to him. "I tell you, it is no good going over to T...n. They have any number of such items. We won't find a ready response there. It is better we exhibit him at B...e." "No," put in his aunt emphatically, "You know nothing about it. At T...n, people will just flock to us. They are interested in these things. Why! don't you remember the twins and the one-eyed marvel? They just scooped in money by handfuls. You just shut up and wait and see if I am not right." "All right, all right," murmured his uncle defeatedly. "It shall be as you wish," and thus the argument ended, as it usually did.

The colour mounted up to Ramu's face. Though such scenes had become common enough for the past four years, he had never yet learned to listen to them with indifference, for the commodity on sale was his deformity. People were willing to pay a price so that they could with a sort of morbid, vulgar, obscene curiosity gaze upon one less fortunate than themselves. How he detested and despised them! How he hated his hen-pecked uncle and his virage of an aunt who never gave him a moment's peace. It was either, "Ramu, you clumsy fool, go ahead, get your things packed, we are moving on to ...", or it was, "You, fathead, keep your eyes open and give the correct answers to the gentlemen." Oh, those weary sleepless nights, when he was obliged to sit upright on a stool with his legs dangling out and watch the endless procession of sight-seers. Some questioned him and he was expected to reply them. If for a moment he happened to close his heavy lids, his uncle would wake him up with a voice of

thunder or viciously prod him in the ribs. He had occasional snatches of sleep in the day-time during a lull but for a lad of sixteen, it hardly sufficed.

Sometimes the exhibitions lasted for a week. It may be a booth at a fair or a stall near some temple where a festival was going on, but wherever it was, his experience never varied. At times, it so happened that festival followed in quick succession, there were his trials inconceivable. It was just one long hell. If it were not for some instinct of self-preservation, he might have long ago ended the whole show—the show that was his life.

Ah! how well he remembered those early days when his father was alive and he had not realised what it was to be a freak or what it was to be motherless. His mother had had some dreadful experience before he was born, he had heard others say, and had died in childbirth. Ramu examined himself meditatively. He knew he was good-looking. He had a powerful chest and strong arms, more than well developed for his age but the rest of him from the waist down seemed to be atrophied. He had thin shanks like those of a two year old ending in two stumps that looked like nothing on earth. He was just a living caricature of a man and hobbled along like some animal with his well-nigh useless stumps barely supporting the overgrown half of his body.

It was in these latter years that the disparity between the upper and the lower half of his body had become accentuated. As a child, he was known as 'Glorious Apollo.' In those days his father had a small shop doing brisk business alongside the main road. He had as a side line dealt in second hand text-books for which the students of the nearby college flocked to him.

In those halcyon days, Ramu had invariably sat on a stool behind a high table with his father who could not bear to let him out of his sight.

There he would help him in his own childish way and he in turn would teach him to read and write during the intervals. The students who came there used to wonder at his serious beautiful face and few realised what the table hid. It was they who named him "Glorious Apollo." They had evinced a distinct affection for him and would occasionally buy him a slab of chocolates or lozenges from his father's own shop. Ramu hero-worshipped them and was ever on the alert to oblige.

With wistful eyes and trembling lips, he now relived those days, his father's infinite affection, the students' light banter and the spirit of peace and good cheer that enveloped them. And then suddenly his father had died, his effects had been sold and Ramu left under the care of his maternal uncle. He was just twelve then and now for the past four years, he had known nothing but misery. He had ceased to be a human being and had become a freak to be ogled at by impersonal crowds. His spendthrift uncle and his unscrupulous wife had hit upon this plan of raking in money with the minimum of effort. Ramu's reminiscences were cut short by his aunt's peremptory voice, "Here, you lazy-bones, get along and don't sit there staring in that moon-struck manner. Earn your keep, you clumsy idiot." Ramu hobbled away from his aunt's wrath.

The booth appeared gay and colourful with festoons and garlands. It was brilliantly lit. A cheap band played incessantly and the microphone blared out as though the huge placards and posters adorning the walls were not sufficient in themselves to draw the attention of the throngs out on a spree. "Come on and see the marvel, the world's most wonderful freak. A sight you will never forget. Don't miss the chance. It may never happen again." "Two annas per head," it wound up bathetically. Each stall had its own attractions to advertise and its own vulgar music. In the distance, a circus band attempted to drown all other sounds in the infernal din it created.

Ramu's uncle strutted about importantly with a self-satisfied smile. His wife was right as she always was. They were getting in a good collection. Only Ramu was inclined

to be sleepy. That would not do at all. He glared murderously at the boy. He was seated on a cushioned stool. Ramu well knew that the cushion was not for his comfort but for effect. Occasionally he was asked to stand or walk by the more curious. He was pale and haggard. There were dark circles under his eyes. He appeared a grotesque figure with his childish miserable face, unnaturally brilliant pupils and his powerful chest and arms, shrunken legs and toeless stumps.

Ramu looked about him. Everybody seemed to be cheerful and here was he chained to this stool by fate, ogled at by nincompoops, made the butt of asinine, pointless jokes cracked by every boor and bumpkin and forgotten by them subsequently in their search for fresh excitement. Some discussed him as though he were some animal of the wilds freshly caught and as yet unclassified. No insect under the microscope squirmed more than he did under the gaze of the vulgar mob.

Black, bitter hatred against everybody and everything filled Ramu's heart. He breathed hard, his nerves became taut and his hands twisted and untwisted themselves in an agony of frustration. Then for a moment he cooled down. Such fits came over him frequently these days. He had overheard his aunt one day mention to his uncle, "Take care that the boy does not get ideas into his head. This is the adolescent stage and hence dangerous." What they meant he little knew, but he had a dim half-formed idea that he was not as calm or passive as he used to be, that unknown forces were working within him and that he felt restless as though charged with some fiery, explosive matter.

None would treat him as a human being. Not one spoke to him with kindly sympathy or understanding. He was either inspected, ignored, ill-treated or pitied. The pity he resented more than anything else, the pity that never lifts a little finger to help the thing that is pitied, a useless selfish pity, arising purely out of personal motives.

Now as he looked on with smouldering eyes, a group of girls came towed in by his uncle who was never so happy as in such company. He rubbed his hands in glee and herded the chat-

tering magpies in. One looked Ramu up and down as she had no doubt done many laboratory specimens. The second glued her eyes to his stumps fascinated by them. Another started gathering details from his uncle who as usual glibly recounted one of the many versions of his life history which he had in his repertoire. Ramu glared at them, his head was in a whirl, the sleepless nights had made him dizzy, a sense of bitter injustice swept over him, unexpectedly his eyes met another pair. They belonged to one of the party, a good-looking graceful girl, glowing with health and vitality. They were neither morbidly curious nor scientifically interested. Ramu perceived a depth of understanding in them. The unwavering gaze transfixed him. Never before had anybody looked at him humanely and here was this girl reading the inmost secrets of his soul, reading the story of his humiliations, the anguish that tormented him day and night.

Suddenly the floodgates were loosened. An unutterable sense of loss overcame him. He seemed to see in a blinding flash with unsurpassed clarity of vision all that he had missed in life, all that he was yet to miss and all that this girl stood for. A feeling of unutterable loneliness engulfed him in a devastating wave and swimming on the tides of consciousness, he became hazily aware that the girl had been pushed from his orbit of vision by a bespectacled dame. Vague detached sentences came floating to his ears. "Seems to be an idiot, an imbecile—face—so very blank. Yes, I know such freaks are always idiotic, talking to themselves. Mental age, six, I. Q. Well, what do you say?" Then again the bespectacled one's voice, "I suppose... harmless." Then his uncle

boomed, "Harmless, why of course, he would not hurt a fly." The questioner resumed in a lower tone with a fluttering giggle to her friends.

"Imagine him getting married and having children like him. My goodness!!!"

Somebody else, "You do say such shocking things." "What I mean is, children, allowed to live—mercy killings—purity of the race."

Ramu's face became suddenly distorted. Black hatred against her and such like her came surging against his breast. He leapt from his stool straight towards the spectacles. His powerful hands bit into the weak throat and held it with a vice-like grip. Screams rent the air. Pandemonium broke loose. Some dashed outside. Ramu's uncle tried to tear away the boy's hands, but nothing availed. It was mind against matter. The utter futility of his young life and all the pent-up misery of years was in that grip.

Immediately there was heard a commotion outside. Somebody dashed in. The Lion-tamer from the Circus had rushed to the rescue. The deadening report of a pistol filled the air. Both Ramu and his victim fell to the floor. The maniacal fury had vanished from his face. It was calm and peaceful and incredibly beautiful in death.

"Yes," said the warder to his friend, "That's our latest patient. Just listen to her. She gives one the creeps; but of course one gets used to that sort of thing." A series of screams rent the air and a few disconnected words escaped out of the barred window. "Idiot—mental age—I. Q.—Murder—help, help." It ended in a thin crescendo.

A Belgian woman, whose father had bought up and developed what became one of Cairo's best residential suburbs, was sitting with an Englishman in a cabaret she had inherited from her father. The son of a prominent Egyptian politician joined them, and a political discussion ensued. In the course of the argument the Belgian woman said that Egyptians were foolish to force the British out of their country. The Egyptian took offence, asked by what right she made such a statement. "You are a foreigner yourself and have no more right here than the British," he told her. She replied that, on the contrary, she had more right than he did, she owned the land, and the building in which they were sitting; she could have him ejected if she wished. As the argument continued she made a gesture as if she might have the Egyptian thrown out. He rushed to a telephone, called Abdin Palace (the King's official residence in Cairo) and the Belgian woman was expelled from Egypt within twenty-four hours.

PURGE IN THE CHINESE COMMUNIST PARTY

By M. S. P.

THERE is to be a purge in the ranks of the Chinese Communist Party, according to a Soviet official news agency report from Peking. It is understood that the purge will be conducted under a resolution adopted by the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China. The ostensible purpose of this purge is to improve the work of the Chinese Communists, "to strengthen the victory of the people's resolution," and "to successfully implement the gigantic undertaking to improve the country's economic and financial position."

To those who are familiar with Communist technique, the announcement of the purge would cause no surprise. For the frequent purges of Partymen is a normal feature of Communist Parties in the countries where they have captured power. It is as essential for maintaining unity in the ranks of the Party as are the rigorous methods employed in recruiting members to the Party. The purge is designed to eliminate those who, after joining the Communist Party, have developed or exhibited tendencies or are suspected of views not in consonance with the official Party line. The Communist Party tries to protect itself against dissensions and factions within the Party and its disruption thereby by purging those members who are believed to be a potential menace to unity in the Party. But the purge is used not so much against actual dissidents from the official policy of the Party as against those who are suspected to be capable of "deviationism." Thus the merest suspicion that one might "deviate" from the Party line is enough for one to be "purged," i.e., expelled from the Party.

Expulsion from the Party does not by itself appear to be such a severe punishment. But when we consider the serious difficulties to which an ordinary Soviet citizen, who is not a member of the Communist Party, is put daily, and the interference into his private life which he has to put up with, deprivation of the special privileges enjoyed by a Partymen appears to be indeed a severe punishment. Besides, a special opprobrium attaches to a member of the Party who is purged, and his daily life will be subjected to greater scrutiny by the N. K. V. D. (the Soviet Police). Not only this. Very often the "purged" members disappear and nobody ever knows what happens to them.

Next to the political trial, the purge is the most powerful weapon in the armoury of the Communists for disposing of unwanted members of the Party. But while the political trial is used for getting rid of some of the top men when they are suspected of "deviationism," the purge is used to deal with persons who are in the lower ranks of the Party. The purge is not used to get rid of one or two members as is usually the case when a political trial takes place, but is employed on a large scale and is directed against thousands of members of the Party throughout the country. Whenever a purge is resorted to, the reason given is that the enthusiasm of Partymen has declined and that their devotion to duty and Party principles have fallen off. Obviously at present, the enthusiasm of several members of the Communist Party of China is on the ebb, and hence the proposed purge.

In the United States last year, contracts for new schools totalled \$800,000,000—the largest amount in 25 years. There are about 1,000,000 classrooms in the United States today, and educators foresee construction of 600,000 additional classrooms during the next 10 years. Teachers' pay has been raised in many schools, and training and experience standards for teachers are higher. The number of teachers in U. S. schools has increased from 8,64,500 to more than 9,43,000 during the past five years (1945-50).—USIS.

THE KOREAN WAR

By BAROO

IT is a funny world we live in. The U. N. O. is dead as a dodo but what a variety of sins are being committed in its name! First, the U. S., divining in a most remarkable manner the wishes of the dead body, in regard to Korea, rushed off to carry them out. Then it made the corpse sit up and nod its head in support of what the Pentagon had already decided to do, the while its hangers-on pretended not to see through the puppet show arranged for the benefit of their souls. To crown it all, Harry the Great got so involved in his own hysterics that he forgot all about the little show he had just godfathered, and blandly announced a programme of aggression that included not only Korea, but also China and Indo-China. Again the Western world refused to notice his misdemeanour.

The idiocy that cannot learn a lesson from even Dean Acheson's own exposition of the failure of American policy in China must border on insanity. As if the terrific slap-in-the-face that the U. S. received at the hands of the popular will of China was not enough to sober it up, it has now asked for a kick-in-the-pants in Korea, and not in Korea alone but also in Formosa and in Indo-China. Assuredly the U. S. will get what it has bargained for. Not all its guns and bombs and Bazookas will succeed in saving the rotten regimes of its Syngman, Rhee and Bao Dais, let alone give a fresh lease of life to its Chiangs. Already the fighting in Korea has demonstrated how helpless an army of conquest is on territory where it is not wanted by the people, and no amount of reinforcements is going to alter this basic fact. Indeed, Truman and his crowd of five-star gum-chewing darlings seem to have got an inkling of this unpleasant truth within but a few days of their hare-brained adventure. Already a certain sobriety is discernible in their behaviour. This sobriety will not decrease as American casualty lists mount up.

American war criminals apart, it is evident to any sane observer that the U. S. has started its career of world-conquest badly and has bitten more

than it will be able to chew. Even if overwhelming armament gives it a victory in Korea, the garrisoning of that country is going to be no joke. But of course the Americans are not itching to occupy Korea alone. They want to plant the Stars and Stripes over the whole of China—what a day-dream!—and Indo-China, and then only as a step to planting it over the Soviet and the democracies of Eastern Europe. For the tycoons of Wall Street cannot sleep soundly at night as long as there is a single Communist country in existence, and since they love their sleep and their profits, they must needs conquer the whole world. What stupendous madness!

Those whom the gods destroy they first confound. How confounded and confused is American leadership today, how eager to use the atom things they have centred all their hopes on. As if ideas can ever be fought by physical strength and military might alone, or air and sunlight injured by a child's unavailing blows on them. He who would pit tangibles against intangibles will exhaust and kill himself in the effort. Against the irresistible appeal of the ideas of social justice and freedom from exploitation, the U. S. A. has nothing more to offer than the corruption and tyranny of its Quirinios and Rhees and the fear of its weapons of death and destruction. No wonder it is engaged in a losing war.

Thanks to Russian peacefulness and cool-headedness, it is also a foolish sort of war that the Americans find themselves committed to. The country they wanted to take offence at for their unparalleled provocation has refused to oblige them and has not only not shown any hostile intentions, but has also not done anything hasty. Not even American propaganda has alleged any Soviet aid for the Northerners. In the upshot, the Americans have found themselves involved in war, not against the menacing enemy of civilization, but against the helpless little State of North Korea, and for no other reason than to prevent it from unifying its people, and to maintain an American base at Russia's doorstep. The absolute bare-faced-ness of

American aggression could not have been demonstrated more clearly. On the other hand, had Russia accepted America's invitation to a war, it is likely that in the resulting excitement American criminal policies would have escaped exposure in all their nakedness.

Even as it was, the panic generated by the first news of fighting and American entry into it, swept many well-meaning folk off their feet. But Russia's remaining unruffled and her refusal to be hustled into doing anything silly, has allowed the world to regain its perspective a little and for public opinion everywhere to make itself heard. And since neither any Government other than the American nor any people want war, the result of Russia's peaceful policy has been to bring out wanton-ness of Truman's bid for war, and to discredit his country in the eyes of the millions of men and women who have no wish to be engulfed in another Armageddon merely for the sake of Yankee factory-owners' profits. The voice of sanity is raising itself even in the countries of the West. Britain has refused to endorse American aims in Formosa and Indo-China. Continental Europe is shrinking at the prospect of being once again turned into a battle-field, and not even France, which has so much reason to appreciate Harry's generous gesture in Indo-China, seems willing to give the U. S. a blank cheque. India has wisely attempted to undo her initial compromise with her declared principles of foreign policy. But most important of all, progressive opinion in all countries, America itself not excluded, is exerting an increasing pressure on Governments which might otherwise have towed the American line with less hesitation.

Indeed, American antics during these last few weeks have cost her dearer than she suspects. They have branded her Government as the planners and instigators of war, just as they have convinced people of the peacefulness of Soviet policies. A dozen peace campaigns of the kind sponsored by Russia recently could not have done more. This is a great, though unwitting achievement of Truman's, and maybe, his chief service to world peace. What half-witted

tools Destiny sometimes uses for its purposes!

The American war-makers' mad venture has begun badly—it will end worse. In their arrogant over-confidence in their armed might, the Americans have left themselves no way of retreat from a situation that will become increasingly uncomfortable as time passes. World opinion will make it very difficult for them to use the shortcut of atomic weapons—if they are a short-cut at all—for there is the example of Japan before us, conquered by atom bombs and garrisoned for five years by God MacArthur and still turning Communist! War by non-atomic weapons will of course take much longer and will cost America a pretty penny and quite a few G. I. s. But in any case a persistence in the scheme of world conquest will bleed America white and make it stink in the nostrils of the world, and of course it will fail miserably, destroying the aggressor-nation with it. On the other hand, a withdrawal, however delicately it might be arranged (and wishful suggestions that Nehru should help show that some people even in America would welcome such an escape from a tight corner) can, in the context of Truman's heroics, never now be so diplomatic as to save the American Government from a fatal and final loss of face throughout the world.

Whichever way therefore you might look at it, it is obvious that American imperialism has entered the last round of its desperate struggle for existence in the face of growing Socialist power. In its consciousness of its approaching doom, it has turned berserk, and threatens to plunge the world into another bloody war. Men of peace and goodwill have to decide today what their attitude will be towards such a war, if such a war does break out despite all the efforts of peaceful nations to avoid it. Happily, it is already clear which way the war-weary masses of the world will turn, and if there were any doubts the Korean war has destroyed them. If millions of patient, long-suffering, men are once again going to be dragged into war, they will see to it that it is a war against colonialism and exploitation that they will make, and not against social justice and progress.

THE COMPOSITE FARM

By C. A. DHAIRYAM

It does not need a prolonged study of the economics of Indian agriculture to arrive at the conclusion that one of the big—if not the biggest—contributory causes to the low productivity of the soil is the limited and scattered nature of individual holdings. A typical farm in this country consists of about half a dozen or more separate units whose only claim to kinship, one to another, is that they are owned by the same proprietor. His farm-house, if so it could be called, is his dwelling place in the village. This is the administrative unit and headquarters for such material and labour as is available. The other units are strips of land with an average area of about half a cawni and these are scattered haphazardly about the village. A farmer has sometimes to walk over all the arable land in the locality before he succeeds in making a round of his sadly split-up property.

The reasons for this excessive fragmentation are many—financial, social, and legal—few of which have been conducive to the common good. The average peasant-proprietor in Madras State owns between 2-1/2 and 5 cawnis of land. Even were this a compact block the income from it would not be very much. But fragmented, the costs of cultivation would increase and the income derived fall still lower. Apart from valuable land lost by erection of boundaries and in fragments too small to be cultivated, fragmentation in itself increases costs of cultivation by between ten and thirty percent.

A number of the provinces of India, as early as half a century ago, started taking official notice of the consequences that would follow if the fragmentation and sub-division of holdings were not checked. They constituted learned committees to enquire into the matter and as a result, various Consolidation of Holdings Acts came into being. These Acts were framed to check the evil and not to do away with it. Their goal was the 'economic' holding.

This type of holding is a definite improvement on the older fragmented variety. It creates a class of small scale farmers with a substantial stake

in the soil. It has its advantages but it also has numerous limitations. In the few countries where it has been tried, agriculture has been found to be very suitable for management as a large scale industry. One has but to turn to some of the results achieved in the U. S. A., Russia, Australia and the Argentine to be convinced of this.

In the paragraphs that follow I mean to suggest a scheme not only for the complete elimination of fragmentation and sub-division of holdings but also for the unified cultivation of all village land as part of what I would term a 'Composite Farm.'

The basic idea in the scheme is that all cultivable land in the village should be cultivated by a central village authority. This central village authority should take the form of a committee composed of all land-owners in the area working through a representative of the Agricultural Department. The scheme in effect will mean that the individual land-owner retains full ownership of his land with all its rights and privileges save one—the right to cultivate or use the land as he desires—which must be made to vest by law or common consent in the committee. The net income from the composite farm is to be divided among the land-owning members of the committee in the proportion of their holdings to the total land cultivated. This division of profits is to prevail in farms where all the land surrendered to the committee is of a uniform quality. In areas where holdings of varied quality and yielding capacity are involved, however, justice demands a slight alteration in procedure. In this event the various holdings being incorporated into the composite farm will have to be graded as class One, Two and Three and may have to be cultivated in class groups. The income of a particular holding would then depend on its area as against all land in its class-group. Again, a system of compensation will have to be worked out for such holdings as enter a composite farm with outstanding assets. The committee should co-opt as members landless ryots of experience

and wisdom. If the committee threatens to become too big and unwieldy a smaller working unit could be elected. The representative of the Agricultural Department is to be executive officer of the committee with much the same relation to it as a Commissioner to a Municipal Council.

It will be noticed that under the scheme the question of ownership has not been unduly tampered with. The owner retains all the privileges of ownership barring the right to cultivate or use the land as he desires. Even here he will still have a say in all matters affecting the land, for as an owner he will be on the committee. Apart from this restricting proviso he can do what he wills with the land. He can bequeath it, divide it, mortgage it or sell it. As illustration let us take the case of a village the inhabitants of which own 100 acres of arable land. Ryot X owning 8 acres of the land surrenders it to the committee for cultivation or such other purposes as it might think fit. As a land-owner X will be on the committee and take part in the managing of all land in the village. Till mechanisation steps in, he will probably be augmenting his income by hiring out his services or those of his draught animals and plough to the committee. When at harvest time the produce is gathered in, a certain amount will be set apart to meet costs of cultivation and the rest—either in kind or after conversion to money—will be divided among the owners of the land in proportion to their holdings. X will get 8/100 of the net yield. If X has 4 sons and wills it that on his death they get two acres each the wish is easily met without disturbing the existing system of cultivation. Each son will become the owner of two acres and will be entitled to his share of the yield which will amount to 2/100 of the whole.

In the event of this village possessing land of varied quality X's share would depend on the classification given to his holdings. Presuming that his is class two land and that there are 50 acres of this grading his income would be 8/50 of the net yield of his class-group.

The advantages in the scheme are

obvious. The evils of fragmentation and sub-division of land are completely eliminated and scientific cultivation is made possible and worthwhile. The experience and practical wisdom of the ryots, together with the knowledge of the Agricultural officer, will ensure maximum yield from the land. Further, dealings with co-operative societies and banks will also be facilitated. Agricultural labour under the scheme will ordinarily remain unaffected. Whether the land is under individual management or under the committee the total number of persons employed to cultivate it will remain very much the same. If machinery is brought into use, however, a few employees will be rendered surplus to the needs of the committee. But the situation is one that is inevitable in any progressive society.

This scheme for composite farms presents all the advantages of 'collective farming' without any of its disadvantages. It is a happy blend of the capitalist way of life with socialist ideology. The individual does surrender a personal right to the community but the benefits accruing from it are so considerable as to justify its surrender.

We live in times of grave misery and want. A growing population, uncertain monsoons, and a chronic food and amenities shortage are driving people to desperate deeds. The solution of some troubles do of course lie only with God but there are many that can be solved by our own efforts. Increased production on the land and in the factories is the only way out of our troubles. And on the land the creation of composite farms in the villages is the answer to many problems.

The liberty of the individual is undoubtedly enclosed in an aura of sanctity. It can only be restricted under the gravest of circumstances. But I believe a case has been made out for such restriction as is envisaged in the scheme. The small loss sustained by the individual is more than compensated by a gain of much consequence to the community and the nation.

A FORGOTTEN SHOOTING WAR

By MATTHEW HALTON

One of the places where the war against Communism is "hot" is Indo-China, where the nearly four-year-old struggle "is just as important to you and me as it is to France," says the author of this article.

IT has been called the "cold war"—this global struggle for position and power between Russian Communist imperialism on the one hand and the free world on the other—but in four countries of the world the war is as hot as can be. Not only in Korea, but in Malaya, in Burma and in Indo-China, in swamps and jungles and mountains, in blasting heat and torrential rains, the war against Communism is a shooting war.

In Indo-China the French have been fighting for three and a half years in a war which the world has half-forgotten and has never understood. Who is Bao Dai and who is Viet Nam? Who are the Thais and the Thos and the Mans and the Nungs? What are these battles in the paddy fields of Cochín and the delta swamps of Tonkin? And what have they to do with us? In the five provinces of what we call Indo-China—Tonkin, Cambodia, Laos, Annam and Cochín-China—there has been a highly developed civilization for 4,000 years. There are ruined cities and ancient temples older than France. Why are the French fighting there now, in a war that has already cost them \$1,000,000,000 and 20,000 lives?

It is a tangled as well as a bloody situation. France's ally, Bao Dai, is a plump puppet king with suede shoes and a highly developed talent for opportunism. Ho Chi Minh is a brave and able Communist idealist fighting for what he believes is freedom for his people.

Indo-China has been a French colony for 150 years, and the French, who have no small genius for colonization, developed it well. Until the war came, the 23,000,000 people of the colony were among the happiest and most prosperous in Asia. The people are, for the most part, a handsome and intelligent blend of Indo-Aryan and Chinese, industrious, charming and gentle-mannered. Their

country is rich in rice, fish, rubber, coal, tin and tea. The French were building roads, canals, harbours, schools, universities and hospitals as good as any in the East—and then came the war and the occupation by Japan.

A Playboy Emperor

When the war ended and the Japanese had been driven out, the French inherited trouble. Though the Japanese were beaten, the white races had lost face, and a fever of nationalism swept through the East. The British found it in India and Burma, the Dutch in Indonesia and the U. S. in the Philippines. The French found it in full swing when they returned to Indo-China—and then it was complicated by Communism.

