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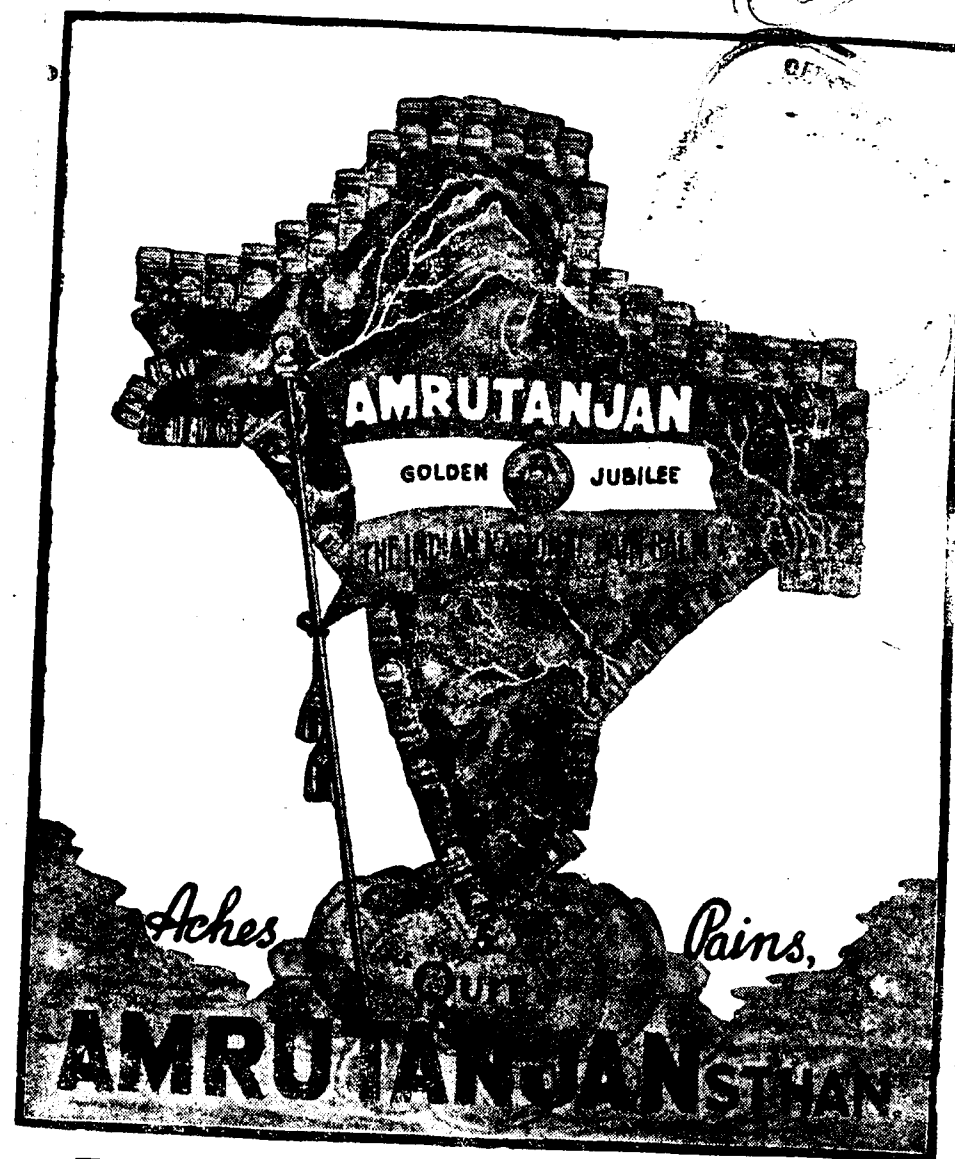
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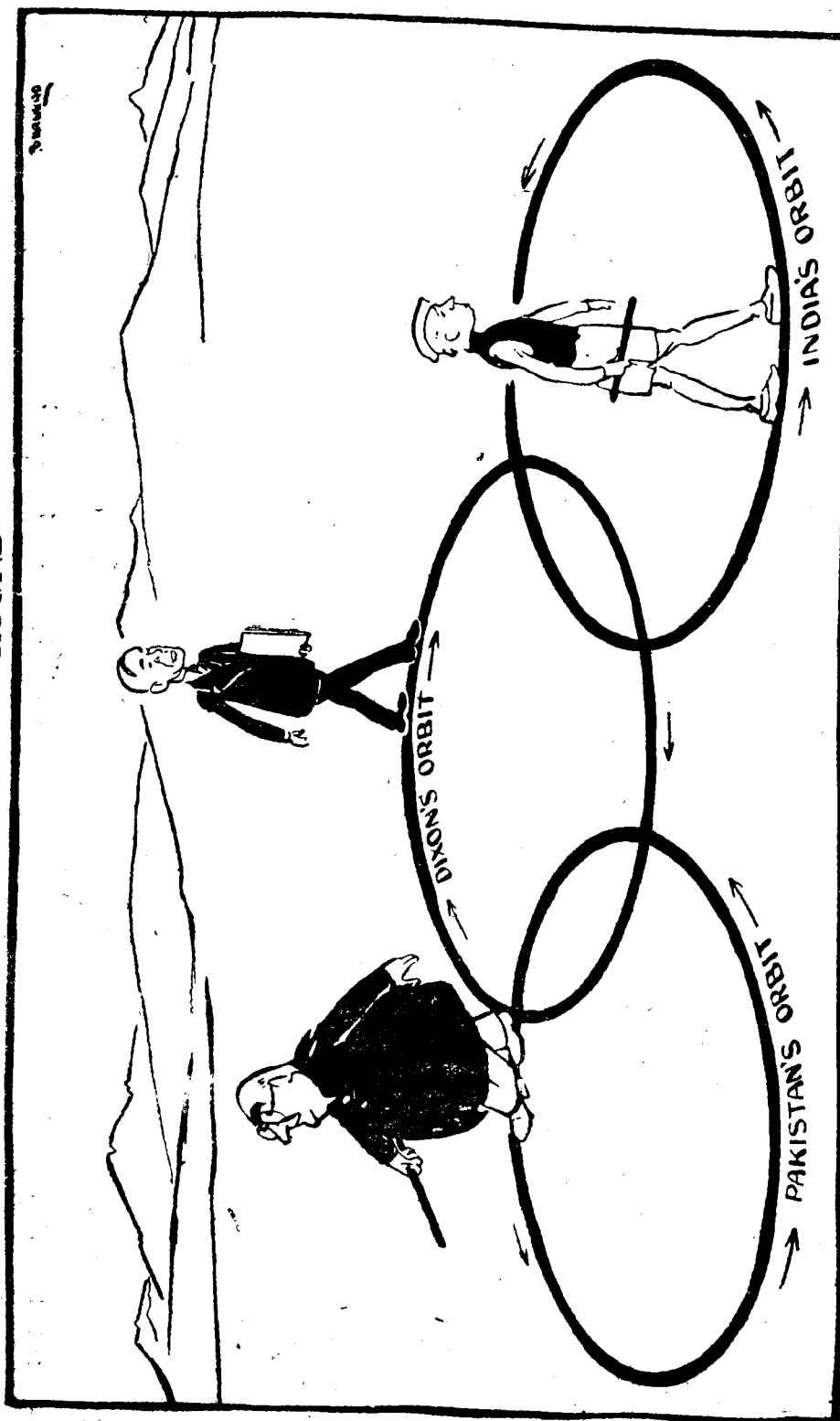
VOL. V, NO. 30

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1950

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ON THE COVER—Sri Kumar Roy Choudhury	
CARTOON	.. 4
EDITORIAL COMMENT	.. 5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	.. 6
NEW DELHI DIARY—By V. V. Prasad	.. 9
BRIGHTER TURN FOR GOLD AND DOLLAR—By R. V. Narayan	.. 11
THE BOMBAY STRIKE WAVE—SOME REFLECTIONS (Azad Qalam)—By K. A. Abbas	.. 12
STORY—OR SONGS?—By Doulatram Parshuram	.. 15
A MISGUIDED AGITATION—By S. Rajagopalan	.. 17
POLITICS AND PARTIES IN CEYLON—By V. Subramaniam	.. 19
NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE CONGRESS—THE LAST?—By "Aftab"	.. 22
PUCK—THE PRINTER'S IMP (Short Story)—By A. Sita Devi	.. 26
THE QUEST FOR 'HIDDEN' KRITIS—By T. S. P.	.. 28
ITALY TO-DAY: POOR BUT HAPPY—By J. E. Belliveau	.. 30
AMERICA AND HER ALLIES—By Baroo	33
DANCE ART OF KUMAR ROY CHOUDHURY—By E. Krishna Iyer	.. 35
MORE ABOUT DELHI PRESS ASSOCIATION	.. 37
ALBANIA: WEAF OUTPOST IN POWER STRUGGLE—By Mark Gayn	.. 39
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka	.. 42
FILM FARE—By V. P. Sathe	.. 44
BOOKS AND AUTHORS	.. 47
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	.. 48

ROUND AND ROUND



Sir Owen Dixon has reported failure of his mission on Kashmir.

—Courtesy: Shankar's Weekly.

SWATANTRA

VOL. V
No. 30

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1950

ISSUED
WEEKLY

RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES

THE fact that the United States has got into a quandary in Korea is now generally admitted. It has led to a certain lack of balance on the part of the more sensitive section of the American press towards nations that have kept themselves comparatively aloof. For example, the *New York Herald Tribune* is angry with the British Government. "The British," it writes, "hoping to save Hongkong, hoping to save their considerable trade interests in China... decided to recognise Red China. Unfortunately, they have not thereby removed the Red threat to Hongkong or their trade interests; Red China has not so far condescended to recognize them." The paper pours out commiseration on British Labourites who, we are told, "have been developing the theory that while the intervention in Korea is a necessary answer to aggression.... President Truman's announced intention of defending Formosa against the Chinese Reds is a reckless invitation to an all-out war." Then follows this grim comment: "If the United Nations are driven from Korea, holding Formosa will represent the last possible chance of retrieving anything from the wreck, and certainly the last possible chance of defending Hongkong or Britain's trade interests in China."

The prodigious enthusiasm which greeted President Truman's firm action seems now replaced by cautious concern over the cost of the adventure. Mr. Harold E. Stassen has come out as the apostle of timely stock-taking for avoidance of terrible disaster later. He visualises a dissi-

pation of American armed strength "in jungles and mountains and valleys in distant parts of the world" and pleads for a declaration forthwith by Congress that the U. S. A. will go to war with Russia "if further aggressions occur at any point in the world by these Communist imperialist forces." Meanwhile Mr. Stassen wants that non-defense spending be cut down to the barest minimum and taxes raised by 10 billion dollars a year to aid enhanced armament production under the control of top-calibre experts with no politics. Now as ever, thoughtful and dispassionate, Walter Lippmann makes on Mr. Stassen's suggestion comment stern and bold that cannot but have a disquieting effect in many American minds. Says Lippmann: "There can be no greater mistake in foreign affairs than to threaten loudly... to go to war, and not to be nearly strong enough to win the war if the chip is knocked off your shoulder." And worse still, he is categorical that "the military power to enforce with any reasonable prospect of success any ultimatum against Russia does not now exist."

In two sentences Walter Lippmann has shown the gravity of the Russian military menace to the non-Communist world. It is easy to be wise from a distance at the American expense. That there are chinks in the American armour which are revealed glaringly when American diplomats assume the world leadership of democracy cannot be gainsaid. How much of American aid to backward countries is genuine

philanthropy, and how much of it is velled imperialist expansion, is a question that will always crop up, but it is hard to dispose of, as it is partly at least due to the jealousy of the dispossessed, and the resentment of jealousy against the too prosperous. Also, in China, Korea, and Formosa, American aid is on the side of detested regimes. To gain the goodwill of the victims of such regimes has proved to be, quite naturally, an impossible feat. Yet the fact remains that the plight of the satellite countries swallowed by Soviet imperialism is a pitiable one far more to be dreaded than the worst

that might be threatened by American expansionist designs, and to the major part of the world the main protection against such a plight comes from Truman's energy backed by American military might. The same service is now being rendered by the U. S. A. to a world threatened by Communist totalitarianism as Britain under Churchill rendered to it against fascist totalitarianism on the occasion of the last war. Lovers of freedom would best consult their own interests by rallying round the U. S. A. under the U. N. banner before the U. S. S. R. becomes irresistible.

Sotto Voce

SEE INDIA AND LIVE!



THE Railway Minister and his Sancho Panza lustily cry the attractions of India as a tourist's paradise, while foodgrains rot in the godowns and the famished feed on the bitter aloe. It isn't the American's dollars that we want so much, Mr. Gopalaswami Iyengar is careful to explain. He would personally be more than recompensed, hearing the oversea visitor's exclamations of delighted surprise at our wealth of antiquities and store of natural beauty. Incidentally, the cute fellow may note down for the edification of the votaries of pulp magazines the ubiquitous poverty and hopelessness of the people and the administrative amateurism that worries them like mice scurrying over a sick lion. But our armour of complacency is proof against such impertinence.

Man notoriously marches on his belly and western man in particular likes to have the fleshpots of Paris at hand even while he inspects the trea-

sures of Palitana. The Transport Minister therefore wants the countryside to be sown thick with *de luxe* western hotels. But, remembering they are a national Government, he magnanimously allows that Indian food too has a modest place in the scheme of things. The apathy of indigenous enterprisers, however, irks him; and he threatens that if they do not come forward "to maintain the reputation of India", the Government will take a hand at the business. Heaven help the unsuspecting foreigner!

Courtallam in the South was discovered by a fashionable physician of a bygone generation. The diabetic lawyers of the metropolis and the down and out boxwallahs made a bee-line for it and bungalows sprouted on the hillside. But it was too easily accessible and too cheap to become exclusive and uppish like Kodalkanal or Ooty. The South Indian is an amphibious animal and the

waterfalls here are the most delightful in the world. Copious and friendly, the water comes down in cascades, glittering and flashing like a daughter of the dawn. Now it stings smartly on the cheek like a petted froward child, now envelops you with a warm ecstasy, taking the ache out of tired limbs as no expert masseur could.

Courtallam was a place of pilgrimage long before it became a holiday resort. The temple is famed for its sanctity and the surrounding hills are the reputed home of the siddhas. The little rills as they tumble and glide down the rocks collect the magic potency of many a herb. The faithful came in ones and twos (except at festival times) to bathe and pray and absorb the mystic influence of the murmuring stream and the echoing hills. They brought their handful of parched grain and drank the pure water and slept on the spacious temple corridors.

Twenty years ago, when I first visited the place, the tide of secular tourism had set in. But even elementary conveniences were not available. Today there are quite a number of cheap lodging houses and at least one good hotel. But the man of moderate means who loves cleanliness and must have some privacy, but who has no use for the exotic vulgarity of the *table d'hôte* and the jackdaw preenings of the parvenu, would find it as difficult as ever to suit himself.

The monotonous programme of eat-

ing to bathe and bathing to eat, loved by the routine visitor, is not calculated to reconcile the fastidious to the prevailing dirt and smell. Few walk or climb, though the wooded hills and the pleasant countryside are a perpetual invitation. There are hackneyed beauty-spots which are musts. But few know (and fewer perhaps would care if they knew) that in the unprepossessing town of Tenkasi hard by there is a dilapidated temple with a riven tower in which are to be found some of the noblest sculptures in India. These monolithic marvels that spring from the sides of the giant pillars supporting the main hall have an elemental grandeur and a largeness of life appropriate to the amplitude of Heaven. There is an Urdhva-Tandava-murthi, in particular, which I would go to the end of the earth to see.

To return to Courtallam, the brief 'season' over, the place is practically deserted. And yet I can imagine it bathed in a rarer loveliness when the monsoon thunders and the spray covers the hillside. Even if you must be content to admire the falls from a distance, you should be grateful for the *recherche* beauty of tree and rock, the moving panoply of clouds and the warm oozing earth. It is the visitor susceptible to the essential genius of place whom the Government should attract by providing modest hostélries, cheap transport and intelligent service. There are plenty of people to take care of the snobs who travel First. Why not, for a change, give the poet in the third class a chance?

VIGNESWARA.

Direct confirmation of the sun's temperature as about 1,000,000 degrees Fahrenheit is reported from East Melbourne, Australia.

The definite proof of the sun's temperature was made through the study of solar radiation over a wide range of wavelengths.

The study was made by J. L. Pawsey and D. E. Yabsley of the Division of Radiophysics, Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization. Against the steady background of radiation from the sun, they measured the variations that occur at all the wavelengths from one centimeter to four meters. This is in the range of Hertzian waves, between infrared and radio waves.—SCIENCE NEWS LETTER.

Error is always the result of a defeat suffered by truth on its own territory, so that every attempt to fight error as if it were born beyond the frontiers of truth, every attempt to treat error as a clan treats its external enemy, not only fails as a matter of course but prevents the application of the only effective remedy. Error must, in a word, always be regarded as a crisis in the internal development of truth.—ROSSI.



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NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

CONTRARY to popular impression, the triangular contest for the Presidentship of the Congress is not the first such contest. When Pandit Nehru became President of the Lahore Session of the Congress in 1929, it was after a triangular contest. Mahatma Gandhi secured thirteen votes (or was it eleven?), Sardar Patel five votes and Pandit Nehru three votes. As soon as the results were announced, the Mahatma withdrew his candidature. A meeting of the All-India Congress Committee was summoned to discuss what should be done about the Congress Presidentship. Mahatma Gandhi advised Sardar Patel also to withdraw. Sardar Patel withdrew. Panditji was then declared elected!

But the rules of the Congress have since been amended considerably. Presumably owing to a drafting blunder, all delegates are compelled to vote for all three candidates. Unless all the three candidates are given votes in order of preference, the voting paper becomes invalid. The result therefore is anybody's guess. In some countries, which do not believe in indiscriminate choosing, you can vote either for a candidate or against him. But in present-day Congress circles, you must vote for all the Congress candidates, and against none. The vote will be invalid even if the voter refrains from giving even his third vote to the third candidate! This indeed is the newest democracy.

Panditji found it hard to justify his silence over the American bombing of civilians in North Korean cities, when Correspondents bombarded him with questions.

Question: Has Government not received information from their representatives on the Commission that civilian population is being bombed by the United Nations forces?

Pandit Nehru: Our representatives are not in that area; consequently, they cannot make any report on that.

Question: Do you really believe that civilian population was not bombed?

Answer: I do not say that. What I said was that I do not know the extent of it. There is no doubt that they are being bombed and heavily bombed too. But it is very difficult for me to say the extent of it or the way it is done.

Question: Are not our military observers in Korea sending reports on the bombing of civilians?

Answer: Our observers send reports and very good reports they are. But in so far as North Korea is concerned, they can only send hearsay reports, not their own observations.

Question: Do you then disbelieve Reuters and even American News Agency reports?

Answer: It is not a question of disbelief. There is no doubt that heavy bombing is taking place in North Korea. We are very much concerned about it for a variety of reasons, the main reasons being two, if you like: (1) it kills innocent people and causes unnecessary damage; (2) it is likely to create more problems and more trouble in the future. We do not like it. Exactly what shape it takes, the extent of the damage, and how far it is for military reasons—these details are difficult for us to judge.

Question: As a member of the United Nations and as a supporter of the first two resolutions, is it not our duty to protest against the mass bombing of Koreans and if we fail in preventing it, should we not get out of the United Nations?

Pandit Nehru: We are continually expressing our views. Our Representative is on the Security Council all the time. Governments do not function on the basis of newspaper ac-

counts although they are important. We are taking such steps as we think proper from time to time.

Question: Is it not strange that the moral aspect of the whole question is being lost sight of?

Pandit Nehru: We are trying not to lose sight of it. We are trying to act according to it.

Question: Can we not as supporters of the Korean Resolution control the military operations on both sides, bombing by North Koreans on South Korea and vice versa?

Pandit Nehru: We cannot control either side. We can only express our opinion and, as I have said on the general question of bombing, I personally and most of my colleagues in the Government are very much opposed, generally speaking, to this very large-scale bombing that takes place. The experience of the last world war showed that heavy bombing did not even produce the military results that were hoped for—but that becomes a military question. So, our general outlook is there, and as far as we can and at the appropriate time we press that outlook. But we cannot control events all over the world.

Question: If you cannot control either side, can you not at least get out of either side?

Pandit Nehru: I do not know what my friend means by "getting out of either side." We are trying to play our role. It is perfectly easy for any individual or any country perhaps just to get out of everything and sit in some kind of isolated situation. That role is a very difficult one in this world, and, what is more, it does not help.

Question: Have you any comment to make on Gen. MacArthur's visit to Formosa as Commander-in-Chief of the United Nations forces?

Pandit Nehru: I do not know if your question is quite correct or not. I was not aware of the fact that he had gone in his capacity as the Commander-in-Chief of the United Nations forces. I do not know in what capacity he went. I think certainly not as the United Nations Commander-in-Chief. He has many functions to perform and many capacities. So far as we are concerned, as you know, we are nowhere associated with the extension of the Korean conflict and

certainly not in Formosa, and elsewhere.

Question: Will you be good enough to ask the U. S. Government in what capacity Gen. MacArthur visited Formosa so that we may not be involved?

Pandit Nehru: No; because we are not directly functioning in Korea and none of our forces are under his command at the present moment. If any question arises, again it is dealt with, as I have said, in the normal conversations that go on between Governments.

Question: You have mentioned the various capacities of General MacArthur. Would you contend, then, that civilian bombing by American planes is being conducted in a capacity other than that of United Nations forces?

Pandit Nehru: I suppose not. That is part of the operations in Korea.

So the endless questioning and answering goes on. One is bound to ask why there is so much hesitancy in protesting against civilian bombing when there was none in declaring North Korea as aggressor. We could have, with greater justification, contended that our observers were not on the border, and we were therefore unable to come to any conclusion. But we were prepared to countenance an invasion by American forces, without sanction from the United Nations, and solely on the strength of hearsay reports. Nor have we championed the very sensible suggestion that both sides should be heard.

I must congratulate Mr. Robert Trumbull of *The New York Times* on what hysterical Americans may call a piece of un-American activity. He had the courage to explain to his readers Indian reaction to the events in Korea. America has become quite unpopular in Asia, because what appears right to the American State Department appears as something very diabolical to the peoples of this region. It is courageous journalism like Trumbull's that may ultimately help the U. S. to see the light, and pursue a more sensible foreign policy. Trumbull is quite right when he says that the popular impression in Asia is that the Americans dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki because the Japanese are an

Asiatic people. *The Times of India* made reference to this some weeks ago, but the *Indian News Chronicle* has pursued the topic relentlessly during the past few days. Professor Blackett, the Nobel Laureate, whose

work on the political and economic consequences of atomic energy the *Chronicle* approvingly quotes, is no doubt regarded as a Communist by Senator Hickenlooper, Senator McCarthy and Senator What's-his-name.

BRIGHTER TURN FOR GOLD AND DOLLAR

By R. V. NARAYAN

DURING the second quarter of 1950, the sterling area balance-sheet of dollar transactions showed a forward movement in earnings and a surplus of 180 millions compared with \$40 millions in the previous quarter, a deficit of \$31 millions in the last quarter of 1949 and a short fall of \$632 millions in the second quarter of the same year. This surplus added to \$240 millions received during the period under Marshall Aid and \$18 millions drawn on Canadian credit went to strengthen the reserve and raise it by \$438 millions to \$2,422 millions. This marks an 80 per cent increase over the low water mark reached prior to devaluation and the highest level touched since 1946.

The factors that contributed to the surplus in the sterling area dollar earnings over expenditures during the second quarter were, first, the jump in the sale of wool, rubber and other commodities in dollar countries, and secondly the severe economies in dollar spendings of all sterling area countries. A few countries in this area are substantially reducing their spending even below 25 per cent of 1948 levels as advised by the Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in 1949. Probably, these countries were assisted by the devaluation in observing austerity. Devaluation altered the dollar-sterling price-relationships and it had the effect of causing many countries to switch purchases from hard to soft currency countries based on commercial considerations. Other factors contribut-

ing to the improvement in dollar surplus were the increase in newly mined South African gold in the area, British exports to North America and the elimination of deficits in hard currency countries outside the dollar area itself. Many of the factors that have helped this turn in fortune promise to be of permanent value and the others, such as high yields from commodity sales, may lose some of their force as a result of changes in American business climate or other developments. The very fact that the area's reserve position has been strengthened and re-inforced may, nay will, cause sterling area countries to press for a relaxation of the artificial restrictions on dollar imports imposed last year. Another circumstance of importance in this quarter is that the Marshall aid receipts are due to fall shortly and may, if Congress so decides, be withheld largely for the rest of the year. Another incubus hanging over is the possibility of the sterling area being forced to shoulder the dollar cost of military expenditure of the United Nations' decision to resist aggression in Korea. This is a new 'unknown' which has crept in lately, influencing the trend of sterling-dollar relations. The dollar problem will not however be relegated to the danger zone reached last year and it can safely be assumed, for the time being, that the problem is within manageable proportions. It is not also unlikely that good management and reasonable luck may enable the area to attain a position of absolute safety by 1952-53, if not earlier.

When Wordsworth said to Lamb, "I believe I could write like Shakespeare, if I had a mind to try it." "Yes, n-nothing is w-wanting but the m-mind," came Lamb's reply as swiftly as the stutter would allow.

WHY DO WORKERS STRIKE?

When did the first strike take place? I am not sure if the slaves who were forced to build the pyramids to the greater glory of the Pharaohs ever struck work in protest. But, perhaps, the Chartist Movement in England was the first clear manifestation of popular protest against economic injustice and exploitation which was becoming sharper and acuter after the industrial revolution and the rise of the capital-owning "bourgeoisie."

If the Prime Minister of India is feeling perplexed by the incidence of strikes all over the country and growing discontent among the industrial workers, he has only to turn to the chapter "The Nineteenth Century Continued" in his own book GLIMPSES OF WORLD HISTORY to learn why workers choose to go on strike. For the 20th century in India is not very different from the 19th century in England—and the Government still represents and supports and defends the exploiters:

"The new conditions of industry brought large numbers of workers to the big factories, and so a new class arose—that of the factory-workers. These people were different from the peasants and field workers in many ways. The peasant has to rely a great deal on the seasons and the rainfall.... But the factory-workers work with machines, things made by man; he produces goods regardless of the seasons and the rainfall; he produces wealth, but he finds that this very largely goes to others and that he himself remains poor; to some extent he can see economic laws in action.... For his poverty he does not blame the gods; he blames society or the social system, and especially the capitalist owner of the factory who takes such a big part of the profits of his labour. He becomes class-conscious, and sees that there are different classes and the upper classes prey on his class. And this leads to discontent and revolt. The first murmurs of discontent are vague and dull; the first uprisings are blind and thoughtless and weak, and they are easily crushed by the government. For the government now wholly represents the interests of the new middle class which controls the

great factories and their offshoots. But hunger cannot be crushed for long, and soon the poor worker finds a new source of strength in union with his comrades. So trade unions arise to protect the worker and fight for his rights.... It becomes clearer and clearer that the government is definitely a class government, out to protect by all means the class it represents. Laws also are class laws. Slowly the workers gain strength, and their trade unions become powerful organizations." (Emphasis mine —K. A. A.)

Yes, indeed, the workers' organizations in India of 1950 have become "powerful organization"—as so dramatically proved by the wave of small and big strikes in Bombay!

It is but natural that the capitalists and the owning classes should be disturbed and dismayed by the workers aiming blows at their economic interests, through this unique instrument of the Strike. Considering their class bias, it is also understandable that the Government does not like strikes.

But, when protesting wildly and even hysterically against the strikers' paralyzation of industry and production, do the owners and the Governments ever pause to think what is the alternative to a strike?

A thousand or two thousands years ago, how did the daring spirits among the economically aggrieved and oppressed express their protest against the injustices of authority and the inequities of the social system? By becoming brigands and robbers and thus crudely, violently and blindly attacking the system. The Robin Hood tradition of England, the Chinese bandits who believed that "All Men Are Brothers" and the dispossessed-peasants-turned-brigands in many Indian states provide some historical examples of social protest taking this anarchic form. The mass violence of the French Revolution is another alternative.

The Strike—i. e. disciplined, collective action by workers in defence of their rights—is the most civilized, most orderly, most peaceful mode of social protest, a non-violent weapon for economic change.

By taking sides of employers and using force to suppress strikes the

Government far from upholding "law and order", is undermining the common people's faith in peaceful change and thereby sowing seeds of anarchy.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

LONDON: A Washington report that the British and American Governments are discussing the possibility of placing Formosa under United Nations Trusteeship, has added to the British apprehension here about

Washington's intentions in the Far East."—Free Press.

SINGAPORE: Recent casualty lists show that terrorists in Malaya are inflicting more casualties on civilian soldiers and police than they are sustaining."—P. T. I.—Reuter.

TOKYO: The American troops are sick of this war in Korea. Many of them can't understand why they are fighting in Korea.—P. T. I. Correspondent, M. Sivaram.

STORY—OR SONGS?

By DOULATRAM PARSHURAM

NO one, unless he were perversely fond of inflicting pain on himself, would pay hard cash for acquiring a headache. That millions of Indians do so, week in and week out, by patronising Indian cinema houses, must be considered a feat of salesmanship on the part of the Indian film producers. Or perhaps it is not their salesmanship, for they are never systematic in their publicity campaign. It must be due to the fact that most Indians have no other means of entertainment except the movies; wherefore, even though they are painfully aware that the movies are more of a headache than entertainment, they keep returning to the theatres and thus help the producers to achieve the rare distinction of fooling all the people all the time!

Worthless Films....

It cannot be denied that all the people really are fooled, considering that there is nothing worthwhile in most of our films. Shorn of all the trimmings, and beneath the chaff, the core is entirely inconsequential. Most of the stories are oft-repeated, trite, sickening even to the point of nausea. There are four or five basic themes, which are, with minor variations and with some amount of trimming, dished out time and again. Apart from the headache the cinegoer acquires, he does not get anything in return for his money. In providing a surfeit of songs the producer seems to consider his obligations entirely fulfilled, little reckoning that the people do not pay hard-earned money just for listening to a few silly songs which, in the final analysis, contain

the same sentimental slush, with even the wording and tunes repeated in one form or the other. In my opinion, it would not matter if the cinegoer did not know Hindustani, for, hearing these film songs, he would know that the same nonsensical din was being created.

... Burdened With Songs

That brings us to the question whether songs are at all necessary in a film. The producers seem to think that films are the only media through which music can find expression; but, in fact, they contrive to cheapen and to distort music which, in the films, is always a hotchpotch of various trends and modes and of Indian and foreign. Those who are exponents of real, classical music, have been most vehement in their condemnation of film music which, in its berserk forms, contravenes every rule laid down by the classicists and is overburdened with sentimental and amoral gushings. Apart from that, the songs hinder the smooth progress of the story, for they hold up, quite unnecessarily, for full three minutes, the even flow of the action. This happens every ten minutes or so, so that out of one hundred and twenty minutes of showing time, full thirty minutes are taken up by the songs. This is a blundering waste of time.

Songs Do Not Satisfy

The very fact that 80% of foreign films are songless, and in spite of that very satisfactory, should prove that songs are not at all necessary in a film. Musicals may, once in a while, be produced, as are the foreign musicals which avowedly have only music

appeal and a very weak thread of a story. But songs must not be thrust into every film whether they are appropriate or not, whether the situations call for them or not. In our day-to-day life we do not of a sudden burst into song at the most unlikely places and times, as is done by the heroes and heroines of our films. Besides, not every man and woman can sing (the producers acknowledge this fact by their very practice of having someone to playback songs for the main artiste) and hence, not every hero and heroine should be expected to sing either individually or in duet. The foreign musicals, wisely enough, center round people who are connected with the theatrical or the musical professions and who do not appear unnatural when they sing.

Besides, foreign films create an atmosphere for the music, which our Indian films do not. Thus, the songs in our films sound very unnatural and absolutely jarring. When, however, an attempt is made to create the right atmosphere for each song, considerable footage (and time) is wasted in this, without in anyway helping the story. All the more reason to conclude that songs are not at all required in a picture and that if they are inserted they seriously hinder the story and, often enough, mar it beyond repair.

It's The Story That's Important

It must be recognised that for an Indian film, 11,000 ft. (which, on an average, is the length of every film) is not sufficient to develop a story satisfactorily, if there are the average nine songs in it. I don't suggest that 11,000 ft. is short,—as a matter of fact, most foreign films are somewhere between 7,000 and 9,000 ft. And if songs were removed from an Indian picture, it would cover 8,000 ft. only. But the pace of the foreign films is invariably fast, and the Indian films are irritatingly slow. It is not only that the action in our films is much slower, but there is also the lag which we cannot cover because of the technical handicaps in our industry. To cite but one instance: How many crane cameras have we in our studios? Hardly any! Then, again, most of our directors, improperly trained and inexperienced as they are, do not use the proper directorial

devices, much less their own imagination!

For the proper development of a story, therefore, the length of our Indian films should be 11,000 ft., without songs. The 3,000 ft., which are wasted on the songs, would make all the difference between a casually treated story and a well-developed story. Apart from that, the boredom one often feels while seeing an Indian picture would not be generated, since it is the result only of the frequent lapses in the pace of the story caused by these songs. One's interest in the story, too, would be kept at a level, since action of the story would be unbroken and unmarred. If adequate proof of this is required, foreign films may be patronised time and again, without once feeling bored and sick. The foreign film producers do not pester us with songs because they know songs are inconsequential. For listening to songs one may turn to the gramophone, the radio, or go to any concert or stage show: and be entertained with much better music, into the bargain!

Films are meant for the entertainment and enlightenment of the people. If the producers cannot enlighten the masses (how can they? they are themselves most of them illiterate and uneducated!) they must at least entertain the people and give them their money's worth. And money's worth certainly is not provided in a surfeit of songs. What the people ask for in a film is that it should have a well-knit story, properly developed and expertly handled, that it should have a modicum of humour and light entertainment, good acting, adequate setwork and neat photography, and that if the balm of music is to be applied, the music should be in the background, unless the situation calls for a song or for any other form of music. If this formula is adhered to, there is no reason why a film should turn out to be boring and heavy.

The producer must pay heed to the very minimum demand of the people, if he wishes to be honest to his profession. All the people ask is that they must not be given a headache instead of entertainment. That is like receiving stones when one has stretched one's hand for food. Nay, more. That is like paying the price of food and getting stones instead!

A MISGUIDED AGITATION

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

THE agitation which the Madras High Court decision on the Communal G. O. has provoked, is not altogether unexpected, although certain striking features of the controversy cannot be lost sight of. Admission to educational institutions the world over, is the sole concern of their heads. Yet in Madras it is a bone of contention between the executive and the judiciary. Communal discrimination, especially in education, goes against the basic tenets of the orthodox Congress ideology; still a Congress Government is adhering to it with more gusto than an avowedly communal organization like the Justice Party. An academic body, to wit, the Madras University Syndicate, has chosen to depart from the recommendations of the University Commission and to urge the admission of pupils on any but academic considerations. The agitation is, however, solely confined to Tamil Nad, its chief protagonists being the authors of the Dravidasthan movement.

In regard to the decision of the High Court, it should be pointed out that the position of the Government as well as of those who support it in this particular, is that of an ordinary litigant. And a litigant, in civil cases especially, does not canvass the propriety of the decision in public. No doubt, in criminal cases, a certain amount of latitude is afforded and in many instances the decision may be reviewed in response to public agitation by remitting or mitigating the sentence; but that is because the State has residuary powers in that behalf. Generally speaking, however, the duties of a State against whom an adverse decision is given, are no less different from those of any other suitor; and a pronouncement given by a competent tribunal, has force to be acted upon. A very good example has been set by the Union Government recently in respect of the decision of the Supreme Court in A. K. Gopalan's case, by undertaking immediate legislation to repeal Article 14 of the Preventive Detention Act. Also noteworthy is the removal of the special facilities afforded to the sons of rail-

way employees in regard to recruitment.

The Madras judges have held that the Communal Rule regulating admissions to colleges violates Articles 15 (1) and 29 of the Constitution. Now the Constitution is not just an Act of the Legislature, but something infinitely greater than an ordinary enactment, being of the highest sanctity and binding force. See, for instance, the oath administered to the Ministers, M. L. A.s and others: "I will bear true allegiance and faith to the Constitution and the law without fear or favour, affection or ill-will." All laws, and even rules, repugnant to it are void; and the Government of any State not carried on in accordance with its provisions, is liable to be taken over by the President. By far the most pivotal part of the Constitution is part III which specifies the "fundamental rights," which are no more than an elaboration into a series of articles, of the basic ideas of "liberty, equality and fraternity." So all-important are these fundamental rights that their abrogation is not contemplated in any contingency: in fact, even during a "grave emergency," the President can only 'suspend' them for its duration. Hence the idea that it can be amended to fit in with the principle of communal exclusion, is mere wishful thinking. No doubt Article 368 permits 'amendment' of the Constitution, but an amendment cannot over-ride essential principles. Certain quarters, however, are emphasising 'the duty' of the State towards what are styled the "weaker sections" of the population, as if this consideration did not weigh with the judges themselves before giving their decision. For one thing, there is no duty apart from the Constitution, and for another, no one can accurately guess whom the phrase "weaker sections" connotes. Speaking with particular reference to South India and to the state of affairs obtaining for well over a quarter of a century, are they the communities who have been and are pampered at every stage by every Government, in educational facilities, appointments, promotions and retirement, re-employment and indeed in

all things that matter? Or, are they those whose progress is impeded at every step and discriminated to a degree which does not obtain even in foreign countries, South Africa excepted? In a generic sense, of course, they denote neither, but signify the dumb millions of the country struggling for food, raiment and water, to whom the years of independence are no better than the years of thralldom. It is precisely this class to which Prof. Ruthnaswami's dictum that "democracy cannot march on its weaker sections" aptly applies. Yet the distinguished professor has urged that appointments and admissions, which in his view are mere "amenities," should be conferred on people on the basis of population statistics, although even he cannot deny that to eliminate the able and the expert would and did pave the way for dictatorship or Communism in pre-Mussolini Italy and China, and that in a perfect democracy such as obtains in England, efficiency is the keynote of the administration. In regard to educational facilities, it is worth pointing out that the great missionary institutions in our country which are founded and financed by foreign nationals solely for the benefit of the Christian community, have nevertheless opened their doors to the needy and the meritorious, without minding the frowns of the Government or the University in Madras.

The aftermath of the decision has been particularly bewildering. An M. L. A. has suggested that principals should be given the widest discretion and empowered to "interview" the candidates with a view to eliminating, in the process, the over-represented communities. This is no new expedient but obtains in regard to certain

"open competitive examination" posts. Strange to say, this suggestion appears to have been promised "sympathetic consideration" by the Government, little realising that to do so will be, to quote the words of the Chief Justice, "a fraud on power." In a different manner but with no less disastrous results, certain people have decided to make capital out of the situation. Youth and immature minds have been harnessed for the purpose, and one shudders to think of the implications of a movement carried on under such auspices. Mr. K. Madhava Menon has rightly appraised the potentialities of so grave a step and his courage in showing up the hollowness of the agitation, deserves to be emulated by his colleagues in the Cabinet and the Congress and above all by the University authorities. Curiously enough, the Madras Vice-Chancellor who speaks so much on so many topics and so often, keeps mum on this issue and that certainly is not a good augury. More amazing still is the attitude of the Tamil Nad Congress Committee. Communalism, like Mr. S. A. Dange's "violence," has no place either in the Congress or in the Indian Constitution and the Tamil Nad Congress should have been the first to scotch it out. Since 1946, however, the rift between the Congress ideals and the T. N. C. C. is growing wider. It is true that some of its big guns have been vociferously countering the propaganda of the Dravidasthanis, but often they have helped in the making of policies which subserve the interests of such propaganda. The Congress High Command often enough flourish their disciplinary stick, but in Madras it has fallen always on the wrong person, but never on those who are Congressmen only technically.

It is seldom realised that youth and age must have their different codes. Laws are made by staid or old men who seek unreasonably to restrain the exuberance of youth. But youth has a right to its fling. The old can talk till they're blue in the face about the spiritual satisfaction to be found in art and literature, but when you're young there's a lot more fun to be got out of having a girl than by listening to a sonata.
—SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

During the British election campaign, Tony Leavey, Conservative candidate in Blackburn East, was addressing a meeting when a Socialist heckler shouted: "Why have we the finest generation of children ever known in this country?"

Immediately from the hall came the reply: "Because they were produced by private enterprise."—LONDON DAILY TELEGRAPH.

POLITICS AND PARTIES IN CEYLON

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

ONE would have expected that Ceylon which is considered to be the most Anglophile of all Asian Dominions, would have imitated Great Britain and adopted a rigid two party system in her politics. But as in many other things, the so-called love of English customs and institutions is only skin-deep in Ceylon, which many Ceylonese love to call a "little England".

The political history of Ceylon, especially of the last fifty years, might have something to do with it. Though there was a fight for freedom from English domination carried on by politically conscious Ceylonese, it was never so bitter or so well organized as in India or Burma. The Ceylon National Congress was a very docile body which adopted pious resolutions and never for once launched any mass struggle. Again, since Ceylon was a small island, whose future was intimately tied up with India, the British rulers also gave political concessions in Ceylon whenever they gave any in India. When the first great step in political reform was taken, based on the report of the Donoughmore Commission, the legislature called the State Council was divided into seven committees, each of which elected a chairman, called a minister, who looked after a certain subject. The seven ministers so elected had no collective responsibility, nor was there a prime minister. So under this system, there was no opportunity nor facility for political parties to develop. It was admitted by Ceylonese as well as non-Ceylonese investigators that this was one of the chief drawbacks of the Donoughmore Constitution, and the Soulbury Constitution granted to Ceylon in the late forties, specially made provision for a cabinet responsible to the legislature. But custom dies hard, so that in the House of Representatives of Ceylon which met in November '47, out of a total of 101 members, the United National Party which formed the Government secured 42 seats, and the rest was divided between a number of small parties, splinter groups and independent members. In all South-East

Asia, the Ceylon Parliament contains the largest percentage of independent members.

The United National Party which runs the Government with the co-operation of some independents, is less than five years old. There were organizations like the Ceylon National Congress and the Sinhala Maha Sabha, even before that, and they had members of their party in the old State Council, but they were not political parties which fought an election with a definite programme or manifesto. When it was made clear in 1946 that by the end of 1947 the Soulbury Constitution would come into operation, and that a cabinet system of the British type was to be introduced, the leading members of the Ceylon National Congress and the Sinhala Maha Sabha began forming a political party to fight the elections, called the United National Party. At the time of its formation Ceylon was still not fully independent, and the founders of the party, like D. S. Senanayake, the present Premier, Kotelawala, Bandaranaike, and Jayewardene, were men with experience of politics and council work. Among the various items of the party programme was the achievement of Ceylon's independence also and the usual glib promises about the upliftment of the common man. The party campaigned for about a year, and secured the largest number of seats (42) of all parties, in the House of Representatives.

It is difficult to say what exactly the party stands for now, except that it wants to win the next elections also. As its name implies, the ostensible object of the party is to unify the various communities in the island. But in actual practice, of all the successful 42 U.N.P. members of Parliament, a large majority are Sinhalese. The party was never able to have any standing in the Tamil areas, i.e. the north and east provinces of Ceylon. In these places, most of the U.N.P. candidates were defeated, and many were very near losing their deposits. In the Muslim areas also there are not many U.N.P. members, while in the

plantation areas, the Ceylon Indian Congress won the seats against U.N.P. and other candidates. It was only after the elections that the U.N.P. got the support of some independent Tamil members, and also members of the Tamil Congress and was able to form a ministry. Being a very astute politician, Senanayake, the leader of the party, has been able to rope into the party a miscellaneous gathering of all communities, and only the complete disunity of all the minorities and other leftist opposition groups helps to make it appear ever so faintly national as it claims to be.

On the economic plane, the party has been called a planters' party or the capitalist party. Even now, most of the large tea and rubber estates are owned by Englishmen, and few of them are even primary members of this party. But the policies of the party are mainly propitiatory towards the planters, for two reasons mainly. The planters, most of them Englishmen, are citizens of Great Britain, to which Ceylon is most intimately tied up in matters of defence, as well as trade. Secondly, like most rightist parties, U.N.P. wants to keep up the existing order of things and the most revolutionary steps it can think of probably amount to the purchase of Englishmen's estates by Ceylonese. Most of the U.N.P. members of Parliament are themselves rich planters, and all the U.N.P. members of the cabinet are owners of big estates. D. S. Senanayake, the Premier, and Kotelawala, Bandaranaike, Jayewardane and Rajapakse, all members of the cabinet, are big estate owners. The Prime Minister and his cabinet colleagues believe in the panacea of co-operatives to ward off the Communist deluge. The Premier personally opens as many cooperative conferences and exhibitions as possible and to some extent the co-operative movement has been able to solve some problems of distribution. But for the larger economic problems of Ceylon, the U.N.P. has no solution, except that of all rightist Governments, namely American aid, to open up deserted and forested areas for agriculture, and for a long list of other jobs as well. The cost of living index has been mounting up slowly and all its jugglery with subsidies or import duties has done little to mitigate the situation. But the

U.N.P. has one unique discovery to its credit, in the realm of political terminology. When many democracies are so uninventive as to adopt five year plans of development, in imitation of the Bolsheviks, the Finance Minister of Ceylon struck on the extremely original idea of a six year plan, to make Ceylon a paradise. The same Finance Minister is credited with having fathered the Commonwealth plan for S. E. Asia. In original planning, to capture the headlines, the U.N.P. has an asset in its Finance Minister, but the people of Ceylon have by now been disillusioned by the vast gulf between the plans and persistent realities.

Apart from its ostensible objectives, what is the present position of the U.N.P.? During the last one year the U.N.P. has been steadily losing ground, as is evident from the results of all bye-elections. In most of these bye-elections, U.N.P. candidates were defeated by leftist and independent candidates. Secondly, the two main problems of Ceylon today, namely the cost of living and the increase of corruption, have not been solved by the U.N.P. Some at least of the top members of the party, like the Premier, are personally incorruptible, but among the lesser fry, corruption is so widely prevalent that not all the efforts of the top leaders have been able to hush it up. The two commissions which were appointed to go into the question of bribery, had stated in their reports that some of the U. N. P. members of the Colombo Municipality, and even some ex-Mayors were guilty of the grossest corruption and some of them had to be disqualified. All efforts to suppress the reports were of little avail against the popular clamour for their publication.

But whether antipathy towards U.N.P.'s policies will definitely bring an opposition to power, is still a debatable question. Even during the last elections, out of 101 seats, U.N.P. won only 42. The leftist parties did not contest as many seats as they could, nor did they work with even a reasonable measure of collaboration, though they did win a considerable number of seats. But disunity, nay persistent mutual enmity, has been the curse of the leftist as well as other opposition parties in Ceylon. There are three main leftist parties, the Lanka Sama

Samaj Party, the original Lanka Sama Samaj Party and the Communist Party. The founders of the leftist movement in Ceylon were Ceylonese students in London. Chief among them are Philip Gunawardena and Dr. N. M. Perera, and they formed the opposition in the Third International. When the Russian Revolution came and later there was the Stalin-Trotsky split, they took the side of Trotsky and constituted themselves as members of the Fourth International. Incidentally it may be mentioned that Ceylon is the only country in the world where the leftist opposition is mainly Trotskyite. On their return home, these students founded in the early thirties the Lanka Sama Samaj Party. It did not make much headway in the elections to the State Council, and due to many petty reasons, the party split up into the Lanka Sama Samaj Party and the Bolshevik Leninist Party. During the Second World War, the parties were virtually put out of action by the detention of their leaders, some of whom, like Perera and Gunawardena, escaped to India, contacted the Socialist Party workers, and later were discovered and arrested. They were released from detention late in '45, and they had barely two years to prepare for the elections in '47. Both the parties won respectively ten and five seats. They have now amalgamated together as the L.S.S.P. though one of the founders of the L.S.S.P. Philip Gunawardena, disapproved of this union, and has seceded with a small number of followers. The L.S.S.P. seems to be gaining strength, as could be judged from the results of bye-elections and the increasing crowds that gather to hear their leaders even in out of the way places. Their leader N. M. Perera told me that they could not put up a fight in the last elections, due to the shortness of time for preparing. But in the coming elections they are going to make an all-out bid for victory. Regarding their programme and policy, they believe like all Communists in the class war, in the dictatorship of the proletariat, and in the final classless society. In short it can be described as Communism minus Stalinism.

The Communist Party in Ceylon was also founded by Ceylonese students in London, chief among whom was Pieter Keuneman, son of a Supreme Court

Judge. The chief distinguishing characteristic of the Communist Party in Ceylon is that they hate other leftists more violently than anywhere else, especially since they are all themselves Trotskyites. The Communists in Ceylon are quite a compact lot, hard-working and earnest, but their success in the next elections is rather doubtful. They have been much freer from any racial or national prejudice than the L.S.S.P. and among the estate workers and harbour workers, they do count plenty of supporters. They are much less given to sabotage and denunciation than the Indian Communists.

There is a compact group of seven members in the legislature belonging to the Ceylon Indian Congress. As the name implies, this was an organization specifically founded by the Indians resident in Ceylon, most of whom are workers in plantations, to protect their interests. It is a most well organized body. Its prime objective now is to see that all Indians born in Ceylon or having permanent interests there are registered as Ceylon citizens. Even after that achievement the party will have to continue to guard Indian interests till the Ceylon Indians are absorbed into the body politic of Ceylon.

The Tamils in Ceylon, especially of Jaffna, are a well-knit lot with an intense political consciousness. Under their leader G. G. Ponnambalam, they demanded parity of representation in the legislature for all the minorities put together, with the majority. This 50:50 demand was rejected by the Soulbury Commission, but the Tamil Congress which put forward the demand under Ponnambalam won the elections in Jaffna in 1947. But slowly there became evident a split in their ranks between the moderates led by G. G. Ponnambalam, who joined the U. N. P. ministry and the extremists under S. J. V. Chelvanayagam who seceded from the party to form the Federalist Party with the objective of securing complete local regional autonomy for the Tamil areas under a Federal Government of Ceylon. The original Tamil Congress with the moderate element is almost dead now.

There are plenty of parties and splinter groups other than these, but they count for little in the politics of Ceylon.

NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE CONGRESS—THE LAST?

By "AFTAB"

Aftab is the pen-name of Sri Ravindra Varma, President of the All India Students' Congress. In this timely and lucid article he goes thoroughly into the problem of the decay inside of the Congress organization, and asserts that only a man with a dynamic personality as President can bring back discipline in the Congress, divert the attention of the rank and file from power and position to constructive work and make Government leaders realize that their strength is only a reflection of the party's strength. He concludes by asking whether such a person can be found who can work this miracle and save the Congress from an ignominious end.

POLITICAL circles have begun asking the question, "Who will be the next President of the Congress?" There was a time when it would not have mattered very much who became the President. The Congress was pledged to continue the struggle for freedom, and whosoever became President, there was the Old Man to bear the cross and lead the crusade. Those days are gone and things are much different today. The Congress has won the fight for political freedom. It has come to power in the Provinces and in the Centre. It has got the long-sought-for opportunity to serve the masses and to end their suffering. But yet the hour of its victory seems to have been the hour of its defeat. Top-ranking Congressmen went into Government and discovered that the "steel frame" was an indispensable instrument of administration, that much of their ideology was too pious to be practicable. Those who ran round the chairs, but could not seat themselves in time, were sure that they would have done much better and been much truer to "Congress ideals" if they were in Government. Intrigues and rivalries were started therefore to replace those in authority by canvassing group loyalties and maintaining them with the sops of power. Power corrupted the Congress and absolute power, unchecked by the presence of a healthy opposition, corrupted Congressmen absolutely.

Disruption In Organization

In many of the Provinces, the Congress Committees openly criticise the Ministries and plot to dethrone them. The State Governments reply by accusing the P.C.C.s of a desire to

interfere in the day to day details of administration. And both groups compete in canvassing the support of the members of the legislature with offers of better and more attractive sops. There is no thought of discipline, of cohesion, of the fact that these practices are corrupting the very sources of democracy in this formative period. The lure of power seems to have blinded them to the peril to the organization itself. It may be too much to say that the country has lost faith in the Congress. But there is no doubt that people have very little faith left in the bonafides of Congressmen. How can it be otherwise when Congressmen in Government have themselves no faith in their co-workers in the organization, and when Congressmen themselves are the loudest critics of those in power? Can the new Congress President find a cure for these evils, discover a dynamic programme that can reclaim the enthusiasm and loyalty of those who are still sincere about service, and evolve an equilibrium between the needs of the Party and the needs of those in Government? Can he perform this miracle and revive the dying prestige of this organization?

Pattabhi's Presidency A Failure

Most of these problems were there even at the Jaipur Session. Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya who was elected President then promised to hold the balance even between the Government and the Party. It looks as though the doctor never made an effort to grapple seriously with the problems before him. He was content with occupying the 'gaddi' and wit-

nessing the quarrels instead of endangering the dignity of the President by attempting to quell the factions.

In any case, his regime has seen the end of the little discipline and cohesion that were left in the Congress. The incessant squabbles and mudslinging of the two groups in the Punjab, the disciplinary action on the U. P. rebels and the formation of the Peoples' Congress in that Province, the worsening of the triangular fight in Bengal between the groups of Dr. P. C. Ghosh, Shri P. C. Sen and Shri S. M. Ghosh, the threatened action on Shri T. Prakasam, the continuous tussle between Mr. Kala Venkata Rao's group and Prof. Ranga's followers in every district and town of Andhra, the interference in and the ultimate hushing up of the enquiry against the Madras Ministers, the defeat of the Congress in the Bombay municipal bye-elections, the fights between the Mishra-Dharmadhikari groups and the Kannmwar group in Nagpur, Punjab Rao Deshmukh and Biyani in Berar, the quarrels that led to the superseding of the Vindhya Pradesh P.C.C., the fight between the P.C.C. and Shri Hiralal Shastri in Rajasthan that could end only with the Sardar ignoring the majority decision of the P.C.C., the exit of Pattam Thanu Pillay and his group from the Congress in Kerala culminating in the formation of the Democratic Socialist Party and the Democratic Congress Party and the resignation of Mr. Kelappan from all Congress offices—all these and many more are the legacies that are being bequeathed to the new President.

Blind To Facts

Yet, the wonder is that there are Congressmen who still feel that they are basking in "eternal sunshine" on top of Mount Everest. One of them is reported to have said recently that when the general elections come and the Congress steam-roller begins to function, all other parties will be ground down. It would be wise for him to get down from the driver's seat and have a good look at the machine before he puts it in gear. He may then see for himself that the nuts and the bolts are all gone and that his roller may only roll down the precipice, throwing out its occupants into the valley of disaster. The elec-

tions to the district boards and other local bodies have already shown that it is impossible for the Congress to come back with the same overwhelming majority. Even in many Provinces like Assam and Tamilnad, where the organized opposition to the Congress is not so strong as it is in other areas, independent groups and persons have defeated Congress candidates in many constituencies. In spite of all this, it may be that the Congress wins a majority of seats at the next elections. But its victory will be a Pyrrhic victory. The tussle inside the organization to obtain party-tickets will be so intense and the number of cases where Congressmen will revolt against the choices of the Parliamentary Board and contest as unofficial Congress candidates will be so many that the organization may not survive the elections in its present form.

Congress Meant For Struggle Only

Thinking of all this, one is tempted to ask oneself the question, how did the Congress manage to squander the vast psychological capital that its political victory must have earned for it? Everyone knows that the Congress was not built up as a party that had to shoulder administrative responsibility in a parliamentary democracy. Whatever its origin might have been, it became under Gandhiji an army of fighters and the technique of the fight was such that no special qualification—educational, physical or military—was necessary, except the psychological willingness to join the ranks of the fighters. Thus, though the top-ranking leaders were mostly men of outstanding abilities, many of their lieutenants who constituted the next rung of leadership were men with no special abilities except the readiness to put up with prison-life. Many of them, therefore, were respected not for their special abilities, but because they had fought so courageously and stubbornly in spite of the absence of such abilities.

Out Of Joint Since Independence

Thus, a strange situation developed with the advent of freedom. Most of the top-ranking leaders got into the Central Government. They began saying everywhere that the Congress had fulfilled its role and that thenceforth even its constructive programme had to be implemented through the machinery of the Government. This suggestion from the highest quarters

was quickly understood by the 'rank and file.' Normally one would expect after such revolution that many of the trusted workers of the Party would replace the stiff-necked men of the old regime in the Executive of Government. But here the vast majority of Congressmen had not the qualifications essential for such responsibilities. There was then only one approach open to them to rise to the pedestals of Government, and that was the legislature, the membership of which was open to every adult voter, without any limiting qualification. And since every Congressman could not be a legislator and every legislator could not be a Minister, the hope was to form groups and secure party tickets and conspire and intrigue to pull down Ministries in the hope of finding a place in the next one. Thus started the tussles within the P.C.C. and between the P.C.C.'s and the Ministries.

No Programme For Rank And File

There was no other programme for the rank and file, no attempt to formulate a dynamic programme which would provide scope for their desire for work and give them the recognition and prestige that well accomplished public work could bring. The constructive programme was no longer a serious programme for Congressmen to work out. It is true that politically active Congressmen who wanted to huddle and jostle in the limelight never took Gandhiji's constructive programme seriously. But much of the mass contact and prestige of the Congress was built up by men who believed in the logic of Gandhiji's non-violent revolution, and who therefore rooted themselves in the rural areas and worked out the constructive programme. Gandhiji and these followers had been primarily responsible for the tremendous moral appeal and prestige of the Congress and for the reputation that Congressmen had for selfless service. Though these constructive workers kept out of the Congress machine, they accepted the politics and policies of the Congress, and the Congress and they were the two hands with which the Old Man worked his miracles in the country. But since his death, the two have drifted further and further apart, and constructive workers today have been forced to be open and vigorous critics of the Con-

gress and the Government. This is an unfortunate loss of the Congress since any Party in Government will have to depend on an army of workers to interpret the demands of the people to the Government and the actions and the limitations of the Government to the people, and also to cover the entire field that only co-operative voluntary effort can do. Neither the demagogues of the Party nor the officials of the Information Ministry can do this. Democracy and self-reliance can be built up not by Governments but by such selfless workers rooted to the soil.

The relations between the Party and the Government have become equally difficult of solution. This difficulty was not experienced when the Congress was operating only the Provincial Ministries. Many of the top-ranking leaders were then outside the Government to attend to the needs of the organization and to maintain cohesion. But today the old and seasoned members of the High Command have got into the Government and left the Presidentship of the Congress as a sort of consolation prize for the mediocre. They feel that the people are with them and that as long as this is so, they need not seek their strength from the popularity of the Congress organization. On the other hand, some of them at least have a right to feel that the present popularity of the Congress in spite of the rot that has set in, is derived from their personal popularity with the masses. They know therefore that the Congress will not, cannot and dare not remove them and elect fresh leaders of the Parliamentary wing. This consciousness of their indispensability for the Congress has made them a little careless about the needs and accepted practices of democracy. They have found that they can silence criticism and what more, even make the AICC and the President of the Congress eat their own words by flaunting the threat of resignation. The President and the AICC have thus become superfluities tolerated with courtesy as long as they are not presumptuous enough to advise or admonish those in Government. And the moment they become presumptuous enough to do that, they will find that they have to get out or recant. This is a strange picture of democracy no-doubt but it is the rea-

lity. This sorry state of affairs can be ended only when the Congress and its President can re-assert their democratic control over its representatives in Government, by building up such independent popular support for the organization that those in Government might realize their dependence on the Party organization and remember that their strength is derived from that of the Party. Till such time as this is done, the Party may be powerless to enforce its flats on its nominees in Government and may have to be content with lining up with the whims of these 'leaders' and defending things which it does not itself agree with.

Task Before New President

Thus it can be seen that the new President, if he wants to pull the Congress out of the present mire, has to restore cohesion and discipline in the organization by formulating a dynamic programme of immediate value that can reclaim the active interest of the rank and file from the rush for party-tickets, and the intrigues in Parliament. He has to re-establish the link with the constructive workers

and secure their active support for the Congress. He has to build up the independent popularity of the organization and to make those in power realize that their strength, is only a reflection of the Party's and that they are expected to implement the policies and fulfil the promises that the Party makes to the electorate. He has to see that efficient cadres from the youth of the country are attracted to serve the Congress in its new role. He has to enforce discipline without fear or favour. All this can be done only by a man with a dynamic personality and the highest integrity. There is no doubt that the next President is taking office during the most crucial years in the history of the Congress. He is going to be in office for three years, and it appears that in all probability he may either preside over the liquidation of the Congress or be instrumental in its miraculous rejuvenation. Now comes the question: "Who in the Congress can be expected to do all this?" Is there any one who can work the miracle and save the Congress from an ignominious end? Time alone can answer the question.

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PUCK—THE PRINTER'S IMP

By A. SITA DEVI

IT was only such a small error—nothing to cause all the trouble and confusion that followed. And really no one at all was to blame unless it be Puck, the Printer's Imp. The linotype man had been up all night with his first son who positively refused to keep at all quiet unless Daddy held him. So it was little to be wondered when Puck blew a bit of dust in his eye that a blurred indistinguishable typewritten *three* seemed exactly like a *five* and the number he wrote was 135 instead of 133 as poorly typewritten. And then a tiny bit of lint got into his own figures—Puck could tell more about this if he chose—and when the proof came up one really could hardly tell which it was—*five* or *three*. Unfortunately that day the regular proof-reader was sick and his perspiring superior read the whole hurriedly through. Puck saw to it that in the press of his many duties he did not call for a clear proof or check the original typewritten copy and so passed the figures without question. But there was no mistaking the figures when finally cleaned and printed. And Puck, the Printer's Imp, smiled in glee, for 135 had apparently passed his intermediate collegiate examination preparatory for a Law course, and 133 in the same group, by token of his absence from the list, had failed. But surely such a small thing could not influence the lives of men? Ah, but that is the story.

Gopalan and Sivaram had one thing in common. They were both born in Madras in the year 1932, but otherwise their circumstances and prospects were as far apart as the two poles. Gopalan at an early age showed a daring and adventurous spirit that caused concern to his father, a wealthy advocate. His father's dream was to have a son follow his own footsteps and carry on the traditions of grandfather and father—both of whom were brilliant in their profession of the law, the grandfather having been one of the first Indians to grace the High

Court Bench of the Province. But his dream seemed little fated of achievement, for Gopalan constantly talked of wishing to enter the Navy and told his father flatly that he was sure to fail if made to study for the Bar. But finally the high-spirited lad agreed at least to try his best to get a pass, with the understanding that if he failed his intermediate, he might follow his own bent. Gopalan's number in the examination was 133. Delighted he was, though surprised, to see his number did not appear. He had thought he had done well in the test. Sadly his father gave permission for him to carry out his long cherished wish and that very day he enlisted in the Indian Navy with a chance to enter an officer's cadet training corps.

Sivaram was a plodding, kindly lad, a bit slow in his intellectual grasp, but all the more persevering because of it. He worked every moment during vacations to help to earn his school fees, and his one ambition was to pass his college course, become an attorney, and finally in some way repay his father, a humble clerk, for all the sacrifices the poor man had made to bring him forward. How hard he had tried on that examination no one will ever know, but the four walls of his room told a tale of diligent study night after night, endeavouring to master the intricacies of the questions that might be his. Studying the whole of the night before, on the day of the examination he had had a splitting headache, and knew that he had not done his best. He felt he had just failed, and was most delightfully surprised to find his number in the daily columns—135—as one who had passed. Excitedly he showed the paper to his father and the old man shed tears of joy for his son's victory over such odds.

The next day Sivaram visited his college, hoping to learn more details of his grades. Meeting his Principal, he said with shining eyes: "Oh, Sir, you do not know how happy I am

that in spite of the dreadful headache I had on examination day, I still somehow or other made the grade." "But, my lad, you did *not* pass," the Principal bluntly said. "It was a near-pass, but just a bit too low for the examiners to let you through. How did you get the idea you had passed?" With a despairing heart, Sivaram showed the paper. "Why, there must be some mistake here. Your number shows up rightly enough, but it must be a typographical error." He rang for a copy of the manuscript that had been sent the press and noted at once the blurred figure. "They have mistaken 133 which is uncertain in the copy for 135 your number. That is a great pity—I am so sorry. You say you were ill on the date of the examination. Why did you not tell me frankly at the time and I might have arranged another date for you. If we permitted you to take another, perhaps even a stiffer examination, would you be willing to try?"

"Oh, give me a chance, Sir. It would break my father's heart if, after all his joy, now he learns of my failure," almost sobbed the boy in his eagerness.

"Well, we'll see what we can do. I think it possibly can be arranged. But, mind you, it will not be an easy examination to pass. What concerns me most now is the unhappiness of 133, your friend Gopalan, who thinks he has failed. I must immediately call and see his father and tell him his boy did pass, and quite creditably."

The kindly man, full of concern for the unhappiness that must have been caused to the advocate and his son, visited their home without delay and communicated what he thought would be the best of news to them both. The son started with unhappiness when he heard of his pass and then looked entreatingly at his father. The advocate's eyes shone with a quiet satisfaction. "I am glad, my boy, you *did* pass and with decent grades. You did not let me down. That does me more good than any news I could possibly hear. You had promised to do your utmost and when I saw your number was not there, knowing our

agreement, I had a sinking sensation that you might not have tried your level best as you promised you would. Do not worry. You have joined the Indian Navy. We cannot trifle with a genuine enlistment in our country's Defence forces. You will find your pass will give you added assistance in your progress towards officer's training. Our country needs men who can *make* the grade, not men who *fail*. I am glad you know your mind and that you have started on your career and I shall give you every assistance to follow your heart's desire. I only wanted to test you—you are so young, I did not want you to rush blindly into what might be only the whim of a youth."

So the bewildered Principal left, amazed at the results of his interview. Now more eager than ever was he to give Sivaram his chance, and since the College had made special provisions through a Moderation Board for the handling of deserving borderline cases, it was not difficult to arrange for another examination for Sivaram. As the eager lad had kept up his reading since the examination several months before, so disheartened had he been with what he knew had been poorly written papers, he was in fine fettle for the retake. He not only passed but with a grade ten points higher than passing level. Then he went proudly to his father and told him the whole tale, and an even more intense joy was theirs at the thought of what might have been lost and yet was now regained at a higher level.

"You know, dad, I should never even have gone to the Principal, had my number been missing in the newspaper. I felt I was a failure and there was no good of going on wasting your money and my time. It must have been God who twisted the figures, for Gopalan got his heart's desire which he would not have had and I another chance."

But Puck, the Printer's Imp, at the mention of Higher Intervention winked and smiled. Was he himself not the *dues ex machina* whom many cursed, but a few, as today, blessed?

Many a man finds himself on the brink of marriage without ever having given any sober thought even to so important a matter as the probable charm of his bride-elect as mistress. This explains many connubial calamities.—H.L. MENCKEN.

THE QUEST FOR 'HIDDEN' KRITIS

By T. S. P.

WHILE opening a portrait of his guru Ramanathapuram Srinivasa Iyengar at a Perambur music sabha, Sri Ariyakudi Ramanuja Iyengar was reported as having made a fervent plea for 'unearthing' hidden kritis of reputed composers of old, including his guru. As the speech was in Tamil, it was not known what exactly was the word used which was translated as 'unearthing.' At any rate, there was nothing new or original in this oft-repeated plea for bringing to light such of the compositions of old masters like Tyagaraja as are not ordinarily sung in concerts. Many a speaker at our music conferences has laid stress, year after year, on the importance of our musicians adding to their repertoire new kritis and singing them before the public. The Radio also took a lead recently in this direction by insisting that even leading vidwans should sing at least a few new kritis on each occasion.

There can be no two opinions on the question of our musicians singing new pieces in their concerts. Even an occasional visitor to one of our concerts can be sure of being regaled to the same kritis he heard from the musician years ago. Our audiences are partly to blame for this stagnation as the average concert-goer wants his money's worth and insists on the musician singing his masterpieces everytime, with the result that the number of pieces sung in present day concerts has dwindled to a bare fifty.

When the above suggestion of Sri Ariyakudi was actively followed up by Sri Ramanujachari with a proposal that the 'hidden' kritis of Tyagaraja should be 'set to music' by a committee of musicians, the music-loving public put it down as a piece of misguided enthusiasm. 'Ganarchaka' and Sri Mahalinga Sastri criticised the proposal with well-reasoned arguments and pointed out the unwisdom of anyone attempting to write the music for the sahityas of a composer of the stature of Tyagaraja. 'Vighneswara', with his inimitable sarcasm

and devastating logic, pointed out in SWATANTRA the pitfalls of the scheme and rightly warned that by the operation of a strange Gresham's Law, the new kritis may, in course of time, drive out the original ones.

Sri Musiri Subramanya Iyer's letter in the press that Sri Ramanujachari's suggestion had taken concrete shape dispelled all doubts in the matter and the list that has now been circulated to all interested in music shows that the organisers are serious about the proposal. The first step, no doubt, is to collect the musical score of as many kritis of Tyagaraja as possible from persons who know them and every music lover will doubtless co-operate with this endeavour. The organisers will have rendered signal service to music if they stop with this and either publish or arrange to propagate the 'hidden' kritis thus brought to light. But this is not to be, as it has been announced that the next step would be to prepare a list of Tyagaraja kritis the music of which is not available and distribute them to different musicians to be 'set to music.'

'Unearthing' and 'setting to music' are two entirely different things. That the practice of one man writing the music for another man's words or vice versa cannot be productive of good music is too well-known to be stressed here. Nor is this the first time that imitations of Tyagaraja kritis are attempted and spurious tunes imposed on them. We have classic examples like "Vedalenu Kodandapani" in Todi, "Vinata suta vahanudai" in Harikambhoji and "Diname sudinamu" in Latangi with patently inferior music and sahitya that none can mistake as genuine despite the Tyagaraja mudra in them. The tunes of several 'new' kritis of Tyagaraja that are now sung in concerts are so cheap and tawdry that they should serve as eye-openers to those who want to set the great composer's songs to music rather than inspire them in their attempt.

No one, of course, pretends that all the kritis of Tyagaraja, as sung in

concerts today, are sung in the same manner in which their creator composed them. There have been mutilations and interpolations and in many pieces, the ragas and talas have been completely changed. Later day editors of music books do not appear to have hesitated to insert their own dhatu for an anupallavi here or a charana there when they were in doubt. If, behind this variety of mutilations, one could still discern the delicate and ethereal beauty of his musical forms, as faintly as the fragrance of a distant rose wafted by the breeze, it is because the genius of a Tyagaraja is in the background.

Attempts to tamper with the compositions of vageyakaras of the stamp of Tyagaraja have always been looked down with contempt and condemned in the strongest language. Severe, but qualified, critics of music have called it a sacrilege. The late Dr. Srinivasaraghavan, the last scion of the Tyagaraja school, used to call such kritis as 'Viswamitra Srishti' and was in the habit of weeding out even sangatis that did not fit in with the theme and spirit of a piece. And, ardent devotee of Tyagaraja that he was, he would not so much as look at a kriti unless the authenticity of both the sahitya and the music was proved beyond doubt.

It has been said that musicians would be given a free hand in their task of setting the songs to music so that they might, as far as possible, recapture the original spirit of a piece. But, who has heard the original? And I hope our musicians have not come to the stage of arrogating to themselves the capacity to 'recapture'

the inspiration of a Tyagaraja! For, as one writer aptly put it, "even now the mystery at the heart of ragas well nigh eludes us; so much so that when the uninspired executant attempts to render them, he can do little more than reproduce the appropriate Tyagaraja kriti in outline." What about the inexhaustible variety of eduppus, kala and gati variations in familiar talas that have endowed his songs with lively spirit and inborn grace? What about the unique balance of tradition and innovation, the fertility of imagination, the variety, richness and grace of musical phrasing, and the revelation at every turn of unsuspected possibilities in the mode handled? And finally, what about the lakshanas of apurva ragas of which he was himself the creator and which began to dance their way through the human heart under his life-giving magic touch?

Let us, by all means, unearth, if we can, more kritis of not only Tyagaraja but the other great composers as well. Let us collect them from such of the scions of the respective schools like the late lamented Dr. Srinivasaraghavan, who are happily still among us. But what is the need for this pressing into service of second rate music to robe classical sahityas? Why should we, like the protagonists of the Tamil songs movement or the kritis of Swati Tirunal, improvise tunes with phrases freely borrowed from Tyagaraja himself? Modern stonemasons cannot add to the beauties of Ajanta, nor indifferent brick-layers build annexes to the Taj Mahal. There are some things in the world, which, if once lost, are lost for ever.

CORRECTION:

It is regretted that the first paragraph of a note on Somerset Maugham by V. T. Devanathan published on page 12 of SWATANTRA dated August 26, 1950 was distorted by a jumble of the lines which completely spoiled the sense. The correct passage is as follows:

In the college in which I studied there was no book at all by Somerset Maugham in the college library, though it was the year of grace 1946! Even now, except in one or two colleges, there are no books by modern authors later than Bernard Shaw. College students in Madras, for the most part, have no chance at all till they leave their colleges to hear the names of Aldous Huxley, D. H. Lawrence, or even J. B. Priestley, let alone James Joyce. Once I had a book of Maugham "Moon and Sixpence" with me when I was going in a bus with one of my friends and he took it from me to see the title. He returned it saying that however much he tried, he was not able to interest himself in astrology. He didn't say anything about economics because of that "Sixpence."

ITALY TO-DAY: POOR BUT HAPPY

By J. E. BELLIVEAU

THERE is a doorman wearing a slightly faded blue uniform, who stands in the comforting sunshine outside an apartment building in this ancient city of Rome. He is about 50 years old by appearance but younger in years; the cares of the years have aged him prematurely. Each week, for his work, he is paid 800 lire. He gets few tips but he has his lodging and meals and, like most Italians, even in his poverty he is not sad.

In Milan he has an old father, two sisters and a brother and all these he supports from his meagre earnings. They receive some trifle of state relief. Every lire he earns, save a pitiful few for his absolute necessities, he sends home.

For entertainment he has only the sunshine and, after hours, the companionship of his fellows. His case is not extraordinary in Italy, the poorest country in Europe, though visitors to the streets of Rome and Florence with their obvious wealth and their fine shops might not realize it at once. In Italy poverty is a case of simple economics; too many people in too small a land without the resources to prosper. The anomaly of it is that the people are not only resigned but generally cheerful.

There are the bitter poor, but they are a minority and even the excitable Communist elements are a different breed from those one finds in northern countries or even in the tropics of the western hemisphere. To understand Italy today, these things must first be understood.

In Rome, which is no measure of Italy but still an indicator, the coffee-drinking, gay, busy and polite people do not give one the impression of being people under pressure and living in danger. The truth is that in Italy, as in other parts of Europe, the people have a philosophy of life which frees them from neuroses and makes them live for the day, letting the morrow take care of itself.

Now and then the tension of living on so little breaks and one realizes what it means to these people. In

the cities of Rome and Florence and in some parts of Milan, the streets are filled with unusually well-dressed residents; automobiles of the trimmest and latest models race about and there is an air of prosperity. Behind the facade is the poverty. It has, sometimes, to be sought out.

Pledged To Three Reforms

One night soon after I arrived in Rome, four men became embroiled in an argument on a street car over nothing more than one lira in change. A lira is worth about one-fifth of a cent, almost nothing, but it meant enough to the debaters to send two to hospital. Of course, one must also consider the volatile temperament of some Italians.

The fight occurred half a block from one of Rome's many fashionable restaurants where people were paying as much as 2,000 lire for dinner, having gone there in a taxi for which they paid 300 lire. It was a few blocks from the Trastevere across the Tiber where the poorest of the city live in ancient and decrepit palaces of princes or cardinals. They may have marble floors and iron lacework, balustrades, but in winter they are chill and cheerless. It is these sometimes shocking gaps between the condition of the rich and the poor which cause much of the friction which does exist in Italy.

Late in March, Mario Scelba, the tough and aggressive Italian Minister of Interior, sent his swift-moving "Celere," shock-troops of police, racing in jeeps and on motor cycles to quell disturbances caused by Communist militants in two or three parts of the country. The numerous Italian Communists had chosen this moment to strike in an attempt to embarrass the Christian Democrat Government of Premier Alcide de Gasperi in a moment of crisis. In San Severo in the south and at Parma the riots caused more trouble than in Rome. Elsewhere, the people were not excited.

Though the reports of the riots were flamboyant, the foreign embassies in Rome did not consider them so

serious. They were important, however, for they marked a turning point in Italian political affairs. They were unsuccessful, even in the industrial north, and the landing of the Atlantic Pact arms from the U. S. which they had hoped to prevent, was not affected. Since then, shipments have arrived in Naples and at other ports and there has been no trouble. A general strike which the Communists wanted to set off in March did not spread either, and the omen was considered good.

The Christian Democrats are pledged to three main reforms: agrarian, or division of farmlands among the peasants; regional reform, which is the setting up of provinces, and labour reform. Perhaps most vital in overcrowded Italy, where there are now 10,000,000 more people than the country can economically support and a total population of 46,000,000, is land reform in the south. This is so expensive and difficult, if revolutionary and violent tactics are to be avoided, that it is not considered the Government can do much more than start them in the present term.

Baron Alessandro Farace, one of the Government leaders met one day in the Chigi palace on one of the four sides of the Piazza Colonna where the Government conducts its official business. He told me that, in spite of the problems, the Government had set out to divide the land now held by large landowners, but that it had to move cautiously. Nevertheless, he said, the matter was being attacked and the results would not be long in showing.

Land reform in Italy would do more than almost anything else to stay the hands of the Communists, who have been using the lack of land as a weapon with which to whip the peasants in line. It has been a trump card, because most of the Italian Communists are not doctrinaire Communists; they are, rather, Communists only in that they support any group which offers them help. Anything sounds good to the man whose family is close to starvation and whose education is not sufficient to permit him to distinguish between one political policy and another.

The Communists do favour the regional reform because it would give them some control in the provinces if they were set up with certain rights.

In the areas where they are strong they could dominate provincially. For instance, Mayor Ganquito of Venice is known as the head of the Communist sabotage squads. If the Venetians ran their own provincial affairs, he might well be the local boss.

The "White Communists"

In labour reform the Government has achieved more than in any other direction. The L.E.G.I.L. (free confederation of labour) is doing a good job of organizing the industrial areas and has taken not only the initiative but the numerical control from the Communist unions.

There is little doubt but that the Italian Government with more imagination, less conservatism and more courage might have obviated the Communist threat in the country. Indeed, there has arisen within the Government a threat from the left-wing group which may force the conservatives to action. When this group threatened to secede from the Christian Democrats, the March party congress was postponed.

This movement, dubbed the "White Communists," is committed to liberal ideas which would perhaps be more effective in stemming the Communist tide than anything else. It is led by three extremely able young men, Dossetti, Fanfani and Lapira. They sought representation in the cabinet and its refusal brought the secession threat. The Government also has a strong middle section led by Giuseppe Gronchi, ambitious, brilliant and sore as a boil because De Gasperi made him President of the House. This is a position similar to the Canadian parliamentary Speaker's and leaves Gronchi speechless and powerless but with a fine title. He is a violent man and so unhappy that he compromised his position by dealing with Palmiro Togliatti, the Communist leader, and was embarrassed when the man believed head of the Cominform was not interested in his overtures.

In spite of its general poverty, caused by an unhealthy and almost resourceless economy, Italy has made a remarkable recovery from the war. Building is progressing on a big scale and the Italians remain the world's great builders. Employment is better and public works, such as reclamation and irrigation in Calabria, are beginning to help. Industrial production

is increasing and the railways have been restored to efficiency.

Italy is becoming a creditor nation; the United Kingdom owes it \$25,000,000 for goods now, and the lire is remaining stable even though its worth in terms of dollars is slight.

The extreme poverty which one can find in Italy is little different from that of the starved areas of the southern U. S., and less degrading than in some parts of North America. It is the same sort of poverty in that degree that most of the world knows. Where the country's generally low economic level is more clearly demonstrated is in the lower middle- and the clerical classes. One-fifth of the 46,000,000 inhabitants of Italy earn less than \$400 a year or \$33.38 a month. Three-fifths earn around \$1,200 a year or \$100 a month. The remaining fifth comes into the highest group earning from \$2,000 to \$5,000 annually.

Richest men in Italy are the northern industrialists and the poorest the shepherds of the Abruzzi, who get \$11 a month. Since the war those who have done best are the skilled and semi-skilled workers who average \$124 a month and, in many ways, those worst off are the white-collar workers who are far behind the cost of living in salaries.

While a labourer is paid 20,000 to 30,000 lire a month, which was the total of my hotel bill in Rome for five days (about \$40 to \$60), the average civil-service worker makes only \$75. His shabby clothing, neat in a pathetic attempt to keep up appearances, is his trademark—the frayed cuff, the thin-kneed trousers and the patched shirt.

In Italy, an unmarried policeman earns \$50 a month and after eight years, when he may marry, he is raised to \$75. A university professor will be paid less than elementary school teachers and many support themselves by writing and other sidelines. They also sometimes promote student-sons of wealthy parents to help themselves along.