The nominal ruler of the colony before the war, under French control, was the Emperor Bao Dai, "the guardian of grandeur," 13th monarch of the ancient Nguyen Dynasty. Bao Dai was educated in France, and he had become a glorified playboy. In his famous teakwood palace "the home of supreme peace," he had his private jazz orchestra in which he himself featured on the drums. He drove his own speedboat and piloted his own plane. His wife was a beautiful Annamese girl named Perfume of the South.

And when the Japanese came to Indo-China Bao Dai remained in Saigon, the capital, as a puppet emperor. When the Japanese were defeated, he abdicated in haste and went to live in Hong Kong.

Enter Ho Chi Minh.

Ho Chi Minh, 56 years old, is an Indo-Chinese who has been a rebel against French rule ever since he was a boy, and a Communist ever since he grew up. He is one of those hard-headed idealists, like Lenin himself, who can organize and lead people as well as inspire them. He received his political training first in Moscow and then in China in the great days

of Sun Yat-Sen. He was a lieutenant of Borodin, the famous Russian Communist who founded the Communist party in China. When the Japanese retreated in 1945, British troops took over the southern half of Indo-China on behalf of the French, and Chinese troops occupied the northern half. The Chinese were led by Ho Chi Minh. He raised the banner of nationalism, called on the people to join him, and declared that Indo-China was no longer the colony of a foreign imperialism. He called his regime Viet Minh.

A Savage War

It was the now familiar Communist technique of aggression. The people would not have fallen en masse for Communism, but many of them did fall for nationalism.

When the French returned to the colony with an army and took up their old headquarters in Saigon in the south, they were at first willing to bargain with Ho Chi Minh with the idea of giving Indo-China a measure of self-government. The negotiations dragged on for a year. But the rebels asked too much and the French offered too little—and suddenly, in December, 1946, Ho Chi Minh struck with all his force. The war was on. It is still going on. And it is no longer a rebellion against foreign rule, but a vital part of the worldwide struggle between Russia and the West.

In order to rally as many of the people as possible against the rebels, the French invited Bao Dai to return to his country and set him up once more in his palace as emperor. His regime is called Viet Nam, and the French had given it a large measure of self-government. But many of the natives are hostile. Some support the rebels because they want complete independence from France. Others support them because they are Communists. And then, as always in such struggles, there are fence-sitters, especially among the traders and businessmen, waiting to see who is going to win.

It is a savage war; a war of ambushes and harassing tactics, of sabotage and murder. The rebels are cleverly organized and cleverly led. They are supported by the Chinese Communists, and they are well-equipped with arms, artillery and

radios. Ho Chi Minh has an army of 80,000 trained guerillas, and he commands them with tireless skill and cunning. (His name means enlightened perseverance). Within a year of his rising he had gained control of two-thirds of the country.

The French have an army of nearly 1,50,000 men in the war. Nearly 50,000 are native levies and volunteers. About 25,000 are Senegalese and Moroccans from French Africa. And the force includes over 5,000 crack troops of the French Legion. But most of them are Frenchmen. They have fought well in intolerable conditions. They have disarmed 40,000 rebels and are cleaning up the country step by step. But the battle is far from won.

There is nothing worse than guerilla warfare in jungles, as the British have found in Malaya. The French control the chief cities—Tonkin in the north and Saigon in the south—and most of the heavily populated agricultural and industrial areas. But everywhere in between there are rebels.

In many districts there are no roads, and the French units can move only along the main waterways, in small boats, always exposed to sudden fire from the jungle-covered banks. Swamp patrols often have to wade all day in water up to their waists. Aircraft are almost useless against guerillas holding in forests or mountains. Tanks and artillery are of little help. It is an exhausting war of attrition, of cunning, of endurance.

Success Is Costly

The French are working more systematically than the British in Malaya, and with some success. Each time they clean up an area, they build small forts and garrison them with local levies. At night the villagers retire into the forts with their cattle and food supplies. And along all lines of communication, canals as well as roads, they are building defence towers at intervals of about three-fifths of a mile in the ancient Roman manner. In this way, clearing one area after another, slowly and laboriously, the French hope gradually to drive the enemy into the mountain districts and seal them off until they can be dealt with at leisure.

But the process is terribly costly. It is costing France hundreds of casualties a week and hundreds of millions

of dollars. The U. S. has now promised aid in the form of munitions and supplies. It cannot come too soon, because the French are nearing the end of their resources. The commanders in Indo-China are begging for machine-guns, armoured cars and armoured patrol boats, for radio sets and observation planes. The fact that they are asking for such elementary needs as machine-guns and wire-

less sets shows how blind we have been.

And the danger is growing. Ho Chi Minh is getting more and more help from Communist China and from the Cominform. No doubt aware of this, and with events in Korea as a background, President Truman has directed that the promised military aid to Indo-China be accelerated.—*Copy-right.*

A NEW GREECE IS RISING

By JAMES WELLARD

THE civil war in Greece is officially over. The railroads have begun to function; the roads are open; and the refugees are being returned to the mountain villages.

The only sizeable band of partisans at large consists of 300 outlaws, men, women and children, roaming the slopes of Mount Olympus. These folk are often sighted from airplanes flying the Athens-Salonika route. They are living more like wild beasts than human beings; and if they had any hope of reprieve, they would give themselves up tomorrow.

But partisans in Greece are automatically Communists. I was made aware of this in Lamia, 200 miles north of Athens.

Lamia is a typical Greek provincial town of 30,000 normal population, now swollen by 40,000 refugees. Centre of the town is the public square, which boasts a couple of third-rate hotels (no water, running or otherwise), a half dozen cafes, a restaurant and a movie theatre called the Titania.

A hundred yards down the road from the square is the Lamia county jail, at present full of partisans or Communists. One of the prisoners I noticed standing in the muddy yard of the jail was about five years old, so I asked my guide what he was in for. "He's a Communist," said the guide.

I took a good luck at this dangerous character. He was a small boy, and at the moment he was engaged in getting himself a drink in a tin mug from a barrel of water. After he had taken a drink, he crossed the yard to his mother, who was sitting in a broken chair under a tree.

This five-year-old partisan, gue-

rilla, rebel, or Communist was one of about a score of prisoners who stood or sat in the yard, where they cooked, ate, took the air, and generally waited around. Across the street was another building, which housed what looked like hundreds of partisans.

I asked my guide what happened next to the baby and his fellow partisans. This guide, incidentally, was a typical character himself, for like thousands of Greeks, he had once worked in the U. S. and wished he was working there now. His name was George Amongas, and he was chief switchman for the Southern Pacific railroad 17 years ago. Right now he is unemployed, and passes the time at a cafe in the town square, discussing politics and drinking Turkish coffee.

Child Communists

George Amongas said the whole bunch was awaiting trial.

"Including that dangerous-looking character over there?" I asked. I pointed to the toddler.

"Yes, he may be an important witness," said George.

"What happens to these Communists?" I asked.

"The bad ones are shot," replied George. "They're buried in the cemetery, a lot of them."

I said I would like to see where and George conducted me to the cemetery of Lamia, a few yards down the road from the prison. The cemetery is a large, muddy burial place, as poor and unprepossessing as the rest of the town. Few citizens seem to have been able to afford a marble or stone head-

piece; and most graves were marked with a woden cross.

The sexton took pride in pointing out a pile of old ammunition boxes which, he said, contained the mortal remains of German soldiers. The Germans had been disinterred, packed into the ammo cases, marked with their names and now awaited transshipment elsewhere. He, of course, didn't know where, or when.

The sexton then led me to the graves of the Communists. They were buried outside the walls of the cemetery in unmarked, mass graves.

Looking at the mass graves and remembering the five-year-old Communist back in the prison yard, I thought this was a pretty grim business, even for a country recently engaged in civil war. But I learned then from my travels in Greece that this is a part of the world hardly distinguished for its democratic concepts of justice or mercy.

For what the partisans did to the ordinary Greek worker is the explanation of those unmarked graves in Lamia. And if you want to see what the partisans did, you have to go, among other places, to Naoussa, in Macedonia.

Naoussa is a cotton mill town, normal population 15,000, present population 18,000. Naoussa used to be a pretty, busy and thriving place in the mountains, before the night of January 11, 1949. That was the night the partisans broke into Naoussa, where they spent three days and four nights of uninterrupted killings, burning and looting.

They started off by shooting the mayor in the town square. His crime had been naming the square, "Truman Place." He was murdered for this, and the square was renamed "Stalin Place."

Next the partisans dragged a field piece to within 100 yards of the hall, and let fly at pointblank range. After this fun, they began their real work. This consisted in systematically destroying by fire the town's nine cotton mills.

Naoussa was a thriving little industrial centre, remarkable for Macedonia. It possessed some 15,000 spindles for cotton and wool, and 4,000 people were employed in the mills. The partisans burned these mills lock, stock and spindle, and left nothing but broken walls.

A number of leading citizens were shot or carried off into the mountains, including women and children. So all in all, the score of cruelty adds up between Lamia and Naoussa.

Meantime, 4,000 ordinary Greek workers are without means of livelihood. Which doesn't make the Communists popular in this part of Greece.

About 1,000,000 Greeks are now refugees. These folk are all concentrated in and around the towns, living under incredibly sordid conditions. Some live in Government-erected huts. The more independent have fashioned homes of straw and willow, or of mud and tin cans.

A typical refugee family consists of the man, his wife, three children, and four chickens—sometimes a pig. All live in one hut. The man wanders about looking for odd jobs.

The woman keeps house and minds the children. How they survive is not clear; but the Government makes each member of a family an allowance of two dollars (Rs. 8) a month, plus 18 pounds of sugar and 15 cans of condensed milk for babies.

Now that the war is over, these refugees are being moved back to the mountain villages. But there are difficulties. One is that the snows are falling in the mountains and the roads are impassable. Another is the refugees have nothing to live on when they get back "home." A third is that many of the refugee children now go to school, and there are no schools in the mountains.

At all events, the actual civil war is now officially ended, and the fighting partisans have been pulled back across friendly frontiers, to await further orders. The Greek army believes they will come back, and for this, as well as other reasons, is unwilling to demobilise. However, 50,000 of the 300,000 men under arms are to be sent back to civilian life.

The possibility of any serious partisan invasion seems remote, since the Communists were thoroughly beaten at Konitsa and Grammos. In the meantime, the national army has the chance of moving up to the Albanian and Bulgarian frontiers and choosing its defence positions.

Humanitarianism

But after what the Greek Government has been through, it is natural it should be prepared for the worst.

It is also natural, in the nature of politics, that the present Government should wish to retain its supreme power.

But more effective in minimising the continued threat to Greek security is the almost automatic flow of U. S. dollars every time the word Communism is mentioned.

The world has little idea how many dollars have been pumped into Greece in the last four years—not only U. S. dollars, but Canadian dollars and British pounds. The total figure of direct aid is 1,198,000,000 dollars (Rs. 475 crores). This, however, is only economic aid. About 560,000,000 dollars (Rs. 224 crores) more has been given as direct military aid. The total is over 1,750,000,000 dollars (Rs. 700 crores) in four years.

The statistical-minded can break down these figures to something more comprehensible. For instance, the population of Greece is 7,000,000. Therefore, every Greek has received the equivalent of 242.57 dollars (Rs. 960) over a period of four years; or 60.64 dollars (Rs. 240) a year. Before World War II, the average per capita income of Greeks was 80 dollars (Rs. 320) a year.

Yet, of all the countries getting E. C. A. funds, Greece is least likely to show any return. That, however, is not the fault of Greece or the mistake of the U. S. Greece is an impoverished, depressed and exhausted nation. It has always been so, since the great days when Sparta and Athens rose to power on the taxes and tributes levied on weaker states.

Today, Greece survives on a different sort of tribute—the tribute U. S. diplomacy pays to keep Communism as far as possible from the Anglo-U. S. lifeline running through the Mediterranean to the oil of the Middle East and the markets of the East.

Of course, the announced intention of U. S. aid to Greece is not that bald. The U. S. is hoping to "put Greece on her feet economically." Nor is there any doubt that a tremendous effort is being made by the 250-man mission of E. C. A. in Greece to do so.

E. C. A. would undoubtedly help Greek industry, if there were any industry to speak of which could be helped.

But a country devastated by war,

with poor soil to begin with, no heavy industry, not even a proper fishing industry in a land surrounded by water, and with a group of capitalists who salt away their profits in safe banks across the Atlantic, will have a hard time prospering.

I would say from what I saw that U. S. money is being spent in Greece in a cause which is not simply "political", to wit, an effort to buy a people's loyalty to an anti-Communist crusade, but in a downright humanitarian manner.

The proof for me was the shining white clinic U. S. money and skill have erected in Thebes, a dreary little town 40 miles north-west of Athens. The Thebes clinic has everything the most well-equipped hospital would have in small surgical, pharmaceutical, X-ray, dental and maternity departments, visited by 3,000 people a month.

A visit to the maternity and child welfare department of this clinic illustrates what it is all about. Here the peasant mothers come with their swaddled babies, each white-faced infant suffering from some ailment caused more by ignorance than nature. The child's ailment is cured, the mother is shown how to wash and feed her baby, and with the aid of good milk, vitamins and a proper diet, the standard of health is raised for thousands of children a year.

Teaching Greek mothers how to care for their children and adults how to safeguard their health, showing farmers how to reclaim wasteland and how to grow rice on salt marshes giving cotton weavers the machinery to earn a livelihood—all such projects on which U. S. money is spent may be dollar diplomacy, but it strikes the observer as considerably more fruitful than rouble diplomacy.

Whether the 1,750,000,000 dollars (Rs. 700 crores) already spent, together with the 1,000,000,000 dollars (Rs. 400 crores) the West will undoubtedly spend in Greece before 1952, are necessary to check Communism in this country seems to be a muddled way of thinking. Communism was discredited in Greece by the Communists, during the civil war.

U. S. aid now being given to Greece is actually a subsidy necessary to keep 7,000,000 unfortunate people alive. This seems as worthy a cause as "fighting" Communism.—Copyright.

GANDHIJI: THE MAN AND THE MAHATMA

By D. A. WADIA

DURING recent months we hear with increasing frequency of plans for the setting up of obelisks, stupas, and statues to the memory of Gandhiji, the aim of the sponsors of these schemes being to 'perpetuate' the name and fame of Gandhiji. Not only that, some of the more devout and enthusiastic have busied themselves with the task of erecting Gandhi shrines. An example is the recently constructed shrine at Benares, in which the statues of Gandhiji and Kasturba are placed in a canopy of marble.

Apart from the considerable sums of money expended on these schemes at a time when the country is passing through a period of great economic distress, one is tempted to ask as to whether they serve any useful purpose at all. One thing is certain. For the millions who joined in the celebration of India's first day of independence, and who basked in the exultation of once again being free, there can be no forgetting. Gandhiji's hold on the affections and gratitude of the generation in which he lived and achieved his life's ambition is something too tangible and concrete ever to be doubted. It would indeed be frivolous to imagine that by the setting up of a statue here and a statue there, Gandhiji's memory would remain fresh in the minds of an otherwise forgetful public.

Therefore if these statues and obelisks of bronze and marble and plaster do have any meaning at all it is for the generations which have not had the opportunity of seeing Gandhiji in person. Even then it would be a vulgar error to assume that these showy and ostentatious structures do really help in guiding and inspiring people to walk along the Gandhian way of life.

In particular the building of Gandhi shrines raises the issue as to whether it is really desirable or wise to attempt to deify the person of Gandhiji. During his life time his attention was frequently drawn to the actions of certain devout admirers

who in the excess of their zeal installed his image in temples. Emphatically and with a firm insistence he had disapproved of and deplored the practice. These pronouncements should really suffice to provide a complete justification for the discouraging of such practices; but then commonsense and blind enthusiasm seldom go together.

This extreme form of hero-worship extending to the deification of the individual concerned, is not without precedent in the history of India, and the case of Buddhism provides an illuminating parallel. After Buddha's death numerous and extraordinary legends grew up around the central figure of the master. He was supposed to have been miraculously conceived through his mother having dreamt of a beautiful white elephant. In his previous birth he was a magnificent six-tusked elephant. Again, at the time of his Enlightenment all the elements were thrown into convulsions. These are but a few of the stories that came to be connected with Buddha's name. We see here the sad process of the submerging of a vital spiritual force in a vast and uninspiring accumulation of later innovations.

To-day however we are living in an age of the printed word, and it is scarcely likely that any great distortion of Gandhiji's life and personality can be effected with impunity. Nevertheless the tendency towards the cheap glorification of the great is there, and given a properly fertile breeding place, it will bring forth concocted stories about Mahatma Gandhi, that will be as absurd as those built up around the name of Gautama Buddha.

Leaving aside these somewhat crude manifestations, there can be no doubt that in its higher and more sublime form, hero-worship can inspire us to lead better lives and to have a richer, more generous and more tolerant outlook on life. In this connection it would be interesting to speculate as to how best Gandhiji's

life and teachings can be made to have a permanent and lasting meaning for the people of the world. Would it serve the purpose better to draw attention to Gandhi the Man, the sharer of the people's weal and woe, who felt and thought and acted like the traditional Indian peasant, or to foster the legend of Gandhi the Mahatma, the all-wise, all-perfect world teacher?

It is not without significance that all the great religions of the world have laid stress on the abjuring of violence and strife, and the living of godly, highly moral lives. That has not prevented men from fighting bloody battles and leading far from exemplary lives. The reason for this is not far to seek. Men have evolved out a dual set of values. One is what they preach about, and the other is what they actually practise. Consciously or unconsciously, therefore, we find that everything is neatly labelled and divided up into two separate, more or less water-tight compartments. Religion and philosophy for obvious reasons come under the category of being eminently preachable, but hardly practicable. If, therefore, in the years to come Gandhiji is allotted the role of a preacher, teacher, and

miracle-maker, we may safely assume that his teachings will be listened to with becoming respect and attention, and then conveniently brushed aside.

If on the other hand we remember Gandhiji as the man who though himself leading a strictly disciplined and austere life, never thought of sitting in judgment over others, as the man who was ever ready to give kindly and sympathetic advice to all who sought it, as the man who erred often and was always great enough to admit the fact, as the man who loved to play with children, then indeed it could truly be said that Gandhiji is not above us, but with and of us. His personality would be a warm and comforting one. His teachings and beliefs would no longer be remote and impersonal, but instead would have a practical and more human significance.

If a memorial must be built, then instead of raising a thousand mushroom-like structures all over the place, let them pool their resources and energies together and build a single mausoleum that will be as peerless and sublime as the Taj-mahal. And if the task takes twenty, thirty years, what of it? Twenty years is but nothing in the life of a nation.

FIRE FROM A BLAZING HEART

By SERAPIA DEVI

"GIVE nobody's heart pain so long as thou canst avoid it, for one sigh may set a whole world into a flame." Thus speaks Sheikh Sadi in his Kitabi Gullistan.

Poor was the village, dusty and dull. The life of the peasant was comparable to the dust, trodden on, beaten by wind and weather, lifted a little, flung down. Some of the people were more, others less unfortunate, than the rest.

Among the most stricken was Maya, a widow. Her husband had been murdered in a harlot's den in town; her husband's people had all been carried off by some contagious disease; and her own parents and brothers had perished at the time of the great earthquake. Her only son had stolen her savings and run away. She was lonely, and yet she managed to

love. She loved children, all children. She was the "Auntie" of the village children.

When the women went to field with the men's food, or to join them at their work, they often sent their little ones to Maya. Her spinning-wheel hummed, she span, span with deft fingers. Sitting round her the children gazed at her lips, charmed, for she knew a hundred tales.

She was not pleasant to look at. Her hair, every now and then cropped down, grew fast and stood stiffly erect, brushwise, lifting the piece of cloth which came over her head. Uncomely and ravaged, her face wore a scowl, yet became motherly tender when she smiled at her little listeners. She had no favourites; she loved them all and believed herself loved. That was her happiness.

On a certain summer morning, Kamala, a squirrel-eyed girl of three, came into her hut, and began to worry her with mischievous playfulness, trying to tangle the thread. Then the widow promised the child to give her something pretty if only she would not disturb her at her work. The bargain was struck. Kamala would be good. And the pretty thing? It was a green spangle cut from the wing of one of those large metal-like beetles that are caught for the sake of their rich hue and lustre. Maya stuck the spangle on the girl's forehead between the eyebrows. The child ran home to look at herself in a bit of broken mirror-glass.

A few hours later Kamala was attacked by a violent fever. It left her in the night but returned next day; came again and again for weeks to follow, and seemed to thrive on the little body it devoured. Then Kamala's mother remembered that the first fit of illness had seized her daughter on the day "auntie" had put that green spangle on her forehead.

Horror—amazement—fury! Soon the whole village knew it, believed it, that Maya was a witch, a children-slaying witch; so long undiscovered, now suddenly found out! With the spangle she must have put a spell on the girl. And they remembered how another child that had wasted away, had been in the habit of visiting "auntie." A long shiver of superstitious fear ran through the entire village.

Poor wretched woman! Wrenched was from her her last comfort. Nay, more. Not only stood she bereft of every kindly human tie, but also covered with undeserved hatred. Not neglect but persecution became her lot. On the day Kamala died, men threatened to pull Maya out of her hut by the end of her spell-spitting tongue. Only a sudden hail storm prevented them from translating their threat into action. From that day on stones and venomous words were flung at the widow whenever she appeared in the open. Women fled on beholding her and—greatest pain of all—the children insulted her; dirtied her threshold; shouted odious things at her back and, when she turned round, fled as if she were the plague-goddess.

She injure a child! Was it possible

that they believed it? Those harmless, trustful, soft little beings, small boys and girls, how came they to be transformed so suddenly into howling, evil spoken, blackthinking demons? "Oh, it is too cruel, it is unbearable! There is fire on my forehead!" Maya cried out in her grief. "Fire on my forehead!" she repeated again and again, using the ready-made often heard ancient exclamation, the cry of people in burning sorrow.

The villagers now would not let her draw water from the common well; they would not sell her oil or flour. In the dark they threw filth through her grated window.

One night, after two months of this misery during which she had become bent and hollow-eyed, one black, brooding night, she jumped up from her bed of rags. Perhaps some cruel dream of injuries had poisoned her very sleep. Hoarsely rang the cry from her parched heart: "Fire, fire is on my brow!" Stumbling in the dark she groped for the kerosene-bottle, moistened with its contents the torn sheet on which she had lain, moistened her sari; moistened her hair; wrapped the sheet closely round her, set fire to herself. How it caught the stuff, how it crept up on her, how it licked her face transforming her countenance into one raging blister! How she ran forward and backward in the throes of monstrous pain, yet fully determined to die! Blinded, her body all the same rushed to the window: Air! Air! Water! There she fell.

But the flames reached gracefully through the iron gate, fingered the dhoti which Maya had hung from the eaves to dry, ran up to the straw-roof, triumphant, cruel, exultant; rushed over the village in golden strides, scarlet-soled, from housetop to housetop.

Some escaped, many were trapped, the fire raged, gripped, devoured, gicefully blistered and scorched, burnt skins, eyeballs, skulls. Wanderers on the distant high road beheld the overwhelmed village like a whirling pool of flames. Heat and stench were wafted at them by the wind. And louder than the blaze rose the noisy agony of the flesh caught in it. From the droning and hissing of the turbulent fire, screams flew up like glittering fish from a panful of hot fat.

DR. SON-IN-LAW

By V. P. Raman

MR. EKANETRAN was not in a good mood. Though he was reclining as usual on the deck-chair, and appearing to read the paper, with the steaming coffee on a teapoy nearby he was not calm and happy; sweet thoughts were not for him that morning. His portly missus, Gajodari Bai, was equally perturbed, but God having endowed her with the twin qualities of mental atrophy and physical inaction, it was not easy for one to analyse her emotions at any particular instant by merely looking at her expressionless mug. What was worrying the two heads of the family, was their off-spring—Miss Rupavathi Ekanetran, third in the Presidency in the Intermediate examination and first in the Government Girls College.

Rupavathi belied her name. To say that she looked like a she-buffalo after a day's wallow in the local swamp, might provoke a sensitive she-buffalo to action in torts, and the odds are ten to one that Rupavathi would lose the case. Be that as it may, their unbeautiful daughter in her teens, presented to Mr. and Mrs. Ekanetran the biggest problem in their lives, even greater than the problem of begetting a child, which problem, some seventeen years ago, seemed to be a monstrously huge one. As if realising that her S. A. was cipher, Rupavathi devoted her energies to her books, and her reputation as a good student, nay, an excellent student, appeared momentarily to neutralise her notoriety as a revolting piece of flesh. But only momentarily.

No normal pair of parents can stand a daughter of seventeen strutting about the place with a bundle of textbooks on her arms, and repelling every male of ordinary virility, when she ought to be wielding a tennis racquet in a shapely hand and drawing in Romeos by the dozen. Rupavathi's failure to allure was Mr. Eka-

netran's disappointment, and on the morning to which we alluded in the first paragraph, he was upset more than usual by the fact that his daughter had got a high rank in the examination. Along with it had come a letter from a young man, (who had inspected the girl a few days back) in which he had not slurred over his horror at the sight of the "modern Medusa." "I'll eat my hat if any human being comes within seeing distance of that girl of yours...." was what the irate youth had written. Of what earthly use is a Presidency Third, if you go about horrifying the entire stronger sex, thought Ekanetran. His wife's look aggravated him all the more, and he attributed their child's unattractiveness to the appearance of the mother, forgetting that he had himself been nicknamed in college as Cykie, short for Cyclops.

As if determined to seek a solution to his problem before the day was out, Mr. Ekanetran took his cane from the rack, and proceeded briskly to the abode of his friend and guide, Mr. Q. Yukthi, the celebrated advocate, who having terminated his career of saving murderers from their legitimate ends, was now the acknowledged Solomon of the community.

His tale of woe told *in extenso*, Mr. Ekanetran was now eagerly watching the lips of the old codger, for the verdict.

"Put her into the Medical College, and you will be a grandfather within a year" said Mr. Q. Yukthi and the strangeness of the remedy rather startled the father, but his faith in the wisdom of the late advocate was so profound that all thoughts of choo-choosing disappeared and he returned home with an application form for admission into the Medical College. Her six hundred and seventy-three marks made Rupavathi's inclusion in the first list a matter of

course, and Mr. Ekanetran realised for once the advantages of high marks. The advocate Q. Yukthi had gone to the extent of assuring him that he would even put in a petition in the High Court for a *Writ of Mandamus* if a girl of Rupavathi's attainments was barred from entering the institution on "flimsy grounds" as he called the mode of selection. It was not until he saw the admission card that Mr. Ekanetran was happy for he was loth to go to court on an issue like the inadmission of a girl into a college. Frugality was the keynote to his character, and where one pie would have done, a second was never spent; such a man is allergic to litigation and Q. Yukthi's interest in the case was likely to mean a gash in his purse. His fears demolished, the satisfied Ekanetran viewed his wife with kindler eyes and looked forward to future developments according to the Q. Yukthi scheme of things.

The college opened and Rupavathi, armed with heavy textbooks on anatomy, set her head to her task, and soon earned the approval of her professors. This was in July.

By August, her manner had perceptibly changed, for the better according to Ekanetran and for the worse according to the professors. She was out oftener, and for longer. During the Independence Day celebrations she went out with a few others in her class for a two day picnic somewhere. Rupavathi was clearly on the path to romance thought a grateful Mr. Ekanetran. Added to all this, he got a letter from the Principal in which the head of the institution said "Your daughter Miss Rupavathi is distinctly a distracting element in the class...." For a brief second Mr. Ekanetran feared his daughter's demoniacal visage must have frightened the learned lecturers into shocked silence.... The next sentence however cleared his doubts "....She is the cynosure of all eyes in college and her popularity among

the male students, my professors report, extends inside class too, which makes it increasingly difficult for the teachers...." Mr. Ekanetran couldn't believe her eyes, and he rushed with the communication to Q. Yukthi.

"She must have been uglier than I imagined" was the advocate's reply "or else this would have taken another two months. The ugliest ones attract the soonest—in the Medical College." Ekanetran returned home a happier man.

In October, Rupavathi came home with a stunningly handsome man, and announced him as her husband to be. They were married in November, and in six months, Ekanetran was the grandparent of a fully grown eight pound baby. The mathematics of this meant certain unsavoury things to an orthodox mind and Ekanetran preferred not to think of them.

"How could such a good looking lady-killer like my son-in-law have fallen for a creature like my daughter, and be so much in love with her as to actually consummate in haste?" asked the bewildered Ekanetran of his advisor, Q. Yukthi.

"When boys and girls join the Medical College, they become philosophers. They dissect bodies; they go into the anatomy of the human frame, and realise ere long there is not such a great gulf between the beauty of Diana and the bad looks of a beast. The same flesh, the same blood, the same bones....whence comes the question of prettiness or ugliness. The process of evolution must go on, and it can go on equally well with Adonis and Venus as with Ravana and Thataka....That is the medico's philosophy. There you have an explanation for it all. Rupavathi or Dorothy Lamour, it is all the same for a doctor...." concluded Q. Yukthi. Ekanetran had learnt something new and he was out to propagate that great idea to other parents bothered about bad-looking daughters.

As versatile as her famous father, Sarah Churchill, daughter of Winston Churchill, has always wanted to partner dancer Fred Astaire in a film. She has the chance to do so now, and is making "Royal Wedding" in Hollywood, with Fred Astaire, June Allyson and Peter Lawford. With her is her husband, Anthony Beauchamp, famous in the world of photography.

TEN YEARS OF DEVOTED SERVICE

By Miss AMMANI APPUSWAMI, B.Sc., M.Ed.

AN anniversary is normal; a silver jubilee splendid; a golden or diamond jubilee glorious; but a decenary is unusual, and rare—even in these days of five and ten year plans.

So some at least, of those who assembled a few days ago at the Lady Sivaswami Ayyar Girls' High School, Mylapore must have wondered at the celebration of a decenary. But their wonder must soon have been dispelled when they heard the eloquent addresses and praises showered on the guest of honour to celebrate whose record of service a notable gathering was present. They must have realised that an unusual person certainly deserves an unusual honour and that Srimati S. Chellam M.A., L.T., the Headmistress of the Lady Sivaswami Ayyar Girls' High School, Mylapore is undoubtedly an unusual, in fact a unique person, as all who have had the privilege of knowing her intimately can testify.

Everybody who has moved with her closely has been impressed by her unaffected kindness of heart, her deep love towards children, her generous appreciation of merit in others, her quiet dignity, her unostentatious simplicity, her tireless energy, zeal and industry, her utter and selfless devotion to duty.

Born on the 13th of September 1908, Srimati Chellam's childhood was not entirely happy. She was orphaned while quite young, but her uncle was more than a father and mother to her, and helped her to forget her early sorrow. But other sorrows bore down on her which might have overwhelmed anybody less brave. She sought solace not in idle loneliness, but in seeking to wipe off the sorrows and miseries of others. She threw herself, heart and soul, into public work. She felt that the best service she could do to the community was in the field of education. And so, soon

after taking the M. A. degree, she qualified herself to become a teacher, and almost immediately joined as a lecturer in Holy Cross College, Trichinopoly.

After serving there for a couple of years, she felt that such work did not bring her into intimate contact with the younger minds which needed most guidance and help. So, in 1935 she gave up the lecturership, and joined as a school assistant in the National Girls' High School (now the Lady Sivaswami Ayyar Girls' High School) Mylapore.

Miss Helen Veale was then the Principal of that school; and she was so struck with the intelligence, earnestness and devotion of the new worker who joined her school in a humble capacity, and 'unresting, unhasting and silent as light' worked as hard as she could, that, when she retired in 1940, she chose her as her successor as the Head of the school.

From the time that Srimati Chellam took charge, her one thought, waking or sleeping, was how to make the school the noblest and best in South India. She gradually gathered round her a team of able teachers inspiring them by her example and goading them, occasionally, by her gentle sternness.

Through her tireless endeavour and by a coincidence, the old rickety, dilapidated building and thatched sheds which formed the school were transformed into a palatial edifice.

Perhaps owing to her early sorrow, the orphaned had always a place in Srimati Chellam's heart and so had the poor. She was moved by the pitiful sight of so many adults in our community not knowing even to sign their names. And so it was that the Deenabandhu Sangam, and the Adult Education Class came into being as associate activities in the school. Of these the former requires special mention. Through voluntary donations contributed by the headmistress, the staff, and sympathetic friends a



"Kolattam" display by the students.

hundred poor children (pupils of the school) are provided with a mid-day meal every day in the school premises, without their being made to feel any humiliation as recipients of a bounty. So self-effacingly is this work done by Srimati Chellam.

Looking at all her activities it seems as if she has unconsciously guided herself by these lines of Tennyson:

'If life be heavy on your hands

Are there no beggars at your gate,

Nor any poor about your lands?

Oh, teach the orphan boy to read,

Or teach the orphan girl to sew.

Fray Heaven for a human heart,

And let your selfish sorrow go!



The guest of honour (third from left) caught in a happy mood, with some of her colleagues.

Today foreign correspondence is a lively combination of circus ring and crystal gazing. It will remain so until foreign news is written to provide information instead of headlines, and to report what the man abroad sees instead of what his boss wants him to see.

The average foreign correspondent is not a phony by nature. But he has a hard time not becoming one by home office request. So long as the public believes in fairy tales, and cries for them, the foreign correspondent will continue to fabricate a fresh bedtime story for every edition.

THE SOCIALIST ROAD TO PROGRESS

By G. S. BHARGAVA

THE Socialist Party for the first time in recent years has come to definite, unequivocal conclusions on the several problems facing the country, and whatever be one's opinion about the decisions arrived at, it cannot be denied that the party has shown itself to be a body of distinct ideals and ideas. Three years ago, at the Kanpur Conference of the Party, the thesis on Democratic Socialism was evolved and was subsequently adopted at Nagpur. The party had then clearly rejected totalitarian Communism of the Russian type and explained that Socialism to be complete should be democratic, which meant workers' control of nationalised industries, freedom of expression of divergent views, decentralisation of power and economy, etc. Now, at Madras, the Party has rightly decided that there could be no more discussion and wavering about the final goal of Democratic Socialism of the Party. It is true that the policy statement of the party has only drawn the main outlines of the concept of Democratic Socialism and that it needs to be clothed with flesh and blood to be a comprehensive philosophy. Jayaprakash Narayan has promised to do his bit towards this, and specially to be able to put in the necessary study, he has relinquished the General Secretaryship of the party, and it is hoped that by the time the party meets in its next national conference a fuller picture of Democratic Socialism will emerge.

About the means to achieve the end of Democratic Socialism also, no room was left for doubts. The policy statement had categorically stated that under the existing conditions in the country (after the emergence of the Constitution guaranteeing elections on adult franchise and freedom for political parties to function) ONLY democratic methods would succeed and under certain different conditions ONLY insurrectionary methods would succeed. This was being misinterpreted by some to mean that if democratic methods failed, the party would

take to insurrectionary methods. There were others who even said that failure of the party at the next elections would entitle its changing to insurrectionary means.

These misgivings Jayaprakash has very well silenced in what can be called a masterly theoretical exposition of the party methodology. He explained that under certain conditions which existed today and which the party policy statement had enumerated, there was no question of democratic methods failing at all. If they failed, the policy statement would be proved to be wrong. Only if the conditions deteriorated, the objective situation would change, requiring a change-over from the democratic method to insurrectionary method. Thus another fruitless controversy inside the party has been happily ended. The party's ends and means have been categorically defined, in scientifically clear terms and those who did not find the same congenial to their individual ideology were free to leave the party. The exit of Aruna Asaf Ali, under the circumstances, was, very few would deny a measure of integration rather than disintegration.

There were a few other ideological problems settled at the Conference. Before going into them it would be worthwhile quoting an important speaker at the Conference. Ajit Roy, the famed leader of the former Bolshevik Leninist Party of India (now merged with the Socialist Party) and a confirmed Marxist, speaking on the General Secretary's report, stated that the crisis in the international working class movement of the last hundred years required a re-consideration of orthodox Marxism. The state has not withered away in any country, as Marx had anticipated. Hence, he concluded, Democratic Socialism should be accepted as the article of faith of the party. He also silenced those who held fighting elections as unsocialist by reminding them that Marx and Lenin had also emphasised the importance of fighting

elections. This short speech of his was a fitting reply to the doctrinaire critics of Democratic Socialism.

There was as usual criticism that the Socialist Party was mixing Marxism with Gandhism—and to the critics the mere occurrence of the name of Gandhiji in the programme for national revival was a sufficient provocation—and that it was neither Marxian nor Gandhian. To such critics let me quote from Jayaprakash's reply to the debate on his report. He said: "It is futile to conjure up the name of Marx and quote chapter and verse from his writings. I am also a Marxist and the Socialist Party is a Marxist party. But that means nothing. It, therefore, becomes necessary that we define what we mean by Marxism. I believe that the Socialism that Marx pictured and strove for was the Socialism which we are trying to describe as Democratic Socialism. Only that Socialism can mean the emancipation of the toilers and no other Socialism. So, we are following in the footsteps of Marx, but we avoid dogmatism because dogmatism is foreign to Marxism."

Jayaprakash also differentiated between Socialist theories and Socialist values. He explained that nationalisation of means of production was one of the theories of Socialism. But even if all industries were nationalised, Socialism would not have been achieved. Nationalisation was only a means of achieving Socialism; the change might only mean the taking over of the control of industries from a few private hands by a handful of bureaucrats, with wage-slavery and all other ills kept intact. Thus Socialism may not be achieved even though one of its theories might be implemented. He therefore pleaded for greater respect for values—not ethical or Christian values but Socialist values—than for theories, an attitude which doctrinaire Socialists would never tolerate.

All this may sound like what is called "a riot of isms." But these are essential elements which contribute to the evolution of a philosophy of Democratic Socialism, a philosophy whose need is being so greatly felt after the double debacle of the philosophies of Liberalism and Communism. And it is a happy sign that the Socialist Party is on the correct track

of evolving it and shaping it in the light of its experiences. The Madras Conference, in this respect, has strengthened the foundations of such a philosophy and cleared the party outlook.

Then comes the programme for national revival. While some of the critics have found it too revolutionary others dismissed it as reformist or revivalist. I know a newspaper editor who condemned it as Gandhist, just because the name of Gandhiji occurs in it. Whether Socialists or not, everybody faced with the task of re-constructing India will have to grapple with certain important problems such as the national and social disintegration through a multiplicity of castes and other parochialisms. The caste problem can no doubt be simplified as economically motivated but where it cuts across class loyalties such over-simplification does not help its solution. A Scheduled Castes' Federation would any day get the better of the most militant and virile class organisation among the Harijans. If, like the Communists, one is not to join forces with the Scheduled Castes' Federation and further entrench its caste appeal, what is the remedy to the curse of casteism? Similarly with provincialism. So the programme for national revival has placed at its forefront the tasks of social and national integration, towards which the party cadres are expected to put in hard constructive work.

Here, in a nut-shell, is the difference between the Socialist Party and an opportunist party. An opportunist party would have tried to encourage such disintegration and on its wave would have led itself to power. By backing up disruptionist elements, it is very easy to strengthen oneself. But no such short-cuts to success for the Socialist Party. It is prepared to travel the hard way.

Equitable distribution of wealth and increase in production were the two other salient features of the programme. As in the Congress Karachi resolution, equitable distribution of wealth has not been left as a vague generalisation but has been developed into a concrete proposal. It was laid down that money incomes which range today from twenty rupees to several lakhs of rupees must be brought within a range, wherein the difference

between the highest and the lowest would not be more than ten and one. The fantastically high allowances of the princes must be stopped and their huge treasures taken over and applied to productive use. This is not an impracticable or a revolutionary measure. The Congress which mouths revolutionary slogans of classless society can be asked to implement this programme here and now or vacate the seats of power.

The agrarian part of the programme lays down that land must belong to the tillers and all intermediaries must go. No peasant should have less than 12-1/2 acres of land and the maximum holding should not be more than 30 acres of good land. Ejectment from land and homesteads should stop and pasture and other common lands should not be settled. Except for rehabilitation compensation to small landlords, no compensation should be paid for the abolition of landlordism.

This part of the programme has been the butt of two kinds of criticism, first that it is not realistic, and secondly, that there is not enough land to be distributed at 12-1/2 acres per peasant head. Actually this is the most realistic approach to the economic *malaise* in which the country is caught. There can be no increase in production without incentives to the actual producers, the peasants in the fields and the workers in the factories. No incentives will be possible unless a market is found for increased industrial production. That market can be created only through a levelling up of the standard of living of the masses, the peasantry of the country. That means they should be provided with economic holdings to cultivate and should not be taxed with the responsibility of paying compensation to the parasitic landlord. Thus nationalisation of key industries and abolition of landlordism without compensation are the immediate minimum needs of the hour,

without which no economic reconstruction is possible.

As for the argument of shortage of land, it has been ignored by critics that with the industrialisation of the country, the pressure on land would lessen as more people would go to work in factories and there would not be so many people living on land as today. Thus there would be enough land to go round. And it must also be noted that less than 12-1/2 acres would not be an economic holding, according to any definition of the term, and hence would not lead to productive cultivation.

Village re-construction, development of medium and cottage industries, foreign capital, co-operative trading, unemployment, refugees, black money, corruption, control of population and decentralisation of power, on all these issues the party has expressed itself unequivocally through this programme. The programme has two aspects, one which can be implemented only by a party in power and the other which anybody can work. The first part, the party in power will be asked to work out or quit the seats of office and the second part the Socialist cadres will implement. Thus the programme is the touch-stone on which the electorate can test the Socialist Party before voting it to power. Here lies the guarantee that the Socialist Party in office would not be a Congress Party again.

The Madras Conference has cleared all these issues and set at rest all genuine doubts about the Socialist Party, its policy and programme. It has given a point and edge to the weapon of Socialism.

The transition to Socialism has been clearly defined and the means of achieving it stated. The final goal has been laid down and the path to the same also chalked out. Party organisation has been overhauled and discipline consistent with full internal democracy has been enforced.

If the people were to be moved merely by slogans and political circuses, that would be an indication of mental sickness, and that moment would be appropriate for any unscrupulous demagogue, with adequate command over funds, to establish his dictatorship. That the people, once bitten, have not merely been twice shy, but have also shown discernment and native caution and shrewdness, augurs well for the growth of the political life of the nation.—J. P. NARAIN.

TIT-BITS

Greyhounds can travel at very nearly 40 miles an hour, racehorses at much the same speed. Cheetahs are said to be capable of nearly 70 miles an hour, ostriches of over 40 miles an hour, and antelopes from 55 to 60. For a few yards a lion can reach over 60 miles an hour.

There is a good deal of doubt as to the speed of birds. The Golden eagle is said to travel at over 120 miles per hour. Racing pigeons can average over 60 miles an hour, while a lap-wing released in England is reported to have been found in Canada a little over 24 hours later.

Mr. Ronald Aubrey is the first Englishman for several centuries to rule over the kitchens of the royal palaces. His appointment over the heads of several eminent Frenchmen who were eager to secure the position of King's chef, was a distinct break with tradition.

The King's head cook travels everywhere with him, even superintending the preparation of all meals served on the royal train.

Ronald Aubrey is tall, dark and good-looking, and would pass easily for ten years younger than his thirty-four years. Unlike most of the domestic staff at Buckingham Palace, he does not 'live in.' His home is at Feltham, Middlesex, and he travels up by the same train every morning. At his cosy, but modest home, Ronald Aubrey never does any cooking at all: he likes the good, plain fare served by his wife. 'She's a first-class cook,' he says proudly.

"The earth is much too large, and its troubles and disorders much too extensive, for us (Americans) to regard ourselves as the ultimate fixers of everything everywhere."—Walter Lippman.

At the time of Farouk's forebear, Mohammed Ali, little more than a century ago, Egypt had a population estimated at two million. Now its population is around 19,500,000 and is increasing at a rate of over 20 per cent

every ten years. Yet the arable land in Egypt has increased but little, and most of the

population lives and depends upon the land. For Egypt, though it looks big on the map, is mostly uninhabitable desert. Only 1/125 of it is covered by water; only 3.5 per cent of Egypt's land—8,600,000 acres—is fertile; and only 5,350,000 of these acres are under cultivation. Thus Egypt, for practical purposes, consists of the Nile valley; it is the most densely populated country in the world, far exceeding Belgium and Bengal. Egypt's density of population is now estimated at one person to each third of an acre of arable land.

A famous *Times* story—a story which suggests very strongly a certain chapter of George Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways," has to do with Lord Randolph Churchill when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Salisbury. Lord Randolph had become dissatisfied with his chief. On the night of December 22, 1886, he drove to *The Times* office and told Mr. Buckle, the editor, that he had decided to resign and was going to give *The Times* the privilege of announcing his resignation exclusively in the morning.

"Your attitude will be friendly to me, of course?" he asked.

"Not at all," said Mr. Buckle.

"But for such a piece of news! Why, there is not another paper in England that would not be grateful."

"That is true. This news is very important, and will make a great sensation. But if you wish you can take it to some other paper, and we shall not print a word of it. Only *The Times* cannot be bribed."

"At least," said Lord Randolph, "you will let me see to-night what you are going to say editorially."

"Not a word before it is printed," replied Mr. Buckle.

Lord Randolph was obliged to yield, and the next morning *The Times* printed the news of his action and an editorial censuring him for deserting his party leader.

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.

Official Journals

Kindly accept the heartfelt thanks of a reader for your healthy and fearless criticism of the journals issued under official auspices (SWATANTRA, June 24). May I further add that the feelings you have expressed find a ready echo in the hearts of many? You have also done well in pointing out that public money is wasted in conducting such journals. Publicity of this kind will not win but will only alienate public sympathy. What is required at the present moment to infuse confidence in the public is something else. As Pearl Buck said recently in the course of a conversation with Principal S. N. Agarwal, "Your leaders must live a very simple and honest life, and should maintain a living contact with the masses. People should feel all the time that something good is being done to them by their leader and the Government."

K. S. VISWANATHAN, M.A.

Woes Of Secondary Trained Graduates

It is indeed a great pity that secondary trained Graduates are now being treated only on a par with non-graduate secondary grades, so far as the salary scale is concerned.

The graduate secondary grades have already shown their mettle by passing their degree examination as private, non-collegiate candidates; besides, they have acquired practical experience of class room work, and are, as a result, as good as L. T. masters for all practical purposes. All this, the Government has virtually accepted in principle by introducing the shortened B. T. course for them; which course, however, is quite unnecessary in their case, as they are already trained and quite experienced. It is up to the Government to treat them as regular L. T.'s forthwith; by which action it will not only be granting them justice, long overdue, but also indirectly inducting the right type of man to enter the teaching profession, which today is sorely in need of highly capable and really talented men.

There are, again, a few graduate secondary trained teachers who have been L. T.-exempted by the Madras Director of Public Instruction. These men—only a handful in the whole province—are vastly experienced (some like me have nearly 25 years of service) but they are in an unenviable position. On account of their exemption, no educational authority can compel them to undergo the L. T. or B. T.

course; but, strange to say, while the Education Department permits them to do the work, and undertake the responsibilities of an L. T. grade master, yet it has been consistently denying them L. T. status and grant in spite of their highly satisfactory work in the IV, V and VI forms of high schools. Thus these people have only the right to work, but are not entitled to the fruits of that work! The L. T.-exempted men have received their exemption for special and weighty reasons, and have proved themselves quite worthy of it, so it is up to the Government to pass immediate orders treating them as regular L. T.'s alike for teaching work and for salary grant.

M. SUBRAMANIAN.

Not Fair

Recently the Madras Public Services Commission invited applications for the posts of junior inspectors in the Madras Co-operative Subordinate Service. There are hundreds of candidates who are serving as junior inspectors in this service with a good record of work to their credit. It is not known why the Government should ignore the claims of these employees who are already in service and who had come into the department hoping that their services would be regularized when found fit. Does not justice require that these employees already in service should be given preference and their services regularized before new applications for posts of junior inspectors are invited?

A SUFFERER.

Thyagayya's Kritis

I was glad to read Sotto Voce, June 24, 1959. Really Thyagaraja's Kritis are our rich heritage and fortunately for us due to the Sishya Paramparas we know how Thyagayya sang his pieces. There is no use searching for his kritis alone. We should know how he used to sing them. Sampradaya is more important than Sahitya.

The same Todi glitters in many hues under the magic spell of Thyagayya. "Rajuvudale," "Dasarathe" and "Kadanna Variki" belong to the same tune Thodi; but each has its individuality. Hence I think there is no use unearthing rare pieces of Thyagayya unless we know how he used to sing them.

In these days when people think that a raga is easily understandable if we know the swaras correctly, articles of this type are really useful.

G. C. PATTABIRAM, B. A.

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VOL. V, NO. 25.

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1950.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CARTOON	4
EDITORIAL COMMENT	5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	7
ST. DAVID'S PRAYER—By S. Parthasarathy	9
THE SQUATTERS' MOVEMENT IN BOMBAY—By K. A. Abbas	11
TOLERANCE IN ISLAM—By Prof. Abdul Majid Khan	14
RAILWAYS IN INDIA-3—By H. Rungachar, M. A.	17
WILL BRITISH SOCIALISM SWING RIGHT?—By Matthew Halton	20
WAR CAN YET BE PREVENTED—By Maj. D. V. Raja Rao	22
THE OPEN DOOR (Short Story)—By Eric S. Seneviratne	24
THE RECOGNITION OF RED CHINA—By Dr. V. Venkata Rao	27
NEHRU'S MEDIATION PLEA AND AMERICAN REACTION—By Dr. P. G. Krishnayya	29
FAIR AND FREE ELECTIONS-3—By Prof M. Venkatarangaiya	30
INDIA'S ANCIENT LINKS WITH KASHMIR—By Joseph Vernon Furtado	32
THE DIARIST IN BOMBAY—By V. V. Prasad	36
WE GROW WHEN WE SLEEP—By Nityabodhananda	37
FILM FARE—By V. P. Sathe	40
A PLEA FOR WEEKLY WAGES—By V. P. Raman	43
NEWS FROM PAKISTAN—From A Correspondent	44
APE AND ESSENCE: An Interpretation—By S. G.	46
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	48

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Starvation deaths are on the increase in Bihar.—News Item.

—Courtesy: Shankar's Weekly.

SWATANTRA

VOL. V
No. 25

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1950

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE COMMUNIST PARTY

AT the Calcutta Congress of the Communist Party which brought Ranadive to the leadership, a "militant struggle" was launched. This took the form of a wide employment of bombs, revolvers, swords, spears and similar destructive weapons against all and sundry wherever the Communists were strong. The Nehru Government against which the "militant struggle" of the Communists was aimed was too firmly entrenched behind its police for the Communists to be able to do it any injury. On the other hand, the Party's policy enabled the Government to strike against the Party with vigour. Since Communist militancy, baulked of prey in its campaign against the Government, fell on the public for victims, there was no stir of public agitation against official excesses of repression to put down the Communist Party. The police have had a free hand, and they used it to very good effect to hunt down the Communists and gather them in the jails, and to shoot them down when they could not capture them, and sometimes even after they had captured them. Even within the jails the Communists continued to discharge the Party obligation of maintaining a sort of militant struggle, but the authorities, freed from the restraints of inconvenient public opinion, had no difficulty in forcing them into submission. The Calcutta decision of the Communist Party ended thus in the Party being shattered as a political organisation. Many imprisoned Communists found freedom by forswearing the Party membership, and the process of

defection for survival was greatly accelerated by the seeming hopelessness of the Party position.

From the desperate straits into which the Party has fallen, its leaders now seek to extricate it with a drastic change of policy and of personnel in the leading positions. Ranadive has been thrown out and Rajeswara Rao has taken his place. Dange from Bombay has begun to expatiate on the futility of individual terrorism. Naturally the question arises as to whether this latest change of policy of the Communists will bring about a change in Government's attitude to them. Some of the Congress ministers have interpreted the Communist somersault as mere tactics lacking sincerity. Such strictures are sheer nonsense and lack in realism. Nobody expects sincerity from politicians these days, as the result primarily of the thoroughness of the example of the generality of Congress ministers in violating their election pledges. The monumental example of the Congress ministry in Madras in adopting quietly the Justicite outlook has knocked the bottom out of all their talk of sincerity in politics. Sincerity having gone out of action even in the case of followers of Mahatma Gandhi, it is not to be expected that it will prove serviceable as a measure of value in their hands to be applied to others. Whatever may be the inclinations of ministers, they will have to register before long a reasonable response to a party forswearing violence the pledging itself even if insincerely to peaceful methods of political propaganda. Both Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel have said

that if the Communists behave constitutionally, they will not be suppressed. The Communists will not fail to pin these leaders to their promise after their entry into constitutionalism with a fanfare.

Half-hearted measures cannot be predicated of the Communist Party. Whatever they undertake to do, they do thoroughly and efficiently. A prodigious amount of energy will presently be thrown into their campaign of proving themselves constitutionalists, and it will not be surprising if before long they throw the Congress completely into the shade in the exemplification of punctilious constitutionalism. Through their present *volte face* the bid of the Communists is to capture political power at the next elections.