Life Of Simplicity

Nor is it correct to think that because wages are low prices are in proportion. A man's suit costs a month's salary and a woman's silk dress \$25 to \$40, and \$15 to \$25 if cotton. Spaghetti, a substantial feature of the national meal, is 20 cents a

pound, bread 10 to 20 cents a loaf, butter \$1 pound and milk 15 cents a quart. Of course, for the middle class, there is gas and electricity and maybe a telephone—all for \$60 a month. Having a telephone in Italy, in my opinion, is not a privilege or convenience but a disadvantage. It is the darnest thing out and often it is easier to walk a mile and get things settled. The sign of the harassed Italian telephoning is his constant and loudly shouted, "Pronto, pronto," and, in desperation, "Pronto, pronto." Finally he gives up.

One of the more startling facets of Italian economy is the poverty of the clergy, which is state-supported. A bishop gets 12,000 lire a month (\$24) and a parish priest 8,000 (\$16). They receive practically nothing in collections because the people have nothing and the custom was never established. Stipends for funerals, weddings and similar ceremonies are so trivial as to be almost non-existent. How the clergy exist is a current Italian puzzle.

If 25 per cent of Italian houses are without water, 67 per cent without gas, 90 per cent without telephones and 40 per cent without toilets, this does not seem to worry the inhabitants too much. If there is food to eat and clothing to wear, the other things are not important. There is a car to only one in 1,000 Italian families and most of these are in the cities.

The average Italian lives with extreme simplicity and this is true from President Luigi Einaudi down to the Sicilian peasant. Few have ice-boxes or radios, bathtubs or electric ranges, but they don't mind. The country people live in ancient cottages without these things; the important thing to them is to have a roof over their heads.

The food is simple to a degree among the country folk. The Government has kept down the prices of bread and pasta, which includes many dishes like spaghetti, and vegetables and fruit and wine are relatively cheap. Otherwise food prices are high.

Many Italians continue to live primitive lives, like the shepherds of Central Italy who live far from towns in the mountains and on the plains. Yet, it is one of the pleasanter paradoxes of Italy that cheerfulness and enjoyment of simple pleasures are not dependent on material prosperity.

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AMERICA AND HER ALLIES

By BAROO

NEITHER the overwhelming superiority that the Americans have built up in Korea, nor their untiring propaganda that they have the support of 52 nations can alter the basic fact that their plans for the containment and ultimate rooting out of Communism have miscarried sadly. The war-makers of Wall Street are today farther from their goal of world conquest than they have ever been.

American plans of world domination depended mainly on two assumptions. First, that it would be possible to buy the man-power of Western Europe and non-Communist Asia with dollars and to use it against Russia. Second, that a swift and sudden attack on Russia with atomic weapons would bring about her capitulation in a matter of days. It was a beautifully simple plan, and one that involved no loss of precious American lives. While the hard ground fighting would be done by mercenaries drawn from a dozen different dollar-starved countries, the *coup de grace* would be delivered by a handful of American aviators flying long-range aircraft based on a mortgaged Britain. The Korean war has proved both these assumptions to be wrong. By exposing American plans in all their hideous nakedness, and by exploding the myth of the GI's fighting capacities it has made potential mercenaries realise the folly of serving as cannon fodder for the convenience of Yankee money-bags. No, sir, the Americans will have to do their own fighting in the future. As for the imagined short-cut of the atom bomb, world opinion is already so thoroughly disgusted with American aggressiveness and so completely convinced of Soviet peacefulness, that Truman will think a hundred times before he takes that mad step. For even he now knows where that step will take him.

But the sorriest part of the mess in which Washington finds itself today is that not a single country is willing to go with it the whole hog. United Nations fiction of 52 supporting nations notwithstanding, America does not possess a single friend today. Most of the support it is deceiv-

ing itself with does not extend beyond voting in the United Nations. Offers of actual support in men and money have been almost completely absent, and even the few that have been received are from countries already on America's dole-list and are thus more symbolic than helpful. Turkey's 4,500 and Britain's 2,000 bodies are going to be fed and armed by the Yanks. Apart from this, there are a few RAF, New Zealand and Australian planes and some British warships helping the Yanks. And nothing else.

When it is remembered that the bill for even this help will be footed by the US sooner or later, and that in any case it extends only to the so-called "U. N." action in Korea, and not to any other military ventures that America might undertake—Formosa for example—the full extent of America's plight becomes apparent. What it amounts to is this, that even those countries which it has kept alive these last five years with the object of using them as the first line of defence against Russia, are now refusing to oblige the bosses of Pentagon. Not a single West European or Commonwealth country has endorsed MacArthur's designs regarding Chiang. They are just not going to pull America's chestnuts out of the fire for her, even though they have been paid to do so. What a sad discovery this must be for Marshall and Co.

But this is not all. Even in regard to Korea, Britain and other western countries have begun to express opinions that are not going to be liked by the Yanks. The British Government could not but show its good intentions by sending a paltry and tardy 2,000 men to America's 80,000 odd in Korea, but the Government is not the people, and the voice of the British people is strongly critical of its Government. Apart from the Communists and the partisans of peace, and the more practical few who have committed acts of sabotage on British warships or helped in passing on information to Soviet Russia, there is in Britain a growing

body of people who would not like to be bombed out of their houses once again. These people, and their number is legion, are beginning to make themselves heard. The editorials of independent papers like the "*New Statesman and Nation*" and "*Reynold's News*" and the pronouncements of men like Bertrand Russell reflect the average Briton's desire for peace and his misgiving that American barbarity in Korea is likely to lead to still greater horrors all round. What American can find comfort in such feeling in Britain, supposedly America's staunchest friend and her strongest ally?

Britain's and other West European countries' attitude towards their benefactor is easy to understand. They no doubt feel beholden to America for the help they have received from her these last five years and more, but they have neither the means nor the inclination to increase their troubles by inviting a fresh war that will hit them before it will hit America. Britain and France can point out with justice that they have paid for the dollars they have received by shedding their blood in the jungles of Malaya and Indo-China respectively, and that to hold their ground in these countries is about as much as they can do. They can also tell America that her mad designs in Formosa—designs that can easily lead America into a full-scale war with China—and her savage bombardments in Korea have automatically increased their task in their possessions in the Far East, and also increased the danger to their own homelands. Far from supplying men to America, they will soon be begging for more dollars for their rearmament plans. What an ironical situation America has created for herself and her friends. Just when she needs their help, they begin to ask for her help!

Nor is this the whole story. Not only are America's "allies" millstones round her neck, but they are going to become heavier with the passage of time. Not one of them can be sure of national unity in the coming crisis. In fact, it is certain that as prices rise and popular distress increases with the spread of hostilities and the switch-over of production from con-

sumer goods to armaments, popular resentment against Governments that have willy nilly followed the American lead, will increase. The strength of Communist parties on the Continent makes it certain that there will be large scale upheavals there sooner or later. Even in Britain there are possibilities of serious trouble arising. In these circumstances, what will America do? Garrison these countries also?

So much for America's allies. Let us now take a look at those countries, which, though outside the "Iron Curtain" are not particularly enamoured of America. The most important of these countries are the non-Communist countries of Asia like India and Pakistan. They have adopted a more or less neutral attitude so far, but it is clear that their masses are strongly anti-American, and are swerving steadily to the Left. The re-appearance of war-time shortages is helping this tendency, and if the economic condition of these countries continues to deteriorate, there is not one chance in ten that they shall not go Red. What is America going to do about them? Garrison them too?

But, immediately, America's biggest headache will be the ex-enemy countries under her occupation. As soon as American armies get bogged in China, Indo-China and the Philippines—all on Truman's publicly announced list—Japan will raise its head, and so will West Germany. Communist strength in both these countries is considerable. How will America deal with these countries?

It is impossible not to admire the masterly strategy of peace that has led America into the entirely impossible situation she finds herself in today. Thanks to the utter peacefulness of Soviet Russia even in the face of the most impudent provocation, America finds herself committed to world conquest in circumstances that guarantee the failure of her plans. America stands isolated and friendless as never before in her history, and what is more, stands pledged to a line of action that will increase both her isolation and her difficulties with every passing day.

DANCE ART OF KUMAR ROY CHOUDHURY

By E. KRISHNA IYER

THOUGH the renaissance in the dance art of India is phenomenally wide-spread and though numerous artists flood the stage nowadays with all sorts of dances, it is doubtful, how far most of them reflect the true spirit of the national art. While a few well trained artists display high technique, they are found to lack effective presentation and those who are experts in showmanship, deal out flimsy art with little or no technique of the classical type. Very few are the exceptions who combine both to a convincing degree. When in this context, a rare artist with a combination of such desirable features comes up, he easily gets into the hearts of understanding connoisseurs.

Such is the case with Kumar Roy Choudhury, the talented son of the illustrious D. P. Roy Choudhury, Principal of the Madras School of Arts and Crafts. The preview of variety dances given by him and his troupe last Friday evening at the Victoria Public Hall, provided an excellent treat to the art loving public. Young Choudhury proved to be a born dancer gifted by nature with an exceptional body beautiful and a superior innate art sense. That he has utilised these natural endowments to great advantage by assiduous practice of the technique in the various styles of Indian dancing under able masters and by polishing it to a remarkable degree for refined presentation, was amply evident from his dances. As the talented son of a talented father, he seems to have been greatly helped in his efforts by the natural art atmosphere of his home, in the midst of high class creations in sculpture and painting. He has also collected around him a number of talented artists, with the result, that most of the items of dance given in the preview were noted for their superior artistry and polished presentation.

More than anything else, young Choudhury's success in the exposition of Bharata Natya was worthy of note. His Alarippu, Tillana, and 'Natanam Adinar' were as classical as they were

graceful. Equally remarkable were his dances in other styles and in particular, his "Surya Nrityam" portraying the feeling over the effulgence of the rising sun and "Naga Nrityam" with serpentine movements of the body and limbs, were superb in their execution and interpretation. His "Thala Nrityam" with two brass discs admirably balanced in the palm of his hands, was a masterpiece of skill in converting an acrobatic feat into a piece of delectable art. The arresting features of young Choudhury's art were his perfection of classically sculpturesque poses, remarkable suppleness of body, limbs and muscles and flawless precision in rhythm in dance patterns. After Ram Gopal, this young dancer is another noteworthy instance of a male's success in Bharata Natya, thereby proving, that this art need not be the sole preserve of women and that it can be handled effectively by men also with exceptional physical charm. To quote Romala Nijinsky, "there can be no real artist who has not the characteristics of both the sexes," and young Choudhury, with these characteristics to an abundant degree, is a real artist. Hence his success in Bharata Natya. In him, lines of the body unfolded themselves in continuous fluidity and the attitudes were linked to one another by harmonious and gliding steps and movements.

This kind of rare art reached its peak of perfection and excellence in his 'Naga-Nritya' in particular, wherein he literally wriggled like a serpent, with an amazing variety of charming poses and attitudes, curves and glides, in rhythmic movements and effortless sequence, to the manipulation of which, every bit of his body and limbs bent itself as pliantly as India rubber and as if it had no bones.

While his grace and smoothness of step and movement, without the thud and jerkiness of the average Bharata Natya artist, is highly commendable, one could not but feel also, that he need not have carried his conception of curves and graces to

such an extent, as to blur or sacrifice at times the expected clearness and crispness of design in some of the abhinaya mudras and their usage in Bharata Natya as in "Krishna Ni Begane Baro" and "Natanam Adinar." This tendency can be overcome with more and more of practice and experience and avoiding the usual temptation of most modern dancers to unnecessarily meddle with or modify the well defined and time-honoured tradition in gesture forms and their usage in the name of "improvement" or "giving new interpretations to ancient modes."

Among other items of the troupe, Krishna Rao's "Rahu and Chandra" with Thilakam and "Jatayu Moksham" with Krishnan Nambudri and others, in Kathakali style, were effective with characteristic power and vigour. The former bit sought to interpret the mythological theme of the serpent Rahu attempting to swallow the Moon who gets nervous over it, and the latter dealt with a chip of Ramayana story, wherein Jatayu the old eagle king fought with Ravana who was carrying away Sita and being fatally crippled in the fight, waits for Rama's appearance and breathes his last in the latter's lap. The portrayal of these themes was interesting and the spectacular splendour of Jatayu as the golden eagle reminded one of Ram Gopal's modes in the art.

While it is true that the dance art in general seeks to interpret nature, ideas and emotions through poses and movements in rhythm, the uniqueness of Indian classical dance lies in adding hand gestures and facial expression to these for interpretation. No

Bharata Natya or Kathakali can be considered genuinely classical or Indian, unless it has these unique characteristics, especially in interpreting a story or theme. Hence these two dance items can be improved and made more convincing by bringing into play more of abhinaya mudras and facial expression along with poses and movements characteristic of the Kathakali style.

The "War Dance" with costumes pertinent to the hill tribes and the "Fishermen's Dance" with appropriate stage effects, were lively and interesting group dances. Stage arrangements with sombre blue curtains made by Messrs. T. S. Manikkam and K. E. Ganapathy of long experience in the line and a mellow orchestra headed by Ellappa Nattuvanar provided an agreeable background and added attraction to the shows.

On the whole, the variety dances given by Kumar Roy Choudhury and his troupe were found to constitute high and genuine Indian art in refreshing contrast to the growing medley of hybrid and spurious art flaunted on the stage in the name of "Oriental Dances" by many an ill-trained dancer nowadays. Above all, young Choudhury's art provided a convincing proof as to how in addition to the natural endowment of a body beautiful, patient and intelligent practice, training and control of the body, limbs and muscles, in a man or woman, are absolutely essential to produce high and effective art in dance. As such, the tribute of praise paid to him and his troupe by the Hon'ble Chief Justice Mr. P. V. Rajamannar was truly well-merited.

PLAN ELECTRONIC MODEL OF HUMAN EAR

Engineers may soon be building electric models of the ear, says Dr. Robert O. Fehr, General Electric engineer.

Dr. Fehr, speaking before a meeting of the American Society for Metals, said that it is possible to build an electrical network with characteristics similar to those of the ear.

Points in the network would represent parts of the ear, including the point where sound impulses are picked up and transmitted to the brain by many thousands of nerves in a spiral chamber known as the "cochlea." Each of these nerves is tuned to sounds of a particular frequency.

Electric currents with various frequencies and intensities would be fed into the network to represent sounds, and effects of the currents on any part of the network could be measured. Such apparatus should reveal a great deal about the reaction of specific parts of the ear to different sounds, he said.

MORE ABOUT DELHI PRESS ASSOCIATION

Mr. V. V. Prasad writes:

Mr. Rangaswamy has raised one or two points of fundamental importance in his letter to you two weeks ago. His letter to you is a milder version of the letter which he had written to me. I therefore request that you may publish his letter to me and my reply to him:

Secretary's Letter

New Delhi, 4th Aug., 1950.

My dear Prasad,

My attention was drawn to a paragraph about the Press Association appearing in the New Delhi Diary published in SWATANTRA dated July 22. I presume the author of the article whose name is given as V. V. PRASAD is yourself. I am surprised that a member of the Executive Committee as you are should have sent such a wrong and mischievous report. In the first place it has been the convention for some years that only authorised reports of the proceedings are given for publication. It is, therefore, improper on your part to have divulged what happened in the association. Secondly, you say that an amendment to the constitution was thrown out. But what happened at the General Body meeting was that the consideration of the amendments was postponed to a later date. Thirdly, it is wrong to suggest that the amendment which was moved at the meeting sought to terminate the membership of a correspondent the moment he ceased to be an accredited correspondent. The amendment retained in substance the existing provision and even according to the amendment a correspondent can continue to be a member of the association for a period of six months after his disaccreditation.

The main purpose for which the Press Association exists is to safeguard the rights and privileges of press correspondents. I was therefore surprised to find your report in SWATANTRA written in a language bordering on arrogance, posing as the champion of the rights of pressmen and administering lofty warnings. I think you owe an explanation to the Committee.

Yours truly,

K. RANGASWAMY,
Secretary, New Delhi-Simla Press Association.

Prasad's Reply

New Delhi 14th August, 1950.

My dear Rangaswamy,

I confess I was baffled by the first part of your letter of August 4. You have

spoken of a convention that only authorised reports of the proceedings of the meetings of the Press Association are given for publication. I suggest that there has been no such convention. The President of the Press Association sometimes used to request that no reports of a particular meeting may be published. This could be never taken to mean that there is a ban on such publication. The Press, as you know, lives by disclosures; and it would be a strange proceeding indeed if we were to clamp down on reports about our own Association. I therefore cannot agree that comment on any subject under the sun or beyond is taboo to us. In the past, the Press Association used to be controlled by an Executive which had among its members some who wanted the transactions of the Committee to remain secret for reasons best known to themselves. Members in those days could not get to know, even if they tried, what transpired at meetings of the Executive Committee.

I am sorry to inform you that you have given some of us the feeling that you too share the old conception of the Executive. You have repeatedly thought that the Executive of the Press Association was some kind of a Cabinet, and that the Secretary was some kind of a Prime Minister.

You have also made a reference to my "arrogance." I submit the boot is on the other leg. You have repeatedly insulted all the other members of the Executive Committee by suggesting that none of them had any influence whatever, whereas you claimed that you had great influence. You wanted Mr. B. Shiva Rao should be elected President of the Association in place of Sir Usha Nath Sen, even without Sir Usha Nath tendering his resignation. I yield to none in my admiration of Mr. Shiva Rao, but the rules definitely made it clear that the President could be elected only from among the members of the Executive Committee. Mr. Shiva Rao was not on the Executive. Sir Usha Nath, moreover, had not resigned. When I asked you to wait until Sir Usha Nath sent in a letter of resignation, you pleaded that he was not in a position to sign a letter. In fact, he had told another member of the Executive Committee that he would be glad to continue as President if we did not wish to get rid of him. I do not know whether you consulted Mr. Shiva Rao before proposing his name, but you were not fair to him when you suggested that you were the two influ-

ential people who would be able to do a lot of good to the Press Association in spite of the lack of influence of the rest of us. When even then you could not have your way, you threatened to resign. Your persistence in proposing Mr. Shiva Rao led to the comment that you were trying to misuse the Press Association to please Mr. Shiva Rao. If this is true, you were not fair either to Mr. Shiva Rao or to the Press Association or to the organisation to which both of you belong.

These threats of resignation were repeated at least half a dozen times during the three or four meetings of the Executive which I attended. I can appreciate that you would not like such matters to find publication. But we can never accept the position that the proceedings of the Press Association Executive are Cabinet secrets.

About the amendment at the General Body meeting. You will probably recall that you wanted the amendments to be put to the vote, saying that if they were rejected you would hand over the Secretaryship to somebody else and be done with it. You said that you could not carry on if some of us went on obstructing you. Since the general sense of the House was in favour of rejecting your amendment, and since we did not want further defections from the Press Association, some friend suggested that the discussion be postponed. In fairness to you, I should recall that you were unwilling for the postponement of the discussion, because you were cut up that you were not having your way. The discussion was postponed, which was only a courteous way of throwing out the amendment. Even when the trouble about the Presidency was raised, the Executive, at your suggestion, asked Mr. Bhatia to meet Sir Usha Nath and find out whether he had resigned verbally or not. This was not done; but we all knew that it was only a polite way of having our point accepted.

You were good enough to explain that the amendment did not seek to terminate the membership of a Correspondent the moment he ceased to be an accredited Correspondent. I am surprised that you should say so. The whole discussion on that day was whether membership should be open to all Correspondents in New Delhi or should be confined to accredited

Correspondents alone. You were the champion of the latter view. I was one of those who thought that we should not become an adjunct of the Government's Press Information Bureau. Your own draft of Rule 2 says: "Membership of the association shall be open to Correspondents accredited by newspapers or news agencies to the Government of India." Thus your amendment sought to exclude all other "bona fide journalists working at the headquarters of the Government of India"—which was the language of the old Constitution of the Press Association. You refer to a later clause in the old Constitution which goes if your draft of Clause 2 were accepted. The Proviso which would have gone says: "Provided that in cases (b), (c) and (d), the Executive Committee may permit continuance of membership for a period not exceeding six months." By your amendment even this Proviso goes out, because you have suggested that (b) and (c) should be deleted and that (d) should be re-written!

I agree with you about what you say is the main purpose of the Press Association. But I regret that you were far too pre-occupied with so-called accredited Correspondents to remember that becoming an adjunct of the Press Information Bureau—which your amendments would have made it—would not actually be conducive to furthering the objects of the Press Association.

I quite realise that my language must have appeared arrogant to you. I did think that I was a champion of the rights of Pressmen. I can understand that it must have appeared to you as a pose. I always appreciate that others do not see you or me as you see yourself or I see myself.

I had taken it for granted that you had consulted the Executive Committee before writing to me. I understand you had not done so. I wish you had told them first. Even if you had not asked them, my reply to you in your individual capacity remains the same. I find that you were good enough to send for publication a milder version of your letter to me. I hope, therefore, you will have no objection to the publication of my reply.

Yours sincerely,
V. V. PRASAD.

A husband, after all, spends relatively few hours of his life parading his wife, or even contemplating her beauty. What engages him far more often is the unromantic business of living with her—of listening to her conversation, of trying to fathom and satisfy her whims, of detecting and counteracting her plots against his ego, of facing with her the dull hazards and boredom of everyday life.—H. L. Mencken.

ALBANIA: WEAK OUTPOST IN POWER STRUGGLE

By MARK GAYN

Born in a tiny Mongol-Chinese town at the foot of the Khingan range, Mark Gayn had the Orient for a stamping ground for more than two decades. His first job, with a little English daily in China, was terminated when its editor was assassinated. Lately he has been roaming Central Europe, visiting countries both near and behind the Iron Curtain.

IN the main square of Albania's Tirana, where musical comedy King Zog once reviewed his Italian-trained troops, a gigantic statue is slowly taking form. This is to be a monument to Stalin, "the glorious saviour of our people," sponsored by Albania's top 10 Communists.

Like the other masonry of Tirana—the whitewashed minarets of the Turkish era, or the ornate buildings left behind by Mussolini—the new monument marks another stage in the life of this tiny republic. Once Italy's springboard into the Balkans, Albania today is a Soviet outpost on the Adriatic. It is lonely, restless, near-bankrupt, and kept going only by Soviet bounty.

A visitor, alighting on the Tirana airfield, discovers signs of Albania's dependence on Russia almost at once. The portraits of Stalin are Russian-made. So are the soap in the washroom, and the ack-ack guns in the hills. The small Albanian army, whose men patrol the field, is trained, armed and equipped by a Russian military mission. On its return flight, the plane is likely to carry Communist leaders to Moscow, to report and receive orders.

Tirana's most influential voice belongs to D. S. Chuvakhin, Soviet minister. What little industrial equipment comes in, is Soviet made. The meagre imports of consumer goods are handled by a Soviet firm. And Albania's only regular contact with the outside world is supplied by the planes of the Hungarian-Soviet air line, and by Soviet ships.

Leader Began Underground

Perhaps nowhere is the Soviet influence stronger than in the field of culture and opinion. The party's organ *Bashkimi*—"must" reading for any official or wage earner—is an echo of

Moscow's *Pravda*. It sings hosannas to Stalin and Soviet policy, lambasts the West, and tries to fit Albanian reality into the frame of Soviet political theory.

For more than the other Communist-run states, Albania has limited its cultural diet to Soviet foods. Last year, Albania's moviehouses showed Russian films almost exclusively—54 of them, seen by 2,300,000 people (in a population of 1,000,000). With a few exceptions, the theatres specialize in Soviet plays. The nation's biggest library in Tirana has 130,000 volumes, most of them Russian. Under the party's pressure, the study of Russian is universal. The bulk of the books published are translations from the Russian. Stalin, of course, is by far the best-selling author.

To bolster Albania's morale, Communist missions keep trickling into Tirana. They come to review parades, inaugurate cultural shows, or sign trade accords. But their number is but a fraction of the flood of Soviet emissaries. Soviet engineers come to supervise industry, doctors to run hospitals, professors to teach, agronomists to introduce Michurin's ideas of plant crossbreeding, writers to "guide" Albanian authors, and Communists to oversee the party's work. The visitors do well. They are housed in the villas once occupied by the Italian empire-builders, shop in the well-stocked Russian stores, and those put on the Albanian payroll do not suffer from want.

The channel through which Russian influence flows is the Albanian workers (Communist) party. As Europe's Communist parties go, it is young—only a decade old. Virtually all the nine members of its politburo are in their 30's or early 40's. The leader of the party, government and

army, Enver Hoxha, is not yet 42. Nearly all the leaders emerged during World War II, in which they fought as guerrillas. Five of the politburo members are military men.

Hoxha himself studied in France, became a teacher, and joined his first illegal group only in 1936. Five years later, he was already head of the small Communist party, and in 1944, Prime Minister of the underground Government.

After the war, Hoxha became immersed in party politics. When the Cominform broke with Marshal Tito, Hoxha sided with Moscow. His prime rival, Koci Xoxe, Minister of the Interior, was charged with being a Western and Titoist spy, tried and shot. Hoxha made pilgrimages to Moscow, wrote articles in *Pravda*, and grew stout. Today, his portrait hangs on every wall next to that of Stalin.

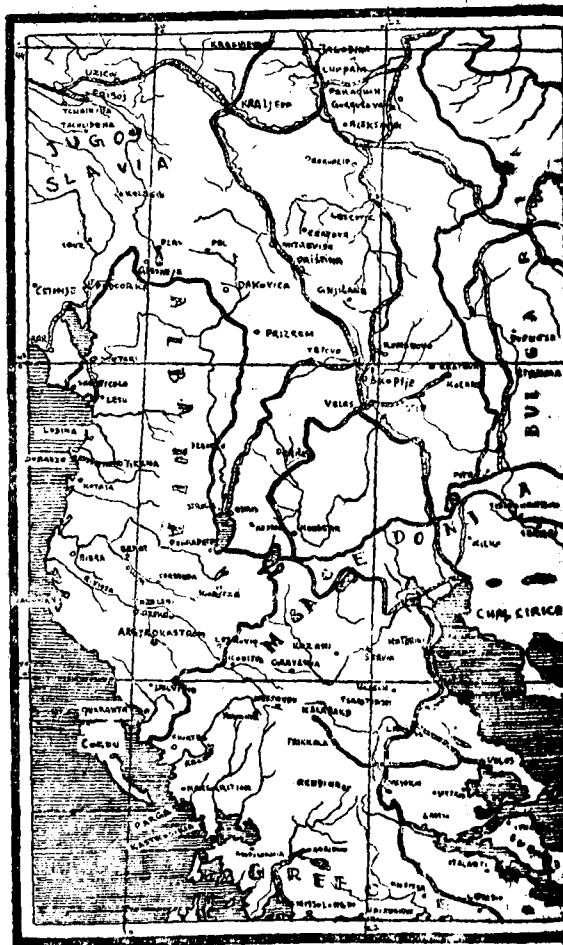
Albania is a country of 1,000,000 people trying to make a living on 10,600 square miles, most of which are rock stretching upward. Four out of every five Albanians are peasants; yet the country does not produce enough food for its own needs. It has vast natural wealth—oil and copper, coal and chrome; yet it must import soap, cloth and matches. Poverty is a way of life in Albania.

Another fact in Albania's existence is that the country is ringed with enemies and the sea. Ever since that midsummer day in 1913, when she was freed from the Turks to be turned over to a foreign princeling, Albania has had little taste of freedom. She has needed outside aid, and she wanted independence. It has been impossible to reconcile the two.

Italy on the sea-side, Yugoslavia in the east, Greece in the south have been sugging at her frontiers. Yugoslavia helped put a great landlord on the throne, but in the mid 20's she lost out to Italy. The latter remained in control for nearly two decades, pumping wealth out but bringing in little except stucco villas.

Economy Sagging

After the war, Tito moved into the vacuum, Yugoslav engineers began to rebuild industry, Yugoslav officers to train the army. In 1948, the value of Albanian imports from Yugoslavia reached half the national budget. The Cominform break ended it all. Last year, when I drove up and down



the Yugoslav-Albanian border, I found it sealed, with all roads cut, bridges destroyed, and rival frontier guards eyeing each other out of concrete bunkers. For the past year, an average of two to three incidents have been reported weekly on this frontier.

But the permanent state of siege is costly. Albania's economy is sagging under the weight of the military and police apparatus. Added to this has been the cost of the over-ambitious two-year plan. The latter was predicted on adequate Russian aid. But Russia's interests have become too wide to permit sufficient help for Albania.

The result has been a serious economic crisis. The shops of Albania have been bare for the past year. A few months ago, when the Government put some goods in the state shops and cut the prices, there was a major run

on the stores. Similar runs have occurred on the few occasions when the Russians brought in Italian or Czech textiles. The scarcities are grave and universal. They include essentials, right down the line to soap and salt.

Yet, the record is not entirely black. It all depends on the yardstick used. Exploited savagely by the Turks and the Italian, Albania had never quite emerged from the Middle Ages. Measured against the dismal past, Albania is now showing a measure of progress in both economic and cultural fields.

King Zog's Albania never had any schools of higher learning. Today there is a pedagogical institute. Albania's first national theatre has been erected only since the war. King Zog's agricultural schools had a total of 100 students; today their enrolment is 5,000. Under King Zog, only 1,000 girls attended schools; today their number exceeds 80,000. On the eve of World War II, Albania had 52,000 children in lower schools; today their number has more than trebled.

Shortage Of Labour

There has been economic progress, too—though far less than Communist oratory would lead one to believe. The war cost Albania 47,000 houses and \$2,000,000,000. With much less foreign aid than, say Italy has had since the war, this damage has been repaired. The sabotaged mines and oil fields are operating again, the factories have been rebuilt, the ports are running.

On top of that, Albania has created new values. Last year, 46 projects were completed. Two new power plants have been put in operation. New sawmills have been built, and a new oil field has begun producing. Three short rail lines have been constructed. Salt marshes along the sea-coast have been reclaimed, irrigation

ditches dug, highways laid. Where the towns have always suffered from unemployment, there is now an acute shortage of labour, and villages are being tapped for industrial manpower.

Even more revolutionary changes have been wrought in Albania's backward countryside. Land is scarce, and even steep mountainsides are terraced to the very top. Yet the methods used are so primitive, the yield is tragically low. The state now is doing tremendous work to educate the peasant in better farming methods.

At the same time, however, the village has been subjected to the same painful processes as in other Communist states. The well-to-do peasants have been singled out as "kulaks" for prosecution. The peasantry in general is being pushed increasingly into collective farms, of which Albania has about 60. And, as elsewhere in the Communist world, the peasant is made to conform to set formulas of behaviour and speech.

In a primitive country like Albania the balance is hard to strike. Freedoms which everybody regard as basic do not exist and never have. Albania today is a police state, which demands complete loyalty to the Communist party and the Soviet Union. At the same time, despite the grave shortages the country's economy is gradually emerging from the feudal age, and illiteracy is being stamped out.

It is not possible to forecast Albania's future. Her destiny is linked with that of Russia, whose ends she serves loyally. If this bond is ever severed another power will come in. Small, weak and ringed with hostile states, Albania cannot stand on her own legs. Independence in a world of major power blocs is a dream and a miracle.

The all-time record for youthful mothers is held by a Peruvian girl, Lina Medina. She gave birth—by Caesarian section—to a live child just short of her fifth birthday. When last heard of, a couple of years ago and nearly 10 years after the birth, both mother and child were doing well.

An ancestor of Rita Hayworth's husband, Aly Khan, was one of history's most prolific fathers. This gentleman, Fateh Aly Shah, Shah of Persia, fathered some 3,000 children born to the women of his harem. At one time he boasted a mounted bodyguard of 700 men, composed entirely of his sons.

SIDELIGHTS : :

Success serves men as a pedestal; it makes them look larger, if reflection does not measure them.—JOURBET.

SRI KAMARAJ NADAR'S election as President of the Tamil Nadu Provincial Congress Committee was a foregone conclusion. In his ten years of office as President he has evolved a technique of vote-consolidation that has established him as a master of the electoral machinery of the Congress not easily to be supplanted by a rival. The legend has grown that all political appointments spring from his favour. Aspirants for ministerial office and for Congress tickets in the legislature have flocked to him in quest of patronage. A similar position of vantage belongs to Ranga in Andhra, but there is a marked difference in the manner in which the two leaders have utilised the opportunities of their respective positions. Ranga has created a band of followers, and all his political moves are shaped by the inflexible purpose of finding for them posts of importance in which they could serve as instruments for the spread of his influence. Like the members of the Communist Party the favourites of Ranga constitute a closed coterie. They act unitedly in offence and defence. As the world is divided between the Communist and the non-Communist blocs, even so, Andhra politics is riven with strife between the Ranga-ites and the rest. Ranga with his sleepless vigilance to stake the claims of his cronies for any and every prize within the orbit of the Congress organization, provokes challenge and hostility, and the war between the Ranga-ites and the non-Ranga-ites is an interminable one perennially fed by Ranga's incapacity to let others live. It is not for nothing that of the 24 provincial Congress committees in India, the Andhra committee presided over by Ranga is the only one to be deprived of franchise in the presidential election this year. It is symbolic of the Ranga philosophy of letting a thing be lost if another and not he, is to have it. The quintessence of the Communist characteristic of intolerance is personified in Professor Ranga. There will be no peace wherever Ranga is

elevated above the point of lieutenantcy. Dr. Pattabhi, Kala Venkat Rao, the ministers and Sri Prakasam are centrifugal points in the Andhra universe emitting forces that do not coalesce. But the very heart and soul of the lunacy of discord is Ranga. Sri Prakasam committed a fatal error when he launched Ranga on the presidency of the Andhra Provincial Congress Committee. The affairs of that body will continue to be engulfed in unresolvable conflict as long as Ranga remains at the helm.

A power that Ranga has coveted and failed to achieve, Sri Kamaraj Nadar has built up in Tamil Nadu, with methods the very reverse of Ranga's. Kamaraj has fashioned his empire on an extraordinary flair for mixing the obvious with the second-rate. He has no fixed personal preferences in the choice of lieutenants and supporters. Anyone is welcome from any camp—and always there is a proportion of critics and opponents let in, to provide to power politics the flavour of democracy. Kamaraj has realised that the complete elimination of rivalry and competition is incompatible with any system based on elections. He has therefore entered with gusto into the spirit of the inevitable; thereby he has given it the appearance of a result willed by himself. Those that would anyhow be where they are, feel secure and are grateful to him for it. For the bother of so much struggle saved, they are not unwilling to abandon the rancours of controversy, and foster the notion that Kamaraj's grace is the abounding source of all bounty. The ambitious have gravitated into Kamaraj's parlour even from quarters that once underrated his staying power, and it is now realised that his hold on the Congress organisation of the Tamil area is practically unbreakable.

As President of the P. C. C., Sri Kamaraj has perfected a volunteer organisation of enviable efficiency for organising conferences, canvassing votes, holding exhibitions and the like. It cannot be said that the

method of remuneration of the volunteers has been always above board. Occasionally the State was made to foot the bill of their upkeep. Not openly, but covertly. The appointment of some four hundred and odd prohibition officers had probably more to do with the maintenance of Congress canvassers for the coming elections than with any strictly departmental necessity. The grant of land to Congress patriots for supposed service in freedom's battle was likewise an abuse of State property to party ends. It has set a very bad example for future successor Governments. Nor was there any attempt, either, to make the gifts of land correspond genuinely to the service alleged. And the whole of the giving was vulgarised by the system on which it was based, that the patriots themselves should take a hand in the commercialisation of patriotism by submitting applications for the gifts. The rich and the influential stole a march over the deserving in the scramble, and Sri Kamaraj did not shine in rectitude as the architect of the innovation. Power is no sanction

for misappropriation. Nothing less than that was involved in the diversion of public land to partymen for reasons unconnected with distress.

Kamaraj's personal glory has brought no corresponding prestige to the Congress ministries set up by him. While the ministries have the responsibility, Sri Kamaraj has the power, and the divergence between the two has lowered the dignity of the premiership. It survives, as the legislature is packed with Kamaraj's yes-men, but both legislature and ministry have suffered a steep decline in public esteem. The prevailing trend does not certainly made for the stability of the Congress administration. Its momentum will throw the Congress out of power. Wonderfully skilful in the technicalities of manoeuvre and intrigue for keeping himself in position, Sri Kamaraj Nadar has shown no aptitude for utilising political power for enhancing the happiness and prosperity of people. The servility of mediocres is prized above the serviceability of the talented in his regime.—SAKA.

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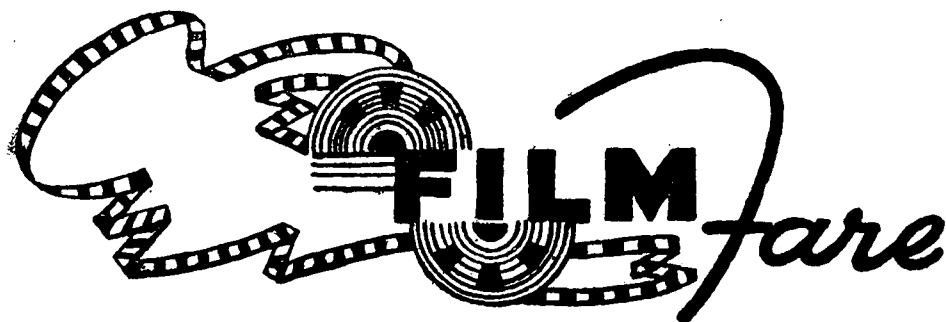
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By V. P. SATHE

BOMBAY: Ever since the release of "*Sitting Pretty*," the unglamorous, middle-aged Clifton Webb has become one of the greatest box-office draws. But all his subsequent pictures, however good they may be, have suffered by comparison to the original hit.

His latest starring vehicle "*Cheaper by the Dozen*" also has suffered from the same comparison for undoubtedly it is not as hilarious or as brilliant as "*Sitting Pretty*." Yet, in a way, it is a better picture since it is more human and heart-warming.

Clifton Webb, though he is cast as an 'efficiency expert' who is devising new ways to save time and is thus acclaimed as the greatest industrial engineer of his time, does not dazzle you with his inventions and tricks. He appeals to you more as a solid, well-to-do middle-class family man, who manages his eleven or dozen (for the last one is born in the course of the picture itself) in a very loving and admirable manner.

Indeed, as you watch the picture, you feel as if you have never seen before such a beautiful and lovable family in your life. Measured by usual standards, the picture has no story. It has no formula, no romance, no melodrama, no suspense and no great thematic or dramatic point. Without any of the usual climaxes, the story of the humdrum life of a family has been transformed into one of the most engaging screenplays by Lamar Trotti, the well-known screen writer and producer.

Of course, there is a lot of good fun in the picture. The family council meetings, for instance, are most delightfully conducted; the tussle between the eldest daughter and her

father over changing ideas of fashion is humorously handled; the tonsil operation sequence in which almost all the members of the family undergo an operation is a scream. As a result of all these sequences you come to love Frank Gilbert (Clifton Webb), the hero of the picture, and when he dies and his son cries the spectators are so moved as if they have lost some one very dear and near to them.

That is the greatest achievement of this technicolour picture and as it ends on an optimistic note with the wife and children pledging to carry on Frank Gilbert's work, and remain together, one nostalgically recalls the happy and peaceful days of the twenties—a setting in which such a story seems plausible and in fact, actually took place. For "*Cheaper by the Dozen*" is a true story and the motion picture also looks like a true picture of an era that is no more.

Voice Of Asia!

In the field of the documentary film, "*The March of Time*" series holds a special position. Though the attitude towards different countries is often coloured, the series have succeeded in giving a fairly accurate and realistic picture of different countries in the world.

The latest issue deals with India and reveals, with amazing power, the events of the last few years focusing attention on the problems confronting India today. The commentary, as is to be expected, is anti-Communist and pro-Government of India. It stresses the importance of the second largest populated country (which has won freedom recently) in the global strategy against Communism; historic events since 1947 to the present day

with the background of the national struggle are depicted.

Most of the shots are brilliant. The shots of the mass migration are so touching that one cannot help recalling the tragedy of the Punjab all over again. It is, however, a pity that while the scenes of migration from Pakistan to India are allowed to be shown the commentary and perhaps scenes of migration from India to Pakistan have been deleted by the censors. One feels that both the sides should have been allowed to be shown. The jerk in the commentary gives the idea of censor's interference.

The documentation of the economic and social aspects of India is also brilliant and while Films Division has never been able to capture 'real' shots of individuals, the "*March of Time*" depicts the life of the few rich and many poor in such a beautiful and realistic manner that one feels that the directors of the Films Division would do well to study this picture as a model.

Moreover, this short does better propaganda for what Prime Minister Pandit Nehru and his Government are doing for the country than any short produced by Films Division so far.

While one may not agree with some of its conclusions there is no gain-saying that this is a remarkable short from a sympathetic western angle.

Star Of The Week

The star most in the news this week is Madhubala. She has hit the headlines by donating Rs. 50,000 which is described as her "entire life's savings" to the East Bengal Refugees Relief Fund. She handed over this sum to Shri Morarji Desai, the Home Minister of Bombay, personally.

She has also earned notoriety by demanding from producers that no visitors—not even the legitimate journalists—should be allowed to visit the set on which she is working. She is not the first star to take such a step; but like her predecessors, by this act she is likely to be unpopular with journalists who concede her right to refuse permission to any outsider but think it rather discourteous to object to the presence of a film journalist on the set.

Incidentally, a year ago, Madhubala would not have dared to dictate this term. For, then she was not in such

a great demand. In fact there was a time when some of the producers considered her "unlucky." For, almost every picture in which she appeared flopped. Though she has been working in films almost since her childhood and thanks to her clever father as well as her good looks, she has always been getting contracts, the success in a big way never came her way until "*Mahal*." But the credit for giving her glamour as well as personality goes to Kidar Sharma, who starred her opposite Raj Kapoor in "*Neel Kamal*" three years ago. With it "*Baby Mumtaz*" became "*Madhubala*." Since then she has appeared in a score of pictures.

"*Neel Kamal*," launched her on the road to stardom and Bombay Talkies' "*Mahal*" won for her the 'luck' and fame she badly needed. For in this picture she looked bewitching, acted beautifully and, what is more, the picture itself proved a hit.

The unlucky Madhubala became a lucky star overnight and today she is vying with Nargis and Suraiya for the top position in the hierarchy of popular stars. With the change of 'luck,' apparently she has started dictating new terms and conditions which the producers are meekly accepting because of her box office worth.

So in her new contracts it is said that there are several unusual stipulations, one of which is about not allowing outsiders on the sets. Many journalists are reported to have resented this.

In fact, a group of journalists went last week to Shree Sound Studios and asked permission from Producer Verma to go on the sets of "*Badal*" in which Madhubala is working. The producer refused permission ostensibly because of Madhubala's terms. In any case the journalists felt insulted and they are calling a meeting of protest against the producer. There is a move to boycott the producer as well as the star. That will be the journalists' retort for this discourtesy. So, Madhubala is making news on more than one front these days, though now there is also a possibility that all news about her may be 'blacked out.'

Second Saigal!

Ever since the death of Saigal, the film industry has been frantically in

search of a 'voice' as good as Saigal's. The play-back singers like Mukesh, Rafi, Durrani and Talat Mehmood have been acknowledged as good singers; their songs have been extremely popular. But their voices lack the base as well as "dard" of Saigal. So the search for a voice like his has continued and has now borne fruit.

A gramophone record "*Preetam An Milo*" sung by one C. H. Atma had set the producers thinking. For Atma's voice reminded one very much of Saigal. And yet, no music director thought it necessary to bring this voice to the screen. In fact, according to a reliable source, when Atma came to Bombay and met music directors his voice was rejected as unsuitable.

It was left to Dalsukh M. Pancholi to give him the break. He has signed an exclusive contract with Atma for two years and brought him from Calcutta where he was working in an aviation company for the last five years.

Last Wednesday when I met Pancholi at Eastern Studio, he was talking very enthusiastically about his new discovery. He took me to the projection room and asked the operator to play the two songs he had recorded. As I heard the voice, for a moment I thought I was hearing the great Saigal himself—there is such an astounding similarity between the two voices! Atma sings with feeling and his voice has both the base and "dard" of Saigal. If he lacks anything, it is the modulation which he may acquire with practice.

Atma, Pancholi said, worships Saigal. When Saigal was alive he used to meet him and discuss music. Atma thinks that, compared to Saigal, his singing is nothing; and Atma believes that Saigal's best songs are recorded in Bengalee. A Sindhi, Atma has a good face, though he is rather thin. And it is Pancholi's ambition to star him in a devotional picture and not just confine his talent to play-back singing. If Atma can impress as an artiste, perhaps the film industry which so desperately needs a singing

star would be able to fill the void created by the death of Saigal.

News Of The Week

—Shantaram's next picture is entitled "*Parchhain*." Written by Shums Lucknavi, it will go on the sets in September. It will be followed by another picture based on a novel social story written by Dewan Sharar. Shantaram is casting all new comers in these pictures.

—The muhurat of Shree Films' '*Lachuk*' was held on Monday 21st morning. Shri S. K. Patil presided over the ceremony. Produced by Shree Ram Bohra, '*Lachuk*' stars Geeta Bali, Paro, Agha, Ramsingh, Ram Kumar and Roxana. While Balakrishna Bohra has written the screenplay, Dharmsey is the director.

—Vishram Bedekar has become the production chief of Famous Pictures. He is directing '*Rhola Shanker*' starring Prem Adib, Ranjana and Bhagwan.

—Nargis and Raj Kapoor will be the principal stars of the picture which is being written, produced and directed by Ramanand Sagar.

—A film on the life of The Aga Khan is being made in Hollywood by a British producer. It is learnt that Paul Muni will play the role of The Aga Khan and the Picture itself will be directed by John Ford.

—Kishore Sahu himself will play the male lead in '*Kalighata*' in which he is introducing three new faces, Asha Mathur, Beena Rai and Indira Panchal.

—"*Shaheed*" is reported to have been banned in Singapore.

—Suraiya, Shyam, Om Prakash and K. N. Singh is the proposed cast of J. K. Nanda's new picture which will be photographed by Ranji Kant Pandya and recorded by Chandrakant Pandya.

—Pandit Girish has been signed by producer Kardar to write four pictures.

—On Saturday 26th August director Joglekar is launching M. & T.'s first mythological picture "*Nand Kishore*" based on a story by S. A. Shukla.

If one were to examine a piece of skin, the size of a postage stamp, under a microscope, one would find about 3,000,000 cells, a yard of blood vessels, four yards of nerves, about 100 sweat glands, about 15 oil glands, an average of 10 hairs and about 25 endings for the sense of touch, 2 nerve endings for feeling cold and 12 for feeling heat.

—SCIENCE DIGEST.



BOOKS & AUTHORS



ALL THROUGH THE GANDHIAN ERA.
By A. S. Iyengar. Hind Kitabs, Bombay.
Rs. 4-12.

The national movement in India has been described from many angles, but only infrequently from that of a journalist. When it is considered that this craftsman commands many facilities for delicate observation and familiar survey, history must necessarily remain imperfect. This book of reminiscences serves in some measure to correct this deficiency.

Mr. Iyengar plied his trade through a long period of thirty-five years, from 1915, when he joined the staff of the *Indian Patriot* in Madras to 1950. The term was not only long but also momentous in that it coincided with the burgeoning of the liberation movement and finally its great flowering. The author is consequently able to provide many little-known details of those far-off battles and campaigns. It is safe to say that the historian of modern India will receive no little useful aid from these pages. The episode on which Mr. Iyengar obviously delights to linger is the Cripps mission.

If the general reader is likely to carry with him a sense of intimacy with momentous events, the professional student will be engrossed with the details the author has been able to furnish of the development of the press in India, particularly as regarded the news agencies.

It is perhaps difficult not to obtrude the "detestable pronoun" as Gibbon described the first person singular, in a volume of reminiscences. But, if a fault may be hinted at, it is that the author is at times intent less on the historic events he is describing than on himself, the observer of them all. It is characteristic of the book that the author's "first laurels" should almost coincide with his "first steps". It is proper that a craftsman should take pride in his labours. But, it must be conceded even by an impartial reader that the author at times exceeds the bounds, if not of modesty, then of taste.

Nor has Mr. Iyengar been well advised in including his articles from magazines. Though introduced with the object of illuminating contemporary events, they mainly serve to destroy the organic unity of the book.

BETRAYAL IN INDIA. By D. F. Karaka.
Allied Publishers Ltd., Bombay and Calcutta. Price Rs. 6-12.

"The present policy of the Congress of harbouring khaddar-ciad, Gandhi-capped crooks and black-marketeers, of ruling this country regardless of all principles of democracy, and of attempting to perpetuate a one-party rule, smothering all legitimate constitutional and democratic opposition, will make this country ripe for a Communist rising." That such bitter things should be said so early as three years after the achievement of independence is one of the most sorrowful facts of modern history. Yet he will be a bold man who will venture to impugn the truth of Mr. Karaka's accusation.

This book is a vast charge-sheet against the Congress. The author has been at great pains to substantiate its counts. There are, in the main, lending support to the "black-marketeering patriot," the denial of civil liberty, the oppression of the press, indulgence in "fads and fetishes" (chiefly Prohibition), and failure to feed the people adequately. To this depressing catalogue must be added corruption and nepotism.

No genuine attempt can be made to deny any of these charges, though, if Mr. Karaka had been a sympathiser, instead of a critic, he might have pleaded some extenuating circumstances. It remains a fact that independence has been betrayed in many parts of the country. Mr. Karaka is naturally severe on the Government of Bombay, but readers in Madras will no doubt corroborate him from their own observation and experience.

It is, however, to be doubted whether Mr. Karaka has not overdrawn the picture against prohibition. He appears to forget that this reform has different connotations for the wealthy townsman and the poor villager. It irks the former that he should be deprived of what has come to be a necessity. But, with the latter, it is an active evil force which reduces him and his family to misery and starvation.

For the rest, there is unfortunately no denying the validity of Mr. Karaka's accusations. He has mostly argued his case with vigour and conviction. If this book should be the means of correcting the innumerable abuses afflicting the country, the author will have deserved well of his countrymen.

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.

Government Interference In Schools

I wish the Government would leave the schools alone with regard to allotment of periods and subjects. The less these legislators and politicians interfere the better it is for those of us who deal with education. The ministers are not firm in their policies and have no opinion of their own as it is not the country's interest and the children's interest they are looking to. Educational policies should not be guided by party politics and therefore the less politicians dabble with education the better it is for the nation. South Indians cannot afford to give up English. Eminent educationists like the late Rt. Hon'ble Sastri have repeatedly emphasised this fact. English is an international language, and however anti-British our politicians may be, they cannot run down the importance of the English language. English should be taught well and mastered well. Five periods of class teaching therefore will not suffice. It is better that at least the science subjects and mathematics are taught in English besides English as a language. The working of the curriculum in the school should be left to the school authorities. Government regimentation should stop. Their object should be only regarding the maintenance of a high standard in the regional language or mother tongue. Facilities should be provided to learn Hindi, but to thrust it down our throats is revolting. This question of language has lowered the standard of efficiency in schools. The sooner the politicians realise that they are responsible for all this muddle in schools the better for them. If there is any efficiency in the country today it is due to our South Indians and our civilians. If, therefore, efficiency and discipline are to be maintained we cannot afford to give up an international language which took us hundred years to learn.

AN EDUCATIONIST.

Food Front Or Communal G. O.?

Thinking persons, who had carefully followed the political trends in the Madras State during the past few weeks, would not have failed to note that, outside the Legislature halls, all the political parties, both Congressmen and their opponents, have adopted a surprisingly complacent attitude towards the alarming food situation in the State. The cutting down of the rations to six ounces and the prevalence of famine conditions in several places driving the people to eat oil cakes and tamarind seeds is a vital problem

which touches the lives of over 98 per cent of the population irrespective of caste, community, creed or sex, except a microscopic minority of the rich who could afford to go in for alternate items of costly non-rationed food. There has not been even a single public meeting or procession worth the name to record and demonstrate the feelings of the people over this important issue.

On the other hand, according to reports appearing in the daily press, the Communal G. O. while barely affects 6 per cent of the population, seems to have caught the imagination and vociferous attention of our politicians. In the public meetings and processions that have been feverishly organised during the last few weeks both in the City and elsewhere to support the Communal G. O., Congress, Socialist and Tamilarasu politicians and Communist sympathisers are reported to be enthusiastically making common cause with their compatriots in the Justice and Dravidian Federation camps.

One cannot help wondering whether these politicians have lost all sense of values. Or is it that even after knowing the importance of the food problem they prefer to adopt easy vote-catching slogans, with an eye on the coming general elections. If so, we can only warn them that the common man in spite of his illiteracy has a better sense of values and knows full well as to which side the bread is buttered.

A. E. SOLOMON APPADURAI.

Optional Hindi

By making Hindi a subject of optional study, I am afraid the Government of Madras have given the go-bye to the national language in this State. Without compulsion we cannot expect our boys to take to the study of Hindi. Unless they learn Hindi they cannot compete successfully with their northern compatriots.

V. VEERRAJU.

Secretary, West Godavari Hindustani Teachers' Parishat.

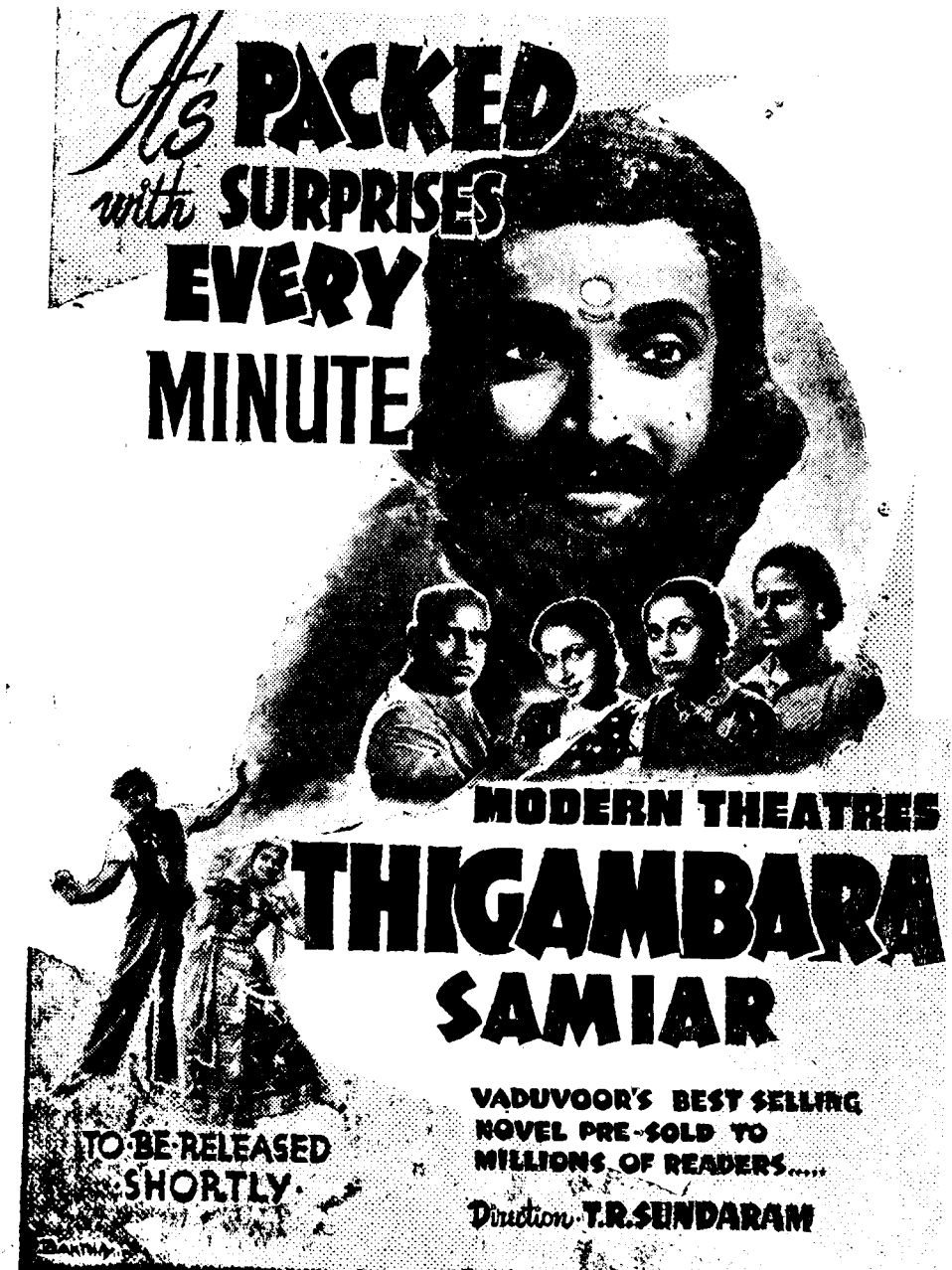
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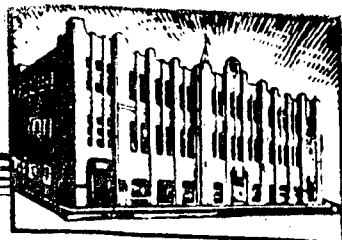
VOL. V. NO. 31.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1950.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ON THE COVER—Mr. H. C. Heap, hill recently Regional Infor- mation Officer, British Infor- mation Services, Madras, with Mrs. Heap and Son.	
EDITORIAL COMMENT ..	5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara ..	6
TO H. C. HEAP, ESQ.—By G. ..	8
NEW DELHI DIARY—By V. V. Prasad ..	9
WORLD PLAN FOR MUTUAL AID —By M. S. P. ..	13
RAJARSHI TANDON—THE NEW PRESIDENT—(Azad Qalam) —By K. A. Abbas ..	14
SOVIET "SECRET WEAPON" IN KOREA —By Andrew Roth ..	17
FOOD POLICY MUST BE REALISTIC —By P. N. Sampath ..	19
MADRAS CONVOCATION: IMPRESSIONS By A Visitor ..	21
THE PRIVILEGED CASTE OF GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS—By A. Bhagavan Das ..	23
DELUSION—(Short Story)—By M. A. Q. Rizvon ..	24
WEEK'S FOOD IN YOUR POCKET—By W. G. Matters ..	27
GETTING ON IN LIFE—By D. V. Subba Rao ..	29
LIFT CONTROLS AND DECONTROL, PLEASE!—By T. Viswa natham, M. L. A. ..	32
SOVIET SHADOW OVER EUROPE—By Mark Gayn ..	34
FILM FARE—By V. P. Sathe ..	38
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka ..	41
FOREVER WINSOR—By Santha Rungachary ..	43
COLONEL UNNI NAIR—By K. Vasu- devan Nair ..	44
A MADRAS DIARY—By Clio ..	46
BOOKS AND AUTHORS ..	47
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ..	48

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VOL. V
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ISSUED
WEEKLY

INDIA, A GUINEA PIG?

THREE American doctors have come to India to plan for future studies in the treatment of cholera and plague by use of newer antibiotics. The leader of the group is Dr. R. L. Gauld. The other members are Lt. Col. R. P. Mason and Dr. A. T. Wilson. After consultations at New Delhi with Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, Minister of Health, and Dr. Raja, Director of Health Services, they proceeded to Calcutta where similar consultations were held with the ministers and officials of the West Bengal Government. From Calcutta they arrived at Madras last Sunday. It is planned that after a visit to Trichinopoly, they proceed to Bombay and Poona and return to Delhi by the middle of the month. From Delhi they go to U. S. A. to be back in India later in the year with more officers and technicians to conduct their cholera and plague trials.

The remarkable fact about this American group of doctors is that not one of them had even seen a case of cholera before they came to India. Dr. Gauld is said to be a member of the Department of Epidemiology at the U. S. Army Graduate and Research School—an institution corresponding to our Armed Forces Medical College at Poona—but apparently he has not made any special study of the epidemiology of cholera. Dr. Wilson is reported to have worked with cultures of the cholera vibrio in New York. Lt. Col. Mason appears to be just the manager of the visiting team. It cannot be said that any of the trio is an outstanding physician or has been actively associated with the develop-

ment of any of the antibiotic drugs which it is their intention should be used in the treatment of cholera and plague in India. It does not appear that, except in the case of one of these, laboratory investigations had been made either with cultures of the cholera vibrio or artificial injections of laboratory animals. Is it the view of the sponsors of this American enterprise that the poor victims of cholera and plague in India are less expensive? Our very generous Minister of Health and her departmental advisers seem to be quite glad to accommodate them, especially as the request has been made through the U. S. Embassy and our Ministry of External Affairs which by the way has not thought it necessary to make its own independent enquiries through our very expensive Embassy at Washington about the rank, status, qualifications and experience of these visiting American officers.

It is noteworthy that among the antibiotics that are intended to be used in these trials, there are not any new wonder drugs in process of development by Dr. Gauld's Army Medical School. American antibiotics are the products of private manufacturers. Completely covered by patents, they are sold at fantastically high prices. Two of these, chloromycin and aurcomycin, are commercially marketed in India and distributed (as usual these days) at ridiculously extravagant prices through the black market. The manufacturers themselves will only be too glad to provide free supplies of the drugs for the projected trials in India since the

publicity value and the saving on laboratory tests in the U. S. A. would more than compensate for the cost of the drugs given away. But then the American authorities who are anxious to have some of their medical officers become familiar with the treatment of cholera in view of possible engagement in South East Asia, cannot secure training in the ordinary way by deputing their officers for post-graduate training in our institutions—that would be beneath the dignity of the almighty U. S. A. They therefore send out these officers to India to

plan future studies in the treatment of cholera and plague on the theory that such planning is beyond the capacity of Indians themselves. Why not, when we have such an obliging Ministry of Health in India, so ready to lower national dignity and placate the superiority complex of lofty amateurs from abroad?

India is the guinea-pig. Those that come to learn pose to teach. The real teachers are bossed over by their pupils and humiliated professionally. Indian nationality is equated with indignity. But Rajkumari is content.

Sotto Voce

"HELLO, GOD!"



"NOW between Frank from Assissi and Frank from Allentown.....there is deep spiritual kinship, a connecting dream, a vision, an action". Do you realise, reader, that the two Franks who are so familiarly paraded here are St. Francis of Assissi and Dr. Frank Buchman born in Pennsylvania? And the man who can thus slap a saint on the back is Mr. Hambro, former President of the Norwegian Parliament. He is one of the very first to have been taught to listen in on the spiritual radio by the leader of the Oxford Group. Does he, one wonders, begin his daily orisons with "My dear Almighty", or "Hello, God!"

Buchman of Allentown had his first jolt when a fellow-student at his theological seminary accused him of ambition. So he went slumming to humble himself. He developed a community of hospices for young men; but when his committee wanted the boys to be put on short rations, he resigned

and went abroad with anger in his heart. Chancing to enter a village church in England he heard a woman speaking on the Cross of Christ and enlightenment came to him. "The woman's simple talk personalised the Cross for me that day, and suddenly I had a poignant vision of the Crucified."

Buchman reacted to the call as a typical go-getter American. "With this deep experience of how the love of God in Christ had bridged the chasm dividing me from Him, and the new sense of buoyant life that had come, I returned to the house feeling a powerful urge to share my experience." No forty days in the desert for him, no groping in the Dark Night of the Soul. Instead, he wrote to the six committee-men in America, heading his letters with a verse from the hymn, "When I survey the wondrous Cross", and merely adding, "I have nursed ill-will against you. I am sorry. Forgive me?" He

even forgave one of them a bald patch on his head which had always irritated him!

With this simple technique he conquered Oxford—not for him "the home of lost causes"—teaching sophisticated young men to kneel and pray in company, confess their sins to each other and to listen to God speaking. And with them he went up and down Europe 'guiding' and 'changing.' "Norway is ablaze for Christ"—that was in 1935, long before Quisling appeared on the scene. "Denmark shaken, Denmark shaken!"—that, it seems, was what the voice of God whispered in Buchman's ears at about this time. Denmark, of all the occupied countries, was to feel the least discomfort—no doubt fortified by the Buchmanite gospel.

When the evangel began it was called Christian Democracy. In 1938 or thereabouts our latter-day saint had another inspiration and Moral Rearmament was born. But that made no difference to the Christian overtones; Cosmo Cantuar, Primate of England, acknowledged in June 1938 that Buchman had brought "multitudes of human lives in all parts of the world under the transforming power of Christ." Now M. R. A. is looking far beyond the confines of Europe for new worlds to conquer. In India the Christianity may be discreetly non-theological; but the note of triumph is unmistakable, for there are already prize catches to show like Mr. Gulzarilal Nanda, Deputy Chairman of the Planning Commission and creator of I.N.T.U.C.

The brass band and the hymn singing, the mass 'conversions' and the militancy are all familiar features of Christian revivalism. But Dr. Buchman is not only an ace publicity man, he has apparently in a superb degree the bedside manner of the fashionable physician which makes West End ladies and weather-beaten politicians fall for him; it is so comforting to be assured that omelettes can be made without breaking eggs. They could hardly have been carried away by his eloquence; his speeches taste like sawdust. There was too much of the well-bred auctioneer in his manner of hawking salvation without tears to the nations. "One man changed, a city changed, a whole nation changed": "Taxation goes down as honesty goes up"—how slick and simple it all is!

"And the people naturally choose as leaders those who are most clearly led by God"; they chose Hitler and Mussolini in their time and they might do worse than choose St. Frank. "God used to tell me in 1921 that there would be a mighty awakening of God's Almighty Spirit in this land," he told an English audience in 1938. They are still looking for it. It has been held up against Dr. Buchman that he once publicly "thanked Heaven for Hitler"; but so did Mr. Chamberlain after Munich; and Mr. Churchill burnt incense before Mussolini no less fervently so long as Italy wavered. Today Dr. Buchman is robustly anti-Fascist and Anti-Communist; which only shows that he is a politician *au fond* who can veer with the wind with the best of them.

VIGNESWARA

The more the machine controls the way in which votes are cast, the more the individual member sinks to the condition of a mere arithmetical symbol and the more the leader of the party tends to exercise an absolute and undivided Imperium. We have seen the fruits of this system in Germany when in 1933 the National Socialist party maneuvered in Parliament as at a military word of command, thereby assuring the absolute rule of their leader. Had the Communists, who were organized after the same fashion, had the same weight of numbers in the French Parliament in 1936, the same result would have followed. And so the action of parties has caused Sovereignty to pass from Parliament to the victorious Machine, and elections are now no more than a plebiscite by which a whole people puts itself in the power of a small gang.

Let one of these machines put more method into its organization and more cunning into its propaganda, let it boil down its doctrine still further into propositions which are at once simpler and falsier, let it surpass its adversaries in insult, treachery and brutality, let it once seize the coveted prey and, having seized it, never let it go—and there you have totalitarianism.—M. de JOUVENAL.

TO H. C. HEAP, ESQ.

My dear Harry,

DOUBTLESS you will blush on reading this letter as you did at the Press Club the other day when the President of the S. I. J. F. spoke of your work in our midst. But I feel that we cannot shirk our duty—and few duties are so pleasant: we must place on record our deep feeling that we were really fortunate in having you as the first Regional Information Officer sent by the United Kingdom to South India when the relations between our two countries were stabilised to our mutual satisfaction. We were not alone the lucky ones: the British, too, were well served and if all appointments made by Whitehall reveal so much imagination and sympathetic understanding as yours, then Britain will have no cause to worry over her representation abroad.

When early in 1948 we learnt that Mr. Harry Heap of Blackpool, Lancashire, was coming over to Madras, we wondered if he would turn to be the typical Englishman pictured by the novelist as one who "stood six feet two in his socks and feared nothing but closing time," or the sportsman and athlete who had no time or inclination for the more serious things in life; or, finally, the aggressively friendly man who was prepared to praise everything Indian and to overlook our defects and shortcomings. Your arrival in February of that year put an end to all our doubts and fears. You carried your thirty-five years lightly and you were ready to discuss with the most knowledgeable of our sporting folk Blackpool's chances in the Football League or Lancashire's in the county championship. But you put them firmly in their place. Your twelve years of ministry in the Church must, indeed, have warned us that you would set greater store by "the things that are more excellent." But we were also relieved to find that you were no narrow-minded bigot. Your work during the last war as one of the top-men in Radio Seac and your sojourn in Delhi, Secunderabad and Colombo had brought home to you something of the greatness of India's heritage of culture and civilisation. You did not commit the common mistake of strangers of being loud-mouthed in tribute to, or condemnation of, our spiritual

and material attitudes. You had come to certain conclusions on these and other things and it was a stimulating experience to us to discuss them with you over a cup of coffee. But you were always ready to make allowances for the other man's point of view and to respect the reticences and innate shyness of many of us.

Indeed, you became one of us. The large number of friends that had gathered at Central Station to wish you (and Mrs. Heap and Bob) god-speed represented a cross-section of Madras life. The Press here will miss you; the Guild of Service will find it difficult to recruit such a silent and unostentatious worker; and the thousands of students who came into personal contact with you or listened in regularly to your "Quiz" programmes will always remember you. May we, on our side, hope that you in England will miss the typical flavours of Madras coffee, the warmth of friendly feeling that Pressmen cherish for you and even the humours of our provincial (and parochial) politics! But I, in common with the few who counted you as an intimate friend, will miss your enthusiasm for books, good music, good plays and films and the fine arts.

Thank you.

G.

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NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

DOCILITY was the last quality expected from Acharya Kripalani. But in the course of his electioneering, he made a somewhat undignified statement, which could certainly be interpreted as subservience to the Prime Minister. On the contrary, Rajarshi Tandon declared that it was not necessary for the Congress President and the Prime Minister to automatically agree on all points. (He, however, seemed to imply that it was enough if the Congress President and the Deputy Prime Minister agreed on all matters). The Acharya would have been more exemplary if he had gone down fighting for a programme of rooting out corruption, nepotism and favouritism in the Congress Administration. If he had done that, he would not perhaps have been defeated. If he was defeated, the country would have been with him. If he was elected, the Congress would have been with the country.

It is quite true, as Kripalani pointed out, that many votes were cast against him because to vote for him was a political risk. In other words, the voters feared that Sardar Patel might come down upon them. But all the votes for Tandonji were not cast out of fear. There was genuine appreciation of him as a champion of One India. Mahatma Gandhi had said that he would fight the proposal of partition with his life, but he supported the British proposal in the A.-I.C.C. He urged all those who were opposed to partition to vote for partition. Tandonji made a great speech in beautiful Hindi, warning the country of the consequences of partition. The Rajarshi has the courage of his conviction; but his conviction may not be our conviction as well.

There are few indeed who support Panditji in his attitude towards Pakistan. Shankarrao Deo appeared in the contest mainly as an upholder of

the Prime Minister's policies in Pakistan and Kashmir. Even out of the 202 who voted for Shankarrao, two-thirds voted because he was a Maharashtrian. Dr. John Matthai was no communalist. But he too felt that the appeasement of Pakistan could not be carried to the extent of "bartering away the interests of millions of people in India." Dr. Matthai was, of course, referring to the proposal for the revaluation of the Indian Rupee.

Dr. Matthai was one of those who could not understand how good relations between India and Pakistan were possible as long as the problem of Kashmir was not solved and the question of evacuee property not settled. He was therefore unfit to grasp the significance of the Nehru-Liaquat Pact. And anyone who did not understand that had no place in the Nehru Cabinet. Out went Matthai, out went Mukherji and out went Neogy. But the country agreed with them rather than with the Prime Minister. The Congress Presidential election confirms this.

Even in the South, many of the votes were cast against Tandon because he is regarded in those parts as a Hindi imperialist and not because they were under the impression that Kripalani supported the Prime Minister's policy towards Pakistan. The Hindustan Times did no service to Tandonji by printing the news of his election in Hindi. This was interpreted by the South as an immediate manifestation of Hindi imperialism. When a Press Correspondent asked for the Hindi equivalent of "Hindi imperialism", the reply was, "Hindi Balatkar". It would be inadvisable to force Hindi down unwilling throats. Let people take their own time in learning Hindi. Hustle and bustle will result in active resistance to Hindi.

The Hindustan Times recently came in for considerable discussion because of their Dak Edition policies. They print one story in the Dak, and change it radically in the morning Edition. The Dak Edition dated September 1 gave a story whose contents were summarised in the headlines: "Crisis Feared If Tandon Wins"—"Nehru's Reported Threat To Resign". The Delhi Edition gave a different story which indicated the reverse. It said: "If Mr. Tandon Becomes President"—"Possibility of Crisis Discounted". An innocent reader of the *Indian News Chronicle* asks its Editor in a letter, "Which of the two versions does *The Hindustan Times* want its readers to accept as correct?" If Stalin Srinivasan were Pandit Nehru, he would have replied that the question should be addressed to the Editor of *The Hindustan Times*—if he exists. (The paper has only got a Managing Editor and several Joint Editors. There is no Editor). *The Hindustan Times* can explain that it wants the mofussil readers to believe the first version and the city readers to believe the second.

It was refreshing to hear Rajkumari Amrit Kaur freely admitting that there were cases of bad treatment to patients in Delhi hospitals. She only pleaded that sometimes the complaints were not well-founded. In many cases, patients had been refused admission because there were no beds. She said that this could not be helped. She herself had acted on some of the complaints, and some members of the staff of a Delhi Hospital were dismissed, she said.

The Rajkumari was after all one of the Secretaries of Mahatma Gandhi for a long time. She therefore speaks out the truth sometimes—whereas others would have preferred her to be silent. When questions were put in Parliament by Mr. H. V. Kamath on the complaints against Irwin Hospital, Mr. C. D. Deshmukh (replying for the Rajkumari) declared that he would write to the writer who made the allegations.

Unlike the Rajkumari, Mr. Munshi does not admit anything. It is pretty bad that there should be starvation deaths in some parts of the country. But it is awfully worse if the Food Minister goes about denying the exist-

ence of food-scarcity. This is no time for joking: but Mr. Munshi must attribute the food-scarcity to the supposed dependence of the people on the Government for everything. They even want the Government to pre-determine the sex of the child before it is born, he said.

"I am not against Mr. Munshi possessing a sense of humour. On the contrary. But he should not crack jokes, and think that he has done his job. He has been good enough to ask people to eat more vegetables instead of eating cereals. This is only slightly better than Pandit Nehru who asked people to eat fruit instead of rice and wheat. Pandit Nehru was himself slightly better than Marie Antoinette who wanted people who had no bread to eat cake.

Mr. Munshi is, moreover, one of those who believe that there is enough food in the country, and that it will come out if there is real scarcity. Mr. Thirumala Rao, his new Deputy Minister, is less romantic. He knows that hoarded food cannot be brought out by appeals. Mr. Munshi himself has described Mr. Thirumala Rao as a corrective to himself. Mr. Munshi has himself pointed out that he has the habit of losing himself in literary fancies and the like. His handling of the food problem has been extremely fanciful. Let us hope that Mr. Thirumala Rao will bring him down to the earth. It is no easy task.

Radha Sri Ram among Indian dancers is like Dr. Gyan Chand among Indian economists. Her interest is not confined merely to dancing. Her deep love of literature and music as well as of the Sanskrit language has given to her dancing an additional charm and grace. Her recital at the Irwin Theatre on Thursday revealed her as one of the most promising Bharata Natyam exponents in the country. Her technical skill reaches the heights of Balasaraswathi. She is a niece and a pupil of Rukmini Devi. Being endowed with a graceful figure and good looks as well, she makes an ideal dancer. This recital was the first of a series of dramatic and other cultural engagements organised by the Delhi Natya Sangha.

Radha has conducted a bold experiment successfully by dancing to the tune of Hindi songs instead of to the

tune of the traditional Telugu and Tamil songs. Since the genius of both Carnatic and Hindusthani classical music is essentially the same, she was able to introduce this innovation without damaging the effect. This experiment can be more universally tried by other dancers as well. It would, however, be quite unsatisfying if the selection were confined only to Hindi songs. At least half the numbers should have South Indian songs for background. It cannot be denied that Bharata Natyam traditionally goes with Carnatic music, and the effect which a Hindusthani song can create in company with Bharata Natyam is at best second best.

Radha suffers, like many another competent artiste, because of the audience which sometimes fails to come up to the standard. It is a Philistine audience. This will have to be put up with until the audiences become literate in the elements of Bharata Natyam or any other art. Only now have the spectators begun to learn to enjoy and sit through a solo recital of Bharata Natyam. This is a great improvement. Two years ago, the whole House would have been empty at the end of half an hour. On



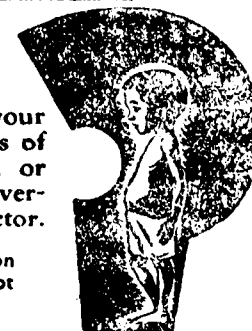
Radha Sri Ram

Thursday, the spectators continued to sit for ten minutes after the performance was over: they were hoping for some more and were not prepared to believe that the recital was over.

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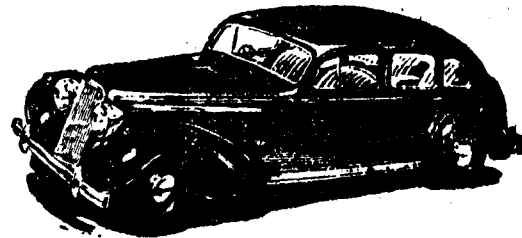
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WORLD PLAN FOR MUTUAL AID

By M. S. P.

THE British Labour Party has put forward a proposal for a long-term "world plan for mutual aid" to succeed the Marshall Plan when aid under the latter ends in 1952. Briefly, it envisages that existing schemes for world development, such as the Point Four and other assistance programmes of the U.S., Britain's colonial development plans, the Commonwealth scheme for assistance to South-East Asia and the loans of the World Bank for developmental projects, shall be brought together under one world plan.

The finances for running the plan will be provided by all the participants, contributions being according to ability. But contributions are not restricted to the Governments of the participating countries. For, it is stated that "the plan will be carried out through public as well as private investment, through national as well as international action, through colonial development as well as through the United Nations. All this will be part of a flexible strategy for world economic development."

Stated in this manner, the plan resembles more the Point Four programme than the Marshall Plan. But the ultimate object of the new plan is to restore balance in world trade through the development of backward areas; that is, it seeks to achieve the unfulfilled aim of the Marshall Plan through the Point Four programme. This method of solving the world's dollar problem has been suggested because it has now become clear that no amount of direct aid by the U. S. to Western Europe hereafter will help the latter in balancing dollar payments. It has also been recognised that a return to the old pattern of world trade is now impossible, and the only way in which Britain and the other countries of Europe can overcome their dollar shortage is by reducing their dependence on America for the supply of several commodities. This is sought to be achieved in the new plan through the development of new sources of supply in the undeveloped areas of the world.

A world plan has been suggested because without U. S. participation

the other countries cannot carry through the plan with any success. The U. S. will have to provide the major portion of the finances required for putting the plan into operation. Further, the U. S. has a vital interest in solving the world's dollar problem and particularly in the way in which the problem is solved. This problem can be solved without seriously affecting the U. S. economy adversely by the development of the backward areas of the world, which, while providing new sources of supply for European countries thereby reducing their dependence on the U. S., will also provide vast scope for the U. S. to expand her export markets and thus make up for any fall in her exports to Europe.

Another direction in which the new plan will be very effective will be in fighting Communism throughout the world, which a comprehensive world plan can do better than piecemeal programmes. In achieving this objective also, the U. S., along with the other democratic countries of the world, has a vital stake. The new plan for international aid will fight Communism by raising the living standards of peoples particularly in the backward areas because, as the Labour Party says, "rising standards of living are the strongest defence against infiltration by Communism and Fascism." Wealthier nations, it says, have a moral obligation to help under-developed countries, but they themselves will benefit from the plan. "An all-out attack on poverty wherever it exists will sustain the production and prosperity of the industrial nations," besides stemming the onrush of Communism.

But will there be time for the new world plan to be carried through and for its effects to be felt before Communism delivers its final onslaught on Democracy? Further, even if peace, necessary for the successful working of the plan, can be maintained through armed strength, will the free nations of the world have sufficient money to spare for financing a huge developmental plan after meeting their defence budgets on a scale necessary to maintain peace?

RAJARSHI TANDON—THE NEW PRESIDENT

WITH the election of Babu Purshottamdas Tandon, the three-cornered contest for the leadership of what is still India's major political organization may be said to have ended—or begun! And those who lost the election include not merely Shree Shankerrao Deo and Acharya Kriplani but also Prime Minister Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru who, according to repeated and still uncontradicted press reports, was strongly opposed to the ideology represented by Tandonji who, however, was openly stated to have the backing of Sardar Patel.

Yet another loser was the shade of Mahatma Gandhi—for the only one among the three candidates who is a "Gandhi-ite"—Shree Shankerrao Deo—was ignominiously defeated, polling a negligible 202 votes as against the winner who polled 1306 and the runner-up who got 1092!

Congressmen may still continue to utter the name of Gandhiji on ceremonial occasions but this election has once again proved that they have now finally broken away from the spirit and tradition of the Mahatma. This, however, need not be looked upon as entirely an unwelcome development—for hypocritical homage to the memory of the Mahatma only helped to confuse the issues, and now at last one may look forward to an ideological clarification and more easily recognizable alignments on the political front.

GENTLEMEN! THE PRESIDENT!

Though he has been a prominent figure in the politics of his own province for over a quarter century, Tandonji did not loom large on the all-India horizon till 1948 when he stood for Congress presidentship—and lost! It is well known, of course, that he is a venerable veteran of the Congress movement and that, since Partition, he has demonstrated political tendencies hardly recognizable from the anti-secular ideology of the Maha-

sabha and the R. S. S. (It is in view of that that his election now assumes such significance—as a poser and a portent!) But about him personally, outside the U. P., very little is known. I looked up the index of the History of the Congress (which contains thousands of important and unimportant names) but found no mention of Purshottamdas Tandon. Likewise his name is missing from several "Who's Who" volumes. But the Times of India's "Indian and Pakistan Year" Book gives some interesting and little-known details of his life and career!

It is mentioned, for instance, that he was a practising lawyer in Allahabad till 1921 when he gave up practice to take part in the Non-cooperation movement. In 1923 he was elected President of the U. P. Provincial Congress Committee. From law he shifted his interests to business and worked for some time as Secretary and General Manager of the Punjab National Bank, Lahore. It was while in Lahore that he came under the influence of Lala Lajpat Rai and in 1929 joined the Servants of the People

Society. On return to Allahabad he was elected Chairman of the Municipality in which capacity (like Jawaharlal Nehru) he was so successful that the citizens expressed their gratitude by naming a park after him. What is known to very few people, however, is that he organised the no-rent campaign of U. P. peasants in 1932. In 1937 he was elected Speaker of the U. P. Assembly. He has been an ardent protagonist of Hindi and has been a very active sponsor of the Hindi Sahitya Sammelan.

Since 1947, he has been the most popular Congress leader—in Mahasabha circles! His statements and messages are prominently published in the R. S. S. press. He was known to favour a close alignment between Congress and R. S. S. and this was supposed to be one of the reasons for his defeat at the hands of the

"Gandhi-ite" Doctor Pattabhi. His success now, therefore, may be taken to indicate a swing in the ranks, away from secularism.

"BABUJI" THE PATRIARCH!

However much one may disagree with Tandonji's politics and ideology, personally he is widely respected and loved even by his bitterest political opponents. There is a strange contradiction between his personality and his ideology. An advocate of undiluted Hinduism and Vedic culture, Tandonji has frightened many Muslims all over India who see in his election an end of Gandhian tolerance and Nehruian secularism. Yet I have been told that during the communal disturbances in U. P. he helped to save many Muslim lives and was instrumental in getting many innocent Muslims released when he was convinced that they were wrongfully imprisoned. He has many Muslim friends with whom he maintains cordial personal and social relations. He is certainly not a Socialist—and yet I have heard Socialists and even Communists speaking respectfully and affectionately about "Babuji". His integrity and sincerity have never been questioned.

It appears that there is an inner contradiction and conflict between the Raj Rajarshi Purshottamdas Tandon, champion of Hindudom and Hindi, and the patriarchal benevolent and generous "Babuji"—as he is universally called.

Take, for instance, his almost fanatical advocacy of undiluted, Sanskritized Hindi. He is supposed to be an arch-enemy of Urdu. Yet he is a scholar not only of Urdu but also of Persian, relishes Urdu poetry, has been known to patronize Urdu poets, and, when he likes, he can speak more fluent and idiomatic Persianized Urdu than any Muslim Leaguer.

A story is told how, at a meeting convened by the A. I. R. authorities to discuss and determine the language policy, Tandonji made a vehement speech denouncing Urdu as un-Indian and anti-national and advocating the exclusive use of "Shudh" Hindi. But when he was provoked by the arguments of a pro-Urdu speaker he ejaculated explosively, "La hol wala quwat"—which is not only Urdu but Arabic equivalent of "Damn!"

THE MAHATMA AND THE RAJARSHI!

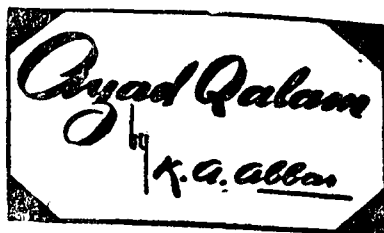
Tandonji's differences with the Gandhian approach and ideology had become manifest in the Mahatma's own lifetime, and it was well-known that the Rajarshi had no faith in the Mahatma's doctrines of tolerance and humanism. There was a reference to these differences in a note published in Harijan of 22nd June, 1947:—

"A correspondent wrote to Gandhiji that India was face to face with a Devasur-sangram. Time was over for altruistic flights of spirituality. Should he not follow the rule, *shathe shathyam samacharet* (Practise cunning unto the cunning), or at least not interfere with or discourage those who believed in the wise maxim? *Why should he be shocked by what Babu Purshottamdas Tandon had said in his speech with regard to self-defence?*

"Gandhiji replied that Babu Purshottamdas Tandon was his friend and co-worker. Difference with him did give him (Gandhiji) a shock. It merely proved that he was a frail human being. If he had become a *sthita pragnya* (steadfast one) he would be above delights or shocks. He was struggling to attain that state."

How would Gandhiji have greeted Tandonji on his election as Congress President? Here is a *Harijan* (October 27, 1946) report of a speech by Gandhiji at his usual prayer meeting, in the context of the Noakhali massacres and the then prevalent mood of reprisals and retaliation:

"Although the Congress had an overwhelming majority of the Hindus on its membership rolls, he maintained that it was by no means a Hindu organization and that it belonged equally to all communities. He had told Acharya Kriplani, who had succeeded Pandit Nehru in the Presidentship of the Congress, that it was going to prove no feather-bed for him. If the Chief Minister of the Cabinet had to wear a crown of thorns the Congress President would have to lie on a bed of thorns. The late Sir Syed Ahmed had called Hindus and Muslims the two eyes of India. *The Congress President could not possibly discriminate between the two. He was pledged to equally serve*



both. He (Gandhiji) had therefore asked him to proceed on a mission of peace to East Bengal to teach people the art of dying without killing. It should be his privilege to demonstrate it by his personal example. He was going there with his wife not to protect one party but to stop the fratricide which threatened to overwhelm India...."

Perhaps, in the same terms, Gandhiji would have talked to Tandonji in the context of the prevalent bitterness, once again created by unfortunate happenings in East Bengal. **STRAWS IN THE WIND?**

"Oriental peasants have humbled the mightiest nation on earth.... We have under-estimated the Gooks (contemptuous word for Koreans).... Fighting has demonstrated that our enemy who live in mud huts, own no motor cars, and have practically no clean clothes, outclass us in every department.... The North Koreans are willing to die. Our boys are not—most of them expected the Gooks to run, instead we are doing the running."—Keyes Beech (American Correspondent).

TOKYO: U. S. Aircraft flew 717 combat missions over Korea in 24 hours—a record for the campaign.

MOSCOW: The *Pravda* charged the U. S. A. with reorganizing the Japanese army "under the guise of the so-called Police force."

WASHINGTON: Senor John McClellan has called for a show-down with Russia. "I would favour our firing the first shot in the war which is inevitable", he said.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

NEW DELHI: At the annual meet-

ing of the Harijan Sevak Sangh it was revealed that in rural areas untouchability still persists. Legally the Harijans have secured rights to draw water from wells and tanks and have also secured other civic rights, but in actual day-to-day practice Harijans meet with obstacles at every step in the matter of enjoying and utilizing their civic rights.

CALCUTTA: Calcutta witnessed the tragic spectacle of police lathi-charging funeral processionists. It was a procession of over a thousand refugees carrying the dead bodies of a child and a woman who died in the make-shift shed in the Ultadanga area.... The grievance of the processionists was that the authorities did not make any arrangements for the disposal of the corpses. As the demonstrators were passing through the Manicktalla area police halted them and asked them to disperse. When the refugees paid no heed to the police order, they were dispersed by a lathi charge. Police forcibly took over the corpses which were later sent to the cremation ground....

LUCKNOW: The question whether the Speakership of the U. P. Legislative Assembly was offered to Mr. Vishvambhar Dayal Tripathi by certain Ministers and Parliamentary Secretaries as a bribe for inducing him to withdraw from contesting the U. P. Congress Presidential election has caused a great sensation in the Assembly.

MADURA: Mr. Kamaraja Nadar, President of the Tamil Nad Congress Committee, said here that no political party other than the Congress would be able to run the administration at the present juncture.

Confessing to have "made more money out of murder than any woman since Lucrezia Borgia," Agatha Christie, famous thriller-writer, celebrated the recent publication of her 50th novel with a party at London's Ritz Hotel. A special cake was prepared in her honour, with 50 candles on it, and decorated with a chocolate drawing of her favourite hero, Hercule Poirot. Her host was Mr. William Collins, whose firm has published her books for the past 25 years.

In each Women's Institute in Britain three selected members will have the chance of supplying suggestions for a dream house. The suggestions will be used for the guidance of the architect who is to design a house for the Women's Institutes at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia next March. Housewives everywhere are looking forward to seeing practical improvements on the conventional design.

SOVIET "SECRET WEAPON" IN KOREA

By **ANDREW ROTH**

STRANGELY enough, the "secret weapon" of the materialist Soviets in Korea is a man believed to be immortal by many Koreans. If the western world has been surprised and shocked by the aggressive ability of North Korea, it is partly because little attention has been paid to a pudgy, sleepy-eyed 38-year-old whose shock of black hair seems always to droop across his forehead, and whose name and fame are legendary. He is Kim Il-sung (Kim Ir-sen in the Russian transliteration), Premier and Supreme Commander of the Democratic Peoples Republic of (North) Korea.

Kim Il-sung

The possession of allies such as Premier Kim Il-sung has been the real Soviet "secret weapon" in Korea. Instead of the aged, reactionary and clique-ridden exiles the United States imported, the Soviets have had a younger, more dynamic and more disciplined group at their disposal. This has given the Soviets the tremendous advantage of having North Korea under its effective control without its being apparent to the Koreans themselves. In the South the Americans never had nearly so much control or co-operation despite a much larger expenditure of manpower and money and painfully obvious string-pulling.

Famous Legendary Hero

Although little known in the outside world, the youthful Kim Il-sung has long been a legendary figure in Korea as the most famous hero of the anti-Japanese resistance. His fame has been such a political asset that the South Koreans have alleged that he is a spurious Soviet substitute for a dead hero. There have, apparently, been two Kim Il-sungs but the second—the current Premier of North Korea—is the man about whom most of the legends have gathered. I was able to check on his authenticity in Seoul last year with a number of old-time Korean revolutionaries, including Kim Koo, who was assassinated a month after I interviewed him. Kim

Koo, an aged rightwing nationalist, had known the family of Kim Il-sung and had made it his business to confirm his authenticity when he had visited Pyongyang in 1948.

Tough And Aggressive

If the North Koreans show themselves to be tough and aggressive it is in part because this is the spirit infused by their leader. Kim Il-sung formed his first anti-Japanese guerilla group in Manchuria in 1932 when only 19. His family had moved out of Korea because his father's health had been seriously impaired by being jailed twice by the Japanese in the wake of the 1919 nationalist upsurge in Korea. Soon after the Japanese invaded Manchuria in 1931, his mother buckled on him the two long-hidden old pistols of his dead father and watched him go out into the woods.

Korea's Robinhood

The ability to run a successful, advancing army must gratify a man who started out 18 years ago with only thirty youngsters in a Manchurian forest. For a time it was dubious whether the band would survive at all. Japan's crack Kwangtung Army was determined to wipe out all opposition because Manchuria was being prepared as a base for an attack on Soviet Siberia. The Japanese even tried to freeze them out by rationing matches so that the farmers would not pass them on to Kim Il-sung's band, that needed them to keep warm in the wintry Manchurian woods. But they had the support of a substantial number of the 1,400,000 Koreans in Manchuria, many of whom had fled Korea out of hatred for the Japanese. Kim and his band survived and grew to some three thousand irregulars.

Kim Il-sung's legendary fame in Korea proper grew out of a small raid across the border in 1936 in which his raiders held a small town for a few hours, killed almost 200 Japanese and paraded the Korean flag. Exaggerated stories of this feat spread like wildfire over Korea, spurred by mounting

Japanese rewards for his capture, dead or alive. One person could not resist the reward when it reached the equivalent of U. S. \$100,000. He turned in a head and collected the reward. It was the Japanese broadcast of his death, followed by later contradictions that produced in Korean villages the legend that Kim Il-sung was immortal.

Kim As A Communist

It is uncertain when Kim became a Communist or whether he visited the U. S. S. R. before his state visit in 1949. But certain facts are clear. Around 1936 he made contact with the Chinese Communists operating in Manchuria, and apparently became convinced of the value and effectiveness of disciplined revolutionary organisation like that offered by the Communists. Kim Il-sung subsequently became the head of two Communist-sponsored organisations; the Korean Patriots' Band in Manchuria and the Korean Union for the Liberation of the Fatherland, which operated underground in Korea. From about 1938 Soviet publications devoted to the Far East displayed an "inside" knowledge of their activities. The fact that the Soviets permitted him to head a Korean interim regime fifteen days after their troops entered Korea indicated he was well known to them.

Re-Emergence As Chief Of State

After the Soviet Army entered Korea on August 10th, 1945, Kim Il-sung had disbanded his guerillas in Manchuria. He sent them back into Korea in small groups, with orders to organise in the villages. He himself entered Korea under an assumed name to feel out the situation. "I had been so long in the hills," he told Anna Louise Strong, "that I felt it necessary to learn the daily life and problems of my country. I changed my name so that peasants would talk to me easily, as to a simpler man." He re-emerged, amidst wild acclaim, at a congress of leftist anti-Japanese resistance figures in Pyongyang to set up an interim "Korean People's Government." He was unanimously chosen as its first chief of state.

Soviet Shrewdness

The Soviets acted with great shrewdness in turning over at least a semblance of power to a regime headed by Kim Il-sung fully two weeks

before the American landed in the South. Unlike the Americans they realised the importance of making the super-sensitive Koreans feel that they were running the government. From the outset the Soviets aimed at, and were able to achieve, a "behind the screen" administration.

On his part, Kim Il-sung has demonstrated that his ambition is to be a "Korean Stalin" and a "faithful ally" of the Soviets. He began his first public speech in August 1945 with florid thanks to the Soviet Union and Marshal Stalin for liberating Korea—without a word of praise to the U. S. or other Allies for their role in defeating Japan. This constant awareness of his debt to the Soviets for his own position in Korea runs like an unbroken thread through Kim's actions and speeches. Marshal Stalin's photograph and his are displayed jointly throughout North Korea, and, in general, his regime is much more a carbon copy of Soviet institutions than are those of the Chinese Communists who captured power almost entirely unaided.

State Reaction In Moscow

In reshaping the Northern half of Korea into a Soviet style "People's Republic" Premier Kim has demonstrated the tough directness one would expect from a former guerilla leader anxious to show his abilities and win Moscow's approval. He has used the same sort of revolutionary repression current in Eastern Europe. Agrarian reform has been carried through quickly and decisively on the model of the Chinese Communists, with some Russian-style modifications. Kim's regime has also rapidly increased industrial production past prewar levels, despite great shortages of technicians. He received his accolade in the form of a state reception in Moscow in the spring of 1949 and came away with publicised economic and cultural pacts and an *unpublished military agreement*.

Straining At The Leash

Although the general Western theory is that Moscow ordered the North Koreans to attack, it seems more likely that Moscow simply stopped restraining the aggressive Kim Il-sung. For two years civil war has been in the air in Korea, with leftists concentrated in the North and the rightists concentrated in the

South and both Kim and his opposite number Rhee proclaiming openly their desire to "liberate" the other half of Korea. Only American restraint, including the withholding of offensive equipment, checked the Southerners. Until this June Moscow also restrained the North but steadily built up its offensive power.

Although the present North Korean offensive was undoubtedly agreed to by Moscow, the transparent clumsiness of its political build-up suggests the strong but crude hands of pugnacious Kim. He tried a similar build-up last October but the attack was called off, presumably on Moscow's advice. On June 8th he again proposed a plan for "peaceful union" with South Korea which could not be accepted by the southern regime because it involved the elimination of its President and Premier. Two weeks after his "peace envoys" were arrested at the border, his long-prepared offensive was unleashed, nominally as a "counter-offensive."

Imitates Stalin

In obvious imitation of Stalin, Premier Kim was appointed first chief of the Military Committee and then Supreme Commander of the North Korean forces. In further imitation, he has been credited with virtually all the North Korean successes: "Commander-in-Chief Kim Il-sung has a genius for encirclement which he has transmitted to all the ranks....". Actually the military finesse displayed

almost certainly is due to subordinate officers with extensive experience with the Soviet and Chinese Communists, including one who was Chief of Staff to the Chinese Communists' Eighth Route Army.

Militant Nationalism

Kim Il-sung's great talent is in infusing his forces with a spirit of aggressively militant nationalism. To the North Koreans, who have been subjected to five years of intensive propaganda, Premier Kim sounds perfectly logical when he says that they are merely answering the "anti-popular civil war" unleashed by the "traitorous Rhee clique (which) wants to turn the whole country into a colony of the American imperialists and the Korean people into slaves." He is able to turn to his own use the fact that Americans are fighting on the ground and in the air while on his side the combatants are only Koreans. He can mobilise the hatred generated by widespread "area bombing" of Korean towns. The strange fact is that he is probably not even frightened by the forces arraigned against him. He knows that the Soviets stand behind him, although as a faithful Communist he can probably even consider the possibility that he may be sacrificed if necessary. But it is hard to frighten a man who once decided to take on the whole Japanese Empire armed with only a pair of rusty old revolvers.

FOOD POLICY MUST BE REALISTIC

By P. N. SAMPATH

PANDIT NEHRU'S broadcast speech on Food has reminded the Nation that with all its ugly facets and features the problem of food is still with us awaiting solution. The speech revealed some details of the latest measures decided on by the Governments of the Centre and in the Provinces. Uniformity and co-ordination have been sought to be achieved in the matter of procurement and distribution of food. It is gratifying to note the reorientation in method at

least at this late stage, as food is a matter which brooks of no delay. Even now, parts of the country are in desperate straits. Added to this, calamities of nature like the earthquake in Assam, and overflowing rivers in Bihar, have contributed their quota of distress. Despite all this, Pandit Nehru has reiterated the Government's determination to make India self-sufficient by 1951.

For all Mr. Munshi's brain-fagging expedients, the Government has

merely been spinning a squirrel's cage round and round, without making any progress worth mentioning. His entire energy has been spent in excogitating new-fangled and far-fetched methods of meeting the food crisis, like his latest suggestion about the planting of exotic shrubs and plants brought from the ends of the earth. Of that monument of misdirected enthusiasm—Vanamahotsava—the less said the better. Most of the trees so ceremoniously planted and honoured for a single day, have since faded away into the dust sans ceremony, leaving nothing by way of vestigeal remains. With them the reputation of the new Central Food Minister has dwindled. The public is yet to know what he has done regarding the other seven "points" in his programme.

The Prime Minister himself has said that there is enough food to go round but that it is not going round as one would wish it to, owing to one reason or other, like hoarding, cornering, blackmarketing, transport difficulties, etc. We are also told that there are ordinances to bring the food offenders to book. The mere fact that there is the proper palliative in the medicine chest does not work the patient's cure. Timely application of the medicine is called for. The blackmarketer is the progeny of Scarcity. Certainly the people cannot be held responsible either for the scarcity or for the blackmarketer. For, why should they have to go to the blackmarketer if they can get things in the open market at lesser prices? The Government should battle against scarcity and throttle unsocial activities.

If the railways are overworked and inadequate, roadways can be utilised for the transportation of essential food supplies to deficit areas. Private transport can be requisitioned for the purpose, to augment Government vehicles.

Then there is the problem of rice-eaters not taking kindly to other grains. Foodgrains other than rice like wheat are not palatable to people of the South. If the wheat-eaters are given rice rations, they will realise the same difficulty. It is not a question of

an individual agreeing to take this or that; rather it is a question whether his stomach and digestive organs agree with either the one or the other of the foodgrains. This requires a wide margin of consideration, even in the face of compelling circumstances. Rice has got to be imported especially because another province containing rice-eaters viz. Assam, normally a surplus producer of rice, has become reduced to the plight of a deficit area due to the recent earthquake.

It is hoped that as a result of the Premiers' conference, foodgrains from surplus provinces will be made available to deficit ones at reasonable prices. I have in mind the exorbitant rates charged by the U. P. Government hitherto.

Pandit Nehru further said that arrangements are under way to intensify procurement and that the district magistrates and the police force would be made answerable for any slackness in that work. To the extent that this will lead to greater vigilance and efficiency in procurement, this arrangement is alright. But, what is the guarantee that these overzealous public servants will not slide out of the bounds of discretion and pursue extortionist methods to the harassment of the producers.

Self-sufficiency by 1951 is a good slogan and also a laudable endeavour. But, it will be nothing short of mulishness if food imports are dispensed with before the country becomes really self-sufficient and capable of standing on its own legs. This is upon the prudential consideration that it is best not to slip one knot until another is first tied. The Government's food policy must be realistic.

Pandit Nehru made a spirited appeal to the parties opposed to the Congress to make common cause with his Government in the task of circumventing the food crisis. But the phrase "to fish in troubled waters" cannot justify its existence if human nature reacted in a reasonable way under the weight of circumstances. Therefore the Government should not expect any great help from parties ranged against the Congress.

Figure our Jawaharlal, Neogi, Abul Kalam Azad—indeed of the Ministers in the Cabinet in their wasteful long coats and think of the opportunity they have to set the fashion of a new workmanlike form of dress. There is an excess of material draping their precious selves now. Dress must be rationalised before nationalisation.—Pothan Joseph.

MADRAS CONVOCATION: IMPRESSIONS

By A VISITOR

TO be formally admitted to the Bachelorship in Arts seems as memorable an event in a young man's (or woman's) life as to renounce the bachelorship in life. The University Convocation for formal conferment of degrees proved perhaps more colourful and ceremonious than a mass wedding, with the High Priests of Learning officiating in their magnificent robes, as the parents, guardians, relations and friends assisted and participated from the visitors' galleries.

The Madras University, which produced a bumper crop of degree-holders this year, had necessarily to hold its Convocation on two consecutive days. The Senate House was packed to its capacity on the 18th August when the Governor of Madras, as Chancellor of the University, presided and conferred degrees. The next day a supplemental Convocation was staged for the overflow of graduates, when the Minister for Education, as Pro-Chancellor, took the chair.

3,747 candidates were admitted to degrees this year, out of whom 2,010 attended the Convocations in person. There were 628 women-supPLICATORS for titles, of whom 406 chose to attend the functions. These charming academic debutantes were assigned front seats to the right of the Hall, facing the gracious Maharani of Bhavanagar who was present on the first day; women graduates in their flowing gowns, hoods and caps, over multicoloured sarees and dazzling jewels, contributed not a little to the attractiveness of the great show.

The original builders of the hoary Senate House could not have anticipated such an overflow of learned men and women as appeared there this year. Despite the lofty ceiling, the large windows and fans overhead, those who have had the misfortune to be subjected to a Turkish Bath, clad in dark suits and enwrapped in black gowns, under the thermal infliction of hundreds of electric lights overhead, dreamed and wished in vain for air-conditioning, wind-

circulation, exhaust fans and other means of escape from a stuffy situation. The Governor alone seemed most sensibly and comfortably suited in refreshing white *sherwani* and an attractively flowing light blue turban. The University Training Corps in their smart turn-out and brisk tip-top movements, presented the Guard of Honour, and were much appreciated.

A Noisy House

The resonant manly voice of H. H. the Chancellor, formally conferring degrees at intervals of 'presentation,' lent dignity and vigour to the function. But the atmosphere was apt frequently to deteriorate into that of a movie house or circus tent, with clapping, jeering and whistling from the impatient crowd of young graduates in the Hall. Those who have witnessed convocations in the past were surprised at the noisy disorderliness amongst the restive young men, who greeted with shoutings and clappings every turban-wallah, and an occasional fezz-wearer, as distinct from the majority of candidates donning academic caps. It was very well for a cropped head to be neatly capped with an academic square-board; but how else could a half-shaven pate with a dangling pig-tail be camouflaged and made decorous except under the unending folds of an all-embracing turban? This seems to have escaped the clapping young men. True, some of the cloth head-gear were comically ugly; there was yet room for the feeling that several of the Pandits, Vidwans and Sastris were made the targets of undeserved ridicule. Was it correct to say, as some suspected, that the behaviour of boisterous young graduates was yet a partial manifestation of the tyranny of the majority, an intolerance born of the agitation for and against the communal G. O.? If so, the Senate House and the Convocation was hardly the appropriate place and occasion for their exhibition. The Vice-Chancellor, supported by the Deans of Faculties, the Registrar and the Senators tried in vain to look glum

and dignified; but an occasional outburst of hilarity was very provocative of a suppressed smile at the display of indiscipline in front of them. A few of the victims of discourteous jeering had the sporting sense to acknowledge the ovation, and one at least had the boldness to respond over the microphone: "Thank you," which instantly silenced the demonstrators.

Lack Of Manners

The formality of admitting thousands of candidates to their respective degrees was bound to be a slow and protracted ceremony, most tiring and trying to the young and old alike. In the absence of definite rehearsal, the candidates marching past the Chancellor's seat behaved in a multiplicity of ways: some raised their hands in salutation, others folded their arms in *Namaskarams*, but many walked away without even a token gesture, or even a look at the eager Chancellor. The moment they presented their name-cards for announcement by their Principals, these imagined they had done their duty. One superannuated Principal stepped forward in great hurry, read through the presentation formula, bowed his head as per rules, and turned away in greater hurry oblivious of his young charges waiting to be presented! He deserved the clapping that greeted his return, but soon after the roll-call was over, he withdrew to his comfortable chair and to the land of Nod for the rest of the function!

Ill-Fed Specimens

The prize and medal-winners received special notice, being individually hand-shaken by the Chancellor. The majority of medallists were women-graduates, who being less distracted than boys, had obviously bestowed greater attention on work and on books.

But as one watched the stream of specimen products of the University machine, one could not help noting their undernourished, ill-exercised physiques inadequately fitted to sup-

port their strengthened intellects. Surely, they were not *Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*; and such a harmonious combination was but an unrealised ideal in days of reduced rations and promised victuals!

The Finale

The last of the gowned to present candidates had the privilege of impersonating the absentees. Since the candidates *in absentia* were invisibly present only, the University authorities chose as their proxy and protagonist, the very presentable Mrs. Hensman. Draped in choice Benares blue gauze with the golden border and golden sandals to match, she had neatly pulled the end of her saree (like the Maharani) over her platinum blonde gown, and stepped forward to articulate a long list of degree-holders, men and women. Her fine feminine intonations, though in direct contrast with the gruff virile tenor of the Chancellor's utterances, proved a happy prelude to the sing-song monotony of this year's Convocation address. By the time the rotating lectern and the 'mike' were lowered to suit the manikin's height, the clock had already struck seven; and what little of patience the vast crowd had possessed had been evaporated by the heat of the House. That the graduates were no longer in a mood to listen to platitudes and moralisings, was evident from the steady soar of conversation subduing the shouted accents of the orator. Sensing difficulty, Mr. Govindarajulu Naidu promised to be brief, but before he could conclude the abridged version of his address, he was interrupted by non-stop clapping, to which he responded by pausing awhile, and saying: "I have just two-and-a-half lines more!" There was a roar of laughter, and the orator rushed through his concluding lines with great relief to himself and all concerned. *Jana Gana Mana*, amplified from recorded music, was a happy finale to a most tedious function.

Mahatma Gandhi sent for the Sardar one afternoon. The Mahatma took a promise from Patel that he would never forsake Nehru, whatever their differences. The talk ended and the Mahatma looked at his watch and told the Sardar it was time for his evening prayer. The people were waiting for Gandhiji in the garden of Birla House. So the Sardar left him, and when he reached his bungalow he heard the news that Mahatma Gandhi had been shot.—Karaka.

THE PRIVILEGED CASTE OF GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS

By A. BHAGAVAN DAS

AMID the acrimonious disputes about communalism that rage in South India, too little attention is paid to the new privileged caste that is being built up—the caste of Government officials. The very name has become indicative of superiority. At least the British designation, 'civil servants,' was a constant reminder that their function was to serve their paymasters, the public. But now there is not even any suggestion of that; Government officials are the masters before whom the public have to queue up to solicit their rights as a favour.

The most blatant privilege accorded to the new caste in Madras is their prior claim to all living accommodation. It is a frequent practice with Governments to pay their officials at a low rate and compensate them with various other amenities. So long as this implies only drawing on State-owned assets it is perfectly legitimate; it simply means that instead of paying out in one direction the Government is refraining from gathering in revenue in another. For instance, if a Government gives its employees free passes on State owned railways and buses it is merely doing what any other large-scale employer might do, sacrificing revenue in order to lessen direct payment. But to give them free passes on privately owned railways or buses would be a gross injustice. It would be taxing the transport companies to pay the Government's employees, apart from the legal taxes that these companies, like all others, are already paying. Similarly, if a Government department or municipality considers it worthwhile acquiring housing estates in which to accommodate its employees at a low rent, that is merely a matter of book-keeping—whether they are utilising the public money better by doing this than by paying higher salaries and leaving their employees to fend for themselves in the matter of accommodation. But to seize private houses

for Government officials is an act of dictatorship, not a democracy, and is equally unjust to both house-owners and other tenants. It is creating a privileged caste of bureaucrats.

And that is exactly what is being done in Madras. According to the present law, no house-owner can raise the rent of his house or let it out without the Rent Controller's consent, unless it is a new house, in which case he can choose his own tenant and arrange his own terms. Doubtless, this discrimination is necessary, because otherwise no one would build houses; nevertheless it leads to wild discrepancies by which one house may be rented out for Rs. 300 while a neighbouring one, just as good, is rented for Rs. 100. There must be control at the present time of low business morality and inflated prices, and there must be inducement to build, but some via media could still be worked out, narrowing the present gap between the two types of house. However, that is not the point here at issue. The point is that houses placed at the disposal of the Rent Controller are quite openly and officially reserved for the privileged caste of Government officials and, except in a few rare cases, the application of the ordinary citizen is met with a bland non possumus. It is as though the Government had taken on a bet to make itself unpopular within the shortest possible time.

Since Government officials are not looked upon as a caste or community, it is doubtful whether this iniquitous system of discrimination could be ended by a High Court decision; however, even that is not certain. The Bombay Prohibition case shows that the Constitution gives grounds for an appeal against any discriminatory denial of rights, and it may well be that the discrimination would be found less legally defensible in this case than in that.

DELUSION

By M.A. Q. RIZVON

HE was a tall and muscular young man of eighteen; and his fair and handsome face and black, wavy hair combined to give him a charming appearance. His eyes were lit with an everlasting gleam of cheerfulness, and he appeared to be at peace with the whole world, the struggle he carried on to qualify himself for a glorious future being free from any sign of bitterness or despair. His behaviour with his class-mates and ourselves—his lecturers—was always polite and courteous, and arose not out of any parasitic nature but from a consciousness of his own dignity, which endeared him to all of us.

He impressed me as a lad of great promise and I was proud to take a keen interest in him. Although I did not know how he fared in the other subjects, I felt sure, from what I noticed of his abilities as indicated in his English exercises, that he would some day rise to prominence and outshine his contemporaries, as a renowned statesman or as a celebrated man of letters. My hopes of him were confirmed by the fact that within a year of his joining college, he had established himself in an unassailable position in the Debating Society and thereby laid claim to the respect and devotion of an ever-widening circle of industrious fellow-students.

When I think of him to-day, after the lapse of more than three years, I am reminded of a passage from an article of his, that was published in the college magazine during my editorship of the same. "Year after year," he had written, with that resounding sincerity characteristic of him, "hundreds of thousands of young men issue forth from schools and colleges, with diplomas and degrees in their hands, to seek some job or the other, in order that they may have a secure position in life and get married and hand over to their progeny the task of carrying on the interminable, unambitious routine that they and

their forefathers had so meekly adhered to.

"But only a few of these unfortunate members of the nation's youth ever succeed in finding jobs, which as a rule, are never adequately paid. And the overwhelming majority is left without suitable employment. It is a heart-rending spectacle, in these days of a sky-rocketing cost of living, to behold these would-be citizens of India, flocking the post-offices, day after day, to send in, with unabating enthusiasm, millions of applications for a few dozens of vacant jobs.

"Their hopes end, as an alternative to the mortuary, at a clerk's table. And they timidly persuade themselves that they have achieved their goal in life. No more do the high ideals cherished in college appear to them as of any significance. No more do their aspirations soar high. The pledges they had given themselves to serve their poor and down-trodden fellow-countrymen, are shamelessly forgotten and they relapse into a way of life that has few distinguishing marks of its own, other than parochialism and utter self-interestness.

"While it is none of my business to enter into a determination of the cause and effect of this unhappy state of affairs, I must here record the disapproval with which every right-thinking person shall regard the decadence of spirit that compels our promising young men to betray their ideals to expediency in earning their daily bread....

"Life is but another name for struggle. Our claim to superiority over other creations of God is based upon our readiness to accept this undeniable fact.... By trying to avoid conflict with unfavourable circumstances, by running away from the toils and turmoils that comprise life, by seeking easy access to the necessities of life, and by allowing our weaknesses to prey upon our better selves, we

give up our claim to that supremacy; we become cowards.

"It is therefore my appeal to those who share with me the golden opportunity of youth, to continue with relentless zeal, their determination to be ever prepared for strife. To a man, danger is, as it ought to be, sweet. Let us not therefore give up our courage when danger confronts us. Let us run short of funds, let our clothes get ragged, let our dwellings crumble down, let us even be driven to death by hunger, but let us not exchange our dignity for bread. Let us sacrifice our lives at the high altar of honour; but let us not go down in our estimation of ourselves."

So ran the forceful sentences of an irresistible appeal—the index of an unconquerable spirit. And I was not the only member of the college staff to be impressed by its sincerity and its promise. We began to feel a sort of satisfaction in the fact that we were playing a role of no small importance in the development of a master mind, and that we might confidently look forward to having our names immortalised in the biographies that would be written of him.

But when the college re-opened after the Christmas vacation he failed to turn up. I reassured myself with the thought that indisposition must have prevented him from leaving home and that he would be back soon. But week after week went by and yet there was no sign of his return. Slowly and regretfully my hopes sank, until they were drowned altogether when I learnt from the Principal that he had sent for his T. C. by post.

Then, for three long years, I did not hear any more of him. And little by little, as newer faces and newer prodigies came to attend my lectures, the impression of that charming personality of his began, I am ashamed to admit, to fade from my memory. And I had long given up hopes of seeing him again, when one day, all of a sudden, I encountered him in a busy thoroughfare.

I was shocked to take note of the change that had come over him. The lean and haggard-looking young man that stood before me was no more his former self. His complexion had paled down to an alarming extent and his eyes were sunken deep and surrounded by dark and repulsive hol-

lows. His whole appearance was one of desperate struggle against poverty and starvation resulting from some unknown disaster in his family affairs.

I was deeply touched and, with pungent irony, there rose in my mind, the memory of those glorious words in which he had expressed his determination to defy delusion of his hopes. And I felt sorely distressed to reflect that so unconquerable a spirit as his had at last been forced to submit to the tyranny of 'unavoidable circumstances.'

But I was amazed to witness that even in the face of such indescribable misery, there played on his lips the same smile of friendliness that had endeared him to us all, three years ago. And eager as I was to talk to him for a good length of time, I took him to a nearby restaurant for tea.

A few minutes later, we entered into a frank discussion of the circumstances under which he had discontinued his studies. He had never kept his affairs a secret from me, and now, when he found me eager to give him the sympathetic hearing that he must no doubt have stood in need of those three frightful years, he readily apprised me of everything.

"It is a sad and heart-breaking story," he said in a tone that was remarkably steady and subdued. "My father's departmental stores had had to be closed to repay the heavy debts we had incurred; and everyone of our friends and relations refused us the succour we needed. Those were the days of the most unimaginable difficulty and we tasted for the first time in our lives how bitter starvation could be. For days on end, we had to sustain ourselves on a few annas' worth of groundnuts and peas and with bitter shame we had to beg for loans which we knew we could never repay..... It all went on for seven terrible months at the end of which I was successful in getting a clerk's job in a provision stores. I am still there and am paid forty rupees a month...."

"Good God!" I broke in, "you earning just a paltry forty rupees a month!.... It is too pathetic for me."

"I bear it all the same, sir, simply because there is no alternative. Of course, at times, I feel a head-splitting agony to remind myself of the ideals that would never be realised, of

the beloved dreams that would never come true. Those disturbing reflections come to me in the privacy of the night, and I shed silent tears over myself. There is none to whom I may speak out my grief. I have to move with my parents with infinite precaution lest I break their hearts by forcing upon them the realisation of the frustration that is gnawing at my vitals.... I just carry on the burden of my existence and for the last four months I've even ceased to worry about my past."

A long pause ensued during which I sat with my head bowed in an effort to determine whether he would accept the help I wished to offer him. At last however I took my courage in both my hands and addressed him: "But surely you can't go on like this for ever. After all you've to think of yourself, of your future and of your duty to the country. The job you now occupy is far below your deserts. If you continue in it, not only will your talents get ruined but your intelligence too may get perverted. Better give it up. Better make another bold attempt to redeem the past.... Listen, don't be sentimental. Look at me. I was educated entirely on scholarships. To-day it has become my duty to repay at least in some measure the help I myself received from generous men who are no more. As a bachelor I've none on whose education I may spend my savings, other than you. We've always been good friends. You've always trusted me. Let me

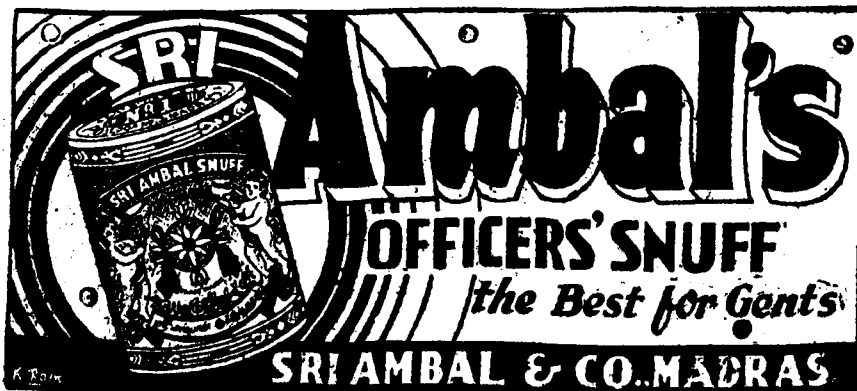
prove myself worthy of that confidence. I beseech you, kick up your job and rejoin college, and let us see how your hopes can be beyond realisation."

I watched him closely to see how he received my offer. But it astonished me to note the entirely opposite effect it had on him. With a sad face he looked up at me to give his reply. But tears rose to his eyes and he turned away to hide them from me. A few minutes later when he faced me again, he was quite recovered from his anguish and he said: "My position to-day is very delicate, my dear sir. And even if I find the means to do so, I can't take up my studies again. I can't give up my job. That would mean starvation to my beloved parents and myself. My past had been too much of a dream. My present is a nightmare. And my future....? I do not know if I'd live long enough to experience the difficulties that it holds in store for me. My health is failing day by day. And I don't care. Death will be a deliverance to me. For somehow it would take away from the face of existence one who had been too weak-willed to stand up to the test of time. The world will carry on as before. And no one will shed so much as a tear in my memory...."

With that he rose and, hiding his face in both his hands, he rushed away.

That was the last that I saw or heard of him.

Oysters will never miss their pearls, if newest pearl-removing methods are applied by the pearl farmers. Now it has been found that the oysters can be dipped in anesthetic for a few hours. They go to sleep. Their muscles relax, and the pearls can be taken out easily.
—Current Science and Aviation.



WEEK'S FOOD IN YOUR POCKET

By W. G. MATTERS

IN one of the strangest nutrition experiments ever conducted 52 men lived for five days on tablets of concentrated food. They had a pint of water on the fifth day, but nothing else. Eighteen others took neither food nor water for four days. They volunteered to starve so that doctors could, by comparison, assess the nourishment value of the tablets.

At a stately Hampshire country house, palatial as any country club, I watched these test men playing tennis, billiards, strolling in the rose gardens—and yet starving. Medical students on vacation, they were thoroughly enjoying the country air—on emergency rations.

The experiment was organized by Dr. Hellmuth Edhardt Heitz, Hungarian-born scientist who is managing director of a British pharmaceutical concern. For the past 18 years Dr. Heitz has been carrying on research to produce a compressed food which would provide "a balanced diet sufficient to maintain full physical and mental efficiency during an emergency of short duration." Today he is within sight of success.

The idea occurred to him while on a big-game hunting expedition in the South American jungles. Cut off from civilization for days at a time, he realized a tablet food would not only serve as a valuable insurance against starvation, but also enable travellers to dispense with the bulky packages of supplies they are forced to carry on long trips into uninhabited territory.

Food in its natural state contains up to 90 per cent water. Thus a large proportion of the transport space needed to carry the world's food supplies is taken up by water. During the war millions of tons of shipping were lost and lives sacrificed in transporting what a future generation may regard as unnecessary water-weight.
Chemicals Allay Thirst

While research does not suggest all this extra weight can be avoided, or that food dehydration on a large scale is desirable, scientists have for a long time been seeking ways of preserving natural food by removing

its water content. Their efforts have produced such common commodities as dried fruit, powdered milk, dried eggs and vegetables. In wartime the object was largely to save transport space and to simplify feeding of forces. Yet none of the preparations, including the iron ration issued to the services, was the complete emergency diet Dr. Heitz had in mind.

For generations explorers have used pemican, shredded dried meat boiled in fat, traditionally the standby food of North American Indians. Though deficient in many vitamins, minerals and other essentials—like the serviceman's emergency rations—pemican served as the basis of Dr. Heitz' research which has finally produced the most scientifically balanced compressed food yet devised.

Known as etagone, the preparation contains balanced proportions of carbo-hydrates, meat proteins, mineral salts and vitamins, with small traces of iron, copper and manganese, and other elements found in good normal diet. The meat proteins are absorbed in soya semina which is itself a source of protein and fat. As the body has large reserves which can be drawn upon in an emergency, little extra fat is included. Brown in colour, the food is compressed into one-third ounce tablets, four of which represent the minimum ration for one day. The four tablets provide the same amount of minerals as an ordinary day's diet. They contain half an ounce of energy-giving dextrin and sugar, and the nutritive principle of one egg yolk which helps to prevent loss of weight.

Etagone is intended, however, to provide complete sustenance even when water supplies are cut off, and chemicals have been added to allay thirst by stimulating salivation. Thus the tablets aid their own digestion while preventing the mouth from becoming dry. For this reason they must be sucked, not crunched or swallowed.

Says Dr. Heitz: "Some of the fluid already in the body would be used up in digesting the tablets and more would be lost in perspiration. We

therefore had to develop a diet which demanded a minimum of fluid for digestion while maintaining a proper balance of fluid still in reserve. That was our greatest problem."

The food itself had to contain sufficient nourishment to maintain a high degree of physical and mental efficiency, and not merely counter the ill-effects of starvation. A starving person quickly loses his faculties—at a time when physical strength and mental alertness are vital.

Scores of chemical and technical problems had to be solved before perfecting the tablet. Only after five years of intensive research and tests, at first on animals and later on human beings, was the product pronounced successful. Doctors, scientists and others lived for periods up to six days on six tablets a day. Dr. Heitz, a powerfully built man who enjoys a hearty meal, took part in the tests on several occasions and, like the others, carried on his normal work without any apparent adverse effect. The tablets proved themselves in action when supplied in large quantities to the British merchant navy and to commando and other military units, particularly for the Normandy landings.

Post-war research has produced a more concentrated type of etagone. With the new tablet, containing more vitamins, the daily ration is reduced to four tablets.

Though satisfied with the results of his own experiments, Dr. Heitz arranged for a large-scale test controlled by an independent medical board which could give the world a report based on detailed observations. Seventy-two medical students, volunteers from British teaching hospitals, spent five days as his guests at Marsh Court, near Stockbridge, Hampshire, an imposing hill-top mansion built by a millionaire. Fifty-two lived on etagone tablets; 20 had undertaken to starve for four days to provide data for comparison.

Hundreds Of Tests Made

Lectures, movie shows, organized games and walks in the 50 acres of woodland surrounding the mansion helped to promote a more or less normal degree of physical and mental activity. For breakfast, lunch and dinner the etagone students selected

two one-inch diameter tablets from tins set out in the dining-room and labelled; orange, lemon, pineapple, caramel and peppermint. Many months of effort had been spent in the preparation of these flavours. With other flavours, including chop-suey for the Chinese, they are intended to give etagone a taste to satisfy every palate. Peppermint proved most popular at Marsh Court.

To overcome thirst psychology the students were on their honour not to drink any water when washing, and the swimming pool was placed out of bounds.

Medical examinations took up several hours each day. Assisted by their "guinea pigs," who as medical students took a professional interest in the investigation, four eminent doctors carried out hundreds of tests. Temperature and pulse rate were taken morning and evening; muscle power, recorded on a grip dynamometer, weight, blood pressure and vision tests were taken daily; colour vision, hearing, intelligence and haemoglobin blood estimates on the first and last days. Complete clinical examinations were undertaken daily, and the pathologist worked long hours making analytical tests in a laboratory set up in one of the mansion's 40 rooms.

All the students agreed the second day was the worst. "After that," the tablet men said, "the feeling of hunger grew less and thirst became bearable." Two of the starvers gave up on the second day; the other 18 kept going for four days, and on the fifth day they took tablets. All the students were given a pint of water on the fifth day to aid return to normal diet.

At the end of the test the tablet men were all in good condition, and not especially hungry though they admitted considerable pent-up desire for ordinary food. The starvers, too, appeared to be in fair shape. But they had spent more time in bed than the men on tablets and slept less well. They experienced momentary blackouts more often and found difficulty in performing their daily muscle power tests. In fact, elements of malnutrition were noticeable among the starvers early in the test. Ketosis, acid accumulation indicating that the body is making imperfect use of its

fat reserves and evidenced by the odour of the breath, developed within 24 hours. There was no sign of ketosis in the tablet group until the third day.

Plant Turning Them Out

A summary of the medical board's findings includes the following points:

"The group taking etagone lost less weight and recovered weight more rapidly than the group undergoing starvation." Average loss of the weight of the tablet men was 6½ pounds, two pounds less than the average for the starvers.

"The fall in temperature of those taking etagone was significantly less than those undergoing starvation." On average the temperature of the starvers was 20 per cent lower.

"Etagone gives evidence of maintaining 'cardiac efficiency'... and maintains efficient metabolism."

Other findings detailed in the medical report indicate that etagone not only countered starvation damage, but kept the men in a good state of physical and mental fitness.

More than satisfied with the result of the experiment, Dr. Heitz plans a further test with 100 women students. He does not expect the diet will affect women differently, but wants to have complete records.

Meanwhile, at the etagone labora-

tories in Brighton, Sussex, the plant is running at four-fifths capacity and turning out tablets at the rate of 1,000,000 a week. The main bulk of the product is dehydrated and granulated before the addition of ingredients such as vitamins A, B-1, B-2 and C, which must not be subjected to heat. After passing through a high-speed mixer the preparation is compressed into tablet form and packed into vacuumized tins.

Several foreign Governments are interested in placing large orders for etagone. But Dr. Heitz is unwilling to name likely purchasers "for fear of prejudicing negotiations."

Easily transported and unaffected by climatic conditions, the tablet food will be of enormous assistance in combating starvation in famine areas, in feeding populations cut off from normal supplies of food by flood or siege, etc. It will be a valuable supplement to the food supplies of undernourished countries and can be carried as a complete emergency ration in ships' boats and long-distance aircraft.

Facing the risk of being stranded in desolate places, explorers and prospectors will feel more confident with a few tins of etagone in their packs. For Dr. Heitz the small brown tablet represents a triumph of scientific research.—Copyright.

GETTING ON IN LIFE

By D. A. SUBBA RAO

WHAT is meant by getting on in life? Is it simply to put on a good coat on one's back? Shaw has somewhere confessed that he could not enter good society till he was thirty because he had not even a good coat to put on his back. Success in life depends upon many factors. Judged by the ordinary standards, many great men were not successful at all in their lives.

Except a very few, men of letters all over the world had to earn a precarious existence. Many, we are told, had to worry about the next meal and they did not know the art of keeping the pot boiling in the house.

Homer was blind and poor. He had

to beg his food while alive but after his death seven cities vied with one another in erecting memorials to him.

There was no publisher who was prepared to purchase the copyright of Milton's immortal epic 'Paradise Lost' for more than five pounds. Cervantes and Goldsmith were miserable failures and Chatterton, the boy prodigy of England, had to take away his own life because he was too proud to beg.

Sir H. P. Mody once said that those that have succeeded capitally well in life are the failed matriculates. One need not be a university man to succeed in life. Many a poor man in America has made a pilgrimage from the log cabin to the White House.

Lincoln emerged from the log cabin and became the greatest President of the American Republic. A newspaper boy like Ramsay MacDonald and an engine driver like P. J. Thomas could become Cabinet Ministers in England.

Sir C. Y. Chinthamani who was nicknamed as the walking encyclopaedia by Mohamad Ali and Sir Sorabji Pochkhanawala who was called the Napoleon of Indian finance could reach the highest pinnacle of professional success in spite of serious handicaps in life.

By hard work and integrity of character, some have achieved success. Sir T. Muthuswami Iyer whose marble statue adorns the corridors of the Madras High Court could scale the ladder of success by hard work and praiseworthy perseverance in life.

Some have succeeded in life by mere bluff and bluster. F. E. Smith who afterwards became the Earl of Birkenhead is an example. He gave out the secret of his success in his rectorial address to the under-graduates of the Aberdeen University in these words: "Never underestimate yourselves, for beware, there is always a world to underestimate you."

There are others like Disraeli the British Jew who achieved great success by enacting the drama of life to perfection. He was an opportunist. His ambition knew no bounds, and he succeeded because he knew the psychology of men and women. He succeeded with women even more remarkably than he did with men.

If you ask the so-called successful men in life, to tell you the secret of their success, some will say that it was all due to hard work, some others will confess that it was due to a happy combination of circumstances, but others will frankly confess that they succeeded in spite of themselves because Dame Fortune who is blind favoured them.

Want of confidence may prove a great hurdle on the road to success. Sardar Pannikar has somewhere said that to succeed in life, one must dress well and pretend to be great till the world recognises one as such.

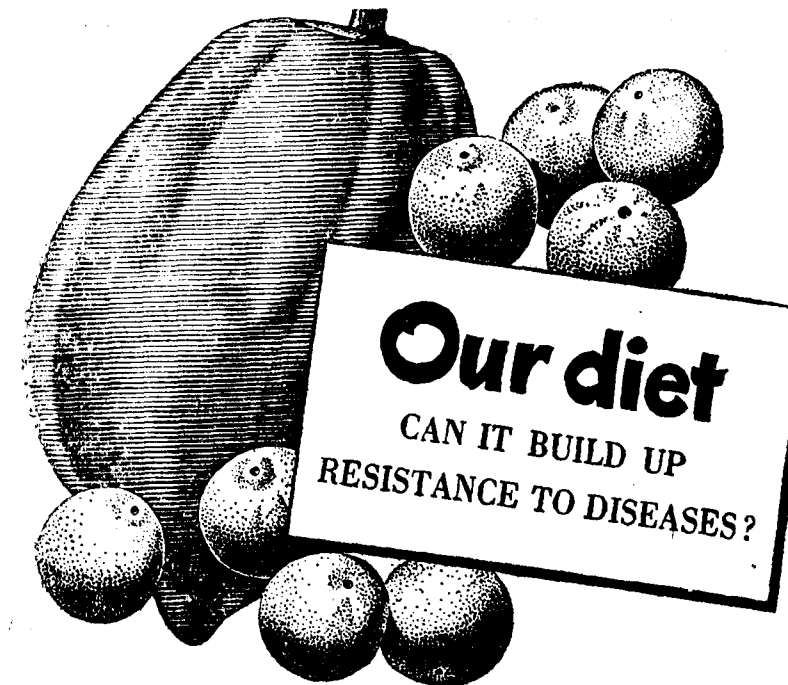
To succeed in life one must know how to please others. This is a difficult art. Charming manners at times go a long way. John Bright approached for his vote a labourer who said "I admire your ability but do not like

your policy." Bright replied "I like your frankness but damn your manners."

To get on in life, one must possess a cheerful temper. People who lose their temper do not succeed. The art of pleasing others is difficult. It presupposes a certain amount of hypocrisy. Flattery pleases, but one must be insincere to flatter, because all flattery is an offspring of deceit, with a selfish motive. A shrewd judge however can easily spot out the deceit. F. D. Roosevelt once tried this experiment. He was elected the Governor of New York and one day he was entering his new office in the company of a friend. A number of people were waiting to see him. As he entered the waiting room he repeated a stale joke. Some laughed and the others did not. Afterwards his friend asked him as to why he repeated such a stale joke. F. D. R. replied that he did it just to find out how many had come to seek favours from him and added that those that laughed readily at the oft-repeated joke were the very persons who had come for favours. F. D. R. was a very shrewd judge of men.

Getting on in life and achieving worldly success is one thing, but getting on with one's own wife is quite a different thing. Many great men could not get on with their own wives. Xantippe, the wife of Socrates was a termagant. On one occasion she poured boiling soup on the bald head of her husband. But the great philosopher took it coolly. Lincoln's wife nagged her husband too much and was a shrew. On one occasion she became so angry, that she dashed a cup of hot coffee on the face of her husband. But Lincoln was a great man. He did not lose his temper. Carlyle and Jane Welsh were very unhappy as man and wife. Carlyle was a man of ungovernable temper. But Disraeli, the British Jew knew the art of pleasing women and he was singularly happy in his married life.

Many a mediocre and third rate student knows the art of passing the examinations. An ordinary student crams something, reproduces and comes out successful in his examinations. But a brilliant genius like Ramanujam who became an F. R. S. at 26 could not pass his Intermediate examination. Who can account for this?



OUR DIET very often consists too much of carbohydrates (cereals) which, although useful in supplying "fuel" to the body, are not enough to promote full health and strength. In fact, an over-dependence on carbohydrates can be positively harmful to the human system. To build up the body's resistance to diseases, we must have a balanced diet consisting of all the five food factors and in their correct proportions. These factors are carbo-hydrates (millets, rice, sweet potatoes, wheat), proteins (dal, milk, nuts, eggs, fish, meat), vitamins (amla, carrots, tomatoes, lemons, papayas), minerals (brinjals, drumsticks, lettuce, spinach) and fat like Dalda which is pure and nourishing.

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LIFT CONTROLS AND DECONTROL, PLEASE!

By T. VISWANADHAM, M.L.A.

IF there is one person for whom I have the greatest regard and affection, it is Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. Yet I must say that the assumptions made by him, in his broadcast speech on the food controls, are fraught with serious consequences for this country; for he has not stopped with making these assumptions, but determinedly said that controls must continue, despite their demonstrated failure.

He is not able to imagine what strain he and his Government are causing on the self-control of a hungry people, every time they reiterate their determination to continue controls that are demoralising and rations that are devitalising.

There is no use repeating the slogan, that where there is a deficit, there must be controls. There had been deficits prior to the war; but there were no controls. But that is another matter. At least the controls must have a relation to the deficit, if the Government should substantiate their claim and the people should survive the theories of the faddists that are influencing innocent men like Pandit Jawaharlal.

What is the over-all production; what is the deficit calculated on the basis of 20 ozs. that a rice-eater used to get prior to the control period? If the over-all deficit and the cut in the normal free quota are proportionate, I shall not quarrel for the present. The country will not quarrel. Can Panditji with all the host of his officials at the Centre and ministers and staff in the states say whether

(1) they have correct statistics of production.

(2) at least they have statistics that are 75% correct.

(3) whether the accounts shown out include all the produce in the country.

(4) whether his Tirumal Rao Committee made any thorough enquiry, whether it met representative people in at least the important towns and places.

(5) whether the stories of continuous failures of monsoons are really correct side by side with the stories of flood all through; whether his Governments have taken proper steps, without reference to linguistic and political considerations to conserve the water that came from the skies, and whether energy and money are all put on schemes that serve the nation.

(6) whether it is not true, that in a world like this vast in extent and varied in climate, the rains come not by the clock but by the season and whether Governments should not be fore-armed and whether they are not overdoing it when they ascribe everything to the failure of monsoons.

I quote here from the Madras Administration Report of 1948 for 1947. (Page 4). "The rainfall during the south-west monsoon was above the normal except in Madras, Chittoor and Coimbatore. The condition of standing crops was generally fair."

Likewise at page 147 of Vol. 2 of the report for that year: "The south-west monsoon set in on the west coast on 5th. June 1947 and was fairly active. As a result excessive rains during September 1947 over the whole period of the south-west monsoon (June to September 1947) rainfall was normal and bordering on the normal in the districts of Ramnad and Tirunelveli, below the normal in Chittoor, North Arcot and Coimbatore and Nilgiris and above normal in the other (18) districts of the Province. Freshes came down the main rivers in time and continued steady and water was generally sufficient in the river systems. Savings of early dry crops were above the average....savings of early wet crops were above the average."

"The north-east monsoon started towards the end of the first week of October 1947 causing heavy rainfall in the Northern Circars etc."

So the theory that there was continuous failure of monsoons for three years, is proved false regarding the first year of the alleged "three" years.

Now let us see the next year's position. In the Administration Report for 1948 (published in 1949) we have at page 19: "The rainfall during the south-west monsoon was slightly above the normal in East Godavari, Bellary, Malabar, South Canara but below normal in other districts..... The condition of standing crops was generally fair."

The report for 1948-49 is not yet published.

The north-east monsoon was below normal but it accounts for only one or two per cent of the paddy crop.

Do the above warrant an absolute statement that the monsoon has failed successively for three years?

Eighty per cent of our paddy and 50 per cent ragi comes from fields irrigated under river systems and what is the use of making statements as if our entire crop is merely rain-fed?

And yet those who are interested in the continuance of controls have put it in the mouth of Sri Jawaharlal that monsoons have consecutively failed for three years.

As Panditji said, it is nearer the truth to say that there is sufficient food to go round but that there is the transport difficulty. May I tell Panditji that procurement through a few Government agencies and redistribution through a defective transport machinery, in these days of political feelings and strain on self-control of officials, has simply not been possible. Tightening of the law, while excellent in intentions, will only mean further harassment to the many and a glorious money-making enterprise to those officials and non-officials who are behind the controls. We have seen for the last three years that the black-marketeer and the corrupt men at high levels having

influence in the Delhi and Provincial Secretariats have either eluded the law or capped the Governments. Incidentally those controls having been worked by the Congress Government, the reputation of the Congress is being ruined.

The majority of the producers are smallscale producers, with a margin of surplus that cannot be brought to account by coercion; it can however be brought to the market by a competitive price relative to the cost of living. A Government that fixes different standards of procurement for different states and possibly for different portions in the same state and fixes one price for rice that is bought by Madras from United Provinces and another for what is bought within Madras, that announces that 6 ozs. of wheat or millet will be given in addition to six ounces of rice but is not able to keep its word even on the first day after the announcement, a Government which, in spite of all laws and intentions has progressively reduced ration from 14 ozs. to 12 ozs., then to 8, 7 and to 6 ozs. within these four years, has no right to say that controls shall continue.

The people are exasperated; I have seen their temper on the Independence Day and the successive days. The Government cannot afford to continue in this manner to disregard the unanimous opinion of the people that controls cannot be worked and therefore must be removed and that the Government should purchase rice in the open market at prices and open fair-price shops for the benefit of the poorer sections until the prices stabilise themselves at a reasonable level, which they are bound to do, when restrictions on movement and controls on free trade are removed.

May I request Panditji to reconsider the position and lift the controls!

Every infected individual in Haiti and parts of the Dominican Republic will soon get a massive dose of penicillin, to wipe out a group of diseases which now plague a large section of the population. As the first of several large-scale programmes under the United Nations' World Health Organization, the programme is designed to wipe out yaws, a disease widespread in the tropics, caused by an organism similar to that causing syphilis. In Haiti about a sixth of the population is infected. An even more extensive project of the same type is being planned by WHO for Indonesia.—Industrial Bulletin of Arthur D. Little Inc.

SOVIET SHADOW OVER EUROPE

By MARK GAYN

For the past year Mark Gayn has been travelling through Europe, spending considerable time in the Communist satellite countries. He has also covered the Orient thoroughly and, in fact, there are few corners that have escaped his scrutiny. Well known as a news correspondent, Mr. Gayn is the author of "Journey For The East" and "Japan Diary."

A freshly painted, oversized Russian tank squats in a bed of flowers in what is now the Stalin Platz. In the crooked alleyways of old Vienna, Russian Tommy-guns stand guard before baroque mansions now become Red army billets. On the outer wall of the New Palace, beneath a huge portrait of Stalin, a slogan proclaims: "With the banner of Lenin, under the command of great Stalin, forward to the victory of Communism!"

Like so many others, these are the outward signs of the rise of a new great power, unmatched since the days of the Roman conquerors. Soviet influence today pervades all of Eastern and Middle Europe, and even Yugoslavia lives in its heavy shadow.

The Tommy-guns on Schubert Ring are a symbol of the military facet of Russia's influence. With World War II not yet formally concluded, Soviet troops still garrison at least five countries on the edge of Europe. There are 44,000 Russian soldiers in Austria, 25,000 in Hungary, perhaps as many in Rumania.

The military occupation is important. As Moscow never tires of reminding Eastern Europe's Communists, it was the Red army which put them in power. It is likely that without the Russian bayonets within stabbing distance, many a dissident Communist would go Titoist. As it is, none now dares.

But far more important than the bayonets in their impact on private lives are the political manifestations of Soviet influence. Russia is embarked on an unparalleled campaign to wreck the old social order, and create a new one. The wrecking—which goes under the name of a "class war"—affects the food, work, reading habits and family relationships of 80,000,000 people.

Politically, Soviet influence is absolute and all-inclusive. Nothing is too big, or too petty, to escape it. It determines the fate of entire classes of population. But it also stoops to firing a teacher who suggests U. S. agriculture is as mechanized as Russia's, or denouncing a translator as a "capitalist saboteur" for an error in translating a Russian book.

Russia's influence flows through two main channels. One is the Soviet envoys in the capitals of Eastern Europe. As voices of the Kremlin, they speak with unchallenged authority. They pass on to local leaders Moscow's decisions. They also serve as watchdogs over each country and its leading Communists.

But it is the local Communist parties that serve as the main channel of Soviet influence. They maintain ceaseless flow of pro-Soviet propaganda in books, press, radio and the stage. They pattern the culture of their country on the Russian model. They use the mass organizations—women's, youth, sports—to bring Soviet influence into each home. They introduce Soviet methods of work, payment, labour organization, discipline and even terminology to industry and agriculture. They, finally, rewrite their constitutions to match Russia's, and in the preamble pay the prescribed homage to the Soviet Union, the Red army and Stalin.

New Concept Of Patriotism

Since a common mould is used, it makes for sameness. The newspapers of Warsaw, Prague and Bucharest are shadows of the Moscow press. When Sofia decides spontaneously to build a statue of Stalin, a similar spontaneity is shown by Tirana and Budapest. When Moscow launches a "peace drive," which extols Russia and attacks the warmongers of the West,

the workers of each country spontaneously queue up to sign "peace petitions," which appear spontaneously at each factory and office.

In all countries of Eastern Europe, except for heretical Yugoslavia, new holidays have appeared—Stalin's birthday, the Bolshevik Revolution, and the biggest of them all, the Day of Liberation by the Red army. (One of Yugoslavia's major sins was her refusal to admit she was liberated by the Russians.) On this day, the parties and the people join in mandatory homage to the Soviet soldier and to whatever Soviet delegates are on the scene.

For all the "people's democracies," Communist theoreticians have worked out a new concept of patriotism. The new definition demands "fidelity and love for the Soviet Union and the great Stalin." It denounces as "rotten nationalism and chauvinism" any insistence on a nation's development along its own historic path. It proclaims Lenin and Stalin to be "heroes of our national history." And it warns that any true patriot does not treat with silence Russia's role as friend and saviour; he must laud it constantly and fervently. Those who don't are enemies, to be wiped out.

A Hungarian newspaper speaks for all the Communists of Eastern Europe when it analyzes the new relationships: "Hundreds of tricks, such as sentimental gipsy music in the cafes or press editorials dripping with chauvinism, served to drug people's patriotism. Only since 1945 have we had the right to be real patriots. We did not fight ourselves for the right to be good Hungarians. It was the Soviet army and Stalin who did it.... Five years ago, the heroic Soviet soldiers showed us the road on which we have learned the true sense of patriotism. We may sometimes stumble on this road, but we know we have support."

They're All Isolated

Soviet influence has made all these states like peas in a pod. Yet, oddly enough, it has also produced complete isolation. No Hungarian today can visit Roumania, and no Bulgarian can go to Czechoslovakia—except for a few hand-picked vacationers. Windows in countless new Bulgarian homes are bricked in because Roumania will not sell Bulgaria a chemical needed for glass-making. Bulgaria's motor trans-

port is breaking down because none of her allies will sell her good motor oil. Essential machine tools the Czechs will not sell her.

Yet another facet of Soviet influence: if one of its goals is Communism, another is Russianization. Russian history is taught in and out of schools. The study of the Russian language has been made compulsory everywhere, and promotion is often made dependent on it. Russian terminology has become universal. (Stakhanovism, or industrial speed-up, is a way of life. Elimination of industrial waste is named after a Russian woman worker Korabelnyikova. And industrial cleanliness bears the name of Voroshin, the Russian who invented cleanliness.) The Slav countries, such as Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia, are reminded constantly of their common heritage with Russia. It has been a bit more difficult with non-Slav Hungary. And this problem, too, has now been overcome. A short time ago, a leading Hungarian historian denounced all former theories of Hungary's origin. On the basis of Russian research, he has now established that Hungary's historic roots were "similar" to those of Russia.

What are the mechanics of "selling Russia" to Eastern Europe?

The best way to describe them is to show how they operate in one country, say, Hungary. The fountain of authority there is the yellow, four-storey building on Akademia Utca 17. Here, beyond the doors guarded by Tommy-guns, sit the politburo and the sections which deal with all the facets of life—and Soviet influence—in Hungary.

The party's head is Matyas Rakosi, a brilliant man who got his first taste of revolution as a war prisoner in Russia in 1917-18. After the war, Rakosi was a commissar in Hungary's 40-day Red Revolution of 1919, fled to Moscow on its collapse, returned secretly to Hungary and was arrested. In 1940, after 16 years in prison, he was traded to the Russians for a stack of old Hungarian battle flags. In 1945, he returned to Russia-held Hungary to take over the party. Today, his portrait—according to a rigid party ruling—hangs with those of Lenin and Stalin, but half a length below.

Rakosi and his associates translate

the broad policy decided in Moscow into Hungarian terms. Their decisions are then funnelled out through the sections—usually headed by graduates of party schools in Moscow. The section orders—on everything from land collectivization to burlesque programs—are absolute.

From the sections, the edicts flow down the network of "cells." Each factory, office, school, theatre or sports club has its own "cell," headed by a secretary. It is his job to see that the orders are carried out; that disloyalty is rooted out; and that Soviet Russia gets her dues.

Take the cultural section of Joseph Reval, a first-rate Russian-trained theoretician. In his campaign to popularize the Soviet Union, he issues instructions to all cultural outlets. One order goes to the press. The results can be calculated statistically. On a recent typical day, the organ of the collaborating clerical party carried 37 columns of reading matter. Of these, 11 were devoted to Stalin, 11 to Russia, 7 to Hungary, 7.5 to others and half a column to sports. What happens when a paper decides to show real zeal was demonstrated recently by the daily of the collaborating Smallholders' party. Of a total of 34 columns, it devoted 29.5 to Stalin.

Another edict instructs the State Film Enterprise to show more Soviet movies. The latter are already doing well. Of the first 20 new films shown in Hungary this year, fourteen were Soviet, two Hungarian, two Czech, one Hindoo and one Chinese. Yet, a "Soviet Film Month" is proclaimed during which none but Soviet movies are shown. To make sure the pictures are seen, workers and employees are often compelled to buy tickets.

A third edict goes out to state book publishers. They, too, have done well by Russia. In 1948, they published translations of 155 Soviet books. Last year, this number jumped to 550. Since the liberation, they have printed 1,250,000 copies of Lenin's work and more than 2,000,000 of Stalin's. When yet another of Stalin's works is issued, the party secretaries arrange spontaneous queues of workers, eager to lay down a day's pay for an analysis of the Tiflis strike in 1905.

Make Soviet Plays

A fourth edict goes out to the thea-

tres. The opera is ordered to put on more Russian works. The theatre—already packed with Soviet plays denouncing the West—must show more of them. Under pressure, the ballet invites two Soviet balletmasters to help produce "The Nutcracker Suite." They are paid the unprecedented salary of 20,000 forints a month each (about \$1,800), roughly 35 times the salary of an average worker. And when unwary critics find flaws in the Soviet importations, they are at once denounced by their own newspapers as "enemies of the working class."

A fifth edict goes to the radio. The air is already saturated with Russian programs to the point where the listeners—in unsigned letters—protest to the radio stations. Yet the amount of Hungarian music is cut further, and that of Russian music and propaganda is increased. A sixth edict demands that the musicians break their ties with the "defeatist, decadent and anti-Socialist" folk music of old Hungary, and write optimistic, tuneful songs based on Russia.

A seventh edict calls on the sculptors to submit plans for the statue of Stalin: "The sculpture must show that the great Stalin, who is beloved by everybody, is the leader of the Socialist world and the peace-loving people: that he directs the strategy of the glorious liberating Soviet army; and that he is the protecting father of the people's democracies."

It is not easy to measure a nation's influence. Nor is it easy to gauge the success or failure of intensive propaganda. In countries in which five-year old tots sing cantatas to Stalin, the Communists can justly claim success in indoctrinating youth. I have met young Hungarians and Czechs who believed Russia had won the war singlehanded against Hitler and his Anglo-U. S. allies; or that the Russians lived in luxury, while the west starved.

Yet the failures are as significant, and as obvious. People are surfeited with pro-Soviet propaganda. They have lived through the liberation by the Red army, and their memories are less than fond. Even Communists speak with resentment of the disappearance of native music, art and literature, and their replacement with inferior Russian products. Mandatory ecstatic tributes to Stalin and Russia

are matched, in private, by savage anti-Soviet jokes told by Communists and non-Communists alike.

Despite all pressures, the movie-houses stay empty. They are filled only when entire army units, schools or unions are marched in, or when an occasional Western film gets through. One can get no tickets to an aged Charlie Chaplin film in Prague. And in Prague, too, I saw an audience rise and give a tremendous ovation at the end of a hoary "Robin Hood," as portrayed by Errol Flynn.

Listeners with the so-called "people's radio sets"—retailing at about \$35 and able to pick up only local stations—have no escape from the Soviet programs. But anyone with the better set has it tuned on the world without—the B. B. C., the Voice of America, or just music from anywhere at all.

With Soviet books filling all book-stores, intellectuals in Budapest and Prague today are reading instead George Orwell's cruel "1984" and Upton Sinclair's series on Lanny Budd's exploits. And though these books have been banned, tens of thousands of readers still seek escape from Russia in Pearl Buck, Louis Bromfield, Faith Baldwin, or even that literary classic, "Forever Amber."

The churches have never been more filled. Many observers believe this is less a display of religious fervour than a political demonstration. This view is confirmed by such sights as the

huge Easter processions, which followed the Communist parades on the Day of Liberation. Any number of people who have joined a passing religious procession told me it was an expression of individual protest against Communism and Soviet Russia.

The very base of Soviet influence—the Communist parties—is shaky. For though the parties as a whole serve as an instrument of Russian influence, they are composed of individuals most of whom detest the job they do—and the Soviet Union. Even the workers, whom the Communist leaders woo ardently are resentful of the Communist pressures, of the compulsory Leninist-Stalinist seminars, of the mandatory purchases of Stalin's works, of the condescending visits by Russian "Stakhanovites" which usually bring on a new speed-up of norms, "Socialist wages," and the insecurity of jobs as the result of the new concepts of "Socialist loyalty."

For all these reasons, many observers in Eastern Europe believe the spread of Russian influence is more than matched by anti-Soviet sentiment. This sentiment grows in direct proportion to the growth of Russian pressure. No one, of course, expects an open revolt against Russia in this part of Europe. No such revolt could now succeed. But if the cold war ever becomes hot in Europe, this zone of Soviet influence may well become one of Russia's most painful problems.—Copyright.

Violent revolution is not the only path to dictatorship. People can vote away their rights to a free arena of debate, or they can sit idly by while a few persons monopolize the organs of dissemination of thought. A handful of men can rather quietly dominate practically all of the motion pictures of a nation. A score of men can be the proprietors of the majority of newspapers. One man may gradually own half the daily papers of a state. A chain of papers may account for 20 per cent of all daily paper circulation. Such concentration of power in the realm of thought—and much worse—has already happened in the United States.—Ernst.

The most terrifying phenomenon in Russian political life is something which is present to some degree in almost every government but seems in Russia to be a dominant and central feature: namely, the tendency of the crueler, more brutal and more aggressive natures to rise by some sort of natural attraction to the political surface of society and to monopolize the business of government. In this way, government becomes the function of a certain mutation of the species: the mutation which ought least to have anything to do with it.—G. F. Kennan in New Republic.



By V. P. SATHE

THE trends of motion picture change in cycles; and the trend is generally determined by the outstanding success of different types of pictures. Thus, the magnificent success of 'Chandralekha' launched the cycle of action-melodramas in full swing as is evident from 'Shabnam', 'Nishan', 'Raj Mukut', 'Aan' and 'Shubistan'.

And similarly the stupendous popularity of 'Har Har Mahadeo' and other mythological pictures has set in the cycle of mythologicals in full swing. This is not the first time that our producers are ransacking Mahabharat, Ramayana and other puranas to find suitable subjects for the screen; but the approach is quite different.

It is a well known fact that the first motion picture in India was a mythological picture; it is also a known fact that in silent days almost every episode from mythology was transcribed to screen. The advent of sound revived that cycle in full swing. Thus the mythological stories were mainly responsible for popularizing the new medium of motion picture with the masses.

But as the film ceased to be a novelty, the mythologicals also ceased to be just an excuse for dazzling the audience with the novelty of trick photography. The mythologicals became more rational and the emphasis changed from miracles to devotion and spectacle. Films like 'Seeta', 'Chandrasena' in the thirties and 'Bharat Milap', 'Ramrajya' and 'Shakuntala' in the forties were great works of art. Their appeal was human and devotional and there was an attempt in all these pictures to give credence of plausibility and realism

to the miracles or supernatural acts of God.

After the war and partition, a new cycle of mythologicals has begun. Instead of advancing over the standard established by 'Ramrajya' the current vogue is to produce them cheaply and crudely relying mostly on the miracles (performed by trick photography) for success. Miracles determine today the choice of story with the result that even stories of devotion are at a discount, and only such legends as give full scope for the display of miracles are brought to the screen.

So, artistically these mythologicals have taken the film industry back to the silent days. And neither any consideration of art or society would dissuade our producers from cashing in on the ignorant superstitions of the masses.

This is the most unfortunate development which apparently our censors are unable to check. Meanwhile about twenty new mythologicals are under production and the greatest pity is that like 'Veer Ghatotkach' and 'Maya Bazar' some of them are dealing with the same topic. On the life of Lord Krishna alone five pictures are in the making viz. 'Nand Kishore', 'Murliwala', 'Gokulcha Raja', 'Sree Krishna Darshan' and 'Janmashtami.' On the life of Lord Shiva, 'Shiv Leela', 'Bhola Shankar', 'Shree Ganesh Janma', 'Rawan' and other pictures are being made. This is nothing but suicidal competition and it requires no prophet to prophesy that in 1951 we will have the greatest number of mythological flops. For success lies not in imitation but evolving a new pattern and offering

the public something novel and different.

Picture Of The Week

Filmkar is the latest addition to the rank of producers. A limited concern started with a big capital, it is being conducted by Makhanlal and his son Rajendra Jain. This new concern has acquired Central Studios and secured the services of such eminent film creators as Nitin Bose, Ramesh Saigal and Kamal Amrohi.

'Chhoti Bhabhi' is Filmkar's maiden picture and for making this picture Filmkar has assembled an impressive roster of talent and lavished quite a huge sum on production and mounting of the picture itself.

Producer Qamar Jalalabadi, who is also a scenarist and lyricist of many jubilee hits, director Shanti Kumar, another jubilee-maker, music director Husanlal and Bhagatram, the spinners of many hit tunes, jubilee stars like Nargis, Shyam, Karan Dewan, Yakub, Kuldip, Gyani, Gulab, Shyama, Suraiya Chowdhari and above all a domestic theme which has proved sure-fire hit (since the days of 'Ghar Ki Laj' to 'Grahasti') are the assets with which 'Chhoti Bhabhi' has been made.

And yet with all these assets, the result is hardly satisfactory. Frankly, it is quite disappointing and one cannot blame any individual so much as the entire construction of the picture itself as mainly responsible for the failure of 'Chhoti Bhabhi.' It appears as if the producers could not decide what to make out of this picture, a musical extravaganza or a simple heart-warming domestic drama. In an effort to blend both the things in 11,000 feet the producers have failed to achieve any concrete result.

For the sake of sheer entertainment there are about nine songs, one of which lasts for about ten minutes. An attempt has been made by Qamar to make each song interesting and amusing; but thanks to hackneyed tunes, almost all the songs fall miserably. The ten-minute song and dance number which is well-connected with the story, inspite of its changing backgrounds and costumes, is too long drawn-out and repetitious to thrill the audience. And the last four gazals, which came after one another in such rapid succession are boring in the extreme. Because of the flimsy ground of separation and

hackneyed talking, tunes and wording, they fail to inspire, and spoil whatever good impression the picture might have created earlier. The song and dance numbers thus succeed only in adding to the boredom of the picture.

Comparatively the producers would have done well to concentrate on the story itself. The basic idea is sound, though not new, and had great possibilities. The idea is that only such families and couples can be happy where the members are educated, cultured and understanding. It is the story of an educated girl who is married to an educated boy whose parents are illiterate and whose elder brother's wife is a shrew in charge of the household.

The story or rather stories revolve round the estranged relationship between the elder brother and his crude wife, on the one hand, and the romantic misadventures of the younger sister. The 'Chhoti Bhabhi' whose character is modelled on that of Sulochana Chatterji in 'Grahasti' tries to save both. When the elder brother, tired of his wife falls for a dancer, in traditional fashion, she comes to the rescue of his wife by refining her and helping her to win back her husband. When the younger sister, enamoured of stardom, falls for an unscrupulous married man, 'Chhoti Bhabhi' takes the blame on herself and does everything possible to save her sister-in-law. But the same sane girl leaves her home and does not return until the father-in-law repents. This part of the story is loose, unconvincing and far-fetched; and its basic weakness is that the heroine and hero are not involved in any conflict as such. Moreover, though it is the story of a family, it lacks that heart-warming emotional drama which should have manifested itself in filial love and which would have been the selling point of the picture like 'Grahasti.'

Lacking in unity which is mutilated by too many characters and sub-plots and emotional fervour, punctuated with too many songs and dances, the story leaves no particular impression behind and one feels only sorry that a good idea has been ruined by a poor screenplay.

Nargis and Karan Dewan have thus subsidiary roles which they play with understanding and grace. Kuldip

who has the most important role as the unsophisticated 'Badi Bhabi' ruins it by over-acting. Shyam's acting is restrained. Yakub, Gyani, Gulab and Baby Tabassum also vie with each other in over-acting while Shyama and Suraiya Chowdhry seem to believe that over-acting is acting.

Produced on an opulent scale the direction and other technical values are adequate though not outstanding. And as said above it is mainly the poor blending of entertainment and drama that is responsible for the failure of 'Chhoti Bhabi.'

Starlet Of The Week

As reported earlier, Navketan is introducing two starlets in "Baazi" viz., Kalpana Kartik and Roopa Varman. While Kalpana will play the romantic lead Roopa is cast as the sister of the hero.

Roopa, like Kalpana, is a product of Punjab University. Educated in Lahore, she is a fair damsel from the land of the five rivers born on 16th August 1928. Though in real life her name is Sudarshan and she is married to Major Varma, for the purposes of the screen she has adopted Roopa Varman as her screen name.

Like Kalpana, she has always been fond of acting and has already appeared on the stage in college dramas in Lahore before the partition. On the sets of 'Baazi' I saw her sitting next to Geeta Roy, the famous play-back singer. She appeared to be quiet and looked very fair and charming with rather striking features. If she appears as striking and sensitive on the screen, she is destined to be a success.

Filmistan's Future Plan!

With the completion of 'Sargam' which was passed by the censors last week, there are various reports current about the future of Filmistan.

According to the original plan Mr. Chuni Lall is expected to leave Filmistan after handing over 'Sargam' to Mr. Jalan who is buying the entire concern over for three and a half million rupees. Now it is learnt that by the end of this month Mr. Chuni Lall will hand over the charge and quit Filmistan though not the film industry. For, it is reported that Mr. Chuni Lall will open a big distribution office in Bombay and that he may also acquire the distribution rights of Filmistan's new pictures to make a beginning.