Will they succeed? On an assessment of the positive qualifications of leaders, the prospects do not seem rosy for the Communists, but then, on the other hand, virtue does not seem to play a very important part in elections under the present set-up of democracy in India. Our greatest talent is banished from the Government and the legislatures. At the hustings, it is the huckster that prevails over the worthier competitor. If only the barrier to surface operations is removed, indirectly the field is rich with opportunity for Communist emergence into political predominance. Within the last three years,

the prestige of Government has been brought to a very low ebb. Standards of justice have vanished from the administration. The ministers have ceased to command popular respect. There is open abuse of political power for private ends. Corruption and nepotism are spreading. The economic condition of the people has deteriorated. Popular distress and discontent are swiftly increasing. In all this, there lies an enormous opportunity for the Communists to capture the mass mind, and oust the Congress from public favour.

If the Communists come into power, there will be no more free elections. A people that votes Communists into power in haste will have no opportunity to vote them out of it at any time later on. It is the great safety device of democracy that the voters can turn out through periodical resort to the ballot box, an administration which the majority has ceased to desire. Such a safety device gets smashed when a totalitarian party like the Communists gets control of the State. Writes a careful student of Communism in Asia and Europe:

"On European roads in American sectors of occupation one often sees the sign: *Drive carefully. Death is so permanent.* A similar warning would hold good for Communism. Once it is clamped down it can only be overthrown by war, civil or foreign."

But this normal swing of the political pendulum is upset when a totalitarian party attracts enough mass support to become a serious contender in an election. A communist or a fascist party, under democratic systems, can lose a score of elections and continue to function freely. But let such a party win just one election, or somehow get its hands on the State authority without an election,there are no more free elections. The people have no chance peacefully and legally to reconsider their verdict.

This is something that should be remembered by well-meaning liberals who feel that if a people "wants" Communism it should try out this new idea and then reject or modify it if it proves a disappointment. Experience has shown, without a single exception now that Czechoslovakia has been transformed into the standard East-European communist police state, that political and civil liberties go out the window when Communism comes into power.Purges and synthetic plots and a government-controlled press, slave-labour concentration camps for dissenters and a universal espionage system make it impossible for an opposition to function peacefully and legally.

—W. H. CHAMBERLIN.

Sotto Voce

DESPERATE EXPEDIENTS



AUTOCRACY ceases to be benevolent when it is none too sure of itself. The Congress is visibly cracking. The 'rebels' in the U. P. call themselves the People's Congress Party; and the significant thing is that nobody considers this preposterous. Indeed Western Bengal is seriously thinking of paying them the compliment of imitation. In Madras the Ministers are not averse to the soft impeachment that they are Justices in all but name. But the lavishness with which the Congress distributes rewards and punishments is more reminiscent of the desperate expedients of the puppet princes upon whom the British descended like the wolf on the fold.

The promoters of equality by expropriation have argued that the Brahman of today must pay for the unfair advantage which his ancestor of two thousand years ago got by monopolising the Vedas. But they see nothing wrong in giving special preference to engineers' sons in engineering colleges and doctors' sons in medical colleges—provided the engineers and the doctors are acceptable to themselves. Political sufferers, it goes without saying, are equally entitled to dynastic perquisites. A Minister told pressmen that they must get out of the habit of speaking of 'political sufferers'; they were really members of the "public service." To which one cynic thoughtfully replied, "Yes, I see—something like public women!"

That, of course, is a libel on our 'Congress tyagis', who are in fact so keen on continuing their careers of selfless sacrifice in strategic positions that their zeal has had to be repressed by the official hierarchy resorting to

odd devices. The elections to the Congress panchayats are being fought with a ferocity unknown in parliamentary elections; understandably, as it is the bosses who bob up here that will in due course pull the strings that shall make the parliamentary puppets dance. But those now in the saddle have naturally no desire to be replaced. Equally naturally they have no intention of allowing their wisdom to be questioned.

Hence the Working Committee's ukase ousting the jurisdiction of the courts effectively if indirectly by holding out the threat of ostracism against the rebel. I am not concerned here with the legal aspect of this extraordinary directive. But as it puts the duty of the partyman above the rights of the citizen, it is open to the gravest objection on grounds of public policy. Caste guilds have flourished in this country from time immemorial. And the social sanctions they imposed were intended to protect a way of life. And yet these disciplinary powers have been held to be repugnant to the free spirit of the age and their exercise banned by legislation. How then can an *imperium in imperio* be permitted in the name of party discipline?

In practice party discipline has come to mean truckling to the arrogant wilfulness of faction kings. And the very ease with which they are able to browbeat opposition inside the party robs them of any chance of learning self-restraint in dealing with others. How else shall we explain the outrageous conditions the Bombay Government have thought fit to impose upon Mr. V. D. Savarkar? He was asked to give an undertaking that he would not "take part in active politics for one year or until the next General

Elections or until a third world war, whichever event occurred first."

Mr. Savarkar has obtained his release by giving the undertaking. And he has since resigned his primary membership of the Hindu Mahasabha. Apparently he feels that even so innocent an act as signing the nomination paper of an applicant for membership of the party might lay him open to the charge of violating his pledge. But what shall we think of a Government which requires the leader of a rival party to commit political *hara-kiri* as the price of liberty and yet is complacent enough to imagine that it will have merely to whistle to bring him racing to its side should a world war break out?

The world press is no doubt watching these developments in high glee. If what has happened to Mr. Savarkar had happened to some obscure Muslim Irredentist the heavens might have echoed with its denunciations of Hindu autocracy. As for the *lota* press in India, it has always been more royalist than the king. Not many months ago it cheered to the echo the Government in Delhi for proposing to treat communal parties as lepers. The Government have since discovered that the Constitution discountenances political untouchability. But its henchmen in the press are unconvinced! How can these paladins of liberty be expected to see the affront to human dignity in the badgering of Mr. Savarkar?

VIGNESWARA

The Journalist ought to keep nothing hidden from his paper and his public. He ought to find out what is going on and inform the public of what he discovers.....whether by chance or effort. The only law that should close his lips should be the law of honour.



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ST. DAVID'S PRAYER

By S. PARTHASARATHY

THE change of weather from the broiling sun to cloudy weather emboldened us to resume our week-end trips to the Asram. Swami Anuananda was resting under the shade of a tree and when he saw us, he remarked: "It is quite sometime since you were here last." We, that is, Raman and myself, murmured some excuses about work, weather and worry having held us back. The Swamiji nodded in acknowledgement and seemed to prefer silence to further talk. We sat down and tried to observe silence.

But the silence that seemed to afford me great relief in the first few minutes, became an oppression. A multitude of thoughts entered my mind and began chasing away the stillness that I was experiencing. I could no longer contain them quietly. I spoke somewhat loudly: "Another global war which will be fought with ultimate weapons of destruction seems imminent. That will be the end of humanity. Couldn't spiritual men do something to prevent its happening?"

The Swamiji smiled: "When silence itself can become oppressive, is it any wonder that peace becomes unendurable?" I felt ashamed and asked his forgiveness for having intruded on his moments of silence. "No matter," he said graciously, and continued: "Now, that we have broken the silence, we will talk. If there are spiritual men of sufficient stature who are interested in preventing the war, it will be prevented. But do not forget that it was Lord Krishna—the God himself—who urged the unwilling Arjuna to engage in such wholesale carnage and destruction."

"Do you mean to say that spiritual men will encourage a war destructive to humanity?" asked Raman.

"Why not?" answered the Swamiji. "It will depend upon the question whether the war is undertaken to establish Right in place of Evil. Do you condemn Rama and the Pandavas because they engaged themselves in violent activities. What Shri Aurobindo has written about wars and violence is this: "There is truth in

Ahimsa, there is a truth in destruction also. I do not teach that you should go on killing everybody every day as a spiritual dharma. I say that destruction can be done when it is part of the divine work commended by the Divine. Non-violence is better than violence as a rule, and still sometimes violence may be the right."

"You say we cannot overrule the possibility that the war to come may have divine sanction behind it?" asked Raman.

"Yes," answered the Swamiji: "but as I look at the thoughts and events of the world today, I feel it will be a war engineered and fought by evil forces alone. I do not see a conflict between light and darkness. May be light may prevail in the end without having participated in the war."

"That means, people like us must tactfully at least submit to the war without knowing whether it is being fought to establish Right or not," I commented.

"Not necessarily, if you have a sense of discrimination. But have you? We are living in a world of secular states. In the olden days, good kings will consult the great spiritual men in their midst before engaging in a conflict. Such men, by their practice of detachment from worldly affairs, can advise them in the larger interests of humanity and of right and wrong. But in a secular State, the politician who is a creature of greed, power and passion is given the right to dominate over our thoughts and actions. The yogi and the thinker have no place in the councils of the nation! These political heads, who are mere material men, some more and some less clever are, each of them, supreme egotists. How are they concerned with the fundamental issues of what is right or wrong for humanity? Mahatma Gandhi was the only exception among politicians, for he was both a yogi and a politician. But he is gone leaving none to step into his role."

"So, you have no solution to offer?" asked Raman in a mood of dejection.

"My dear man, I do not see any light yet," confessed the Swamiji.

"This war-mongering or this propaganda to embitter the feelings between the peoples of two nations or to divide the world into two camps, is just like the eddying current of air which you sometimes see travelling slowly down the street. Tiny bits of paper and dried leaf go twirling round and round caught in that current towards their destiny—which is either a ditch or a depression in the ground. If you can watch the scene with a philosophic eye, you will observe that the tiny bits of paper and leaf are delirious with joy at their unexpected levitation. So elated are they, that they believe in the merit of their new power and are oblivious to the fact that they are being propelled inexorably towards their doom. Should you decide to cross the path of the current, you will only be blinded and irritated by the dust."

"We must just gaze at the spectacle and do nothing," said Raman bitterly.

"Tell me," asked the Swamiji, "Can you stop the progress of the eddying current?" "I do not know," replied Raman. "There are three

ways by which the tiny bits of paper could save themselves," continued the Swamiji. "One is, to put on weight; another is, to seek the shelter of a weightier person; and the third is to pray for the rain to come and smother the dust storm."

"Excuse me," interposed Raman. "Why do you use the language of parables? Is it not easier to understand if we talk in the direct manner?" "The indirect method has greater penetration," said the Swamiji. "For a problem is robbed of its personalities when it is discussed parabolically. We then perceive its simplicity and also the truth of the solution offered. I meant that we must develop the strength of mind to resist war propaganda or we must seek the counsels of great souls to guide us in the appreciation of world events, or pray like St. David:—

*"Deliver me, Oh Lord, from the evil men;
"preserve me from the violent man;
which
imagine mischiefs in their heart;
continually
are they gathered together for war."*

THE SQUATTERS' MOVEMENT IN BOMBAY

ACCORDING to Biblical prophecy, "the meek shall inherit the earth." Even after nearly two thousand years that promise has not been fulfilled. The meek have not yet inherited the earth. But at least they have begun to demand their inheritance.

The procession of the several hundred homeless men, women and children, uprooted from the Mahim Causeway (where their improvised huts have been demolished by the orders of the Government) which paraded certain parts of Bombay the other day was a manifestation of "the meek" asserting their claims to this world. And when they marched to the empty Gwalior Palace and occupied it, it was an occasion both symbolic and prophetic. On that day the Police arrested these "squatters" and marched them to prison. But the Police cannot arrest history, and the squatters' procession was history on the march!

HOMELESS HUMANITY

I happened to watch this procession as it just started from Mahim. In more ways than one it was symbolic. It provided an astonishing cross-section of the homeless humanity. In orderly file, it was led by women—women in dirty and tattered saris, with work-hardened hands and faces lined with worry and over-work, mothers carrying babes in arms, expectant mothers carrying babes in their wombs. Then came the children—rickety children, under-nourished children without shoes, some in patched-up clothes, some in rags, some making a brave show in out-size clothes discarded by their elders. The men brought the rear and it was they who demonstrated the cosmopolitan, multi-communal composition of the procession.

Here were Hindus and Muslims and Christians and Sikhs, here were Hindu and Sikh refugees from Pakistan, also here were Muslim refu-

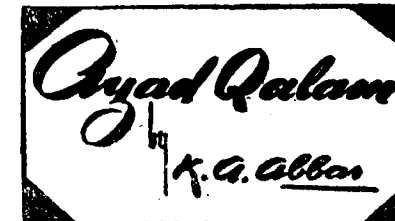
gees from Hyderabad, here Gujaratis and Kathiawaris rubbed shoulder with the Maharashtrians, here poor Brahmin walked in step with the homeless Harijan, here were beards, sacred tufts, sherwanis, dhoties, ~~few~~ caps, turbans, bare heads—but (strangely enough) no snow-white Gandhi caps!

This was an orderly procession, they kept to this side of the road, and there was more desperation than defiance in their voices when they shouted the Socialist slogans: "KAM DO MAKAN DO, NAHIN TO GADI CHHORE DO" (Give us work, give us houses, or leave your seats of power!)

"AUTHORIZED" TO DIE?

These poor homeless people had come to Bombay (as others like them come to Calcutta and Madras and Delhi and other big cities) to make a living. Most of them had remained, some earned a few annas a day by doing odd jobs. They had sold the last trinkets of their women-folk to feed their children. They had slept in the pavements, while scouring the city for accommodation. They had learnt that even for a "kholi" (small, unventilated cubicle in a slum tenement) the landlords demanded several hundred rupees "pugree." In the course of their wanderings they had also glimpsed the palaces of the princes, the mansions of the very rich—most of them lying empty and untenanted. And, finally, one by one, they had come to the waste land on the Mahim Causeway, symbolically adjacent to the bottle-neck that serves as the 'gateway to Bombay' from the mainland, and here with their own hands, with sacking-cloth, rusted tin sheets, bits of drift-wood, and discarded canvas cinema boardings

picked up from refuse heaps, they had built their little hutments. One could not stand in these huts, they were not that high, one could just crawl in, and entire families lived in the space that is



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required for a normal-sized bathroom. They not only leaked during the rain but the ground became water-logged and swampy. And yet to these poor destitutes, these hovels represented 'home'!

The Government declared these hutments as "unauthorised." In one sense they were "unauthorized"—since no engineers or architects had passed their blue-prints, no leases had been acquired, and certainly no rules for construction of hygienic human dwellings had been observed.

And yet these pitiable ramshackle structures were authorized—authorized by desperate human needs, authorized by an economic system that permits one Maharaja to possess a dozen empty palaces, while hundreds of thousands have no place to sleep, authorized by the "pugree" racket and by the callously indifferent attitude of the Government to the basic needs of the common people!

It is a strange irony, indeed, that a social system that condemns human beings to live in such miserable hovels then declares them as "unauthorized" and pulls them down.

It is "unauthorized" for a homeless poor man to build an improvised roof over his head, but it is "authorized" for Police to destroy these roofs and to drive men, women and children into the merciless rain, to get drenched, to catch pneumonia—and to die!—as, indeed, one child did die a day after its family had been deprived of their hut.

And, the grimmest and most shameless irony of it is, that the Policemen who destroyed these dwellings, the officers who ordered it, the Home Minister who justified it, and the Congressmen in power who connived at it, all dare to speak in the name of Mahatma Gandhi who lived most of his life in not dissimilar huts which, too, would have been declared "unauthorized," according to Municipal bye-laws!

SQUATTERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

The squatters' movement came to Britain many years before it reached India. Immediately after the war when half of Blitzed Britain was in shambles, thousands of homeless Britons took possession of whatever empty building they saw and "squatted" there, in defiance of the

laws of property. The squatters' movement in Britain was led by Communists and Left-wing Labourites.

Yet in Britain, the squatters were not lathi-charged (as in Bombay), they were not fired upon (as refugees are so often fired upon in India), they were not arrested for trespass, as was done at the Gwalior Palace. The Government only tried to get them out by indirect pressure—by cutting off electric supply, for instance! It was a battle of wits between the squatters and the authorities, and the squatters won because, by their desperate action, they spot-lighted the acute housing conditions in the country and thus forced the Government to undertake a gigantic building programme.

The influx of the Muslim refugees from East Punjab and U. P. created a similar problem in Pakistan, specially in Karachi, after the Partition. There, too, the homeless refugees were forced to live in self-built hutments like those recently demolished by the police near the Mahim causeway. The Pakistan authorities were no more considerate than their Indian counter-parts. They ordered these "unauthorized" hutments to be demolished, because on that land some bungalows were to be built for the high officials of the Government. There too, it happened during a brief spell of monsoon. In pouring rain the homeless thousands staged a demonstration at the Government House, then marched to some newly-built Government office buildings and occupied them. It took the Pakistan police many months to get them out—and that, too, only when alternative accommodation was provided.

The occupation of the Gwalior Palace was but the beginning of the squatters' movement in India. This movement cannot be stopped by arrests and lathi charges. It will grow, must grow, so long as the present horribly disproportionate distribution of living space continues, so long as there are empty palaces and lakhs of homeless lying under the sky, without a roof over their heads.

This movement arises out of the second most important need of man—shelter—and, therefore, cannot be checked or curbed until that need of the homeless millions is satisfied.

The empty palaces and mansions of the princes and the super-rich (in Bombay as in other cities) constitute not only a symbol of social inequality and inequity but a standing provocation to the homeless. Like other manifestations of wealth-amidst-poverty, they are an invitation to revolution. Why should one man have so much and so many have so little? Once this question begins to agitate the homeless and the jobless and the landless, a social upheaval is bound to follow.

It is significant that, as a demonstration of their loyalty and of their contribution to the war-effort, the Maharajas turned over these very palaces to the Government during the war years. Many of these palaces and mansions rang with the clatter of booted feet of American G. I.'s and British Tommies.

It is a proof of the unpatriotic and servile nature of these princes (with whom eminent Congress leaders claim spiritual kinship) that they did not mind foreign soldiers living in their palaces but would not let Indian refugees and destitutes to step in their premises.

The slogan for rationing of living space that the Bombay Socialist Party has raised may be laughed at today; actually it is the only practical alternative to the present situation in which millions all over the country are living in overcrowded, unhygienic dwellings that are not fit even for cattle, or just lying by the roadside in the open, without a roof over their heads... a situation that breeds discontent, bitterness, crime, and (to change the metaphor) paves the way to violent revolutionary upheaval and anarchy.

The procession of homeless destitutes who marched from the wreckage of their homes to "invade" the Gwalior Palace was no doubt dispersed by police action and the participants arrested. But the idea is bound to take root, and not in

Bombay alone. The few hundreds will become thousands, thousands will swell into millions, and the destination will not be one solitary palace but all the palaces, and the mood will not always remain sullen and silently resentful but is bound to develop into open defiance. Not all the Police, not all the armies, not all the laws and bye-laws, will be able to stop THAT big procession...

STRAWS IN THE WIND!

WASHINGTON: President Truman has asked for 10,000 million dollars for armaments.... One billion dollars have been sanctioned by U. S. Congress for Foreign Arms Aid.

MACARTHUR'S H. Q. IN KOREA: A British and an American cruiser destroyed the east coast town of Yongdok by terrific bombardment and LATER turned their guns on military targets....

NEW YORK: A letter published in New York Times warns against the danger of "adverse reaction" of friendly or neutral Asians in the event of American-directed measures in Korea causing grave suffering to the Korean civilian population.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

BOMBAY: The food situation in India was being carefully watched and Government would take every precaution not to let starvation deaths to occur in any part of the country, stated Mr. K. M. Munshi, India's Food Minister....

PATNA: Jute leaves, stolen from fields, have become a source of sustenance to the poor.... Starvation deaths are reported from all sides.... (but) Government of Bihar have denied reports of such deaths....

SILCHAR (Assam): During the last three months many deaths have occurred among nearly 4,000 refugees, owing to malnutrition and various diseases....—Reports in "Times of India" in the same issue on the same front page in the same column.

Everyone who discharges any duty in a democracy must be open to criticism, must stand up to be shot at. He must have his remedy, like all other citizens, against censure which is malicious and damaging, against accusations injurious and untrue. But he must not, if democracy is to be real and complete, be able to assert a privilege which shelters him against the expression of public opinion.

TOLERANCE IN ISLAM

By Prof. ABDUL MAJID KHAN

IN TOLERANCE in the progeny of arrogance and swollen-headedness. Bigotry springs from conceit. When a person begins to feel that not only knowledge, but truth too is his monopoly, he ceases to be tolerant. He starts hating the ignorant and denouncing the sinner; for he regards them as the enemies of God, denizens of hell, doomed to perdition and fit to be persecuted. The intolerant fanatic, suffering from an overdose of self-righteousness, has no respect for any religious leader or reformer, except his own. The bigoted preacher believes in the doctrine of *herrenvolk* because, he thinks he belongs to the favourite nation—the elect upon whom God's blessings descend and who are the sole recipients of the divine message, through their own prophet. He, therefore, frowns upon and rejects everything and everybody save those recognized by his own creed. The followers of other faiths, he argues, must be converted by fair or foul means and must be made to conform to his way of thinking and his mode of life. This intolerant attitude has been the bane of humanity throughout the ages.

Islam For Universal Brotherhood

Gibbon, the celebrated historian, defined the Muslim creed as a great truth and a necessary falsehood. Unbiased students of history can hardly endorse the second part of his statement. The student of current politics in India might refer to Islam as a great fact and a necessary division. It is widely believed that the characteristics of Islam are a Creed, a Book and a Brotherhood and that that Brotherhood is the equality only of the Muslims before God and to each other. The fact, however, is that Islam stands for universal brotherhood. In the words of Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar, in his book 'Phase of Religion and culture' page 38: "It is to the glory of Islam, that in practice as well as in theory, it tolerates no distinction between the white man and the black, between one race and another, and between the dwellers in various climes. The oneness of God and the essential oneness of humanity

and the possibility of attainment of salvation, by rigid adherence to a few plain truths and to the practice of restraint and benevolence, were never more consistently and more successfully preached and broadcast than by Prophet Muhammad."

Equal Respect For All Faiths

True religion must be tolerant and the message of Islam is the message of conciliation and amity. It enjoins not only respect for the founders of all the great religions of the world, but something much more i.e. faith in them. Tolerance, in fact, is not the right word that can adequately indicate the breadth of the attitude of Islam, towards other religions. It insists on *equal respect for all prophets and equal faith in all scriptures*. The gospel of Islam, i.e. the Quran, definitely excludes compulsion from the sphere of religion. It says, "There is no compulsion in religion" (2: 256). Religion depends upon faith and will; it is something that touches our soul and spirit; physical force is, therefore, absolutely out of the question. Change of heart is the chief thing that matters.

In another place, the Quran lays down: "Say, O ye people, now is come to you the truth from your Lord, whoso then is guided, is guided only for himself and whoso errs, errs only against it. And I'm no guardian over you" (10: 108). That is to say, the criterion between right and wrong is before us. If we accept guidance, well and good. On the other hand, if we reject it, it is our own loss. We have a certain amount of free will and in final analysis, responsibility is ours.

Again, "If you do good, you will do it for your own souls; and if you do evil, it shall be for them" (17: 7). Also, "Say, the truth is from your Lord, let him who will believe and let him who will reject (it) (18: 29). "To you be your way and to me mine" (109: 6). Next in importance to the Quranic teachings we place the sayings or the traditions of Prophet Muhammad. Here are some of those imperishable gems: (i) "Do you love your creator? Love your fellow beings first." (ii) "There are as many ways to God as there are breaths of

men." (iii) "All God's creatures are a family and he who does most good to God's creatures, is His most beloved." (iv) "No man has believed perfectly until and unless he does for his brother, that which he wishes for himself." (v) "A Muslim is one from whose hands and tongue people are secure."

Tolerance In Practice

Some critics may hold that in theory the Quran does contain the Magna Charta of religious freedom and its teachings and injunctions about tolerance are uplifting and unexceptionable, but how about their practical aspects? Let us, therefore, examine the verdict of history about the treatment meted out by the Muslims, to their non-Muslim brethren, in the past.

Prophet Muhammad gave to humanity the message of goodwill, peace, love and brotherhood. That he was not only tolerant but magnanimous, is the consensus of opinion among all eminent and impartial historians. He implicitly believed in the sacredness and inviolability of the human conscience. In an age of extreme religious intolerance, he respected difference of opinion in religious matters and protected the life, limb and honour of the followers of other religious persuasions. He treated the non-Muslims with great consideration and amazing courtesy. It is on record that once he accommodated in the Medina mosque a Christian deputation from Najran (a small town in Arabia). The Prophet of Islam entered into treaties with several Christian and Jewish tribes, promising them protection and guaranteeing them the right to free exercise of their religion. "The treatment of their Christian subjects," writes Arnold, "by the Ottoman emperors—at least for two centuries after their conquest of Greece,—exhibits a toleration such as was at that time quite unknown in the rest of Europe."

The Father of our Nation—Mahatma Gandhi, writing in *Young India* dated 25-9-1924, says, "I share Justice Ameer Ali's view that Islam in the days of Harun-al-Rashid and Mamun was the most tolerant amongst the world religions. But there was a reaction against the liberalism of the teachers of their times. The

reactionaries had many learned, able and influential men amongst them and they very nearly overwhelmed the liberal and tolerant teachers and philosophers of Islam. We in India are still suffering from the effects of that reaction."

A Bit Of Indian History!

To many people in India, at present, tolerance in Islam sounds as a contradiction in terms, but for this the blame does not lie with Islam, but with those who professed to follow Islam, but miserably failed to reach the high standards it sets before its adherents. It is pertinent here to point out the following historical facts: (i) Ever since the Slave Conquest of India, for centuries Delhi and Agra had been alternately the capital of Muslim empires. If the Muslim monarchs had been intolerant and fanatical, the provinces of Delhi and Agra would have been predominantly Muslim in population. But such has never been the case. Till 15th August, 1947, the Muslims were only 15 per cent in U. P. and about 20 percent in Delhi.

(ii) "But if there was no assimilation of Muslims to Hinduism, there was a gradual development of mutual toleration (with interludes of persecution) and of a workable *modus vivendi*."—Page 106, 'India, Pakistan and the West,' by P. Spear.

Royal Examples

(iii) That some non-Muslims in India as well as in other countries occasionally suffered persecution at the hands of bigots and fanatics, is alas, too true. But this was due to either isolated royal perversity, or to some exceptional local circumstances, but not to any settled, or deliberate policy or fixed principle of intolerance and bigotry inherent in Islam. In this connection, the following incident is highly instructive; Sikandar Lodhi wanted to make a raid on Thanesar and put to death all the pilgrims who had assembled to bathe at Kurukshetra. A courtier suggested that the Emperor would do well to consult "the learned" before raiding Thanesar. Sikandar Lodhi called Mian Abdullah of Ajodhan, who asked what was there in Thanesar. Sikandar Lodhi replied that there was a tank in which the Hindus were accustomed to bathe. Abdulla asked since when they

had been in the habit of doing so. Nizam Khan, one of the courtiers, replied that it was an ancient custom with the Hindus. Abdulla wanted to know what the Muslim rulers before Sikandar Lodhi had been doing about it. Sikandar answered that they left them unmolested. Abdullah who was the chief divine of his age (the highest Qazi) said that it would be very improper and wholly un-Islamic for Sikandar Lodhi to destroy an ancient idol temple and that he ought not to forbid the accustomed rite of performing their ablutions in the tank. Thereupon, the Emperor placed his hand upon his dagger and exclaimed "You side with infidels. I will first put an end to your life and then massacre the infidels at Kurukshetra." Abdulla replied, "No one can die without God's command. Whoever enters the presence of a tyrant, must beforehand prepare himself for death. You asked me a plain question. I gave an answer in conformity with the precepts and teachings of the Prophet, but if you have no reverence for them, what is the use of inquiring." On hearing this, the Emperor gave up the idea of slaughtering infidels at Kurukshetra.

(iv) Emperor Akbar was one of the greatest sons of India. The religious policy adopted by him towards his non-Muslim subjects forms one of the most glorious chapters in the history of this country. The main idea behind the publication of *Ayin-i-Akbari* was to demonstrate how Akbar tried to "convert the thorny field of enmity into a garden of amity and friendship," while *Akbar Nama* held before the Emperor himself the ideal that if a king were to "become fit for the exalted office" he had to "regard all sects of religion with the single eye of favour, and not be-mother some and be-stepmother others." The consequences of the salutary policy pursued by Akbar led, in the mundane sphere, to tremendous prosperity of the country which compared favourably with that of England. In the religious sphere, it produced Hindu-Muslim understanding, which resulted in the Sikh Cult of Baba Nanak in its earlier stages, the Bhakti movement of Kabir and the 'Divine Faith' of Akbar himself.

(v) Dara Shikoh—the eldest son of Emperor Shah Jahan—was a brilliant

student of Comparative Religion and was a great mystic. He was intensely interested in the Bible and the Upanishads.

Communalism is a tangle of numerous knots. The last ten years have been the darkest period in the Hindu-Muslim relations. Several factors contributed to it. Perhaps, our minds got perverted by false history. The belief was also widely held that no satisfactory solution of the communal problem would be permitted by the British rulers of India, if they could help it, as the problem had been deliberately created and the division between the Hindus and Muslims intentionally fostered.

Islam Akin To Hinduism

India is now free, hence a fresh and healthy approach to the problem of Hindu-Muslim unity is necessary. Islam is something higher and nobler than the cow-killing or the prohibition of music before mosques. Essentially and fundamentally, unity of God means oneness of human race. When God is one, under heaven there is but one family. God is the good of all nations and races. To use the Quranic language, "All men are a single nation" (2: 213) and "People are but a single nation" (10: 19). Hating one another for the love of God, is the negation of Islam as well as of all religions. Nay, it is rebellion against God. A reverent approach to different living religions will broaden our sympathies and extend our vision; it will enlarge our mental horizon and expand our souls. When a man gazes from the top of a high mountain looks at the country spread before him, he perceives nothing of the heights and hollows, the vales and dales, which are there. All have vanished and in their place appears a surface flat and smooth. Similarly, when God looks upon mankind, he recognizes neither Hindu nor Muslim, but sees only so many beings, so many sparks of the Divine essence. Islam is, undoubtedly, very much akin and allied to Hinduism, in as much as both are religions of peace and goodwill.

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That man to man, the world O'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

—R. Burns.

RAILWAYS IN INDIA-3

THE FINANCIAL POSITION

THE value of a transport system like the railways lies in its being economically sound and remunerative, and thus capable of rendering efficient service at the lowest cost. It is therefore necessary to examine the financial position of Indian railways to see how far they meet this requirement.

A brief review of the finances of Indian railways from their inception will provide the necessary background to a correct appraisal of the present financial position and future trends. In this review, the financial position will be judged by the criterion of net gain or profits, which are the surplus left after meeting from gross-earnings the expenses of working the railway, the charges for depreciation, interest on the capital invested and other miscellaneous charges. For 47 years from the opening of the first line in India, the railways worked on a loss year after year which was made good by the general revenues. The year 1900 was the first year in which a small profit of 11 lakhs of rupees was realised. Thenceforward, the railways have been working at a profit each year, except for 1921-22, the years of economic depression and the partition year of 1948-49.

The financial history of the Indian railways from 1900 to the present falls into the following five periods.

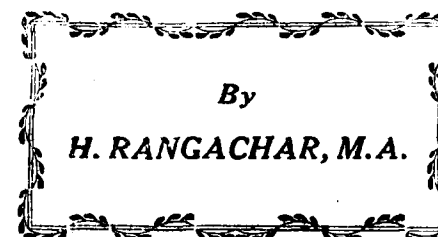
(i) 1900-1924: During this period the railways worked on a profit from year to year, except in 1921-22 when a deficit of Rs. 9.27 crores was incurred. The total gain during the period was about 103 crores of rupees, including the profits of war years of 60.6 crores of rupees. The annual average profit from 1915-16 to 1919-20 was 11.48 crores of rupees against 5.27 crores of the previous five year period. The average net gain from 1920-21 to 1923-24 was just over a crore of rupees.

(ii) 1924-25 to 1929-30: Till 1924, the railway finances formed part of the general finances of the State. The Acworth

Committee severely criticised this system and recommended strongly the separation of railway finances from the general finances. The recommendation of the Committee was eventually accepted by the Government and the railway finances were separated from the general finances in 1924. This constitutes a landmark in the history of Indian railways and their finances, as it gave them some measure of financial autonomy and freedom to utilise the funds left, after meeting expenses and other obligations, to initiate and carry out developments. This separation was effected by a Separation Convention agreed to by the Legislature on the 20th September 1924. According to this convention, the railways had to make to the general revenues a contribution, as a "first charge on the net receipts of railways," of one percent on the capital at charge of Commercial lines plus one fifth of any surplus profits remaining after this. The balance of profits, subject to certain conditions, was to be transferred to a Railway Reserve Fund to be constituted for the purpose. The interest on capital and loss on the working of strategic lines were to be met by the general revenues.

A Depreciation Fund was also instituted. The six years following the Convention have been regarded as a period of great railway prosperity. The contribution to the general revenues in this period amounted to 35.91 crores, apart from 16.73 crores net credited to the Reserve Fund. An average contribution of 11.3 crores per annum was also made to the Depreciation Fund. The net profits of working, excluding the Depreciation Fund contributions, were over 52.64 crores during this period.

(iii) 1930-31 to 1936-37: The period of Economic Depression was one of sore trial for railways whose earnings fell, expenses increased and deficits had to be faced year after year. From 1931-32, the



net earnings left after deducting total working expenses from gross revenue were not sufficient to meet even the interest on capital. The expedient of a "loan" from the Depreciation Fund was resorted to in this and succeeding years to meet the interest charges. The contribution to the general revenues remained suspended and continued as a liability on future profits, according to the terms of the Convention. The total deficit including the contribution due to general revenues was thus 73.73 crores of rupees. The pre-war years, 1937-38 and 1938-39 were years of small surpluses.

(iv) 1939-40 to 1945-46: With the boom period ushered in by World War II, an era of great financial prosperity set in for railways. The net gain or surplus during the six war years, 1940-41 to 1945-46, was 231.14 crores of rupees. The contribution made to the general revenues amounted to no less than 154.10 crores, including the payment of arrears of the contribution for the period of depression. It may be added, incidentally, that in 1943, the old Convention was replaced by a new Convention, temporary in nature, providing for *ad hoc* contributions to be fixed each year. The contribution to general revenue was accordingly 101.64 crores during the last three years of the period. The loans from the Depreciation Fund, taken during the period of depression were all paid back by 1943. Thus at the end of the war, the railways had paid off all the arrears of the depression period and had made a total contribution of over 154 crores to the general revenues, of 46.15 crores to the Railway Reserve Fund and of 88.82 crores to the Depreciation Fund including special grants.

(v) 1946-47 to 1949-50: In the post-war year 1946-47, there was a marked fall in gross earnings and a marked increase in operating expenses with the result that the profits were reduced to 8.52 crores, of which 5.4 crores were the contribution. 12 lakhs was credited to the Reserve. A new Fund known as the Betterment Fund was started with an initial contribution of 3 crores of rupees. The next year, 1947-48, was the year of partition and the railways incurred a deficit of over 10.45 crores of rupees according to accounts which are still provisional. The year 1948-49 showed

a surplus 19.98 crores and 1949-50 a surplus of over 11 crores of rupees, according to the revised estimate.

To sum up, the loss incurred by the State up to 1900 aggregated over Rs. 58 crores; thereafter till 1924 the net gain was over 103 crores; and the profits up to 1930-31 were 52.64 crores. Depression years showed a net loss in working of 38.70 crores. Thereafter, up to April 1950, the total surplus was 270.2 crores. The balance sheet of the railways shows thus a clear profit of rupees 329 crores from their inception to date.

This brief review shows that, on the whole, the Indian Government railways have been remunerative and have yielded good returns.

Present Financial Position

With the returns which the railways have so far yielded and the profits of war years, one would expect the financial position of the railways at present to be very strong and capable of withstanding future stresses and strains. Any prudent commercial undertaking, with sound ideas of financial management, would have utilised the huge surpluses of the war years for strengthening the financial stability of the railways and for insuring against future losses and deficits by building strong Depreciation and Reserve Funds. No such action was taken as the position of the funds shows. On the 31st March 1950 the amount at the credit of these funds was as follows.

	AMOUNT (Crores of Rupees)
Depreciation Fund ..	97.42
Railway Reserve Fund ..	6.82
Betterment Fund ..	14.06

The Reserve Fund which is intended to meet possible deficits and losses of future and thus provide financial stability has a very small amount at credit which is totally inadequate. If account is taken of the arrears of the depreciation of assets which are to be made good, and the present inflated prices of stores and materials, the amount to the credit of the Depreciation Fund is also insufficient. Thus the present financial position of the railways is far from satisfactory.

The rehabilitation of the financial position of the railways is therefore a great necessity and must be effected as early as possible.

The New Convention

The new Convention and some

measures taken at the end of the last financial year and proposed to be taken in the railway budget for the current year make it clear that the weakness of the present financial position of the railways is realised and that action to remedy the defect is being taken. These measures may now be briefly examined.

During the budget session of 1949, Parliament set up a committee with the Minister for Transport as chairman and the Minister of Finance as one of the members, to examine the working of the old Convention and make suitable recommendation for a revised one. The Committee recommended a new Convention which was accepted by the Government and placed before Parliament in the form of a Government Resolution. Parliament approved of this on 21st December 1949.

The principal terms of the Convention which is to be in force for a period of five years are briefly as follows:—

(i) The contribution by the railways to the general finances of the country will be a dividend of 4% on the loan capital invested in the railways as computed annually.

(ii) Interest charges will be met by the general revenues out of this amount.

(iii) A minimum of 15 crores of rupees should be contributed to the Depreciation Fund annually.

(iv) The scope of the Revenue Reserve Fund should in future be limited to (a) ensuring payment of the prescribed dividend and (b) bridging the budgetary gap, if any.

(v) A Railway Development Fund should be constituted for such purposes as passenger amenities, labour welfare and the financing of projects, unremunerative at the time of construction. The old Betterment Fund is to be merged in this and a minimum of rupees 3 crores annually is to be made available for passenger amenities for the next five years.

The Minister for Railways rightly claimed that the Convention was a great step forward in the development of railway finance and policy. The contribution to the general revenues is, as already stated, fixed at 4% as a dividend which includes interest on capital. The effective rate of interest during 1949-50 was 3.29%;

the net contribution to the revenues will thus be 0.71% on the capital or about Rs. 5 crores, which is less than the one per cent plus one-fourth the surplus profits of the 1924 Convention and the actual contributions of pre-war years, not to speak of war years.

By fixing the contribution to the general revenues at a comparatively low rate, the Convention enables the railways to utilise their surpluses for the purpose of strengthening their financial position and allows them a reasonable time to do so.

In the allocation of the surplus of 1949-50 the principles enunciated in the new Convention were followed and 15 crores of rupees credited to the Depreciation Fund. At the end of March 1951, the Depreciation, the Revenue Reserve and the Development funds are expected to have a balance of 104.77, 10.41 and 19.03 crores respectively. It may be added that the first two funds include Rs. 7.29 and 1.27 crores transferred from the Indian States railways. The scope of these funds will be extended as they will include these railways also.

The position in regard to the Depreciation Fund may be deemed fairly satisfactory now. The position in regard to the Reserve Fund is not at all satisfactory and it is to be hoped that larger allocations will be made annually during the next five years to bring up the amount at the credit of the Fund to about 35 crores at least by 1955-56.

The institution of an amortization fund does not seem to be contemplated. The establishment of this fund is a great desideratum and steps should be taken to make a beginning, however modest, during this period. This step is all the more necessary in view of the recent loan from the World Bank for railways. As reported in the press, the terms of the loan seem to require the setting up of an amortization fund. The absence of an amortization fund is a defect which should be remedied early.

The new Convention is obviously based on the anticipation that the net earnings of the railways will not fall below the present levels during the next five years. How far this assumption is justifiable will be considered in the following article.

WILL BRITISH SOCIALISM SWING RIGHT?

By MATTHEW HALTON

British Socialism is going through a period of self-analysis. What will come of it nobody knows for sure. But Matthew Halton is in a position to assess the situation, which he does in the accompanying article.

SOMETHING of great historic importance is taking place today in the nature of British Socialism. The party is searching its soul and its mind, looking for an answer to the question: "Where do we go from here?" And the whole future of the party, and of Britain, depends on the answer.

The Labour party is 50 years old; and it has had five years in power. In five years it has accomplished great things; it has accomplished most of what it set out to do a generation ago. Now it is stocktaking. It is trying to assess its successes and its failures. More important, it is trying to decide its policy for the future.

More Socialism or less? That is the question.

When Labour came to power in 1945 it was devoted to orthodox Marxist Socialism. It believed fully in the classic formula: "nationalization of the means of production, distribution and exchange." Such a policy, carried to its logical conclusion, would mean the almost complete elimination of private enterprise. If you nationalize the means of production you nationalize every single factory from the local blacksmith shop to the iron and steel federation. Nationalize "the means of distribution and exchange" and every wholesale and retail business comes under state control, and every bank, and every form of transport.

But orthodox Marxism is now nearly dead in the councils of the Labour party.

It set out five years ago with a big but limited programme. It was to nationalize the main industries—iron and steel, transport, gas and electricity. It has done all this, though the Iron and Steel Act has not yet been implemented. The programme represents 20 per cent of the nation's capital and over 2,000,000 of its workers.

But now it looks as if the party is going to call a halt.

Not because nationalization has failed—because it has not failed. But the British Socialists have learned that nationalization alone is not the answer and they are looking now for a new direction, for a policy that will combine nationalization with free enterprise in a commonwealth based still on the principle of the greatest good for the greatest number. They are searching for a formula that will retain individual initiative without individual rapacity.

This is the genius of Britain, still flourishing and dynamic. The British do not believe in dogma for dogma's sake, certainly not in Marxism for Marxism's sake. When Marxism comes to a dead end, the British Socialists at once go around the corner looking for a better road.

But they are still Socialists. Make no mistake about that.

Seeking A Synthesis

In the credo of the British Labour party there are four main points which have inspired it since it was founded half a century ago.

1. Social reform.
2. Greater equality of opportunity.
3. National ownership of the basic industries on which the economic life of the State depends—coal, iron and steel, transport and so on.
4. Central planning of the nation's economic life to ensure full employment and the right use of the national resources.

Everybody agrees (or pretends to agree) with the first two objects, social reform and greater equality of opportunity. But the Socialists say the first two are not possible without the last two. That is where they differ from the Conservatives.

In the highly technological and complicated society of our times, says Labour, complete free enterprise

is just nihilism. Without planning you get boom-and-bust cycles, you get unemployment, you get injustice and you get a terrible waste of the nation's wealth and skills. And you can't plan unless you control the basic industries.

That's Socialism. But the British Socialists are turning more and more from Marxism, from the belief that nationalization of everything solves every problem. And they are now probing their way toward a synthesis which will combine the best elements of public ownership and private enterprise.

Labour in its five years has led Britain to a vast increase in social security. Nobody goes hungry. Few are unemployed. All get medical care. Labour set out deliberately to redistribute the national income, to narrow the gap between the rich and the poor.

That is done by taxation. But today the Government says frankly that there can be no further increase in social benefits and no increase in wages until the nation's total wealth can be increased. "Greater production," says Sir Stafford Cripps, "offers the one and only hope for bigger slices of the national cake."

Labour has learned, moreover, that it rushed too quickly into the complicated business of nationalization. Emanuel Shinwell, one of the ablest and most ardent Cabinet ministers, has admitted it. "We had not worked out the practical details," he said.

And the party has decided that before it nationalizes more industries it will concentrate on improving the efficiency of those already under public ownership.

"We are not hidebound dogmatists," Prime Minister Attlee told me. "We admit mistakes and, more important, we correct them. We are looking for criticism, not backing away from it. It is the duty as well as the privilege of the consumer to criticize. We believe profoundly that a nation's basic industries must be nationalized if the country is to get the best service. But we will never be satisfied with anything less than maximum efficiency."

And again he said: "We do not nationalize for nationalization's sake. The test must always be efficiency plus public service." That "plus" is

important. Mr. Attlee and the main wing of his party believe that if private enterprise can do a thing better than a public corporation it should be allowed to do it provided, emphatically, that what it is doing is for the public good. It must enrich the nation, not just a group of individuals.

Gradually, then, and in the typical British way, the British Social Democrats are evolving—or will evolve if they stay in power—a pragmatic, commonsense mixture of Capitalism and Socialism which will preserve both private incentives and the public good. A system that will reconcile both freedom and order—and that is the great problem of our age. If the British can do this, as I am sure they can, civilization once more will be deeply in their debt.

Disagreement In Party

Men like Mr. Attlee and Herbert Morrison, master mechanic of the Labour party, are actively engaged in finding the synthesis. It does not mean they are abandoning Socialism. It means they are all the more intent on Social Democracy.

Some members of the party disagree with them. Led by the brilliant and hypnotic Aneurin Bevan, they maintain you can never mix Socialism and Capitalism. They want to proceed steadily to the nationalization of all industries and of all distribution. They believe in the completely equalitarian state, with no man much better off than another. The whole business of people devoting their lives to getting more of the world's goods than their neighbours is repellent to them. If you say this idea is contrary to human nature they will reply: "You have a low idea of human nature. But suppose you are right—well, let's change human nature!"

Britain has not really begun, they continue, to create a just society with a just distribution of wealth. You can't walk down any street without seeing people who do worthwhile things for the community getting \$25 a week, while others who do nothing worthwhile get seven hundred dollars a week. And so on. And there is an abstract logic in all this; the logic of perfectionism, of Utopia. But Utopia is not in sight.

More realistically, Mr. Attlee and company say you have to pay for the welfare state you already have before

you can improve it. Labour has transformed Great Britain in its five years. Now it is wisely pausing for breath and consolidation—and for a new idea. It wants to humanize the nationalized industries (and the non-nationalized ones, too). It wants to increase the national wealth, and if private enterprise can do it, in some cases, better than public enterprise, it will be encouraged to do so.

There is, moreover, the little matter of how to win the next general election. The people have shown pretty clearly that they want quite a lot of Socialism—but not too much. Labour's only chance of winning the next election with a decisive majority is to produce a programme that will concentrate on efficiency rather than on theory.

The Labour leaders were really startled at the result of the last election. After five years of full employment and fair shares and real social justice, they expected a much more decisive victory. The result shows

unmistakably that the majority of the British people want a progressive, left-of-centre Government—but not a Conservative regime on the one hand or a left-wing Socialist one on the other. For the time being at least they want no more experiments.

The combination of state planning and free enterprise has worked wonders in Britain. Production is rising steadily and swiftly. The goods are pouring out as never before in British history. The dollar gap is being bridged. Rationing has almost disappeared. Britain has recovered (though her long-term problems always will be serious). And for all this her Government must get its fair share of credit. But that Government has learned that there is no room in a challenging world for doctrine for doctrine's sake. British Labour is evolving, not away from Socialism but away from Marxism, and towards a peculiarly British kind of compromise, seeking the best in both worlds.—Copyright.

WAR CAN YET BE PREVENTED

By Maj. D. V. RAJA RAO

WE were at breakfast in the officers mess in a camp in Italy when the news of the first atom bomb over Hiroshima came on the air. We were a mixed crowd of Britishers, Polish, Jews, and Indians. The first reaction to the news was one of utter consternation. We were speechless and everybody was looking pale and scared as if face to face with a threatening monster from whom he has no escape. It was not till the C. O. broke the silence with a remark about the early end of the war that anybody found his tongue or colour. We did not know how to express our minds about it. But we took our cue from our C. O. and nobody talked anything but of the prospects of an early end to the war and an early return home. The reaction to the atom bomb in our mess can be taken as typical of the world reaction. A war-weary world accepted the atom bomb to end the war but its conscience rebelled against the inhuman atrocity that it was.

A shattered and impoverished world did not have the courage to indict the rich and powerful culprit who committed the worst crime against humanity that history ever recorded. Pampered by a mercenary and cowardly world America is revelling in her crime and seeking to dominate the world by the threat of its diabolical capacity for destruction. A despairing world is looking up to Gandhian India to save it from the atom bomb. To the credit of India and the memory of Gandhiji, so far only the lone voice of Judge Pal of the International Court for trial of Japanese War criminals, had been raised in open condemnation of the atom bomb and the power that used it. But that voice was choked by the stooge press of the world and was not heard much. Our Government is trying to bring the moral force—Gandhiji's legacy to us—to bear on international politics. Nehru has taken a grand step in the right direction now, to prevent the Korean inci-

dent developing into a world war. True to his policy of dynamic neutrality he is trying to bring the contending powers together on the forum of the U. N. O. to establish peace. The peace loving world appreciates his efforts with gratitude and wishes him success.

However in their anxiety to rapidly improve our economy our Government is compromising their moral pose in the hope of economic help from outside. Our independent neutrality and our economic recipe against the spread of Communism do not seem to appeal to the American mind. Instead of using her wealth to fight Communism on the economic plane she is using her dollars as well as the almost world monopoly of industry she is enjoying at the present juncture, to coerce and buy up the poor and starved peoples of the world, for an armed conflict with Communism which she feels confident of winning by virtue of her atom bomb. The poor and backward countries of the East in their dilemma between Communism and the starvation and discontent amongst their people, are fawning at the feet of America for the few and scanty crumbs she doles out even as a hungry dog that wags its tail at the feet of his master for the crumbs of bread he throws down the table. They are afraid of displeasing America lest they lose those crumbs of economic help. They are also afraid of America's influence and her atom bomb. The one thing that Gandhiji preached all his life is not to give in to fear. The philosophy of his passive resistance is a philosophy of the strong. The strength is to come of self-reliance and self-respect. His constructive programmes were calculated to give the necessary self-reliance and strength for the passive resistance. We still speak his language but we are far from practising his precepts.

Before the advent of independence it was generally believed that it will take over fifty years after independence for us to come on a par with modern industrial countries. That was on the assumption that a country's wealth comes from its land, that we will have to build up our wealth and industry from the very

bottom. But now our Government are so anxious to improve our industry and economy in the shortest possible time that they are anxiously seeking the magic wand of foreign capital and help to do the trick. But it is not in the nature of capitalist, industrial imperialism to give such help without strings to it which would bind us hand and foot to the imperialist chariot.

The lesson of the last two wars for us and people like us in the Middle East and South East Asia is that we will neither be destroyed nor allowed to prosper. In fact the last two wars were fought for domination of the world markets of which we and our neighbours form a substantial part. If a third war is to be fought it will again be fought to keep our markets safe for the industrial imperialists without being tainted with Communist ideology.

The next war is already looming on the horizon. Far from preventing war the atom bomb is precipitating the next war. May be this atomic war will end future wars if the world survives it. But the peace thereafter will be only the peace of the grave. There seems to be no powers to stop this war. It is obvious now that the U. N. O. cannot stop it. But yet there is still hope in the Gandhian teachings of self-reliance and passive resistance if they can be practised on an international basis. If we and our neighbours can tell America in one voice and in a convincing manner that if she uses the atom bomb she will lose our sympathy and our markets as well, she will have no interest in fighting the next war. If we and our neighbours stop begging for economic and technical help from the western imperialists and learn to rely on our own resources and initiative we might still convince them of the futility of war and win them over for economic cooperation to prevent the spread of Communism. Nehru will be fulfilling his destiny as the spiritual heir of Gandhiji if he can bring all our neighbours together and make a determined stand against the industrial imperialists and the atom bomb behind them. The world expects it of him and may be he will not disappoint the world.

THE OPEN DOOR

By Eric S. SENEVIRATNE

FROM her childhood Nirmala hated the poverty into which she had been born. To her, hell was no more than a series of mean slum dwellings, open drains carrying filth, garbage heaps giving out noisome smells and legions of flies, and squads of ragged urchins using language divorced from all decency.

It was an accident which showed her the way of escape. She was playing with other unwashed brats. In the excitement of the game she ran across the road, and was knocked down by a passing car. She received sundry bruises which set her screaming her head off, and frightening the Mother Superior of a convent who had been inside the car. With the consent of the mother, the kindly old lady took Nirmala away to the convent to give her whatever treatment was necessary. Comparing the ease of life in the convent with that of the slums Nirmala immediately decided what she should do, so that, when her mother came to remove her later, she promptly refused to go back. Nirmala's mother went away after a great deal of persuasion, and shedding some tears.

Nirmala was happy at the change. She had plenty of food, clean clothes. She was quick to learn, and under the strict discipline imposed in the convent she lost all traces of her association with slumland. But she had ambitions of her own, nursed in secret. As the years sped by, she grew impatient of her slow progress. The dull calm of convent life was as dead as the dim memory of her hand-to-mouth existence in the slums. She envied the resplendent ladies who came to the church every Sunday. She wanted to be like them, to wear costly silks, go about in a car. She would try her hardest, and if she failed it would not be her fault.