From the studios comes the report that after seeing 'Sargam' Shashdhar Mukerjee has abandoned the idea of making the colour picture himself. He has now decided to entrust that job to writer-director Santoshi. At the same time it is understood that producer Mukerjee is negotiating for Prabhat Studio, Poona and if the negotiations bear fruit the colour picture will be produced at Prabhat.

Incidentally, Dronacharya, the well-known cameraman who had been associated with Films Division has now joined Filmistan as the Director of Photography. Similarly Pradeep, the prodigal poet of Filmistan, has also rejoined Filmistan and is now writing the songs of 'Shabistan.' Pradeep, of course, is now a free-lancer.

News Of The Week

—Instead of 'Shabab' Sadiq has decided to produce a social picture entitled 'Saiyan' first for Sadiq Productions Ltd.

—The Film Enquiry Committee is holding its second session from Tuesday 5th September in Bombay for six days and then it will proceed to Poona.

—D. D. Kashyap told me the other day that he plans to start, his independent production on 25th September.

Incidentally, Famous Pictures Production No. 11 which is being produced and directed by D. D. Kashyap is now entitled 'Do Sitare' (and not 'Piya Milan'). The title is suggested by one of Iqbal's famous poems.

—Director M. L. Anand is making 'Bewafa' for Art Concerns, a new concern started by Akhtar Hussain. Anwar Hussain will be the producer. The tentative cast is Nargis, Raj Kapoor and Ashok Kumar.

—Krishmohan Gupta of India Film Exchange, Bombay, has opened a branch in the South at Bangalore and acquired several new pictures for distribution for the South.

—A production unit of Hindustan Chitra has left for Mathura and Brindavan to shoot 'location' shots for its mythological film 'Janmash-tami.'

—Raja Nane, the well-known Maharashtrian director who had settled down at Poona is coming to Bombay to make a mythological film "Shree Vishnu Bhagwan" for producer Ramniklal at Mohan Studios.

SIDELIGHTS : :

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
and simple faith than Norman blood.
—TENNYSON.

SRI Harindranath Chattopadhyaya has been visiting some villages. What he saw there upset him thoroughly. He saw people eating roots and groundnut cakes. "I cannot bear this sort of thing", he said. "We must do something. Cannot we do something?"

"What is your suggestion?"—I asked.

"Let us start an Anti-Hunger League. Everyone with a heart is bound to join it. All except the exploiters. It will become a powerful movement to put an end to the present dreadful conditions."

"How will the League set about its work?"

"To start with," said Harin, "it will demand removal of the ban on the import of foodstuffs. All sorts of non-essentials are allowed entry into the country. But the most essential, vital and indispensable of all human needs, food, is denied admission. It is ridiculous. We must convene a conference of the enlightened from all over the country—the leading artists and literary men—and their united voice must be made to reach millions of people. I am prepared for any risk, any sacrifice, in this cause. But do you think our conference will be allowed?"

"It might be disallowed," I said. "In Free India you cannot hold a meeting without police permission. Whether or not the police will permit you to hold the conference you intend, is entirely unpredictable."

"Oh, I am mad and restless over the misery of the people that I have witnessed," cried Harindranath. "My heart bleeds for them. We must do something. We must get this ban on the import of food removed."

"How will the removal of the ban help the foodless?" I objected. "There is enough food in the country for all. But it does not reach all mouths."

Some families have enough stock of paddy to keep them going for ten years. They do not release it, hoping for higher prices. But even if they release it, and the rice is put on sale in plenty, there are millions who have no money to buy it with."

"What, then, do you suggest, should be done," asked Sri Harindranath.

"We must change the Government," I replied. "There is no hope of public good materialising while the present set of ministers last. Even if they are there for fifty years, they will continue to fight distress with propaganda, and the distress will continue. They will be afraid of social harmony, as when it comes, all will combine against them. They therefore set class against class, and in the spread of hatred, seek refuge against popular anger at their worthlessness."

"I have written to Jawaharlal," said Harin. "I have given a true account of conditions here. I am hopeful that when he reads my letter, his heart will melt, and some relief will be forthcoming."

"I have no doubt that Pandit Nehru will be greatly moved by what you have written," I said. "But, poor man, what can he do? No doubt he is pure of intention and high-minded. But he is surrounded by reactionaries and corrupt self-seekers. If our local corruption runs into lakhs, the corruption at the Centre is of the order of crores. It is central vulnerability that has permitted so much of provincial degeneracy in Congress rule."

"But, friend," Sri Harin asked, greatly agitated, "do you really think our ministers are actually corrupt and take bribes?"

"Corruption of mind," I said, "is more injurious than the corruption of the itching palm which transfers money from one pocket to another. You should listen to what people say in trams and buses about the cleverest and the shrewdest of them all, who no doubt believes that he has managed to maintain an unsullied reputation. Part of the gossip may be unfounded."

But I have no doubt, since Congress came into power, the ministers have lost a great deal of the old standards of integrity."

"But have they fallen so low as to make money through bribes?"

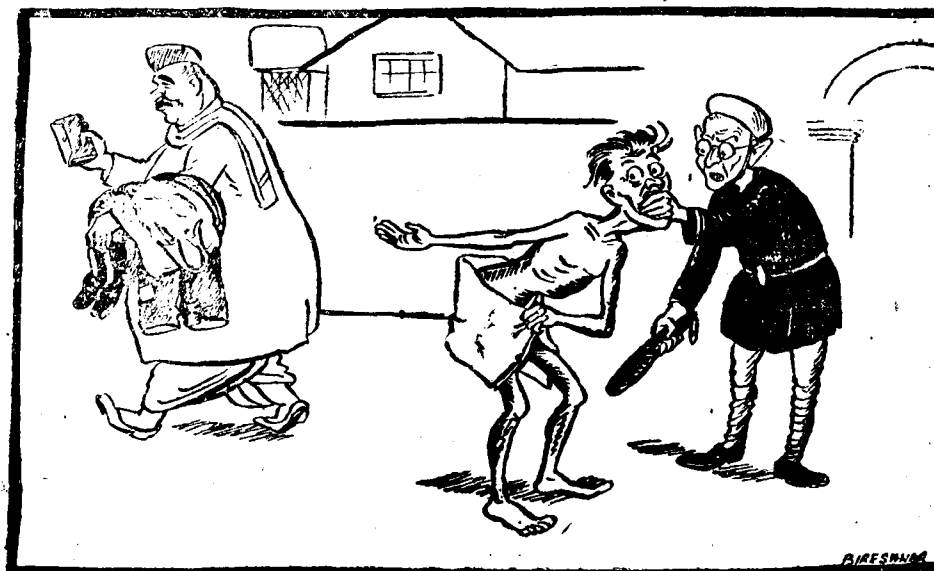
"Sri Omandur who had once an X branch at his command may know something concrete about ministerial corruption. Ordinarily largescale corruption is difficult to prove. But a corrupt mind is transparent for all to see. Take the case of the Sriperambudur Co-operative Society...."

"Were not some questions raised in the Assembly lately about this society?" asked Harin.

"The questions were about this same society," I said. "The directors made money by declaring second class rice as first class. They seem also to have taken out two or three measures from each bag and sold it as a full bag. I am told they have a friend in the ministry. It would appear, at any rate, that independent investigation as provided by statute was transformed into a departmental enquiry. When the subject was brought up in the legislature, the ministerial answers

were evasive. It was clear that the Government had much to hide and was resolved not to disclose more than it was driven to. If the cause of the distress of people is the greed and corruption of middlemen, the greedy and the corrupt flourish because they have friends in power. State power is used against those who expose the misdemeanours of Congressmen in power and seek to bring about a better state of affairs. If you seek to serve humanity, you will become an enemy of the ministry. It will seek to crush you before you can stamp out the anti-social elements who are now the vested interests on whom the ruling Congress leaders depend to commandeer votes for them in their respective localities in the coming elections."

"I do not care," said Sri Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, defiantly. "I cannot bear the present conditions. I cannot see people starving and dying of hunger helplessly. I will rouse the conscience of the righteous against it. If, in doing so, I come up against the mighty, I will fight them however mighty they might be. To remain quiet doing nothing is intolerable." —SAKA.



The Bombay Textile Mill workers' strike as seen by the "National Herald" cartoonist.

FOREVER WINSOR

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

KATHLEEN Winsor has gone and done it again. She has written another novel. I read it and was vaguely haunted by an impression I had read it before. It is that kind of novel.

Star Money will, I am sure, entrench its author more firmly in the hearts of those who liked *Amber*. Amber St. Clare was Sex in technicolour in bad King Charles's time. Shireen Delaney is Amber all over again in Dior clothes in an American setting. The only difference is Shireen has written a novel, while Amber had to rely on accomplishments more earthy and mundane to carry her along to her ultimate goal of the Royal bed. It just shows, I suppose, the unchanging nature of sex. Fame, success, money, position all come and go but sex stays on for ever.

Shireen Delaney's score over her pulchritudinous predecessor consists in certain intellectual pretensions she lays claim to in the form of a novel called *The Falcon*, and though it is never told in so many words whether it is a good novel or bad, the general impression given is that it set the Atlantic on fire. There is feasting and singing and dancing and champagne flows as water has never flowed in America, to celebrate its sensational impact on the public mind. Between the cocktail parties and the week-end orgies at the houses of celebrities, great and mean, and theatre attendances and plane reservations, Shireen Delaney puts her theories on love to the test labouring under the misapprehension, poor deluded soul, that on every sanctified occasion she went to bed with a man, she surrendered a new virginity. One could be a little more sympathetic if at least she had deceived herself that each affair was the grand passion of her life, but even that balsam to her damaged virtue is denied her. Her lovers are mere males; one is like a "Newfoundland pup with sex appeal" and another is "a simple harmless male without very good sense." And so the poor girl, launched under false pretences among the pseudo-intellectuals all actuated

by a most agreeable determination to seduce this new-comer into their fold, soon learns to burn her candle at both ends with resultant effects on body and mind which can be imagined by men of experience.

Amber, I feel, was a redeemable character, but Shireen is beyond redemption. Amber's sex was flagrant, blatant, brazen. It was her one and only trump card which assured her the essence of all human experience. Shireen calls it love, "one of the imponderables" and thinks it is the gateway to the eternal verities. Her favourite song, as a child, we are told, was the old ditty:

"I am waiting for ships that never come in
Watching and waiting in vain."

Shireen, however, does not wait long. Many ships are soon lured into her harbour but none, alas, tarries long, much to her astonished chagrin. In her rediscovery of the pleasures of awakened Eden her loves and her life become so involved she darts into love to escape life and vice versa and later into promiscuity to escape both.

Shireen is, I suppose, typical of the over-night sensation in America, the little Cinderella catapulted from the fireside into the Prince's ball by a fairy wand called Publicity. She may lose her slipper at the ball, but she doesn't worry, she has plenty of others in her wardrobe at home. And she certainly does not come home before the clock strikes the hour of midnight. She and the milk come in together.

Ethel Mannin has said in one of her early books that America "is the only country in the world which lives up to the specification of legend and tradition," probably the only country about which we may safely generalise. "You may fail," she says, "to realise the classic tradition of Greece, the romantic tradition of Spain, the historic tradition of England, the beauty that is Italy, the freedom that is France, the *Kultur* that is Germany, but everything you have ever heard about America is true." If Shireen Delaney's America is really true, it is truly a country of infinite vulgarity, a country combining the maximum of

temptation with the maximum of opportunity, a magnificent endless wilderness of lost souls burnt up by the fire of their own nervous energies.

If Kathleen Winsor had only the gift of satire, she could have made of the substance of this novel a remarkable, indelible mockery of the America of today, a picture as dreadfully fascinating and uncanny and irresistible as the nightmare adventures of Winston Smith in his world of 1984. She could have made of it an eye-opener, a warning to people who make an obsession of peeping over precipices and living in scanty clothes on high tension wires; she could have pitilessly stripped the glamour off their hypocrisies and self-deceptions and let in some fresh air into the American hot-house of pseudo-intellectualism. And she might have made of it all a significant story the reading of which would have meant to all intelligent, thinking people a great experience. There is in this novel matter enough for a writer to have moulded a story full of a passionate conviction

sparing in its free-swinging stride neither the glamour of false idealism nor the spurious innocence of sentimentality. Out of the makings of an epic, Kathleen Winsor has fashioned a niggardly little tale about the furtive and unsatisfactory love affairs of a gaudy ignoramus brought up to believe in God, the Republican Party and the dollar, but fed since she reached the age of consent on vulgar illusions and morbid idiosyncracies of mind and body. In short, Kathleen Winsor has only proved to be another tiresome intellectual who has tried to put sex in the head instead of where God in his infinite understanding put it.

The novel is ripe for Hollywood and before very long we may expect Shireen Delaney's comments on life and love to pass in reiterated quotation from lip to lip. And for my money, my choice for the part of Shireen Delaney would be Gene Tierney, for we can leave her, as I would with great pleasure like to leave Kathleen Winsor, to Heaven.

COLONEL UNNI NAIR

By K. VASUDEVAN NAIR

BORN in a respectable Nair family by name Manakkampat near Paril railway station in South Malabar, Kesavan Unni was free from the taint of vanity and false family pride. Soon after he secured his M. A. with English literature as his optional subject from the Madras University he entered the profession of journalism. It seems he first joined the staff of the Merry Magazine, Madras. Then he joined the Madras Mail as a sub-editor. His ability at writing and excellence at analysing and commenting on current affairs soon established for him the name and position of a good journalist. When information came about a vacancy of greater responsibility and remuneration on the staff of the Statesman, Calcutta, he applied for it with the full permission of the Mail authorities and readily got the job. There also he showed his ability and wide acumen and won the appreciation of the management. When the highly-impressed Statesman management transferred Unni Nair to their Delhi branch on a higher assignment he

came into the notice of the Government of India.

On The Battle Field

When the 2nd World War entered the most crucial phase and as a consequence India had to take an increasingly greater share in the conduct of the war, Mr. Nair readily joined the forces as a King's commissioned officer. Always in the good books of the army authorities it was logical enough for him to get rapid promotions. Mr. Nair had while in the Indian Army, served on the various battlefronts of Italy, Egypt, Burma and Malaya. The courage and devotion to duty that he exhibited on the battlefield at Milan had astounded great European army commanders even. One day the regiment to which he was attached was resting in a small village under the belief that there was no immediate danger from the enemy. Unni Nair was sitting at his typewriter in his tent rapidly typing out his battle reports. Suddenly from nowhere enemy bombers appeared on the sky and began to rain bombs on the camp. The terrible roaring crash

of the bursting bombs, the heart-rending cry of the wounded, the deafening voice made by the bombing planes and the consciousness that death was just round the corner for him, were not strong enough to shake up or detract the mind of the man of duty at his typewriter whose fingers and concentrated attention were interested only in the work at hand. Suddenly a bomb fell quite near and smashed Unni Nair's tent to smithereens. So far, the hero inside the tent could not actually see what was happening outside. Now he could see all around and gauge the horrible havoc that was being done and he did have a good look around. Coolly he added a postscript to his almost finished report giving an exact idea about the bombardment and the destruction that had just taken place to his unit. Not only the army commanders but also all the important papers of the allied countries praised this heroic deed of Mr. Nair.

On Kashmir Front

At the end of the war Unni Nair, who had by then reached the rank of a Lt. Col., returned to India and in May, 46 was demobilised. Straightaway he rejoined the Statesman as its special political correspondent at New Delhi. But this post was held by him only for a short while. When India became independent he was recalled to the army and appointed as Army Information Officer. During the war time though he was actually in the Indian Army he was fighting for a foreign power. Unni Nair used to say, "When I was taking rest from active duty on the various battlefronts I often used to ponder when I shall be able to serve an independent Indian Army." Once he said, "August 15 opened, for the history of the Indian Army, a new chapter. India's new freedom injected a fresh spirit of enthusiasm into the army. Not only that, it infused in us a new sense of responsibility also. It was the consciousness that each and every soldier was actually responsible for the defence of the hard-won freedom of India, that gave us renewed courage and strength. Soon enough we got an opportunity too in Kashmir to show our ability, devotion to duty and patriotism."

The first war that Free India is waging is in Kashmir. It was in the night of October 26, 1947 that the first contingent of the Indian Army rushed

to the rescue of Kashmir. Unni Nair was a member of that first unit. Throughout his active duty in Kashmir he was working from the most advanced and dangerous of posts.

It was at this time, when Unni Nair was working on the Kashmir battlefield, that the External Affairs Ministry got scent of his extraordinary ability. So it was not surprising that no sooner he returned from Kashmir than he was appointed to the Embassy at Washington as the Public Relations Officer. Till about a few weeks back when he was appointed India's alternate delegate on the Korean Commission, Mr. Nair was continuing on the staff of the Washington Embassy with success.

News reports say that Mr. Nair's departure to Korea was at his own request. This is a further instance of Mr. Nair's innate courage and heroism. Actually Mr. Nair had no need to go to the front line at all. But he felt that as an observer of the war his post was in the front fighting line. It was this sense of duty that prompted him to tour extensively almost all over the front lines in Korea during the brief three weeks that he was there. There, in the course of the proper execution of his duty Sri Unni Nair embraced death—the only death aspired for by a true soldier.

It was certain that still nobler laurels were to be won by Mr. Nair. Three years back he married Dr. Vimala, M.Sc., M.B.B.S, daughter of Dr. A. R. Poduval who was a reputed surgeon and a famous art-lover. It has been reported that theirs was the first Indian child born in the States after India became an Independent nation.

Though only nearing forty Sri Unni Nair has had a fully-packed and successful life and won name and fame. India has lost a very competent journalist and newspaperman. The infant diplomatic service of the Government of India has lost a rising diplomat. And as for the Army of independent India its loss is irreparable indeed.

At least one small thought may give the old mother, wife and relations of Unni Nair a little consolation, that it is not only they but the whole of India from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin that is mourning for the loss of this noble and heroic son of our motherland.

A MADRAS DIARY

By CLIO

IT was a boast of Macaulay that he was a "citizen of no mean city". While Madras cannot compare with London either as regards antiquity or historical importance, it goes without saying that, to those who dwell in it, it has been rendered venerable and dear by association. Sarcastic Englishmen have derided Edinburgh for having assumed the title of the "Athens of the north." But, no north Indian can deny that Madras is the intellectual capital of the country, wherever the President may reside. Therefore, it is unfortunate that the voice of Madras should not be heard more clearly. This column will endeavour to report with such faithfulness and vivacity as it may command the opinions, feelings and preferences of those who live, move, and have their being in it.

The Wordsworth centenary, which was recently celebrated at the British Council hall, was a notable event. It is doubtful if the poet would have been gratified by the mechanical means employed to bring his glories to mind and sight. Did he not on a memorable occasion enter an indignant protest when the belching railway engine defiled his native air? The unseasonable critic, who discovered that, despite this poetic anger, Wordsworth did not scruple to purchase shares in a railway company deserves the same fate as he who incurred Charles Lamb's wrath when he "whitewashed" the tomb of Shakespeare. However, time has so sanctified the gramophone and taken the film to its bosom that the poet would perhaps not have objected vehemently to the playing of records of his poems and the screening of the film depicting the Lake country. He was certain to have been offended if he could have heard a section of the audience persistently identifying an old shepherd who appeared in the film with himself.

The great threat of our age to human welfare, as I see it, is that societies led or driven by industrialism are gathering the individual into their fold as a service unit.... Industrial, social, religious and political patterns are not yet drawn to serve mankind.—MANAS.

For a man of letters who made such a commotion in his early years, it is poignant that only the publication of his photograph in a local daily should have reminded readers that Mr. Hilaire Belloc is still alive. He has been so far forgotten that many people were under the impression that he had passed away. But it is good to realise that the fiery intellect is still working, though in retirement. If ever high spirits took possession of English literature, it was when Belloc and Chesterton gave doughty battle with song, verse, and invective to financiers, politicians, and Jews.

I notice that an enterprising merchant has announced that, whatever may be happening in East Asia, he continues to sell his goods at the old prices. But the effect of this gratifying declaration is rather spoiled by his spelling the name of the warring country as "Koria". This reminds me of a confused restaurateur in an Andhra town who informed his customers that he sold "sweets and saviours".

It rained that memorable night when the infant Lord Krishna was hurried for safety over the flooded Yamuna. It also rained last week when the anniversary of that event was celebrated in thousands of homes. I do not know what theological conclusions to draw from this circumstance, but an ill-defined gratification was undoubtedly one of my sentiments.

"O Cuckoo, shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?"
asked Wordsworth. A. E. Housman capped the couplet in the best professional manner, thus;

"State the alternative preferred
With reasons for your choice".



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

The recent failure of Sir Owen Dixon, the U. N. Mediator, to effect a compromise over Kashmir serves to emphasise the intractable nature of the problem. But, no Indian has ever been in any doubt that, when the Indian Army rushed to secure the State from the marauding tribesmen, it did as a sense of honour and duty prompted it. But, it is doubtful if the details of the campaigns which were found necessary before the invaders were broken and turned out are familiar to Indians even in an outline. Mr. Mohinder Bahl's book will serve to dispel this ignorance.

The author's task is rendered easier in that he brings to it a sense of admiration for the ravaged country. In the first part of his book, he describes a journey he made through the State. This created in him a feeling of adoration for this "earthly paradise." It is not the mere superficial enthusiasm of the tripper, but the deep love that man conceives for lake and hill, tree and plant. Consequently, when he describes the battles which followed so that these treasures may not be defiled, his pulse beats the quicker.

His account of the campaigns is memorable. No one need despair of the new Indian Army after independence who reads of the heroic exploits of Brig. Rajinder Singh, who held out with a force of fifteen men before Uri. Nor should other heroes such as Brig. Usman and Gen. Atma Singh be forgotten. But the men were fully worthy of such officers.

The author has had excellent opportunities of observing the campaigns since he himself served in the Indian Air Force. He has not allowed his account to degenerate into a series of technicalities; it is rather a straightforward narrative, which the plain reader, unversed in the mysteries of destruction, may easily follow. We do not remember having read such a thrilling, yet unvarnished, report of the vital battles in Kashmir.

LIAQUATS IN AMERICA. By Sarat C. V. Narasimham. Madina Press, Pakistan Chawk, Karachi-1. Price Rs. 4.

This is an astonishing book. By the author's own confession, it has been evolved out of "my old press clipping book," into which he had pasted all news items pertaining to the visit of Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, Prime Minister of Pakistan,

and his wife to America early this year. The dignity of literature, even of the ephemeral part of it, is not sustained by such contrivances. There is ample evidence in the compilation (it can pretend to no higher dignity) of the haste with which the author admits he produced it.

Nevertheless, taking the production as it stands, its value lies in the fact that it constitutes a record of Mr. Liaquat Ali's visit. The author has been content to record what newspapers and agencies thought of the many events on the tour. There has been no attempt to evaluate what Mr. Liaquat Ali's venture meant in terms of the national and international situation.

PROGRESS IN NEGRO STATUS AND RACE RELATIONS 1911-1946. The Thirty-five Year Report of the Phelps-Stokes Fund, New York.

Those engaged in welfare work too often do not realize that 'upliftment' is not so much a question of favours distributed as of rights restored. It is not a little heartening to note that the promoters and trustees of the Phelps-Stokes Fund have clearly realized this fundamental fact. Established in 1911 by the will of Miss Caroline Phelps-Stokes, "for the erection or improvement of tenement house dwellings in New York City and for educational purposes in the education of Negroes both in Africa and the United States, North American Indians and needy and deserving white students," the fund has done admirable work in the thirty five years covered by the report. The promoters of the fund have recognized that any programme for improving the conditions of life of the Negro, or for that matter of any backward group, must be preceded by a thoroughgoing factual study of things as they are. The report does not confine itself to the necessarily narrow scope of the Phelps-Stokes Fund but gives a clear and comprehensive account of the factors that have contributed to Negro progress during the past third of the century. There is a remarkable chapter on 'Some Desirable Emphases For A Small Foundation' which our enthusiastic social workers would do well to peruse and an authoritative study of the racial situation in Africa by Dr. Rheinallt Jones. On the whole, this is an important contribution to scientific social reform which must be in the hands of everyone interested in race relations.

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.

Andhra University Senate Elections

It is reliably learnt that in the current elections to the Andhra University Senate pressure through official channels is being brought to bear on the voters by some influential and affluent candidates. Presidents of District Boards, presiding deities of law courts and other categories of holders of State power have, it is said, freely thrown the weight of their position and authority on behalf of their favourites thus unduly interfering with the unfettered exercise of their franchise by teachers, lawyers, etc., which constitutes the essence of a democratic system. India which has elected to adopt a democratic way of life and patterned its institutions on the British model faces a dark and dismal future if the sacredness of the vote is not recognised and conditions ensuring its proper use are not established.

K. SATYANANDA RAO B.A.
Amalapuram.

"Money-Illusion" In Rural Areas

"FOOD" of late has been much talked about. Quite a number of articles have appeared in different journals and newspapers. They go to show how much thinking is still going on in the country in an academic manner. None of the writers seems to have thought about the practicability of their solutions.

There is indeed nothing new about the problems they deal with, or the solutions they offer. No doubt our lands are fragmented, agriculturists conservative and methods primitive. The proverbial rural indebtedness is there, and the abject poverty is not an entirely new affair.

But of what earthly use is it talking about this always?

The country to-day is not Masani's "OUR INDIA". The Indian agriculturist depicted by Masani, who is foolishly burning the dung-cakes as fuel and groaning under poverty and indebtedness is nowhere near the cold, calculating, money-minded agriculturist we come across in the villages. He burns dung-cakes because they are more economical than wood. He uses manure supplied by the Government for commercial crops. He is an expert at evading Government Officers. He exports all the fresh vegetables and milk to the neighbouring towns.

At a time when rural reconstruction is the central theme it is unfortunate that the villagers sell away their health this

way for 'wealth' and court disease and death.

There is urgent need to save the rural population from this 'money-illusion' and educate them to a better understanding of their own welfare.

B. RADHAKRISHNA.

Waltair.

Appointment Of Dictators In Shorthand Examinations

Some of the persons who dictated the test papers in Telugu shorthand at certain centres for October, 1949 and April 1950 examinations did not have sufficient knowledge in phonography; they did not know how and where to pause while dictating passages, nor were they conversant with the essential technicalities in dictation.

Most of the candidates who appeared at the centres could not therefore take down the passage dictated, properly.

I hope it would not be too much if I suggest that only persons with the following qualifications may be selected to dictate passages for shorthand examinations, in future.

(a) They should have passed the higher grade examination in the subject in which they give dictation.

(b) They should be selected from the teaching staff of an approved institution with at least five years experience in teaching.

(c) They should be free from all vocal and aural deformities.

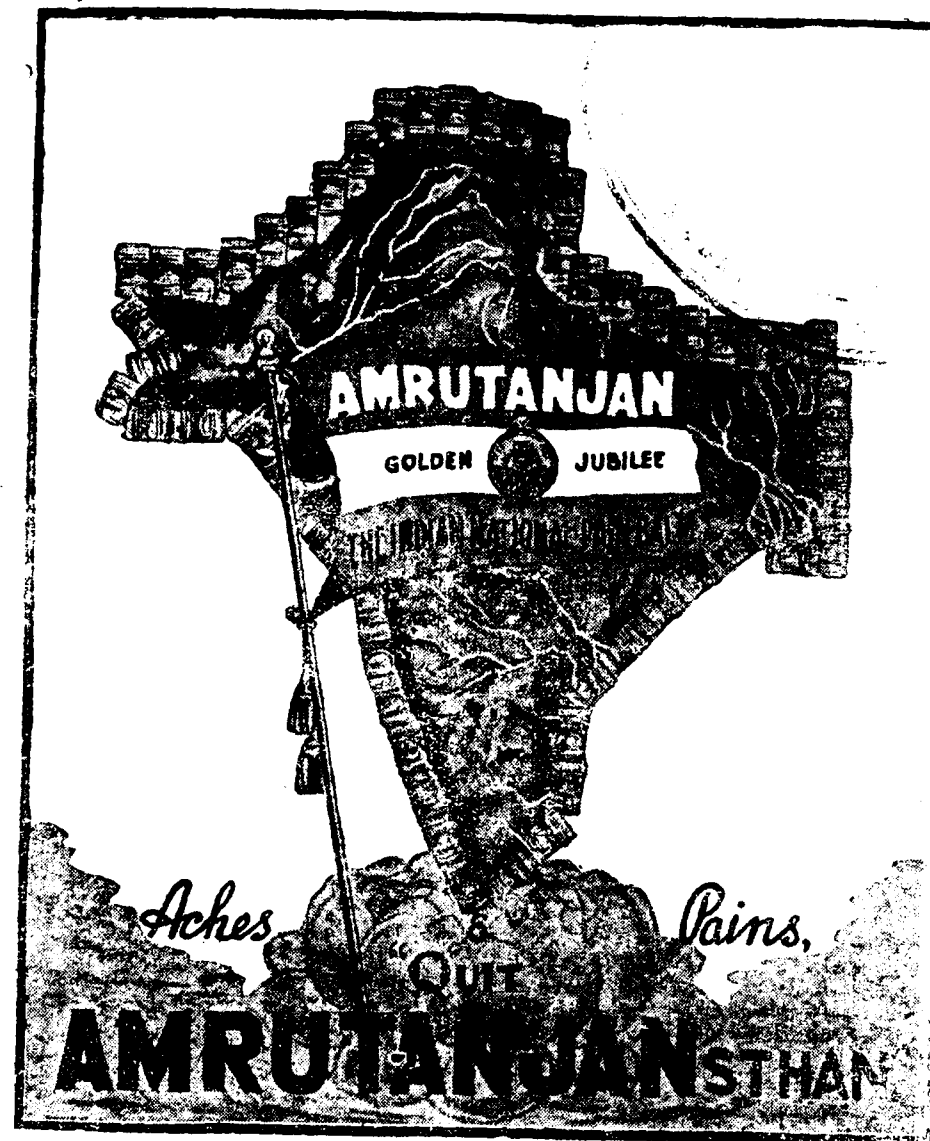
T. V. V. S. SARMA, B. Com.

Palakol.

Popularise Tomatoes And Oranges

May I plead for the popularisation of fruits like tomatoes and oranges? I am convinced that in these days of food scarcity they have a distinct part to play. But unfortunately they are beyond the ordinary man's reach owing to their prohibitive prices. They are costlier than even vegetables. The value of such fruits is further enhanced by the fact that it would be easy for people to change their dietary habits if only they can be had in plenty. I appeal to the authorities concerned to take immediate and vigorous steps to increase the production of these fruits and make them available at moderate prices.

K. S. VISWANATHAN.



The HUB of ASIA

and eventually of

The One World

RELEASING

ON

22nd SEP



TRAPPED IN THE WEB OF VIOLENCE - INNOCENCE WAS HER ONLY SAFETY VALVE...



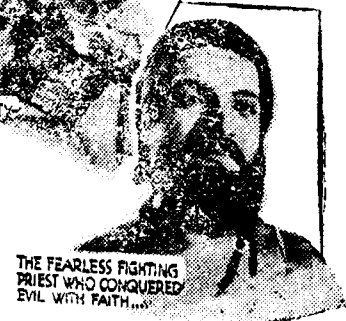
EVEN A PERFECTLY PLANNED CRIME HAS ONE WEAK LINK....



A LOVE-STARVED WOMAN OF DESTRUCTION ON THE TRAIL OF FORTUNE IN HOT-MONEY....



THE SEDUCTIVE PARTY-GIRL USED AS MAN-BAIT



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SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1950.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ON THE COVER: Sri R. R. Diwakar who visited Madras recently	
CARTOON	4
EDITORIAL COMMENT	5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	6
KOMAGATAMARU, THE SHIP OF FATE (Azad Qalam)—By K. A. Abbas	9
THE AWAKENING—(Short Story)—By Saroj Pattabhi	12
THE MIDDLE FINGER—By S. Parthasarathy	17
DANGERS OF DEMOCRACY—By Dr. B. Pattabhi Sitaramayya	19
A MADRAS DIARY—By Clio	21
THE PRESS OF CEYLON—By V. Subramanian	22
AMONG PANIKER'S PICTURES—By K. N. Ramachandran	25
J. EDGAR HOOVER AND THE F. B. I.—By Dr. P. G. Krishnayya	28
A PEEP INTO THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC—By J. E. Belliveau	31
CONGRESS POLITICS IN ANDHRA—By Major D. V. Raja Rao	34
FILM FARE—By V. P. Sathe	36
INSTALMENT BUYING IN THE UNITED STATES	39
PLIGHT OF INDIANS ABROAD—By S. I. Theogaraaj	41
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka	44
BOOKS AND AUTHORS	47
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	48

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—Courtesy, Shankar's Weekly
Shri S. K. Patil has been appointed (re-elected) Officer of the superstitious Andhra P. O. C.

SWATANTRA

VOL. V
No. 31

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1950

ISSUED
WEEKLY

PRIME MINISTER'S TIMELY APPEAL

IN a frank press statement Pandit Nehru pleads that the Nasik Congress must declare its policy clearly in regard to the communal question, economic problems and international affairs. It is very timely. In international affairs, the weight of a nation is dependent on military power. A few first-rate military nations dominate the world, relegating a host of second-rate powers to comparative unimportance. India is not militarily a first-rate power. Nor is there any hope of our being raised to that position in the near future, whatever be the foreign policy pursued by the Government. Despite this handicap, Indian delegations at the U. N. O. have been able to play important diplomatic roles far above the level of our military prowess. This is an achievement primarily due to Pandit Nehru's personality. In the case of Stalin, or Truman, the question that other powers ask is, How strong is Russia, or How strong is U. S. A.; and their attitude is governed by the answers they give to the questions. In the case of Nehru, no question is ever raised of Indian military resources. To be held of account without regard to material resources is a sign of moral leadership. Such a leadership has been won for India in our present turbulent strife-laden world, as a result of Pandit Nehru's firm and able handling of international affairs. He has fought for a voice to the non-military powers in the making of international policies. Even those who scoffed at him at first have learned to appreciate him later. None could have done better in so short a time.

In the national economic sphere, the achievements of Pandit Nehru's Government have not kept pace with their intentions. This has been due, in the main, to the defective character of one section of the Central Cabinet, which Pandit Nehru could not control, and which therefore has been spreading its baneful influence all over the country. This section has identified itself with rapacious commercial interests. It has placed its executive power at their disposal. It has permitted corruption and nepotism. Naturally, therefore, the interests of common people have suffered. Their economic condition has not improved during these three years. The planning commission on which Pandit Nehru sets so much store will be able to achieve little, unless the Central executive is purged of its discordant elements pledged to serve a few rich without regard to national welfare.

On the communal question, Pandit Nehru is perturbed by the reactions of the communal and the revivalist press to the Congress presidential election. There is however no need to ask for trouble before it presents itself. Sri Tandon is not responsible for the expectations built on his election by the communalist press until he himself by his own acts as Congress President begins to justify them. On the other hand, there have been occasions in the past when the actual deeds of Congress leaders in office should have aroused the gravest apprehensions in the Prime Minister. But he let them go without protest. In Madras, for example, ministers placed in power in the name of the

Congress have openly espoused communalism. It is not for a Prime Minister to complain tamely that the spirit of communalism "has gradually invaded the Congress, and sometimes even affects Government policy". What has Pandit Nehru done to check the evil he complains about? To the gravest charges levelled against some of the ministers, he has remained indifferent, and failed to give their victims the protection they were entitled to at his hands. The result is, there is no non-communal Congress ministry in South India today. The ministers have sold the pass to the communalists, and plead that the country, too, has gone communist along with them. The party in power has coalesced with its alleged

"opposition" and there is no genuine non-communal party anywhere in public life, let alone the Congress.

Pandit Nehru's suggestion for the separation of the election-running of the Congress from its "basic work" is very apt, but we doubt whether any work, basic or other, will be left at all with the Congress organisation if parliamentary activity is taken out of its purview. Past selections of Congress candidates have been, except for a few exceptions, thoroughly discreditable. The leaders that abused this power are responsible for the misdeeds of Congress ministries, and the poverty of talent of the legislature. National safety demands they should be put out of power to further injure the national interest.

Sotto Voce

LOLLIPOPS



TIME was when the Mahatma could speak of the jail as the only place for a self-respecting Indian. We have now changed all that. But in the U. P. the jails to-day have a no less powerful attraction for all sensible men—or would have, if they knew what was happening there. With that infallible instinct for showmanship which our bureaucrats are developing in the ample air of Swaraj, an official has given us a Pisgah sight of the glory that awaits the President's guest; and having whetted the appetite, he artfully withholds further revelations. He refrained from giving more details of the facilities to prisoners, he said, "to avoid influx of more prisoners."

It is so comforting to find that we are in the van of

progress, that our prisons are no longer the infernos where men suffered the tortures of the damned. But are we not in danger of imagining that what appeals to free men might not necessarily interest those who have the warder's eye always on them? It seems the U. P. jails provide games for recreation. I have a notion that the average prisoner—I am not thinking of the habitual jail-bird—would prefer the room of his fellow-prisoners to their company. The jail routine, with its compulsory parades and common tasks, should make him miserly with his fugitive privacy.

You can have too much of a man's or, for that matter, of a woman's company. That simple psychological fact accounts for such diverse phenomena as domestic infidelities, the

break-up of the joint family and the ill-natured tittle-tattle of rural societies the world over. Few prisoners will admit that they are serving a just sentence. But every one of them is implicitly convinced of the guilt of every one of his companions in adversity. And he considers it, not merely *infra dig*, but insult added to injury to be confronted with malefactors at every turn.

But for the jail discipline they would fly at each other's throat as did two policemen of my acquaintance, both recently released from mental homes. Chancing to meet at a restaurant, they fell to talking of old times, nudging each other and recollecting past peccadillos with relish. Then, by one of those sudden transitions which come so naturally to the unstable, they began calling each other names; one was swindler, the other bribe-taker, and so on. And before we knew what was happening, stools were flying about and crockery crashing and the protagonists shouting at each other the most opprobrious epithets. But the simple truth they had decorously hid from each other came out last with the terrific force of a cannonade. "You blethering idiot", cried one; "you raving lunatic", gibbered the other.

The *Ramayana* is medicine for the soul. But it might induce permanent allergy to hear it recited in jail as a recipe against recidivism. I know it was the fashion among our Satyagrahis to read the *Ramayana* in company. But when they thought they had had enough of Kamban or Valmiki they entertained themselves with a game of cards or the cooking of a tasty dish, the indulgent and (as it turned out) provident jailer looking

the other way. To be given forty slokas a day might be as unpleasant as forty stripes, when you know that you can't avoid it. Even today I cannot read the *Viswarupa adhyaya* in the Gita without feeling all hot and uncomfortable over the torture which was prayer-time at school forty years and more ago.

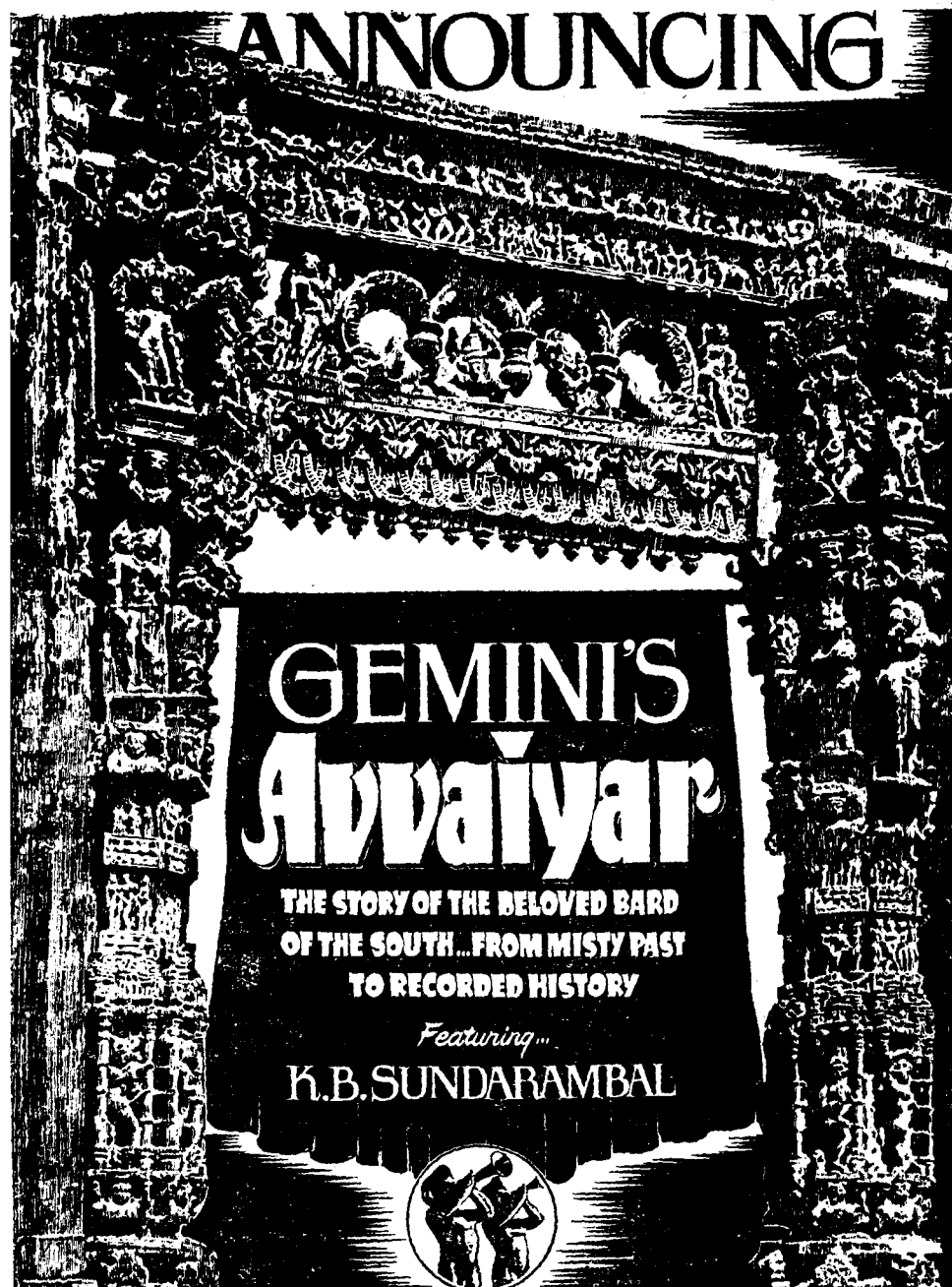
The U. P. jailers not only make free with his book—as do so many crooks and morons—but must needs gibbet poor Valmiki himself on a high stake for the edification of the errant. It seems posters depicting his life as well as those of "other mythical and historical figures" have been hung on prisoners' barracks. The poet undoubtedly was that sort of awful example to which the school-marm heartwarms. Did he not in his unregenerate youth waylay, rob and kill? And was he not won to God by being brought to a realisation of the loneliness of the soul and of the ineluctable power of sin?

Alas, the wisdom of Atri, Bhṛigu and all the rest of them is powerless against our modern enlightenment. Could there be anything more old-fashioned than speaking of sin to the post-Freudian world or of the terrors of after-life to those who firmly believe in the secular state? Come to think of it, this world is far from being an unpleasant place for the rogues who have not been caught. And the relativity of morals is being so constantly dinned into his consciousness that the bungler, finding himself in quod, can only feel impelled to emulate, not Valmiki, but the vampires who cheat the law. Who are the guilty men?

VIGHNESWARA

VIRGINIA COWLES ON LONDON SERVANTS:

During the blitz of 1940 I visited a friend who had moved from London to a small house in the country. Although there was not enough work for them to do, out of loyalty she had taken seven of her staff with her. But when I arrived I found the house in commotion. My friend moaned that she had just discovered that the seven she had picked were all 'head-servants' and as a result nothing was being done. She had complained that the windows needed washing and had called each one in turn to find out whose job it was; finally the butler had explained gently that in London a professional window cleaner had always been called in. The scene ended with the lady getting a bucket and rag and doing it herself.



KOMAGATAMARU, THE SHIP OF FATE

THE news of the death of Comrade Baba Nand Singh, the veteran Punjab Socialist leader, revives the memories of one of the most dramatic and thrilling episodes in the long story of our struggle for freedom.

Baba Nand Singh who joined the Socialist Party recently and was sentenced to a year's rigorous imprisonment in that connection, went on a 90-days' hunger-strike while in prison. He died shortly after his release. He was one of the few survivors from among the revolutionary leaders involved in the *Komagatamaru* affair of 1914.

Few politically-conscious young Indians of the younger generation are likely to have heard of *Komagatamaru*—yet 36 years ago that little Japanese ship became a symbol of India's national self-respect and the determination of revolutionary-minded Indians to vindicate it at all costs.

GENESIS OF KOMAGATAMARU

The genesis of the *Komagatamaru* affair were the same laws of racial discrimination which are enforced in the countries of the British Empire as rigorously today as they were 36 years ago.

Just about the time that Gandhiji arrived in India, after his campaign for Indian settlers' rights in Transvaal, another blow against the self-respect of India was struck in Canada. A clause of the Canadian Privy Council's order No. 920 known as "Continuous Journey Clause," had the virtual effect of preventing any Indian, not already settled in Canada, from going there inasmuch as there was no direct steamship service between India and Canada. The "Continuous Journey Clause" even, prevented the Indian settlers already in Canada from bringing over their wives and children from India.

The Indian National Congress, at its Karachi session, passed a resolution, protesting against this order of the Canadian Government, and urging upon

"the Imperial Government the necessity of securing the repeal of the said "Continuous Journey Regulation."

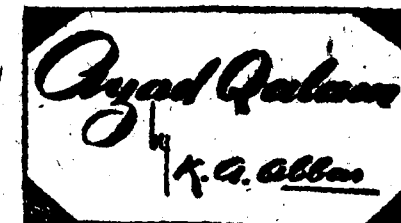
But a few months later, when the Great War broke out, Baba Gurudutt Singh, a successful contractor who had been working in Singapore, decided on a more practical and daring course to challenge this Regulation and to expose to the world the racial anti-Asiatic and anti-Indian bias of the Canadian authorities. According to the Canadian Regulations, only those immigrants were allowed to land who had made a "continuous journey" to a Canadian port without stopping anywhere en route. Accordingly, Baba Gurudutt Singh hired a Japanese steamer named *Komagatamaru* and took 600 Sikh would-be immigrants in it to Canada, making a continuous voyage, without the usual halts at Hongkong or Tokyo.

UNWANTED ABROAD, PERSECUTED AT HOME!

This is how Doctor Pattabhi tells the story of the *Komagatamaru* affair in his History of the Congress:

"The steamship—*Komagatamaru*—was of course not allowed to land her passengers in Canada and had to return to India. On her return, the passengers were directed to go from Budge Budge, where they landed, to the Punjab and prohibited from going anywhere they liked. They were, however, unwilling to board the train for the Punjab, unless they were first allowed to make a representation to Government about the injustice of such an order and the loss that they would suffer thereby. They preferred to be arrested under a warrant. The subsequent story of the *Komagatamaru* men among whom was Professor Mansukhani (now

Swami Govindanand of Sind), how a riot took place, how several were shot and imprisoned, how Gurudutt Singh was a fugitive for seven or eight years wandering from place to place in Orissa, the



Deccan, Gwalior State, Rajputana, Kathiawar and Sind up to 1918, how after 1918 he went to Bombay and became the manager of a ship-building Company at Mahal Bandar outside the town, under the name of Valdreja, how in his exile he saw Gandhi (in November 1921) who advised him to surrender himself, which he did, and how Government imprisoned him and he was released from the Lahore Jail on February 28, 1922 on the expiry of the term of the Ordinance under which he was imprisoned, do not really fall within the scope of this book."

BIBES, BLACK-MAIL, BULLYING!

This is, however, only a brief and sketchy account of what was really a highly dramatic trial of strength between the arrogance of the racially-obsessed white imperialists and the newly awakened sense of national self-respect of Indians.

Behind the plain statement "The steamship—*Komagatamaru*—was, of course, not allowed to land her passengers in Canada and had to return to India" lay the drama of the grim 'war of nerves' between the Indians on board and the Canadian authorities who were even more heartless and callous than the South African whites who tried to prevent Gandhi's landing in Durban.

Sardar Prithvi Singh who was present then in Vancouver has recounted the dramatic details of the *Komagatamaru* affair in his unpublished autobiography.

According to his account, "All sorts of allurements were given to the leaders in the ship; all sorts of tricks were employed to make the ship leave the Canadian coast. All honour to Baba Guru Dutt Singh and his colleagues who refused to compromise their nation's honour.

"The supply of the ship was cut off, the store of the ship including water was exhausted. It was a terrible situation to face.

"The ship was ordered to clear off the coast but it did not move..... attempts were made by the police force to get into the ship to arrest the leaders of the expedition. The police force were driven off. Four hundred Indians were absolutely cut off from all human approach. All supply of

food and water was exhausted. Death began to stare in the face of the passengers.

"The Canadian Government called the aid of a man of war, *Rainbow*, to drive out the ship (*Komagatamaru*) by force. The sight of the man of war enraged the feelings of the Indians on the Canadian soil to the highest pitch. Thousands of white workers joined the Indians out of sympathy. An ultimatum was sent to the Canadian Government that if force were employed to drive away the ship, they would set the whole city of Vancouver on fire.... About five thousand Indian workers (in Vancouver) made up their minds to lay down their lives in protecting the honour of their nation...."

The ship was thus forced to return to India but, as Sardar Prithvi Singh records, "the horrid incident had a deep effect on the nerves of the Indians. A wave of indignation swept over the land. The Indians in Canada and U. S. A. rose as one man and rose to strike in retaliation." Thus the famous *Ghadar Party* was organised in Canada and U. S. A.

It is important to record that the first "open declaration of war against the King of England and Emperor of India" was made by Indians assembled in a public meeting in Sacramento, California—and the direct provocation was the *Komagatamaru* affair which had proved to them that Indian honour would never be protected so long as India was not free.

It was at this meeting that it was decided to send batches of armed revolutionaries to India to spread the gospel of anti-imperialist revolt. In the wake of *Komagatamaru* on its return voyage to India, came a ship full of Indian revolutionaries from America and Canada, who played such an important part in the revolutionary movement in India!

The rest, of course, is comparatively well-known history. *Komagatamaru* was, indeed, a ship of fate!

INDIAN NEWS—VIA ENGLAND!

Do you want to know what is happening in Tibet? Don't look for despatches from Lhasa, you will get the news from London or Hong Kong or Singapore! In recent weeks, Tibet has been attacked, conquered and annexed by the Chinese Reds at least

half a dozen times—according to reliable British news-sources in places thousands of miles removed from Tibet!

Do you want to know the state of Red China? Do not trust news from Peking or Nanking or Shanghai, depend upon Washington to give you the whole "inside" dope about China.

Correspondents in London and Washington, thanks to the "tip-offs" from Anglo-American "intelligence", cover a wide beat—from Moscow to Madras! They know everything, and they are willing to tell everything—about every place under the sun (which, as you know never sets on the Anglo-American Empire!)

The amusing aspect of the situation is the *naivette* with which Indian newspapers are willing to publish news about India's immediate neighbours—as received via Washington and London! Most of our news about Tibet, Nepal, Burma, Persia, Afghanistan is received not from Lhasa, Khatmandu, Rangoon or Tehran but from Washington or New York or London or Hong Kong (which presumes to know everything about Tibet!)

The limit of absurdity, however, is reached when Indian newspapers splash on their front-pages under the heading, "QUAKE AGAIN IN INDIA?" a London message to the following effect:

"LONDON, Sept. 9. The Exchange Telegraph agency said yesterday that New Delhi Radio reported that another earthquake had rocked India.

"It said the shock was heaviest in Lakhimpur-Kheri in the United Provinces. Telephone and telegraph lines were said to have been out of order.—U.P.A."

The straight line may represent the shortest distance between any two given points in geometry—but not in news! The "shortest" distance between the Meteorological Headquarters of the Government of India in Poona and the offices of the newspapers in Bombay lies through London.

I guess soon we may expect a report like this to be front-paged in Bombay newspapers: "LONDON: According to a United Press of America despatch from Washington, which has been quoted by the Telegraph News Agency, the All-India Radio, Delhi, in a weather report, has broadcast that there was a mild shower in Bombay this afternoon.—Reuter."

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

NAGPUR: Mr. V. G. Desphande, Organising Secretary of the All-India Hindu Mahasabha, said here that the election of Mr. Purshottamdas Tandon to the Presidentship of the Congress was an "indication of the growing realisation in the Congress of the correctness of the Hindu Mahasabha stand.

CALCUTTA: Welcoming the election of Babu Purshottamdas Tandon, Dr. Shyama Prasad Mookherjee said at a meeting held here: "The very fact that even the Congress organisation has elected as President one who supported the stand that we took at the refugees convention in Delhi, Mr. Purshottam Das Tandon, shows how great are the misgivings in the minds of a large section of responsible Congressmen regarding the present weak-kneed policy of Government.

HINDUSTHAN HAMARA

PATNA: Barbers are flourishing while washermen are in a sad plight in Patna as razor blades and caustic soda have disappeared from the local market following the promulgation of the Supply and Prices of Goods Ordinance.

CUTTACK: A new danger is threatening Orissa which has been severely affected by the recent floods in the coastal areas. This is the scarcity of food in the Panchpldh Sub Division of Mayurbhanj district where according to reports four persons have lost their lives due to starvation.

BEGUSARAI: Several cases of looting of foodgrains have been reported from parts of Monghyr District which have been hit by food scarcity.

THE AWAKENING

By SAROJ PATTABHI

STRANGE things had happened to Vinayak in a few days—things which had impressed him with a deep sense of frustration. His mind in a turmoil and his head slightly aching, he got up from bed very late after a sleepless night. He glanced at the clock. It was late for office but, somehow, he did not seem to care. He reminded himself bitterly that, after all, he was only a clerk! It kept ringing in his mind and battered against his ear-drums till he thought he would go mad. He shook himself with an effort. Listlessly, he picked up the morning's newspaper and turned over the pages. The same stale news! The big powers kept accusing each other; the Ministers gave long speeches at endless conferences; the Communists were carrying on their policy of sabotage. He read mechanically of the attack of the Communists on a village, and the murder of a rich landlord.

Suddenly, the fog around his brain seemed to lift, and he felt a surge of emotions within him. His mind seemed to get lighter and lighter, and all his pent-up, frustrated emotions seemed to have found an outlet. Communism—the creed that believed in the equality of all men and did not think of poverty as a disgrace or an evil to be shunned! Vinayak felt his heart throb and something within him seemed to have found satisfaction. He knew only one thing about Communism—that it was a crusade against individual wealth. His idea of Communism was gathered from the local dailies—raiding of villages, murder of mirasdars, arson and looting, derailing of railway trains. He had not exactly worked out how this was going to make the rich poorer and the poor richer.

Yet, something desperate had crawled into his heart and taken the place of the abject humiliation which he had suffered the previous day. What Pushpa had told him had been intolerable.

Pushpa had first come into his life a few months ago. His mother had actually championed her cause.

"Look here, Vinayak," his mother had broached the subject to him with a serious expression, "I want to tell you something. Have you met any of these refugees?"

"No.... Of course, I have seen many of them but I haven't talked to anybody.... What's on your mind, Mother?"

"I met a refugee girl today. She came here and I talked to her a long time and gave her something to eat. Poor thing, she was on the verge of starvation and she must have come from a very good family."

"Oh yes, I've heard plenty of these hard-luck stories. But what can we do? With the seventy rupees this blessed Government gives me how do you think we can help anybody?"

"I didn't suggest we should help her, Vinayak. We needn't give her any money or food but you can surely find something for a nice girl to do and earn an honest living. Isn't that our duty?"

"I don't know about that being our duty.... Did you say she comes from a good family?"

"Yes. Couldn't you do something for her, Vinayak—at least for my sake.... She is coming this evening here and you can talk to her."

Vinayak had suddenly remembered something he could do to help the girl. Being an extrovert, Vinayak had a large circle of friends and well-wishers, and, among them, he looked upon Kailash as a close friend. They had been in college together and graduated in the same year, and the wide gulf that separated them from the standpoint of rank and status had been bridged by friendship and mutual understanding. After college, they had drifted apart. Fortune had smiled on Kailash, and the business he had inherited from his father had prospered under his guidance. As

usual money flowed to where money was.

Vinayak recalled what Kailash had told him, in the course of a conversation during one of their occasional meetings. He had said: "My preparations for touring the Continent are complete. The only snag is that my mother will have to be all alone while I am away, and so I have proposed to engage a companion for her before I leave."

That evening when he met Pushpa, the refugee girl whose cause his mother had so redoubtably championed, his resolution to help her was strengthened. It was not so much her tall slender figure, the audacious tilt of her nose, her well formed mouth, or her small rounded chin that impressed Vinayak when he first met Pushpa. No, it was the light of entreaty in her eyes which plucked at chords of sympathy in his heart. She looked at him like a mute animal that had been buffeted about by the vile machinations of a cruel fate and from which even the last dregs of happiness had evaporated.

Vinayak did not remember later what she had said or what he had spoken. He had melted in the face of overt suffering. Here was a refugee girl who had lost her parents, friendless and penniless, in the big city of Bombay. That he must help her became obvious and compelling. He had quickly evolved a plan. Of course, there was no assurance that it would work out but, just then he was in no mood for taking a pessimistic view of things. He knew Kailash still had an esteem and regard for him. Besides, he reflected, Pushpa herself had belonged to a wealthy and cultured family before the tide of misfortune overtook her. Naturally, he argued, she would possess the good breeding and polished manners which were the main qualifications for the job he had in view for her. Having evolved this master-plan, he had a peculiar sense of elation, and with mixed emotions of happiness and excitement, he proceeded to put his plan into execution.

The next two days, Vinayak went about his work mechanically, whilst his mind tried to catch up with the whirl of events that had suddenly come into his humdrum, routine existence, and transformed it into some-

thing useful and worth living for. His plan had worked out even more successfully than he had dreamed, for, Kailash's mother had eagerly taken to the idea, and had asked to see the girl. Kailash's mother, as most people with plenty of money do, had been taken up with the argument that she need not have to give Pushpa anything more than food and clothing.

It was with mixed feelings of joy, pride and hope that Vinayak had escorted Pushpa to his friend's palatial flat in Marine Drive. There was no doubt about the impression she had created. By her quiet and gentle manner, and by her grace and refinement, she had easily won her way into the old lady's heart. Soon this attachment grew. Food, comfort and security had worked miracles on her and from her face every trace of the sufferings and troubles of the past had disappeared. There was a sparkle in her eyes. She had slipped into her new position as if it belonged to her by right.

The pleasant task of entertaining her fell on Kailash, whose trip abroad had been postponed indefinitely. Handsome, well turned out, and well-established in business, he was an amusing conversationalist, in addition to which, he hob-nobbed with important people and radiated *savoir-faire*. Above all, he knew how to make a young girl feel like a queen, and there was no concealing the mutual admiration which the two developed for each other.

A change also crept into Vinayak's life. He was no longer the carefree, happy-go-lucky, young man of former days but had become serious and moody. He lost his good humour and was often lost in reverie. His friends and his mother watched him with growing concern and anxiety. Vinayak himself realised that he was becoming more and more desperate in his love for Pushpa, for his yearning to see her made him a frequent visitor at his friend's house.

With the passage of time, he noticed a tendency on Pushpa's part to avoid him and to seek Kailash's company! This troubled him secretly and it became such an obsession with him, that he decided to open his heart to her. With this resolution, and on one of the rare occasions when Kailash

was away on a business engagement, he made his way to Marine Drive.

Pushpa received him and Vinayak tried to open the conversation conventionally before he came to the point uppermost in his mind.

Pushpa, with her womanly intuition, guessed that something was wrong... perhaps vaguely she anticipated what was coming.

"Why don't you sit down, Pushpa?" Vinayak asked her, wondering that she should remain standing.

"Oh, I have such a bad head and you must excuse me. Why don't you come tomorrow? Kailash will also be here."

But Vinayak had no intention of leaving just then. He had decided that, somehow or other, he must speak out his mind.

"No, Pushpa," Vinayak said thickly. "What I have to say to you cannot be put off till tomorrow. I must speak today and... to you alone." He took a few steps and went close to her. Clear as an open book Pushpa could read Vinayak's face. "I've been wanting to have a heart to heart talk with you for a long time. I have suffered enough, and my feelings cannot be repressed any longer." The surge of emotions in his breast almost choked him and he moved away from her towards the window. "Pushpa,.... well, I'm no good at making speeches. What I want to say is something simple. I want to marry you."

Vinayak swung round to look at her, his chin jutting out determinedly. Pushpa stood there calm and poised, her expression of tolerant boredom not having changed one whit.

"You heard me, Pushpa.... I want to marry you...."

"No, Vinayak,.... you should know it is not possible. If I could feel any love, I wouldn't hesitate one second. I have always felt grateful for what you have done for me and I am afraid I could feel nothing else. If I am the cause of...."

"Oh yes, you will be the cause of my ruin," Vinayak said bitterly, again stepping close to her. "If you could half realise that you are breaking a man's heart you won't talk like this. What is gratitude? What I did for you was nothing. I took pity on you

and was urged to help you. I had no motive at all then. I did not expect you to repay me or even thank me and I do not expect you now to do it. I am talking to you as a man who loves you now. You cannot turn me down. It's impossible. I will...."

"Oh please, Vinayak, don't talk like this. I am sorry if I am the cause of any pain to you but I hope...."

"Don't hope anything. I hoped for many things.... well, I shouldn't have, because I must have known that Kailash would have spoiled your mind against me. Love hasn't made me blind, Pushpa. I know the goings on and perhaps to you what Kailash says is the gospel. Kailash is...."

"Oh stop.... please."

"Why should I stop? You get hurt when I talk about Kailash, don't you? That's because it's true. Kailash has been pouring poison in your ears—he and his sweet talk! I know...."

"Oh shut up, will you," hissed Pushpa, her temper completely under control. "Stop talking about Kailash. And let me tell you that even if I loved you I wouldn't marry you!"

"What?...."

"Yes, even if I loved you I wouldn't marry you," repeated Pushpa, her words coming out of her in a torrent. "I wouldn't marry you because you are poor. I wouldn't marry a clerk if that's the last thing I do. Do you know how much I have suffered from poverty and hunger? Do you know what it is to go hungry for days? Do you know what it is to beg from door to door until out of sheer hunger you faint on the road? Tell me. And you expect that I will marry you and choose a life of poverty?" Pushpa laughed hysterically. "Get this, will you? I am going to be rich whatever I have to do!" Pushpa turned and ran to her room.

His head bowed down and a smouldering fire consuming his breast, Vinayak returned home and the next day he disappeared from Bombay.

Vinayak's disappearance caused great consternation to his friends and colleagues—his mother wept her heart out; but the half-hearted attempts to trace him proved futile.

Meanwhile, with so-called Communist bands who had gone underground,

Vinayak was leading a life of reckless daring. Living in hide-outs and obscure places, he joined the forces of disruption and chaos. He threw himself into his work with all the energy and vigour that his madness had let loose. But even once, he did not stop to think about his course of action. It had seemed the only escape. He had been condemned for his poverty and he hated money with a thoroughness capable only of a warped mind such as his. Occasionally his mind would wander back to Pushpa. But Vinayak was surprised to find that he did not harbour any hatred towards her. She seemed to touch some soft chord in his heart. After all, she was the only link between his present existence and his happy past.

Most of the time, however, he was busy helping to devise fresh plans for assault, loot and arson. His mind had become so warped and sadistic that he enjoyed reading accounts in newspapers of the numerous people killed and the amount of property looted through his scheming.

Not being content with raiding villages, the misguided Communists had now thought out a new and devilish method for mass-murder and destruction and Vinayak was the brain behind this. The latest idea was to derail the Madras Express. Like a Chicago gangster planning a bank-raid or as a Group Captain of a Bomber Command planning a daylight precision bombing of a vital enemy target, Vinayak worked out the derailment to the minutest detail and messengers of death were detailed to their jobs....

Hours passed.... it seemed like eter-

nity to Vinayak. But what are hours, but divisions of deathless Time, that man may live his span and work his plans? The newspaper arrived—after what seemed like ages of waiting. Vinayak's heart leaped as he saw the account of the train disaster splashed in bold headlines across the front-page. His eyes travelled quickly down the column, devouring every scrap of information. But suddenly his expression changed to one of horror, and his face went deathly pale. No, he must be mistaken! But there it was in unmistakable, cold print—Kailash, and his wife, Pushpa, headed the list of those who lost their lives.

Vinayak's world seemed to reel before his eyes, and to close in darkness around him. The only link with his past had been severed. He could not believe that his hands had been responsible for this wicked deed. He looked at them, and in his imagination, he saw them dripping with the blood of hundreds and thousands of his fellow beings. The happy homes he had wrecked, the toll of innocent lives he had taken, the extent of the disaster caused—all these assailed his mind.

Was this the balm he had sought for his broken heart? He thought of the orgy of violence and bloodshed perpetrated everyday by men who hated their own brothers and who, in their mad frenzy, were, paradoxically enough, responsible for killing the very ones they loved. Was this then the only lasting solution for men's tortured souls? Vinayak sighed sadly, and as he lifted his head upwards and raised his eyes, a new light entered his agonised soul.

The Oxford Union is the most famous debating society in the world. Here are some of the motions debated by the Union since the war:

That in the opinion of this House British propaganda and British Censorship lead the British Public by the nose.

That in the opinion of this House the Liberal Party is dead and damned.

That this House is sure that to be a politician is a sin.

That this House agrees with Clive Bell that the maintenance of a high standard of civilization depends on the existence of a leisured class.

That this House deplores the fact that although Woman tempted Man to eat he took up drinking by himself.

That in the opinion of this House State interference has gone far enough.

That this House would rather be a Dustman than a Don.

THE MIDDLE FINGER

By S. PARTHASARATHY



**CULTIVATE ALL FIELDS
AND FALLOW LAND**

GROW MORE FOOD

AC. 133

THE gnarled and stumpy thumb flicks the space bar and the paper moves forward; the weak little finger depresses the shift key and the letters appear in capitals; but the strong and long middle finger has to be content with thumping the keys mechanically and without ostentation. It is true of life in this country. In the political, economic and social spheres, it is the old men who dominate. They are the makers of events, the moulders of thought and the shapers of our destiny. The youth is allowed to strike the limelight now and then. But the middle aged—those in the age group of forty to fiftyfive—are rarely afforded the opportunity to fill the roles of the nation-builders. Why it should be so, it is difficult to say. Perhaps, the average Indian's love for relics is responsible for this state of affairs. But the nation builders are men who if they had been in service would have been compelled to retire as too feeble to carry on their work; tired and cynical men, who would drop off if they were not kept alive by public adulation; men who flog their sagging frames with stimulating drugs to withstand even the little physical strain involved in their work. But with all that, these men rate their worth higher than what it really is. They make no attempt to conceal a consciousness of possessing superior minds. They are always fond of lecturing to us as to what we should do and should not do. But they forget that most of the accretions to their fund of knowledge have resulted from the mere passage of time and not out of any conscious seeking. And even that vast accumulation of knowledge is more a handicap than an advantage to them. For, unless it is examined, shifted and properly valued, it is a heavy oppression on the mind, especially, when one is seeking a quick solution to a knotty problem. A necessary consequence of such oppression is to delay doing the right thing and ultimately to seek compromises and formulae wherein the spirit of the thing to be done is lost sight of. Most of them have been careerists and secularists, having no

abiding cultural pursuits or spiritual background or hobbies. They would just wither away from sheer ennui if they were taken off their jobs. They pick up and hug in the recesses of their minds lots of loyalties, ties, interests, inhibitions and dislikes which men appreciative of the deeper purposes of life would have rejected. Whenever they have to apply a principle which they themselves have enunciated, these rise up in conflict. We witness, therefore, the too frequent deviations from their professed ideals in their performances.

Another undesirable quality which sometimes fastens on one with advancing years is the attitude of callousness and indifference to the sufferings and difficulties of others. There is no feverish impatience of mind to rid suffering, no indignant intolerance of fraud and other anti-social acts and no tempestuous zeal to change the face of the country for the better. They are like the yogins whom they condemn—composed and unperturbed by the sufferings of others—but with this difference: while the yogins would prefer to be misunderstood rather than give up their apparent inactivity, these people would talk copiously, not caring whether they are understood or misunderstood. Their unemotionalism and intellectual aloofness make them good enunciators of policies and ideals. They are able to appear sincere even when they avow loyalty to extreme views in politics or social matters. But, by temperament, they are conservatives. Years ago, when social reform views were very popular in local English circles, a gentleman of eminence preached it with apparent sincerity and vehemence. But when his son chose a partner for life outside his caste, it was found very hard to persuade the poor man to giving his consent. Similarly, a Congress politician, now a top-ranker, confessed to a friend in the days of the struggle, that Indians were unfit for self-government, much less, for Purna Swaraj.

Intellectual convictions, unsupported either by a robust and healthy body or by emotional courage, avail

nothing when it is a question of seeking to implement progressive policies in the teeth of the influential opposition of a minority. Long years under the rule of a people who are our material superiors, have inbred in these old men a sense of inferiority complex. Their joy or chagrin over the opinions of European foreigners about them is something childish. They naturally attach exaggerated importance to the criticisms in the foreign press and to the superficial comments of a traveller. Even in independent India, we can see how this unfortunate bias works. Our politicians, like the Maharajas, are planning to create a scene of opulence and well-being around the centres of activity of the Government within India and abroad, and they close their eyes to the misery and squalor in the vaster areas. It deceives, no doubt, the superficial and unimportant foreigner about the state of the country but not the shrewd foreigner whose opinion matters to us. I have known these old men run indoors to cover their naked chests with a jubba whenever they see an European coming down the drive to call on them. I have seen two callow American youths who came on autograph hunting being admitted to Gandhiji's presence by one of his great chelas during the hours of rest while thousands of our countrymen waiting outside under the angry sun for darshan watched the inequity.

The youth of the country by whom I mean the educated youth are having a difficult time. Their future is uncertain, their means of sustenance precarious and their moral outlook confused. They have become the playthings of these old men both within the home and in the market place. In what language should they speak? What should they learn? Can they inherit anything except the sins of their parents? Where should they seek their morsel of food? Should they profess any religious beliefs? Will they have equal opportunities like other citizens? And does it pay to be honest, even in the long run? These are the questions which are sorely troubling their minds. They are sought after by politicians to add numbers to the crowd at the meetings addressed by them. They are also told by politicians to eschew politics. They are taught to think of all men

as equals, to respect and honour the wise men and to lead disciplined lives. But they find themselves classified communal-war and enjoying differing privileges; they find everywhere the wise men put aside and third rate men elevated to places of responsibility, and they also find that strikes and acts of indiscipline are not unwelcome if it supports the policies of the party in power. Such is the condition of the youth in the country. They have been orphaned of all the guiding influences which the previous generations enjoyed for their good. Their education, confused as it is in curriculum and language, is administered by men who have no claim to achievement in literary or educational activities. They are taught by men disgruntled, ill-paid and ill-equipped to cope with the hourly changes in methods. Though a stray youth here and there may have his name struck in capital letters, no one can view the future of the youth of the country without considerable foreboding. They share no common ideals or enthusiasms. Whatever eminent men there were in the educational field, have been recruited to the ranks of politicians. Youthful minds and morals are wholly shaped by the environment in which they find themselves. There is no inspired teaching in any branch of learning—science, philosophy, sociology or economics. No endeavour is made to encourage independent thinking. The student is always engaged in learning something by rote. He is communist if he lives in a communist area or a capitalist if he lives under a capitalist's roof or a communalist if he is in the Madras province or a congressman if a minister or legislator is related to him, or a vagabond if he is none of the above. His obsessions are the examinations and job hunting; his recreations the cinema and eating houses.

There are the middle-ageds. They are full of the vigour of life, steady, hard-working and self-reliant. It is they, who are trying to keep the machinery of the nation's life in good trim. But to the old men of India, they are still immature. When they become relics, they will have their chances to fill the key roles. Will the wide gap in thought, action and morals between the Ruler and the Ruled ever close?

DANGERS OF DEMOCRACY

By Dr. B. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA

THE toad in the well looks up to the eagle in the sky and envies its position. It longs to take on to itself wings and fly into the Heavens. To the rich man, an occasional travel in the third-class railway compartment is a luxury, even as it is for him to change once in a way his spring-bed for a rough mat on the hard ground. Fancies have no formulae; they run amok. Why else should an American soft-skinned, snow-white girl long for the embrace of a Jim-crow? It looks as though politics is equally a fair field for the fruitful fancies of untutored nations which are destined to learn by their own hard experience in the world unlike their wiser fellows,—alas! all too rare, who learn by others' experience. There is an insatiable yearning amongst the Eastern nations for the Western type of democracy in political administration, just as there is an equally inscrutable longing for the nations of the East to imitate the social customs and manners, the individual habits and idiosyncracies of Europe and America. The very system of marriage in the latter continents in which the parties to it make their choice on the now-widely accepted principle of "marry in haste and repent in leisure" seems to have a growing charm for the budding brides and bridegrooms in our country. It is no wonder that it is so, for, nearly two centuries of close contact and closer communion has engendered tastes and influenced temperaments in the younger generation more akin to those of the West than to those of the East.

Extremism Produces Anarchy

On pondering over the disorders and distempers of democracy run riot, one wonders whether the faith and wisdom of the older generation may not be profitably copied by the nation in respect of its politics. Long subjection had developed in the nation an inferiority complex which could not be effaced except by a forthright swing from one extreme to the other. This is exactly what had happened in Russia, a happening the disastrous consequences of which have already

witnessed a return to a sober mean between two inebriate extremes,—the unmitigated autocracy of the Czars and the unrelieved dictatorship of the proletariat. Shakespeare has immortalized this phase of human psychology when in answer to King Lear's lunatic question to his three daughters as to which of them loved him most, the elder two, Goneril and Regan, vied with each other to a ridiculous extent to avow their attachment to the father, while, nauseated by such extreme and extravagant professions of pretended love, Cordelia—the third and last sister—had "nothing to say" and met with the short, sharp reply that "nothing gives thee nothing." Such has been the temperament of nations as well. Century-old slavery to a foreign nation has upset the balance of India and engendered in her a longing for cent per cent democracy, adult franchise, nationalization of industries and the Raj of Karmiks and Karshaks, everything short of the dictatorship of the proletariat. Such undigested and indigestible material has only helped to create anarchy at the first touch of experience as has been witnessed in the Congress elections under the new constitution of the national organization.

Example Of Patriarch Of The Nation

The last regret in life is, as Tennyson put it, that all regret should be dead. Can there be greater shame than utter shamelessness over one's own lapses from the paths of rectitude? Gandhi was inalterably bent upon the introduction of adult franchise into the constitution of the National Congress. Neither argument nor importunity would deflect him from his decision and determination. Such were his convictions and such too was his faith in human nature. Nor could it be otherwise, for if it were so, he would be neither a philosopher, nor a prophet and he would not have been the patriarch of the nation. A person who believes in Truth and Nonviolence could not abjure those principles in the domain of practical politics and had perforce to demonstrate them at the very first opportunity that offered in the matter of the organization of the nation without

State authority. Would it work or would it not? If it would not or couldn't, then it augured ill for the Independent Sovereign Republic that he was founding. That was how he took his courage in both hands and turned down the proposals of the Congress Constitution Sub-Committee made on three successive occasions in favour of the retention of the four-anna franchise. Such a franchise was repeatedly advocated by the Committee and is still being ardently pressed for by the Uttara Pradesh Provincial Congress Committee. Why did they do it? They had a sufficiently clear premonition of the impracticability of adult franchise and elections thereunder conducted without governmental authority, which in other words, means belief in the prestige of law and the power of the police.

Congress Elections Farce

Let us pause for a moment and survey the field of Congress elections from end to end. We must not hide the truth from ourselves. The States in India are in various stages of political awakening. Those areas which were formerly under the Princes with a few exceptions are less awakened than those that were subject to direct British rule. Even amongst the latter there are admittedly grades of development and experience which we cannot possibly ignore. One may also venture upon a proposition here that the more awakened the people of such States, the more turbulent have elections become therein. Awakening of knowledge leads to awakening of ambitions. Ambitions foster a certain self-wardness which in turn blinds the moral sense and correct vision. When the longings of the senses cannot be satisfied by legitimate means and methods, the mundane spirit in man does not hesitate to adopt illegitimate ways. That means anarchy which is curbed and controlled by an external force called Government, because it is detached. But in the non-official elections of the Congress, the contending parties are too proud to summon outside aid, too selfish to adopt unimpeachable methods. That is how incredible things have happened which began with the age-long complaint that enrolment forms are not supplied to all the canvassers impartially, that if supplied, they are not received, that if received, they have

been tampered with, that even if kept intact, they are not published or otherwise made available to intending candidates, again in the second round, that village panchayat elections have been announced without being held, that polling days were not announced, and if announced, were not observed, and even if observed, polling officers were absent and that sometimes before or after the expected day the results were announced. In one district, the election of all the twelve delegates assigned to it never took place and yet responsible people insisted upon their being accepted. Even immorality has its limits but conditions and events in Andhra have transcended all known boundaries. If Andhra has been scratched, it is not a matter to be proud of, nor is it quite a matter for shame. It is good that at some time or other the truth should be known. That would give an opportunity for balanced thinking and sober judgment which alone can regenerate degraded morals.

No Compromise In Fundamentals

One particular experience requires notice. Oftentimes disputes are sought to be composed by an adjustment between leaders of rival parties. Even arbitrators are sometimes tempted to advise a half and half distribution, of seats between the contending factions. This, to be sure, is a dangerous way of bringing about peace—apart from its ultimate impracticability, for a compromise based on fifty-fifty is sure to place the parties on a perpetual war-footing. From presidential election to petty expenditure, the issues are left undecided and constitute a fruitful source of eternal fights. Nor are elected seats the patrimony of rival brothers to be apportioned equally between them. The fundamentals of election and democracy cannot be compromised nor circumvented.

Franchise Control Necessary

Democracy, pure and undefiled, left to itself, is like the course of a river of which the waters flow according to the laws of nature and gravity without being trained and trimmed, to a stated destination. When we establish a hydro-electric plant, we do not take the waterfalls of Nature as they are at Jog or Siva-Samudram, Pykara or Andhra Valley but train them along canals and beds erected on hill tops and diverted along

huge cast iron pipes to the bottom of valleys wherein are the turbines and machinery that convert the energy into electricity. Even so it is our duty to train the erratic flow of the waters of adult franchise and direct them along courses that can be easily controlled so as to evolve from the energy so liberated the electro-motive force

of public opinion which constitutes true democracy. No one takes the diamonds from the carbon as it emerges from the mines, but liberates them from their petrified environment, 'cuts' them into their sixty-four facets and then sets them in gold according to human fancy.—Copy-right.

A MADRAS DIARY

By CLIO

CITIZENS of Madras have always been strangely oblivious of the beauties of Mount Road. No one who walks along that delightful section of it between Spencer's to the New Globe theatre, especially in the hours immediately after sunset, will fail to admit that he has rather taken the thoroughfare for granted. It is obviously in recognition of this that the authorities have set up there the pleasing partition of hedgerows. The green verdure, the twinkling lights, and the stillness of the night air combine to produce an almost ethereal effect. It is difficult to realise that, immediately after this stretch of peace is passed, there rages an inferno.

It will be curious to know on what basis additions of books are made to the Madras University Library. As a close student of the lists published every week, I have been struck by the absence of volumes on literature. It is unfortunate that no attempt should be made to supply a glaring deficiency. Will it be believed that an earnest and prolonged examination of the shelves has revealed that there is in the Library only one volume of Hardy, a disreputable copy of "The Laodiceans"?

The authorities of the Library will, however, be acquitted of any neglect in administration. They are admirably prompt and remarkably ruthless in the collection of what are called "overdue charges." It is difficult to defend this impost. Admittedly, members should not retain the borrowed books for longer than the prescribed period. But to visit the slightest delay and lapse with a "fine" is beyond justice and fairness. The autho-

rities do not seem to be aware of the growing resentment at this indefensible practice.

The sum of four annas asked by the Director of Information and Publicity, Madras, for the felicity of possessing his brochure, "On The Red Trail," will be willingly paid by those who cherish novelties. For the pamphlet, which is written in an extraordinarily turgid and immature prose, is yet enlivened by the appearance of a photograph upside down. It is a great compliment to those whose intentions are to turn the world topsy-turvy.

The citizens of Madras, as they watch with dismay the enormous increase in prices of commodities every day, may be convinced that theirs is the costliest city in the world. Actually, this distinction belongs most unexpectedly to Caracas, the capital of Venezuela. Manila follows as a close second.

When Oscar Wilde declared that the English and the Americans have everything in common, "except, of course, the language," it was taken as just another paradox. Its truth has, however, been strikingly proved by the announcement that no less than 50,000 words have been coined in the United States, exclusive of slang. But it is not merely in the creation of new words that the belief that an American language is developing is based; it is reflected in an entirely new outlook. The bizarre statement, "The King's canary refuses to chirp," is a genuine American way of stating that Mr. John Masfield, the Poet Laureate appointed by King George, refused to say anything in an interview sought by a reporter.

THE PRESS OF CEYLON

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

THE development of the press in Ceylon was on lines different from those in India. The press, or what was known as the nationalist press, in India was an offshoot as well as a weapon of the freedom fight. Editors were jailbirds, and the papers lived in daily fear of demands for securities, and even a raid on the office. What was known as the Anglo Indian press, though it flourished on advertisement revenue, and a good circulation, was for the most part hated bitterly by the Indian public. When freedom came or even earlier, this picture suddenly changed, and what was once a risky ownership, that of the nationalist press, became a source of profit, power and prestige. Most of the dailies, therefore, went into the hands of industrial magnates who were out to make the press serve their own ends. As a result, what little of freedom of the press there is left, has taken refuge in a handful of dailies, and some fearless periodicals.

Both these extremes are absent in Ceylon. The first Ceylon paper was founded, as in most other dominions, by Englishmen who wanted to compel the colonial Government to concede their demands. It was only much later that politically conscious Ceylonese began founding papers, when they realized that the press is the most important political weapon in a modern democracy or even colonial Government. Sir Ponnambalam Ramanathan's "The Ceylonese" belonged to the latter class. But papers of both varieties, those owned and edited by Englishmen, and those owned and edited by Ceylonese, had poor circulations by modern standards, and led a precarious life. Mortality among them was quite high and of the older papers, only two survive after so many vicissitudes, the "Ceylon Observer" and the "Times of Ceylon."

In 1917, D. R. Wijewardane, the Northcliffe of Ceylon, started the *Ceylon Daily News*, and a new era opened in Ceylon journalism. Before he died, a few months ago, Wijewardane had brought his paper to a very high level of perfection, and the

Ceylon papers have as a result larger circulations compared to the population, than the papers of any other country in S. E. Asia. The credit for this achievement is attributed by most journalists of Ceylon to his efforts mainly. He was a press magnate and did make his venture a financial success, but he was not like the Indian press magnates, an industrialist or a speculator turned press owner. He was a journalist of ability first, and his keen business acumen was subordinated to serve the ends of journalism. If Ceylon can boast of a good press and if Ceylon journalists do not, like their Indian compeers, have to worry so much over poor salary scales and bad conditions of work, they have to thank Wijewardane for it.

The Associated Newspapers of Ceylon Ltd., founded by Wijewardane includes the *Ceylon Daily News* (morning) which he started in 1917, the *Ceylon Observer* (evening) with a Sunday edition, which he bought over in 1923, the *Dinamina*, a Sinhalese daily, with *Silumina*, its Sunday edition, and *Thinakaran*, a Tamil daily. The other group of papers owned by The Times of Ceylon Ltd., include the *Times of Ceylon* (evening) with a Sunday illustrated edition, the *Lankadipa*, a Sinhalese daily, and *Sporting Times*, a weekly. There are two other independent Tamil dailies, *Virakesari*, (mainly Indian-owned) and *Suthanthiran* (organ of the Federalist Party of S. J. V. Chelvanayagam). There are no independent weeklies and monthlies of importance in Ceylon.

Regarding technical perfection, the standard of the English dailies of Ceylon is very high. In the presentation of news, in getting it early, and in their general get-up, they are comparable with the best in India. In fact there are one or two things which Indian papers can profitably learn from them. The news editor of an English daily told me that he was surprised why we in India, in spite of our vaunted greatness and independence, did not give enough prominence to Indian news in our papers. The

dailies of Ceylon are not obsessed with the presentation of foreign news as much as we in India are. In fact they often go to the other extreme. News of local importance generally finds place on the first page, even during the Korean war. The Ceylon papers are not generally as much obsessed with personalities as the Indian papers are. The mania to get statements from V. I. P's and print them in full, even when events more important are happening at the very doorstep, is an affliction which even the best Indian newspapers are not always free from. But the Ceylon papers rarely print speeches in full, or even debates in Parliament, and even quite important press conferences are treated cursorily by them. Not that this custom is entirely good. I remember an instance or two, where their treatment of a press conference has been most cavalier. But in general, this freedom from too much concern with personalities and foreign news, is in pleasant contrast with the Indian custom.

Regarding their political sympathies, the Associated Newspapers of Ceylon founded by Wijewardane, otherwise known in Ceylon as the Lake House Group, is considered by most people to be rightist and mainly in support of the present U. N. P. Government. The papers are not party organs as such, for the United National Party has its own journals. But in the main, their support goes to the U. N. P. Government. It would be more correct to say that the Lake House Group acts like a sort of elder brother to the party. The papers did not try to hush up the corruption in the lower rungs of the U. N. P. and in fact clamoured for publication of the reports of the two committees on corruption. In the beginning they also supported the demands for increase in dearness allowance of Government clerks, a demand which the Government summarily rejected. They were also critical of the Minister of Justice in his high-handed act of shifting the Supreme Court. All told, the Lake House Group is not as much an apologist of the Government as some papers in Delhi are; but in suppressing and cutting down news about the leftist and other opposition parties, the Lake House Group even excels the rightist Indian papers. A good many well attended meetings of

the Federalist and L. S. S. P. parties are reported scantily, while very poorly attended meetings of the U. N. P. are given a very good display.

The *Times of Ceylon* which was originally an English planters' organ was recently acquired by Ceylonese. But even during its days of English ownership, it could boast of some very courageous editors. Its greatest editor, in fact the best editor in Ceylon during the last half century, is considered by many to be an Indian, Mr. Moraes, now editing the *National Standard* (Bombay). I have heard the most glowing accounts of his brilliance and independence from many Ceylonese readers. He is also credited with having discovered and fostered the genius of Collette, the greatest cartoonist of Ceylon and one of the best in the world. The *Times of Ceylon* is not quite so insular as the other group, nor is it so sympathetic towards the present U. N. P. Government. It exposed the pointless fanaticism of some U. N. P. men on the national flag issue. It was also instrumental in exposing some of the serious lapses of the Government in hospital administration. Of late it has advocated a via media party, as an alternative to U. N. P. The *Times* is certainly not leftist nor is it free from lapses in presentation of news about leftist and other opposition parties.

There is one common feature of both the *Times* and the Lake House group of papers. All the Ceylon daily papers devote greater space to sports and racing news, articles and stories, than the Indian dailies. Apart from their Sunday editions, full of variegated reading matter, even the daily editions contain much beside mere news. The *Ceylon Observer* gives a serial story and one or two articles on politics or education every day, besides plenty of pictures. It is a tribute to its methods of production that it can afford all this, at such a comparatively low cost as 10 cents (i.e. 1½ annas).

There are however no weeklies or periodicals of national importance in Ceylon, as there are in India or Britain. Many public men in Ceylon were surprised to learn that a weekly can be a powerful weapon in creating and controlling public opinion, sometimes more powerful than the dailies. A weekly is, after all, the refuge of the

poor and gifted journalist with a mission. The absence of wellknown weeklies indicates lack of either missionary zeal in Ceylon politics or a complete ignorance of the possibilities of periodical journalism.

There are dailies in Tamil and Sinhalese, with very large circulations, with Silumina, the Sinhalese Sunday paper, having a circulation of more than a lakh. But that is no indication of their power. I fear these language dailies are treated by their owners as well as the public as secondary in importance to their English contemporaries. The Tamil daily *Thinakaran* run by the Lake House group bears the stamp of being definitely meant to be a subsidiary to the English "Ceylon Observer". News with the same headlines reappears in it in an anglicized Tamil, without much thought being given to Tamil idiom or usage. What is worse, the cartoons of Collette, which are a delight to the eye and the mind in the *Ceylon Observer*, and which often owe their excellence to twists in expression employed by Collette, become when translated into Tamil, word for word, pointless inanities, often positive absurdities. It is not much better in the case of the Sinhalese dailies. The Sinhalese papers, with the extreme attachment to English of Sinhalese intelligentsia, do not fare better in this respect than their Tamil contemporaries. The language press in India became a powerful force because our freedom fight under the Mahatma required direct contact with the masses. No such incentive has been present in Ceylon. Hence the Ceylone language dailies have become secondary in importance.

Of the two Tamil dailies which are run independently of English dailies, *Suthanthiran*, previously the organ of

the Tamil Congress Party, is now run by the Federalist Party which demands regional autonomy for the Tamil areas of Ceylon. Not having great resources, its news service is comparatively scanty, but it certainly exhibits a healthy individuality in the presentation of news as well as in its editorial columns. *Virakesari*, an Indian-owned Tamil daily, has the largest circulation of all Tamil dailies in Ceylon. It has the distinction of having had no less a person than Va. Ra. as its editor once, and it maintains the best traditions of independent Tamil journalism, though a certain conservatism in general get-up and in its editorial columns does not seem to be quite conducive to its free development. The Tamil weekly *Eela Kesari* edited from Jaffna, takes a more independent line, and is more akin in its modernity to the best Tamil weeklies in Tamilnad. There is also an English daily run from Jaffna with a good local circulation, but it does not indulge much in political journalism.

There is not much contact between the press of Ceylon and India, at present. Dailies from Madras do publish important news from Colombo while *The Hindu* offers intelligent editorial comment on it, and the Ceylon dailies also publish news from Delhi and very important events elsewhere in India. But of the experiments of Ceylon in education, or in agricultural development, not much is heard in India, while many Ceylone do not have a sufficient background knowledge of Indian politics to assess the importance of Indian news items. An exchange of visits of working journalists of both countries would do a lot to bring them closer, as in fact the Commonwealth Conference at Colombo to which many Indian journalists came, amply proved.

With every month that passes President Truman's reputation as a humane statesman with a genuine love of peace increases. Roosevelt, evidently, knew his man when he swapped Henry Wallace for him as Vice-President and thus made him heir to the White House, in the event of his (Roosevelt's) own death during his fourth term of office.

—ARTHUR MOORE in *Hindustan Times*.

One man, President Harry Truman, acting without consultation or consent of Congress and in downright violation of the Constitution has precipitated this country (U.S.A.) into a full-scale war in Asia.

One man, President Harry Truman, has committed the United States to warlike measures in Formosa, the Philippines and Indo-China in total disregard for the will of the peoples or the rights of sovereign nations in that part of the world.—GEORGE CLARK in *Millant*.

AMONG PANIKER'S PICTURES

By K. N. RAMACHANDRAN

THE recent 'one man show' of paintings and sketches by Sri K. C. S. Paniker, held at the School of Arts and Crafts drew a large stream of visitors.

There were a full 100 paintings and sketches on view. The infinite variety of artistic output was so staggering that it was hard to believe that this was the work of one man, even though it covered a period of 15 years of his artistic efforts. The themes, media, technique, subjective reactions and objective expositions were a tribute to the wide range of technical ability as well as a multisided emotional receptivity of the artist. Free studies in work-a-day pen and ink, vigorous sketches in charcoal, brilliant perspectives in pastels, delicate decorative line drawings, huge canvases in oils and a wealth of water colours, tastefully grouped and displayed, helped to place the complete artist before the visitor. One felt that Mr. Paniker had a speciality: that of not specialising in one track of expression. From the decorative Oriental style of the "Malabar Maiden," done in flats, to the centpercent

Western of "Suffering Humanity"; from the "Abstract Design" in black to the concrete expression in oils of the "Mother and Child"; it was throughout a testimony to the versatility of the artist. Each picture showed a power of its own, with a particular message, and through it all there could be perceived the unifying stamp of the artist which gave it an unmistakable touch, high and personal.

In particular, Paniker's water colour technique deserves special mention. The pristine purity of the colours is maintained by him in the direct laying down of pigments. Elaborate effects, covering a wide range of tones, are achieved by a single definite stroke of the brush, with no over-touching. A highly elaborate picture with details intact, dissolve, on very close view, into bold single dashes of colour with a fully loaded brush, each strand of which seems to have been purposefully guided by the artist, while sweeping his brush onward. The result is a varied tonal effect and rugged three dimensional form. The colours sparkle and scintillate, go down in



"Suffering humanity" (water-colour)



"Resting model" (oil-colour)

subdued fires, break forth in cascading patches. The highlights stand out in clear purity: they are invariably the unpainted surfaces left out.

The group in water colour entitled "Suffering Humanity" is a typical work of the artist. The picture, although done in subdued tones of brown only, displays a delicate tonal range that helps to project its figures in solid forms. The strength of composition round the tragic central figure of the woman is effected by the effective disposition of subtle tones, from extremely light to medium dark brown, and by the postures of the figures. From the tragic central figure the eye is led on in two sweeping curves to the right and to the left, to be led back again imperceptibly, taking in its ken types of humanity in various stages of suffering and degradation, back to the tragic figure, who, miserable herself, looks up to the skies with a bewildering questioning look. It is no mean achievement to attempt such a big group in water colour, with so much success.

"The Resting Model", a study in oils, was yet another of the remarkable exhibits displayed. Paniker is completely at home in this medium too. The composition of this picture is arresting

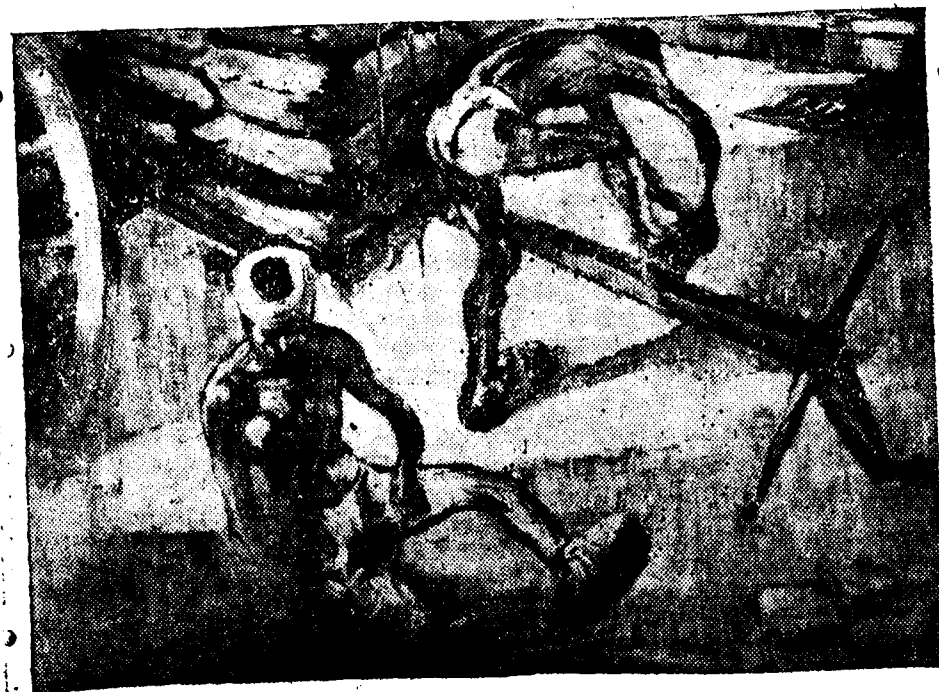
in its simplicity. The figure of the model lying face down in a tired heap, strikes the attention. The white cover of the bed, throws out in clear relief the soft solid limbs of the subject. The pose of the figure apparently so natural and unassumed, has been arranged with a sure eye towards the final effect. The deeper tones of the thighs and the lighter tones of the right leg cutting aslant the dark mass of the left leg and feet, have the charm of reality, and the force of an emphatic statement. The placing of the white patch of basin, the bedposts at the sides, the absence of distracting details, give this a strong compositional value. The emotional appeal is immense. There is a strain of thought-provoking tragedy in the abandoned and tired pose of the model: a pose suggestive of infinite weariness of spirit, that transcends the demands of feminine modesty, so much so that the flesh seems to lose its significance in the emotional prostration of the subject. The artist seems to lay bare the soul while sticking to the exacting demands of realistic representation.

"The Cartmen" is a study in oils of a common scene in the city of Madras. Two human beasts of burden are attending to their footgear, a heavy

swathing of discarded gunny, to protect the toiling bracing feet from the molten tar of the road. This picture is distinguished by its dramatic value and directness of message. It is in tones of brown. The artist has used a technique which is extremely rare in this medium. The colour has been laid down direct with hardly any spot worked over. The handling of the highlights is superb; they are in fact the bare canvas left out. It requires a masterly comprehension and tremendous confidence to adopt such a technique in oils. Daubs of brown poise, hover, indent, sweep on, skirt and dally at the command of the brush unfettered and vibrant: that is the impression we get about the brushwork. And in its wake the unhesitant brush seems to have touched into life two figures and a loaded cart. The accent is on the feet of the cartmen. The feet seem to burn holes in the minds of the onlooker, so significantly are they placed. The curving lines of limbs, the living curves of the bodies, the dark bold line of the shaft, lead us with insistent pull to the feet; the tired feet; the sore blistered feet of the toiling beings who have been reduced to the state of animals. The

strength of composition, the pose and grouping of the figures, the extreme economy of brush work and the consequent clarity of expression have helped to banish all sentimentality from the theme. The artist holds up the feet to our gaze. At the same time he wrings a silent tribute from the onlooker by the quality of 'strength in adversity' breathed by him into the subject. There is no maudlin sentimentality but a manly bearing of the cross. To be simple, to avoid overstatement, to reveal and not dilate: these are qualities highly difficult and desirable in any art expression. Mr. Paniker has achieved these in his picture.

In this age of conflicting art theories and short cuts to artistic eminence, it is refreshing to come across an artist who, while tying himself down to the restrictions of realism, has succeeded in creating pictures which have all the varied excellences. Mr. Paniker is true to life. At the same time he groups his objects with skill so that there is colour, pattern and above all a wholesome earthiness of atmosphere that has a sure appeal to all who react to the life around them.



"Cartmen" (oil-colour)

J. EDGAR HOOVER AND THE F. B. I.

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK: The only living ex-President of the United States is Herbert C. Hoover. As well-known if not better known than him is a namesake of his and not at all related to him in any manner whatsoever is one J. Edgar Hoover. He is the director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI), is one of the most outstanding citizens of the United States. His youthful face is as familiar to newspaper and magazine readers as President Truman's or singer Bing Crosby's. The exploits of Mr. Hoover and his G-Men (Government men) have won them the respect and admiration of every American. Mr. Hoover's fame does not rest on one or two spectacular feats. His reputation is based on a long record of solid achievement in organizing and directing one of the most modern and efficient police forces in the world.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation of 1950 is far from a one-man organization. It consists of more than 9,000 persons, including 4,100 special agents who work out of FBI headquarters in Washington, D. C., and field offices in 52 cities throughout the Nation. These special agents do most of the investigation work and, when necessary, they apprehend criminals. Sixteen of them have been killed in the line of duty since the Bureau was organized. Among the remaining 5,000 employees of the FBI are those who classify the 113,000,000 sets of fingerprints now on file at FBI headquarters. Others work in modern laboratories where technicians help solve crimes by studying and analyzing evidence, such as the marks left by a bullet, an automobile tire, or a typewriter key. In its enforcement of the Federal laws of the United States, the FBI frequently cooperates with other Federal law-enforcement agencies, such as the Secret Service, which is under the Treasury Department, State and city police forces, and police forces of other nations. Nevertheless, the FBI, more than almost any other Government agency in Washington, is a

memorial to the imagination and determination of one man—J. Edgar Hoover.

Mr. Hoover has devoted his entire career to Government service. He has



Edgar Hoover, Director F. B. I.

served under six U. S. Presidents and 11 Attorneys General. The U. S. Attorney General is the head of the Department of Justice, of which the FBI is a part.

J. Edgar Hoover, a heavy-set man with dark hair and eyebrows, was born in Washington, D. C., on New Year's Day, 1895—55 years ago. His father was an employee of the Department of Commerce. His mother was the grand-daughter of a Swiss stonemason who had chiseled columns for the Capitol building in Washington. Mr. Hoover's father died when he was a young man. The future FBI director took a job as messenger at the Library of Congress to

help support his family. Like thousands of other Government employees, he continued his education by studying law at night at George Washington University. After graduating from law school he went to work as an attorney in the Justice Department. His industriousness and administrative ability attracted the attention of department officials and in 1924, when only 29 years old, he was asked to take charge of the Justice Department's Bureau of Investigation. The offer was made by the late Chief Justice of the United States Harlan Fiske Stone, who at that time was U. S. Attorney General.

At the time Mr. Hoover's new job was not considered too important. The Bureau of Investigation had been established in 1908 to investigate violations of Federal laws. However, the Federal Government was much smaller than it is now. Each of the States, as well as most counties and cities had its own police and detective forces as they still do. But the advent of the automobile and paved highways had widened the sphere of operations of law violators. The criminal who violated a State law could hop in his car, cross the State lines, and be out of reach of authorities in the State where the violation had been committed. In 1910 the U. S. Congress had passed a law, known as the White Slave Traffic Act, which made the transportation of prostitutes from one State to another a violation of Federal law. Nine years later, Congress passed another law authorizing the Department of Justice to prosecute cases of stolen cars driven across State lines.

During World War I the Justice Department kept a close check on enemy aliens, and as the obligations of the Department increased, the Bureaus of Investigation had more and more cases to follow. Frequently, however, the Bureau was unable to discharge its responsibilities. It was directed by politicians who freely gave out jobs to their friends, without regard to their qualifications for investigation work. Referring to the condition of the Bureau of Investigation at that time, Mr. Hoover once said: "No one ever let on that he was connected with the Bureau. He would have been ashamed to. Everybody would have thought he was a crook or a politician."

When he took over his new job, Mr. Hoover discharged incompetents and set up rigid qualifications for special agents. Today FBI agents must have either a law or accountant's degree, and pass a strict physical test.

Mr. Hoover established an identification division which collected fingerprint records from all over the country and classified them so that they could be matched with a name or the description of a suspect. In 1932 the FBI set up an international exchange of fingerprints. Eighty-four nations now participate in this exchange. In the same year the FBI set up an enlarged technical laboratory where the latest scientific crime-detecting techniques were developed and put to use. Today even the perspiration on a shirt collar may provide a valuable clue.

Mr. Hoover and his agents needed all the scientific improvements they could develop to fight the rising crime wave of the late 1920's and early 1930's. Better roads and faster automobiles increased the radius of operation of law violators, many of whom made fortunes by selling liquor illegally. A Federal law prohibiting the sale of alcoholic beverages had been passed in 1920 and this law was not repealed until 1933.

In March 1932 a German-born carpenter named Bruno Hauptmann broke into the home of Charles A. Lindbergh, the famous aviator, and kidnapped his 20-month-old son. The country was shocked and angered. Convinced that city and State police could no longer cope with organized crime by themselves, the public demanded greater power for the Federal forces. The Department of Justice prepared a group of 21 bills strengthening the FBI's authority and widening its jurisdiction. All of the bills were passed. One of these made kidnapping a Federal offense. Another gave the FBI authority to handle robberies involving national banks or members of the Federal Reserve system. Another authorized FBI agents to carry firearms.

Today the FBI investigates violations of 100 Federal laws, including those dealing with atomic energy control, fugitives from Federal prisons, deserters from the armed forces, extortions, bribery, crimes on the high seas within the maritime jurisdiction.

of the United States, thefts of Government property, and legislation protecting the flight of migratory birds.

Armed with these new powers, the FBI helped solve the Lindbergh kidnapping case and smashed the power of organized criminals. By 1938 the G-Men had become popular heroes with the American public.

During the war the FBI rounded up more than 16,000 enemy aliens, caught 10 German saboteurs who had landed from submarines, and broke up a 33-man spy ring in New York with the aid of hidden motion picture cameras and a trick mirror which a person could look through without being seen. The FBI did its work so effectively that not a single case of sabotage was discovered during the war.

Since the war the FBI has played an important role in the conviction of 11 top Communist agents. In the last three years it has checked the loyalty of almost 3,000,000 U. S. Government employees. Less than 200 of these employees proved to be disloyal. The organization's recent investigation of Communists led to some misunderstanding of the FBI's functions. It is a fact-finding organization and does not make recommendations. Making recommendations is the responsibility of other Government agencies. The FBI will accept complaints or information from any source. Although many of the complaints are false and of no value, they are carefully screened. The FBI does not investigate a case unless there is a basis of fact indicating that a Federal law has been violated. The facts are presented to attorneys in the Justice Department and if a Federal law has been violated, the attorneys initiate prosecutive action and present the fact to the courts. The final verdict is made by a judge or a jury consisting of 12 representative U. S. citizens. Approximately 97 percent of all persons brought to court in FBI cases are convicted of the crime for which they are charged. Almost 94 percent of them plead guilty. Yet the FBI does not claim it is infallible.

"We are a human organization functioning in a field where the possibility of error is high, where temperament is sensitive, and the

security of the individual is paramount," Mr. Hoover said recently. "The men of the FBI have been taught that it is more important to establish innocence than guilt."

Mr. Hoover does not smoke. He has no nervous habits and his friends say that when working on a case, he becomes cooler as the tension and excitement mount.

About 15 years ago a U. S. Senator asked Mr. Hoover if he actually arrested dangerous criminals. Mr. Hoover admitted that special agents handled most of the arrests, and that his job was primarily administrative. However, the Senator had implied that Mr. Hoover was afraid to make an arrest. A few days later, a group of FBI agents surrounded a house in New Orleans, in the State of Louisiana, and waited for a dangerous criminal named Alvin Karpis to come outside. When Karpis finally appeared, J. Edgar Hoover hopped from his car and grabbed Karpis before he could pull a gun. No one has questioned his courage since then.

Mr. Hoover bears little resemblance to the fast-talking detective of motion pictures and crime fiction. He is quiet, studious, and efficient. At 55 he still has long years of service ahead of him. However, when he does retire, he hopes to dedicate the remaining years of his life to working with youth. His greatest interest is in helping young people correct their faults while their lives are still ahead of them. Law enforcement, Mr. Hoover has often said, is a positive, not a negative process.

Undoubtedly Mr. Hoover is the most publicized public servant in the U.S.A. and his department the best known among the myriad Governmental agencies. The exploits of his men and his Bureau are constantly written about in newspapers and magazines, dramatized on the radio, stage and the screen. The apex of fame in this country is to become a public hero in the eyes of children. Even this Mr. Hoover and the FBI have attained. Many a boy carries a toy replica of the badge of the FBI on his lapel. Given his choice it looks as though the American boy would rather become FBI director Hoover than President Hoover.

A PEEP INTO THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

By J. E. BELLIVEAU

ALONG the magnificent promenade and boulevard where a retaining wall is battered resoundingly day and night by the surf of the blue Caribbean, there is a square in Ciudad Trujillo, the Capital of the Dominican Republic. In the centre of the square is a monument that reaches to the sky. It is like Cleopatra's Needle but white and clean and startling.

The monument is not raised to Christopher Columbus, who founded the city of Trujillo, or to his son Diego who built in Trujillo the first Cathedral in the new world, where his bones and those of his father lie. It is raised to the honour and glory of a man now living whose name is Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina, "the debtpayer and builder," who goes by the name of Rafael Trujillo, and is better known as the modern dictator and current menace of Latin America.

He is a forceful fellow, this Trujillo, and when he wants something he gets it. The truth is that he has made the Dominican Republic one of the most modern and physically progressive countries in the Indies or Central America. Outwardly, Ciudad is an unusually attractive and clean city with modern Spanish architecture, fine squares, broad streets, busy people and magnificent white and yellow limestone public buildings that would awe most Canadians or Americans.

Permanent Curfew

A lot of things have been accomplished since Trujillo became El Presidente in 1930, but they have been accomplished through the loss of a people's freedom. When I entered the Dominican Republic I met some departing travellers who called it a marvellously progressive country. They liked its North American spirit of get-up-and-go; they liked its sanity work, its gracious people. They did not stop to look behind its facade.

I talked with others who had stayed together, who had seen all these things, too, but who were happy to leave. They had felt oppressed, hem-

med-in, and they were saddened by the obvious unhappiness of the people who looked so prosperous compared with their brothers, the black and French Haitians, an hour's plane-ride away. Like these visitors, I came away from Ciudad Trujillo with a sense of great relief. It was so pleasant to come back into the serenity of Haiti, where people are poor and the streets are often broken-down but where the people are free and gay.

There are no keys to the hotel doors in Haiti, you may stroll abroad at any hour of the day or night and feel as safe as in your, comfortable bed. People will talk politics with you casually and without fear, they will smile at you and shake your hand at every opportunity.

It is not that way in the Dominican Republic. At night, after 10 o'clock there are no people in the streets. There is no curfew in Ciudad, but one is not needed. The police, with which the city is filled, have the privilege of demanding of any person what he is doing away from home after dark. If he cannot provide a good reason, he is likely to spend the rest of the night in jail.

Just before I went to Ciudad Trujillo, I had spent a week in the happy island of Haiti, and the air force had helped me see the country. Haiti has over 3,000,000 people. This is more than 1,000,000 greater than the population of the Dominican Republic, which occupies two-thirds of the island of Hispaniola. Haiti has an air force of 12 planes and eight pilots. I saw all the aircraft and none was armed. They are used mostly for civil pursuits, for transport and Government purposes.

Fussy Officials

An hour after I had seen the Haitian air force at Port-au-Prince, I landed at Ciudad Trujillo's large and modern airport, (along with Professor Coffey of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor), and looked up on hundreds of airforce planes standing in rows on the field. Whether they were armed or not was impossible to

determine for carbine-armed guards and sentries stood watch and no visitor could venture close enough to find out. The place swarmed with armed men garbed in khaki and leggings like the U. S. marines.

The atmosphere could be sensed the moment we landed. They ushered us at once into an immigration and customs shed, and there was no casual pass through as in other Indies islands. After they had fumigated the Pan-American airliner until we choked, they welcomed us with thermometers which they stuck into our mouths to make sure we were not importing any dangerous fevers into Trujillo-land.

Here they wanted to know the colour of your grandfather's left eye and whether he had a slit in his right ear. Again and again in the Dominican Republic one had to fill out forms telling his age, occupation, martial status, purpose of his visit.

I stayed at Trujillo's ultra-extravagant hotel, the Jaragua, one of the hemisphere's finest, with every modern convenience. The grounds are marvellous and the swimming pool, which is scrubbed out every morning, and the various patios are superb. The rooms are delightful, and even include writing desks with swivel chairs, padded with overstuffed cushions on seat and back. The architects forgot only one thing—they didn't put in enough elevators.

Historic Place

I arose early in the morning and got a car to look about the city, telling the driver I wanted to see Columbus' tomb in the ancient cathedral and many other points of interest. Even at this hour, there were policemen and soldiers everywhere, and the docks where the workers were gathering had an especially good representation. Though they dress differently and have slightly different functions, the police and army are the same.

The Alcazar or palace which Columbus' son, Diego erected in 1510 is still to be seen, roofless but with rooms divided like they were when it was built. It is on a splendid site overlooking the harbour, and sits within a fortress wall. Across the harbour, where the old city was, you can see the first church erected in the new world, about 1510.

In the Cathedral, which is still used, the bones of Christopher, brought from Toledo, Spain, where he died, rest in an iron casket, and Christopher's sons, Diego and Davida are entombed beneath the floor. More than 400 years old, the cathedral has been unspolled, and is one of the sights of the new world.

A hurricane which arrived soon after Trujillo took office in 1930, almost completely levelled Ciudad, but it left some of the well-anchored ancient stone structures such as the Alcazar and the Cathedral without damage.

The President

Fourteen thousand residents died in that catastrophe, and it is to the credit of the President that he set about quickly to restore the city. This he has done with finesse. Besides the homes and hotels, the various public buildings and hospitals there are new housing projects for the very poor and vast new white, ultra-modern university buildings.

Ciudad has a long tradition of continuous culture, having had the first university in the western hemisphere. And now the university is not alone. There are many other fine schools.

In the early morning, as I was driven about Ciudad, the cab driver kept taking me to see all the lovely new projects the President had erected. I kept telling him in four words of Spanish I had picked up the night before, that I wanted to see old things, not new, but he would not listen. However, we did see nearly everything at last.

Finally, we got out to see the handsome brown and yellow limestone (as far as I could tell at a distance) Presidential mansion, which is in the middle of a tremendous estate along the sea-coast. It is a little distance from town, and enclosed by a stone wall at least 12 feet high, in which, as I recall, there is but one entrance. There a guard stands sentry duty and, as the car approached, he waved it past. No stopping. Other guards were stationed at strategic points, and motor cycle policemen patrolled the boulevard outside.

Across the road from the mansion is a large new barracks constructed on heroic lines, which I was told housed the Presidential staff. "The

bodyguard lives there," it was explained. It was big enough to house a full regiment, and there was enough activity to indicate no fewer were housed within its walls.

A Police State

Trujillo has denied persistent reports that his country has territorial ambitions against Haiti. He also has eased Caribbean war jitters, somewhat, by asking his Congress to revoke his extraordinary powers to declare war against any country sheltering potential armed aggressors. Trujillo requested this power in January, after accusing Cuba, Haiti and Guatemala of harbouring plotters against the Dominican Republic. All three countries denied his charges. Haiti, in turn, charged that he was behind a December plot to overthrow the Haiti Government.

Most of the information I got about Trujillo came from Haiti, and I make no pretensions of having any other inside information, for I was not in the Dominican Republic long enough to probe far beneath the smooth surface. Yet even a short visit disclosed all these things.

But above all this, it was the first country I had entered—I have entered seven or eight—where they went through my books and papers. After the customs had done with me and with the other visitors, a special agent came forward and went through my bags, paying special attention to my briefcase. He took out the few books I was carrying, including a modern translation of the New Testament, a current non-fiction work and a book about Haiti's music and customs. He looked through a Jamaican newspaper I was carrying and at clippings from magazines and newspapers on Prime Minister Bustamante of Jamaica. He looked cheerfully at the picture (you can't take pictures in Ciudad) I had collected in Haiti, and checked my mail and notes.

Back in Haiti, I was met by an air force pilot who had become friendly. "You see I am right," he said. "That is not a pleasant place to be in. You like Haiti better, no? You will come back to Haiti because we have the philosophy of liberty. I do not think you will go back to Ciudad Trujillo."

I don't think I ever will.—Copyright.

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CONGRESS POLITICS IN ANDHRA

By Major D. V. RAJA RAO

THE presidential election for the ensuing Congress session at Nasik took place without the Andhras taking part in it. Barring a few ardent Congressites, Andhras in general do not seem to be very much perturbed over it. During the last generation or so, the high ideals, the strict rectitude of public life, and the great programmes to build up the wealth, strength and character of the people that characterised the Congress under Gandhiji's leadership and guidance, made the Congress the most beloved institution, something on a par with religion, and with many it was the nation itself. But with the advent of freedom all these vanished as thin mist before the dazzling light of power. During three years of the Congress coming into power, truth, justice, honesty and like virtues which form the backbone of life in a civilised and decent community have ceased to mean anything. The black-market has become universal and permanent. Corruption crept into every walk of life and every branch of administration. Law and justice are sought to subserve the interests of the chosen few in power. Today the common man in his desperate struggle for existence looks upon the Congressman as public enemy No. 1. The Governments, as well as the Congress, repeatedly exhort the people for co-operation in putting down the evils that are making life so hard and difficult. But the common man has a simple answer to that. If an enquiry can be instituted into the assets and wealth of the Congress ministers, M. L. As. and other leaders in 1946 and today, the key to the solution of our evils will be provided. No wonder people are indifferent and do not feel enthusiastic about the election of the Congress President.

Progressively worsening conditions of life and bad Government apart, there are some special features about the lack of enthusiasm for the Congress amongst Andhras. Madras is a composite state of which Andhra forms a part. In a composite state

like this there is bound to be clash of interests between the component units. Though a weaker unit in the state, Andhra happened to gain the parliamentary leadership in the state in 1946. Reasons best known to themselves, this leadership was sabotaged with the connivance if not active assistance of the Congress High Command. To gain this end, indiscipline was allowed and encouraged in the Congress in South India, and in Andhra in particular. Time-serving persons who are prepared to sacrifice Andhra interests for their posts and power were foisted as ministers for the Andhra quota of the Madras Cabinet. The Andhra Provincial Congress Committee to which the Andhra interests are naturally dear, could not approve of these political opportunists.

It is a well established fact for some time now, that the Congress in Andhra is divided into two distinct factions, ministerialists and non-ministerialists. It had been a continuous struggle in recent times between these two factions to gain popularity and dominate the provincial Congress. Nothing is too bad for either of them if it gave them the least advantage over the other party. This unseemly struggle is corrupting public life and demoralising the services beyond repair. Even so, that the ministerialists, in spite of their power, have not been able to capture the provincial Congress is an eloquent commentary on their unpopularity with their own organisation, not to speak of the public. The present disgusting and degrading state of Congress affairs in Andhra and the impasse about primary elections is a measure of the bitterness and unscrupulousness with which both parties are carrying on their struggle for power.

It is most tragic that the High Command should have repeatedly failed to solve the problem of Congress politics in Andhra. It is an indication either of want of conviction or of the weakness of the High

Command. Having, for reasons other than the interests of Andhras and the Congress in Andhra, manipulated some convenient political opportunists into power in the Madras Cabinet, the High Command failed to reconcile them with the Congress in Andhra. The circumstances and reasons for which these ministers were brought into power are still continuing and are likely to continue for some time yet. So it follows from the High Command's point of view that these people will have to continue in office as well. People have a suspicion that Andhra Congress politics will not be solved till the ministerialists come into power in the provincial Congress Committee. In all likelihood the High Command will help to bring them into power. Denial of relief from law courts to the aggrieved parties and the latest resolution of the Working

Committee superseding the Andhra P. C. C. and appointing a special officer, all tend to deepen the suspicions of the people. Discipline is very desirable and essential. But if discipline were to be made an excuse for suppressing free democratic expression or make a fetish of democracy for authoritarian impositions, it would not conduce to foster a free democratic life for us. However strong Congress might be, it would not be wise to flout public opinion.

The newly elected President of the Congress was denied the privilege of claiming the confidence of the Congress in Andhra. He will be gaining the confidence of Andhra and resuscitate and re-establish the prestige and popularity of the Congress with its people if he can solve its problems in conformity with public opinion.

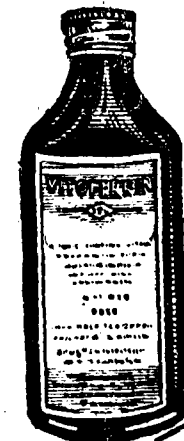
The great majority of all the children who have been born to all the people that have lived upon the earth have been unwanted. Life was the cost of the parents' pleasure which the children were called upon to defray.—C. E. M. Joad.

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By V. P. SATHE

THREE years ago when India was divided, the film industry suffered a heavy blow from which it has not yet been fully able to recover. For the first three months there was no trade; later with the return of internal peace, the film trade picked up and since the last two years, Pakistan is considered to be a potential market yielding about one-fifth or one sixth of the total revenue.

While Indian pictures have been as popular in Pakistan as they are in India (*Barsaat* at the time of writing is running for the 39th week at Lahore), Pakistan which claims to have produced 23 pictures by now has not been able to establish any popular market in India so far. So the Pakistan industry finds itself divided on the import of Indian pictures. While the distributors are all in favour of free import, the producers want to put an embargo on Indian pictures so that the Pakistan product will have a better market. At one time the producers had proposed that India must import one picture from Pakistan for every three or four Indian pictures exported to Pakistan. Happily the proposal was not accepted by the Government.

But the producers have won the day. At the Karachi Film Conference they have been successful in suggesting steps which will affect the import of Indian films, much to the annoyance of the distributors.

The steps envisaged are to restrict the import of Indian films to 64 pictures per year. It is further decided that while no gramophone records should be imported only one print of each picture will be allowed to be imported. The new tax will be annas 4 per foot, and excise duty will be Rs. 40 per reel.

As the distributors will have to bear the burden of all this new taxation and other restrictions, they have naturally resented these proposals and their spokesmen have been compelled to resign. Not only the distributors want to beat the producers in their own game by taking over production in a big way, they threaten to import stars and technicians from India for this purpose.

While this rivalry cannot lead to any good results, such restrictions are bound to have bad repercussions in India. The Pakistani producers, by resorting to these measures, are ruining their own prospects. For, well-made pictures from Pakistan can easily sweep the box-office in India. The pity is that none of the pictures made so far has been really great. Instead of devising ways and means of producing pictures of a standard equal to that of India, the Pakistan producers are showing their incapacity by seeking state protection which now ensures that every cinema in Pakistan will show for two weeks in a year pictures produced in Pakistan.

Such a protection could not save the British film industry; it may have an adverse effect on Indian pictures but it is not going to bring prosperity to the Pakistan film industry though one is prepared to concede the claim that Pakistan can make its industry self-supporting. But pictures made at a cost of one-and-half lakhs can hardly compete with those made at four or five times that cost. Besides, Indian producers are now launching on production of colour pictures. How can Pakistan compete with India unless its producers adopt a co-operative and liberal attitude? Their present policy may ruin the distributors and exhibitors but it cannot change the present

situation unless Pakistan can produce good pictures. The sooner the Pakistan film producers realize this the better for both India and Pakistan.

Picture Of The Week

When Ranjit produced "*Jogan*" it may not have swept the box-office but it did sweep the critics who regarded '*Jogan*' as an usherer of equally artistic and significant films from Ranjit Studio.

Hence it was with great expectation that I went to see Ranjit's '*Nili*' last Tuesday at Liberty. I had heard that this picture was inspired by Bernard Shaw's famous play '*Pygmalion*' which Gabriel Pascal had already successfully filmed ten years ago; but knowing the play, far from feeling despondent, it raised my hopes.

Indeed, I feel, had the scenarist R. S. Chowdhary, and director Punatar been just faithful to the film-version of Shaw's play, '*Nili*' would have been an artistic triumph. But the tragedy is that while Chowdhary could not imbibe the spirit of Shaw or adopt his wit, he could not create a plausible Indian story of his own out of Shaw's basic idea.

Unlike Shaw's heroine, who was a Cockney working class girl of the London slums, the heroine of '*Nili*' is a beggar girl who sings on the streets. Now she did not look dirty, uncouth and unsophisticated enough at the outset; she looked the same old Suraiya of '*Shair*' and '*Kamal Ke Phool*.' That was the first jolt. Then Dev Anand was not a professor but a sculptor. How could a sculptor pick up a girl from the gutters and turn her into a princess, only Chowdhary knows. And the most important part of the story should have been her transformation. Well, but for trying to walk with a high-heeled shoe and eating with fork and spoon, we have no glimpse of this process of transformation. So when she is said to be transformed, one feels hardly any difference between Neeli and Princess Neelam Kumari.

Besides, the "society" to which she is later introduced looks phoney. Meena, the society girl, dances more crudely and talks more cheaply than Neeli the beggar girl. So all efforts of the hero to laugh at such a society seem pointless. Had the society been presented with proper dignity and air of aristocracy, the atmosphere of contrast would have been convinc-

ingly created. As it is there is hardly any contrast in the manner of speech and conduct to impress the audience with the basic point of the story.

It is only when Nili walks out of the house of her promoter who later realizes that he has fallen in love with her that the picture becomes a little interesting. The concluding scenes in which the hero almost forcibly brings back Nili are the only enjoyable scenes in the picture.

The picture suffers from the confusion created by the attitude of the writer who wants to say in the same breath that modern society is no good and that, given opportunity and education, any poor man can acquire culture and social position. The theme is entirely lost in the laboured scenario and unconvincing and unimaginative direction. Even Suraiya and Dev Anand have failed to impart any life to their characters, though Suraiya is beautifully photographed. Agha, however, manages to brighten every scene in which he appears. Only two *gazals* by Suraiya are tuneful.

In spite of its excellent theme, '*Nili*' comes nowhere near '*Jogan*,' either in matter of screenplay, direction or acting.

Star Of The Week

On the night of Thursday 7th September '50, I happened to go with some of my friends to Tasveer Mahal Studio, Dadar, and there I ran into Nasir Khan who had put on a bluish kurta and chudidhar pyjama and the usual make-up. Later I found that he had been shooting there all day for a picture entitled '*Saudagar*' which Dharamsey is directing.

Though some months have passed since he came back from Pakistan and settled down in Bombay for good, this was the first time that I had an opportunity to have a long talk with him. And from the talk I learnt that Nasir Khan is a very busy artiste with about ten contracts signed during the last few months and that when he is not shooting he spends most of his time with his wife and two-month old child. In other words he has become a family man; but his wife, who is incidentally the eldest daughter of well-known star-producer-director Nazir seems to have brought luck to him. For at the moment he has been signed up by Pancholi, Paro Art Concerns (Nakhare), West End Films (Saudagar), M. & T. films (Nazaria),

Daryani Productions, All India Pictures (Naznin), Shahin Pictures and for some other pictures which I cannot recall at the moment.

Nasir Khan, younger brother of Dilip Kumar, is a very amiable youth. Along with Dev Anand he was working in the censors' office; though he aspired to be an artiste. One day, along with Abbas, Danyanti Sahni and Uzra Mumtaz who were going to meet Nitin Bose he went to Filmistan Studio. Little did he know that this first informal meeting with Nitin would earn him a contract; but it did and he made his debut in Filmistan's 'Mazdoor' following it up with 'Shehnai.'

In a way he had a better start than his brother Dilip. But since he left Filmistan and went to Pakistan where he appeared in a couple of pictures, he could not make much headway, as an artiste, though perhaps in Lahore he made a name in the field of distribution.

So he decided to come back to India for good, after marrying Suraiya, Nazir's daughter, last January. He had great difficulty in securing a permit and Indian nationality certificate and he and his pregnant wife had a hard time while coming to India.

But he came to this country, psychologically at a correct moment. For, since his arrival he has been getting one contract after another. And if he makes good, which he is bound to, he will be another welcome addition to our limited star-roster.

Play Back In Writing, Too!

Anybody who knows anything about films is familiar with the word 'play-back.' But the word 'playback' is generally used about singers who lend their voices to most of our famous stars. It has ceased to be a wonder to see Nargis singing in the voice of Lata Mangeshkar.

But it will give a shock to many picturegoers to learn that the 'play-back' is used for writing also. Now playback writing is not a novelty; in journalistic parlance it is called "ghost writing." Many journalists have worked as ghost writers for celebrities writing their speeches and articles and even books. But even the journalists cannot imagine that the well-known screen writers resort to this trick. It has come to lime-light, for instance, that some of the most famous screen-writers and poets

employ unknown hack writers to write for them.

As an illustration here is an interesting incident. One cannot be indiscreet enough to divulge names; so the readers will have to excuse me for keeping the names secret.

Well, it so happened that a young landlord who had a lot of money to burn came to Bombay and made a picture which proved a complete flop as a result of which he abandoned the idea of producing the second picture based on his own adaptation of a classic English novel and assigned the job of writing his new screenplay not to the writer whom he had engaged on a paltry salary every month but to a celebrated author-director at a fabulous price of about Rs. 40,000 and advertised his name lavishly.

Meanwhile the celebrated author, instead of writing the screenplay himself, commissioned the writer already in the employ of the producer concerned to write it for Rs. 10,000. When the producer came to know of this he was amazed; for he could have got the screenplay from the same "play-back" writer probably at a lesser cost than Rs. 10,000.

Yet today he is paying Rs. 40,000 for the same story; the price is probably justified by the name of the writer or by the lyrics he will write himself. Anyway, he will get Rs. 30,000 just for a name without any worry of writing. That's how that playback writing pays to those who can exploit it. The world of films is, of course, called the world of shadows; the aforementioned incident illustrates its truth.

News Of The Week

—Filmistan has also announced 'Jhansi-ki-Rani' as its forthcoming picture. Sohrab Modi and Vijay Bhatt have announced the same subject before. Let us see who makes this film ultimately.

—Filmkar has engaged Shiv Kumar to write the screenplay of *Ram*.

—Mehboob is reported to have received an offer of a sale-price of 40 lakhs through Chandulal Shah for *Aan*. The offer has been politely refused.

—A charity show was held on Wednesday 6th evening at Sir Cowasji Jehangir Hall (Bombay) in memory of Juddanbai. The proceeds were donated to East Bengal Refugee Relief Fund.

INSTALMENT BUYING IN THE UNITED STATES

Credit Purchase Of Homes And Other Goods

THE United States is known as a country in which buyers may pay for almost anything, be it an automobile, an alarm clock, or the hospital cost of having a baby, in small monthly payments. This is called the instalment plan. In 1949, about one half of all consumer goods and almost all houses purchased by the American people were bought on the instalment plan. Between five and 10 percent of the national income was spent on consumer instalment purchases.

This is an example of the way the instalment plan works. Smith wants to buy a rather expensive television set, priced at \$400. He does not have \$400 in cash and does not want to wait until he has saved up \$400 before having the pleasure of a television set. So he buys it on the instalment plan. He signs an instalment contract with the store and makes a down payment of 10 percent, or \$40. The set is immediately delivered to his home. In the contract, he agrees to pay the remainder, \$360, plus a finance charge of \$54, in 18 monthly instalments of \$23 each. The finance charge is essentially a form of interest that the dealer receives in return for accepting payments over a long period of time. The dealer protects himself by retaining title to the set until it is paid for. He may take the set back if Smith fails to keep up his payments without a reasonable and satisfactory explanation of his failure to pay. So Smith gets the immediate use of the television set, and pays for it out of his current earnings. Smith could have used another form of instalment buying. He could have obtained a cash loan of \$400 from his bank, and paid the dealer cash for the set. He would then have repaid the bank loan, plus interest charge, in monthly instalments. In this case, the bank probably would have held title to the television set as security for the loan until it had been paid off.

Instalment buying was not always as popular in the United States as it is today. There was a time when a stigma was attached to debt incurred

for the purchase of consumer goods. It was all right to borrow for "productive" purposes, such as the buying of machinery, but not for "non-productive" purposes, such as household goods. Consumer debt at that time was supposedly concentrated largely among the poorer classes. It was frowned upon in other circles.

Despite this attitude, the purchase of consumer goods on credit was an important factor in the early development of the American Republic, particularly in rural areas where credit usually was extended for a year, from one harvest to the next. In many sections cash purchases were few. In some cases, credit was used so extensively that virtually everyone was in debt most of the time. Most of the credit extended to consumers was, however, informal, charge-account credit, which the merchant carried on his books. It was usually repayable after harvest.

Instalment credit arose largely in connection with the sale of certain specific goods. Books and furniture are among the first nonproductive items known to have been sold on the instalment plan early in the nineteenth century. In the next few decades, instalment selling expanded to include pianos, sewing machines, and other relatively high-priced items. In the latter part of the nineteenth century, as production was expanded, the instalment plan was applied in a businesslike way to promote sales. This resulted in more widespread instalment sales and easier credit terms.

During this period instalment selling became important enough so that instalment financing eventually became a business in itself. Specialized finance companies were formed to lend money to dealers to finance their credit sales to consumers, or to buy up instalment contracts from dealers at a fixed discount rate. Small loan companies lent money to individuals, sometimes at high interest rates, and the borrowers repaid the loans in instalments. These compa-

nies are now regulated by law to protect the borrower against usury.

By World War I, the principal techniques and institutions of instalment credit were well developed. After the war they were used widely in the purchase of automobiles. By this time the automobile had become mechanically reliable. Mass production had brought the price of autos down within reach of the average family. With a shiny new automobile immediately available on the payment of a few hundred dollars down, plus low monthly instalments, the automobile was soon regarded as a necessity by millions of American families.

Instalment sales of other relatively new commodities, such as electric washing machines, refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, and radios, also increased during the 1920s. Commercial banks also became more active in the instalment loan business.

Since 1940, commercial banks, which formerly had avoided this field, have gone heavily into the instalment-loan business.

Instalment buying has been widely used in the United States in purchasing homes. Though two federal-government agencies, the Federal Housing Administration and the Veterans Administration, the government has guaranteed thousands of mortgages that have enabled buyers to purchase homes with small down payments. In many instances, veterans of World War II have been able to buy homes with no capital whatsoever, and their monthly payments have been no greater than what they would pay in rent. Since the end of the war, the Veterans Administration has guaranteed loans on almost 2,000,000 houses. These loans total close to \$11,000,000,000.

Critics of the instalment system can point to some abuses by both sellers and buyers. A few buyers acquire goods on the instalment plan with no intention of making any payments beyond the down payment and a few strategically-timed payments so as to stretch out the time they have use of

the article before it is finally repossessed by the dealer. Other customers use the threat of nonpayment or the promise of payment as a means of extorting as much free service as possible from the seller.

Instalment buying has been used, too, to tempt customers to buy beyond their means, or to commit so much of their income to monthly instalments that they must scrimp on necessities to keep up the payments. By emphasizing certain features, such as the size of the down payment and monthly payments, the dealer may persuade the customer to forget other features, such as the total cost of the article, or even the quality of the article itself.

On the other hand, when properly regulated, instalment buying helps the people to buy consumer goods that otherwise could remain for a long time out of their reach. The instalment system has been closely associated with the spectacular rise in the American standard of living in the last century and particularly in the last few decades.

During World War II and shortly thereafter, while goods were scarce, the federal government sought to check inflationary prices by regulating instalment credit. A down payment equal to one-third the total cost was needed to buy most heavy consumer goods, such as refrigerators and washing machines, and instalments had to be met within 12 months. By making instalment purchases more difficult, these regulations tended to reduce the demand for goods at that time.

President Truman has asked Congress for authority to invoke similar restrictions to meet the needs growing out of the Communist invasion of the Korean Republic. Controls on instalment buying serve to reduce the market for those goods that are in competition with military requirements. If manufacture of these goods has to be curtailed, credit control helps check price inflation. Truman has already ordered federal agencies to impose credit restraints in the field of housing to head off rising building costs and to make materials available for the armed forces.—USIS.

Journalism is a young man's standby, not an old man's livelihood. Even weekly journalism is superhuman except for young men. The older ones must scamp it; and the younger ones must live plainly and cheaply, if they are to get their authority up to the pitch at which they are allowed to say what they think.—BERNARD SHAW.

PLIGHT OF INDIANS ABROAD

By S. I. THEOGARAJ

IT is an axiom that the status of a people abroad depends on their status in their homeland. When India was free, to whichever country Indians went, they were the equals of the people of that country, politically, economically and socially; when India was under subjugation, disabilities and indignities were heaped on Indians abroad; and since the achievement of freedom, Indians abroad are engaged in their last but grim struggle to overthrow the continuous pressure and humiliation of the Governments and the peoples of the countries they live in. This is perhaps the true but succinct story of the long and continued life of our four million compatriots abroad.

India's hoary past is resplendent with the glorious adventures of Indians going to the remotest corners of the world. Ancient literature reveals that regular trade was carried on for centuries in the pre-historic era between Peru and India. It is now established that during the days of King Solomon in the tenth century before Christ, India and Palestine had trade relations. Navigators from the west coast had established contact with Carthagians in pre-Roman days. The island of Java, mentioned in Ramayana as *Yavadvipa* (barley island), is one of the places to which parties were sent from India in search of Sita. A few centuries before Christ, Buddhist preachers and missionaries from India went to, and settled in, Ceylon. Round about 400 B. C. Hindu religion, culture and literature reached Malaya. About fifteen centuries back Indians had established commercial and cultural contacts with the Far East and Kenya in Africa. The people of Java and Bali even today believe in and get inspired by the epics of *Mahabharata*, *Ramayana* and other ancient Hindu books more than Hindus in India do. In places like Mauritius, British Guiana and Fiji Islands Indians today constitute about half of the entire population of the country. It is said that the ship that took Vasco da Gama to India was piloted by a Hindu navigator. Thus it will be seen that the more adventurous of our country-

men had gone long before the West 'discovered' America or found a sea-route to India, to distant lands in search of trade and adventure and for the dissemination of culture and civilization.

Iniquitous Labour Recruitment

But the recent affront upon our countrymen by some countries and peoples is so intense and contemptuous that we cannot today look beyond the clouds of our present troubles into the past, however glorious it be. Against the background of over a hundred years of injustice and insult this past fades into oblivion. Today we think of our brethren abroad in the context of their sufferings, present and immediate past. In the 30's of the nineteenth century when it was evident that slavery could not exist any longer anywhere in the world, colonial powers began to recruit cheap labour from India to replace the Negro slaves. Illegal export of labour had already commenced from the French possessions in India and thousands of Indian labourers had left for distant places long before the existence of any organised emigration in India. Slavery was abolished in the British Empire in 1833 and in the French colonies fifteen years later. There was labour shortage in the rubber and sugar plantations in the East and West Indies. In 1834 began large scale organised emigration and within three or four years, over eight thousand Indian workers had left for far-off places like Mauritius and British Guiana. Known as the indenture system this iniquitous practice went on for nearly 85 years bringing to a section of our countrymen such humiliations and hardships as have ever visited the human race.

How the British, the French and the Dutch successfully worked out this system on the villagers through the agency of educated middle-class Indians was the superb execution of a master plan schemed only to exploit India's cheap labour force. Professional recruiters who were paid a certain fixed sum for the labour they supplied, went about the villages and by fraud and unscrupulous represen-

tation gathered together men and women and packed them off to distant lands. Though these people entered into contracts with the recruiting party, they did so without any knowledge of the significance of the contracts they had entered into and without any foreboding about the indignities and sufferings they had to undergo. Attempts were made in 1837 and in 1840 to move the British Government to stop this pernicious system; but tolerated by the Government of India, the system grew strong. Some of the labourers, even though they left India as free men, subsequently signed contracts and suffered the hardships of the indentured labourers. The stories that these emigrants brought back created public opinion in India against this system and it was finally abolished on 1st January 1920. But within the period of the 85 years that the system was in existence, Indian emigrants went to British and French Guiana, Malaya, Canada, Fiji, Grenada, Mauritius, Graduloupe, South Africa, East Africa, Zanzibar, Jamaica, Trinidad, Surinam and the Islands of Reunion, St. Lucia and Croix and many other countries. And under another equally iniquitous system, known as the *Kangani* system, Indian emigrants went to Ceylon and to a few other countries.

Conditions Today

In different countries Indians lived and are living under different conditions. To some countries the more fortunate of those who went abroad had gone as students, lawyers, doctors and traders and settled there. Whether in America, or in Gibraltar, or in Iran, theirs has ordinarily been an equal status with that of the citizens of that country. Our diplomatic staff living in the capital cities of all important countries of the world also come under this category. These privileged few being a microscopically small percentage of our countrymen abroad need no elaborate study. Another group of our countrymen went abroad wherever an Indian labour force went. Though not so depressing as the labourers', their life too was none too easy, for the Governments of the lands of their adoption put obstacles one after another so as to encourage their repatriation. Take only one instance. The Indian landowners in Burma are hard hit by the Land Nationalisation Act passed in 1948.

The Government can take over any land in excess of 50 acres owned by any individual. The compensation fixed by the Government for an area of paddy-field owned by the Indian Chettiar is about one-third the value of the annual product of that area. This low compensation for acquisition of land is patently absurd. Compare this with the compensation proposed to be given to our Zamindars! The Indian Chettiar community in Burma own about 2.6 million acres of land estimated at Rs. 375 millions. These Chettiars who have invested all their money on land, have obligations to fulfil to banks and depositors in India. If due consideration is not shown by the Government of Burma to these countrymen of ours, they will soon return to India bankrupt in finance and sore in outlook.

New Generation Born Abroad

While one section of the indentured labourers returned to India after the expiry of the period of contract or of contracts subsequently made in the country where they worked, another section settled down permanently in the countries of their adoption. With the exception of a few who took to business or some skilled work, they have remained as manual labourers generation after generation. But a new generation of Indians grew up in different lands under varying circumstances. Though the mystic cords of tradition and emotion tie them to India, this rising group are more of the land of their birth and adoption than of the land of their forefathers. Some of them who come to India find themselves out of place in Indian society and return to 'their countries' with a sigh of relief. They have by their educational and other qualifications acquired a new status, social, economic and political, in their respective countries. There is scarcely any profession in these countries where there is not a young Indian. The more realistic of Indians abroad are gradually cutting themselves away from the ties that bound their forefathers to India; and the future is bound to be bright for them and their descendants.

In South Africa

The story of the Indian indentured labourers abroad is the darkest page in the long history of our countrymen in and outside India. It is unfortunate, but nevertheless a fact, that

they are being treated worse in British colonies than outside. Consequently, the future of Indians in these colonies is less hopeful than anywhere else in the world. South Africa and Ceylon are two outstanding examples. The sufferings and sorrows of Indians in South Africa are more acute than the sufferings and sorrows of any people anywhere else in the world. South Africa has a peculiar fervour for anti-Indian treatment. The three million Indians there are harassed out of employment, out of business, out of trams, trains, hotels and restaurants, out of schools, hospitals, libraries and such other institutions and out of the very land—Indians cannot own land freely! They have no civil or political rights, nor have they any franchise, municipal or parliamentary, in spite of the U.N.O. Charter and the General Assembly's resolution on this question, in particular. Malan has outstripped Smuts by his *apartheid* policy, and Malan's Group Areas Bill and Unlawful Organisation Bill are more formidable weapons to forcibly expatriate Indians and establish a fascist dictatorship than Smut's Ghetto Act of 1946. Malan's treatment of Indians has perhaps even surpassed Hitler's treatment of the Jews.

Ceylon's Treatment More Subtle

Ceylon has not yet unsheathed herself against Indians as openly as South Africa. But, in her own subtle way she is placing as many hardships as she could before the Indians there so as to squeeze them out of the Island. It is a naked truth that Ceylon owes its present economic stability to Indian labour. It is also true that the living conditions of Indian labourers on Ceylon's tea and rubber estates are about the lowest of the working class anywhere in the world. It is a pity that even though Ceylon humiliates these labourers (on whose sweat she prospers) and slights India, by refusing to allow about 90 percent of the people who reach Mandapam to cross over to Ceylon, the Government of India remains nonchalant. The Exchange Control Regulation is a discriminatory step against the Indian settlers. Indians who become citizens of Ceylon by registration are

not the political equals of citizens by descent. The procedure prescribed for Indians to get themselves registered as Ceylon nationals, to get permits to remit money home or take it home themselves, or to get permits to go home and return to Ceylon is cumbersome and humiliating. It may be expedient for politics to forget the past. But there is something beyond politics; and Ceylon's attitude towards Indian labourers there is sheer ingratitude.

Struggling Against Odds

Thus it will be seen that our brethren abroad have been struggling against odds. Whether they are traders in Gibraltar, oilfield clerks in Iran, Chettiars in Burma or labourers on the sugar plantations of Fiji Islands, tea plantations of Ceylon or rubber plantations of Malaya, they have their own difficulties. That some of them have done well materially and progressed culturally and educationally is a tribute to their hardiness, tenacity and adjustability. That they have preserved their religion and culture and have built up little Indias of their own in far-off lands should not be taken lightly or attributed to exclusivism. It is an abiding faith in their culture, religion and nation that has enabled them while adjusting themselves to local conditions, not to betray their own traditions.

Pakistan Indians Too Need Help

Perhaps the universal discrimination against Indians was due to the fact that India was not free; and free India, though three years old, has not yet, due to her innumerable internal problems, taken anything more than a passing interest in her children abroad. India's erstwhile children now in Pakistan, most of whom have yet to decide their nationality, have a woful tale to tell. Flesh of our flesh, blood of our blood, a section of our countrymen branded as foreign nationals are struggling in pockets of foreign possession in our own land against imperialism of the Western pattern. Though they are not geographically abroad, they too need India's sympathetic consideration and unreserved help.—Copyright N. P. S.

SIDELIGHTS : :

There is a gift that is almost a blow.—A. HELPS.

THE supersession of the Andhra Provincial Congress Committee by the Congress High Command has thrown many Andhra leaders into a furore of anger. They seem to think, to judge by the statements issued, that a great dishonour has befallen Andhra. Yet, few seem to know actually why the supersession was ordered. The High Command are silent on the point. It is the opinion of some who regard themselves as knowledgeable, that the things that came to light in Kurnool finished Professor Ranga with the High Command. In Kurnool district, there was keen contest in the recent Congress elections. But the polling officers could not be found when wanted. They evaded search until the time for filing nominations elapsed, and then they declared that this or that candidate was elected unanimously, there being no opposition. Declarations by polling officers (pressed into service for the purpose) took the place of elections. Professor Ranga could not digest what he wanted to swallow, and the crash came in the form of the Working Committee's order dissolving the P. C. C., and placing Sri S. K. Patil in charge.

From the time he became president of the P. C. C., Ranga used it as if it were some private property of his own. It became his ruling passion to exclude outsiders, that is, non-Rangaites. Manipulations took the place of service. After such misuse of power, it is not surprising that the author of it should come to grief. What is surprising is the immunity still being enjoyed under Congress protection by many who are no better than Ranga in clannishness. In Tamil Nadu, the elections were manipulated no less than in Andhra, by one man, telephone in hand. There is no less despotism in Congress politics in Tamil Nadu. But the voice of protest is stilled, because Tamil people have no relish for agitations that do not promise a reasonable

chance of success. They calculate the result before they embark on a campaign. Andhra is, par excellence, the region where the spirit of defiance flourishes against the mightiest odds, undaunted. The hero-worship of the Andhras for their idols is matched only by their iconoclastic zest to pull them down when feet of clay are suspected. Conditions are much the same all over the country, but in other places the guilty collaborate to throw a conspiracy of silence over misgovernment, and the rest are cowed down. In Andhra, improvidence is rampant in economics no less than in politics, and nobody is able to buy peace at any price—there is always someone to plough a lonely furrow, and rejoicing in the discomfort of it, fancying that thereby the conscience of the nation is saved and kept unsullied. Things appear in Andhra to be much worse than they are, while elsewhere they seem to be much better than the reality.

Sri S. K. Patil, deputed to take charge of the Andhra P. C. C. is far from fitted for the task assigned to him. He may be called the Bombay Ranga. One saving grace of Ranga is trepidation when adventurous courses involving high risks are in contemplation. Sri Patil suffers from no such disability. It may confidently be expected that he will whip up the regionally patriotic elements in Andhra to their stormiest mood of turbulence when he appears on the scene to play successor to Ranga as custodian of the P. C. C.'s effects. Wild stories of the forays of Messrs. Patil and Dayabhai into the newspaper world in Bombay have spread all over Andhra, and lately the stock of the Sardar himself has fallen for his permissive patronage of favoured lieutenants bent on questionable enterprises. It is not likely to rise as a result of the report just published, that a purse of 20 lakhs was being collected to be given as a present to the Sardar at his next birthday.

The Deputy Prime Minister of India is a deputy only in name. He is

second to the Prime Minister only in dignity. In power it is doubtful if even the Prime Minister can control him. If the holder of such a position should prove susceptible to gifts of money, there can be no limit to the amount collected. Every year the Sardar can be sure of a purse of crores equivalent to the revenues of a state being laid at his feet as a birthday offering by officious suitors angling for his favour. Nothing is given gratis to a minister, and the

Sardar about whose birthdays very few bothered before he became Deputy Prime Minister, should beware of hidden rings of nepotism behind money presents ostentatiously offered to signify appreciation. If the Deputy Prime Minister has no compunction as to the acceptance of costly birthday presents, the Government of India would do well to wind up its anti-corruption departments throughout the country.—SAKA.

AMERICAN MEDICAL MISSION IN INDIA

WITH reference to the editorial article "India, A Guinea Pig" published in SWATANTRA last week, we have been favoured by Mr. Stanley R. Chartrand, Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Madras, with the following biographical data on Drs. Gauld and Wilson who are on a medical mission now in India. Mr. Chartrand adds that the information is taken from AMERICAN MEN OF SCIENCE (Eighth edition), a copy of which is available at the United States Information Library for reference purposes:

AMERICAN MEN OF SCIENCE (Eighth Edition)

(Pages: 871-872; 2725-2726)

GAULD, Dr. Ross L. (aurier), Army Medical Department Research and Graduate School, Army Medical Center, Washington 12, D. C. Epidemiology. Mimico, Ontario, Canada, born; October 12, 1900; naturalized: 1937; married: '27; children: 2; M. B. Toronto: 1924; Certificate of Public Health, Hopkins: 1935; Dr. of Public Health: 1936; Assistant Physician, Ontario Hospital: 1924-25; Intern, Riverdale Isolation Hospital, Toronto, 1925-26; assistant resident, Buffalo City Hospital: 1926-1927; private practise, Maxwell, Ontario, Canada, 1927-30; county health

officer, State Department Public Health, Tennessee, 1931-34; director tuberculosis study 1936-37; associate, epidmiol, Hopkins: 1937-43; asst. Director Virus and Rickettsial Department, Army Medical Department, Research and Graduate School, 1946; Epidemiologist, National Foundation Infantile Paralysis, 1941; Member, committee immunization, Army Epidemiol Board. Canada Army, 1917-1919; Marine Corps, U. S. Army, 1943-45; Fellow, Public Health Association; Epidemiol, Society, Tuberculosis; rheumatic disease; infectious hepatitis; virus and rickettsial diseases.

WILSON, Dr. Armine Taylor, Alfred I. du Pont Institute, Wilmington 99, Delaware; Medical Bacteriology, Worcester, Massachusetts; born: February 21, 1909; married 1945; child: 1; B. S. Cincinnati, 1933; M. D. 1935; Intern Cincinnati General Hospital 1935-36; asst. resident physician, Children's Hospital 1937-39; Chief resident physician: 1939-40; assistant resident physician, Rockefeller Institute, New York: 1940-42; Chief Bacteriologist and Pediatrician in chief, Alfred I. du Pont Institute, Delaware, 1946; U. S. Naval Reserve: 1942-46; A. A. Society of Pediatric Research; Society of Bacteriology; Society of General Microbiology; Academy of Pediatrics; Association of Immunology; Public Health Assn; Federation, Clinical Research; Harvey Society of Pediatrics; infectious diseases; Rheumatic fever, streptococcal bacteriology.

Power is a drug: the desire for it grows with the exercise of it. And so the Soviet Government has taken to interfering in matters that it should have left alone, such as music and Mendelism. If you read the disputes centering about Lysenko's doctrines, you will see what the Soviet Government dislikes about Mendelism is the theory that genes cannot be forced to obey the authorities. Laws of Nature are repugnant to the mentality of the Soviet hierarchy, because they imply limits to its power. That, I am convinced, is the main reason for the preference of Lamarck to Mendel. Before very long, this tendency to flout the laws of nature must prove disastrous. It reminds one of Xerxes whipping the Hellespont.—Bertrand Russell.



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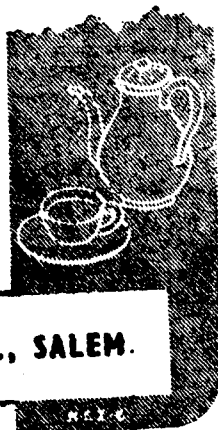
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BOOKS & AUTHORS



GREAT COMPOSERS. By P. Sambamoorthy, B.A. B.L., Head of the Department of Indian Music, University of Madras. Published by The Indian Music Publishing House, G. T. Madras. Pp. 116. Price Rs. 2.

To lovers of music, the biography of composers has a perennial interest and makes thrilling reading. There is always a natural curiosity on their part to know something of the lives of the great men who consecrated their genius to produce those marvellous compositions that delight, inspire and ennoble them. In the field of music, the student of biography has often to pierce through an outer veil of myth, legend and fable to get a few glimpses of the man that was the composer, his fears and aspirations, his struggles and experiences and his lofty ideals that were destined to elevate humanity. But the enjoyment of a kriti is enhanced tenfold if the listener is able to make a critical estimate of its technical beauties and understand the context in which it was composed by the vaggeyakara.

Professor Sambamoorthy, the author of the book under review, needs no introduction to the music world. As a teacher and research scholar in music, he has rendered more service than any individual or institution to the creation of a spirit of enquiry and a critical sense of appreciation in the South Indian music world. He is now placing before the public valuable material into musical data.

Part I of the book just published covers the lives of five major composers, Jayadeva, Purandara Dasa, Narayana Tirtha, Kshetrajna and Syama Sastri and two minor composers, Subbaroya Sastri and Annaswami Sastri, descendants of Syama Sastri. Biographical details have been carefully checked and collated with special attention to dates. The date of the demise of Jayadeva, furnished by the author on the authority of an Oriya manuscript, enables us correctly to fix the poet's place in the 12th century. The lives of Purandara Dasa and Narayana Tirtha are written with a critical sense and a wealth of details not usually accessible to the public. The excellent synopses of the "Gita Govinda" and the "Krishna Illa Tarangini" given at the end of the lives of Jayadeva and Narayana Tirtha are intended to give the reader a brief idea of the contents of the two operas, the

second of which is long out of print. The brevity of the biography of Kshetrajna, the composer of the immortal padams, is perhaps due to the fact that, although there is a certain amount of internal evidence in his compositions, fuller biographical details are lacking. In fact, even his real name is not known to us.

More than half the book is occupied, and rightly too, by the life of Syama Sastri. Although this portion is substantially a reprint of the author's work published in 1934, valuable information which has since come to his notice has been added. There is a fuller account of the musical contest between Syama Sastri and Bobbili Kesavayya and the author has taken pains to discover and publish the sequence of the angas of the Sarabhanandana Tala in which the Tanjore composer sang a pallavi on this memorable occasion.

Four Tala Prastara manuscripts written in Syama Sastri's own handwriting in Grantha characters, have been reproduced and are worth a perusal.

The author's statement that the Ashtapadi hymns are the earliest examples of songs to be set to tala, needs revision. The hymns of Saint Nammalwar, forming the most important part of the Divya Prabandha of Sri Vaishnavas, have been set to panns and talas. These were unearthed by Sri Nathamuni early in the 10th century A. D. and Vedanta Desika, in his verse on Nathamuni, refers to him as "the benefactor of humanity, who gave the Tamil Veda its music and tala" (Talam vazhangit-t-Tamizh marai innisai tanda vallal).

The book has been neatly printed and got up. The use of diacritical marks for Sanskrit words should be made uniform throughout the book and Tamilisms like 'Sankaracharyar' etc. omitted. An explanatory note that Sangita Swami, the disciple of Syama Sastri, was a different person from Sastri's guru with the same name, will be useful.

The book can be read with advantage by not only students of music but music lovers as well. The author has promised to bring out shortly Part II of the book entirely devoted to the life of Tyagaraja and I have no hesitation in saying that it will provide sumptuous fare to lovers of Carnatic Music.

T. S. P.

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.

Anomalies Of Rationing

Rice ration in rural areas is a farce. Owing to failure of rains for three consecutive years the food problem has become acute in villages. Now only three ounces of rice is being issued in the informally rationed rural parts of the Saidapet Taluk, and that too not for the whole week. Nine ounces of millets are supposed to be issued with rice according to availability to make up 12 ounces. Millet supply is also precarious. On certain days ration shops are closed for want of grains. Nobody gets 12 ounces and people are actually starving. In the Pallavaram and Tambaram area people are given 6 ounces of rice, whereas in a village 2 or 3 miles from Tambaram, people are given only 3 ounces. Why such discrimination? While top-ranking Govt. officers cry incessantly about the welfare of the villagers both from the platforms and the press, practically they have done nothing to improve the villagers' lot. Many rice eating families have to starve for days together and this is happening under the nose of the democratic Govt. Ministers incessantly tour throughout the Presidency drawing fat T. A. but people have yet to see a Minister touring through villages like Mahatma Gandhi. Yet they swear by Gandhian principles. There is at present great cry and little wool. Will this popular Govt. realise the seriousness of the situation and order the issue of 6 ounces of rice in all villages without any discrimination? If this is not done immediately, people should consider this Govt. as autocratic.

C. G. CHAKRAPANI.

Chittalapakkam.

Songs In Films And Story

In his article in SWATANTRA, Mr. Doulatram Parshuram has taken cudgels against Indian films as a class.

His argument that foreign films are devoid of music in 80 percent of cases is out of context here, because there is a lot of difference between this country and other countries. That there are many foreign films sustained on dance, songs and ballet is indisputable and his figure of 80 per cent is a mere guess, which is not supported by facts. Films are meant to entertain, and through songs they give pleasure to the ear, while through the pictures the eye gets enjoyment.

That many stories are repeated is not a charge that can be laid at the door of Indian films alone. What counts is the presentation, for it is said that there is nothing new in the world. Even in America there are cases of the same stories being repeated more than four to five times, let alone similar stories being filmed.

He says, "for listening to songs one may turn to the gramophone, the radio or go to any concert or stage show." How well said? What is the percentage of people in India who own a gramophone or a radio? In cities every flat may have one. But the majority of the Indian population have no facility for hearing songs, except through the medium of the film, which is the cheapest and the most easily obtainable form of entertainment.

Any real creative artist—and I consider Mr. Parshuram to be one—will easily concede that creative talents are stunted when there are restrictions. When he talks in terms of 11,000 feet, 7,000 feet and so on, it is mere subservience to bureaucratic rules of administration. It is not real art to restrict the scope for development of the best. A picture is worth it, if it is entertaining and no question of length should be brought in to restrict it. The freer the scope, the fuller the development. And the people who pay and see the pictures are the best judges. So give them the full choice and the producer will cater to the needs of the millions who register their preference by the cash vote, by the patronage they extend in different degrees to different pictures.

Critics like Mr. Parshuram are talking from the level of the sophisticated critic, not from the level of the common man who pays and goes for the picture he likes.

"NAMBS"

Export Of Cattle

It is most unfortunate foreigners are again allowed to purchase and export the best breed of the cattle in this area. So far about 1000 cattle of the best kind have been purchased by Siamese and are now under export. Purchases are still in progress. The ryots are tempted with attractive prices. It is the duty of the Government to pass urgent and suitable orders stopping the export of the cattle and thus protect and retain the best breeds of the country.

C. RAMA RAO.

Ongole.

From 22nd Sept. 1950

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SWATANTRA

VOL. V. NO. 33.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1950.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CARTOON	4
EDITORIAL COMMENT	5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	7
NEW DELHI DIARY—By V. V. Prasad	9
A MADRAS DIARY—By Clio	11
INDO-CHINESE GOODWILL AND NEIGHBOURLINESS —(Azad Qalam)—By K. A. Abbas	12
LAND POLICY OF ALL INDIA REPUBLICAN PARTY	15
GENERAL OF THE UNITED NATIONS —By Andrew Roth	17
THE RETURN JILT—Short Story —By S. Krishnaswami Rao	21
IN THE SERVICE OF SCIENCE—By P. C. Bandyopadhyay	27
SHOE EMPIRE IN 27 COUNTRIES—By Harold A. Albert	30
"DON'T TAKE A DISMAL VIEW OF LIFE"—By Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru	32
TAMIL NAD CONGRESS EXHIBITIONS	33
AFTER STALIN, WHAT?—By John Scott	34
FAST FLYERS—By 'Coba'	37
FILM FARE—By V. P. Sathe	38
IN AND AROUND GANDHINAGAR—By V. Subramanian	41
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka	44
BRADMAN AND WORREL—By N. Pattabhiraman	45
BOOKS AND AUTHORS	46
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	47

CASTOROL
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CASTOR OIL

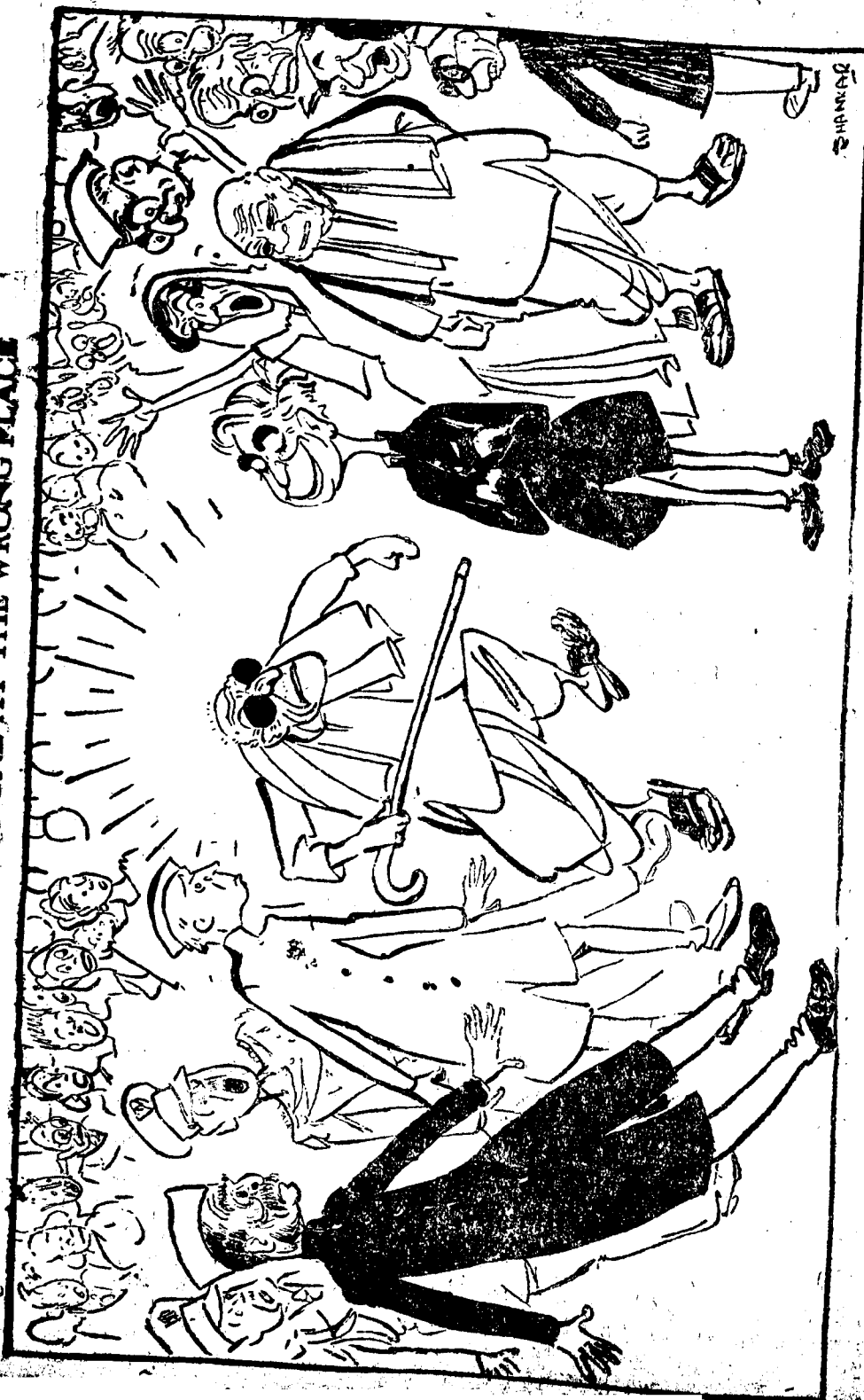
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THE WRONG ONE AT THE WRONG PLACE



—Courtesy: Shankar's Weekly.
A typical attempt of Providence for purposes of sabotaging ceremonial functions has been drawn up by the Government.