The opportunity arrived soon after her eighteenth birthday. She left the convent to take charge of two children in a wealthy home—an employ-

ment arranged for her by the well meaning Mother Superior.

Nirmala had grown into a pretty woman, slender, fair and desirable. Only the closest scrutiny would have revealed the sly cunning in her narrow eyes, the cruelty in the straight line of her upper lip, the determination in her out-thrust chin. She started on her job with high hopes, mercenary hopes if the truth be told, for she fully realized the advantages of her person which she displayed proudly at every opportunity. She had no doubts that some man with a fair share of worldly goods would sooner or later fall into her snare, especially in that house frequented by the wealthy. This, she thought, was the easiest road to those silks and cars she wanted, and her hopes were not ill founded. Within the first year of her life there she received two proposals both of which she turned down as she aimed higher. The discontented suitors had little difficulty in convincing the wealthy Jayalath, her employer, that in Nirmala he was harbouring a bad woman who might spoil his good name. The prudent man, not wishing to have scandal on his doorstep, promptly dismissed her before she came into harm under his roof.

Bitter rage tore at Nirmala's heart-strings. She had been thrown out like a piece of rag. It was farewell to her ambitions. She hated all men, for had they not brought her to this? She swore to have her revenge on them some day, more particularly on her employer. After that, she got back some of her optimism. This was only a temporary setback. Her ambition flared up again. She had a whole lifetime before her. She went back to the railway station, bought a first-class ticket which she could hardly afford, and went in.

The beadwork on her black georgette saree flashed back the bright noonday sunlight. The emerald green of her jacket was a study in contrast.

She walked with a slight sway of the hips which drew all eyes on her slim loveliness, the handbag slung over her shoulder, the tiny suitcase gripped in her fist. The compartment she chose was nearly empty, save for a couple huddled in one corner. Nirmala sat at the other end, threw the suitcase on to the rack overhead, opened a novel on her lap, dug herself into the cushioned seat comfortably, and tried to imitate a great lady. She could not read. The emotions of the past few hours had upset her. She found the letters running into each other, blurring, and she gave up the effort. She thought about her future. She fetched a sigh. Not even her vast store of optimism could show her a rosy prospect. She was doomed to convent life once more....

Snatches of conversation came to her ears from time to time. Nirmala's head was hanging down, her eyes demurely on the printed page, but she listened, her whole attention concentrated on the two sharing the compartment with her. She gathered they were newly weds. Whispered bits of love chatter characterized the talk until... Nirmala guessed that the man was trying to kiss his companion, and she was resisting him.

"Not here," the girl was protesting. "Have you no decency? I'll scream if you don't stop."

"Alright, scream."

"I'll pull the communication cord..." began the girl, giggling.

"I don't care."

"Don't care? The train'll be stopped. What'll you tell the guard?"

"What'll you?"

"I? The truth of course. Trying to molest a poor, defenceless girl." She laughed. "Look at my crumpled dress, my rumpled hair. He'll believe me."

Nirmala sat quite still. Like a thunderbolt from a gloomy sky, an idea had crashed through to her brain. Snatches of a whispered conversation, a mad idea born into a troubled mind, on such little things depended momentous issues! She smiled to herself. She need not go back to the dreary convent life. She need not worry any more. This was the perfect job for her. This was her chance to make good... She decided to put her scheme into action forthwith.

She got out at the next station, and

carefully chose another carriage. It contained a single passenger, a man evidently in his late thirties. He had removed his coat which now rested on his lap, neatly folded. He wore a flowered tie, loosened at the neck on account of the intense heat. From the left sleeve of his striped blue shirt peeped an expensive gold wrist-watch. Between his lips was a cork-tipped cigarette. He was absorbed in the afternoon newspaper.

Nirmala tucked herself into the seat opposite and noted the signs of affluence with satisfaction. She bided her time until they were well away from the station. She was perfectly calm and collected. She ran slow fingers through her hair disarranging it. She touched her saree here and there, giving it a crumpled appearance. She rose, moved forward, and tapped her companion on the shoulder.

"Do look at me, please," she murmured sweetly. "If I scream and pull this communication cord, what d'you think will happen?"

Her companion stared.

"Naturally, the train'll be stopped," she went on. "The guard'll come along. What shall I tell him?" She smiled, enjoying the sensation she was creating. She guessed he thought her mad. Well, she would put him wise soon. "Why, of course, I'll say you tried to molest me. Look at my dress, my hair. Won't he believe me?"

He stared silently, a glimmering of her purpose seeping into his brain.

"Shall I pull it?" continued Nirmala in honeyed tones. "You may deny my charges, but d'you think you'll be believed? Look at me well. Am I not pretty? It is always easy to believe a pretty woman. Are you going to risk it?"

"You... you... what's your game?" gasped he at length. Through his horror ran a vibrant undercurrent of anger. Nirmala showed her teeth in an engaging smile. "Isn't it obvious?" she asked. "I want cash, and lots of it too. Aren't you going to oblige a charming young lady?"

The dazed look still lingering on his face, the other looked on for a brief moment longer. She was utterly shameless, this female shark. It was a new experience, an unpleasant experience. He wanted to spank the she-devil with her Madonna face, but he knew he was already lost. Who would believe him after looking at this

girl? How could he face the publicity? What would his wife say if she heard of it? Reluctantly he emptied his wallet.

"Thank you," said Nirmala, highly pleased with the day's work.

It was the beginning of a new life. The gods had shown her the way to wealth and she did not turn her back upon it. Now she had the means to enjoy life, to indulge in her feminine caprices. She purchased clothes, silks to her heart's content. When her funds ebbed low, she would hunt for likely victims in the train. She was careful in her selections. She took no unnecessary risks. Sometimes for days she chose to go empty-handed until the best type of man fell into her clutches.

One day she travelled for hours without seeing any possible victim. At least, she could find none in isolated compartments, and for her purpose she required privacy. She sat in a corner, disconsolately, leaning out of the carriage. She wore a dazzling saree that flashed brilliant colours as she moved, drawing the eyes of the half dozen people in the carriage. As the train moved away from the city, the crowds thinned off, one by one getting out at the stations they passed. It was then that she espied a familiar figure.

It was Mr. Jayalath, her former employer. He was entraining. A smile of satisfaction creased Nirmala's face. Her continued hard luck that day had made her reckless. The humiliation she had suffered at his hands stood out in her mind as if it had happened yesterday. It frothed within her as she noted him. It was as if a kind providence had delivered him into her hands. She would teach this prim puritan a lesson. She gave him time to settle down, then got out, searched out his compartment, and moved into it. Sitting near him she awaited an opportune moment. In the meantime she made the alterations to her appearance which had such a psychological effect on her victims. Then:

"Do look at me, please," she said. It was the usual formula, now hallowed by frequent repetition, with which she commenced operations.

Jayalath stared at her, fascinated, while she went through her speech. It was not easy to recognise in this well dressed woman with the gleam-

ing black eyes, the awry hair, the heavily made-up face, the simple girl who had had charge of his children.

"You are Nirmala."

He was taking it too easy. This did not suit her at all.

"Never mind that," she broke in sharply. "If you don't want any unpleasantness hand me your ready cash, every nickel of it. Otherwise"—she paused ominously—"I'll pull the cord." She set two slender fingers on it, and gazed tautly at the other. But he was not making any move to comply with her order. He sat there, comparatively at ease, his long cigar belching smoke, his eyes playing inquisitively over her. Nirmala's temper was getting the better of her. She did not wait to parley any longer. She would show him she was no idle boaster. She pulled the cord with all her might, screaming at the same time.

The train groaned to a halt. A guard advanced inquiringly from one end, while the driver moved on from the other. Behind them trooped a small crowd of passengers, babbling excitedly. Bristling with rage, the tumbled hair framing her furious face, the black eyes blazing, Nirmala pointed an accusing finger, pouring forth her tale.

The guard looked at her companion, then whistled his surprise.

"You, Mr. Jayalath!" he exclaimed.

It was Nirmala's bad day. Knowing him, the guard's suspicions were partly allayed. He listened as Jayalath explained, waving his cigar slowly so that all might see it.

"Look at this cigar," he was saying. "There's nearly an inch of ash on it. D'you think I could keep that there if I behaved as this lady suggests? Let me tell you what actually happened...."

Nirmala watched, sudden dismay clutching at her heart. She wore the same dazed look she had seen so often on her victims. Slowly the horrible truth was dawning on her. As she listened to the cool voice of her erstwhile employer, the stupefied glances of the spectators, she realized that she had grown so notorious of a sudden that her trade was ruined for ever. In her unreasoning anger she had killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. The open door which had shown her the way to wealth had closed just as suddenly as it had opened.

THE RECOGNITION OF RED CHINA

By Dr. V. VENKATA RAO

ON October 1, 1949, the "People's Republic of China" issued a manifesto, expressing her desire "to establish diplomatic relations with any foreign Government which is willing to observe the principles of equality, mutual benefit, and mutual respect for territorial integrity and sovereignty." On behalf of the "People's Republic of China," Chou-En-lie, the Foreign Minister forwarded the manifesto to all the Governments in the world, and invited their recognition. On October 2, 1949, a day after the issue of the manifesto, U. S. S. R. recognised the new regime. All other members of the Soviet block plus Yugoslavia promptly followed suit. Among the nations of Western Europe, Great Britain evinced great interest in the matter of recognition of Red China. The reasons are obvious. Firstly, the British stake in the mainland of China was great. She has invested a billion dollars there. Secondly, the geographical position of the island fortress, Hong-Kong induced her to be realistic in her approach to the question. Finally, she had considerable trade interest in China. The British Government, therefore, decided upon recognition immediately after the issue of the manifesto. Although the decision was arrived at in October '49, it was withheld till the beginning of this year. For, Britain was anxious to consult the Dominion Governments and the United States of America and evolve a common policy in this matter. But when she found American opinion sharply divided on this issue, she informed the State Department that she would be recognising the "People's Republic of China." Accordingly, Great Britain entered into diplomatic relations with the new regime on January 6, 1950.

Among the non-communist states the first to accord recognition was Burma. (December 17, 1949) Burma was having and continues to have trouble from communists. She thought that by according recognition to Red China, she would be depriving the communists in Burma,

the material for propaganda against the government. Similarly, the Government of India informed the Government of the People's Republic, that she had recognised the new regime in China. (December 31, 49). Several other nations accorded recognition early in the new year.

Of the countries that have not accorded recognition so far, the most important are the United States of America and Egypt. To understand the reasons for the non-recognition of China by the Government of the United States of America, one must know the history of relations between these two countries. Students of history are aware of the fact that in the days of her isolation, the U. S. A. was able to claim that she was disinterested in the political and economic affairs of China. She was not a party to the infiltration of the nations of Western Europe into China which ultimately resulted in the establishment of extra-territorial rights there. She was never suspected of having entertained imperialist ambitions. Her only adventure in this field was in the Philippines where she acquitted herself very creditably. She did not fortify her outposts such as Guam and Wake even though she keenly felt the growing Japanese menace. Unlike the nations of Western Europe, she did not adopt the methods nor entertained the hope of bringing China under her hegemony. On the otherhand she regarded herself as an emissary of good will and torch bearer of Western civilization. The U. S. A. had, therefore, the enviable reputation of being a non-imperialist country at a time when China was animated with a feeling to liberate herself from foreign domination. This was the position of the U. S. A. prior to the outbreak of the Second World War.

After the defeat of Japan, she was called upon to play a different role in the South East Asia which necessarily involved her in international rivalries. Firstly, her occupation of Japan was looked at with suspicion by China and Russia. Secondly, after

the fall of Japan she found herself in possession of many new and strategic territories to administer. In the administration of these territories she came into conflict with vested interests. Thirdly, the 400 million dollar loan to China was regarded by her critics as aid more to the discredited government of Chiang-Kai-shek than to the people of China. Fourthly, the American marines played a considerable part in Tientsin, Peiping, Chunwagtao and Hulutao in 1946, in establishing and maintaining the authority of the National Government in these places, at a time when they might have been occupied by the Chinese communists. Fifthly, the U. S. A. established an American naval base at Tsingtao, a port of great strategic importance. Had the American fleet not been based there, the communists would have promptly occupied this place and the whole of Shantung peninsula. The communists, therefore, entertained the feeling, though not justly, that the U. S. A. was responsible for the prolongation of the life of the National Government in China by about 18 months. They, therefore, regarded the U. S. A. as an imperialist power with territorial ambitions.

With this background knowledge, let us analyse the several opinions expressed by the American public on the issue of recognition of Red China. In the U. S. A. public opinion on this issue is sharply divided. Powerful members of the Congress are bitterly opposed to recognising the People's Republic of China. But there are others, many of them are businessmen, who urge the Government to face facts squarely. They argue that the new regime is an accomplished fact; that it would endure for an indefinite period; that it is in possession of the central machinery of the state; that it has no rival on the mainland of China disputing its authority; that it enjoys mass support or at least the passive acquiescence of the people of China. They, therefore, urge the Government to adopt the only practical course, viz., the recognition of the new regime. They are confident that American business would thrive under any regime in China. There are others who say that recognition would enable the United States Government to have "listening posts behind the bamboo

curtain" which would be of inestimable value. They are of opinion that non-recognition would induce China to be more and more dependent of Moscow. Whereas prompt recognition may encourage her to follow a policy of her own independent of Moscow. In support of this argument they point out the example of Yugoslavia. They also say that such factors as "China's economic structure, her vast size and overwhelming non-Communist population, Chinese tradition, temperament, the strong cultural and commercial ties that have long linked her with western countries and her pressing need for continuing large-scale trade with the West," justify the hope that Chinese communism would not be of the Russian type.

But there are others who dispute the validity of these arguments. They say that nothing would be lost by going slow on recognition, though in the long run it may have to be given. They think that the value of maintaining listening posts behind the bamboo curtain would be a doubtful one. Although it may be possible to gain some useful information on conditions and policies in the 'People's Republic' through the regular diplomatic representatives, experience in other communist countries has conclusively shown that the diplomatic representatives would not be in a position to function as 'listening posts.' As regards the hope that recognition may encourage Red China to follow the example of Yugoslavia, it is pointed out that "the Chinese communists have declared themselves unequivocally on the side of Russia in the cold war and are dedicated to the eventual overthrow of the system we stand for." They, therefore, urge that until and unless the Chinese communists change their attitude, the U. S. A., should have nothing to do with her. "You can count on it," writes Mr. A. T. Steele of the New York Herald Tribune, "that there will be no sentiment in the communist approach to us. They will be coldly realistic. We will get nowhere unless we adopt the same attitude." That is the position which the State Department has adopted towards the 'People's Republic of China.' It is thus evident that the recognition or non-recognition of the communist China has been influenced by political considerations than by legal ones.

NEHRU'S MEDIATION PLEA AND AMERICAN REACTION

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: I was unable to find one top page display in any newspaper except THE COMPASS of India's determined effort to end World War III before it gets further under way. It was profoundly disturbing.

From the *Daily Worker* to the *Journal-American*; from the *Daily News* to the *New York Times*, the pre-occupation was with war, the reasons for war, the results of war, the horrors and glories of war—but nothing of the necessity for peace, nor the effort being made to achieve it by Pandit Nehru, India's Prime Minister.

The United States has taken the position that it will abide by the decision of the agencies of the United Nations on the question of who represents China, but Washington still favours the Nationalist regime of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

Consequently, there seems little likelihood at the present time that the United States would be willing to seat Communist China in the United Nations in the hope thereby of winning Soviet support for calling off the Korean War.

Some said that the move was badly timed, in view of the bad news for the United Nations forces from the front, while others felt that the Indian Prime Minister must have received some encouragement from the Russians and that this was a good sign.

All this does not mean that the Prime Minister of India's proposals are being completely ignored or Americans do not see merit in them. The *New York Post* in an editorial sums up fairly the American reaction. It says: "India's plea for 'localizing' the Korean war reflects all the hopes and fears of humanity—in India and everywhere else. Read as an isolated document the Indian note, simultaneously addressed to Moscow and Washington, might suggest that Nehru stands above the battle, aloofly and impartially watching the conflict in Korea. But India's moral alignment with the United Nations in resisting aggression was unequivocally affirmed when the U. N. initially acted.

"Why, then, did India send these

latest words to Moscow and Washington? The answer we think, is a compound of several things. Whether rightly or wrongly, Nehru has steadfastly tried to avoid a frozen commitment in the cold war. In part his reluctance is probably a product of internal political pressures in India; there are "isolationists" everywhere and perhaps most of all, in a country recently freed from imperial domination. Undoubtedly, too, Nehru still retains an intuitive distrust of the West for reasons rooted in our past failures in Asia. These explanations make more sense than the notion that Nehru clings to any illusions about the benevolence of the Soviet despotism, . . . he is obviously attempting to throw India's support behind the U. N. in the present crisis without accepting the doctrine of "inevitable" world war.

"Washington's immediate, informal reaction to the Indian note seems to us sound and incontestable. The basis for restoration of peace in Korea lies in acceptance of the U. N.'s "cease-fire" order and restoration of the 38th Parallel. Any other solution means surrender to aggression and the virtual destruction of the United Nations itself. As for "localizing" the war, the decision doesn't rest in Washington. The great danger spot at this moment may be Eastern Europe rather than Asia. Ominous reports of Russian-inspired pressure on Tito continue to multiply. Yesterday Yugoslavia charged that Communist-ruled Bulgaria is sending patrols across the Yugoslav frontier. Is Stalin so alarmed by the spread of the Tito heresy inside the world Communist army that he is prepared to give the signal for attack in Eastern Europe? The answer to that question can only be obtained in Moscow. But this much must be as plain in New Delhi as in New York: the soldiers battling under the U. N. flag in Korea are fighting to "localize" war, to rescue the world from the terrible shadow of aggression and establish the supremacy of law among nations."

FAIR AND FREE ELECTIONS-3

SINGLE VS. MULTI-MEMBER CONSTITUENCIES

By Prof. M. VENKATARANGAIYA

FOR the purposes of current discussion a constituency may be defined as an area having separate representation in the legislature. How many such areas should there be in the country is the question about which controversy is being carried on. Those who advocate what are known as single member constituencies argue that there should be as many constituencies as there are members to be elected to the legislature. In such a case from each constituency only a single member will have to be elected. Hence the name single member constituency. For example the House Of The People which is the lower house in the Parliament of India contains 496 members under the new constitution and if the system of Single Member Constituencies is adopted the whole of the Indian Union will be divided into 496 constituencies and the voters in each of them will be called on to elect one representative. Those who advocate the system of plural member constituencies argue on the other hand that constituencies should be so divided that from each of them not one representative but two or three or four or five (or any other higher number) are elected. If two are elected from each the whole country will be divided into 298 constituencies instead of 496; if three are elected the number of constituencies will be 165 (roughly); if four the number will be 149; and if five it will be 99 (roughly) and so on. It is clear from this that under the single member system the area of the constituency as well as the number of voters in it will be smaller than under the multi-member system. The larger the number of members proposed to be elected from a multi-member constituency the larger will be its area as well as the number of voters in it. From one standpoint all those who are for single member system are also for small constituencies and those who are for the other system are in favour of large sized constituencies. In one sense therefore the fight is between small and large constituencies.

What are the issues involved in arriving at a decision as to what kind of constituencies should be adopted in a country to-day? The answer to this depends to some extent on the purposes for which multi-member constituencies may be advocated. Much confusion has been created in the minds of the lay public by the failure of the protagonists of the two rival systems to define clearly these purposes. For there are at least two separate purposes for which the multi-member system may be used and these two purposes should not be mixed up. One purpose is to secure a superior type of representative, better than the representative that can be secured under the single member system. In this case the objective is not to give representation in the legislature to a larger variety of political opinions but merely to see that those who represent any political opinion are of a higher calibre and stand for more desirable points of view. The second purpose for which the multi-member system may be utilised is to secure representation on the legislature to all political parties in the country—the majority as well as the minority parties—in proportion to their strength in the electorate. In this case the advocacy of the multi-member system is synonymous with the advocacy of what is called the proportional system of representation and the arguments for and against it are identical with arguments for and against the proportional system. A lay man therefore for whose enlightenment the leaders of different political parties claim to argue the case for and against the two electoral systems has a right to ask them whether they are advocating the proportional system for securing the first or the second purpose. If it is for the second purpose it is better that the terms of the controversy are altered and greater clarity is introduced. In that case the controversy is not so much between single versus multi-member system as between the non-proportional and the proportional system of representation. From a constituency

which has to elect only one member it is not possible to secure proportional representation of several parties. It is only when three or five or ten members have to be elected that they can be distributed among the several parties roughly in proportion to their voting strength. The moment therefore that one decides in favour of proportional representation one also decides in favour of multi-member constituencies. But this will not be the case if one adheres to the non-proportional system. The non-proportional system may be worked either through single-member constituencies or through multi-member constituencies.

Let us assume—and the assumption is quite correct and appropriate—that there are some people around us who do not believe in the proportional system of representation but advocate all the same the multi-member constituencies. Those who are for what is called the distributive as distinguished from the cumulative vote belong to this category although they may not themselves be conscious of it. They put forward some arguments in favour of this system all turning on the one central fact that single member constituencies are smaller in size and multi-member constituencies are bigger. It is their argument that candidates standing for election in single member (small-sized) constituencies will not be outstanding men, outstanding from the point of view of the country as a whole. They may have some local reputation, but their outlook is bound to be narrow and parochial. The voters therefore will have to choose not between a really capable man and an average man but between a number of candidates all of average or even less than average ability. In a multi-member (large sized) constituency people known to a larger circle with larger experience and broader outlook will contest in elections and the voters will have a chance of electing really deserving people. It used to be said in France where both these systems were tried from time to time that "Little Districts make little deputies" (Deputy is the term used for a member of the national parliament). Another argument put forward in this connection is that members chosen in small constituencies have a tendency to regard themselves more as representatives of their

own local community and forget that they are to represent the interests of the nation, while those who are elected in the bigger multi-member constituencies have no particular local attachments and will therefore always look at issues from the national standpoint. A third argument used is the government of the day (the party in power) can more easily bring pressure on voters and influence the results of election in its favour in a small than in a big constituency. The conclusion therefore is drawn that the multi-member system is better than the single-member system. It is fair from the point of view of the voter and from the point of view of the legislature.

But this is not a wholly correct or sound conclusion especially when we consider the conditions prevailing in our country. Ours is a big country and even if it is divided into 496 single member constituencies each one of them is bound to be very big in size and in population. Small and big are relative terms. A single member constituency which may appear to be small in a country like France or England is fairly big in our country and those who rise to top-ranks in local politics need not be dubbed as "pea-nut politicians," a term much in vogue in the United States to designate persons of local influence but with parochial outlook. More important than this are two other considerations. One is that in our country a candidate need not be a resident of the particular constituency for which he wants to stand. Any person who is otherwise qualified can contest elections from any constituency he likes. This is the British as distinguished from the American and this has enabled Dr. Ambedkar to represent West Bengal and Dr. Radhakrishnan to represent the United Provinces in the Constituent Assembly. It follows from this that there is nothing to prevent outstanding people from standing even if the constituency is a single-membered one and small in size. No such person will lose the chance of being a candidate and no electorate will be deprived of the opportunity to choose its representative from among leading people. A more important consideration is that today in our country as in many other countries of the world it is the political parties that make nominations.

It is they that in practice decide who should stand and who should not stand. Much therefore depends upon the soundness of their judgment on this; constituency is only of secondary importance. There is nothing to preclude them from nominating the best men and there is no guarantee that even if constituencies are multi-membered and big in size political parties will nominate the men only with broad outlook. The intervention of political parties between the electorate on one side and the electoral machinery on the other has changed the whole situation. And then the third argument that the government of the day can bring pressure if the constituency is small and cannot do so if it is big is also not very effective. Pressure of this sort is possible because of the countrywide organisation which governments possess. They have their officials distributed over areas big as well as small. They have them in all departments of administration. And if they care to abuse their authority and use the District Collectors, the Divisional Officers, the Tahsildars, the Revenue Inspectors and the officials of the Police, the Excise, the educational and other departments to canvass for their candidates—as French Governments are accused of having done in the days of the Third Republic—the size of the constituency becomes an irrelevant factor. A multi-member constituency gives as much scope as a single member constituency for the exercise of governmental pressure.

So the issue has to be decided on other grounds and some of these grounds are as follows. A multi-member constituency in our country especially will be of very big size. It will be almost unwieldy. No intimate contact between the candidates and the electorate will be possible before and during elections and no such contact can be kept by representatives with their constituencies in the interval between one election and another. This is unfair to the electorate as well as to their representative. In the second place when through a multi-member constituency five or three are elected to the legislature there is always the possibility and the danger of none of them regarding himself as the representative of the area, each shifting the

responsibility on the other with the result that no one becomes actually responsible. Members of legislature have numerous functions to discharge in a modern democratic state. They are to serve as brokers between the government of the day and the citizens who elect them. And this function is best discharged only when each area or constituency has a representative of its own; and this is a strong argument in favour of single-member constituencies. The multi-member system is also unfair in a way to the political parties especially to those which are financially weak. Because of the unwieldy size of the constituency election expenditure becomes heavy; and only parties which have the support of the wealthier classes can manage to run such elections. Apart from this the system of multi-member constituencies (without proportional representation) is ruinous to what may be called minority parties. When there are 498 single member constituencies there is a possibility of the majority not being in all of them and of certain minority parties getting in from some constituencies at least. This prospect becomes remote in a multi-member constituency where the party commanding the largest voting strength will capture all the seats. Assume for instance a five-member constituency in which the total number of voters is 45,000 of which 18,000 or 2/5 belong to the Congress party, 9,000 to the Socialist Party, 9,000 to the Hindu Maha Sabha and another 9,000 to the peasants' party. Five candidates may be set up by each party but each of the candidates set up by the Congress will get 18,000 votes while each of those set up by the other parties will get only 9,000 with the result that all the representatives elected from the constituency will be of the Congress party—the party commanding the largest voting strength. Of course it is likely that in some other multi-member constituency the socialist party may be the strongest and that it will be able to capture all the five seats. But taking all things together and examining the experience of the working of the multi-member system in some of the countries where it was tried the conclusion may be drawn that it will prove disastrous to minority parties in the country.

From this survey it is clear that multi-member system has no advantage over the single-member system in countries where the system of proportional representation is not advocated and that it suffers from many serious defects. It is not therefore advisable to go in for it. All advocates of the usual non-proportional system of representation will do well to vote for single-member constitu-

encies in our country.

As multi-member constituencies are inevitable under a system of proportional representation the next subject to be studied is the case for and against proportional representation; and if such a study shows that proportional representation does more evil than good we have to discard multi-member constituencies completely.