SWATANTRA

VOL. V
No. 33

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1950

ISSUED
WEEKLY

FROM POWER TO CORRUPTION

SRI Purushothamdas Tandon has in his presidential address at Nasik dealt with the familiar themes of Congress politics in such a right orthodox style that *The Mail* makes fun of it, labelling it as "The mixture as before." He has blessed the Constitution with his approval. He has endorsed Pandit Nehru's foreign policy of not joining either of the two great power blocs. He has told the Congress that he congratulated the Prime Minister on his return from England on his decision that India should be a republic, and yet remain in the Commonwealth. He has discovered that the most dangerous international situation exists at present in Korea and announced that the policy of our Government on Korea is for the present right. He has pronounced as right and proper Pandit Nehru's treatment of Muslims in India. Though dissatisfied that khadi is not being promoted by the Congress Governments, he has congratulated them on their courage and enthusiasm in attacking economic problems. The Congress President has disappointed the anticipations of prophets of gloom that he would disclose in his address a substantial disagreement with the Prime Minister on major items of policy—and he has done it in ungainly fashion with a lot of verbiage indicating a laboured effort at expediency.

Sri Tandon has not however succeeded in completely shutting out controversial issues from his presidential address. He slipped into a vortex of controversy wherever he attempted to give something of a lead,

in the midst of the confusions of opposing schools of thought, on any outstanding national issue. He has, for example, pleaded that Hindi should replace English even before the expiry of 15 years and that the great cultural work being done by Sanskrit should hereafter be excelled by Hindi. It is well known that the Congress President is a fanatic Sanskritiser of Hindi as a national language. The essence of fanaticism, especially when it seeks to work through power in the political field, is the coercion it employs to overcome the resistance of the unready to its dictates. Large-scale misery ensues when the reluctant are compelled by authority to change habits rooted in centuries of practice, habits that impose no hardship on others. However intensely some might feel the urgency of the need for a national language, they have to realise that millions of people dwelling in the non-Hindi zone of India cannot be turned to Hindi speech with authoritarian techniques—they should be wooed to it gently and indulgently, with a lot of time allowed for the desired change. This is the more necessary in view of the crudeness of Hindi, judged merely as a medium of expression, compared to some of the higher developed South Indian languages. Language is to some extent a product of the experience of the race, and vast populations cannot be made to give up one language and take to another with drill sergeant methods. These three years of Congress rule have not led to any blossoming of literary talent, the very

reverse has been the case. The examples of such masters of Hindi as have set themselves up lately as legislators and leaders have not been very cheerful. It will take not 15 years, but many decades, if at all India is to be enabled to substitute Hindi for English without being thrown back into the middle ages cut off from contact with the life-giving currents of modern science and knowledge.

Another proposition of Sri Tandon of doubtful wisdom, dealt with in the address, bears on the question of controls. He seems to think that if the controls are abolished, corruption will decrease, because the opportunities for corruption will then become fewer. Corruption will never decrease so long as the biggest source of it lies at the top where power is exercised in the name of the State itself. In every act of abuse of the power of public office for private ends, there is corruption. In this sense the most outrageously corrupt people in the country today are some of the Congress ministers themselves. When a Minister for Publicity deprives a newspaper rendering public service by fearlessly exposing the food scandal and the hunger deaths, of Government advertisements—we refer to the *Madras Mail*—and passes them on to other papers of less circulation but abundant servility, it is nothing less than rank corruption, since it involves diversion of public funds for a non-public purpose, and non-corrupt administration cannot be expected of such a minister, whatever the glosses of rectitude put on by him for public edification. When a minister interferes with the initiative of subordinate administrative officers for the benefit of cronies of his own, that again is corruption. If corruption is rampant in the country it is due to the example of ministers at the top, and the periodical lists of drastic punishments awarded to peons and

the like for minor misdemeanours only disgust the public without conveying any re-assurance of probity. Corrupt ministers flourish because of corrupt legislators. There are so many corrupt legislators because the selectors of Congress candidates for the legislature possessed a very deficient sense of public duty, and preferred very many inferior and unsuitable persons, shutting out their betters. They sacrificed national interests for personal reasons, and betrayed a type of corruption that is none the less devastating for all the prestige of power with which the perpetrators were clothed.

Congress politics has become a general shout by the corrupt dinning on others the need of behaving well. The root of the evil lies in wrong selection of candidates to represent the Congress. These have shaped the character of our sovereign legislatures, which in their turn have produced the miserable specimens of ministers we see today, who in three years have pulled the Congress down from its Gandhian pedestal and made it a by-word for nepotism, corruption and hypocrisy. We see no salvation unless everyone connected with the selection of Congress candidates in the past—men like Sri Kamaraj Nadar and Professor Ranga who have so grossly abused their trust—and ministers who have proved themselves unfit to be trusted with power and the public purse—are shut out from the machinery for the choice of legislators in the forthcoming elections. It is distressing to find Pandit Nehru's plea for concentration of attention on this issue of issues fizzling out inconclusively after hours of debate, the President having failed apparently to save it from sabotage. Does not all this mean that there is a power in the Congress that none is able to overcome, to which its unprincipled elements are still able to look successfully for patronage and protection?

Sotto Voce

OUR MODERATE HUMANITARIANS



OUR legislators, sicklied over with the pale cast of party intrigues, like to indulge once in a while in a riot of pure goodness. Let it not be supposed, however, that the Bill to prevent the sacrifice of birds and animals in or near Hindu temples, which has been passed, is to be construed as an animal charter. The Madras Government, speaking through its robustly non-vegetarian Law Minister, has no absurd qualms regarding the supposed sanctity of animal life any more than the Mosaic Law itself. Mr. Madhava Menon put it simply on the ground of his own personal conviction that "fowls and eggs were created for men to eat".

Others might be more squeamish. But they are all statesmen enough to remember that in a predominantly carnivorous world to preach the non-killing of Asoka and Valluvar would be as meaningless as a discourse on "Sartor Resartus" in the country of the naked. But within these fairly wide limits we have no hesitation, it seems, in saying that we in Madras are not as other men. The Bill purports to abolish animal sacrifice only in the State of Madras. That, you might have thought, went without saying. But when the Law Minister brought up an amendment thus specifically to limit the scope of the Bill I fancied I almost heard him ostentatiously draw his skirts about him.

For, of course there are those in the outer darkness who are not prepared to consult the Madras Ministry's oracles as to what might be

acceptable to the Deity and what might not. The Bengalis, for instance; with them Durga Pooja is the national festival, and it is never complete without the sacrifice of at least a kid. A gentleman rejoicing in the name of Ananthachar said in the Assembly more in sorrow than in anger that it was a tragic paradox "that killing should be done in the name of a divinity in the form of a mother who was the personification of kindness." Poor Ramakrishna, for all his sainthood, would not measure up to our friend's standard of enlightenment. He was content to serve Bhavatarini all his life.

Occasionally blood sacrifices were offered in the temple at Dakshineswar as in the great temple of Kalighat. M., the faithful disciple, has put it on record that the Master would stay away on these occasions. His views were well known. But the sage made no attempt to impose his will on the common run of worshippers, though he might have succeeded where another might not, because of the immense reverence in which he was held by Mathur Babu. For, Ramakrishna knew, what our wiseacres don't, that the Lord seated in the core of the heart alone knows what is good and what is evil. He is the dispeller of ignorance.

Every world religion has practised sacrifice. Buddhism, in spite of its faith in Ahimsa, has succeeded so little in making non-killing the rule of life that most Buddhists including *bhikkus* have no religious objections to flesh foods. On the contrary vegetarianism is rigidly practised by large

sections of Hindus. That is the result, not of legislation enforced with dire penalties, but of the gradual acceptance of a way of life based on a functional ordering of society. The voluntary adoption by certain castes of self-denial as a spiritual discipline has been of invaluable service to morals.

A magnificent passage of the Bhagavata describes the sage Bharatha haled up for sacrifice at the altar of Kali by a Vrishala king anxious for progeny. The sacrificers, dominated by ignorance and lust and delighting in cruelty for its own sake, had laid violent hands on one who was *sarva-bhuta-sukrit*, and who had so little thought of self that he had not dreamt of resisting. And that was more than the Devi could bear. She chopped off the heads of the boors and played ball with them, while the sage went his way unperturbed as ever. It had not occurred to him to preach Ahimsa to the deluded crea-

tures; for he knew, unlike our legislators, that correction comes of the Lord.

Even the Law Member seemed to have a glimpse of the truth when he defended a higher penalty for abettors than for sacrificers on the ground that the latter acted from faith while the former did so for gain. How then are we to punish a Government which has so little faith in its own doctrines that it dare not put down sacrifices in private precincts, much less interfere with the practices of other religions like Judaism and Islam? These should be at least as repugnant to a merciful Deity as the fear-inspired offerings of ignorant animists. When in Calcutta I could not bring myself to enter the Kall temple. But I preferred to rest my defence on cowardice rather than on conscience, with importuning friends. Should Governments alone bluff?

VIGNESWARA.

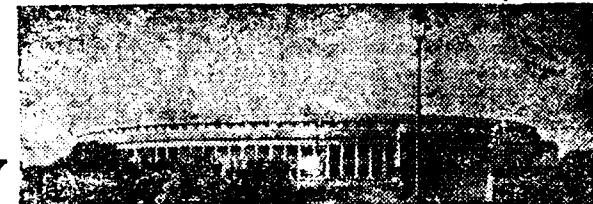


YOUR
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and FLAVOURFUL

NEW DELHI DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD



ACHARYA Kripalani has now come forward with a signed editorial in VIGIL which says what we suggested he should have said before the Congress Presidential election. We now find him condemning corruption, bribery and black-market, whereas he was diplomatically silent about this on the eve of the election. Better late than never—although, of course, it is usually better never than late.

"It is idle to deny that there is in the Congress today a conflict between two ideologies—the totalitarian and the democratic. On the issue of this conflict depends not only the future of the Congress but the good of the country," writes J. B. But to say that Sardar Patel represents the totalitarian trend while Panditji is the champion of the democratic trend—as the intention obviously is—would be a questionable analysis. There are dangerous totalitarian tendencies in both Nehru and Patel. Nehru is usually nasty to people, whereas Patel is usually polite. Nehru is credited with a democratic spirit, whereas Patel is endowed by observers with a totalitarian outlook. Nehru is in a perpetual state of unrest and indignation, while Patel is generally calm and tranquil externally.

We have, of course, the personal assurance of the Pandit that "Jawaharlal can never be a dictator. He is a democrat"—or words to that effect. Pandit Nehru himself wrote thus in an article anonymously contributed twenty years ago to the "Modern Review." Sardar Patel personally swore his faith in democracy at hundreds of public meetings. Panditji has testified to the same effect at thousands of mass gatherings. Both of them were equally good and equally effective lieutenants of the Mahatma. It is unlikely therefore that they do not love democracy or that they do not hate dictatorship in equal mea-

sure. According to the Acharya's editorial, one of them is willing to compromise with dictatorship and the other with democracy. But it is really a case of all Governments in this world being totalitarian in their tendencies.

It is entirely a race for power within the Congress. If it was not, Panditji would have placed before the plenary session a resolution for the dissolution of the Congress. Acharya Kripalani himself would have made dissolution the issue of his election manifesto. (Incidentally, the Acharya ridiculed Dr. Pattabhi last year for issuing an election manifesto. But this did not prevent him from issuing a manifesto himself this year).

Bertrand Russell, in his new social analysis of "Power"—which, by now, has become an old classical analysis—has laid bare the deeper motives of Power. Power in the Social Science is comparable to Energy in Physics. Those who are holders of Power have come by it because they were hankers after Power. It is rarely that a man without any desire for Power is saddled with it. Plato said that those who are most fit to govern are least willing to govern. I like William Morris, who pointed out that no man is good enough to be another man's master.

The great reception accorded to the Ambassador of New China at the Delhi Railway Station was something more than a mere expression of Sino-Indian friendship. I hear that all along the route from Calcutta, General Yuan witnessed similar demonstrations of admiration for New China. The Ambassador has caught the imagination of the Indian public by travelling in a train instead of by plane. I could distinctly see on the non-official faces at the platform a deep longing for

changes in India on the lines of those that have just occurred in China. The parallel with China has been haunting us for the past two or three years. No wonder hundreds of students shouted slogans like "Mao Tse-tung Zindabad" and "Long live Chinese Revolution".

It is natural that we should look forward to good administration as in China. Corruption, favouritism and nepotism are the characteristics of almost every Government in Asia. China is the chief exception today. In the Kuomintang days, China was the leader of Asia in corruption, favouritism and nepotism. Some observers say that India now leads the whole of Asia in this department; but as an impartial observer—who is not too enthusiastic about our assuming the leadership of Asia—I must concede that other Governments in Asia are more qualified for this distinction in the corruption department.

The New York Times has described me as "a journalist inclined to the Left." This is a perfectly accurate description. The New Delhi Correspondent of this paper, Mr. Trumbull, is one of the few Americans in Delhi who can differentiate between a Leftist and a Communist. Trumbull added that most people in India are inclined to the Left. That is correct too. Inclined as we are to the Left, we stand for the establishment of Socialism in India. We have little faith in the enlightened nature of the Indian Capitalist. Pandit Nehru in his latest statement has suggested that he stood for a Welfare State. "I am clearly of opinion," he declared "that we must aim at what has been given the name of Welfare State. We cannot allow ourselves to be kept back or diverted from our aim because of vested interests, and must judge every step from the point of view of the good of the masses." Our criticism of Panditji has all along been that he has allowed himself to be kept back or diverted from our aim because of vested interests. I don't think that it would be fair to suggest that Tandonji's election this year had prevented Panditji from establishing a Welfare State in August 1947 or at any date thereafter. Panditji's Chief Adviser, Rajaji, spoke thus about the Welfare State: "Whether the Welfare State is good or not, welfare is a good thing." The only

Welfare State we know in Asia is New China.

The Presidentship of the Congress is not an important office. Dr. Pattabhi put it succinctly when he compared the Congress Presidentship to the position of a Bench Magistrate. Dr. Pattabhi was the first to discover that the Congress President was the nominal head of the Congress Party and nothing else. It is not easy for a person holding the position of Congress President to confess its unimportance. It requires a high degree of objectivity to see facts as they are. The egotistical man would have pretended and practised self-deception—like the gnat that sat on the horn of the bullock.

The tendency in the Press has been to blame Dr. Pattabhi for the unimportance of the office of Congress President. If the Congress President had tried to interfere with the Administration, he would have cut a comic figure, and would have been shown the door.

The criticism against Dr. Pattabhi was mainly due to his democratic spirit. Anybody can walk into his room at any time of day or night and hold discussions with him on any topic under the Sun. If only he was a little more stiff, if he had insisted on previous appointment, and if he had made a visit to him an unattractive proposition, then people would have thought that Dr. Pattabhi was a great Congress President. Dr. Pattabhi obviously does not care much for being regarded as great if it involves being inhuman.

Atticus, writing deridingly in his column "Day by Day of Men and Things"—which appears in the *Indian News Chronicle* and the *Express Group of Newspapers*—says: "Of all Congress Presidents, Pattabhi is the most mesmerized by his words." It would be a perfectly valid statement if someone had said, "Of all English dramatists, Shakespeare is the most mesmerized by his words." Atticus goes on: "Pattabhi Sitaramayya is handicapped by his own loquacity. He lacks the golden gift of silence. He has yet to learn that even politicians must occasionally, like children, be seen and not heard." I would much rather a politician speaks out his mind than that he cooks up some intrigue. It

always pays a politician if he keeps silent. But by frank speech alone can he serve others. A politician essentially engages in serving himself. It was Dr. C. E. M. Joad who recorded that there is no position which a man cannot get if he keeps silent. Joad had many chances of becoming a Professor at Oxford and Cambridge, but he always had a habit—like Dr.

Pattabhi—of speaking out his mind. And the Selection Board would turn him down as irresponsible. He therefore continues to be Professor at Birkbeck College, London. Dr. Pattabhi would probably have been a more successful politician if he had kept his mouth shut. But a real democrat is any day a better man than a successful politician.

A MADRAS DIARY

By CLIO

WHAT do they know of Madras who only Madras know? One day last week found me clambering up and down the hillocks near Tambaram. Then it was that I gazed at the landscape with new eyes. As I looked down from the height, the fields lay below in a perfect pattern of squares, as if students of geometry, who had turned agriculturists, were at work. The land itself was arid, with sparse crops struggling for existence in that rocky area.

The arm of the Madras Government, like that of law, is certainly long. In a hut near Tiruneermalai was found a group of statisticians inquiring into the owner's property in terms of cattle, land, and manure. Questions were also asked about the "plinth area" of the hut. The owner answered the enquiries willingly enough, but he was clearly at a loss to understand what they all meant. As for the women, they were undoubtedly fearful if not hostile.

Another woman whom we met was frankly hostile. We heard her telling a police officer that, if she were rich, she would not be harassed. This obviously had some reference to the notes which the important limb of law was taking down. Only a few minutes previous to this encounter, we heard a man seated in a shop inveighing against the Government. He was exclaiming that, while it was true that the Congress workers had suffered in the past, they had now attained satisfaction, as many of them were to be found rolling in limousines, whereas the poor had

always suffered and were continuing to suffer.

I notice with interest that a writer has declared that no student of "Addison or Sterne or Edgar Wallace" can fail to be pained by the growing journalistic tendency to drop the articles. Addison, of course, is a model of correct prose. Sterne too may be accepted, though with some qualms. But masters of the language will undoubtedly be astonished to find Edgar Wallace in this distinguished company. A legend printed on the yellow covers of his books (they all seem to have disappeared now) used to assert that "it is impossible not to be thrilled by Edgar Wallace". This was true enough; but his thrills lay in situations, never in perfection of language. To club together two masters of the leisurely eighteenth century and a popular writer of the hurrying and frantic twentieth as examples of correct language appears to be indiscriminate, if nothing else.

It was a noble sight that was witnessed on the Marina on the evening of September 19, when a walking competition was held in honour of Sir Lionel Horwill's birthday. It is astonishing to realise that this meet was the first of its kind. Here, as in many other walks of life, lawyers have taken the lead. Apparently walking is in the legal blood. Comparative youth was served, for a gentleman aged 46 triumphantly prevailed over another aged 54 to attain a walking-stick. It is good to know that three more such competitions have been arranged.

INDO-CHINESE GOODWILL AND NEIGHBOURLINESS

THE arrival in India of General Yuan Chung-Hsien, the Ambassador of the People's Republic of China, and the presentation of credentials by him to President Rajendra Prasad, opens a new chapter in the several thousand years old history of Indo-Chinese relations.

According to Dr. Prabodh Chandra Bagchi (whose "INDIA AND CHINA," published by Hind Kitabs, is a fascinating historical chronicle), "the story of the first contact between India and China is mixed up with legend." Historically unconfirmed legends have it that the Buddhist missionaries from India made their first appearance in China as early as 217 B. C. So far as historical records are concerned, however, it was in the year 65 A. D. that the first Indian (Buddhist) missionaries arrived in China.

"THE GOLDEN MAN"

It is interesting to recall the occasion along with the legend associated with it:

"It is said that the Emperor Ming of the Han dynasty saw a golden man in a dream. On learning from his courtiers that it was the Buddha, he sent ambassadors to the West (i.e. India) to invite Buddhist missionaries to China. The ambassadors brought with them two Buddhist monks, both of whom were Indian, named Dharmaraksa and Kasyapa Matanga. The two missionaries had with them a white horse laden with sacred texts and relics. The first monastery built for them in the capital at the Imperial order came to be known as *Po-ma-sse* (The White Horse Monastery) in memory of the horse. The two monks are said to have lived in China for the rest of their lives, translating Buddhist texts into Chinese and preaching Buddhism among the people."

Ever since then, the Indo-Chinese relations have been peaceful and based on common concepts of humanity and culture as symbolised by the Buddha who

came to be venerated even more in China than in the land of his birth.

Incidentally, quite apart from the overland exchange of pilgrims through Central Asia, India had trade relations with South-Western China through Assam and Burma as early as the second century B. C. The *Mahabharata* which substantially is a compilation of about the same period, refers to China as *Cina*—a Sanskrit adaptation of the name "Ts'in" that was given to China under the Ts'in dynasty.

THE ROAD IS LONG...

The names Fa-Hien and Hsuan-Tsang—two of the many Chinese pilgrims—who travelled to India in the fourth and seventh centuries A. D.—are well-known even to school-boys reading history. Our history books, however, seldom reveal the important fact that this was a two-way traffic and that Indian travellers—monks and merchants—also were making the journey to China, overland across the mountains, or in ships by the sea route round the Malay peninsula. There is also a definite record of a regular exchange of Ambassadors in the seventh century A. D. between the Chinese Emperor and King Harsha of Kanauj. Mr. K. M. Pannikar and General Yuan Chung-Hsien are only carrying on a tradition that is at least fourteen centuries old—though some may add that the position now is reversed and that the golden man has now appeared in China and that the new Mahabodhi tree now grows in Peking!

General Yuan Chung-Hsien is reported to have presented Pandit Nehru with a pair of *cloisonne* vases sent to him "with respects" by the Prime Minister of China, General Chou En-lai.

This also is a renewal of an ancient Asiatic tradition of exchange of gifts. Dr. Bagchi records in his book how in 652 A. D. the monks of Mahabodhi-vihara in Middle India sent a

letter to Hsuan-Tsang in the course of which they said: "We are all sending you a pair of white clothes to show that we are not forgetful. The road is long. So do not mind the smallness of the present. We wish you may accept it. As regards the Sutras and Sastras which you may require, please send us a list. We will copy them and send them to you. This is all that we want to inform you. This is for conveying to you from a distance our loving thoughts." And when Hsuan-Tsang wrote back he expressed similar sentiments regarding the gifts he sent: "I am sending some small articles as present. Please accept them. The road is long and it is not possible to send much. Do not disdain it."

Between China and India the road is long, indeed, and has been made more difficult by years of inertia, complacency and prejudice, fostered by imperialism in both the countries. But resolute men of spirit and ambassadors of goodwill, all the way from Fa-Hien to Yuan Chung-Hsien from Dharmaraksa to Pannikar, have walked over this road and maintained a link between the two countries.

Those traditions of Indo-Chinese goodwill and good-neighbourliness, of exchange of knowledge and mutual tolerance, need to be revived in the context of present day conditions. The exchange of Ambassadors is but a symbol, a gesture; the real need is for a living, closer contact between the people of these two great and ancient lands. For India and China represent not only the two oldest surviving cultures but also nearly half of the human race and must unite to work for Peace—the ideal which they have shared for two thousand years!

CHINA IN INDIA

The rousing reception which the Chinese community in India gave to the new Chinese Ambassador, both in Calcutta and in Delhi, has confirmed that the common people of China, abroad as well as at home, have enthusiastically accepted the new regime in China. Otherwise, it was open to them (like some of the well-to-do reactionary Chinese in U. S. A.) to disown the People's Republic, to claim the status of political refugees, and to continue to support the Chiang gang.

Symbolic of the Chinese people's

general reaction is the new flag of the People's Republic which has replaced the old Kuomintang flag on the Chinese School in Bombay.

The poor Chinese peddlers who were seen selling colourful paper toys on the streets of Bombay during the recent festivals looked more than usually cheerful. When I asked a boy of about fifteen (who goes to school and makes folding paper fans in his spare time) if he was happy about the new developments in his country, he smiled broadly and said, "Yes—yes—we have our own government now."

The emphasis he put on the word "own" was an indictment of Chiang and Kuomintang, and an endorsement of the Mao regime.

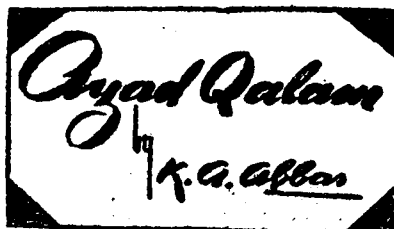
WHERE GENERALS ARE POETS!

Not much is known yet about the new Chinese Ambassador except that, from photographs published so far, one can see that he is an unassuming and cheerful soul. I remember Mr. Pannikar telling me, however, that General Yuan Chung-Hsien, like many other Chinese Communist Generals including Chu Teh, is a poet. The two Ambassadors got to know each other when General Yuan captured Nanking. Mr. Pannikar was one of the few foreign diplomats who stuck to their post of duty in Nanking and refused to flee the capital along with the Chiang regime. Thus Indo-Chinese diplomatic relations were established on a basis of personal and social level even before India formally recognized the new regime in China.

THE PREMIER OF CHINA

The mention of Chou En-lai, the Prime Minister of China who has sent the gift of aforesaid vases to our Prime Minister, prompted me to look up "Chungking Diary" by D. F. Karaka who is perhaps the only Indian journalist who has met and talked to the present Premier of China. This was during the war, of course, much before the Communists came to power, and Chou was then a sort of liaison officer to perform the highly delicate and ticklish task of maintaining contact between Kuomintang and Communist areas. Here, in part, are Karaka's impressions:

"He is young—too young to be a General... He appeared to be intensely real in his outlook.... Chou is a very unusual Red, very



calm and patient, never ruffled—unlike some Communist in other parts of the world! But his soul appeared to be perpetually restless.... Chou is sincere—of that there is no doubt in my mind. He is also one of the most sympathetic persons I have met for quite a long time. He is very humble and this is a great quality. He is gallant like a well-bred Frenchman. Every time I got him to speak on the relative position of the Communists and Kuomintang, he always gave me a very balanced view of the whole position. I noticed more than once that he spoke of the other side with deference and great respect. Chou is very friendly.... He has a great sense of humour...."

Coming from a journalist who is not even remotely pro-Communist, this is a rare tribute, indeed, to a man who, along with Mao Tse-Tung and Chu Teh, leads and rules the New China. One can be sure that India—and her Nehru—could be very good friends with China—and her Chou!

By the way, this reminds me that, in the context of China's war of resistance against Japan, Pandit Nehru wrote in *The National Herald*, on the eve of his departure for China in 1939:

"The news agencies feed us with news of Europe and of what Herr Hitler says or Mr. Neville Chamberlain denies. We hear little about China except that an air raid has taken place and there have been hundreds or thousands of casualties. It is one of our many unfortunate disabilities that we depend almost entirely for our foreign news service on a British agency which looks at news not from our point of view, but definitely from the British Imperialist viewpoint.... Meanwhile, real world news for which we hanker is denied to us.... So we hear little in India about China.... (And yet) there is no lack of news if only we can get it, for China today is news in every sense of the word."

Eleven years later, the situation is much the same—the "foreign news service" tells us much of what Mr. Truman says or Mr. Acheson denies but very little of the interesting and

dynamic happenings in China. Will Pandit Nehru's government provide necessary facilities to Indian correspondents to report on the New China? And thereby hangs a tale. But more of that in due course!

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"LONDON: The House of commons tonight approved without a division the Government's 3,000 million sterling rearmament plans including the extension of conscription from 18 months to two years."

"LONDON: Britain, wearied by 11 years of shortages, world's highest taxes and export of its luxury goods, was told by the Minister for Economic Affairs that the new rearmament programme would put it back in economic trouble again."

"LONDON: A British soldier was sentenced to two months jail here for shouting anti-war slogans outside an American Services' Club in London. Police witnesses said the soldier Monty Goodman, 18, was one of the crowd who collected outside the club shouting "down with the Yanks," "no more war for dollars" and "it is the Yanks who started this."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"TRIVANDRUM: A food train "apparently diverted by mistake" to a wrong destination appears to be the cause of the acute food scarcity in the Travancore-Cochin State. An official hand-out said the Government was making arrangements to get this consignment...."

"JULLUNDUR: "There are only 93,000 refugees still living in the camps, according to latest reports of the Rehabilitation (Urban) Department, and of these only 20,000 are still left without roofed shelter."

"TEZPUR (Assam): An old woman, declared to be a witch by a Panchayat, it is alleged, was murdered by a batch of labourers in Bahipukuri tea gardens. It was stated that the woman was presented before a "Panchayat" to prove that she was not a witch and that she was not responsible for the death of four children of labourers. After hearing her, the "Panchayat" declared her to be a witch and was murdered by the persons assembled."

LAND POLICY OF ALL INDIA REPUBLICAN PARTY

SECRETARY'S STATEMENT

THE following statement embodying the land policy of the All India Republican Party is sent to us for publication by the secretary of the party, Sri S. Ramanathan, who invites discussion from the public on the subject:

The function of land is to produce food for the people. Land tenure must therefore be looked at from the point of view of food production and not as a property right. The Republican Party will support all measures calculated to increase agricultural production however revolutionary they may be. The party at the same time is anxious to avoid academical controversies which may hinder production.

There are two controversies recently raised in regard to this matter which serve no useful purpose but upset the normal functioning of the industry of agriculture. The first controversy relates to the nationalisation of land. In this country, land always belonged to the King, that is, to the State or the people. Every interest in land was subordinate to the paramount interest of the State. That is the presumption behind all present day land tenures. There is therefore no immediate necessity to disturb the present basis of ownership on which the various interests in land are constructed. These interests will be valid and will be useful as long as they serve the needs of the people. They will have no validity the moment they cease to subserve the basic purpose of maximum food production. Any attempt by the State to take over all the land for direct cultivation will lead to utter disaster as most of the land will lie fallow while millions of people will die of starvation.

The second controversy relates to the slogan 'Land to the tiller.' This raises the question of the meaning of the word "tiller." Is the casual labourer who works for a few days on a piece of land and then migrates to another territory the tiller and therefore entitled to ownership of that piece of land in preference to another, call him landlord, mirasdar, tenant or

what you will, who has for many years conserved the soil on that piece of land, constructed bunds, irrigated it, drained it, manured it and in every-way improved that piece of land to yield in plenty? The tiller is one who toils. The toil may be in the shape of physical, mental or economic investment. Ownership belongs to one who undertakes the responsibility to make the land yield the maximum produce. Therefore neither the landowner who merely rents out the land to others without playing any part in the process of agricultural production nor the idle peasant who cultivates a small plot in an indifferent manner and allows the soil to deteriorate, is entitled to recognition as the owner of the land. Land in the hands of indifferent overlords should be confiscated. Even so, land in the hands of the idle and neglectful peasants should be resumed by the State.

Judged by the above standard there are three lines of immediate action possible so as to enable the land to produce to its maximum capacity in this country:

1. All the bigger landholders who are merely parasites on the soil, who live away from the land in the cities and who use the land merely as a method of capital investment and collect rent from the toiling tenants, must be dispossessed of their land. The question of compensation for these bigger holders is relative to the time and circumstances under which the change is introduced. There is no injustice involved in nonpayment of compensation since land as a natural resource is the heritage of the people and should never have been abused as the means for the building up of monopolies. These bigger holdings are suitable for the formation of model farms conducted directly by the State for purposes of research, education, etc.

2. All the smaller peasants whose holdings are uneconomic must be consolidated into co-operative farms. These farms will have to be made economic by various measures of

State aid including exchange, consolidation and addition to their area from Government lands, etc. This process may take away a few families from the land and send them to seek employment in other industries. Such reductions in the number of land workers need not be deplored since even land workers must maintain a minimum level of life. There may also be periodical additions to the ranks of co-operative farmers from the ranks of industrial workers.

3. The vast bulk of land in this country is held by agriculturists in the middle category. They live on the soil and play active parts in the various processes of agriculture. Mostly they work the family size farms. These are the backbone of the country and to them belongs the vital responsibility of producing the food of the people. Any attempt to undermine their interests will have the immediate effect of reducing agricultural production. Unfortunately, the loose talks of Ministers and other responsible public men have already created a foreboding that the interests of the agriculturists are not safe. This has created an indifference which is largely responsible for the undoubted decrease in production. We have the peculiar phenomenon of the recent increase in the value of agricultural produce having created a decrease in the value of land. This decrease is a measure of the lack of confidence of the agriculturist in his future and this lack of confidence has automatically brought down production. In the interest of increased agricultural production, therefore, futile controversies should be stopped and every necessary change should be brought into effect within the minimum time possible without allowing a time lag to neutralise the effects of the proposed reform. So far as the middle class of peasant proprietors are concerned every attempt should be made to create in them a confidence

in their future so as to induce them to conserve the soil, to manure and otherwise to improve the land and to invest money to ensure maximum production. They must have assured markets, guaranteed prices and a land bank should provide them with cheap capital and credit. At present, it must be confessed, the producer has no guarantee of adequate return for his toil. Schemes for compulsory acquisition of the produce by the Government are often based on uneconomical prices and are taking away the incentive for an intensive drive for production. The producer has to toil against natural forces which are different for different areas and agricultural prices have to be fixed after giving due consideration for these variations. This all important block of middle peasants has to be permitted to work on capitalistic basis for some time to come if we are to avoid the disasters that overtook the Soviet Union during the long and painful period of the liquidation of the Kulaks. The continuance of the peasant proprietor as a capitalist entrepreneur involves the presence of landless labour as a contributory producer. Every step will have to be taken to ensure a minimum level of living for such labour including provision for housing, sanitation, education and other amenities.

The picture of the future of agricultural economy presented above may not satisfy the extremists of the left or of the right, but short of a bloody revolution or an equally disastrous period of famine and death for the millions it is impossible to think of any other alternative. While the land of the big landholders will be converted into State farms and the land of the poorer persons will be converted into co-operatives, the middle peasant will be given full opportunity for developing his resources and exercising his capacity to the maximum service of the people.

The decay of art in our time is not only due to the fact that the social function of the artist is not as important as in former days; it is due also to the fact that spontaneous delight is no longer felt as something which it is important to be able to enjoy. Among comparatively unsophisticated populations folk dances and popular music still flourish and something of the poet exists in very many men. But as men grow more industrialized and regimented, the kind of delight that is common in children becomes impossible in adults, because they are always thinking of the next thing, and cannot let themselves be absorbed in the moment.

GENERAL OF THE UNITED NATIONS

By ANDREW ROTH

AS the battered American bridgehead in South Korea, constricts toward the port of Pusan the question arises: Will General Douglas MacArthur have to dust off his flamboyant old slogan, "I shall return!" General MacArthur has, of course, proclaimed: "Our hold upon the south part of Korea represents a secure base." But the handsome Pacific hero has an old habit of mixing substantial achievements with unsubstantial rhetoric. If he was able to realize his famous "I shall return" he failed abysmally with his 1941 boast that the Japanese would never conquer the Philippines.

Observers report that the 70-year-old General has peeled off ten years since the Korean outbreak. Little wonder, for not only has the old soldier a chance to practise a much-loved art, but also to add a new chapter to that biography he expects every schoolboy of the next generation will be reading. Already the group of military sycophants who surround the lofty autocrat are refurbishing the MacArthur legend. "He's the greatest man alive," said Major-General E. M. Almond, his reverent Chief of Staff in July. He was quickly outdone by Air General G. E. Stratemyer, who intoned: "He's the greatest man in history!"

Unless history is written by people on MacArthur's staff or Hearst or Chicago *Tribune* journalists, there is likely to be quite a controversy over his stature. His overall military ability has been called into question by the present conflict. His reliance on extreme rightist sycophants like his German-born intelligence chief Major General Charles A. von Tscheppe-Weldenbach) Willoughby has resulted in the General being caught with his well-pressed pants down twice in a decade. Not only was there no adequate forewarning of the North Korean invasion but in 1941 the General was caught with all his planes on the ground when the Japanese attacked the Philippines upwards of six hours after their Pearl Harbour assault. General MacArthur's recent

tendency to defend too large a Korean bridgehead with too few troops is due to two other military weaknesses. He believes overmuch in the decisiveness of airpower. Furthermore, as an 'expert' on the 'Oriental mind,' he apparently anticipated that the appearance of a few hundred half-trained G. I.'s would throw a fright into the North Koreans.

General MacArthur has the conviction that he is America's greatest expert on Asian problems, because of his great experience in the East. Thus, he told the *Daily Mail's* G. Ward Price that he had succeeded in curbing the activities of the Soviet mission in Japan by a display of force which they respected as 'Orientals,' 'perhaps because the Russian mentality is as Oriental as it was in the days of Genghis Khan, and I have had 50 years' experience dealing with Orientals.'

Actually, General MacArthur's Asian experience is as colonial as that of any British Indian Army officer or senior French colonial official. After chalking up the highest marks in the history of West Point, America's military academy, young MacArthur started his first service in 1903 under his father who was Military Governor of the newly conquered Philippines. Young Douglas also served as U. S. military observer during the 1905 conflict between the colony-grabbing Russians and Japanese. Then he became military aide to jingoist President Theodore Roosevelt who advocated the "Big Stick" in dealing with weak Latin American neighbours.

General MacArthur's knowledge of what he calls the 'Oriental mind' comes largely from associating with upper class Filipino politicians and businessmen during his tours of duty in the Islands. After his retirement as U. S. Chief of Staff in 1935 he reorganised the Philippine Army and then retired in 1937 in conspicuous comfort on his small army pension and the wealth of his heiress-wife. It was from this command that he was

recalled as Far Eastern C-in-C six months before World War II began.

Wherever he has a free hand his actions show a heavily colonial slant. When he returned to the Philippines as the conquering hero in 1944, he threw all of his considerable weight into seeing that political power passed into the hands of his friends among the Filipino politicians who tend to be among the wealthy elements with close economic ties with the U. S. Among these friends General MacArthur overlooked well-documented charges of collaboration with the Japanese. As recently as last autumn, General MacArthur sent down word from Tokyo that he desired the reelection of President Elpidio Quirino, equally noted for his corruption and his pro-Americanism.

"White Mikado"

In becoming the "White Mikado" of Japan, General MacArthur has put into practice his theory that the 'Oriental mind' likes displays of pomp and power. In Japan, until the Korean invasion, General MacArthur led the incredibly conscribed life of an old-fashioned monarch, with little experience outside his well-guarded hillside mansion and his austere office on the sixth floor of the Dai Ichi building. His passage between the two in a long black Cadillac was made the occasion for a daily ceremony in which all traffic was stopped *en route* while his Praetorian Guard of specially-selected military policemen put on a display.

Much as a reigning monarch, General MacArthur deigned to receive important visitors and others who came to pay court. Unsure of an adequately royal reception in the U. S., he has not returned there in fifteen years despite repeated invitations from Congressional committees. But if Mohammed would not go to the mountain, the Military Air Transport Service has brought large batches of the mountain to Tokyo. Over the past five years scores of Senators, Congressmen and Government officials have made the pilgrimage.

Like an old-time absolute monarch, General MacArthur has tended to surround himself with fawning courtiers, attired in U. S. Army uniforms. In their eyes anyone who does not agree that all MacArthur conceptions are akin to divine judgment is auto-

matically guilty of some modern version of *lese majeste*. The most recent example is that of the *London Times'* Frank Hawley who was declared *persona non grata* because he had suggested that General MacArthur's befriending of big business and suppression of the Communists should not be confused with the promised "democratization" of Japan. Several American newsmen have had the experience of having General MacArthur's sycophants writing letters to their editors that they were "Communists" because they had written mildly critical articles. Agnes Smedley was smeared by General MacArthur's intelligence chief as a "Soviet spy" purely on the basis of pre-war Japanese police reports. This accusation and the accompanying witch-hunt further undermined her health and hastened her recent death in a nursing home in England.

Great Soldier

A North Korean plane buzzed General MacArthur's party during a recent visit to Korea. While the rest dived for cover, the self-confident commander stood aside in studied disdain. With General MacArthur it is difficult to tell where the *poseur* leaves off and the brave and able soldier begins. In World War I in which he was gassed and wounded and rose to Brigadier—he was described by the Secretary of War as America's best front-line general.

During World War II he was a bit more chary of his safety. His tendency to stay far behind the lines and to visit the front only when covered by enough fighter planes and a large battery of photographers earned him the irreverent nickname of "Dugout Doug".

Historians are still arguing over the amount of credit really due to him for the successful and arduous Pacific campaign of which he was the hero and symbol. The basic strategy of bypassing strongly-held Japanese islands was undoubtedly brilliant. But his military achievements were far outshone by his achievements in publicity. General MacArthur's glib publicists made him into the symbol of America's determination to win through, while other Pacific comman-

ders had to be satisfied with reflected glory.

U. N. General

It is a historic irony that the mantle of United Nations Commander should fall upon a general of such strongly nationalistic views. It is no accident that many of his lieutenants look upon the "Chicago Tribune" as their bible of Americanism. Although General MacArthur has enjoyed the title in Japan of SCAP ("Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers") his command has been run notoriously as a one-nation (U. S.) and one-man (MacArthur) show. British officials and businessmen have cursed about this privately but restrained themselves in public for fear of endangering the Anglo-American alliance.

An equally ironic note is the fact that although the General is technically Democratic President Truman's proconsul in Japan, actually he is the chief club with which the opposition Republican party has tried to batter the President.

The General's association with the right in American politics is a natural outcome of seventy years of association with the military, beginning with his birth in an Arkansas barracks. The autocratic strain which this developed in him was most clearly demonstrated by his famous dispersal of the "bonus marchers" in 1930. These were ex-servicemen who converged on the Washington of President Hoover to demand aid in the pit of the depression. General MacArthur, attired in all his medals, personally commanded the regular army units which dispersed them with unnecessary brutality. The General tends to be an American De Gaulle, without the opportunities offered to De Gaulle by France's wartime disintegration.

General MacArthur's extreme nationalism has made him the hero of the rightist super-patriots in the U.S. including, strangely enough, both the isolationist "Chicago Tribune" Republicans and the advocates of active intervention everywhere to fight Communism and win markets. These rightwing Republicans entered him the Wisconsin Republican primaries in 1948 where he fared very badly.

General MacArthur, himself, is

strictly an 'interventionist'. His philosophy was summed up recently by admiring David Sentner of Hearst's *New York Journal-American*: "America's destiny lies in the Far East. . . . A vast opportunity for trade and commerce dwarfing anything in our past history could be over the Pacific horizon. A billion people are hungering for American initiative and business enterprise."

In order to keep these areas out of Communist hands and preserve them for "American initiative" General MacArthur has consistently advocated alliances with anyone who will fight Communism. "What would do the most good right now," he told Sentner, "Would be a ringing announcement that we will support any and everyone in China and the Far East who is fighting Communism."

He has been very happy to make his trip to Formosa to confer with Chiang Kai-shek, although he might have forced Chiang to come to him. *Time* paraphrases him as telling visitors: "If we had dreamed that the Communists could take China, we would have swallowed Chiang Kai-shek, horns, cloven hooves and all—if that was the way we felt about him. Personally I have great respect for Chiang." He also has great respect for Korea's 'little Chiang' and not only flew over to see him installed but awaited President Syngman Rhee at the airport when he visited Tokyo.

To defend the status quo in the Far East, General MacArthur tends to approach Communist expansion in Asia as a purely strategic question, with social and diplomatic problems having no importance. "The international aspect of the Chinese problem has become somewhat clouded by demands for internal reform," he cabled Washington in March 1948. He has battled long and hard to take over Formosa on the assumption that American airpower needs the so-called "MacArthur line" of Japan-Okinawa-Formosa-Philippines to blast Communist power on the Asian continent. His proposal to take over Formosa was overruled by Truman in January.

Distant In-fighter

Although the General has an aloof air and has stayed away from Washington for fifteen years, this does not prevent his playing partisan politics

to secure reversals of Washington decisions such as that of Formosa. There is an informal division of labour, with General MacArthur persuading those who make the pilgrimage to Tokyo and the Republican rightwingers in Washington blasting the Democratic regime for being "soft on Communism" for not turning its Asian policy reins over to General MacArthur. This reached its height in the spring with a *de facto* "MacArthur-McCarthy Axis" in operation. Republican Senator Joseph McCarthy demagogically screamed ridiculous, blackmailing accusations that the State Department was over-run by varying numbers of "Communists" and "fellow-travellers" who were "selling-out" to the Communists in Asia. President Truman began to worry about the November elections.

Between the Soviets and Senator McCarthy, MacArthur has won his point. When the Soviet-backed North Koreans attacked, President Truman reacted not only as the leader of the anti-Communist coalition but as an American politician. With one eye on the November elections he kidnapped the Republican hero by appointing General MacArthur and assuming the defence of Formosa.

MacArthur's appointment to the U. N. command raises some incalculable possibilities. Although a life-long soldier he does not like to take orders, even from his nominal superiors. After trying some suggestions early in July, Washington defence chiefs finally asked him straight out: "Do you want any instructions?" His obdurate answer was a terse: "No".

This extreme self-confidence sparked the last war's best MacArthur joke. During the surrender ceremonies in Tokyo Bay, the talk goes, General MacArthur and Admiral Chester Nimitz were washed off the U. S. S. Missouri by a freak wave. After floundering around a bit, they clambered into an abandoned row-boat. Admiral Nimitz was trying, very unsuccessfully, to manipulate the oars when a rescue boat approached. Admiral Nimitz, pleased, said: "Douglas, I know that an Admiral doesn't have to know how to row, but it will cause a lot of laughter if it gets out. Will you keep it a secret?" MacArthur allegedly replied: "All right. I won't tell that you can't row a boat if you

keep it a secret that I can't walk on water."

The U. S. A. and the U. N. are therefore in the position of having a commander who wears their mantle but frequently acts on his own. Already General MacArthur has proclaimed floridly: "We are now in Korea in force, and with God's help, we are there to stay until the constitutional authority of the Republic is fully restored." Technically, this commits the U. S. and the U. N. to conquering North Korea which is part of the "authority" claimed by the South Korean constitution. It certainly would embarrass any mediation involving the shelving of the unpopular Syngman Rhee.

General MacArthur's favourite maxim is said to be: "There is no security on this earth. There is only opportunity." What represents "opportunity" to a 70-year-old military man with one eye on the history books may well complicate the re-establishment of security for the rest of the world.

LETTERS OF

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Arranged chronologically, with an Index

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Short Story

THE RETURN JILT

By S. KRISHNASWAMI RAO

A mischievous wind slapped into Mary as she rounded the forward deck of the liner. It tugged at her skirt and her hat. The hat happily rose from her head and sailed over the ocean.

The man leaning against the rail said, "You are the most inhibited person I have ever seen."

"What—inhibited—why?" Mary was trying to prevent her skirt from imitating an umbrella while her hair whipped into her eyes.

"You clutch your skirts with both hands while your hat flies into the ocean."

Mary gasped. "Come in out of the wind", she cried. "Inhibited, am I? As we seem to be so sociable, stranger! my life is pretty well cracked up because I am not inhibited!"

The "stranger" threw back his head and roared with laughter. Mary looked up at him speculatively. "It is the first time you have laughed in eight days," she said.

"What do you mean?" He stopped laughing abruptly.

"I mean you have not smiled even once since you came on board—and now you shout with mirth? Do I appear so funny?"

"Well, quite funny, talking about a cracked up life at your age and looking like a poster of radiant youth. Well, but what do you care whether I have smiled or not?"

"Did I say I cared? It is merely scientific interest with me. For eight days I have watched you, unceasingly, undevotedly; and I have named you, 'The Man with a Secret Wound'. Good God! I have done a good deed for the day. Making you laugh."

"Do it some more," he suggested. "It feels grand."

As they walked along the covered deck, Mary felt the glow of exultation which comes from an unexpected victory. On her first day at sea she had decided the tall man was the only possible cavalier on board. But the tall man evidently had a mind of his

own. He came on board alone and alone he stayed.

Now, at the end of the voyage, after she had given all hope, here she was walking into the smoking room with her man of mystery. Seated opposite to him, she realised that he was older than she had thought. Then she observed that he, in turn, was appraising her and to cover up her embarrassment snatched a handful of potato chips.

"Very rough crossing, is it not?" She asked brightly.

"The other passengers seem to think so," he replied. "Glad to be going home?"

"Good Lord! No!" She shouted.

"Then why go back?" He was filling tobacco into his pipe with great attention.

"All my money is gone. Further, I will have to face the music sometime; it might as well be now."

"My child," he said, "You sound as if you were wanted for murder—or forgery at the very least."

Mary smiled, but half-heartedly. "The trouble is I am not wanted—for anything. And I wish you would not talk as though I were six years old. I feel a hundred."

"You know, you interest me," he said. "You have not acted as though you had a secret sorrow. You have romped and laughed—but you are very unhappy."

"Are you a mind reader?"

"No. It is your eyes. You don't smile with them—only your mouth. But you were wrong about me. I am not unhappy. I am just a congenital crab."

"Nonsense," said Mary. "If you are, you are the soft shelled kind."

He roared with laughter a second time.

"You see," she said smugly, "I am very good for you. Give me time and I will effect a complete cure."

"Well, if you think I am in need of a cure, I expect I am. But I am much more interested in the case of Mary Bates."

"You know my name?"

"Don't be naïve. Of course I do".

"But I don't know yours. You are David Taylor, or Leonard Fabucals—the only two names on the passenger list that I have not placed. I think neither suits you."

"I am Colin Gorton," he said, "and my name is not on the passenger list because I took over a friend's room at the last moment."

"Not *that* Colin Gorton who..."

"Well, Well! the child reads the papers."

"Yes," she said, "and you wrote a book."

"Oh! Don't tell me you bought that copy they sold. If you waded through that book, you are not the girl I took you for. What do you do?"

"What do you think I do?"

"Spend your time looking lovely and enjoying the effect you produce."

"Thanks," said Mary. "That is the impression I try to create, in my leisure moments. I am really a poor working girl—secretary to Mrs. Edward Webster. She stood me this trip, the darling."

"You probably earned it."

"Oh! No" Mary began eagerly. "I—" she stopped. "Mrs. Webster thought I needed a change."

"Won't you tell me about it? It may help to talk to some one who doesn't know you too well—ships that pass in the night." Mary was silent. Gorton spoke again. "I don't want to be a nuisance, but I wish you'd tell me what it is all about."

"Well," she said, "I don't want to go home because 'I've been jilted.'"

"Jilted!" the man repeated incredulously.

"Jilted, rejected—anything you like. I was to be married last month to a man I'd known all my life. A biggish wedding with all the trimmings—but Alfred is that way."

Colin Gorton was looking at her and his deep-set eyes were very kind. "Poor little kid," he said. "Did you care so much?"

Mary blew her nose. "Oh, yes—Alfred is fine. I never loved anyone else, but I do wish he hadn't waited until the bridesmaids were selected before he decided he could nicely manage without me. It's very humiliating."

"If you had changed your mind, you wouldn't think that Alfred should hang his head."

"No, men don't," she said.

"Neither do women if they have the right stuff in them."

"That's easy to say," she answered quickly.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be sententious. Tell me, was there anything special—why did Alfred call things off?"

"Oh! I speak to people in trains and buses, and take off my hat in public and talk out of turn. I expect I'm pretty uninhibited, Mr. Gorton—but Alfred had plenty of time to find that out."

"Oh, you're just human. Alfred is probably so inhibited he's tied into knots. The contrast must make him squirm."

Mary dabbed at her nose, that had grown slightly pink. "You're very comforting" she said. "Funny for a man with such a forbidding exterior."

"Really," said Mr. Gorton, "you *do* talk out of turn. But you like your work. Don't you?"

"Oh, it's grand—but, it is not a career."

"You can make it one, if you buck up. Forget about Alfred and all that mythical humiliation. Get your teeth in your job and stick to it. You've got youth, personality, brains and looks. I won't say anything about the other fish in the sea but—"

"You'd better not!" she interrupted. "I'll never marry, if I live to be hundred."

"At that age, few women do!"

"I suppose the only thing that would restore my self-confidence would be to bring off a big, fine, public jilt of my own."

"Well, why not?"

"Why not what?" she asked.

"Why don't you get yourself engaged to some estimable young man, then throw him over?"

"How could I play a rotten trick like that! How would you like to be jilted?"

"I? Oh, I should hate to lose the girl if I loved her, but the jilting wouldn't bother me a bit."

"That you say because it had never happened to *you*. You'd feel like an absolute worm, take my word for it." Mary looked at her watch. "It's late, and I have to pack and change for dinner."

"Run along then," he said.

"Thanks for the cocktail and everything. Shall I see you to-night?" She

rushed on. "I know you don't dance."

"Perhaps", he said non-committally. Mary's ears burned as she turned away. Then she stuck her round chin in the air. That was part of this nascent inferiority complex. Mr. Gorton hadn't meant to snub her. He was just a self-contained man who didn't involve himself if he could avoid it. He had talked straight from the shoulder—they understood each other.

II

The people at Mary's table had one great bond—a vast interest in one another's affairs. Miss Elsie opened fire. "I see the distinguished stranger has thawed out."

"What's that? What's that?" rasped Mr. Edward Click, the middle-aged bachelor who fancied himself a Lothario.

"I saw that Mr. Gorton having a drink with our Miss Bates before dinner."

"Gorton?" asked the typewriter salesman. "Some fellow did tell me that Colin Gorton was on board. A great fellow, that Gorton."

"Why do you call him great?" asked Mary.

"Don't you know? He's the economist who's been driving all the politicians crazy. He wrote a marvellous book that made the other high brows look like school kids."

"Isn't he that tall sad-looking man?" asked Mrs. Pocket. "He is awfully handsome in a funny way."

Mary laughed, "What a lovely description!"

"Well," said Mr. Click, "he is one of the biggest men in the country. If he'd go in for politics, Gorton would have a brilliant career."

As Mary was sipping her coffee, a page boy laid a note on the table.

She read: "When you've finished, will you come and dance with me? I am waiting at the door of the lounge, Colin Gorton."

Mary finished her coffee, managed a few pleasant words, and wandered out of the room to discover what an economist knew about dancing. The first thing she realised was that Colin Gorton was taller than he looked, and that he didn't dance a bit like an economist.

She looked up at him. "I didn't know you called in for this".

"I don't really like to dance," he said. "But I had to lure you out. I've a big idea to discuss with you."

She sighed. "All right—but it seems a pity."

He laughed. "We'll dance together often enough if my idea clicks."

"Where can we talk?" said Mary. They ploughed into the wind, up the narrow stairway to the top-deck and dropped, breathless, into two waiting chairs. He tucked a rug round her. "Comfortable?" he asked.

"Divinely," breathed Mary, relaxed and glowing.

"This idea is mine," he said. "It's pretty cockeyed, but you can blame yourself. You said the cure for your state of mind would be a big, fine, public jilt of your own. Well, I can make that possible."

"How?" gasped Mary.

"We could announce our engagement," he said, slowly, "and you could chuck me, with sound and music, after a couple of weeks."

There was no word from Mary. He spoke again. "I told you it was cockeyed, but you suggested it—unconsciously, when you asked me how I'd like being jilted?"

Mary found her voice. "But, *why*—what makes you want to do this for me? You hardly know me."

"Eccentric—I'm that way. I like you for being human. If it's going to help you, I'm yours to jilt! At the moment, I'm basking in popular favour, and you can show your public you have a minor celebrity at your feet. It'll make you independent when you work your big, fine jilt."

Mary began. "I couldn't..." Her voice broke. "Damn, I can't find my bag..."

"Take this," he said and thrust a large handkerchief into her hand. To Mary's horror, her shoulders began to heave, her breath came in little catches, and tears kept right on rolling. She kicked off the steamer rug and ran over against a friendly smoke stack. The tears came faster. She felt an arm round her shoulders. Her face was turned towards a white shirt-front, while an awkward hand stroked her hair.

She leaned against the stiff bosom of the shirt. Its harshness was comforting. The arm across her shoulders, warm and strong, tightened protectively. Slowly her sobs trailed off into silence. She looked up at

him. He was smiling but his eyes were grave.

"I'm a liar," she said. "That books of yours—I never read it."

Gorton chuckled. "Very few people did. Well, let's go down and have another dance. If my plan is objectionable please forget it."

"But it is not. It is too incredibly sweet." Mary hesitated, then met his eyes squarely. "Mr. Gorton, why do you want to do this? There is nothing in it for you."

"There's your friendship, I hope—and the nice smug feeling that I've helped you out of a tight place."

"I—I couldn't do it. The publicity would hurt you."

"It would roll off me like the proverbial water. Listen, Mary Bates, if that's your only objection, you may consider yourself engaged."

"But, Mr. Gorton..."

"Colin to you. And we'll have no more argument to-night, Mary. I'm going to see you safely to your room. A good sleep won't do you any harm."

III

Next morning, when Mary had passed through quarantine inspection, she climbed to the boat deck, opened the wrinkled radiogram. She was clutching and read it for the tenth time. There was so little there, only: "Welcome home—Alfred". He had radioed, although she had never expected to hear from him again. It was his olive branch.

She was thinking of Colin Gorton and his extravagant suggestion proffered with such nonchalance, when she heard his voice. "Mary!" His head and shoulders appeared at the top of the companion way. "I've been combing the ship for you. Come on down. They are waiting."

"Who is waiting?" asked Mary absently, thinking that he had never looked so vital.

"Come along", he replied, tucking her arm in his. "They're growing restive".

On the deck below, Mary saw a group of men who had evidently come aboard from the cutter.

"Who're they?" she asked.

Gorton grasped her arm firmly. "They're the reporters waiting to meet the future Mrs. Gorton".

Mary gasped. "But I told you I couldn't..."

The journalists encircled her. Someone had just greeted them with

some very fine linen goods. They took pictures of Mary looking up adoringly at Gorton. They took pictures of Gorton and Mary looking adoringly at each other. Then they departed to drink.

Mary looked at Gorton. "I think we're both insane".

"Don't think", he said. "This is my party. Look! The gangplank's down".

Only a sparse crowd had assembled to watch the docking of the big liner. Mary passed through the custom's men in record time. Her bags were swept away before Colin Gorton and his numerous fellows, under the letter G, were half through their examination.

IV

Installed in her little flat, Mary opened a telegram which the porter had handed her.

"Tried to meet you but was detained. So happy to have you back again. Margaret Webster".

Mrs. Webster was an angel! She must be told the truth about Colin Gorton. Suddenly Mary remembered that her own telephone number was not in the book. Her new fiancé would have no idea where to find her. Probably the best way out of an awkward situation. Newspapers had short memories and the whole episode would be forgotten if she lay low for a few days.

She wandered round the little rooms straightening etchings that didn't need straightening. She sorted out the trifles she had brought as gifts for friends, tying them with gay cord. Then she had a leisurely bath. She saw it was only one o'clock.

She flung herself on the bed and tried to sleep. She was wondering if Alfred would call her soon, when the telephone rang. But it was not Alfred's voice. Its timbre evoked a stir of pleasant memories. Mary felt she had not recognised before what a very nice voice it was.

"Sherlock Holmes had nothing on you", she told Gorton.

It was simple, he said. He had rung up her employer, Mrs. Webster, and obtained Mary's address.

He then suggested that they should have dinner together. Mary said it was impossible, and then couldn't think of a single reason why. Gorton said he'd call for her at seven. Mary said they would better drop the whole

matter and not meet again. Gorton said she'd got engaged to him and she'd have to stay engaged for a decent length of time. Mary inquired what was a decent length of time, for a bogus engagement, and Gorton said that could be discussed at dinner. Then he rang off.

Mary sat very still, thinking about Colin Gorton. A strange man, she decided, to be set on making a fool of himself for a girl he scarcely knew—and hadn't fallen for, either. Why, she had clung to him hard on the top deck, under an elusive moon, and he had never kissed her. But she'd never wanted anyone but Alfred to kiss her, so it was just as well. She wondered what she would say when Alfred telephoned. She decided she wasn't capable of coping with him at the moment and she pulled on her coat and rushed out of the flat to do a little shopping.

Later, when Mary had put on her best evening frock, a corsage of gardenias arrived with a card bearing the single word Gorton. As she was pinning on the flowers, the bell rang again. Gorton had said seven, and it lacked fifteen minutes of the hour. She opened the door. Alfred Stones stood on the threshold.

"Oh!" she gasped, "it's you! You might have telephoned first!"

"Mary, Mary," he said, his hands on her shoulders. "Don't talk like that! I had to see you! And I was afraid if I telephoned you'd put me off!"

"You wanted to be the first to wish me luck", said Mary, gathering her flying wits. "That was nice of you".

"I came because I love you, Mary! I was insane to think I could get on without you. I knew it the moment you'd sailed. Look here, this Gorton business—I just heard of it—it's ridiculous".

"Ridiculous?" Mary repeated coldly.

"Yes—you don't really know the man, and you and I were brought up together. You'd make a grand wife for me, Mary, if you'd only try a little harder to be like other girls".

"If you think other girls are so right, why don't you marry one?" she suggested dispassionately.

The bell rang again. "Because I love you" said Alfred.

Mary released the latch of the outside hall door. "But I am engaged

to Colin Gorton," she said in a clear voice, opening the door.

"A name to conjure with," Gorton called as he ran up the stairs.

"Darling," she cried, "Alfred Stones is here—to congratulate us." Behind Alfred's back, she signalled Colin that he had walked in on a situation.

Gorton and Alfred faced each other. Mary's heart thumped.

"How do you do?" Alfred said formally, putting out his hand.

Colin Gorton clasped it warmly. "I've heard a lot about you. It's nice of you to wish us luck."

Alfred's colour deepened. "But I don't—that is, I didn't. That isn't why I came here, Mr. Gorton."

Colin looked politely interested. "No?" he said.

Alfred continued, "You probably know Mary and I were engaged. Then we broke it off. I want her to marry me."

Mary's teeth clamped down on her lower lip. The brazen effrontery of the man! "We broke it, Alfred?" she asked.

"Well I may have indicated that I didn't think we were too well suited for marriage."

Gorton had dropped into a chair. He took out his pipe. Mary leaned against the mantel-piece. Her face was burning.

Gorton addressed Alfred. "And you've changed your mind, Mr. Stones? You think now that you and Mary should marry."

"Yes, Mr. Gorton, I do. You must realize that Mary and I grew up together. We have the same friends, the same interests. We're—excuse me—we're about the same age. We..."

Colin stopped him. "What does Mary think?"

Mary was thinking that the illustrious Colin Gorton would never do on the stage. As an actor, he was the perfect Presiding Justice—only the jury was missing. Well she couldn't say that, and she had to say something.

"Alfred knows that you and I are engaged," she answered simply.

"Yes, I do," said Alfred, "and I also know about moonlight on the ocean. Mary's a very attractive girl, but she ought to have more sense," he declared. "You probably kissed her and..."

"He has never kissed me," cried Mary.

Alfred paused, stymied for a moment. "Well, that's of no consequence, Mr. Gorton. I love Mary, and I can make her happy. Won't you give her the chance?"

Colin Gorton blew a cloud of smoke and his eyes followed its spread. Then he said, slowly, "Didn't Mary tell you that we're not really engaged?"

"Gorton!" she exclaimed.

"Not engaged?" said Alfred. "I don't understand."

"Mary and I 'arranged' an engagement for publicity purposes. At the end of a few weeks I was to be jilted."

"Oh!" said Alfred, colouring deeply, "if that's the case...."

"It's the case. Now, as there is no further need for the engagement, Mary will release me. How about it, Mary Bates?"

Mary Bates looked over Colin's head at an infinitesimal crack in the wall. "Of course," she said, and she hoped her voice sounded cold and remote. "It was a silly idea and I'm glad we're all washed up."

Alfred crossed to her side and looked down at her. "And you will marry me, Mary; we'll forget this nonsense."

"Marry you?" she asked. "I don't love you, Alfred—and I don't think I ever did," she added thoughtfully.

"But Mary you said...."

"Listen, Alfred—I don't care what I said. I've changed my mind. You should find that easy to understand. You have changed yours once or twice. I'll never marry you. Never."

Alfred flinched and moved back a step. Colin Gorton rose and walked over to where she stood. "Mary," he said, "now that our pseudo-engagement is broken, will you marry me?"

Mary looked into his deep-set eyes. She liked what she saw there, but there was still a question in her mind that had to be answered. "Why didn't you kiss me last night?" she asked.

"I didn't want to make it too hard for myself when you handed out your big, fine jilt."

IN THE SERVICE OF SCIENCE

By P. C. BANDYOPADHYAY

THE present trend of scientific research in India was inspired by the British officers of the East India Company and later of the British administration in India. Of the latter many were amateurs according to the modern standard. They came from the judiciary, army and other services. In 1784, the Asiatic Society (now Asiatic Society of Bengal) was founded by Sir William Jones. He was a judge of the Supreme Court and is the pioneer indologist having deciphered the Asokan edicts in the Brahmi and Khorosthi scripts. The Society had its own publication, *Asiatic Researches*, from 1788 which was supplemented from time to time by the journals, *Gleanings in Science* (1829-31), *Indian Review* and the *Journal of Foreign Science* (1834-47). The early contributions were mostly in the field of biology by the surgeon-naturalists with the ships and expeditionary forces. The first original scientific paper by an Indian was published in 1887 and it consisted of a series of three important mathematical papers by Asutosh Mukheradhyay. He later took to law, became the Chief Justice of the Calcutta High Court for some time and the most remarkable Vice-Chancellor of any university in India. His genius and broad vision made the Calcutta University the pioneering centre for research manned fully by Indians. Asutosh published nine more papers on differential equations in the *Journal* during 1888-90 and his example bore fruit. Many others of his countrymen contributed to this *Journal* instead of sending papers to foreign journals. Unfortunately we have even now many of our scientists who develop a superior sense of vanity by having papers published in foreign periodicals, the common plea being wider circle of readers, though they fail to see that they perpetuate a vicious circle. Practically in all specialised subjects there is now at least one periodical published in India, and these periodicals are generally abstracted by the abstracting services in foreign countries. The best way to draw attention is to send worthy papers to journals in one's own country. A recent survey by the

UNESCO South Asia Science Co-operation Office has found more than 150 scientific periodical publications. These of course include monthly, bimonthly, quarterly, half-yearly and annual issues and the contents vary from very technical treatment to a general introduction to one or more subjects. J. C. Bose, scientist-philosopher, whose physical researches with electric waves led to a search for one living process in the animal and plant kingdoms published one of his earliest papers on the behaviour of electric rays in 1895. All the present Government scientific surveys owe their knowledge to the contributions of the members of the Asiatic Society. The Indian Museum was started with the Society's collections.

Earlier Societies

Contemporary with these activities, in Madras a society called the Madras Literary Society and Auxiliary of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland was founded in 1833. It started the *Journal of Literature and Science* which in the following year was called *Madras Journal of Literature and Science* but in 1894 it ceased publication after an irregular record. In Calcutta, the Agricultural Society of India was founded in 1820 and three years later became the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India and now it is the Agri-Horticultural Society of India, with extensive gardens. It publishes a very modern *Garden-News-Sheet* which has descended from the earlier elaborate *Transactions*. The Bombay Natural History Society is another institution which is still active. It has contributed much by its *Journal* and monographs and books to the present knowledge about nature and wild life. It was founded in 1883.

By the turn of this century, specialised societies began to grow and we have now more than 50 learned bodies devoted to one or other particular subject. Over these specialised societies there are three bodies of the national academy type—the Indian Academy of Science at Bangalore, the National Institute of Sciences at Delhi

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and the National Academy of Sciences at Allahabad. The Indian Academy has C. V. Raman as its soul and Raman's immediate presence has maintained a clock-like regularity of its proceedings. The National Institute enjoys consultative status with the Government of India.

Research Centres

The Indian Association for the Cultivation of Science was founded in 1876 to infuse scientific spirit in the people by arranging public lectures and also supplementary demonstrations to normal college course. Its basic idea was to have a bigger dose of science in our general education which may ultimately reflect on the country's industrialisation. When C. V. Raman was appointed Palit Professor of Physics at the Calcutta University he began to develop the Association headquarters as his personal laboratory and his researches into the Raman Effect were carried out here with a small spectroscope in a dark room. The atmosphere created by Raman transformed it into a full-fledged research institution. It enjoys besides the old endowments (initially collected from private individuals by Dr. Mahendra Lal Sircar) a grant from the Union Government and has departments of both physics and chemistry with a number of professors devoted exclusively to research in each of the branches. It is soon shifting to a new site a few miles from Calcutta with commodious laboratory space.

J. C. Bose, while carrying on his researches on response of plants to external stimulus, felt the need of a more congenial atmosphere. He retired from his appointment in the Educational Service, collected money from his friends and acquaintances and founded the Bose Research Institute in 1917 in Calcutta. Its main line of investigation is into the seemingly separative line between the living and the so-called non-living elements of nature. The problem is studied from diverse angles and so there are zoologists, botanists, chemists, physiologists, and physicists. They have also taken up current threads of research in physics and chemistry. It receives now grants from the Union Government.

The Indian Institute of Science at Bangalore owes its origin primarily

to the efforts of J. N. Tata and it has been receiving grants from the Mysore and Indian Governments. It is both a training centre in advanced studies and a research centre. Some people say that it has expanded beyond the objective of its founder in the sense that the founder was keen on having its activities centered on industrial expansion of the country. The Institute has added to its departments of physics, chemistry, biochemistry, power engineering, aeronautical engineering, two sections on industrial psychology and industrial management.

The Raman Research Institute at Bangalore is another example of a one-man effort. Raman, after retiring from the Indian Institute of Science, has been able to collect money for a building for his Institute, the land having been provided by the Mysore Government. It has a large collection of diamonds, whose properties and structure are now under his investigation.

Another notable private effort is the Indian Statistical Institute at Calcutta. It has initiated research into statistical methods and undertaken statistical studies on behalf of Governments and private bodies.

Birbal Sahni is another scientist who initiated the Institute of Palaeobotany at Lucknow. This specialised institution is at present the only one of its kind in the world. The whole school was Sahni's creation. It is a pity he died immediately after the Institute was formally opened. Mrs. Sahni, the present director, is now trying to bring international experts to make the Institute an international centre.

Along with Sahni, Nihatan Shai, Professor of Chemistry in Allahabad, has set an example by donating all his savings to the cause of science—for agricultural studies at the Calcutta University and for an institute of soil science (in memory of his wife) at Allahabad.

Two industrial concerns have come into the present-day picture in fathering two centres of physical research. The Tatas placed their resources with Dr. H. J. Bhabha to organize the Tata Institute for Fundamental Research at Bombay and unlike other similar Indian institutions, it could start with a great amount of

loving care and financial support. Bhabha, being the Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, is building it up as a material centre for fundamental studies.

Mr. Sarabhai of Ahmedabad has a son who is a physicist and was for some time a close associate with Bhabha when the latter came back to India after his important work on a new behaviour of the cosmic rays. Vikram Sarabhai has initiated the Physical Research Laboratory at Ahmedabad. In these two cases the interests of the two individual physicists have given the initial drive to these research centres.

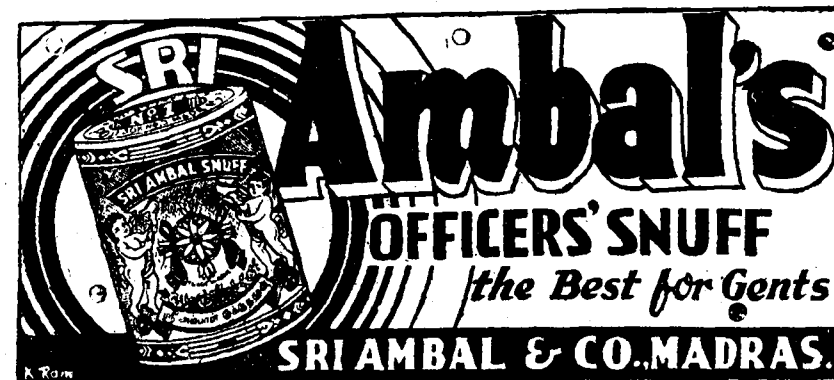
In the past few decades there have been a large number of benefactors to universities and the lead was given by Palit and Ghose, lawyers of Calcutta, and Guruprasanna Singh of Khaira (Punjab) in favour of the Calcutta University. Poona is a traditional home of many educational endowments and in science recently the Law Society brought into being the Maharashtra Association for the Cultivation of Science, which works on the lines of the similar association in Calcutta. In Madras the Annamalai University and the projected Electrochemical Research Institute (one of the chain of national laboratories) are entirely due to the munificence of two individuals. They are the Raja of Chettinad and Dr. Alagappa Chettiar.

Two of the national laboratories have also been financed handsomely by the Tatas, one at Poona, the National Chemical Laboratory, and the other at Jamshedpur, the National Metallurgical Laboratory.

Benefits To Industries

Industries have thrived where science has been given the proper place. Langmuir received his Nobel Prize while working at the G. E. C. laboratory and that country has been the greatest benefactor to science and science has also rewarded back in bigger and better productions and more dividends. There is a mistaken idea amongst influential people that scientific workers should be just like a few more gadgets in the factories and they are not true to their vocation if they are not some sort of penny-in-the-slot operation. Their value is gauged by the amount of extra output that has resulted on their employment. Or if any industrialist considers himself more enlightened, he will ask for proof of work in printed paper. Many forget that readymade solutions are not in the way of scientific research. A foreman of a mill handling machinery on this ground is considered superior in skill to a research worker, and they forget that results worthy of application have to pass through a long chain of processes backed by patience and perseverance.—Copyright.

"On one occasion I managed to persuade Goering to exercise his influence on Hitler to put on the brake in some economic matter or other, only to learn afterwards that he had not dared raise the question after all. When I reproached him for not having kept his word, he replied: 'I often make up my mind to say something to him, but then when I come face to face with him my heart sinks into my boots.' A guilty conscience is the only possible explanation of such a thing. And Hitler went expressly out of his way to ensure that his followers should have guilty consciences.—DR. SCHACHT.



SHOE EMPIRE IN 27 COUNTRIES

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

THE handsome, blue-eyed 35-year-old Indian shoe tycoon whom thousands of workers call "young Tommy" gets up every morning at 6.30 and usually marches briskly into his office on the stroke of 7.30. He dictates the memos he has thought up overnight, swings into a series of conferences, periodically wears out shoe leather trudging around the factory. Sometimes he is still in the office, sketching out new product designs, at midnight. Yet he is worth £30,000,000.

Just ten years ago he left his car ploughed in a snow-drift and struggled on foot through a freezing blizzard across the Austrian Alps into Switzerland—barely 24 hours ahead of the Nazi invasion of Czecho-Slovakia.

Today, as naturalised Canadians, Tom Bata and his young wife live most of the year in a five-roomed bungalow in a tiny township in Ontario. Sonja Bata cooks the breakfast and does her own housework, with a washing-up machine as her only help. Tom attends to the boiler and does odd jobs around the house. That's how it should be with an ordinary young couple, they affirm.

Yet 1,200 distinguished guests including royalty and foreign ambassadors came to their wedding and gifts poured in from the far ends of the world. Among sideline luxuries they maintain a beautifully fitted private plane, a house in Mayfair and rooming suites in a dozen capitals.

Just along the valley is Batawa, the town Tom built with his own ingenuity and drive when in his mid-twenties. Though Tom left his native land with nothing more than his clothes he was wearing, he was determined to re-build his family fortunes, if necessary, alone.

He began with a disused paper-mill. Later he spirited bars of solid gold out of Hitler's Europe and even smug-

gled Czech experts and key machines from the former family headquarters at Zlin, the machine-parts in packing-cases brazenly labelled "Shoes for Export." Now there are streets of Bata-built bungalows and apartment blocks, a shopping centre, a printing plant for a Batawa newspaper printing local news, a theatre and factories spewing out millions of shoes a year.

Right now, too, Tom Bata legally finds himself richer than ever. The United States Supreme Court recently upheld his claim for 826 shares in a Swiss holding company deposited in a New York bank...and Bata Foundation shares that control 100 factories and 3,000 shoe-shops scattered around the globe.

Characteristically, Tom Bata was in Calcutta when he heard news of the judgment. On the banks of the sacred Ganges is Batanagar, a humming centre of 100,000 shoe-makers which has mushroomed from the jungle. In Pakistan a Bata factory has been opened in a former rajah's palace. Shoes have been sold to India's barefoot millions by recommending them as snakebite preventives. One Bata manager briskened his sandal sales by heating the stones outside his store.

Tom inspected the Bata rubber plantations in Malaya, hopped across the Indian Ocean to the African hide-gathering ranches, flew on to Egypt where Bata sandals are astutely packed in boxes of Moslem green, contacted his factory in distant Leopoldville on the Belgian Congo and read progress reports from Dakar, where a lone white man has instructions to build a rubber-shoes factory with native labour.

Presently he touched down in France, where there are 220 Bata shops...and so to Britain, 220 more. Not all the Bata factories make shoes. Some specialise in making shoe machinery, others in motor-car tyres,

Diesel engines and nylon stockings. But the shoe production mounts to a million pairs a day or roughly a third of the world's total consumption.

How did it begin, this vast footshod empire? The Batas come of generations of cobblers. Tom's father, Thomas Bata, senior, made miniature shoes at the back of the little family shop in Zlin when he was five years old, ran away from home at 15 and determined to make shoes better and faster by machine.

He worked with a friend in one room for 10 years before they built the first small Bata factory—on a £50 capital—in 1905. As time passed he became his own wholesaler and retailer. He curbed overheads by making cardboard shoe-boxes out of textile and leather waste. He began to buy leather direct from South America. Soon he evolved a cannot-lose policy.

He noticed that his workers spent a fair share of their wages in the local cafe and grocery shop, so he opened his own cafe and grocery shop. Ultimately he even rented houses at cheap rents and supplied all the workers' meals at cut prices. Nearly all the money he paid out in wages went back to Bata's pocket and all profits were put back in the business. Gradually he extended his mass production policies. The little village of Zlin burgeoned into a township of 40,000 workers, with its own tailoring shops to make Bata clothes, its own tanneries, chemical works, medical services...and an alluring profit-sharing system.

Old Tom Bata never missed a trick. When Sweden placed high tariffs on imported shoes, it is said that he angrily phoned up the King. The result was that King Gustav and Bata became friends and old Tom opened a factory in Sweden. When the whisper ran round that cheap Bata footwear couldn't be as good as higher-priced rival products, he publicly announced that he had indeed discovered a structural defect in a new line of Bata workmen's boots.

A million pairs were called in. Newspaper ads promised an additional 5 shillings above purchase price for the return of those already sold. When the boots were used as boiler fuel, cynics maintained that they were cheaper than coal, but Bata's bid for

quality prestige undoubtedly impressed the public.

A chip of the old block, young Tom once trekked through Africa counting bare feet. He enjoys thinking up new trade names for shoes, like Feather-steps and Foot-gliders. Not long ago he discovered that his Canadian factory had produced a surplus of red slippers. Just then the movie of "The Red Shoes" arrived. Bata tore off the heels of his unsaleable slippers, gave them a flick of red ribbon, advertised them as red shoes—and sold the lot.

Old Tom taught his son the hard way. The boy had to start work in the factory as an ordinary machine-hand at the age of 15 and study to get his master shoemaker's degree at 18. Still earlier, Tom received a schooling in England. At end of term, on his father's instructions, the 9-year-old Bata heir was given his fare and a railway time-table and had to find his way home across France, Switzerland, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia alone.

Old Tom Bata was killed when his two-seater business plane crashed mysteriously in 1932. He left everything to his son. There was, however, a proviso that the boy's uncle, Jan Bata, should act as guardian till his coming of age. In reality, Jan Bata—once black-listed as a Nazi collaborator—insisted that he was supposed to be the actual successor and young Tom has had to fight for his inheritance every step of the way.

To complicate matters, Jan Bata has started several Bata shoe factories in South America in competition with Tom Bata factories already there. Tom has scored Bata Foundation control of the whole Bata empire but is now fighting for the U. S. factories and intends soon to take battle against the Czech Communists, who confiscated the factory at Zlin and started dumping cut-price shoes in world markets.

Currently the hard-working fast-nying Czech Canadian controls a shoe empire in 27 countries outside the Iron Curtain. In his dining-room stands a jewel-studded golden clock telling the time at every factory in the world. It's a pretty plaything for the youngest member of the Bata dynasty, two-year-old Thomas Bata Third.

"DON'T TAKE A DISMAL VIEW OF LIFE"

By PUNDIT JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

HISTORY, it is said, has many lessons to teach us; and there is another saying that history never repeats itself. Both are true, for we cannot learn anything from it by slavishly trying to copy it, or by expecting it to repeat itself or remain stagnant; but we can learn something from it by prying behind it and trying to discover the forces that move it. Even so what we get is seldom a straight answer. "History" says, Karl Marx, "has no other way of answering old questions than by putting new ones."

The old days were days of faith, blind, unquestioning faith. The wonderful temples and mosques and cathedrals of past centuries could never have been built but for the over-powering faith of the architects and builders and people generally. The very stones they reverently put one on top of the other, or carved in beautiful designs, tell us of this faith. The old temple spire, the mosque with its slender minarets, the Gothic cathedral—all of them pointing upward with an amazing intensity of devotion, as if offering a prayer in stone or marble to the sky above—thrill us even though we may be lacking in that faith of old of which they are the embodiments. But the days of that faith are gone, and gone with them is that magic touch of stone. Thousands of temples and mosques and cathedrals continue to be built but they lack the spirit that made them live during the Middle Ages. There is little difference between them and the commercial offices which are so representative of our age.

Our age is a different one; it is an age of disillusion, of doubt, and uncertainty and questioning. We can no longer accept many of the ancient beliefs and customs; we have no more faith in them, in Asia or in Europe or America. So we search for new ways, new aspects of the truth more in harmony with our environment. And we question each other and, debate and quarrel and evolve any number of isms and philosophies. As in the

days of Socrates, we live in an age of questioning but that questioning is not confined to a city like Athens; it is world wide.

Some times the injustice, the unhappiness, the brutality of the world oppresses us and darkens our minds and we see no way out. With Mathew Arnold, we feel that there is no hope in this world and all we can do is to be true to one another.

"For the world which seems

To lie before us, like a land of dreams,

So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love,
nor light,

Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help
for pain;

And we are here, as on a darkling
plain

Swept with confused alarms of
struggle and flight,

Where ignorant armies clash by
night".

And yet if we take such a dismal view we have not learnt aright the lesson of life or of history. For history teaches us of growth and progress and of the possibility of an infinite advance for man. And life is rich and varied, and though it has many swamps and marshes and muddy places, it has also the great sea, and the mountains, and snow, and glaciers, and wonderful star-lit nights and the love of family and friends, and the comradeship of workers in a common cause, and music and books and the empire of ideas. So that each one of us may well say:

"Lord, though I lived on earth, the
child of earth,

Yet was I fathered by the starry
sky."

It is easy to admire the beauties of the universe and to live in a world of thought and imagination. But to try to escape in this way from the unhappiness of others, caring little what happens to them, is no sign of courage or fellow feeling. Thought in

order to justify itself, must lead to action. "Action is the end of thought", said our friend, the late Romain Rolland. "All thought which does not look towards action is an abortion and a treachery. If then we are the servants of thought we must be the servants of action."

People avoid action often because they are afraid of the consequences, for action means risk and danger. Danger seems terrible from a distance; it is not so bad if you have a close look at it. Often it is a pleasant companion, adding to the zest and delight of life. The ordinary course of life becomes dull at times and we take too many things for granted and have no joy in them. Yet how we appreciate these common things of life when we have lived without them for a while? Many people go up high mountains and risk life and limb for the joy of the climb and the exhilaration that comes from a difficulty surmounted, a danger overcome; and because of the danger that hovers all around them, their perceptions get keener, their joy of the life which hangs by a thread, the more intense.

All of us have their choice of living
in the valleys below with their un-

healthy mists and fogs but giving a measure of bodily security; or of climbing the high mountains, with risk and danger for companions, to breathe the pure air above, and take joy in the distant views, and welcome the rising sun.

I shall finish up with one more. It is from the Gitanjali; It is a poem of prayer, by Rabindranath Tagore:—

"Where the mind is without fear
and the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been
broken up into fragments by
narrow domestic walls;

Where words come out from the
depth of truth;

Where tireless striving stretches its
arms towards perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason
has not lost its way into the
dreary desert sand of dead
habit;

Where the mind is led forward by
thee into ever-widening
thought and action—

Into that heaven of freedom, my
Father, let my country wake."

—I.P.S.

TAMIL NAD CONGRESS EXHIBITIONS

S. Venkataraman, Secretary, Tamil Nad Congress Committee and All India Khadi, Swadeshi and Industrial Exhibition, has issued the following statement:—

The public are aware that the Tamil Nad Congress Committee organised and successfully conducted three exhibitions during the year 1946-47, 1948-49 and 1949-50. Nearly 20 lakhs visitors attended these Exhibitions.

The total gross receipts for the three Exhibitions was Rs. 7,98,178. The total expenditure for these Exhibitions comes to Rs. 6,05,934 including a sum of Rs. 10,192 —donated to the Gandhi Stupa Fund. A sum of Rs. 27,210 was written off as depreciation on capital investments totalling Rs. 1,50,327. This sum of Rs. 1,50,327 represents amounts spent on raising the level and improvement of the Congress

Grounds, construction of kitchen and dining halls, pucca sanitary conveniences, bath rooms, wells and over-head tanks and laying water mains, etc., etc.

Out of the balance of Rs. 41,917, furniture, stores, and zinc sheets not yet taken delivery of by the Agricultural Department account for Rs. 14,969. A sum of Rs. 16,879 is due from the various departments, institutions and individuals against which sum there is a liability of Rs. 5,358. The balance of Rs. 15,427 is in cash with the Bank.

Detailed audited income and expenditure statements and balance sheets of the Exhibitions are under print and will be sent early next month to all the members of the Tamil Nad Congress Committee. Copies will also be available to the public on written application."

AFTER STALIN, WHAT?

By JOHN SCOTT

At the threescore years and ten mark, Stalin appears to be preparing for his death by grooming three of his ablest lieutenants as a triumvirate to replace him.

JOSEPH STALIN is seventy now, and he knows as well as his subordinates that he will not be able to continue much longer as the supreme dictator of nearly a quarter of the world. In 1948, he spent more than four months in his plush mansion near Sochi on the Black Sea. Last year it was nearly six months. His doctors forbid him to travel by sea or by air. He has relinquished one by one many of his administrative responsibilities. He has groomed three of his ablest lieutenants to replace him. He is preparing himself for the death which he knows cannot be far away. And when it comes, what then?

For the wrinkled generalissimo is still by far the most powerful man in Russia, and probably in the world. For more than 20 years—since he defeated and banished his brilliant rival, Leon Trotsky—Stalin has been the ultimate authority in the world's most highly centralized bureaucracy. He has been general secretary of the Communist party, chairman of the politburo, premier, member of the supreme council for defence, commander-in-chief of the armed forces, spiritual leader of the Communist faithful throughout the world, and highly flattered "leader", "kind father", "beloved teacher" of some 200,000,000 Soviet citizens. In critical situations Stalin personally has made the most detailed decisions—moved divisions and even regiments—approved capital allocations for Socialist industry, and arbitrated and overruled divergent opinions on many matters among his subordinates. He has rewarded the obedient and subservient, and dealt harshly with those whom he considered wrong, overambitious, dangerous, disloyal or too intelligent. He climbed to power up stairways slippery with the blood not only of enemies but of his former

closest associates, liquidated by his orders.

Relying On Triumvirate

Stalin is well aware of the gravity of the problem his advancing age presents to the Soviet Union and to the world Communist movement. The problem of the succession of power has troubled many societies. Monarchs solved it by passing power from father to son. In countries like the U. S. the problem is assumed to be taken care of by periodic elections. But the Soviet Union has no precedent for an orderly succession of power.

When trowel-bearded Vladimir died in 1923, he left a political testament which, among other things, characterized Stalin as "too rude" and suggested that a way be found to remove him from the key position of power at the head of the central committee of the party. But Stalin seized the document and suppressed it (it has still not been published in the Soviet Union), and fought his way to absolute power in one of the most violent internal struggles the modern world has seen. Such a struggle today would spell disaster to a Soviet Government whose commitments now circle the globe, and whose strength at home depends on unanimity and ruthlessness in dealing with enemies both at home and abroad.

This Stalin well understands. At Tehran he was exchanging barbed pleasantries with the late Franklin Roosevelt, one evening before dinner, when F. D. R. asked point-blank what would happen when the two of them died. Stalin got suddenly very serious. "When I die," he is reported to have told the President "there will be no change in Soviet policies. The orders are written and sealed. Everything will be in order." It seems that Stalin, like Lenin, has written his political testament.

Stalin has apparently drawn on Roman history for the pattern of his testament. After the assassination of Julius Caesar, Rome was ruled by a triumvirate for 13 years. Now, with modern means of information control and the highly developed apparatus of power which is the Communist party, a triumvirate could perhaps control a large country for much longer. It seems possible. More important, it is the only path open to an aging leader in the Kremlin in 1950.

For Stalin knows better than anyone else that a free election or, indeed, almost any kind of general election, would result in disunity at last, and might cause a bloody and ignominious downfall for the whole Soviet Government, so hated has it made itself among the long-suffering Russian people. On the other hand, no one man is available who is strong enough or able enough to run the country alone. Nor is this surprising when one recalls that Stalin systematically liquidated any among his associates capable of independent political activities because they were potential rivals. That is why the politburo—world Communism's general staff—is to-day but a collection of technically competent yes-men.

Stalin seems to have chosen his successors more than a year ago, when Andrei Zhdanov—who certainly would have been one of them had he survived—died suddenly, leaving as the two senior men in the politburo under Stalin, two men who disliked each other, and had been rivals for party authority over many years.

The two men were Vyacheslav Molotov and Georgi Malenkov, and the third, whom Stalin picked to balance power and prevent quarrels, was Lavrenti Beria.

The eldest of the three, vice-premier Molotov, was born in the provincial town of Kukarka in 1890, in a bourgeois family named Scriabin, distant relatives of the famed Russian composer of the same name. Young Vyacheslav was a brilliant student, and joined the party in 1905 in time to participate in the abortive Russian revolution of that year. He worked tirelessly during the frustrating years of reaction, and became an efficient colourless, plodding junior functionary in the Bolshevik party, which

seized power in Russia in 1917. For a while he edited the party paper, *Pravda*, and was elected to the central committee in 1921. In 1930 he was made president of the council of people's commissars, or premier. He backed Stalin in every one of his many factional fights, and moved gradually up the ladder of power as those at the top were shot for a variety of alleged crimes. As foreign minister during World War II he met and measured wits with such Allied leaders as Winston Churchill, Franklin Roosevelt, James Byrnes and many others. In all he engendered an indelible personal dislike, a powerful distrust, combined with considerable respect for his stubborn and unimaginative tenacity in negotiations.

Molotov is a Government man. He knows the Soviet governmental machine well, having held top posts in it for two decades. He is the Soviet leader most experienced in foreign affairs, and presumably has learned something from his several major blunders, including his meeting with Hitler in December, 1940, and his complete failure in London in 1947.

Resembles Franco

Second of the three in age is Lavrenti Beria, the pudgy policeman who resembles fat Francisco Franco so much that it is reported to be a constant source of embarrassment to both. Beria was born in Sukhum, on the Black Sea, in 1899, and graduated from a local technical college as architect and builder. In 1917, two years before finishing his education, he joined the party, and became active in its security committee. In 1920, when Baku and the surrounding territory was dominated by the British, and various white Russian armies and groups, Beria worked as a Bolshevik undercover intelligence agent. In 1921, when the famous CHEKA—or special secret police—was organized, Beria entered it. He served well, and emerged from the proverbial anonymity of intelligence organs into some prominence as chief of the Azerbaijan Cheka in 1931.

While doing this job, Beria used the material in the captured files of the Czarist police, and very large doses of judicious imagination, to write a biography of Stalin which changed that man from a tempera-

mental and colourless ruffian into the main heroic revolutionary leader of the Caucasus from the turn of the century until 1917. Perhaps it was this apple-polishing which secured him an assignment to party work in the middle of 1930's in Moscow. Again he did well. He ingratiated himself with his fellow-Georgian Stalin, and worked hard. When in 1938, Police Chief Nikolai Yezhov was found to be running the country into chaos with his insane fanaticism, Beria was chosen to replace him. He took the job quietly in the summer, and held it secretly until December, when Yezhov was removed to an institution.

Beria posed as a great "liberal." Hundreds railroaded to Siberian labour camps on trumped-up charges were released with apologies. Several millions, no less innocent, remained to die of undernourishment and over work. He found some balance between the terror of Yezhov and the freedom which Bolsheviks associate with decadent bourgeois liberalism. He was made vice-premier in 1946. At the same time he was given one of the most important jobs in the Soviet Union—responsibility for atomic research and manufacture of atomic weapons. That he did his work well the world learned in 1949, when the Beria bomb burst into the complacent ears of those who had thought our atomic secrets safe until the middle 1950's. Today, Beria is still in charge of atomic research, and responsible to the politburo for the activities of the secret police and probably the army as well.

Youngest of the triumvirate is Georgi Malenkov, whose fat, foreign face has become familiar to foreign diplomats in Moscow only in recent months. Malenkov was born in 1902 in Orenburg in the Urals. At the age of 17 he joined the Communist army, where he fought with distinction as a political commissar rather than as a soldier until 1922. He joined the party in 1920, and in 1921 was chief of the political department of the Turkish Communist army. From 1922 till 1925 he lived in Moscow and went through one of the most exclusive Communist universities after which he moved into the Kremlin as Stalin's personal secretary. He held this job during the difficult years Stalin was routing the left and then the right

opposition, and gathering into his own hands the threads of power.

Tiffed With Molotov

Malenkov learned the importance of patience, ruthless tenacity and, above all, the importance of putting one's friends in the right places. He became an expert on personnel. He knew the names and qualifications of the several thousand leading party members by heart. He advised Stalin on placing them. He then moved on to the important position at the head of the Moscow committee of the Communist party. In 1939, he was elected to the central committee, though still completely unknown both abroad and within the Soviet Union.

During the war, as Stalin spent more and more time on military matters Malenkov took over the operation of the party machine he knew so well. He had several tiffs with Molotov, one, in 1941, when Molotov criticized Malenkov's wife in public for inefficiency and had her expelled from her job as head of the fishing industries. In 1941, he was made a candidate to the politburo, and in 1946 became the leader of the Cominform, thus assuming responsibility for the revolutionary activities of Communists outside the borders of the Soviet Union.

In this capacity his area of authority overlapped that of both Molotov and Beria. But he was not dismayed. As real chief of the party apparatus he had the same immense power which Stalin had had in 1923. He stood up to Zhdanov, and some say, was instrumental in his early death. There is no doubt that after Zhdanov's death, Malenkov replaced Zhdanov's friends with his own, all through the Leningrad party machine in which Zhdanov had been supreme, and entrenched his own position even more. With Beria and Molotov his attitude was one of correct coolness. They did their jobs, watched each other meanwhile with a combination of respect and suspicion.

What are the chances that this team can carry on successfully after Stalin is gone? I have seen all four of the individuals involved at close range, and have several times talked with Molotov, and I would put the chance at 50-50. The triumvirate is a strong one, in that each is accustomed to working in a group, and

submerging his own personality and ambitions into those of the party. But human nature is still human nature in the Soviet Union, and almost inevitably a struggle for power will develop. As long as the three remain in balance, Soviet policies may be expected to continue on their present course. But the balance will be tenuous at best. I would bet on Malenkov as the first violator of the balance and the ultimate victor in the resultant struggle—if there is a victory; and herein lies the greatest

hazard for the triumvirate, and hope for the western world.

The Soviet Government today rules 200,000,000 people, most of whom no longer respect either its policies or its personalities. It maintains power with the ruthless use of naked force—millions in labour camps, terror in the hearts of all. A struggle for power might well shatter the fibre of this administrative control, and start a chain reaction of rebellion which would unseat not only the triumvirate, but the Soviet power itself.

FAST FLYERS

By 'COBA'

MAN is learning to fly at faster and faster speeds. Many airliners fly at over 200 miles per hour. The Constellation's average speed approaches the 300 miles per hour mark. The de Havilland jet Comet, which B. O. A. C. plan to introduce between England and India, cruises at 500 miles an hour but even this is not the faster flier of to-day.

The American deer bot-fly is the fastest creature on earth, and has been timed over short distances by a very high-speed camera. Its speed is really remarkable—400 yards per second, which is 818 miles an hour. You cannot hear one of these bot-flies coming, you can only hear it going, because its speed is well above that of sound! One would wonder whether the deer bot-fly can hear itself whilst in flight or whether it has to stop to hear itself coming.

Birds are not in the same class as the deer bot-fly, but there are some remarkably fast fliers amongst them. Whereas fast insects can only fly very short distances, birds have range and endurance along with their speed.

The fastest bird is thought to be the lammergeier, or bearded vulture, Europe's largest bird of prey. In a good wind these birds have travelled at well over 150 miles per hour.

Hawks and eagles of all kinds are noted for their speed, and their use of air-currents to sustain effortless flight is well known. For long minutes on end, and over miles of ter-

rain soar Australian wedgetail eagles like mere black dots in the sky.

The peregrine falcon is an outstandingly fast and strong flier. Much used in falconry, this bird outflies wildfowl such as herons and even wild duck and, poising above them strikes them down in flight. One was observed to overtake an Australian black duck, "stoop," and miss, and overtake the duck again within three hundred yards. Gunmen know the speed of a black duck.

The spine-tailed swift is at once one of the fastest of birds and one of the greatest distance fliers. Migratory in habit, they fly continuously for hours on end, and have "refuelling in flight" down to a fine art. Being insectivorous their food is easy to come by, but even their water is taken in flight as they wheel down upon a pond or river and take in water in passing. Their top speed, along with that of the peregrine falcons and golden eagles, is over a hundred miles per hour.

Men can fly at speeds well above those of the birds, but in so doing it would seem he has incorporated in his aircraft some of their features, such as the streamlined fuselage and the retractable undercarriage. Even refuelling in flight is being experimented with. Does it follow that, to exceed the speed of the bot-fly, some of the bot-fly's features will have to be incorporated in aircraft design? Possibly its buzz!



By V. P. SATHE

THE presence in India of Gabriel Pascal, the Hungarian producer of such hits as "Pygmalion" and "Caesar And Cleopatra," who once persuaded Bernard Shaw to give him the film rights of all his plays with only a few shillings in his pocket, while Hollywood producers had failed to buy his plays for millions of dollars, and the news that he proposes to produce a picture on Mahatma Gandhi's life based on Vincent Shean's book *Lead Kindly Light*, have once again set in motion the controversy over the filming of Gandhiji's life.

For there are many people who believe that this is not the right time to undertake such a venture and that some years must elapse before a true film biography of the Mahatma can be produced. And yet ever since his death several attempts have been made to film his life. Two full-length documentaries, one by Ambalal Patel and the other by A. K. Chettiar—have already been produced. These documentaries have been rather erratic in their effect. Lacking in continuity they have failed to cover many important events. Besides, the quality of the newsreel shots is so poor that, technically, the documentaries are too jerky, slipshod and inartistic. The result is that after seeing these documentaries one did not get the satisfaction of having witnessed the life of a great man. For, they are neither human nor inspiring.

The short films like *Bapu* and *Bapu Ki Amar Kahani* catered for topical appeal and proved to be the most popular short films of the year 1948. But, there is no doubt that all these efforts have been slipshod, and a film worthy of the Mahatma is yet to be made on Gandhiji's life.

Who can make it? Of course not Hollywood with all its technicolour and other resources. Perhaps not even a foreigner, though he may be an idealist like Pascal. Pascal's approach will be necessarily western; and though in a way, he is ideally suited to transcribe Vincent Shean's book which itself is an appreciation of Mahatma from a western angle, only an Indian artiste, writer and director will be able to capture the spirit of the Mahatma's life and philosophy. And for that we will have to wait for some years, perhaps some decades. Till then, it would be better if film producers leave the sacred memory of Gandhiji alone rather than cash in on his name for box-office purposes.

Star Of the Week

Sometime ago it was reported in these columns that Kishore Sahu is introducing three new girls whose screen names are Asha Mathur, Beena Rai and Indira Panchal in his new picture *Kali Ghata*. These girls were chosen by Kishore Sahu from the applications he received in response to his advertisement for new faces.

Out of these three new faces, I introduce to you this week the slim, slick, glamorous Asha Mathur. That is not her real name; but as she has no desire to divulge it, let it remain a secret at least for the time being.

She is also a daughter of the Punjab, like many other film stars. Born in Patiala, she was educated in Lahore and, after partition, in Delhi. She belongs to the upper strata of society. Westernized and artistocratic, she believes that India has yet to learn much from the West. When she was studying for the B. A., she read the advertisement given by Kishore Sahu and encouraged by the

moral support of her girl-friends she applied, confident of her success. And, lo, she received an invitation to Bombay which was followed up by a long-term contract.

Thus her joining the screen was a mere accident. For all the while she had been dreaming of joining the Foreign Service; and it is a dream which is still cherished by her. And after graduation she had apparently a good chance as, apart from English, Punjabi, Hindi she knows a good bit of French and German also and she has a flair for learning different languages.

Yet, her joining the screen was not altogether an accident. Since childhood she has secretly nourished the ambition of becoming an artiste; though, due to the fear of her parents, she never gave expression to it until the advertisement of Kishore Sahu helped her to make up her mind. In a way, the desire of becoming an artiste sometimes did find expression in her school and college days as she took active part in dramatic performances and appeared on the college stage.

Now that she is in the films she hopes to stay here only until she reaches the top. At the zenith of her success she wants to retire and join the Foreign Service—provided the Foreign Ministry will accept an ex-film star. Anyway, ultimately, she wants to settle down in a foreign country after, of course, she meets the right man.

That is for the future. For the present she is full of her work and her producer Kishore Sahu. She is not just grateful to him for the chance; she is thrilled with the very idea of working opposite an artiste of Sahu's eminence and she has a very high opinion of him as a director and is confident that under his guidance and training she will emerge into a great star. Incidentally, Sahu has not only signed her and the other two girls on a long-term contract but made suitable arrangements for their stay and boarding. They have been given every sort of facility to take up active interest not only in their own work but in film-making as such.

Asha likes to play modern, sophisticated and slightly vampish roles; at least that is the type of role she has in *Kali Ghata*. She is fond of Punjabi

Shalwar-Kameez, sarees and frocks; she has a preference for light colours. Her outlook towards life is progressive and socialistic, and her favourite stars, apart from Sahu, are Kamini, Nargis, Mehtab, Motilal and the late Saigal. Her hobby is collecting stamps, solving crossword puzzles and, of course, reading and seeing pictures. Thus she seems to have all the requisite qualities of a star and *Kalighata* may launch her on the road to stardom.

Picture Of The Week

At last, inspite of the continued strike, I have seen the much-boosted as well as much-maligned film *Duel in the Sun*, on the last day in the last show. To sum up my impression of the entire film in one word, it left me cold and unimpressed. It also aroused my resentment. For it portrayed the coloured race in none too complimentary a manner. There was one Negro girl, the exact replica of a similar character in 'Gone With The Wind'; slow-witted and stupid, the only Negro character in the picture is designed to provoke laughter and ridicule. Well, a white man may laugh at her stupidity; sensitive coloured men could only feel resentment.

The heroine of the picture is shown as half-breed, the daughter of a white-man and a Red Indian mother whose character is shown to be so loose that she is shot by her husband. And, time and again the picture emphasizes the fact that Pearl, the half-breed heroine, has no chance to live a decent lady-like life because of her racial background. And as the Senator says, she brings nothing but ruin to her white cousins. What a contrast to the original novel in which she marries the elder son of the Senator! The picture itself is a very ugly demonstration of violence in which killing is the order rather than the exception. And the hero of the picture is Lewt, an undisciplined son of the Senator who rapes any girl he likes and murders anybody who comes in his way. Such ugly people do exist, one has no doubt. But should they be presented in a sympathetic and almost heroic manner?

That is an ethical question. But since Hollywood believes that being goody-goody does not pay and the hero should be violent and unscrupulous whom the women can hate and yet adore, Lewt instead of

Jessie, the original hero of the novel, dominates the picture.

Frankly I was not impressed by Lewt's violence and the final climax in which Lewt and Pearl kill each other appeared to me too morbid and unwholesome. Besides, I found the picture too long and very boring at places and, but for some fine technical colour and the usual spectacular scenes and superb performances by Jennifer Jones, Lionel Barrymore and Lillian Gish, there is nothing in the picture to rave about. Even Gregory Peck looked to be too good for the role of such a despicable character as Lewt. Joseph Cotton, as the good brother, is suitably restrained.

The two major aspects of the original novel, viz., the social conflict between the railroad and landowners, and the end which shows Jessie and Pearl united, have been deliberately changed to make the picture reactionary, violent and sexy so that it can appeal only to the baser emotions and at the same time create hatred against half-breed and coloured races.

Surely, this is not a picture of which any progressive critic can think in complimentary terms.

Tussle Over "Jhansi Ki Rani"

With Filmistan's announcement to produce 'Jhansi Ki Rani' there would be a tussle between two major producers—Shashdhar Mukerjee and Sohrab Modi. And at least one of them will have to give up the project.

Sohrab Modi, who has always specialized in historicals, is quite a competent person to produce a picture of the nature of *Jhansi Ki Rani*. And this time he has got the screenplay written from Pandit Girish and even decided upon casting his wife Mehtab in the title role.

Equally competent is Director Hemen Gupta who made the Bengali film '42'. He has political knowledge and understanding, so essential to recount the story of a Queen who fought for the freedom of the nation.

Apart from these two producers there are many others including Santoshi and Madhuban Pictures who have been toying with the idea of filming the story of the Rani of Jhansi. Santoshi has purchased the rights of a Hindi novel written about her; while Madhuban Pictures claimed to have found the right person to play the role of Rani Luxmibai of

Jhansi, a Maharashtrian aristocratic girl from Baroda.

Whosoever starts first and completes first will win the race. At the moment the odds are all in favour of Sohrab Modi; for he has the resources, the script and the star to launch his picture forthwith.

News Of The Week

—The Film Enquiry Committee which met last week in Bombay and Poona has concluded its sessions. Several distributors, journalists and educationists gave evidence before the committee. Mr. S. K. Patil, the chairman of the committee, has declared that the report of the committee will be ready by the end of 1950.

—Sir Clifford Agarwala, the President of the newly-elected Central Censor Board, has now his office in Bombay, and according to Mr. Diwakar, the new Board will start functioning within a couple of months superseding the existing provincial Boards.

—Vanmala (Sushila Pawar) who was married twenty years ago to Mr. P. K. Sawant, the well-known Congress leader and municipal corporator, was granted divorce last week on the ground of desertion. She claimed that she had stayed with her husband only for three weeks after the marriage.

—D. D. Kashyap has made plans to produce his first independent picture under the banner of Kashyap Productions at Modern Studios. He has signed Rajendar Singh Bedi to write the dialogues, Rajendra Krishna to write the lyrics and Anil Biswas to compose the music. But for Nargis, there appears to be changes in the cast which will be finally fixed within a week.

—Jayant Desai is expected to direct Jayant Pictures' costume picture written by R. S. Chowdhary. Nargis and Dillip Kumar are the stars expected to appear in it.

—Raj Kapoor now resolved that he will not work as an artiste for other producers after the present lot is complete. Henceforth he will appear only in R. K. Films productions.

Incidentally R. K. Films is enlarging its production activity by forming three units. So, apart from Raj himself, his two assistants Raja Nawathe and Prakash Arora will be also making pictures for R. K. Films.

IN AND AROUND GANDHINAGAR

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

NASIK: On Saturday, I just started going round to meet some delegates. Early in the forenoon when I neared the place where the delegates are put up, I found that the gate had just collapsed due to gusts of wind. A passer-by remarked "Gone with the wind." It is one instance of the haphazard arrangements that have been made for this Congress, all in a hurry. I understood that the decision to hold the session at Nasik was a last minute decision taken some three months ago.

Lack of attention and hurried preparation were evident in many places. In the delegates' camp, the meals and bathing arrangements were decent but there was no post office, nor any small shop selling little necessities like cigars, pan, etc. In the press camp, nearby, tea had to be accommodated in one room. A lot of time was taken in issuing press passes, though in the end, all had them after struggle and shouting. It left however a bad trail of dissatisfaction behind, and one of us suggested a resolution to be placed before the Congress, as well as other public bodies, to be more careful and exercise greater forethought in these things. But praise is due to the "Boys Town" people who had arranged a canteen and other facilities for the press. I understand that a few miles away from Nasik, these boys have a place all to themselves, electing their own mayor and managing their affairs themselves, under the guidance of their teachers. They were very courteous and attentive.

In the delegates' camp, I went first into the Bihar delegates' shed. On Friday the Working Committee had passed a resolution ordering a re-election of their P. C. C. President, and allowing the present President, Sudhamsu, to continue till then. All the Bihar delegates were glad of it, and were only too anxious to celebrate their victory with pressmen. They felt that the name was proposed by G. K. Gokhale, and no secret ballot was permitted. Hands and heads

were counted including those of pressmen in the Assembly. So most of them walked out. They were thankful to Sri K. Rama Rao, Editor of *Searchlight* for his courageous condemnation of this at once, though the paper was owned by ministerialists.

I met delegates from U. P., Assam and Utkal. Though many did disagree with some points in Nehru's or Patel's policy, they were too loyal or docile to enter into a contest over them openly. An instance will illustrate this better. Mahavir Singh said on Friday that he would table a resolution in the Subjects Committee advocating withdrawal of India from U. N. O. He spoke at length on it to us. In the Subjects Committee on Monday, he moved an amendment to the foreign policy resolution on similar lines, but less strongly worded. His speech was milder. At last he withdrew the amendment. Most A. I. C. C. members do not either have the intellectual equipment or the courage to fight against a Working Committee resolution.

Something must be said about Sri Kala Venkata Rao, the Secretary of the A. I. C. C. He is tact personified, and his dealings with pressmen are the best proof of it. He parries questions skilfully, laughs out some of them and knows how to put what he wants to be publicized into the notebooks of reporters. When I asked whether the decision to disqualify those who took Congress election cases or charges of embezzlement of Congress funds to courts, he said No. He added that India was the first country, according to constitutional lawyers, where party cases were taken to courts. When I tried to take up the question further with reference to a past instance when Gandhiji allowed cases of embezzlement of Congress funds to be taken to courts, he skilfully parried it, saying that he did not know about it. He laughs off any attribution of too serious a meaning to any resolution. Referring to the resolution on the constitution, he said that the Congress has been revising

its constitution every year almost. There was nothing new about it, he said. He also advised us to purchase the History of the Congress Constitution, priced Rs. 3-12.

Kala is not the only one to try to sell off books here. Mahtab has brought a big load of his book "The Road Ahead," evidently for sale. Kripalani's followers are trying to sell a book by one of his followers. Some workers from Rajasthan have brought a book on the woes of Rajasthan, riven by two ministerial factions. There are others who have set up bookstalls. Some books are however taboo inside Gandhinagar, but the sellers know where to find willing purchasers, the press colony.

The place where Nehru resides here is named Ram Bagh. A week or so ago, Shankar had portrayed Nehru as Rama, and secular democracy as Sita carried away by Tandon. But here the Working Committee meets in Nehru's place Ram Bagh, to which Tandon comes. Unreliable sources, given to allegorical expression, say that this is a new Ramayana where Ravana comes and surrenders Sita to Rama.

The proceedings of the Working Committee and the Subjects Committee were one series of triumphs for Nehru. The first part consisted in simply postponing the consideration of controversial issues to the last day, till both parties could measure each other's strength. Meanwhile, Working Committee members met informally. Sardar met Mahtab, and Rajaji was living with Rajarshi. The Minister without portfolio who had talked Bose out of the Congress, talked himself out as well as back again into the Congress, is said to have talked Tandon into becoming a good boy. On Sunday evening, as the Working Committee was to disperse, the members laughed loudly. Kala took Tandon aside, was patting him on the shoulder and saw him off in his car with the solicitous remark, "If you have any trouble, tell me." All of which reminded one of the feast of the fatted calf and the prodigal son returned.

Looking into the text of the resolutions, one can see how skilfully they have avoided controversy. The foreign policy resolution expresses no disapproval of the U. N. O., and carefully omits Indo-Pakistan relations

and the Kashmir issue. But on the communal problem the Working Committee's attitude is that Pakistan, being a foreign country, events there should not affect our policy. Of course Pakistan is accommodated in another resolution, but the omission of Indo-Pakistan relations must have contributed to smoothen things on Sunday. The Rajarshi Tandon, innocent of political manoeuvre, has mixed both Kashmir and Korea in his presidential address and violently condemned the U. N. O. very well. Incidentally the difference between Tandonji's presidential addresses drafted two weeks ago, and the resolution which he has approved is a measure of, not his surrender, but his highly confused and passionate type of mental make-up.

On the machinery for selecting candidates for the next election, the Working Committee could not come to any immediate agreement. We learnt that Nehru's idea of separating the electioneering and the other work of the Congress, was discussed. Kala denied that Nehru's statement formed the basis of the discussion, but added that of course many points in it were covered. Mahtab also had put forward the same idea in his book, with the additional suggestion that Nehru be in sole charge of electioneering work, a suggestion which Nehru could not make himself. On Sunday, it seemed the question cropped up again and again, and even a committee of four was asked to evolve a formula. Eventually an immediate solution was shirked, and the resolution of the Working Committee on the constitution of the Congress, which asked the (new) Working Committee to put proposals before the A. I. C. C. on this point also, was deemed sufficient for the present. So all depends on the personnel of the new Working Committee. The postponement of this is not a triumph for Nehru. But on all other issues he has carried the day.

The reason for this avoidance of open conflict is not far to seek. The days are gone when the Congress as such could survive an open conflict. Surat and Tripura saw the Congress cut up, but the Congress survived and probably was strengthened. But open conflict at present means an irretrievable defeat for the whole Congress, which neither section of the Congress wants. They want a fairly strong

Congress as a weapon for themselves, with others in a subordinate position. Open conflict is possible only when success is cent percent assured for any one section. So all the simmering is now subdued. It may burst up much later.

Tandon's personality again is not made for open, strong and consistent dissent. Not that he is not courageous, but he lacks intellectual vigour. His heart rules his head too often. Who were the great dissenters who successfully fought their way out or into the Congress triumphantly? Tilak, C. R. Das, Subhas and Rajaji. All were men of intellect, and their passion and courage was secondary to this. Again, Kripalani who is holding a conference of democratic elements in the Congress, is a brilliant intellectual, first and last. Tandon may be anything, but not that. His dissent is often passionate and strong, but he lacks the cold intellect of the Congress dissenters.

Nehru seems to be decided on not joining the Working Committee, and along with him Rafi, Mahtab and Azad. Tandon to avoid the appearance of a rift is expected to exclude Patel as well and form a committee of non-entities. But Nehru's supporters seem bent on forcing the issue as early as possible after the open session. Many of them are saying: "At last, Nehru has asserted himself at the last hour." I heard an ex-A. I. C. C. member, now an editor, go into transports over the result, on Tuesday morning, after a meeting of



Dr. G. Krishnan, M.A., L.T., MSc., Ph.D. (Manchester) of the Department of Zoology, Presidency College, Madras, who recently returned from England after successfully completing the Doctorate course in zoological research. He was a Government overseas scholar.

Nehrutes on Monday night. They seem to be feeling that Sardar is just lying low for the time being, and before he can gather momentum, they must get together for the final showdown, whenever and wherever it might be.

Russia already occupies over a sixth part of the terrestrial globe; its position makes it the chief power in the old world. England's empire, it is true, is large also, but England's empire is made up of small portions in many parts of the world; it was formed by a race of bold sailors, who planted a flag here, or clung to a rock there; the interests of all these separate fractions are opposed; it is an unstable empire, of which the largest portions are already republics in all but name, and could by no possibility be consolidated into a single unit. The Germans, again, are as strong and capable a race as any, but, even apart from the fact that they lack initiative and possess no aboriginal civilization, they are at present hemmed in on every side. France cannot be brought into competition here, for the virtues of France are those of quality rather than of quantity. The only rival of Russia as a great world-power is the United States.—HAVELOCK ELLIS.

SIDELIGHTS : :

The political parties that I would call great, are those which cling more to principles than to consequences; to general, and not to special cases; to ideas, and not to men. Such parties are usually distinguished by a nobler character, more generous passions, more genuine convictions, and a more bold and open conduct than others.

—De TOCQUEVILLE.

DR. Pattabhi Sitaramayya relinquishes the presidency of the Congress, unregretted. When he stood for election as President against Tandon in '48, the Andhras rallied round him solidly, in a spirit of linguistic patriotism. Ever ready to collaborate with Andhras and set an example in fraternity if it could be done with no cost, Sri Kamaraj Nadar exerted himself to the utmost to secure victory for Dr. Pattabhi. In the rejoicings that greeted the result, the participants were discordant individuals and groups not normally found in harmonious alignment. It was a good beginning for further achievements of cordiality in the strife-stricken partnership of Andhra-Tamil politics. Dr. Pattabhi spoiled its auspicious promise with an offensive loquacity that alienated friends and thinned the ranks of his supporters. He assumed a high and mighty altitude of Gandhian rectitude from which he administered harsh rebukes to all and sundry. It was a fatal thing to do. Not all are forgiven for being superior. When the Sardar calls upon people to eschew power politics, or C. R. pleads for abstinence from the hankering for office, or a Madras Congress minister orates against the evils of communalism, the irony of it enters into the drama of the nation's life, tickling and titillating it for a long time thereafter. A similar effect was produced by Dr. Pattabhi in his period of Congress presidency with his fervent appeals for the Gandhian way of life that amused while they failed to inspire.

The Mahatma influenced others through being an exacting critic of

himself. His influence built up the power of the Congress. His followers have lost influence by reversing the Gandhian practice while expatiating on Gandhism in public lectures. Gandhiji's continual contrition over Himalayan blunders, fancied or real, left him with an abundant generosity for others. He invited criticism as a discipline due to himself. It was the constant criticism of others which he delighted to invite and never shut out, that sharpened his wits and enhanced his power until he became a veritable voice of the people. In the dispensation of Gandhism as at present practised, the critic is the worst sinner. Congress leaders in power respond to criticism with hatred. The price paid for support is high. The penalties imposed on dissent are heavy.

Professing to be followers of Gandhi, they have become authoritarians drawn into groups and cliques and lost the faculty of thinking rationally and nationally. In independent India they have established freedom from rational thinking as its first freedom. They have disqualified themselves to be ranked as democrats. In Britain where democracy is at its best in the world, respect for dissenting opinion is the very foundation of government. There is a constant vigil for constructive suggestions from minority dissent for incorporation into the policies of the ruling majority party. No minister thinks of interfering with the ordinary course of the law. Permission of the police is not necessary for holding meetings. Shooting a prisoner to death after arrest is unheard of in their police annals.

Dr. Pattabhi as President permitted a deplorable degeneracy in Congress affairs, and in Andhra in particular he destroyed the Congress organisation with his factionalism. He lost the vision of unity and became an angler for petty scores. Divested of equipolse, he lapsed into ineffectiveness. No Congress President was

ever such a figurehead as he turned out to be.

Sri Purushothamdas Tandon, the new President, has come into a difficult legacy. It is in the South that his mettle will be tried. Here, in ministerial positions rule opportunists who are no Congressmen at all in the true spirit of the Congress creed. We have a mean Government fighting the hunger of a starved people insufficiently provided with food, with lies and false propaganda. A recent press note of our too clever Publicity Minister disclaimed starvation deaths by attributing the deaths to old age. As if the old cannot die of starvation!

People are sick of this ministry and will judge the Congress President by his ability to give them a decent Government. Sri Tandon, to give him his due, is a man of strong convictions. He is abstemious in diet and habits. Dependence on luxury which makes so many well-meaning politicians tenacious for power and avaricious for its cash harvests, is happily not his failing. His equipment therefore conduces to independence of action. He is not likely to be awed by the mighty. The future of the Congress will depend on the side that the President will support in the crisis that has blown into a conflict, no longer hidden by diplomacy, between the Pandit and the Sardar.—SAKA.

BRADMAN AND WORRELL

By N. PATTABHIRAMAN

BRADMAN and Worrell! What a strange pair of batting geniuses Nature has produced in them! One took to cricket as to religion; that was Sir Donald. And the other practises it as an art for art's sake. And trying to compare these two cricket geniuses the tongue swings, the pen rushes wildly on.

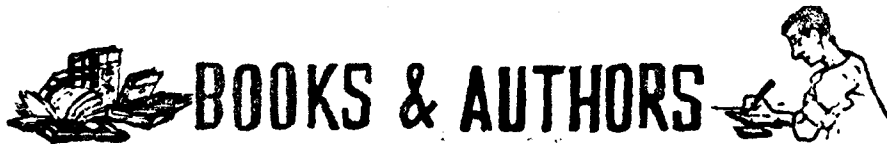
Bradman's batting was superhuman. When he was in his element, there was none to check him. To this genius thought and action came with the swiftness of lightning and the majesty of thunder. "He was dynamic, quick-witted with an idea behind every hit." His bat was an axe cutting the bowling to pieces, or a hammer cannoning the leather to the Heavens. He butchered the bowling while every part of the bowler's frame seemed to writhe in agony. Bowling against Bradman was like dropping the ball into the mouth of a cannon. While he wielded the willow there was confusion in the field and he was Satan festooning pandemonium of his own creation with an unending chain of brilliant strokes. His batting was massacre, inhuman sometimes; he swept all opposition into nothingness with sadistic delight.

And if Sir Donald was a Vitruvius, what of that roman-

ticist from the Caribbeans? Worrell's art is more like a Wordsworthian lyric than a war-song. He is a stylist first and foremost, loving batting for its own sake. His batting is a rhythmic and harmonious expression of thought, born of grace. His art is mirrored Trance and its language is the language of the moon and the stars.

Again, Worrell's batting is unostentatious; it is play without display. It has the gentleness of a magnificent tusker rather than the ferocity of a tiger, the civility of an Oldfield rather than the audacity of a Duckworth. "His bat may be a wand which persuades and deflects magically, a rapier which glints, points, and flickers, or a sword which thrusts, cuts, lays bare, and flashes. But very rarely does he make it an axe or a sledge hammer." Every stroke of his is a rhythmic wave of the willow which sends the ball wherever he likes. And to watch Worrell bat is to listen enraptured to Beethoven's music.

What an ocean of difference in the genius of these two masters! Bradman's was genius dwelling in a strata of lightning and thunder; Worrell's is the Art's ego. The Knight's genius was annotated; the Caribbean's is felt.



BOOKS & AUTHORS

EVERYDAY LIFE IN ANCIENT INDIA:

By Padmini Sen Gupta. Oxford University Press. Rs. 5.

The Authoress has written a very readable and informative book on every day life in ancient India. It is more or less in the nature of a primer and it will be highly useful for foreigners who wish to have some accurate information of India's heritage and culture in good old days. The illustrations enhance the value of the work.

SPORT AND PASTIME. Annual Number.

Kasturi Buildings, Mount Road, Madras. Price four annas.

Within a short time of its inception, this journal has established a reputation for itself. It is doubtful if its standard of articles and presentation has been exceeded in India. More than ordinary care has been bestowed on this annual number; it is a feast for the eye. Excellent photographs of Dhyanchand, Hazare, Kishenlal, Narendra Nath, and Wilson Jones have been provided in addition to the usually splendid pictures. Equal interest attaches to the many articles. S. K. Gurnathan sketches the career of Hazare in intimate detail, while J. H. Fingleton describes Larwood's "greatest year." A valuable contribution is an account of the Indian cricketers in the Lancashire League, a subject on which not much is known in this country.

Michael Szabados, Sam Snead, and Miss Shirley France continue their articles of instruction, which have been widely followed. No mention need be made of the other features, which have seldom fallen below the high standard this magazine has set for itself.

THE IRULAS, KADARS AND MALAMALASANS OF SOUTH INDIA.

By V. Raghaviah, M.L.A. Published by The Bharatiya Adimjati Sevak Sangh.

Mr. Raghaviah has written an interesting pamphlet on the Irulas of the Attapady valley near Coimbatore and the Kadars and Malamalasans of Anamalai. Primitive tribes have been for a long time cruelly neglected and their distinct contribution to the totality of the nation's culture has been ignored. As an effort to make the Government and the public more conscious of the position and needs of our aboriginal population this

tract is to be welcomed though one feels that a more substantial account of the history and economy of the tribes might have been given. The printing too leaves much to be desired.

INDIAN BANKERS' ANNUAL. Indian Press Publications, 585, Pycrofts Road, Madras-5. Price Rs. 10.

This useful publication aims at providing practical bankers with a volume of ready reference. Its value is, enhanced by the sections dealing with the development of banking in the international sphere and the publication of main acts concerned with the industry. It is excellently printed. Though it makes its appeal to a wealthy section of the community, its price appears to be excessive.

TELUGU

SRI TYAGARAJA CHARITRA. Translated from the Tamil original of Sri Suddhananda Bharati. Published by the Sadhana Grantha Mandali, Tenali. Pp. 27. Price annas four.

This is the thirteenth publication of the above Mandali, which has been formed with the object of publishing handy and moderately priced editions of works on Bhakti, Jnana and Vairagya. A perusal of the list of works so far published shows that the Mandali choose their publications well and they should be congratulated on their presenting to the Andhra public this little volume on Tyagaraja, than whom no truer embodiment of Bhakti, Jnana and Vairagya lived.

The life is a condensed form of a somewhat bigger biography of Tyagaraja written in Tamil by Suddhananda Bharati. The Telugu summary appeared for the first time in the Telugu edition of the "Kriti Mani Mala" published by Sri Ranga Ramanuja Iyengar on the occasion of the Tyagaraja Centenary. The book is a good introduction to the life of Tyagaraja to the music loving public in Andhra Desa and deserves every support from them especially in view of the fact that music is not having, in the Telugu country, the interest and encouragement it deserves. A little research on the part of the author might have enabled him to discount several of the traditional but incorrect versions and incidents described in the book.

T. S. P.

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.

Evils Of British Generosity

Clement Attlee had not taken our feelings into consideration when he declared that India was given independence in order to stop Communism from spreading. I myself am inclined to agree with the essentials of this diagnosis; but it is hard on those who claim to have wrested independence from unwilling hands. Shanmukham Chetty as Finance Minister ascribed Indian independence to the enlightened self-interest of Britain. There was a furore in the Legislative Assembly, for Shanmukham did not say a word about the struggle for freedom under the leadership of the Father of the Nation. Some members demanded the resignation of Shanmukham as a reward for this gratuitous insult to the soldiers of freedom. Shanmukham next day came out with an apology. He explained that he had no intention of belittling the contribution of the nationalists who went to jail and submitted to great hardships. This too did not satisfy some members: but the general sense was in favour of accepting Shanmukham's explanation as very satisfactory.

Mr. Attlee obviously does not read our Hansard. I do not blame him. Even if he wanted to look up Shanmukham's apology, it is doubtful whether the copies of the proceedings of the Assembly have as yet come out of the Government Printing Press. In England, verbatim reports of parliamentary proceedings are published in the Hansard within twenty-four hours of the day's session.

Many of the ills of the country today can be traced to the generosity of the Attlee Government. They gave us our independence on a platter. They gave it to whom they pleased. By transferring power to the Indian National Congress, they sowed the seeds of a One-Party State. They could easily have seen to it that the Government was composed of members of all the existing parties in India. That would have guaranteed wider civil liberties to the inhabitants of the Indian Union.

The problem is to find the right successors to the British Government. Congressmen, it is admitted, have completely failed to run the country efficiently. In order to stop the rot, non-Congressmen—and not mere yes-men—will have to be persuaded to take up positions of responsibility and power. This means that nepotism and favouritism should have no place in the administration. This is an impossible condition as far as most of the

present individuals in office are concerned. The chairman of the committee to select candidates for Parliament—as well as other members—should be outside the Government. Neither the Prime Minister nor the Deputy Prime Minister can therefore be allowed to serve on this committee. A man like Dr. Bhagavan Das or Dr. K. S. Krishnan should be chairman of such a committee to select prospective parliamentary candidates.

New Delhi.

V. V. PRASAD.

Death Of An Andhra Artiste: Sri Nagiah's Tribute

Sri Chittoor V. Nagiah, cine artiste, in a press statement on the death of Sri Rayaprolu Subramaniam, says:

Sri Subramaniam was a great stage actor. I am proud enough to call myself as one of his disciples on the stage; he was of very great guidance to all of us. He was conducting Sri Rama Vilas Sabha at Chittoor, of which Sri R. B. Ramakrishna Raju (President of the Madras Legislative Council), who is himself a stage actor, was Vice-President. I have been associated with the late Rayaprolu Subramaniam for the past 25 years. I deem it a personal loss—a loss also to both the film field and the stage, as well as to the field of fine arts in general. He was a man of gentle disposition and a great friend to whomsoever he used to come in contact with. It is the duty of the admirers of such a fine artiste to perpetuate his memory in a fitting manner.

Sri Athale's Art

It is with delight and agreeable surprise that we gazed spell-bound at the marvellous specimens of Sri Athale's art. We wondered how it could have been possible for him to produce such charming and realistic portrait pictures by merely sprinkling powders of various colours. The painter in oil or water-colours can paint and wash and repaint his illustrations till the desired effect is produced; but this artist has not similar opportunities of improving his pictures; he has only one chance and cannot set right any error if he should make one. None of the pictures we have seen, has any flaw in it. From the way in which they are produced, we have no doubt that the artist has exceptional skill in his art, inspired imagination, comprehensive outlook in designing and a noble conception of beauty, proportion and perspective. Words fail to faithfully describe

the greatness and uniqueness of his creation.

It is at the same time, very painful to learn that such a highly talented artist has yet remained obscure and unrecognized and has not had sufficient encouragement from either the Government or the public. We must realise that in recognising him and his art, we only honour ourselves and our beloved land. This artist deserves universal patronage and particularly of the State. We suggest that an art school or institution with this artist as the principal be set up so that he can train pupils who can carry on his art in this tradition. We suggest also that all Government museums in India preserve specimens of his art in prominent rooms protected by glass domes, for it is an art that deserves to live for all time.

Dr. Gidugu Sitapathi Pantulu.
Mallampalli Somasekhara Sarma.
Vasanta Rao Venkata Rao.
Oruganti Narasimhamurthy.
Professor Pratapagiri Ramamurthy.

Neglect Of Villages

Mr. B. Radha Krishna's letter in SWATANTRA dated the 9th instant should serve as an eye-opener as to how far our rural parts are being neglected. It looks as if all the talk about rural reconstruction schemes is confined to platform speeches and paper. In actual practice we find that the very people who speak in laudable terms about 'Rural uplift' are themselves exploiting the villagers to gain their own ends. The so-called leaders of the masses (Congressmen not excepted) are the people who encourage factions, party feuds and petty quarrels and perpetrate trouble in the villages. The present crisis in the Congress panchayat elections in Andhra is a glaring example of such exploitation. I would even go to the extent of saying that the continued prevalence of Communistic trouble is itself the result of the attitude of our leaders.

Waltair.

K. T. RAMACHAR.

Land Revenue Reform

According to the Statistical Abstract of Madras Province published in 1945, the total area of occupied land is nearly 4 crores of acres and the amount of revenue realised therefrom is about 8 crores of rupees. Of these 8 crores, land revenue provides 250 lakhs, peishkuch and quit rent 53 lakhs, water-rate 233 lakhs and cesses 264 lakhs. A levy of one rupee per acre will bring in 4 crores of rupees and a tax of rupees 7 per ton of paddy, which works out to about four annas per bag of 48 Madras measures, on 7 million tons, which is the estimated annual yield of paddy less what is required for seed, will yield another five crores of rupees making in all 9 crores as against the present revenue of 8 crores. The collection of

the land revenue on a flat rate may be entrusted to the village panchayat under whom the village karnam may be made to work, while the tax on paddy may be realised by commercial tax officers who can easily recover it through rice mills where almost all paddy is generally milled, hand pounding having now practically gone out of use. When paddy is exported from the Province by rail, sea or road, the tax on the paddy may be realised through the railway, customs or chowki authorities. This course will avoid the present huge expenditure and trouble on collection work. It is not necessary to tax other kinds of produce as they are comparatively very small and the tax that may be realised from them will be quite incommensurate with the trouble and expense involved. The tax from the two sources as suggested will be a steadily increasing one.

G. SRINIVASARAGHAVACHARI
Madura.

Ceiling Price Of Bengalgram

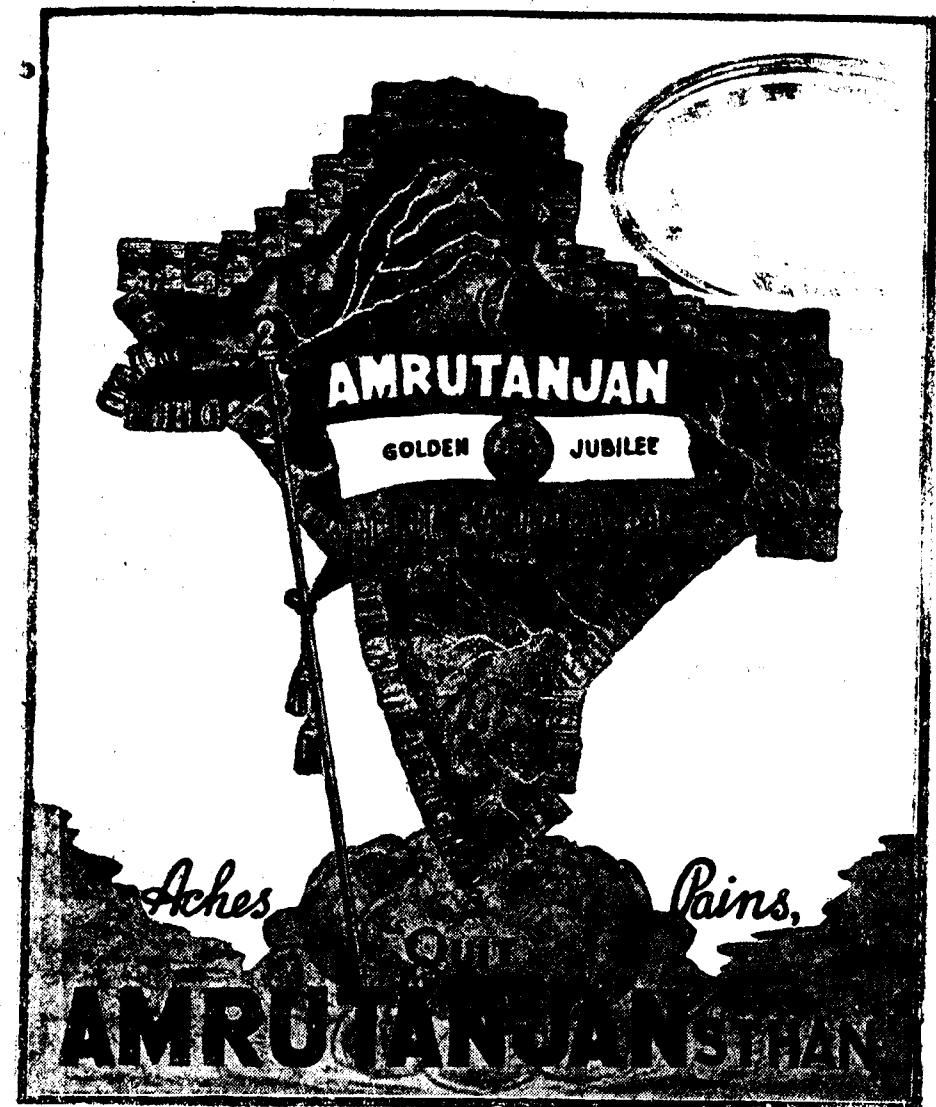
Bengalgram was a controlled commodity till 17th August 1950. No appreciable quantities were supplied on Government account. Taking into consideration the fact that the crop has been damaged this year, bengalgram has been decontrolled with effect from 17th August, but a ceiling price has been fixed. The trade is to obtain the article freely without any restriction as to movement and provide the public in Tamil Nad with enough quantities of bengalgram when there is dearth of rice. The trader does not find it possible to procure gram at the price fixed by the Government. The price quotations from North Indian sellers do not conform to the ceiling rates of the Government and merchants are not in a position to transport gram from North India as they cannot purchase or sell it at a price in excess of that fixed by the Government. The waggon difficulty adds to the hardships of the dealers.

The price of gram in places beyond the seas from which the Government have allowed imports under Open General Licence XX is high and the application of the ceiling price to the imports will spell disaster to the importers.

The position with reference to Pakistan gram is no better as the Pakistan product costs more than the Indian variety.

In the circumstances, if the Government want to enforce the ceiling price in the States, adequate provision has to be made for quick supply to Tamil Nad of bengalgram at the ceiling rate to enable dealers to cater to the needs of their customers urgently. As there is acute gram shortage now, it is hoped the Government will take immediate steps to ease the situation.

V. P. R. GANGARAM DORAIRAJ.
Mathura.



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SWATANTRA

VOL. V. NO. 34.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1950.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ON THE COVER: Sri N. Chandrasekhara Ayyar snapped at the Central Station when he left for Delhi last week to join the Bench of the Supreme Court—Photo By Staff Cameraman R. Krishnan.	
EDITORIAL COMMENTS	5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vigneshwara	7
NEW DELHI DIARY—By V. V. Prasad	9
MAJORITY VOTE—NOT A TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRACY—(Azad Qalam)—By K. A. Abbas	11
THE CASE AGAINST MORE THEATRES—By N. V. Eswar	13
PASSENGER FARES ON INDIAN RAILWAYS—By H. Rangachar	15

GANDHIJI: APOSTLE OF NON-VIOLENCE & TRUTH—By Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya	17
MAHATMA GANDHI: THE APOSTLE AND ARCHITECT—By P. N. Sampath	20
THE AVERAGE AMERICAN—By Dr. P. G. Krishnayya	22
THE TWO SONS—(Short Story)—By P. Chiu	23
BIRTH OF NEW CHINA—By V. G. Nair	27
THE FUTURE OF WARFARE—(From A Military Correspondent)	28
LATE PROF. L. KAMESWARA SARMA	29
GIVE NEHRU A FREE HAND—By Major D. V. Raja Rao	34
G. D. NAIDU IN U. K.—By Sylvia Matheson	35
WORK AND WAGE—By B. Manavalan	35
TRAVEL TALK—By C. S. Narasimhan, M. A.	36
TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION OF INDIA—The Seals Sale Campaign	36
FILM FARE—By V. P. Sathe	36
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka	42
A MADRAS DIARY—By Clio	42
IMPRESSIONS OF NASIK CONGRESS—By V. Subramanian	42
TRAVELLING ART EXHIBITIONS IN U. S. A.	44
THIS FOOD FIASCO: DANGER SIGNAL AHEAD—By Aloke Sen	44
LETTER TO THE EDITOR	44

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1960

ISSUED
WEEKLY

GOVERNMENT AND THE PRESS

IN the course of his exposition of Government's food policy to pressmen, Mr. M. Thirumal Rao made a challenging declaration at the expense of *The Mail*. He called upon that paper to be constructive. "If *The Mail* is capable of making constructive suggestions," he said, "Government are always prepared to consider them." By constructive suggestions the deputy minister apparently means positive programmes devised to solve problems and deal with grievances. He is not alone in calling upon the press to be constructive and not destructive in this sense. Again and again Congress leaders in office, cornered by charges of failure of duty, have sought refuge in challenges to the press to show them how to do better. It is a wholly erroneous conception of the purpose of the press to expect it to help Government in this manner. The press has not, as Governments have, executive officers with vast powers. It is not an alternative competitor for taking charge of the administration. Moreover it lives by disclosures. Its duty is to disclose the facts it gathers and make them public property, so that the public opinion thereby created may have its effect on Governments and impel them to act as desired. Governments, on the other hand, are interested in keeping back information, from public knowledge to save themselves the inconvenience of public disapproval. All too frequently in the legislature, when searching questions on some grave evil are asked, we hear spokesmen of the Government evade and parry and

declare that it is not in the public interest to answer them. It only means that the Government have done something or failed to do something of which the disclosure is not in their own interest. The play on public interest is an illusion which ministers cultivate to throw a veil over reality when the reality is discreditable to them, and one of the aims of the press is to tear the illusion and reveal the reality sought to be hidden. There is an unending battle between the Government's anxiety to be secretive and the race for publicity which is the duty of the press. The two functions are entirely dissimilar and often contradictory, and to perform its duties with independence and utmost public advantage, the press can ill afford to enter into alliances with Government to limit its publicity to suit the political or administrative interests of the party in power.

A classic contest arose in England between the Government and the press as to the proper relationship between the two by the middle of the 19th century. It was in Lord Derby's time. He was provoked by a comment on his regime in *The Times* which he felt to be destructive, and lectured the paper sternly on its language. "As in these days the English press aspires to share the influence of statesmen," he said, "so also must it share the responsibilities of statesmen." Next morning *The Thunderer* came out with a reply to Lord Derby's doctrine which has not been surpassed in all the century that has elapsed since then for its clarity and



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precision in laying down the principles which should guide newspapers in their dealings with Governments.

The Times denied absolutely that the power of the press is in any way to be compared with the power of Governments, and said: "We cannot admit that its purpose is to share the labours of statesmanship, or that it is bound by the same limitations, the same duties, the same liabilities as that of ministers. The purpose and duties of the two powers are constantly separate, generally independent, sometimes diametrically opposite. The dignity and the freedom of the press are trammelled from the moment it accepts an ancillary position.... The duty of the journalist is the same as that of the historian—to seek out the truth, above all things, and to present to his readers not such things as statecraft would wish them to know but the truth as near as he can attain it."

Elaborating its point further in another editorial *The Times* wrote: "The ends which a really patriotic and enlightened journal should have in view are, we conceive, absolutely identical with the ends of an enlightened and patriotic minister, but the means by which they work are essentially and widely different. The statesman in opposition must speak as one prepared to take office; the statesman in office must speak as one prepared to act. They are necessarily not so much seekers after truth as after expediency. The press on the other hand has no practical function; it works out the ends it has in view by argument and discussion alone, and being perfectly unconnected with administrative or executive duties may, and must, roam at will over topics which men of political action dare not touch."

The great safety valve of democracy is an independent press bold to unearth the dubious bargains of politicians in power, and do its duty of laying bare all the facts it can obtain before the public to enable the public to judge the Government. It is true

that great industrial enterprises have sprung up, primarily interested in profits, and with a keen eye on the commercial advantages of ministerial favour. These belong to trade and not to journalism, though the mantle of journalism is spread ostentatiously over their adventures. Not the least of the struggles of the conscientious section of the press with a sense of the dignity of the vocation of journalism, is against its perverted and powerful elements, merchants of publicity wares, operating in devious alliances with amateurish ministers, boosting and lionising them, covering up their follies and pretending to a co-partnership in statecraft to save the administration.

Madras Corporation's 1950 Compendium

THE activities of the Madras Corporation are certainly not as well known to the citizens as they should be. The *Compendium* for 1950, just published, serves to dispel an unworthy ignorance. It is now accepted that municipal administration extends to many fields of human endeavour. The *Compendium* demonstrates that, if the Madras Corporation is unable to discharge its responsibilities to the full in these diversified fields, it is because of lack of finance. Many cartoons, conceived with telling effect, complain of what is apparently regarded as niggardliness on the part of the Government. But the latter, with reason, ascribe it to their own difficult financial position. The position is, thus, unsatisfactory.

Nevertheless, citizens of Madras can satisfy themselves that their Corporation has been able to serve them within the limits of the money available. As the Mayor points out, the problem is a difficult one, what with the increase in the population, the scarcity of essential commodities, and the enormously high cost of living. It is, therefore, a measure of the success of the Corporation that

contending as it does with these handicaps, it does administer the city's services in no unsatisfactory manner. It justly takes pride in its health centre at "Ashok Vihar," which has been modelled on the Peckham experiment in Britain.

The *Compendium* has been excellently produced. Numerous cartoons and drawings enliven its pages. The pictorial method of providing facts is obviously interesting and easy to follow. Credit for this venture

belongs to the Commissioner and the Chief Accounts Officer, Mr. S. Satya-murthi. The latter indeed has discharged his task most notably. He has arranged to clothe the necessary but dull facts of administration in the bright colours of pictures.

The Madras Corporation, which has always led similar institutions in the rest of India, can now justly pride itself on this *Compendium*. It is to be hoped that the publication will be made an annual one.

Sotto Voce

A FAREWELL TO POLITENESS



THE New Diplomacy has made a fine art of bad manners. When Kaiser Wilhelm telegraphed his congratulations to the Boer rebels he was merely quitting scores with Imperial Uncle Ned. But it almost succeeded in sending Europe dithering down the abyss of war. Fifty years later and after two world wars have been fought the Governor of New York insults invited guests with all the crudeness of a fishwife and Mr. Vyshinsky and friend merely stage a walk-out. A hundred years ago the protagonists would have fought a duel and honour would have been avenged in a gentlemanly way. And even to day the proletariat in their pubs settle such disputes with their fists.

If the Russians did not roll up their sleeves on the spot, it may be that they were deterred by good breeding. More likely, they were caught unprepared. For, while they have given ample evidence in international gatherings that they can be quite primitive in expressing their displea-

sure they may have subconsciously assumed that Anglo-Saxons would be bound by their own code. But a code of manners is like a magician's bundle of tricks; it crumbles at the first touch of unbelief. With the eruption of Soviet Russia into world politics the Age of Chivalry was as dead as the Dodo.

I would not have you go away with the idea that the Bolsheviks are boors. Their diplomats are not only the most astute but the most urbane in the world. I am told that their French is as exquisite as their nail polish and their clothes would do credit to Savile Row. None except the All Highest in the Kremlin may affect the neo-pastoral fashion of the peasant smock. But unlike the finished products of the Foreign Office they discovered early that it paid to be rude in a spectacular way. The glassy-eyed superciliousness of the career diplomat was not developed to deal with such systematised bad manners. It is as powerless as the beating of tomtoms.

and the burning of flares to halt a tank.

Not the least of the triumphs of the Bolshevik strategy is that it has found the Achilles' heel of European decorum. In the classic age of colonial Imperialism the Viceroy of India and the Chief Khama were alike "our Royal Cousin," in the courtly language of the Crown. And even a declaration of war was conveyed with all the formal politeness of an invitation to dinner. After all they were cousins who formed the Concert of Europe; or they were chattels that belonged to the cousins. It was Russia that for the first time not only declined to join the guild. It actually put out its tongue at the masons and their mystic rites.

How effectively it broke the spell may be seen from the fact that violence of language has become endemic not only at Lake Success but also in every democratic Parliament. Those who prided themselves on their tight-lipped self-control are now as free with abusive epithets as the most blatantly vulgar—or uninhibited—of the parvenus raised to the dignity of nationhood. If the good Communist flings at the fellow-traveller the taunt of "deviationist treachery" as casually as if he were accusing him of eating with his fingers, the bourgeoisie are not less prolific in the language of insult against the "enemies of society." And the politically immature appropriate this small change of revilement

as clever children absorb the swear words of drunken parents.

To our Socialists every dissident is a "blood-sucker." To Mr. Nehru's inflamed imagination the Hindu revivalist presents as gruesome a spectacle as the horned devil did to the devout churchman. With such respectable precedents it is hardly to be wondered at that the social scum which parades its Self-respect in poisonous vulgarisms should be shocked at the discovery that the law can strike back. You may not slander a man with impunity in the name of freedom of speech, says the Constitution. But if you are not allowed to slander a whole community the sacred rights of democracy are outraged, shout these pseudo-democrats.

Long ago the economist Veblen said rather grumpily, "A breach of faith may be condoned but a breach of decorum cannot." He was having a dig at the way symbols and pantomime had come to acquire a significance as of intrinsic worth under the conventions of a polite society. But even he might have been appalled if he had lived to hear his countryman Thomas Dewey gloating over the angry exit of insulted guests from the dinner-table; why in the name of common sense did Mr. Dewey invite them, knowing that they were "plotting the destruction of the world"? In a world of angry adolescents a breach of decorum may be as destructive as the hydrogen bomb.

VIGHNESWARA

CAMERA TO PHOTOGRAPH INTERIOR OF EYE

A high-speed camera for photographing the interior of the eye is now being used by the medical profession in the United States. Developed after two years of research, it photographs, in colour or in black and white, the microscopic structures within the eye.

Photographs with the camera reveal such eye ailments as abnormal condition of blood vessels, location and extent of hemorrhages, pigmentation, and extent of cupping of the nerve head. The last is important in diagnosing and treating glaucoma, which causes 12 percent of all blindness in the United States today.

The photographs also aid in diagnosing certain diseases such as arteriosclerosis, diabetes, hypertension, nephritis, and tumors of the central nervous system, which are indicated by changes in the retina of the eye long before clinical symptoms appear.

Photographs by the eye camera may be enlarged several times or projected onto a screen. These aid surgeons in studying pictures taken before and after operations, or they can be used as visual aids in teaching medical and optometry students.

The only camera of its kind, it was designed by the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company of Rochester, in the state of New York.—USA.

NEW DELHI DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD



RAJAJI spilled the beans by openly admitting what everybody knew all along. But no Congress leader of any eminence has hitherto dared to speak of the differences between the two great leaders. The extent to which Panditji is guided by Rajaji is revealed by the conversation between Nehru and G. Ramachandran which was published in one section of the Indian Press. A leading article has since appeared in the *Hindustan Times*, which fairly represents the views of Rajaji. He wants the Prime Minister to join the Congress Working Committee, and has told him that it would not be right for the Pandit to keep out of the supreme body of the Congress.

The only important issue which admitted of controversy was the machinery for choosing candidates for the constituencies at the next General Elections. On this, the Prime Minister had certain proposals to make, which are calculated to take away the control of the election machinery from Sardar Patel and transfer them to himself. This suggestion was drafted in the form of a resolution by Hare Krishna Mahatab and placed in Pandit Nehru's hands for further drafting, but it seems never to have been seriously discussed by the Congress Working Committee.

To say that India is secular, that the aim is to make India a Welfare State, that the Congress should abolish zamindaris and the rest of it is merely to repeat all the old slogans of the Congress. Why these matters should have been made an issue passeth all understanding. Shankarrao Deo had tried to make out that he was the only candidate for the Presidentship who stood as a Congressman, whereas he suggested that Tandon and Kripalani were non-Congressmen aspiring for the honour. Panditji similarly made it appear that he was the only man who held fast to Congress principles, while

everybody else was dead-set against them. The truth is that there were hardly any principles involved in the Congress except those of truth and non-violence. And these two were violated indiscriminately because of the impossible nature of these ideals. Not only that. If a Congressman—or any Indian for that matter—was discovered telling lies, he came forward with the explanation that he was not a Gandhi. This, he thought—and everybody else agreed with him—was enough justification for telling that which is not.

Rajaji is a diplomat who can avoid untruth-telling. But he can tell the truth in diplomatic language. Thomas Dewey, I suppose, is also regarded as a diplomat. But what he said and did last week was neither diplomatic nor perhaps even truthful. At a dinner to which the Soviet delegates were also invited, he began to attack the Soviets for forced labour and the like. If the charge is correct, why should he have invited the Soviet delegation to dinner at all? Or was it that he came to be convinced of the existence of forced labour in the Soviet Union halfway through that dinner? Insulting a man whom you have invited to dinner is the meanest thing on earth. I don't know how common this practice is in America—since it seems to be quite popular even at the highest level—but the very idea itself is most revolting to the Indian mind.

Speaking of dinners and lunches, someone told me that Chief Justice Douglas of the U. S. Supreme Court was present at the lunch which the President gave soon after the credentials were presented by the Chinese Ambassador. If this is correct, I think it was rather undiplomatic of us to have done so. The etiquette at such functions is to confine the meal to the Ambassador and officials of his Embassy, and their wives, and to some officials of the External Affairs Minis-

try and their wives. America had not recognised China, and the inclusion of Chief Justice Douglas is therefore highly intriguing. It is not good for the judge either; for judges are not supposed to get involved in political matters. Mr. Douglas was extremely correct when questions were put to him on Persia at a small conference with pressmen that afternoon. He made it clear that he did not wish to say anything of a political nature. Mr. Douglas, of course, created a great impression on us. It was no fault of his that he was invited for lunch that day. It is quite likely that he was mistaken by our distinguished guests from China as a British Adviser to the President. We are ourselves responsible for such impressions getting around: we should be more careful about our protocol.

I was happy to find that the Garhwalis residing in the capital have decided to cast off their slavery in the near future. There can be nothing more degrading than the position of a domestic servant. This is the slavery of modern times. Most domestic servants are made to work for sixteen hours a day, and seven days a week. The treatment meted out to them is not always human. Any person who ever engaged a domestic servant would agree with William Morris that no man is good enough to be another man's master.

An average middle class American household does not have a domestic servant. The utmost that the housewife can expect by way of help is the service of a charwoman twice a week for an hour on each occasion. An American friend told me that his wife was his cook, his dhobi, his butler and his chauffeur—in addition to being his wife! And what a cook! Only a few chefs in the best restaurants of the world could surpass her in the culinary art. Such is their self-reliance. Such too is their democratic approach. We must have a different servant for each of these activities—one for washing clothes, another for driving our car, and yet another to cook our food, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. No wonder we mistake the wife too for a servant!

This state of affairs has become possible because of the great poverty and unemployment of the overwhelmingly large majority of the popula-

tion in this land of ours. There is very little productive employment going. A few people are therefore in a position to commandeer the services of their fellow-men and women at ridiculously cheap prices and under absurdly inhuman conditions. Conditions in the kitchen for cooking food can be made very pleasant, but since a servant does the cooking, nobody bothers about it. Where the wife herself cooks the food, things are no better: because the kitchen is really the room in which the wife is imprisoned! Take the commonest everyday activity of sweeping the floor. Rooms are invariably swept by a broom which is about two feet long. This involves the housewife or the servant bending low to sweep the floor. This could be easily avoided by providing her with a broom that is attached to a long wooden handle. The floor can then be swept in a standing position. Similarly with cooking. In many households, the cook (or wife) has to assume a bending position while preparing the food because the fire is not more than a foot above the ground. And she becomes permanent prey to lumbago.

When a large number of domestic servants simply disappear—as the Garhwali Federation promises they will—we are bound to think furiously and devise elementary means to lighten the burden of our womenfolk, including, I suppose, lending a hand in washing the dishes. A recent Indian visitor to Australia expressed great admiration for Australian life, because the men over there do not regard dish-washing as *infra dig*.

The Acting High Commissioner for Australia in India, Mr. Stewart, is one of the most remarkable diplomats I have ever met. I guess the only other young diplomat in the Commonwealth who has proved equally eminent is Mr. Frank Roberts—who too, by a strange coincidence, has just acted as High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in India. Mr. Stewart has a profound sense of history. He quotes Toynbee as I quote Bernard Shaw.

Mr. Stewart is definitely the coming man in the Australian Foreign Service. I am looking forward to his book of history, which he says he might write some day.

MAJORITY VOTE—NOT A TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRACY

“THE resolution was passed,” “The resolution was passed by an overwhelming majority,” “The resolution was passed amidst general applause,” or “The resolution was thrown out.”

We are familiar with such phrases which occur in all reports of democratic functions—all the way from United Nations General Assembly to a school boys debate!

But the mere statement of a resolution having been passed or rejected need not embody the whole truth. Majorities do not always mean the triumph of democracy! It is always advisable and, sometimes, edifying to analyse the voting.

FOUR FOR COMMUNALISM, 117 FOR CAPITALISM!

Take, for instance, the resolutions passed at the recent session of the Congress at Nasik. We all know that all the resolutions placed before the delegates by the working committee were duly passed. And most of us are content to leave it at that, at most mildly commenting on the docility displayed by the rank-and-file Congressmen in rubber-stamping the leaders' *diktat*, or marvelling at the remarkable personal prestige of Pandit Nehru which ensured the unqualified ratification of his government's policies. But—and it is a significant BUT—though all the resolutions were passed, all of them were not passed by the same majorities. It is revealing, indeed, to look behind the actual voting figures.

When, for instance, the resolution (moved by Pandit Nehru in a vehement and fighting speech) endorsing the Indo-Pak agreement and condemning communalism was put to vote, only four hands went up in opposition, though many had expected several hundreds to vote against it. It was a complete personal triumph for the Prime Minister.

But the same sweeping, nearly-unanimous majority

was not accorded to another important resolution—the one on the economic programme which, according to Mr. Jagjivan Ram who moved it, sought to remove “exploitation of man by man.” While the bulk of the resolution, being a repetition of the familiar platitudes, was acceptable to all the delegates, the only operative part of it—regarding controls and planned economy—provoked a heated debate and the only division of the session.

The upholders of De-control and capitalistic doctrine of “free enterprise” almost got one of their amendments (favouring De-control) passed and even when the official group brought back the absentee members, the division was sharp enough. As many as 117 members, all Congressmen, voted against controls and (by obvious implication) for unfettered capitalism.

They dared not defy Pandit Nehru's stand on secularism, but they did defy him on this economic issue. Also significant is the fact that while Pandit Nehru made a frontal attack on communalism, and swept the house by his impassioned threat to resign, he did not speak equally strongly on the issue of controls and, therefore, did not make this resolution a personal issue of his honour.

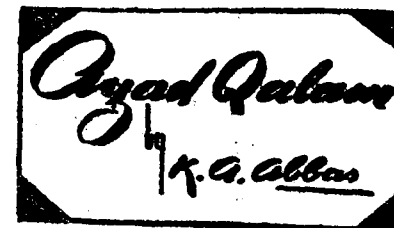
Both the resolutions were passed—but an analysis of the voting has its own tale to tell.

335 MAJORITY, 1259 MINORITY?

Now, let's switch over from Nasik to Lake Success where India's resolution recommending the admission of Peoples' Republic of China was defeated by 29 votes to 16. A very big adverse majority, indeed! But let's see how it looks on a closer examination and analysis.

Let's see first what this voting meant in terms of the number of the people represented by each of the votes.

For India's Resolution: Afghanistan (12 millions), Burma (17 millions), Den-



mark (4 millions), India (350 millions), Czechoslovakia (2 millions), Israel (one million), Netherlands (10 millions), Norway (3 millions), Pakistan (70 millions), Poland (24 millions), Sweden (7 millions), Soviet Union including Ukraine and White Russia (200 millions), United Kingdom (50 millions), and Yugoslavia (16 millions). To which may be also be added the 500 millions of the still unrepresented Peoples' Republic of China.

Against India's resolution: Australia (7 millions), Belgium (8 millions), Bolivia (4 millions), Brazil (48 millions), Chile (6 millions), China (Nil—since Chiang and his men in U. N. O. represent not even the people of Formosa), Columbia (10 millions), Costa Rica (One million), Cuba (5 millions), Dominican Republic (2 millions), El Salvador (2 millions), Ethiopia (7 millions), Greece (7 millions), Haiti (3 millions), Honduras (one million), Iceland 132,750, Iran (17 millions), Iraq (5 millions), Liberia (2 millions), Luxembourg (281,572), Mexico (24 millions), New Zealand (2 millions), Nicaragua (one million), Panama (681,519), Paraguay (one million), Peru (7 millions), Philippines (20 millions), Turkey (19 millions), South Africa (2 millions—i.e. without the disenfranchised coloured population of eleven millions), United States of America (136 millions), Uruguay (2 millions) and Venezuela (4 millions). Total—355 millions.

Analyse the 29 votes which have barred the entry of the legitimate representatives of 500 million people of China and you find that most of them are either semi-colonial economic and political appendages and satellites of U. S. A. (e.g. Brazil, Chile, Columbia, Costa Rica, Dominican Republic, El Salvador, Haiti, Honduras, Iceland, Liberia, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Philippines, Uruguay and Venezuela), or obliged and subservient to Washington because of economic and military aid (e.g. Belgium, Greece, Iran, Iraq, and Turkey).

A rich country, like a rich man, can always muster a crowd of hangers-on.

But is this democracy that is being practised at Lake Success?

Patriotism, it was once said, is the last refuge of a scoundrel. "Demo-

cracy," it now appears, is the last refuge of imperialists!

HITLER IS NOT DEAD

One of the main sources of Hitler's power was the corruption and the dehumanization of youthful minds which were filled with fanaticism and hate and hysteria by Nazi teachers and leaders of Hitler Youth.

That evil process, it appears, is now going on in South Africa—the neo-Nazi country to which we are tied by the golden "crown link" of the British Commonwealth.

According to a Johannesburg message, "Hennie Botha, a 12-year old school boy, seriously ill in a Transvaal hospital, has refused for two days to eat any food because it was prepared by an Indian cook."

This is the White man's superior "civilisation" in action, the civilisation that adopted such contemptuously superior attitudes to the Indians because of our indigenous evil of untouchability—an evil which we have relentlessly fought and very nearly eradicated!

We refuse to believe that White South African children, by birth, are such arrogant racial maniacs as to prefer to starve rather than eat food by an Indian.

But there is no doubt that the evil of racialism is being sedulously propagated and insidiously injected into youthful minds in South Africa.

If proof were needed, the same report adds that the hunger-striking boy "was rewarded for his anti-Indian stand by receiving the first special gold medal to be awarded by 'South African Protection Society,' a group dedicated to 'show the country how to deal with Indians'."