INDIA'S ANCIENT LINKS WITH KASHMIR

By JOSEPH VERNON FURTADO

INDIA'S links with Kashmir go back to earliest times.

Ethnographic investigations show that Kashmir, the Punjab and Rajputana are now the only three places where the original Indo-Aryan racial type exists. The Khatris, the Jats and the Rajputs are the sole representatives of the Aryan type described in the Hindu epics, as "a tall, fair-complexioned, long-headed race, with narrow, prominent noses, broad shoulders, long arms, slim waists 'like a lion', and thin legs like a deer."

The valley of Kashmir, with its picturesque mountain scenery, enclosed by a circle of hills, is one of the most beautiful spots in India. In the earliest times, this "land in the womb of the Himalaya" was occupied by Aryan tribes who were in close touch with the strenuous life of *Aryavarta*, the land of the Aryans.

Aryanisation Of Kashmir

As early as the twelfth century, Kashmir's historian, Kalhana, left a record of the story of Kashmir in *Rajatarangini*. The country, according to Kalhana, formed part of the Empire of Asoka, who built the ancient town of Srinagar, near the present Capital, and erected many *stupas* in honour of the Blessed One.

It was, however, Jalauka, the son and successor of Asoka, who Aryanised Kashmir by introducing Aryan settlers and an Aryan system of government. Tradition states that Jalauka and other Kashmir rulers held sway over the whole of *Aryavarta*.

In later times, Kashmir became a province of the Kushan Empire under

Kanishka. It then was a flourishing centre of Buddhism, and the Emperor held the third General Assembly of the Buddhist Sangha at Kundalavana, near which he frequently held his court. The Assembly was attended by 500 monks.

Kanishka's three successors founded three cities in Kashmir. Of the three, Havihka founded a new Kushan capital, known as Hushkapura, inside the Baramula Pass, and built Buddhist monasteries that were still flourishing in the seventh century, when Hsuen-Tsang, the Chinese pilgrim, visited India.

For some time, the country came under the sway of the Hun tyrant, Mihiragula, "the terrible enemy of mankind, (who) had no pity for children, no compassion for women, no respect for the aged." After his defeat in India, he took shelter in Kashmir, but, at the first opportunity, he treacherously usurped the throne of his benefactor. Evil-minded as the great tyrant was, says Kalhana, he yet tried to win religious grace by building Saiva shrines and endowing Brahmana monasteries, "which only the lowliest of the 'twice-born,' as vile as their protector, did not disdain to accept."

In the seventh century Kashmir paid tribute to Harsha Vardhana, King of the Indian kingdom of Kanauj, and had to surrender to him a precious relic, a tooth of the Buddha, which he coveted.

At the time of Hsuen-Tsang's visit, Buddhism was on the decline, but the King of Kashmir was powerful enough to levy tribute from the kingdom of Taxila and other States,

lying at the foot of his own mountain walls.

Indo-Aryan Polity

Kashmir's isolation from India, which came a little later, appears to have coincided with an era of decadence. Dissolute monarchs brought the country to the verge of ruin. Kalhana's chronicles, however, bring out an important principle of Indo-Aryan polity during those periods. The Ministerial Council had the power to check the arbitrary rule of the monarch and to alter the line of succession, when the interests of the State demanded it.

Thus the Council banished Yudhis-thira I from his kingdom for misconduct, and the historian pathetically describes the fallen king's departure, the citizens' distress and his delicately-nurtured queens' sorry plight. "When his wives, whose figures were as delicate as the young shoots of the lotus-stalks, had passed through the forest regions... they bent their bodies over their laps and swooned from fatigue. When the king's wives, after casting a long glance at the distant land from the height of the mountain-boundary, threw all at once handfuls of flowers, as a farewell offering, even the swarms of birds nestling in the mountain ravines, cried plaintively in their excitement, and buried their beaks in their plumage spread out on the ground."

Similarly, in the history of the new dynasty that succeeded to the vacant throne, Kalhana records that an able and ill-treated Minister, Shantimati, resisted the arbitrary conduct of the king, and, later, "consented to the prayer of the citizens to rule the country," when the throne fell vacant.

Again, when the Gondana dynasty became extinct, the Ministerial Council, representing the voice of the people, consecrated a prince of the Karkota line, "with sacred water poured out from golden jars."

The traditional authority of the Ministerial Council makes one of the fundamental differences between the polity of the Indo-Aryans and that of Islam. In the latter, the Sovereign ruled by Divine Right, derived from his descent from the Prophet, or bestowed upon him by the Khalif as the Prophet's representative, or won

by the Prophet's own weapon, the sword.

King Lalitaditya, who ruled about the middle of the eighth century, was the earliest to have connections with the Turks, whom he appointed to the five high offices of State, which controlled the administration of this ancient Aryan regime, instituted by Asoka's son.

Sanskrit Learning

A succession of weak and dissolute rulers next disgraced the glorious traditions of their line. But, at the close of the century, Jayapida Vinayaditya revived Sanskrit learning and attracted famous scholars and poets to his Court.

Chaos followed the death of Jayapida, till Avantivarman, who ruled from 855 to 883, restored peace and prosperity to Kashmir, causing learning "whose flow had been interrupted, to descend again upon the land." Authorities state that the extant works of the scholars who flourished at his Court form an important part of the Sanskrit literature of ancient Kashmir.

In 939, another appeal was made to the traditional law of Indo-Aryan kingship. Kamala Vardhana, the Commander-in-Chief, was in a position to seize the throne by force of arms. Instead of doing so, he tried to obtain religious sanction for his claim beforehand. He called the Brahmanas together, and tried to canvass their support. The Assembly's vote set aside the claim of Kamala Vardhana in favour of a Brahmana candidate, Yasakara, who was accordingly consecrated king by the ancient Vedic rite of *abhisheka*.

Kalhana says Yasakara "made the *Krita Yuga* come back again," and purified the administration so that "the officials who had plundered everything found no other occupation but to look after agriculture.... The Brahmana gurus did not drink spirits, as they sang their chants; the ascetics did not get wives, children, and crops.... Astrologer, doctor, councillor, teacher, minister, ambassador, judge, clerk.... none of these was without learning."

Muslim Rulers

In 1015, Mahmud of Ghazni failed in an attempt to penetrate into Kashmir, soon after one of his raids into India. His army tried in vain

to storm the fortress of Lohara. On the homeward march it was misled by guides and fell into extensive morasses, and many of the troops perished.

In the year 1315, Shah Mirza, a Muslim adventurer from Swat, entered the service of the Hindu Prince of Kashmir. When the latter died, Shah Mirza seized the throne, under the title of Shams-ud-din Shah, had coins minted and the *Khutba* read in his name. He ruled for 46 years.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century, Amir Timur paid Kashmir a visit. On his way back from India, soon after the sack of Delhi, he marched along the Siwalik Hills, captured Kangra and pillaged Jammu, slaughtering the inhabitants in large numbers.

Zain-ul-Abidin ascended the throne in 1420. He recalled the Brahmanas who had left the Kingdom during the earlier reigns, admitted learned Hindus to his Court, abolished the *Jizya* tax and granted complete religious freedom to all.

The subsequent history of the country is marred by considerable internal dissension, till it was absorbed in the Mughul Empire. For a time Mirza Haidar, relative of Humayun, conquered Kashmir and ruled it as an independent kingdom till he was overthrown. In 1586, Akbar the Great sent Raja Bhawan Das to capture the valley, at a time when it was distracted by dynastic disputes. It was not till the middle of the following year, however, that Akbar's armies, assisted by the internal disorders, broke through the mountain passes of Kashmir and brought it under Mughul sway. It remained part of the Mughul Empire till the death of Aurangzeb.

Towards the middle of the eighteenth century, Ahmad Shah Abdalli, *Durr-i-Durran*, "the pearl of the age," defeated Mir Manu and conquered Kashmir. The Abdalli's conquest was not of a permanent nature, and, during the next half century, the country fluctuated between chaos and tyranny.

Under The British

In 1819 the ambitious Sikh ruler, Ranjit Singh, balked by the English in his attempt to conquer the south, moved north and occupied Multan

and Kashmir. After the first Anglo-Sikh War, the Sikhs ceded Kashmir to the English in 1846, and the latter, in their turn, sold it to Gopal Singh, Raja of Jammu, for one million sterling.

Forty years later, Lord Landsdowne, acting on certain vague and indeterminate charges, took over the Government of Kashmir from the reigning Maharaja, and entrusted it to a Council under the control of the British Resident. For a time, it seemed as though the British intended to annex the territory. An alarm was promptly raised, and, in July 1890, Bradlaugh moved an adjournment of the House of Commons on the subject. In 1905, the British restored the Maharaja to the throne, and made no further attempt to interfere in the administration of the province.

In November 1947, Kashmir leaped into the news, when 3,000 Afridis carried fire and sword into the peaceful lake country. It was the first act of a new drama in the chequered history of this unhappy land. Till today, the curtain has not been drawn on the tragedy that is being enacted in this "Garden of Asia."

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THE DIARIST IN BOMBAY

By V. V. PRASAD

PASSENGERS in the buses and the electric trains of Bombay are among the most imaginative people in the world. On their way to office, and on their way back home, they speak out what they really think about the country and about the world. They have ingeniously connected the situation in Korea with the release of Communists from jail, and with the arrival of the Chinese envoy in the Capital of India. The better informed among us, of course, know that it is a High Court decision which is responsible for the release of the Communists. We also know that the Chinese Envoy was on his way to India for the past few months, and that it is merely co-incidental that his arrival took place after the flare-up in Korea.

Sripad Amrit Dange has become quite popular in Bombay—judging from the large amount of space which he has been receiving in the Bombay Press. The new line of the Communist Party, laid down by the Andhra Group, seems to have been well received. Poor Ranadive—to whose sarcastic smile P. C. Joshi makes a pointed reference in his Correspondence—has been attacked from all sides. This is inevitable whenever the Party makes a major change. Ranadive apologised for his deviation from the Marxist line, and for his criticism of the Mao Government in China. It only helped to make him appear more like a fool. It was an opportunist declaration calculated to enable his continuance in his seat of power: but the rank and file appear to have seen through the game, and thrown him out.

Rajeswara Rao, the new General Secretary of the C. P. I., has not yet arrived in Bombay; but he has already established a reputation as the mystery man of the Party, a strong theoretician and an indefatigable organiser. To have secured a reversal of the Party programme which was ruthless is no mean achievement. Their willingness to take advantage of the lessons of the Chinese Revolution is a definite sign that saner elements are now in control of the Com-

munist Party machine. During the past two or three years, one mistake made by the C. P. I., led to another, and to another, and then to another. Only a right-about turn could set things right. The same thing holds good for the Nehru Government. Having decided to back the capitalists, it is perpetrating a series of blunders which are working against the interests of the masses. If the Congress and the Nehru Government do not like the idea of Euthanasia, they will have to make a right-about turn too.

The Socialist Party, which enjoys considerable support in Bombay, is on the point of losing its popularity, because J. P. appears to be only a more successful Hamlet than J. N. (Jawaharlal Nehru). I heard J. P. the other day at—of all places—the Rotary Club. He looked like a Marwari businessman because of his red Gandhi cap. The audience was composed of businessmen, both Indian and foreign. The venue was Green's Hotel, and the parallel with the annual meeting of the Chambers of Commerce at Hotel Imperial in New Delhi was complete.

Ashok Mehta's attempt to take Gwalior Palace by storm was destined to fail because it came just a year too late. Better never than late. The *Free Press Journal* printed the photographs of empty palaces week by week over a year ago. The iron was hot then, and should have been struck. The problem of accommodation of the refugees was more acute twelve months ago.

The refugees in Bombay have built thousands of houses for themselves, unlike the refugees in Delhi. Various explanations are possible. In Delhi, the mentality of the authorities is to prevent things being done. That is the bureaucratic misfortune. The Sindhi refugees of Bombay have greater experience of town life than the Punjabi refugees of Delhi. But the local population have a grievance against the refugees, because the *pugree* system came into its own only

after the arrival of the large influx of refugees from Sind. New colonies of refugees are springing up near Matunga and Sion.

Apart from the building activity of the refugees, new blocks of flats are coming up all the time in Bombay and its suburbs. Places like Bandra and Ville Parle, which are twelve to fifteen miles from the City are expanding beautifully. However far you may be from the City's Fort area, you are served excellently by the Transport Services. There is, of course, hopeless over-crowding during the peak hours before ten and after five. A journey from Bandra to Fort, which is twelve miles and which takes about half an hour, is less inconvenient than a journey from Karol Bagh to Connaught Place. The twelve-mile journey in Bombay involves less than a hundred and twenty yards of walking (to and from the Bus Stand or Railway Station); whereas the four-mile journey in Delhi involves more than four hundred yards of it. There is hardly any waiting for the bus or tram or train in Bombay, whereas in Delhi the waiting takes longer than the journey itself.

The Bombay Government have been doing a thing or two which the public have been appreciating. They have made Penicillin available at controlled rates at ration shops throughout night and day. Milk is another commodity which the Government have been trying to supply

to the citizens. Restaurants are not allowed to serve fresh milk with tea and coffee. You get only powdered milk. And how awful it is to drink coffee with powdered milk! But the Government are doing this because there is not enough milk to go round. Children and nursing mothers should receive milk before others do. The Bombay Government have not gone so far as to see that this is ensured; but it is something that there is some way of getting good milk at reasonable prices. (In Bombay, this milk is available at fourteen annas a seer.)

The people who count in Bombay are, of course, more interested in the future of liquids other than milk. Will prohibition go or not? That is the question. Legal opinion seems to be that legislation enforcing Prohibition of liquor is *ultra vires* of the Indian Constitution, since it violates the Fundamental Rights of a citizen to drink what he pleases. From all accounts, there is a flourishing trade in bootlegging. Nobody who wants to drink need go without it, it would seem.

Prohibition seems to be working just as it worked in America. A judgment of the Bombay High Court is expected in a few weeks' time on the question of the validity of the Prohibition Law. There is a look of boredom on the countenances of the social set of Bombay just now. But they seem confident that their right to a few innocent drinks will be vindicated.

WE GROW WHEN WE SLEEP

By NITYABODHANANDA

A visitor to a students' home after staying for two days with the boys made the following observation to the warden when he left: 'I am afraid, the boys have too many rules and regulations. However, *they grow when they sleep*, I am sure.'

Sleep is so spontaneous and bountiful to the young but not so to the grown-ups. We often read in the papers that nearly sixty per cent of the people in the United States of America woo Lady Sleep with the help of sleeping doses. There seems to be

an inverse-ratio relation between sleep and civilisation. As civilisation increases sleep decreases and *vice versa*. What Shakespeare puts in the mouth of King Henry as an apostrophe to sleep may well be in the mouth of civilisation:

"How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! Sleep,
gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse! how have I
frighted thee
That thou no more wilt weigh my
eyelids down."

The civilised man has sharper brains than his forbears and hence greater ambitions. He has vaster desires and hence gripping inhibitions and a greater need for sleep and its sweet forgetfulness and healing balm; but unfortunately lesser peace to usher her in. Ours may be called a psycho-neurotic age or a psycho-analytic age. The twentieth century *homo* has become acutely and disturbingly conscious of the internal difficulties and conflicts in his psyche. In older days religious contemplation and consolation absorbed and drained off—*abreacted*, to use a Freudian phrase, the troubled emotions. But today the pseudo-religions of modernity only add intensity to these troubled emotions. What are these conflicts so much talked of by psychologists and which are obstacles in the path of happy life and the growth of personality?

Man's inside is divided between two opposing camps, the conscious and the unconscious. Between the social respectability and cultured behaviour of the conscious, and the violent, primitive and elemental desires of the unconscious there is always a constant fight going on. We borrow for a moment Freud's symbolism (not his conclusions) to picture in vividness these conflicts. The individual's mental interior may be likened in Freud's view to a house with two floors, one of which is a basement. Each floor is inhabited by a different family. The ground floor family (the conscious) is small, select and respectable and is determined to put up a good show before the neighbours. The basement family (the unconscious) is a large, primitive, disreputable and noisy lot, selfish, caring not a fig for respectability and a prey to unbridled desires. To keep these unpleasant neighbours down, the ground-floor family has hired a sort of policeman (called by Freud the censor) and placed him on the staircase between the two floors and charged him with the job of preventing the basement people from encroaching on their own floor. The result is that there is a perpetual series of conflicts on the stairs between the policeman and the basement family. When these conflicts are ignored or suppressed beyond a limit, they develop into neuroses and neuroses result in numerous physical

and psychical disorders like neuralgia, neurasthenia, etc. And these conflicts become the enemies of the growth of personality.

Modern psychologists suggest many methods for the prevention and cure of these conflicts. The two-house basis of man's psyche must be abolished by demolishing the partition between the conscious and the unconscious. The ugly or anti-social desires of the unconscious which are impossible of satisfaction must be analysed away and the conscious must concede to possible and decent desires. The conscious must make a treaty or pact of non-aggression with the unconscious. Words suggestive of the method used by psychologists are relief of tension, *catharsis*, sublimation or inducing emotional control through intellectual objectification. All more or less agree that 'consciousness cures'.

Seers and scriptures in India have been unanimous in suggesting a psychological solution for the resolution of the mental conflicts and tensions in man. The *Raja Yoga* anticipated many of the remedies of modern psychologists. The first aphorism in the *Yogasutras* of Patanjali says: 'Yoga is the resolution of mental conflicts through meditation'. When the knots of the heart ('complexes' in modern phraseology) are cut asunder and all doubts are chased away, man experiences the Supreme, says the Upanishad. Destroy the mind (which means the mind of conflicts) and you will be born anew, you will be rejuvenated. The *Gita* says that perfection is the calmness and sameness of the mind—a mind without complexes and conflicts. Says Maharshi Ramana, 'Make your mind empty of thoughts (the *Amanibhava*) and allow it to enjoy its own glory, to come to its natural state. Then you will come by infinite happiness and strength. Says J. Krishnamurthi, the spiritual anarchist, 'Release yourself completely; lie supine and fallow; lie at rest. That is the last word'. All these point to the need for creating in ourselves a state of poise and repose, of tensionlessness as the essential pre-condition for self-discovery and self-development.

Mother Nature has vouchsafed unto us the skill to enjoy this state of tensionlessness, of peace and repose

and we enjoy it everyday, without knowing its full potentialities. That gift and skill is sleep. When asleep we walk into a realm where our weary and wounded selves enjoy a healing rest, where our conflicts are in suspended animation and where we reap a supremely sweet experience. In sleep we unconsciously slip into the plenitude of our being, into *Paramananda*, to use the language of the Upanishads. In sleep we have an entire forgetfulness of our private sorrows and troubles, for then, we achieve a complete negation of our individualities. But a simple negation cannot give us a healing and happy experience, nor can one negation cancel out another negation. Hence sleep which is the opportunity for the negation of our small selves is the occasion for the affirmation of the higher Self, call it *Atman* or *Brahman* or Over-Self. This makes the Upanishads compare sleep to *Samadhi*, the super-conscious mystic experience. Not that the comparison is on all fours. For the non-dual or Advaitic experience which the mystic gets in *Samadhi* the Upanishads could get no better parallel than deep sleep.

The Upanishadic rishi says to Svetaketu, 'Learn from me, my dear, the true nature of sleep. When a man is said to sleep, then my dear, is he united with pure being, gone to his own. Hence people say: he sleeps, since he is gone to his own. Just as a bird tied by a string, having flown in various directions and finding no resting place elsewhere, settles down at a place to which it is fastened, so also the mind, my dear, flying in various directions and finding no resting place elsewhere, settles down at *Prana*—the mind indicating the human soul'—(*Chchandogya Upanishad*, VI, viii, 1 & 2) The same Upanishad in another context regrets that man misses this golden opportunity of becoming one with the highest. Just as people, it says, who

do not know the place walk over the ground and do not know the golden treasure that is hidden underground, so do all creation, though daily going into this world of *Brahman* (sleep) find it not, being carried away by untruth. Sankaracharya commenting on the text says, 'though both the knowing and the ignorant reach Pure Being during deep sleep, yet it is the one who knows this that reaches the world of *Brahman* and not any other.' This conclusively answers those who argue, taking the cue from the Upanishads, that sleep and *Samadhi* are the same.

Whether sleep is the nearest analogy to *Samadhi* or not the one thing that is supremely evident is that in sleep we are at the very brink of a mystery which though not fully explainable has yielded to some deciphering and given wonderful results. In sleep the sinner abandons his sin, the patient his disease, the father his fatherhood, the woman her sex. There is a complete annihilation of individuality, of the 'I' and the magical recuperative power of sleep is due to this annihilation. Sleep is the opportunity Nature gives to man to heal and build in a state of peaceful and placid calm when private worries, anxieties and ambitions no longer make the inside of man a battle-field. Through sleep Nature gives us the supreme lesson that we heal best and quick and build most when we step aside from our private selves. Much depends on the realisation of the implications of sleep. Through sleep Nature reminds us of the silent dynamism of detachment, of aloofness. Who amongst us will not acknowledge our debts to sleep as the poet does:

.....yet I must not forget
Sleep, quiet with his poppy
coronet:
For what there be worthy in these
rhymes
I partly owe to him.—(Keats).

A famous French Journalist said he must "drop his pebble into the pond everyday." The pebble would make a splash; ever-widening circles in the water would be caused; the calm surface of everyday life would be disturbed. That was the aim of New Journalism. It is still the aim of most editors. They admit this by calling their principal front-page story their "splash."



By V. P. SATHE

BOMBAY: What is the secret of a picture's success? Story? Songs? Stars? Technique? Well, so far no producer has been able to evolve a fool-proof formula which can ensure popularity.

There is general belief that success is a fluke, and it is luck that determines the fate of a picture. Out of this belief the producers seem to have discovered the secret of success. And the secret is that if the title of a picture is chosen with the lucky initial letter, the picture itself must succeed, whatever its quality. But more than it, the title must be lucky, according to the book of Numerology which allots a certain number to each letter and if the total of all letters is lucky, then the title is good, whether it has any bearing on the story or not. Sometimes, to secure a lucky number, the spelling of a certain title is arbitrarily changed. Thus, for instance, Bombay Talkies has changed the title of "Nishachar" to "Mukadar" (spelt not with q but K) apparently because it starts with 'M' and as such is expected to be successful like "Majbur" "Mahal" and "Mashal" and because with K instead of q, the science of Numerology pronounces it to be a lucky number.

As a proof of the correctness of this science, it is pointed out that if you take the titles of any successful picture, viz., "Shaheed" "Shehnai," "Sindoor," "Grahasti," "Andaz," "Barsaat" and count the numbers according to the 'science of Numerology,' you will find all of them have lucky numbers. Similarly the flop pictures, it is pointed out, have unlucky numbers.

It will be an interesting pastime to study this Numerology business and debunk its theory. On some later

occasion, I hope to provide facts and figures disproving the theory.

Meanwhile, I am really amazed to find that almost all producers are superstitious about titles. Apart from numerological luck, most of them, as I said above, are fastidious about the first letter. Mukerjee has a weakness for 'S' ("Safar," "Shikari," "Sindoor," "Shehnai," "Sajan," "Shaheed," "Samadhi," "Sargam" and "Shabistan"), Mehboob is fond of 'An' ("Anmol Ghadi," "Anokhi Ada," "Andaz," "Aan"), Kardar insists on 'D' ("Dard," "Dillagi," "Dastan"), Bombay Talkies is holding on to 'M' ("Majboor," "Mahal," "Mashal," "Mukadar"), and M. & T. shows preference for 'N' ("Namona," "Nishana," "Nirala," "Najaria," "Numaish"). Even J. B. H. Wadia (who is a Rationalist) seems to have fallen a prey to this superstition. After the failure of "Balam" he too seems to have taken fancy for 'M' because of the success of "Meera." Hence his new pictures are titled "Magroor" and "Madhosh." P. N. Arora prefers his own first letter 'P' ("Pagri," "Paras," and now "Pardes"). K. Asif has also announced "Ham Log" and "Hangama" after "Hulchul."

So, the best way to make a successful picture is not to try to make a good picture but to select a 'lucky' title. That's the real secret of success! But is it, really?

Picture Of The Week

Any picture from New Theatres is welcome, since New Theatres is one of the very few producers who have the courage to defy box-office and produce both artistic and purposeful pictures.

Hence it was with great expectations that I went to see "Pahela

Admi." The picture has many fine points. Technically, but for the erratic sound, the picture maintains the New Theatres standard; what is more, it captures the atmosphere of Burma almost vividly and depicts the camp life of I. N. A. in graphic details with authenticity. It gives the screen three new stars—Smriti, Balraj and Vijay Kumar. Smriti is not exactly a new star; before the partition she was in Lahore and had acted in pictures like "Dhamki" and "Ragini." But there is a great difference between the two Smritis, now she looks almost elegant, speaks her lines fluently and acts with grace. Balraj is a fine specimen of youth, looking somewhat like the younger edition of Ashok; and his acting is quite promising. Vijay Kumar who is none else than the author Nazir Hussain reveals himself a very polished character actor.

It has some of the most stirring war scenes ever witnessed on the Indian screen. And it is significant that as the opponents of the I. N. A. are shown only Britishers, thus emphasising the political conflict without mentioning a word. The hospital scenes, as in "Manzoor," are touching and human. Yet, with all these fine points "Pahela Admi" could hardly satisfy my expectations. First, the treatment of the story was not realistic—in fact, a deliberate effort was made to strike a popular pattern by devoting the entire first half to romance—and that too of the frivolous 'Bombay variety.' The plethora of songs—there are nine songs in the picture—also manifests the same urge to bid for mass popularity.

It is possible, though I doubt very much, that his effort to win box-office laurels may succeed in "Pahela Admi." But to an ardent fan of New Theatres and Bimal Roy like me they are rather disappointing. Even this romance would have been tolerable if it was lively and interesting, if it served dramatic purpose. As it is, it just drags and drags, shocking you with disappointment in the first half and receding into background in the second half.

Apart from romance, the major weakness of the story is that it has no dramatic conflict, no tussle between individuals. So the story as such never grips you; even the stirring climax which is told in a flash-back scene has no dramatic impact, it starts

only emotional and patriotic chords. And one must confess, one felt that the entire scenario is amateurishly written, lacking in the essential dramatic motif. Even the motif of patriotism could have supplied drama, had it been properly exploited.

The result is that "Pahela Admi" leaves you mostly cold; it does not warm you up even as much as did "Samadhi" with its synthetic drama. That is a great pity as another opportunity to recount the real story of I. N. A. has been lost.

After seeing the fate of both "Anjangan" and "Pahela Admi" one cannot help warning Bimal Roy to be more careful in his choice of screen-plays.

Personality Of The Week

Lata Mangeshkar is much in the news this week. At Bombay's Green's Hotel the sophisticated gentry went into raptures over her singing and compelled her to sing two additional songs. Then, to appear in the charity show in aid of East Bengal Refugees, she is reported to have sacrificed a contract of Rs. 5,000.

Today for Lata, 5,000 is perhaps not a big sum. But seven years ago perhaps she would have jumped at such an offer. In seven or eight years many things have happened to her.

Daughter of a famous Maharashtrian stage singer and actor Master Dinanath, she lost her father at an early age. And though in his prime her father had amassed a fortune, in the end he died broke. His dramatic company could not stand the competition of the screen and suffered heavy losses.

It was in 1943 at the age of eleven or twelve that Lata joined films. I saw her at Navyug Studio, Poona, and I heard her singing perhaps her first film song—a duet with Snehprabha. Since then she appeared and sang in every picture made by the late Wina-yak who took paternal interest in her. Indeed, Lata was like a family member in his house and I have often seen her there, looking shy and unassuming.

Unfortunately, she did not have the looks, though she could act well as her performance in "Mandir" will bear out. Her voice in the beginning appeared too shrill; but as it became mature it assumed more mellowness and melody. During the last days of

"Mandir," I had heard Winayak extolling her singing.

And Winayak's praise was fully merited. Though he did not live to see her glory, three years after his death she has become the most favourite screen-singer. Dark, frail, pock-marked she now speaks with confidence and has an air of success around her, though she carries it with grace. For, she does not put on airs, is co-operative in her work and is simple in her dress and manners. She carries her own simple food and, to guard her throat, never eats outside. In the beginning she used to sing for any picture under any music director. Now that she has a reputation at stake she is choosy and rightly so.

One of her ambitions was to publish a book in memory of her father. That ambition she has realized. The book is published in Marathi and has been well-received. The other ambition of becoming a music director is about to be fulfilled.

What more a girl, still less than twenty, can expect to achieve? If she takes more care of her health, she will still go a long way on the path of fame and fortune. And now that she has acquired new poise and improved her figure, who knows tomorrow she may step again on the screen and win fresh laurels. For, after all, life has just begun for Lata.

News Of The Week:

—The cast of Hindustan Chitra's "Kali Ghata" is decided. It features Kishore Sahu, Surendra and two new girls, Asha Mathur and Krishna Sareen. The picture is written, produced and directed by Kishore Sahu himself.

—Nirmala, Bharat Bhushan and Arun are playing the main role in

Hindustan Chitra's "Janmashtami" being directed by Nanabhai Bhatt who directed "Hamara Ghar" for Kishore Sahu.

—Nigar and Ajit are playing the lead in Madhukar Pictures' "Lok Laj" being produced by Madhukar Naval-kar and directed by Nanabhai Bhatt.

—There was a tussle going on between Chandulal Shah and Vijay Bhatt over "Baiju Banwra". Finally Chandulal Shah has agreed that Vijay Bhatt should make it.

—Incidentally Vijay Bhatt has signed Naushad to give music in this picture.

—Lekh Raj Bhakri of Kuldip Picture Ltd., is directing a picture for Kuldip Pictures. The story is written by Pandit Girish.

—Pancholi has signed Nasir Khan, Sunder and Hiralal for his next picture to be started in August. For the heroine's role Pancholi is looking for a "new face."

—The Muhurat of M. & T.'s "Najaria" was performed on Sunday the 18th July. It is written by Santoshi and features Geeta Bali and Begum Para, is directed by M. M. Changezi (brother of Vajahat Mirza) and produced by Sarfaraz, brother of Rehana.

—Varma Films have taken a story from Rajindra Shanker (brother of Uday Shanker), based on *Robin Hood*, being directed by Amiya Chakravarti, featuring Madhubala and Premnath.

—Mazhar Khan has started "Numaish" for M. & T. featuring Veena, Alnasir, Geeta Bali and himself.

—Writer Director Niranjan who made "Sawal" and "Chowdhary" has started "Johri" (Jeweller) starring Geeta Bali, Amarnath, Sunder, Manorama and Rajan Haksar.

A PLEA FOR WEEKLY WAGES

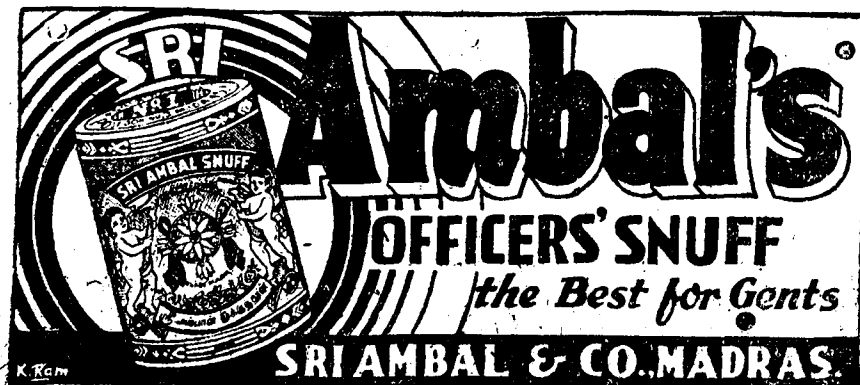
By V. P. RAMAN

IN India, the availability of servants to do manual work on cheap remuneration had been a boon to the foreigners when they were ruling the land. *Chokras* to bring in the tea and do the dish-washing for twenty rupees a month; *chaprasis* to carry out the *badu-saa's* orders; and finally indigenous butlers, that have become immortal by their contribution to English literature, by way of ungrammatical, mispronounced fragments of the language culled by sedulous eavesdropping; such like added to the charms of this country, for those who had to clean their own shoes and do their own cooking in the land of their birth. Many Europeans who have now gone "home" realise the evil effects of their life of luxury in India; for there, none but the richest can afford to employ, what in India would be considered, the barest minimum of domestic staff. The reason for the high price of servants in England among other things, is the realisation that no work can be deemed to be menial and paid for scantily. A charwoman's work is as important as that of anyone else and there is no reason why she should not get "paid for it" handsomely, and she has begun to know it. Moreover, when middle-class families learn to dispense with servants and do their own work, a vast number of workers are left free to enter other trades. In England, it is learnt, servants of twenty years ago, are now comfortably off as miners or dock-workers. As such, barely a handful of people are available to do the work of servants, and they are at liberty to dictate their own terms. This has had two good results; Even the "rich"—that class is gradually getting diminished in England—have understood the wisdom of being able to do their own work without depending on paid minions, and the released servants have gone to help industry by serving in factories and other public institutions instead of slaving for a single master.

Though the 'dignity of labour' is now being understood by Indian ser-

vants who are today quick to take offence at the slightest frown of the employer and quit without notice, yet the stage has not come when servants cease to be available. They claim more wages, but not disproportionate to the rise in the cost of living. The absence of other avenues of employment is the only thing that keeps modern servants from leaving the housewives. But already many families that had hitherto relied on others for domestic work, are beginning to learn to depend on themselves and effect economy cuts in the family budget.

Even those who are in a position to pay through their noses for services rendered are unable to avoid constant bickerings with the employees and have come to dread the penultimate week of every month, when servant after servant troops into the room, and pours out his miserable financial troubles, and asks for an "advance." Some employers are moved to pity and advance; others dismiss the poor fellows with a round oath. This leads to trouble, and a hungry man is unable to do his work satisfactorily. He pawns his wife's jewels and once in the clutches of the *sowcar*, he knows not how much he owes, in his ignorance, and gets fleeced periodically. The beginning of the next month finds him in the same condition, as the debts of the previous month remain to be cleared. The only solution for this, that would avoid agony of the servants, and the bother of keeping accounts of the master, is to introduce the system of weekly wages that has been in vogue in other countries for many years. This convenience now enjoyed by labourers should be extended to servants at home as well. The same salary disbursed in four weekly instalments is bound to be of greater advantage to those who are unable to balance their income with their expenditure on the first of the month. If the system of weekly wages is introduced, there will be happier servants, and for the kind master, nothing matters more than the servants' happiness.



NEWS FROM PAKISTAN

From A Correspondent

KARACHI: On the morning July 14, the Drigh Road airport (Karachi) wore a festive appearance and was unusually thronged by a large number of people. The occasion was the return-home of the Liaquats from their ten-weeks' absence from the Capital.

The Prime Minister came down with the usual broad smile on his face and was lustily cheered by the crowd. Introduction to the dignitaries and diplomats assembled there, over, the League President went on to present formal greetings to the P. M. through an address of welcome which spoke of his achievements in America and the nation's gratitude for his services. In his reply, Mr. Liaquat Ali, besides thanking the President and his American and Canadian hosts, also thought it fit to air his views on the Korean issue. Commenting on Pakistan's stand, he said that it was guided by a desire to see the Security Council revitalised and take prompt action henceforward to safeguard world peace.

The little ceremony over, the P. M. with his Begum got into the G. G.'s open Frazer car and headed the procession that wended its way to the city on its 11-mile route, receiving loud ovation all along the route.

The occasion, indeed an important one, came in for editorial comment in almost all the dailies and weeklies in Pakistan. While most of them eulogised his services to the nation and justified the decision of the League to accord him a public welcome, not a few amongst them expressed doubts whether there was any justification for all that fanfare and whether, in view of his commitments on the Korean issue, his achievements were anything to feel proud of. The bolder amongst them greeted him with open letters, instead of addresses of welcome and told him bluntly not to go beyond lip sympathy with the South Koreans and remind him of the long-standing invitation from Moscow. The Punjab premier daily *Pakistan Times*, commenting caustically on what it called "the show staged by Chowdhury

Khaliquzzaman at the Karachi airport for the benefit of Prime Minister Liaquat Ali Khan," said: "The people of Pakistan might differ amongst themselves on many things, but very few among us, we consider, will seek to justify the patent vulgarity of the League President's novel ritual. It was right that the President of the Muslim League should welcome the leader of his party government home, but surely there are ways of greeting political leaders more dignified than boot-licking."

Mamdot-Doulatana Conflict

With the return of the P. M. to the Capital, the centre of activities in regard to the raging, tearing Mamdot-Doulatana controversy in the Punjab Muslim League shifted to Karachi for the time being. Last week, high-ups in both the groups made pilgrimages to the federal city in an attempt to explain their respective stands and gain the P. M.'s support.

Obviously, these pilgrimages have been necessitated by the grave situation that has been created by a number of censure resolutions against Doulatana and the three Advisors to the Punjab Governor on charges of nepotism, jobbery and favouritism tabled for discussion in the next League Council meeting. This meeting follows a series of abortive attempts on the part of neutral elements in the Punjab to bring the two factions together, and it will decide the future parliamentary leadership of the province.

The two groups, one led by landlord Mian Mumtaz Daulatana and the other by his former chief, the Khan of Mamdot, have been, for sometime past, getting themselves ready to measure up their respective strengths. In their anxiety to gain the largest number of districts as a necessary prerequisite to gain control of the organisation, they did not hesitate to resort to mean manoeuvres and intrigues. While one group enacted the ghastly drama of Shia-Sunni strife in Narowal for gaining political ascen-

dancy, the other group tried its hand at eliminating its political adversaries by resort to political murders in Layallpur. In their mutual fight for power, they did not even leave alone the provincial police force, whose discipline was tampered with, just in the hope of gaining sympathy for their respective parties among its subordinate ranks. Worse still, Lahore's under-world of crime was dug up and goondas were hired. The importance if any of the charges either against Doulatana or against the Advisors are proved, it will render them unfit for public service for all time, facilitating the other group's return to power.

Refugee Repatriation

The understanding recently reached between Mian Abdul Bari, the present League Chief in the Punjab, and the Khan of Mamdot, has altogether ushered in a new phase in the power-politics of the province. The Mian Sahib who had been trying to establish as a third and balancing party between the powerful Mamdot-Doulatana groups, at last abandoned all hopes and decided to line up with the Mamdot group.

Yet another factor that adds to the importance of the League Council's session is a resolution tabled before it calling on the Pakistan Government to repatriate Muslim League leaders and legislators that had migrated from India; for, that was the only way to help create a sense of security among the Indian Muslims.

There is no denying the fact that even if the motion is carried, there is a very remote possibility of its being carried out in practice; for, to a large extent, the leadership of Pakistan, including the Premiership, vests in the hands of the migrants from India.

Crisis In E. Pakistan

In the meantime, things are moving to a crisis in the Eastern zone. The hero of this drama, when it comes to be enacted, will be the least talkative and the mildest member in the Central Cabinet, Mr. Jogendranath Mandal. Obviously, the hitch is over the inclusion of Dr. Barori in the East

Pakistan Cabinet, which the Law & Labour Member considers an insult to him, too big to take lying down. He is out for a show-down and threatens to "have it out," now that Prime Minister Liaquat has come back.

In pursuance of the Liaquat Nehru Pact, when the question of inclusion of a member of the minority community in the East Pakistan Cabinet came to the fore, Mr. Mandal, as President of the Scheduled Castes' Federation forwarded a panel of three names, which Premier Nurul Amin of East Pakistan not only over-ruled, but appointed instead Mr. Barori against Mr. Mandal's strong and repeated protest. Mr. Mandal feels that "intellectually and educationally Mr. Barori is unfit to be a minister." Not only that. He has also levelled grave charges against Nurul Amin and his protege Barori; he is of the opinion that the latter's appointment has failed to create any confidence in the minorities in East Pakistan, and thus the supreme object for which the appointment was made has been defeated. He further claims that the Scheduled Castes' Federation over whose destinies he presides, is the sole representative organisation of the 11 million scheduled castes of Pakistan and charges Nurul Amin with having humbled and by-passed it. And so he is girding up his loins to present his case to the P. M. and get a favourable verdict from him. But since the Premier of East Pakistan is presently sitting at the cool heights of Geneva, heading the Pakistan delegation to the UNESCO, he shall have to wait till his return.

Meanwhile, political circles here are inclined to question the bonafides of the Scheduled Castes Federation's claim to represent a loosely scattered and disorganised minority like the scheduled castes of the Eastern zone, as also to discredit the charges levelled against the Premier. But whether one agrees with Mandal or not, all are anxious to see how strong Mr. Mandal is, and how the controversy will end—whether in Mandal's exit from the Central Cabinet or Barori's from East Pakistan's. For the worm in Mandal has at last turned, and he has decidedly burnt his boats on the issue.

APE AND ESSENCE: AN INTERPRETATION

By S. G.

THE twin forces of Progress and Nationalism leading a world at war with itself and with the Order of Things through progressive degradation on to an ultimate and irremediable disaster is a common enough theme of Aldous Huxley's and nowhere has it found more devastating expression or a more compelling nightmarishness than in his latest and most-debated novel, *Ape and Essence*.

Huxley gives us a view, through the eyes of a New Zealand botanist attached to an expedition sent to re-discover America, of the shape of things after the Third World War when the latest weapons of atomic and bacteriological warfare have been freely and fully used. After this, the latest though not the last battle between Good and Evil, man as a being has lost his will and is 'possessed by an alien consciousness that has willed his undoing and willed it more strongly than he was able to will his own happiness and survival with a satire snore biting than even in *Brave New World*, Huxley goes on to describe how Almighty Lucifer has possessed man, body, mind and spirit.

How far and to what degree is *Ape and Essence* symptomatic of Huxley's development? We cannot, as a cut-and-dry critic did, dismiss Huxley as 'cynical and blatant.' The description would perhaps have been justified in the distant days of *Antic Hay*. But ever since *Eyeless in Gaza* it became clear that Huxley was no mere satirist. *Ends and Means* and *Science, Liberty and Peace* to say nothing of *Perennial Philosophy* and *Time Must Have a Stop* are proof enough of this. His pamphlet, 'What are you going to do about it?' still remains a masterpiece of constructive criticism.

That our civilization based as it is on 'truth without charity' has failed is manifestly clear to everyone who is not intentionally blind. T. S. Eliot,

that major poet of a minor age, has summed it up in incomparable lines:

*O weariness of men who turn from
GOD*

*To the grandeur of your mind and
the glory of your action,*

*To acts and inventions and daring
enterprises,*

*To schemes of human greatness
thoroughly discredited,*

*Binding the earth and the water to
your service.*

*Exploiting the seas and developing
the mountains,*

*Dividing the stars into common and
preferred,*

*Engaged in devising the perfect
refrigerator,*

*Engaged in working out a rational
morality,*

*Engaged in printing as many books
as possible,*

*Plotting of happiness and flinging
empty bottles,*

*Turning from your vacancy to
fevered enthusiasm,*

*For nation or race or what you call
humanity.....*

With brilliant invective Huxley puts the course of recent history in the mouth of the Arch-Vicar:

'From the very beginning of the industrial revolution He foresaw that men would be made so overwhelmingly bumptious by the miracles of their own technology that they would soon lose all sense of reality. And that's precisely what happened. These wretched slaves of wheels and ledgers began to congratulate themselves on being the Conquerors of Nature and were about to suffer the consequences....Fouling the rivers, killing off the wild animals, destroying the forests, washing the topsoil into the sea, burning up an ocean of petroleum, squandering the minerals it had taken the whole of geological

time to deposit. An orgy of criminal imbecility. And they called it Progress.'

And this has not been said for the first time. Yet mankind has gone on attempting to conquer nature, to subdue her, to wrest out from her unwilling hands her mysteries, always looking upon her as one to be conquered, to be subdued, to be wrangled with. The real facts of life are unfortunately otherwise. Man's existence itself is based ultimately on an intelligent acceptance of the material universe, on living in unreserved accordance with Nature's Equilibrium, on co-operating with the Order of Things. This indeed is the underlying theme of the novel.

Such an outlook presupposes a firm and enduring faith in the individual. 'Religion,' says the Arch-Vicar, 'in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries was the retreat from Jeremiah to the Book of Judges, from the personal and therefore the universal to the national and therefore the internecine.' This conception of the individual as the fundamental fact in social dynamics is certainly not unfamiliar to us in India, especially after it has been so recently re-affirmed by Gandhi. ('Gandhi was a reactionary who believed only in people. Squalid little individuals governing themselves, village by village, and worshipping the Brahman who is also the Atman. It was intolerable. No wonder we bumped him off.')

To this end, Huxley sketches the disaster that is certain to follow if the scientist does not cease, before it is too late, to be ethically a-moral. 'You (the scientist) lived for the wor-

ship of an idol. But, in the last analysis, the name of every idol is Moloch.' The scientist has clearly to choose and to choose at once. He can no longer forget his humanity; he cannot live in his abstracted pursuit of truth without taking notice of the sorry mess the by-products of that pursuit have landed mankind in. If however he yields to the inertia of disinterestedness, the results are obvious:

Reason.....

Comes with the Calculus to aim his rockets

Accurately at the orphanage across the ocean;

Comes, having aimed, with incense to impetrate

Our Lady devoutly for a direct hit.

The only alternative, therefore, is extinction, total and irremediable. Nothing new or surprising for those who have read *Science, Liberty and Peace*.

Ape and Essence certainly does not pose the grim alternative between extinction on the one hand and a savage existence on the other as *Brave New World* did. Nor does it signify Huxley's 'relapse' into empty cynicism. If it is destructive, it is only the necessary destruction of the weeds for the sake of the garden's life. Nor, on the other hand, has Huxley originated a new philosophy of life or of action. All that he has done is to expound truths, partially hidden and unfelt due to time and familiarity. No sensitive mind can question the brilliance and clarity of his exposition or his intellectual honesty and rigorous sincerity.

The heart disease and high blood pressure from which so many human beings now suffer may be the result of man's defiance of gravity in assuming and maintaining an upright position, according to Dr. Sidney W. Britton of the University of Virginia.

When man stood upright, he forced his heart to work harder in driving blood to his brain. This extra work enabled his brain to develop far beyond that of animals, but at the same time it laid the groundwork for the heart and artery diseases to which man is now heir.

Man can remain comfortably upright for most of the day, but a high grade ape can sustain an upright position for only half this time, Dr. Britton noted. Other animals cannot tolerate an upright position. A rabbit becomes uncomfortable in less than a minute after he is forced from a horizontal to an upright position. Within five to 10 minutes, the rabbit grows drowsy. If held upright for longer periods, the animal may die from shock.

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.

Welfare Officers In Industries

It is a matter for regret that in spite of the fact that the new and comprehensive Factories Act of 1948 came into force on April 1949 and the Provincial Rules thereunder have been enforced from the 25th of April 1950 by the State of Madras, nothing has been done under the rule-making powers of Section 49 of the Act.

Though far from being perfect, the State of Uttar Pradesh has enforced the rules under Section 49 of the Act from June 1949, claiming to be the first Province to have taken up this matter. The States of West Bengal and Punjab have already published the rules and are to enforce them in the near future.

One will recall the statement of Mr. R. Venkatraman M. P. in the Indian Parliament that at present 'welfare officers in private undertakings are no more than tools in the hands of employers.'

Such being the state of affairs, will the State of Madras which has been a pioneer in many spheres of social and industrial legislation allow itself to be dubbed conservative in this matter, in spite of an able Labour Minister, a dynamic Labour Department.

May one hope that the Government will soon issue suitable orders regarding the duties, qualifications and conditions of service of welfare officers in industries in this Province and maintain their tradition of being fair and progressive.

S. T.

Shortage Of Trained Teachers

The Minister for Education revealed the astonishing fact that as many as 4,000 trained high school teachers (B. T.s) are needed to look after the various schools of this State. It is assumed that with a handful of training colleges the target can be attained, say within a period of ten years.

Very few students join the B. T. course. Most of them take it as a last resort and some are much pained at the thought that they, after all, are going to serve as teachers. There is no point in lecturing that teaching is the noblest of professions. It should help a man to meet the primary necessities of life. All possible methods should be adopted to encourage the teaching profession. I wonder why Government should not pay the B. T. students a stipend as in the case of the secondary grade students and render them some help.

R. SRINIVASAN

Schools And Tutorials

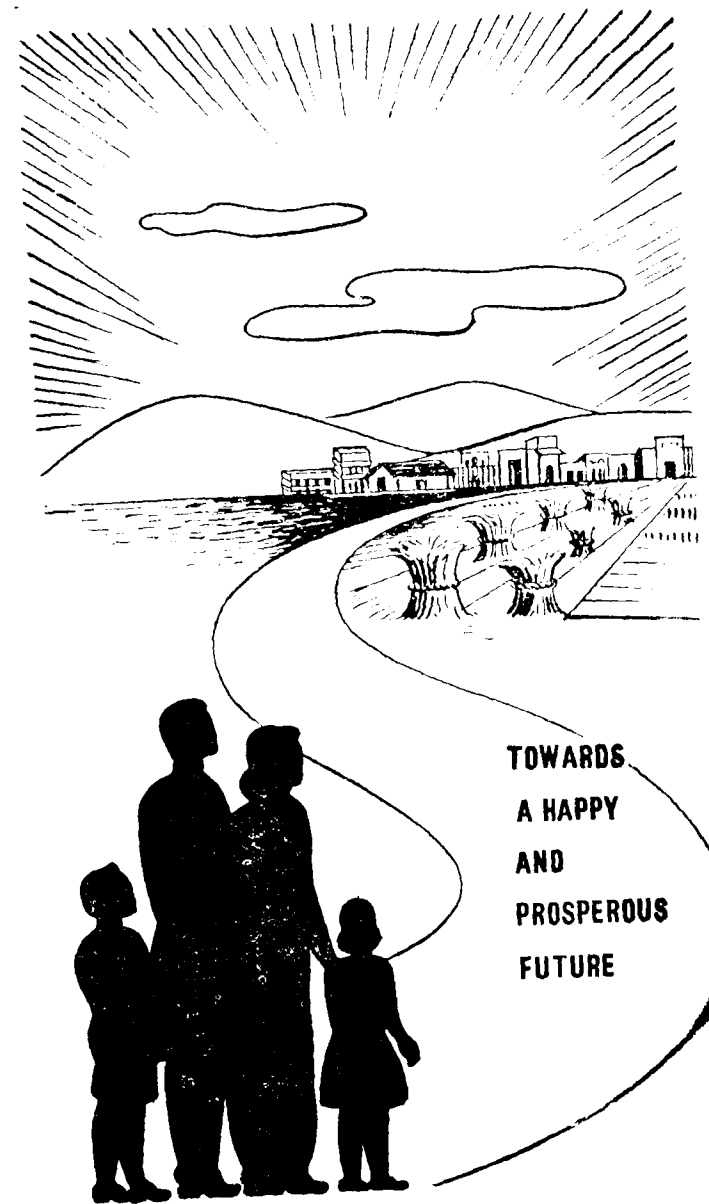
Certain secondary schools in the metropolis and in the mofussil have started tutorial classes with their staff for the students who are to appear for the S.S.L.C. examination to be held in October. Most secondary schools today do not have the full quota of qualified staff and are advertising and re-advertising for L. T. staff. Running tutorial classes with their own staff is against the spirit of the G. O. on private tuitions which permits three private tuitions only for every teacher. It cannot be said that these teachers feel enthusiastic over this additional work for an additional small pittance and that the students may not feel the need for change in instruction personnel, while they have failed as school candidates. The managements will not, in the financial statements to be submitted for purposes of grant, show this additional income earned in this trade or business. The schools which have been struggling hard to work out the reorganised scheme of secondary education need not compete with retired men who run tutorials and who may not be willing to submit to the indignity of applying for jobs to one management or other every year at the starting salary. The Department which has been showing zeal in dealing with teachers for alleged irregularities in recent years should, in the interests of students, teachers and of fairplay, issue orders directing institutions aided and recognised by them, to disband the tutorial classes forthwith.

R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR.
Coimbatore.

Humanise The Policeman

The hatred of the public towards the policeman is mounting day by day. It is time the Congress ministers rise from their slumber and do something to humanise this department. Every act of injustice done by the policeman is a nail in the coffin of the Congress. Unfortunately the present Governments in the States cannot afford to displease the police department, for it is only on their power that the present ministers stand. However, it is imperative that our Government think it the duty to improve the character and conduct of the police by recruiting well educated and cultured men.

H. N. RAO.



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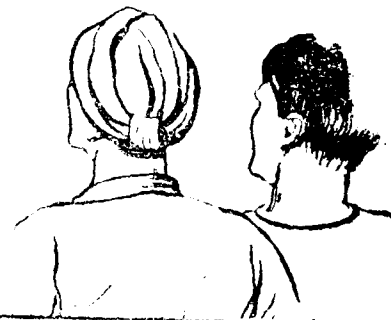
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