This society, with its self-confessed evil aims, we are further informed, includes many clergymen and school teachers. One expects that if Christ returned to the earth, these ministers of His Church will refuse him entry into their homes and will teach their little boys not to eat out of his hands—for, according to the racial laws of the South African *Herrenvolk*, Christ belonged to an inferior race. One can also imagine what kind of perversion of education these teachers must be imparting to the children in their care.

What have the U. N. O. and the UNESCO to say about this revival of Hitlerian madness? And how long is our Government going to tolerate such beastly treatment being meted out to Indian nationals in other parts of the Commonwealth of which we are supposed to be free and equal members. It is quite clear that, consistent with national self-respect, India cannot be a member of the same association of nations as South Africa!

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"WASHINGTON: In an effort to increase the number of men available for service, the U. S. Army has decided to take (even) toothless draftees.... The Army expects to have enough dentists to fit the draftees with false teeth if they need them."

"NEW YORK: The 'Big Three' Foreign Ministers and Defence Ministers discussed secretly American proposals for re-arming the Germans and using them in the unified Western European Defence force."

"TORONTO: Sir Frank Whittle, British Scientist and inventor of the jet engine, said that he feared Britain might not survive a third world war and urged immediate mass migration from the British isles to the Commonwealth."

"LONDON: Fifty-two United States warships are in the Mediterranean

area—largest concentration of American sea-power assembled there since World War II."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA:

"NASIK: Moving the resolution on communalism, Pandit Nehru said, 'I am, ashamed at the way this question has been looked at by Congressmen of late.... this tendency has greatly pained me. I cannot raise my head before the world because of the narrow parochial tendencies that have crept into the Congress.'...."

Mr. Shri Ram Sharma (Punjab) wanted an amendment to say that "reactionary forces continue to exist in the services and even in the Congress."

Mr. Satyapal (Punjab) said that many Congressmen called themselves nationalists but were communalists to the core. The Congress was guilty of tolerating such Congressmen and even giving them high office. In fact these people had created an atmosphere which made people say that there was "no great difference between the Congress and the Hindu Mahasabha or the R. S. S."

"NASIK: Prime Minister Nehru, addressing students, declared that the Congress is alive and kicking, it is the mightiest political organisation in the country and there is no other organisation which can take its place."

THE CASE AGAINST MORE THEATRES

By N. V. ESWAR

THE cry for more and more theatres is becoming hoarse day by day. There is absolutely no basis for this cry. Apart from the question whether India really is in need of more and more theatres, there is the other important question whether there has not been a pronounced increase in the construction of theatres in India during the last few years. Simply because the Indian Government have imposed a ban on the release of building materials for the specific purpose of constructing theatres, theatres have not remained

unbuilt. On the other hand, a great number of theatres have been built during the last few years. During the hectic war years and immediately after, Calcutta alone saw the construction of nearly 20 new *de luxe* theatres. In mofussil towns new theatres have sprang up like mushrooms, as the anxiety to cover up black market money increased in feverish proportions.

Instances of a small town, which cannot afford to have even one permanent cinema running profitably, having two or three luxurious the-

tres, are not rare. I have travelled extensively in the interior of India and seen most of these theatres myself.

Here are some to stagger your imagination. A survey was conducted by the U. S. Department of Commerce in June 1949, covering theatre construction the world over. The U. S. report emphasised the fact that India of all countries in the world showed the greatest percentage of increase in theatre construction. In 1947, India, including undivided Pakistan, had 1605 permanent theatres. Of this figure 352 theatres went to Pakistan on partition. Which means India had the basic figure of 1253 theatres on the eve of partition. Since then in the course of barely two years, the number of theatres in India alone has gone up to 2,200, or an increase of approximately 1,000 theatres—an increase of nearly 100%.

Almost every day, I hear of a new theatre opening here or there. Any casual reader of newspapers can feel a new theatre coming up every day, if only he reads the advertisements on the opening of new theatres in the mofussil. I am personally receiving invitations for the opening ceremony of at least six theatres in the course of a month. Madras alone has four new theatres under construction, apart from the four which opened during last year. This should indicate that nothing really stands in the way of theatre construction, Government ban and all included. Neither implied ban of the Government nor any other factor has brought about an abatement in theatre construction. It goes ahead at a great pace.

During the last few months it has become clear that India does not have enough pictures to keep the theatres going. Most of the theatres in the cities themselves are practically picking out films from the rubbish heap and showing them at theatres whose seats are occupied mainly by bugs! Cases of exhibitors getting barely Rs. 30 a day on a Tamil, Telugu or Hindi picture, who take to foreign features and serial distributors, are multiplying almost every day. Purely Indian picture houses are showing a medley of pictures, including German and Russian films, merely because they hope they might be able to

stand on their legs somehow. In South India alone there are some 700 touring cinemas. Their operation-costs are far less than those of the permanent theatres. Even here, barely 150 touring cinemas are in active operation. Governmental restrictions are adduced as principal reason for this inactivity. But aside from these is the question as to who can give pictures for them? I have had experience of touring cinema owners running to Madras just to secure one Tamil or Telugu picture. Picture shortage is acute and real.

Even in cities purse strings are being tightened. The conditions prevailing in mofussil areas are worse. Touring cinemas do not pay. To make them a paying proposition, every touring cinema has to change pictures at least twice a week. Where to go for a succession of pictures? This would account for nearly 500 touring cinemas remaining idle in the South alone.

When India cannot feed the 2,200 theatres and the 900 or so touring cinemas with pictures regularly, without the theatres having to run frequently to foreign picture distributors for help and aid, it is ridiculous to increase the number of theatres concerted, apart from the natural increase that is already taking place.

India produces about 253 pictures a year. Perhaps we may hope to do some 300 pictures in the coming years. When the current production of 253 pictures cannot take care of 2,200 theatres, one can well imagine how it would be possible to cover any phenomenal increase in theatres with 300 pictures a year. Foreign picture distributors regularly import a little over 400 pictures every year to cover a maximum of 600 theatres. When 400 pictures are required to cover 600 theatres, statistically speaking, India should have nearly 1,700 pictures produced every year to cover the present number of theatres alone. Considering that English pictures normally take 30% of the playing time of a good Indian picture, India still would require some 500 pictures to feed the present 2,200 theatres. So the absurdity of crying for more and more theatres, when film production is just about half the normal requirements, becomes all the more patent.

PASSENGER FARES ON INDIAN RAILWAYS

By H. RANGACHAR

IN a recent public lecture in Madras, Dr. Norman Gold, Chief of the Division of Economic Studies, ECAFE, is reported to have suggested an increase in railway passenger fares as a means of finding more revenue for Government and of making some additional capital available for industrial development in the country. He stated that Indian railway fares had gone up by only 30% and felt that there was room for further increase. This subject requires careful consideration.

The 30% enhancement referred to is not the over-all increase in fares since pre-war years but represents only the effect of the latest of the upward revisions in the period. The bases of fares were revised with effect from 1st Jan. 1948 and this has resulted in the average charges per passenger per mile going up by 30%, over the rates then prevalent. As has been observed by the Railway Board in their Report for 1948-49, "the increase would have been greater but for the diversion of passengers into lower classes in consequence of changes in the classification of passenger accommodation with effect from 1st Jan. 1949". With the abolition of this classification and the restoration of old classes since effected, the increase will now be higher than 30%.

Since the pre-war year 1939, the fares on our railways have gone up by about 45%, as a result of increases from time to time. The following statement shows the average rates charged per passenger per mile in 1939 and 1949:

Class	1938-39	1948-49
Total; all classes	3.16 pies	4.6 pies
Third class	2.97 "	4.2 "

Thus the fares have in recent years gone up by 45% and not only by 30%.

An idea of the effects of increases in fares may better be obtained from the comparative figures of passenger traffic and earnings during these years. Percentage-wise, the number of passengers in 1948-49 has increased over that of 1938-39 by more than 120% and the passenger miles by over

105% while earnings have gone up by 170%. In 1948-49, the passengers contributed a gross revenue of 92.91 crores of rupees to the railways of the Republic against 30.73 crores to the railways of undivided India.

In the U. S. A. the passenger fares have increased since 1939 by only 26% for the whole country.

The contribution of passengers to railway revenues has increased very substantially in India and is on a scale higher than that in many other countries. It should be emphasized that this increase has been without any addition to amenities or any corresponding increase in accommodation.

Apart from the extent of increase, the question for consideration now is whether any enhancement of fares is at present economically expedient or justifiable. Several facts have to be taken into consideration in an examination of this question.

Ninety seven per cent of the passenger traffic on Indian railways is of the third class and only 3% of other classes. Of the latter, an increase in 1st class fares will weight the scales in favour of air transport and lead to further diminution in this traffic which, as it is, hardly pays. As experience has shown, an increase of 2nd class fares will result in substantial diversion of traffic to cheaper classes. Increased revenue from enhancement of fares will have therefore to be almost entirely derived from 3rd class passengers.

Is this class of passengers economically in a position to pay more for travel? The per capita income in India at present is estimated at Rs. 150 to 160 per annum. While in terms of money this income has increased by about 140%, the cost of living indices record a rise of over 300% since 1938-39. Thus the persons from whom more revenue has to be got are in a much worse position than ever before and are hardly able to afford the increased cost of travel. An increase in railway rates is all-pervasive and will therefore stimulate the already high and acute infla-

tionary pressure, especially as luxury travel in this class of passengers is negligible. The great necessity now is to arrest the ever going-up spiral of prices in the interests of the economic stability of the country. An increase in fares at the present juncture will adversely affect to some extent the efforts of the Government to reduce price levels and will worsen the economic conditions.

To a question from a member of the audience whether an increase in fares will not lead to a reduction in traffic and consequently in earnings, Dr. Gold is reported to have replied that an examination of statistics showed that this will not be the case. There is much in the present trends of traffic and statistics to support the view of Dr. Gold. As already stated, the increase would affect almost entirely the 3rd class passengers in whose case unnecessary or luxury travel is negligible. There is "necessity travel" which has to be performed even with increased fares. There is therefore no probability in the present conditions of such a fall in the volume of traffic as would offset the effects of an increase in fares. This however is a short-term view of the matter.

As against this, there are other factors which have to be reckoned with. A large percentage of traffic in India consists of short-distance passengers, the average distance a passenger is hauled on Indian railways being of the order of 32 miles. There is at present a slight margin in fares in favour of railways, compared to motor transport with its advantages of door to door travel and other conveniences which particularly count in short-distance traffic. An increase in fares will curtail this margin. Due to the present conditions and the scarcity of petrol, motor transport is operating under grave disadvantages and is restricted. With the abolition of rationing throughout the country in sight and the consequent availability of petrol, motor transport may reasonably be expected to develop in the near future and make serious inroads on railway traffic. Even without the increase in fares, the railways will have to lose some of the existing traffic; the enhanced fares will accentuate this and lead to a larger diversion of traffic from railways to the

roads. When this stage is reached, as it would be in the near future, higher fares may drive traffic to the roads to such an extent as to lead to a reduction in earnings.

The facts given above show that fares in India have already been increased by 45%, at a scale higher than in many countries. The incidence of any upward revision will be on the 3rd class passengers whose economic position is much worse than in prewar years and who are thus least able to bear it. The increase will further stimulate the high inflationary pressure and have to some extent adverse repercussions on price levels and the efforts of the Government to control them. While the increase may as a short-term measure bring in some additional revenue, it is sure to have the effect of diverting traffic to motors and of eventually decreasing the railway earnings. In view of these considerations, an increase in railway passenger fares does not seem to be economically expedient or justifiable.



GANDHIJI: APOSTLE OF NON-VIOLENCE & TRUTH

By KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

HERBERT SPENCER in the 19th and Oswald Spengler in the 20th have written of human societies as social organisms in the following terms: "A civilization is born at the moment when out of the primitive psychic conditions of a perpetually infantile (raw) humanity, a mighty soul awakes and extricates itself; a form out of the formless, a bounded and transitory existence out of the the boundless and persistent. This soul comes to flower on the soil of a country with precise boundaries.... so there have arisen privileged souls who have felt themselves related to all souls and who, instead of remaining within the limits of their group and keeping to the restricted solidarity which has been established by nature, have addressed themselves to humanity in general in an elan of love." The new specific character of the rare and superhuman soul that breaks the vicious circle of primitive human social life and generates the work of creation may be described as a creative personality. It is through the inward development of personality that certain individual human beings are able to perform those creative acts in the outward field of action, that cause the growth of human societies. These individuals who get going the process of growth in the societies to which they belong, seem more than mere men, for they seem to be able to work what look like miracles. The forward movement of civilization is largely wrought by the dynamics of such creative personalities, who act as a leaven. For the creative personality is impelled to transfigure his fellowmen into fellow creators by recasting them in his own image. The very fact that the growth of civilization is the work of creative individuals carries the implication that the uncreative majority would be left behind unless these pioneers contrived to carry the more slow moving rearguard along with them in their eager advance. In fact the act of creation itself is performed by the genius and leader by expressing himself, like

every living soul, through action upon his fellows and thereby enabling the more dormant and the less creative to perform an evolution for which they lacked original initiative.

Reaction Of Society

This social situation however presents its own dangerous dilemmas. For should the creative genius fail to bring about in his milieu the content and reaction he has achieved in himself, his very status may become the source of deadly peril to him. For there will always be a mass or section that will fail to respond to the new stimulants and will refuse to fit into a scene which has become transformed. They must necessarily react violently and break the harmony of the new order which is being established in tune with the leader's transfigured self and masterful creative will. For the deeper the changes wrought the more vehement the antagonism that is likely to be roused. For the dynamics of genius comes with disturbing thrust. The problem might have been simple if there were to be a uniform response to the iconoclastic mutations set up by the crusading leader. For though he may be a man of love, peace and harmony, breaking the "cake of custom" is not a tame affair and is bound to set up turbulent currents. As Christ is purported to have said: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father and the daughter against her mother and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

Need Of A Creative Leader

In a growing civilization the creative leader is called upon to reply to a challenge with a victorious response but in a disintegrating civilization he is called upon to be more than a triumphant leader—he is required to become a kind of a saviour. For a declining civilization is one in which the creative minority has been worst-

ed and ceased to function as the creative spring. It is for the leader to convert the rout into a fresh advance.

Gandhiji—The Saviour

Normally the picture of a saviour is that of a man with a sword. Yet there came a saviour who said "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." With this verdict he commanded his disciples to unsheath the sword and thereby broke away from the conventional pattern of action and made a tremendous new departure. One such personality was Gandhiji. He was born in a disintegrated society which is just the opposite of a vital living civilization. For in the latter, every challenge calls for the vigorous and triumphant response, which proceeds to generate another and a different challenge, which meets with another successful response thus moving from triumph to triumph. Whereas in a declining civilization, it fails to meet the challenge, which means a stalemate that is cessation of growth, and which unless a quick recovery is made, will mean a series of relapses ending in complete break-down as has been the fate of so many civilizations.

It was at such a phase of our civilization that Gandhiji arose to stimulate into motion the responses which had become atrophied. But first he asked his would-be followers to unsheath their swords. On the terrific momentum of his own inner strength, he impelled this vast community to move forward galvanising it into unprecedented creative action. That momentum gathered force until the armed might of a vast military force had to fall back in retreat and ultimately quit.

Hostile Elements

Nevertheless many, alas, remained untouched, their souls too atrophied to be revived, their minds too sunk in the groove to move into active flow. We have seen that growth is the work of creative personalities and that they cannot go on moving forward themselves unless they can contrive to carry their fellowmen with them in their advance. But the general apathy of the large body of mankind cannot be fired en masse to be transformed and raised to the plane where the leader functions. Moreover even when they are fired the nature of people is so inconstant, that while they

may be persuaded into a certain mode of thought and action at a given moment it is hard to make them hold on to that persuasion. When persuasion fails to retain them in that mould, the leader is faced with the alternative of substituting the piper's pipe of allurements by the whip of compulsion. The leader may now make his fellow comrades his followers and henchmen, by bringing into play the primitive and universal faculty of force. Instead of the music of the pipe there is now only the shrill strident note of the army commandant. But Gandhiji who did not believe in the cult of force, who respected human intelligence too much to cage it and held human personality too sacred to be degraded, would not resort to any kind of social drill, in other words to mechanisation of human life and movement. A saviour of the type of Gandhiji refuses to infect himself with hypnotism and induce it in others, to thus purchase docility in his following at the disastrous price of loss of initiative in the men around him. Rather he immolates himself on the altar of his faith to carry conviction. The common source of disharmony is the introduction and generation of new forces, attitudes and ideas which the existing social frame-work in its dilapidated condition is unable to carry. Nor was it designed for these new currents. It is the old simile of old wine in new bottles. In truth the advent of new dynamic forces ought to be accompanied by a reconstruction of the whole existing set up, for in a vital and growing society such natural and spontaneous adjustments are taking shape all the time, thus creating new and harmonious channels for the welfare of society. But such adjustments do not take place at all times and everywhere. Sometimes the old structures, not being keyed up to take in the new load, manifest a baneful performance, resulting in the social enormities which a diehard institution engenders. In other words individuals rigidly set in these conventional patterns cannot or will not move to meet new situations, new challenges. The result is clash and ultimate disintegration. So long as a civilization is growing, its inspiring cultural influence continues to permeate the entire community and exercise a meliorating influence. Thus qualities such

as human understanding, large-heartedness, tolerance have opportunity for play. But when a stalemate sets in the charm ceases to act and those who had resisted the influence and persisted in remaining outside its pale, grow hostile and become violent, and may ultimately come to establish a military frontier—what then of the leaders?

Freedom And After

Until Gandhiji brought the ship safely to the shores of freedom he was the captain. Then came the question of creating the rulers to run the State. The reins naturally passed into the hands of those trusted round him. To them the task of creation ceased to be. They fell upon the job of handling power. In their flurry and haste, they began to pour the new wine into old bottles. The hard lessons learnt over many decades were forgotten. No new forms were moulded to take in the new content. Forgotten the famous saying of Jesus: "No man putteth a piece of new cloth into an old garment, for that which is put in to fill up taketh from the garment and the rent is made worse. Neither do men put new wine into old bottles; else the bottle breaks and the wine runneth out and the bottles perish; but they put new wine into new bottles and both are preserved."

The Two Trends

The underlying force of a schism in society is really the schism in the souls of the human beings; and in a society where the leadership ceases to be creative, each single line of thought and action is bound to split into mutually antipathic variations which ultimately seem to polarise the choice before each into passivity or violence, abandoning the path of creation. The sphere of choice becomes more narrow and rigid and the divergence more

intense as time goes on. Passivity leads to abandon and drift that is a loss of the exhilaration of growth. This has become the chief characteristic of our national life today. The other trend is archaism or revivalism. This is an attempt to break away from an irksome present by taking a leap into the past, that is to give a slip to an intolerable present by reconstructing an earlier phase which seems full of glory and triumph. On such an archaic tidal wave, the deadly diehard element seeks to ride to power and throw the pall of sterility over the entire country. At the moment when the dominant leadership has become sterile in striving to maintain the status quo, and the large mass has slipped into passivity, the day seems to be with the revivalists. They are moved by an almost fatal faith in determinism as Hitler was, which can rouse men to any frenzy. They seized their chance when in the chaos of the partition they murdered the creative genius Gandhiji who naturally was the deadliest and the most natural enemy of revivalism. Ever since, they have been moving from vantage to vantage, victory to victory for the creative genius of the people burns low and dim.

October 2.

October 2 tries once again to remind us of the abandoned mission of mankind, to live as vital human beings, not primitive barbarians nor let ourselves be driven as dry autumn leaves in the global winds. Gandhiji once taught us how to live as proud and noble human beings. He cut the path to freedom and self-respect. We can still attain that humanhood and march along the road to fulfilment and joy, if we give the creative urge within us full play to build new ideas, new social structures and new ways of living.—Copyright. N. P. S.

RICE SOWING BY AIR

For the first time in Australia rice will be sown by aircraft this season at Wakool, an irrigation area in south western New South Wales. A private aircraft company which has already had experience in the dusting and spraying of crops from the air, will carry out the experiment on behalf of the State Department of Agriculture. The experimental area will be 50 acres, half of which will be sown with pre-germinated seed and the other half with ordinary seed.

Rice growing is among Australia's younger primary industries, and is already heavily mechanised, with mechanical planters and harvesters in use. Home consumption of rice in Australia is severely rationed to enable the great bulk of the crop to be sent to Pacific and South-East Asian countries.

MAHATMA GANDHI: THE APOSTLE & ARCHITECT

By P. N. SAMPATH

THE troublous twentieth century, which has produced two major wars with several minor ones to boot, and which has seen the discovery of the devastating atom bomb and the apocalyptic hydrogen bomb still taking shape in the arsenals of the nations of the world, paradoxically enough, also contained a Mahatma Gandhi. Mahatma Gandhi lived the better part of his life in this century though he was not born in it. His great life has been the highlight of this century. He has gone, bequeathing to the nation the legacy of his apostolic labours; leaving his prophetic words to be its living oracles; pouring forth his blood to be the seed of a thousand martyrdoms.

Mahatma Gandhi was a combination of great qualities, both of head and heart. In his ideas of Ahimsa and conquest through Love, he resembled Buddha. His idea of the flagellation of the flesh through purgatory fasts, we find in the ways of Mahavira, the great Jaina. Political unity was his burning passion as much as it was to Abraham Lincoln. In his insistence on religious tolerance, his idea of the fundamental unity of all religions, and his conviction that India had a great future only as a secular state, he reminds us of Emperor Akbar. "Return good for evil," he preached, as Lord Jesus Christ had preached before him. Fate has a mania for repetition; his martyrdom has brought back memories of Christ's crucifixion. Gandhi's nationalism was of the same calibre as that of George Washington; of Garibaldi; Cavour, Mustafa Kemal and Dr. Sun Yat Sun. He had the meekness of Moses, the bravery of Guru Gobind Singh, the lofty wisdom of Socrates and the self-respect of David.

The two powers, which in the opinion of Epictetus, constituted a "wise man," are those of "bearing" and "forbearing." Mahatma Gandhi was wise accordingly. There cannot be virtue without strong will power. The weak "know the right, and yet the wrong pursue." Not only did, the

Mahatma have a strong will, but he also wanted his followers to be strong-willed on the side of Truth and Non-violence.

When he first came into the arena of Indian politics, the Indian National Congress was not at all a live force. It was he who gave it both verve and nerve. Through all the darkling forest of governmental repression and the resultant chaos, there ran a gleaming Ariadne's thread, viz., the will of Gandhiji. Under him the Congress functioned as one unit. His magnetic personality attracted followers in lakhs and lakhs. At his call, many plunged headlong into the movement, reckoning neither cost nor consequence. As such, we can call him the Orpheus of Indian politics.

He founded a new religion in politics. His technique of non-violent non-cooperation through Satyagraha, was his contribution to politics. The greatest imperialist power in the world—the British, have had to "quit" India unconditionally, at his bidding. The whole world gaped in mute astonishment at the great potency of the Gandhian technique. While he was Britain's greatest friend, imperialism knew no more inveterate enemy. Thus, he obtained our country's freedom all on his own, backed by a steady following.

As Morley said of Gladstone, "he lighted up the prose of politics with a ray from the diviner mind, and exalted his ephemeral discourse into a sort of visible relation with the counsels of all time."

Gandhiji was a unique man of action. His deeds always followed his words as night followed the day. The famous American correspondent Edgar Snow said of him: "You may not agree with a lot of things about Gandhi, but no one could deny the honesty of his convictions, nor his fighting courage in defence of them. And these are qualities of his greatness."

His ideas of love, non-violence and truth, though mainly social in character, were oecumenical in scope. He

belonged to the pulpit as much as he belonged to the forum. He had a cosmological outlook; the good of mankind was his goal. Creeds could not limit him. He was like the wind 'that bloweth where it listeth.'

There is no board of admittance to rule on his sainthood; the testimony of his life simply proclaims it. He revealed his soul in the articulate speech of an earnest, pure and truthful life, and this is a language which the profoundest must admire, while the simplest can appreciate. He was essentially a saint both in the burthen of utterance and in personal habits. His simplicity was truly Spartan. His manner of life was the most favourable that could have been devised for longevity. And he wanted to live longer.

His wisdom was practical and prophetic—remedial for the present, warning for the future. He lives in his example, in the deep-engraved lines of public gratitude and in the respect and homage of mankind. He was the most fragrant flower of Indian culture.

He was desirous of inculcating sound morality and attention to the courtesies and charities of life. He had a remarkably firm grasp of his whole doctrine in its widest bearings. He had a message for his folly-smitten fellow-men. His life was yet another proof of India's spiritual eminence. Civilisation had blossomed in India ere its rudiments had begun to sprout in the Western countries. When people were in the cave-dwelling stage in the West, our countrymen were in an Elysium of spiritual enquiry. Similarly now, when they are toying with the all-destroying atom bomb, thanks to our Mahatmaji, we have discovered a force which has a higher potency and a decisive divinity about it. If there is to be a decent way out of the present international impasse, it can only be through the Gandhian way.

Gandhiji was a great lover of India and Hinduism. Even in the langour of convalescence after his last fast, he devoted his time to the future programme and set-up of the Congress organisation. He warred against untouchability and religious sectarianism, only to root out injustice and to make Hinduism stronger and more lasting. To the Harijans he was a saviour and redeemer. His life was

one incessant exertion on their behalf. He hated communalism as thoroughly as he hated untruth and chicanery. To him, pacifism was more than a code of conduct; it was a mode of life. He saw clearly that the various communities could not live on in perpetual enmity. His unity front was no theatrical make-believe, but a practical truth and necessity. His was not just fastidious hyper-criticism. He showed by his own example, the enormous chemical value of love and sympathy in neutralising the acid of hard feelings.

To him calamity seldom complained without obtaining solace and instant relief. His heart went out to the post-partition unfortunates. Communalists in India were chilled by the frost of his bloodless philosophy. They harboured secret resentment. This overhanging Democles' sword fell on the Mahatma with cataclysmic suddenness. He went to his death in the full heyday of his power, just when his magic spell was working well.

During his political career, he was many a time attacked and scurrilously lampooned by his opponents. But all these dropped impotent like the javelin of Priam. They neither provoked him to petulance nor depressed him to complaint. His opponents were unable to understand the rationale behind his policies.

Mahatma Gandhi was the sum and aggregate of gentlemanliness and a great stickler for politeness. Many Westerners who met him were astonished at his culture and manners. His mind, like that of all truly great men, was open to conviction. There was always a glint of humour in his face, with a soupcon of a smile lighting it every now and then. His wallet of good humour was inexhaustible. He loved wit, but not at the expense of wisdom.

He was always on time; you could set your watch by him, so to say. His speech was peculiarly simple and laconic. His famous prayer-meetings were the daily rendezvous for religion, morality and politics.

His opinions were conveyed in a style remarkable for its succinctness and perspicuity. His handling of the columns of the "Harijan" paper has been an object lesson to aspiring journalists. He has covered all the topics under the sun in his speeches

and his writings. His sayings have already become proverbs.

An epic in himself for future historians, a hero readymade for the hagiographers, a father unto his nation, a world leader of stupendous moral stature, Mahatma Gandhi has left an indelible mark on mankind. Let us

hope that Gandhism would spread throughout the world as widely as Christianity had spread after the death of Christ. His ideas have already obtained wide adhesion and recognition, if not as yet universal application.

May Gandhism save the world!

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: If you are an average American male you stand 5-feet 9 inches tall, you weigh about 165 pounds and aren't worried about your weight. You wear glasses, help with the dishes but hate to cook, and consider yourself more courageous than your wife but not as thrifty.

If you are a typical American woman you are five feet four, you tip the scales at about 135 while fervently wishing you could take a couple of inches off the hips. You think a woman's life is harder than a man's and you quite emphatically don't agree that men, the blustering bullies, are the more courageous sex.

Those are a few of the scores of facts which a poll has amassed in its own census of the American people.

Besides its regular work of sounding out U. S. opinion on national issues, the American Institute of Public Opinion has gathered information about the everyday habits, the quirks, mannerisms, physical characteristics, likes, dislikes, etc., of homo Americanus—the sort of thing the United States Census Bureau does not cover.

For example:

Have you ever had your tonsils out?

Only one-third of American adults have. The proportion is a little higher among young adults under 30, but even in that group only 40 per cent have ever had a tonsillectomy.

One adult in every five has had his appendix out.

One-third of Americans complain that their feet hurt, most from corns, fallen arches, or bunions. One woman in three and one man in five suffer from backaches.

Victims of hay fever amount to 10 per cent of the adult population or something like 9,500,000 people, while twice as many say they have rheumatism. One in seven Americans has

neuritis, one in 20 complains of asthma.

One-fifth say they have trouble with their hearing.

The biggest diet deficiency of the American people is that they don't eat enough citrus fruits and enough raw greens (what some rebellious husbands call "grass"). They are supposed to eat some every day, health experts rule, but only a little more than half live up to the rule.

About two-thirds of the population have a cold or grippe in winter, and even in July one person in every 20 has a cold.

Despite all these ills and ailments, Americans are not a nation of hypochondriacs. Most people—more than six in every ten—say their health is good, and about six out of ten say they would like to live to be 100.

Knowledge about the nation's No. 2 killer, cancer, is growing.

But whereas doctors advise an annual physical examination to keep in good health, about 28,000,000 Americans have not been to a doctor within two years, and approximately 30,000,000 have avoided the dentist for four years or more.

The typical family's medical and dental bills come to about \$100 a year at present.

Only one woman in ten is a blond or claims she's one.

The brunettes outnumber the blondes by 7-1.

Four out of every ten have brown eyes, one-third blue, and the rest hazel, green or black.

One tenth of the population is in a class with baseball pitchers Tommy Byrne and Ed Lopat—lefthanded.

The average American considers his own chief fault to be that he is too hot tempered, combative, aggressive. Resolutions "to curb my temper" are common.

Short Story

THE TWO SONS

By P. CHIU

AT the time when Yu Chung was the emperor of the Miang dynasty, there was a governor of the Hupeh province named Ma Lum. He was famous for his bravery. Although he was old still he was very strong. Ma Shi Foon was the name of his only son and his daughter was called Ma Fong Ting. He was not a bad officer but yet the people of that province disliked him very much. It was because he devoted all his energy to the duties of his position and neglected to look after his family affairs. His son Shi Foon then became a lawless man. Moreover, Ma Lum did not punish his son even when he had done something wrong to others, as he was too busy attending to other matters. His daughter Ma Fong Ting was however very good. She always advised her brother not to do evil deeds though he refused to listen to her.

One day Ma Shi Foon felt too lonely at home and he went to have a walk in the country accompanied by a group of his friends. When they arrived at a place famous for its scenery, called the Tortoise Mountain, which was a very lonely place, they dined in a restaurant situated by the river. As they were enjoying themselves drinking there came an old fisherman shouting in a loud voice that he had a strange fish for sale. He carried a small wooden barrel and in this there was a fish.

Ma Shi Foon told the fisherman to come to him and show him the fish. The fish was indeed very wonderful. It had two heads and a double tail and was of a golden colour, and looked very remarkable when it was swimming in the water. Ma Shi Foon liked it very much as he asked about the price.

"What is the price of this funny little thing?" he asked.

"Five taels of silver," the fisherman answered, "and that is the definite price."

"You must be crazy," said Ma Shi

Foon. "Why do you ask such a high price for a small fish?"

"A strange fish must have a strange price," was the answer. "You see, this is not a common thing. Though I am so old, I have never before seen a strange fish like that. Pay me now if you want to buy the fish, or return it to me."

But Ma Shi Foon would neither pay him nor return him the fish. He only ordered the old man to go away. The fisherman was in a great rage. He rushed towards him and wished to take back the fish. But instead of succeeding he was knocked down to the ground by his customer. Besides that, all his friends were told to strike him until the poor old man was badly injured and cried aloud for help. As the place was deserted and most of the people were afraid of the power of Ma Shi Foon and his father, nobody dared to give him a helping hand.

Yet, there was one youth who came at last to stop the inhuman action of the governor's son. He was the son of the magistrate of that place and his name was Tin Yuk Tsuen. He had learnt a great deal of boxing, but as his manner was gentle nobody knew that he was a strong boxer. On that day he was taking a walk on the Tortoise Mountain and saw the trouble between the fisherman and the cruel Ma Shi Foon. Seeing the poor old man in such distress he stopped the cruel treatment that they were giving to him. This made them turn their rage against him. Instead of beating the fisherman, they all raised their hands against the young man. Then, for self-defence, he gave them very severe punishment, as he was able to do through his skill in boxing. At last, all of them suffered serious injuries, especially the son of the governor. They then ran away hurriedly from him.

Among them, one of the friends of Ma Shi Foon told him that he recog-

nised the young man as the son of the magistrate. It happened also they met a high officer of that district on their way. So they told him about the matter and asked him to give an order to the people and soldiers of that place not to let the young man escape.

After they were all gone, Tin Yuk Tsuen tended the old fisherman and brought him to his own boat. He told Wu Kin, the son of the fisherman, who was twelve years of age, all about the matter, and bade him take great care of the old man as he was very weak. But the old fisherman was so badly hurt that he died not long after Tin left his boat.

Knowing that he had done a serious thing by giving the son of the governor a bad beating Tin tried to go away from the place, but in vain, because by that time all the people knew about the matter and there were also many soldiers watching every path. Having thought over it for a long while, he saw that there was nothing to do but to return to the fisherman's boat and ask the boy to take him away. To this the small boy Wu Kin agreed. They escaped from that place safely at last. As they were going to part, the small boy said to him: "My father is dead now. I hope you will find a plan for me to avenge him, and as I am an orphan now, I hope also that you will point out to me some way of living."

"Do not trouble about that," replied Tin Yuk Tsuen. "You may go to the magistrate's yamen and tell the magistrate everything, as he is my father. I think he can certainly do something for you. For my part, I shall not return home for the time being as I am sure that the son of the governor will be unable to stay in the world as I have injured him so seriously. Please tell my father to be careful in dealing with the governor and not to be anxious about me, as I shall see him again one day."

So saying he went away.

The son of the governor, Ma Shi Foon, did in reality die as soon as he arrived home. Before he died he told his father that the man who killed him was the son of the magistrate, and asked him to take revenge for him. Seeing that his only son was dead, the governor was very angry and sad. He at once took a great troop of soldiers to the magistrate's yamen to

arrest the son of the magistrate, but they did not find him even though they searched all over the yamen and the magistrate's private house.

"Where is your son, Tin Yuk Tsuen?" he asked angrily. "He killed my son today on the Tortoise Mountains. Tell him to come and see me at once, otherwise I shall arrest you instead of him."

Tin Po Kwok, the magistrate, was terrified on hearing this, and did not know what to do. He told the governor that his son was really not at home and promised that he would arrest him and bring him to the governor's yamen as soon as he came home.

"That is only an excuse," Ma Lum replied. "What will you do if your son will not return home again? I give you three days only. Within these days you must either bring your son to me or you will be arrested instead of him."

Having said this he went away in a great rage.

Not long after the governor had gone, the son of the fisherman came to the yamen to see the magistrate, saying that he wanted to report the son of the governor Ma Shi Foon for the killing of his father. As the statement was so strange the magistrate asked the boy about the facts, and then he got an idea.

"Your case is a very sad one," he said to the boy. "But I am sorry that I may be able to do nothing for you in this case, as the man who killed your father has died also. The only thing for you to do is to go to the governor's yamen to make your accusation and cry aloud your grievance for three days. Then maybe I may be able to do something for you."

"In addition, because you are an orphan and have no means of earning your living, I shall treat you as my adopted son from now on. Now go back to the boat and attend to the burial of your father and then come back here."

Then he gave the boy some money for the funeral, and the young Wu Kin agreed to do what he told him.

The three days were soon over and on the fourth morning the magistrate Tin Po Kwok was arrested and taken to be tried in the court of the governor in the presence of all the officers of that place.

"Since you could not deliver your guilty son to us," the governor said,

"we had to arrest you for the murder. You are his father, you should have taught him to be good. Why did you allow him to do such an unlawful thing? Now is the last chance for you to say something in your defence, as we are going to sentence you to death for this affair."

"I deny the charge," the arrested magistrate replied. "You say that my son killed yours, but who is the witness of it?"

"That is easy," Ma Lum said. "I will show you the witness."

Then the witness, Man Hung, a friend of Ma Shi Foon who accompanied him to the Tortoise Mountain that day, was sent to the court. From his words all the officers learned that it was the governor's son who caused the trouble.

At the same time, the fisherman's son came to the court also to hand his petition, saying that the son of the governor had killed his father. This made all the officers express great astonishment.

"That is a lie," said Ma Lum. "Who will believe that my son had killed your father as you have not any one to prove it? Moreover, your father died in your own boat; you cannot say that it was my son's fault. Maybe he was injured by some other person."

"Your son also died in your own house, not at the place where the trouble happened," replied the magistrate on behalf of the boy. "What has been told by Man Hung was also evidence to prove that what the boy had said was true. In the present circumstances, if you want to put me to death in such a case, first of all you must condemn yourself to the same punishment as me, because your son was also a murderer of an old, poor fisherman."

The governor had nothing to say to that. He was becoming very angry and was going to judge the case on his own authority when, suddenly, there was the arrival of an imperial order, and all of them had to go and listen to it at once.

In the order it was announced that there was an invasion from abroad and it commanded the governor to undertake the defence immediately with his troops. Because of this, the case had to be dropped temporarily, and the magistrate went back to his post. The governor, having prepared

everything for the war, sent one of his generals, Tang Hong, together with a troop to be the vanguard of the big army.

In the meantime Tin Yuk Tsuen, having escaped from the Tortoise Mountain, wandered about everywhere. He did not dare to go back to his home, and not long afterwards he had become a beggar. One day when he was in Lung Shan, which was very far away from the Hupeh province, the troops of the governor passed by on their way to the battlefield. When the troops came near him he stood by the roadside. As the general Tang Hong came close to him, his horse was suddenly frightened and reared up on its hind legs. The general was nearly thrown down to the ground. Rushing towards the horse, Tin Yuk Tsuen held fast the bridle with one hand and the saddle girth with the other. Then the horse could not move the least bit even if it wanted to run.

The general was much surprised at the young beggar's strength.

"Thank you very much for helping me out of this danger," he said to Tin Yuk Tsuen. "What is your name? Why are you a beggar if you have such good strength?"

"My name is Tsuen Yuk Tin," he replied, making a false name of his own by inverting it, "I am a native of Honam province. Two years ago, I followed my uncle to this place to trade. Unfortunately he died and his business was ruined. For this reason, I had nothing to do and became a beggar."

"Do you know anything about boxing?"

"Of course I do," he answered. "I know a great deal."

The general was glad to hear that and asked him to display his ability. Then he showed the general his skill with all kinds of weapons. After the exhibition, the general asked him to become a lieutenant in his army and to stay in his own camp. Tin agreed to it gladly.

Not long afterwards, the great army arrived at the border district of the country. The troops of the governor fought fiercely with the invaders. For a long time the battle went on. Although they had some victories they were also defeated many times.

One night, all of the troops were tired and fell asleep as they had

fought for the whole day. Then their enemies came to attack them and reached their camp by a secret path. Rushing on them with a thunderlike clamour, they killed many of the governor's soldiers.

The governor hurriedly got on a horse, protected by several of his body-guard, but he was surrounded by a crowd of the enemy. He tried his best to press out of it but he was driven back. After a time all his body-guard were killed and he was in a most dangerous condition.

Unexpectedly, a young man, fighting like a hero, pressed into the crowd. It was the young lieutenant. He was so brave that all of the enemy who fought with him were badly wounded or killed as soon as their weapons met. He rescued the governor from the dangerous position and finally he drove all the enemy away.

On the next day, Ma Lum promoted him to be one of his generals in order to reward him for saving his life. He also sent him to fight with the invaders. Within a month, he had defeated the enemy. The chief of the invaders was then compelled to sign the agreement of surrender and the governor's army returned to the capital with complete victory.

Not knowing that the young general Tsuen Yuk Tin was the man who killed his son, the governor showed him great favour. As soon as he returned to the governor's yamen, he let his daughter Ma Fong Ting marry him. Tin Yuk Tsuen knew this was a good chance to save his father from distress, so he agreed to it willingly. It happened also that among the guests of the wedding nobody recognised that he was the son of the magistrate. Therefore the marriage passed off favourably.

On the third day after the wedding had taken place the newly-married couple were talking in their room. Tin said to his wife:

"I have heard that your elder brother was killed by the son of the magistrate. How is the case going on?"

"It is still held up," replied his wife, "as my father has no time to judge it in these few days. But I think that the court will be opened again soon."

"Supposing," he said, "that you met the man who killed your brother, what would you do to him?"

"I should certainly kill him or ar-

rest him and bring him to my father," she answered.

"Yes, you would do what is right," he said, "and I guarantee that you will meet him soon."

So saying, he took down a sword which was hanging on the wall and gave it to her.

"Here is a sword," he continued, "and the man before you is the man who killed your brother. I must confess to you, I am not Tsuen Yuk Tin but Tin Yuk Tsuen, the son of the magistrate and your husband; the man you are looking for in order to have revenge and the man who saved your father in the battlefield. With this sword, you may kill me as you like."

She was astonished. For a long while she did not know what to do, as her mind was in an extremely confused state.

"Why don't you kill me?" he urged. "I see, perhaps you do not like to do such a dreadful thing by your own hand. But I shall go to see your father personally and tell him everything. I think he will put me to death for you."

He was then going to leave the room. "Stop!" She cried aloud at last, weeping. "Please do not go. I do not want revenge any more. I shall be a widow if you really do what you say."

"But I must go now," Tin said. "I must go home to see my father, as I have not seen him for a long time. If you really do not wish your father to kill me, you may try your best to help me afterwards."

Saying this he left her and went back home to see his father. Tin Po Kwok was very angry at first, but when he was told everything he was glad. Immediately he tied him up and brought him to the governor's yamen.

Ma Lum was also astonished at this, as he only knew the young man as his son-in-law. Then Tin Po Kwok told him the facts and asked him to do whatever he liked to his son. At the same time, his daughter Ma Fong Ting appeared and would not allow him to do anything which was harmful to her husband.

Seeing this, the governor had to cancel the charge and set free both the magistrate and his son. They forgave each other and finally their relations became better and better than ever before.

BIRTH OF NEW CHINA

By V. G. NAIR

EVENTS in China have been moving with rapid strides ever since the Communists had won their victory over the Kuomintang Government. News reaching India indicates that the Chinese mainland has been humming with life all around its four corners. The People's Government have been recognised by more than twenty two nations and their legations have moved to Peking. The little Red Star that appeared over China about fifteen years ago has apparently begun to glitter in all its brilliance up above the majestic Tai Shan mountains. The birth of New China is indeed an epoch-making event in the annals of Asia; and it will produce wider repercussions in bordering countries like India, Tibet and Burma.

The Reds started with ruined cities, wrecked railways and highways, broken villages, hungry, weary and destitute people. Yet they could bring into force a series of notable reforms in the social, educational and economic spheres intended to uproot the centuries-old feudal structure of Chinese society and reconstruct the country on the foundations of a new socio-economic order of freedom and equality. Under the Sino-Soviet Treaty negotiated by Mao Tse Tung, China can import large stocks of machine tools and tractors from Russia. She can rebuild and expand her industries and speed up production and agricultural industrialisation. Nationalisation of industries, stabilisation of currency and food grain prices are among other important reforms introduced by the Government. An indication of currency stabilisation is the reduction that has been effected in railway passenger fares and postal rates. The exchange rate of Chinese currency in relation to the U. S. dollar is now on an upward trend. Everyone with savings will have to buy Government bonds. The Marriage Code has been reformed resulting in great benefit to Chinese society. Under the new Code, a fifteen year old girl can no longer be forced to marry a man twice her age. She will have the right to choose her own husband. Monogamy is to be

strictly enforced. Concubinage, polygamy and polyandry and family-arranged matches are outlawed. Widows and widowers can remarry on equal terms. The age limit has been fixed as 20 for males and 18 for females. A husband may not divorce his wife while she is pregnant or a year after she gives birth to one of his children. Even after divorce, he must share the responsibility for the support of his children. Men and women are to enjoy equal divorce and property rights. Women's federations have been organised and prostitutes are freed from brothels. Workers, because they are producers, are given every honour by the People's Government. Religious freedom is fully guaranteed. At a meeting of Chinese Christian leaders, Premier Chou En-lai has acknowledged the contributions Christianity had made to China in the past.

The Government have brought into force certain notable agrarian reforms. These reforms were intended to redistribute the land—to confiscate landlords' holdings and make the landless peasants share them. The land holdings of monasteries, churches and schools are also to be confiscated. These confiscated lands are to be distributed among the poor, landless and land-hungry peasants and also among unemployed workers.

Educational reforms, according to Government reports, "mark the beginning of the reform of the old educational system in universities and colleges"—dialectical materialism and historical materialism and new democracy are stipulated as common subjects for all university and college students, while political economy will be a requisite subject for students of arts and social sciences. The Russian language is to be taught wherever possible. English has been removed from the curricula of primary schools and the number of hours devoted to it in the middle school has been reduced. In an article published in the March issue of *Pacific Affairs* (New York), the educational policy of Red China is fully discussed by Mr. S. B. Thomas, Editor of *Far East*. It is worthy of perusal.

THE FUTURE OF WARFARE

(From A Military Correspondent)

THE defence of a kingdom, according to ancient Indian polity, was the responsibility of the king, and his Kshatriya caste-men. And when a country was involved in war, it was a well-recognised rule of what we should call international law that religious and learned bodies on the one hand, and agricultural ones on the other, should not be damaged by the combatants. And as a rule, the bulk of the population, engaged in its work, took little interest in warfare.

The picture presented today stands at the other extreme. Not to speak of democracies alone, every country demands the active co-operation of all its citizens—men and women—in the pursuit of war. Every one from the highly trained scientist to the illiterate farmer can add to the war-effort. And there is no limit to the possible destruction on either side; in fact, the scorched-earth policy of these days involves the destruction of one's own towns, villages and property, lest the advancing enemy should secure help from any of them. Humanitarian considerations are said to prevail, as for instance, in the regard due to Red Cross organisations, and in the ban on the use of poison gas. But actual practice differs largely from precept. Red Cross markings are sometimes displayed by the enemy to conceal his identity. And on the other hand, terror-bombing of civilians is too often resorted to, in order to lower morale. Lastly, to make matters worse, vast agencies of propaganda are set in motion to conceal truth and to spread falsehood in the name of security. Warfare thus is total today in many senses of the word.

If every one in a country is more or less directly concerned in a war it might wage, it stands to reason—in the democracies at any rate—that all citizens should be called upon to bear their due responsibilities and to exercise their due rights in respect of war. One aspect of these responsibilities is the liability to active service in times of need. But historical and military considerations have led to different interpretations of such lia-

bility. With her emphasis on individual rights, Britain—as also the USA—has never relished compulsory military service. At every time of crisis, she has been able to raise enough men within her own shores to meet the threatened danger. And, of course, she had vast sources of supply in her colonies and dependencies, particularly in India. Even at the present moment, she is employing Gurkhas in Malaya. Nonetheless, her political ideology is averse to enforced military service. Of course, she has her reserves on which she draws freely in emergencies. Her main strength however lies in the fact that the bulk of her population has a highly developed sense of civic and social responsibility.

At the other end of the scale is France with her tradition of universal military service. The average Frenchman is more of an individualist than the average Briton; but even so, he suffers the tradition of all male citizens undergoing military training for a stated period so as to be ready at call in any emergency. Of necessity, France has her reserves too. It is sometimes wondered which of the two systems, the British or the French, is more democratic. But the question is really puerile, for both of them are the products of governments which are democratic and responsible to their own peoples, and not to outsiders. Perhaps the difference is to be explained on other grounds. For decades now, the population of France has ceased to grow, while that of her powerful neighbour, Germany, has not only grown but also become consolidated and well-knit. Besides, Germany has long been a military state, and France perhaps did not feel secure unless all her citizens were ready to take up arms, and rush to the front without long delay in training.

In this connection, the opinions of German military writers on the comparative merits of the two systems of national armies are highly instructive. What one of them, Seeckt, says will be enough for the present purpose. He it was that started the train of ideas after the Treaty of Versailles

that revitalised the subsequent German army, and made it the powerful instrument that it proved to be in the hands of Hitler. In 1928, he wrote a book "Thoughts of a Soldier" in which he compared at length the relative worth of professional armies and conscript ones, and dismissed the latter with almost contempt. He said that in respect of conscript armies "the effort and sacrifice was disproportionate to their effect, and merely led to a slow-grinding war of exhaustion. Further, the "mass becomes immobile; it cannot manœuvre, and therefore cannot win victories, it can only crush by sheer weight." In peace time, it was important "to limit as far as possible the unproductive retention of male labour in military service". Technical science and skill were the keys to the future, and "a conscript mass, whose training has been brief and superficial, is cannon fodder... if pitted against a small number of technicians on the other side." This forecast was more than fulfilled in 1940 when a handful of panzer divisions, working with dive-

bombers, paralysed the ill-equipped conscript mass of the French army, and drove it headlong.

In Seeckt's view the "operating army" should consist of "professional, long-term soldiers." During peacetime, the bulk of the nation's manpower would be better employed in industry so that, when an emergency arises, it may be able to provide an ample equipment of up-to-date weapons on a mass scale.

The pattern of India's army is well settled on the British model. But much work lies ahead in respect of technical skill and equipment. These notes may appropriately close with another thought from Seeckt, which has profound significance for us: "The whole future of warfare appears to me to lie in the employment of mobile armies, small relatively but of high quality, and rendered distinctively more effective by the addition of aircraft and in the simultaneous mobilisation of the whole forces, either to feed the attack or for home-defence."

LATE PROF. L. KAMESWARA SARMA

MR. F. G. Natesa Ayyar, Chairman, All India Naturopathic Conference, Tiruchirapalli, writes:

It is with deep regret that I have heard the news of the death of Prof. L. Kameswara Sarma, M.A., N.D., lately Head of the Department of Physics, Sarada Vilas College, Mysore and Deputy Director of the Indian Institute of Natural Therapeutics, Pudukkottai which took place at Bombay on the 6th instant following a brief period of illness. Prof. Sarma was one of the sons of Dr. K. Lakshman Sarma—the great pioneer in Naturopathy and was only 38 years old at the time of his death. He was a double graduate in Mathematics and Physics and took first class in M. A. in Physics. Till 1948, he did professorial work in the Pudukkottai Maharaja's College and in the S. V. College, Mysore. But his heart was in Naturopathy and he left the College to plunge himself heart and soul in propagating Nature-Cure among the public through his public and institutional lectures and demonstrations, and the publication of a large number of books on Nature-Cure system and

practice. He was awarded the honorary degree of N. D., by the State Board of Examiners of the State of California. He was a life-member of the National Association of Naturopathic Herbalists of America and honorary fellow of the International Association of Naturopathic Physicians.

Only last June, just two months ago, Prof. Kameswara Sarma paid a visit to Rishikesh and stayed at "Ananda Kutir" the Ashram of His Holiness Swami Sivanandaji Maharaj as his guest and delivered a series of lectures on Nature-Cure and the natural way of living and earned the appreciation of His Holiness and the inmates for his learned exposition of the subject.

Prof Kameswara Sarma lived in Nature's own way, a life of simple living and high thinking. He practised what he preached. He burned with an intense desire to make people and Government understand and appreciate the value of Nature-Cure. He was an ardent devotee of Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi and of Mahatma Gandhi. His death is an irreparable loss to the world of New Thought and New Life.

GIVE NEHRU A FREE HAND

By Major D. V. RAJA RAO

EVEN as late as the last war, conquering Indian troops had to face the humiliation of being looked upon as cannibals and savages, even in comparatively less advanced countries of Europe. It was not uncommon for Indian officers to contradict with patience, common beliefs about cannibalism, human sacrifice, slave trade and such like barbaric practices in India. Europeans in general had little respect for Indians as a people. The civilization and culture they saw in the Indians was put to the credit of the civilizing mission of the British in India. Indian aspirations for independence were a joke with them.

From that to the present status of India in international politics is a most pleasant change. We are as a nation so much obsessed with our great and ancient civilisation and cultural heritage that we are liable to take this international respect for our Government as a matter of course. In spite of our military weakness, economic poverty and industrial backwardness we have an international status because of the vastness of our country and population, our potentiality for development, our strategic geographical position and our adherence to democracy. Our Government derives its strength from these for the neutral attitude and moral outlook we are trying to bring to bear on international politics. If we are to retain our independence and maintain and improve our international position we will have to integrate our political unity, build up a high national character, develop our potential resources and make a success of our democracy.

Through her long history, India has been subjected to so many influences, that there is a great diversity of religions, languages, civilisation and culture amongst us. Many empires rose and fell in their time in different parts of India leaving local and regional prides and prejudices. When the British consolidated their power in India there were still left over six hundred states and principalities. From that one can imagine the extent of political disunity in the country. The British assiduously followed a

policy of intensifying every possible difference between the people. Religious, lingual, caste or communal, regional and economic differences all were fully exploited to break our national unity. In spite of all this India remains a nation. There is a basic unity of culture and customs which runs from Kashmir to Cape Comorin. One has only to travel through the length and breadth of India to realise this unity. Many of the different religions in India are either derived from the basic Hindu religion, or consist mostly of local converts, or are so much influenced by the indigenous religion and conditions that the basic culture and mode of life throughout and amongst all people is about the same. It is this cultural unity that preserved us as a nation. Yet it was not strong enough to bring about political unity. Our history bears ample proof of it. It is increasingly becoming obvious nowadays that it is impossible for small nations to be independent in the present set-up of world powers. If we are to preserve our independence it is essential that we remain united as one integrated nation through the length and breadth of India.

The compelling desire for freedom provided the background to evolve a strong nationalism under the inspiring leadership of Mahatma Gandhi which made our independence possible. With the attainment of Swaraj the exciting cause of our countrywide nationalism ceased to operate. On the other hand, there are many forces coming into prominence now to militate against the development of a nationalism strong enough to preserve our unity. Religious, provincial, lingual, caste or communal and ideological differences are all being exploited by adventurous and opportunist elements to gain power and authority. Unless something is created which can catch the imagination and faith of the people and infuse in them a stronger enthusiasm for itself than for these disrupting forces, nationalism in the necessary strength to preserve our unity cannot be developed. The common man is more concerned with his living than

anything else. Comfortable living, social security and justice are the essentials that man looks for under any Government. Any State that can guarantee these essentials for its people can infuse that strong nationalism amongst them which would guarantee its unity and liberty. The ideal of a welfare state is something for which people would willingly and enthusiastically work for and give their allegiance to. It is good the Congress has decided in favour of a classless welfare state. It is also good that Jawaharlal's leadership is almost unanimously accepted for achieving this objective. He is the only leader in the people for its achievement and restrain them from falling a prey to the anti-national, anti-social and dissipated activities of the adventurous and opportunist politicians in the meantime.

Having accepted Jawaharlal's ideal of a secular welfare state and his leadership to work it out, it is only reasonable that he should be given a free hand to evolve the machinery for the achievement of the objective. There seems to be ample realisation with one section of the Congress of the rot that has crept into it, and they are anxious to rid the Congress of it. But with others, pride, prestige and party loyalty seem to weigh more than the good of the people and the country. Sardar Patel's special message to the Congress is rather disconcerting in this respect. While admitting all the evils that have crept into the Congress he puts the blame on a disgruntled and disappointed minority and groups with personal loyalties for the failure of the Congress and calls for unity in the name of Mahatmaj, the sacredness of the institution and discipline. While his analysis is largely true, he cannot blind himself to the undeniable fact of the Congress Governments having failed to give any relief to the common man and rendered the services inefficient and corrupt. That such ministries are in power and enjoying the confidence of the majority in the Congress is a disgrace to the Congress and cannot be an argument to brush aside the minority of critics as self-esteeming malcontents. Reformers are always in a minority to start with. Christ was alone when he started. So was Buddha. Even the

Congress was a minority in the country in the early twenties. They cannot be suppressed in the name of discipline. After all, the strength of a party does not lie in its members or numbers, but in its ideals and its record of work. If, as admitted, power-seekers are corrupting the Congress and groups with personal loyalties are weakening it, a way must be found to eliminate them from the Congress and its Governments. Dominated as it is by aspiring opportunists, and communal intriguers and divided as it is into groups with personal loyalties, the Congress cannot bring up the best men in itself nor can it attract outside talent into its Governments. The existing machinery for parliamentary selections and nominations cannot get out of the mire of intrigue and corruption it has sunk into. A machinery independent of the rank and file of the Congress and which can sail clear of their machinations and corrupting influence must be evolved to pick out men with character, strength and faith not only from the Congress but also from the innumerable outsiders who believe in the Congress and sympathise with it. It is quite possible the work of running the elections will not be smooth and easy then. Many disappointed aspirants and groups may go out of the Congress and oppose it. But then the people will be really voting for the principles and programmes of the Congress and it will also be a trial of the strength of the candidates to carry the electorate with them. Mere non-entities whose only strength is the party organisation will be eliminated. A Government selected by the existing corrupt parliamentary machinery of the Congress will always be at the mercy of the party bosses and politicians, and the evils of inefficiency, demoralisation and corruption would be thereby perpetuated. If Jawaharlal were to be fettered with this machinery for parliamentary organisation he is bound to fail and his failure would be a greater disaster to the country than a personal disgrace to him. The country cannot afford to lose his leadership and the Congress will annihilate itself if it lets him down.

Sardar Patel's complacent claim that the Congress is carrying on inspite of its internal troubles and

dissenting minority as proof of its being in the right and his call to the dissenters to bow down to discipline for the sake of the sacred institution would not help the Congress much with the people. There is no sacredness about the Congress for them. The Congress is now just a political party and it will be judged by what it has and can do for the people, not by its resolutions, speeches and appeals

by its leaders. So far the record of the Congress in power is stinking with corruption, nepotism and communalism. People will not rally round it unless there is a convincing change for the better. They will be sorry to let down the Congress for the memory of Mahatmaji. But it will be blasphemy on the part of the Congress as it is today to exploit Mahatmaji's association with it.

G. D. NAIDU IN U.K.

By SYLVIA MATHESON

MILLET plants 27 feet high with 14 to 39 cobs instead of the normal 14-foot plants bearing one cob and very rarely two; papaya plants bearing on one trunk six different varieties of fruit, some in the shape of water melons, some like mangoes. These are some of the "sparetime" achievements of 55-year-old Mr. G. D. Naidu of Coimbatore who has extended his 14-day visit to Britain by 20 weeks to enable him to see things for himself.

Mr. Naidu went to England last May intending to stay a fortnight to attend the British Industries Fair, then on to Sweden for the Agricultural Conference, and from there to return direct to India. But he found so much to interest him on the Continent and in the U. K. that he decided to stay on longer. He is now proposing to sail back home at the end of September.

After attending the British Industries Fair, Mr. Naidu told me, he took part in the Agricultural Conference in Sweden and then went on to Copenhagen and from there to all parts of Germany studying both industrial plants and scientific and agricultural laboratories, before returning to London to visit similar organisations in Britain. The main object of his visit to Europe was to study various industries that could be started up in India with the help of British firms and subject to permission being granted by the Government of India. His visit has been extremely successful and has resulted in negotiations with various British firms for machinery of all kinds, automobile parts, cycle parts, clock making machinery and educational films and film equipment. Mr. Naidu told me of his visit to

the recent Food Fair at Olympia, London, where many exhibits took his fancy; here he added to his already vast collection informative booklets on such subjects as food safety and bought various small gadgets, such as a special knife for preparing vegetables, and pressure and other cooking equipment designed to preserve all vitamins in food.

"Now I am going to see the Institute of House Workers," he told me, "and see if we cannot apply some of the scientific methods taught there to Indian conditions."

He will also be visiting Oxford: a return visit to Professor A. W. Ashby who called on Mr. Naidu when in India early this year. Professor Ashby, Director of the Agricultural Economic Research Institute at Oxford, was specially attracted by Mr. Naidu's experimental farm at Coimbatore where he carries on his "sparetime hobby" of experimenting with the growth of plant life.

To Visit Motor Show

Mr. Naidu's many and varied "side-lines" include a model bus service whose modern shelters, vehicles and bus stations are as spick and span now as when they were opened eight years ago. Now Mr. Naidu hopes to attend the Commercial Motor Show to be held in London at the end of September before embarking for India.

"A great educator and entrepreneur in many fields of engineering and industry... Mr. Naidu is truly a man in a million." This is how Sir C. V. Raman, the famous scientist, once described him. His generosity, love for founding educational institutions and amazing energy led one Governor of Madras to call him "the Nuffield of India."

WORK AND WAGE

By B. MANAVALAN

THERE is a widespread feeling that today no workman, be he a carpenter, blacksmith, mason or any other labourer, is not doing as much work as he used to do formerly, that he is not honest in rendering service commensurate with the wage paid to him and that an increase in wage is not producing an increase in turnover. In industrial enterprises the management complain that the labour is not efficient, which is only another mode of expressing the above feeling.

The same may be remarked about the so-called intellectual worker. The clerical staff in every office has increased and along with it the arrears have mounted in geometrical progression. If the smith or mason whiles away his time in mechanical dullness, the intellectual worker spends his time in gossip and novel reading. The work of the high paid officials is no better. With increase in salaries and with added incomes from many a source, their turnover is becoming less and less; the law of diminishing returns is proved beyond doubt. What is the remedy?

Some years ago if a mason was engaged to build a house or a carpenter to make some furniture, he felt it was an opportunity for the craftsman to show his skill and he worked devotedly. He considered that the work he was carrying out was his own and not for another; he felt a comradeship with the man for whom in ordinary parlance we should say he was working. He did not mind his wages, as he was confident of a living wage and a handsome gift and real appreciation of service. There was no difference in the standard of living between him and the person who employed him. This is more clearly marked in the field of agriculture. The agriculturist labourer and the so-called owner of the land worked hand in hand and the production of the highest and best from out of the land they tilled was their only concern. The employer and the labourer both worked in comradeship and both shared their

joys and sorrows equally and the employer was a trustee for the employee.

With the advent of the British and the introduction of English education, selfishness in individuals grew and things took different shapes. The idea of oneness gave place to the idea of separateness and the idea of exploiting one another emerged. The efficiency and high character of the early British rule kept these tendencies under some control. With the withdrawal of British authority in India and the passing of power into the hands of the unscrupulous men of the Congress and with inefficient and highly corrupt officials and ever increasing controls affording greater opportunities for corruption, the ordinary workman's indifference to work has increased and inefficiency is the result.

The only way to achieve peace and prosperity is to elevate the moral principles of life in everyone; to make all feel that they are members of one community and that it is the duty of every one to give his best to the others; to make them realise that they are working for the entire country and not for this or that individual, and for the achievement of the happiness of all, to the detriment of none.

This can be done only if no one claims any special privilege to himself after having monopolised the means of production, and no one claims any superiority due to birth, religion, caste or intelligence. The individual needs of people, physical, mental and psychological, should be the concern, not of the individual but of the nation.

Harmonious living or Yoga of Action can be attained either by voluntary abdication and sacrifice as preached by Mahatma Gandhi or through the agency of State authority. The process of voluntary abdication is slow and in its slowness there is the chance of its own destruction as proved in the deterioration of the Congress party.

TRAVEL TALK

By C. S. NARASIMHAN, M.A.

I have always been fond of travel. Perhaps it is the call of adventure beckoning to the spirit of youth. The joy of movement undoubtedly added to the rhythm of life. Anyway



Sri C. S. Narasimhan

I was content to travel whenever opportunity came my way. Motor cars for short distances and mail trains for long distances were the fastest means of travel when I started travelling. I have done many places by car within a radius of about 100 miles, and long distances to Bombay, Delhi and Calcutta I have done by train as fast as you can make them in India. If there is one thing that can act as a prophylactic to travel, it is travel by Indian Railways in the post war period. Unwashed carriages, missing bolts, leaky water basins—and yet in spite of it all every train overcrowded! Surely nobody would be tempted to travel merely for the purpose of travelling, and I had my fill of it.

A new chapter however was opened up when civil aviation came into the picture. Traffic on the aerial routes was slowly built up and Tatas deserve all praise for the care and caution that marked their pioneering efforts and the courtesy and consideration they extended to all who ventured to travel. I remember well the

first time I travelled to Bombay in their plane. The seats were hard cushioned and rigidly set and the seat belts were not easy to fasten and you certainly needed cotton to plug your ears if the noise of the engines in taking off and when getting down were not to result in any permanent injury. Apart from this, the walls of the cabin were not padded to drown the drone of the whirling wheels. It called for some courage to adventure under such conditions. But the novelty of it sustained faith and promised an added thrill to the voyage of discovery. As the plane took off, some of my fellow passengers discovered an emptiness of the stomach and as the plane mounted high, some of them threw out the contents of the stomach. It required some strength of mind to resist the feeling of nausea that pervaded the cabin. I was however far too preoccupied with the panoramic view provided by the windows, to take note of what was happening in the cabin itself. Men shrunk to the size of insects, buildings looked like layouts in a plan, and trees looked like grass patches in your compound; and as the plane mounted higher and higher I discovered how low the clouds hung over the earth. We pierced the clouds and between the plane and the ground it looked as though a carpet of felt had been spread. The summer clouds in their silvery splendour looked like heaps of cotton waiting to be ginned. There were darker clouds occasionally striking your vision, covering and uncovering the sun like a game of hide and seek. As the plane cut through them there was a visible tremor and it reminded me of a dog shaking itself after a wetting. It was difficult to judge how fast the plane travelled. When one travels in a railway train there are surface indications by which one can measure speed; as telegraph poles flashed past, you realise how fast you are going. But in the sky there are no denominators of speed; and oftentimes it looked as though the plane was stationary, when as a matter of fact you were travelling at a speed of 3 miles to the minute. Altogether it was a most exhilarating

experience and I came to the conclusion that if there was any travelling to be done in the future and if facilities were available, my first choice would be plane travel. I have done it many times to Bombay, Delhi and Calcutta. These were however short stretches and the flight was all by day. I was eagerly looking forward to an opportunity to do flying by night and over long distances. That opportunity came in 1949 when I programmed to tour Europe. As I was taking off from Bombay my choice lay between Air India International and T. W. A. As a measure of convenience I elected to travel by the T. W. A., hoping to return by the Air India International.

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It was a family party. I accompanied my father and mother. My father was proceeding to England to attend a meeting of the Reuter Board as the Indian Trustee. He had been to England the previous year also, but the exigencies of work prevented him from seeing much of the continent. He therefore programmed to visit the continent and see a good cross section of the countries in Europe and study, in particular, the effects of the economic recovery programme. It was a good opportunity for me also and we framed an itinerary for four weeks covering Rome, Geneva, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam and London. Our first port of call was Rome. I soaked myself with the literature made available to me by the Public Relations section of the T. W. A. and got quite knowledgeable on four engine flights with their pressurized cabins, pullman seats and travel comforts.

The plane we were due to board was scheduled to take off round about midnight from Bombay. We drove to the Santa Cruz airport an hour earlier to check in our baggage, pass through the customs cordon, and check up passport formalities. In spite of the lateness of the hour quite a good few friends came to see us off. Conversation however lacked spirit or spontaneity. There was an undercurrent of regret at leaving familiar moorings and launching on an adventurous voyage. The lighting inside the airport and the darkness outside reflected in a measure this mental conflict. Partly excited and wholly expectant, I boarded the plane and waved my

hands in farewell to the friends gathered at the airport.

The passengers were not many. There were just about a dozen of us, unevenly distributed in a cabin designed to hold forty and odd passengers. In a way it was good, for it gave us more elbow room to stretch ourselves as best as we could and snatch a few hours of sleep. After the plane took off, and we got released from our seat belts, I scouted round for the most comfortable seat and found it in the front seat where there was more leg room. I pulled out the hatch dividing the seats and with a couple of blankets and pillows, with the seats tilted to the broadest point, I cradled myself to sleep. The next I knew was when the airhostess pulled me up and asked me to fasten the seat belt, as we were getting down at Daharan.

It was morning and apparently I had put through six hours of undisturbed sleep. We got down from the plane in a more buoyant frame of mind and used the 45 minutes break to stretch our legs and look round the place. There was however very little to see and for miles around there was nothing to strike the eye. A few passengers, however, representing presumably oil interests joined up and in less than three hours we reached Basra. There we were served with breakfast and coffee and again we took off and reached Cairo about lunch time. The airport at Cairo was being remodelled and reconditioned and it was a depressing sight to see the filth and squalor accumulated wherever we turned. The city, of Cairo was too far away from the airport and neither the Sphinx nor the Pyramid about which we had heard and read so much was to be seen from the port. The heat and the glare were getting oppressive and we were quite content to board the plane again. We reached our destination at Rome early in the evening. Reuter's representative in Rome Mr. Hardcastle, and the Public Relations Officer attached to the Indian Embassy Mr. Kidwai met us at the airport and, anon, the representative of the T. W. A. came round also to make sure that we were well looked after. Congratulations to the T. W. A. for an excellent flight!

We checked out our baggage and cleared the customs in record time.

and then drove to the city. An Indian, if he happens to be a student of history, starts with an initial advantage when he visits the historic cities of the West, for he knows more about them than even of his own country. It was part of the technique of colonial imperialism to play up the West and play down the East. I had myself read Gibbon's great work on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

Naturally I was interested in what the city of thousand memories was going to bring to my view. Every stone, every street, and every square had no doubt a story to tell if they could only speak. For all her age, however, the city showed signs of perennial vigour and vitality and except for an occasional arch, gateway or column, the past did not intrude on the present and spoil the picture.

TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION OF INDIA

THE SEALS SALE CAMPAIGN

IT was a Danish postman who first worked on the idea of collecting funds for anti-tuberculosis work by selling special seals. While sorting out his unusually large mail during the Christmas season in 1903, he saw some children, suffering from tuberculosis of joints, limping across the road and wondered how he could help them. The thought that if every letter or parcel carried an extra stamp in addition to the postage, the money realised from such stamps could be used for helping to restore these unfortunate sick children to normal health came to his mind. He talked this over with his fellow postmen and soon they worked out a practicable scheme. The scheme was placed before the King and Queen of Denmark who gave it their hearty approval. This was the origin of the Tuberculosis Seals Sale Campaign, the first of which was held during Christmas in 1904 in Denmark. The people of Denmark bought an average of two seals per person and from the proceeds the first tuberculosis hospital for children sprang up in Denmark. Other countries took a clue from this and the U. S. A. started a similar campaign in 1907. The sale of seals has since been adopted by almost all the western countries, including the U. K., Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and large sums of money are being collected in these countries for anti-tuberculosis work by this means.

In India the question of organising a Seals Sale Campaign was considered in 1944, but had to be deferred for the duration of the War. Condi-

tions in the country during the post-war days were also found unfavourable for embarking on such a new venture. The Tuberculosis Association of India has now decided to start the Seals Sale Campaign in India on 1st October, 1950. This campaign is to end with a Flag Day in January, 1951. This will be a regular feature of the Association's activities in future.

On a conservative estimate there are about 500,000 deaths every year in India due to tuberculosis and there are about 25,00,000 cases of active tuberculosis in this country. Death from tuberculosis is estimated to be very high in the larger cities, varying from about 250 to 500 per 100,000 of population. In the villages it is lower but still considerable and tending to increase. Its ravages are particularly devastating, since it attacks and kills without discrimination, and the tragedy very often is that it is mostly the young who ought to be the wealth and the mainstay of the nation that becomes its prey.

As tuberculosis is an infectious disease the best way to deal with the problem is to isolate all open cases. This has not, however, been achieved in any country in the world, and in India, under the existing conditions, it is difficult to attempt satisfactory isolation of even a small proportion of infective cases. Improvement of the standard of living including improvement in housing, sanitation and nutrition is admittedly the important factor connected with tuberculosis control, but the country should also provide for an adequate tubercu-

losis service, including provision for the after-care and rehabilitation of patients discharged from the hospital. According to standards accepted by tuberculosis workers, India would need 3,000 to 4,000 tuberculosis clinics or dispensaries and about 500,000 beds for tuberculous patients. Against this we have only 119 clinics and about 12,000 beds distributed in 45 sanatoria and 32 tuberculosis hospitals. Calculating on an average of one lakh of rupees for a clinic, including X-ray, and other equipments, the total cost of constructing the required number of clinics is likely to be about Rs. 40 crores. The building and equipping of hospitals and sanatoria to provide 500,000 beds at the rate of Rs. 8,000 per bed would cost Rs. 400 crores. If these two items are planned for over a period of 15 years, we need yearly about Rs. 30 crores. Add to this the annual expenditure for the running of these institutions, which will be Rs. 80 crores when all the institutions are working. The personnel needed for manning these institutions are roughly 15,000 doctors, 50,000 nurses and 12,000 health visitors as against about 300 doctors and 400 nurses and health visitors available at present. What is spent on medical relief and public health in the whole of India is roughly half a rupee per head of population, and what is spent on tuberculosis is about less than 1/24th of a rupee. From this it is obvious that India cannot find the necessary means to provide for the minimum requirements in respect of tuberculosis for many years to come.

This year the Tuberculosis Association proposes to sell in the country 35 million seals. The seals cost one anna each. It is expected that this will bring in about 20 lakhs of rupees. This amount will be distributed among the affiliated associations on a

basis which has been mutually agreed upon after deducting the expenses incurred by the Centre. This campaign should not be viewed from its monetary angle alone. This will have a good propaganda value also. It is the aim of the Association that the message that tuberculosis can and must be controlled should permeate every home in India.

The Tuberculosis Association of India has 17 affiliated Associations. They are all now busy with the arrangements for the launching of the campaign. As there are no recognised anti-tuberculosis organisations in the Chief Commissioners' Provinces, the Chief Commissioners have been requested to organise the campaign.

Newspapers in India are generally helpful. Some good write-ups about the campaign have appeared in some leading papers, and it is hoped more will follow. Certain newspapers have written interesting leaders also. We are grateful to them.

Since the Association could not provide sufficient funds for publicising the campaign through newspapers, some leading business firms in India were approached for donation of advertisement spaces. Over one hundred firms kindly donated newspaper spaces. Some others have donated cash. These donations now amount to about Rs. 20,000. Besides this, the Association will be spending about Rs. 80,000 on pictorial posters and cinema slides. The cost of printing seals will be roughly about Rs. 80,000. It is hoped that the people of India will respond to the call of the Tuberculosis Association of India and its affiliates magnificently and buy as many tuberculosis seals as they can and thus strengthen the hands of those who are engaged in the fight against what is one of the biggest enemies of mankind.

The Tea Bureau of N. S. W., which represents planters in India, Pakistan, Indonesia and East Africa, has announced that it will hold an Australian tea drinking championship, with a gold teapot for the winner. According to the Bureau's statistics, the Australian (who is generally reckoned as second only to the Englishman as a tea addict) drinks on the average 3.8 cups of tea per day. Some people drink up to 30 cups daily, and individuals are not wanting who claim a much higher consumption.

A woman at Woods Point, Victoria, claims that her husband drinks 80 cups daily. Local sceptics are invited to go along and watch him at his bakery where he works.



By V. P. SATHE

THE orthodox leaders of the Congress have always looked down upon films—especially Indian films. Time and again our state ministers have described them as an evil and baneful influence. If they had their way, perhaps along with drinking of intoxicants they would ban production as well as exhibition of motion pictures also.

Now Shree Purushotham Das Tandon, the President of the Indian National Congress, has joined these forces of reaction in condemning films. In his Presidential address, talking about economics and art he said, "The value of art also lies in its capacity to induce the urge for the fulfilment of ideals in life; an art which aims at producing pleasures of the outward senses is a thing to be dreaded. Therefore it is the duty of the leaders of society to keep always in mind the question of the proper use of wealth and art. An example of bad use of wealth and art which I have in view, is to be found in the motion pictures which are so prevalent today."

How one wishes Mr. Tandon had elaborated his theme and given his reasons for calling motion pictures bad.

But as his views are shared by many orthodox Congressmen, all one can say is that it is a great misfortune of the motion picture industry that our leaders should not recognise its importance in the building of our new state.

Gods & Stars

While the leaders sniff at motion pictures, the popular craze for them seems to be growing every day. The influence of films on the people is really very great; and the Ganapati

Festival provides some idea of that influence.

The Ganapati Festival was given its present form and importance by Lokmanya Tilak who utilized it to spread his political doctrine of independence. Now, politics is no longer an excuse for these festivals which are celebrated just for the joy of it.

For ten days, all over Maharashtra, dramas, speeches, mimicry, music, and other entertaining items are performed in presence of the image of Lord Ganesh. Now the image itself varies. So far the political leaders inspired the making of these images; and it was quite customary to see Ganpati dressed in the style of Nehru or Subhash Bose.

This year, the film stars, too, seem to have invaded the field. In Poona, for instance, an image of Ganpati and Saraswati is made in the fashion and style of Raj Kapoor and Nargis as they appear on the poster of *Barsaat* with violin costume and other details reproduced to perfection.

First, I thought this was the wild idea of a Poona artist; then I learnt that similar idols have been on display at Nagpur and Kolhapur. At Nagpur, Ganpati is attired in half-shirt and full pant, like Raj, with a beautiful girl falling on his arm—a la *'Barsaat'*. Also there is another Ganpati dressed in Punjabi style with two Punjabi girls standing in a pose which reminds one of the song "Mera Lal Dupatta."

At Kolhapur, Ganpatis have been dressed not only in *Barsaat* style but like the heroes of some of the popular Marathi pictures like 'Ram Joshi,' 'Pudhacha Paol' with of course the girl standing beside them.

Some people think it is sacrilegious.

Others think that it is symbolic of the popular will of associating everything they like and adore with the Gods they worship.

Picture Of The Week

Ever since Joan Crawford won the Academy award, her every role and picture has been eagerly looked forward to by discerning picturegoers. Her latest picture "The Damned Don't Cry" proves once again that she is a great dramatic actress; but one fears that she is getting typed again and a few more roles of the same type would ruin her career.

For Ethel Whitehead of "The Damned Don't Cry" is not far different from Mildred Pierce, though of course the story and the other characters are a little different. Ethel is young, vivacious but poor; she is married to a good looking worker and has a eight-year old son when the story begins.

Ethel is dissatisfied with her lot and it appears as if but for her son, she would have walked out on her parents and husband to seek a fortune—which she eventually does when her son is killed in an accident. The indication of her poverty and burning desire is given by the bicycle which she buys for her son on instalment basis much to the annoyance of her husband.

Leaving her town, she goes East and first tries to get an honest job but finds that she is not equipped for any job except that of a maid. She does not give up hope; she starts as a sales-girl and soon finds that modelling is a more paying job. With her face and figure she realizes that she can go places—and she does!

She gets entangled into a gambling racket and she entices Marty, an honest God-fearing certified public accountant, to join it as a book-keeper. Through him she comes to know the boss of the whole 'coast-to-coast' racket—George Casserman and virtually becomes his mistress, ignoring the love of Marty.

In the new set-up she is launched as Mrs. Forbes, a rich widow, an oil heiress. She becomes a sensation. But she has to pay the price for all this luxury and publicity. For her boss sends her to California to entice his man Nickie who is going out of control and elicit all the information. She obeys, goes West, stages a love affair with Nickie. Afraid of being

double-crossed her boss arrives on the scene and the drama takes a violent turn with lot of beating, shooting, hiding and final exposure of the racket.

The scene in which Joan Crawford is beaten is the most harrowing scene in the entire picture; it is incidentally Joan's best acting piece as well. At the end, there is unnecessarily far too much of shooting and of course Ethel and Marty are saved in the end.

The moral of the story is that a woman who leaves her home to find good life ultimately returns home to find refuge from life outside. The other moral is that money begotten sinfully never begets happiness.

Well, no one can have any quarrel with these morals. It is, of course, wrong to earn money by racketeering; but in a society where a handful of people roll in wealth while millions toil just to live, is it so strange that people should resort to racketeering when they know that many rich and ostensibly happy people owe their present position to racketeering. It is useless to tell a woman not to go the wrong way when that very way is presented in such a glamourized and attractive manner as in this picture. It is also useless to tell a woman to be just contented with her lot. Actually the picture should have tried to analyse her discontent in sociological terms; but instead of that the producers have exploited that discontent to moralize on one hand and to present an exciting drama of the underworld activities on the other. The pity, however, is that even that drama is not exciting with too much footage devoted to the building up of two or three really tense and dramatic incidents in the picture.

So the picture has a few exciting moments and it can boast of really first rate performances by Joan Crawford, Kent Smith as Marty and David Brion as George Casserman.

Star Of The Week

Last weekend I went to Khandala and for three days I had the pleasure as well as privilege of staying with Raj Kapoor, the star-producer-director of *Barsaat* fame. During our stay along with writer K. A. Abbas and Raj Kapoor's assistant Prakash Arora, we, of course, discussed the script of *Aawara*—in fact, that was the excuse for our stay there. But we also dis-

cussed almost every thing under the sun, especially films.

Looking thinner than ever, Raj was in excellent spirits. Raj is just twenty-five or twenty-six. And I at least know him for six or seven years. When we first became friends, he was just an assistant director drawing Rs. 75 per month. Then we often used to meet at Morosa, a popular restaurant near Flora Fountain (Bombay). I have seen Raj consuming a couple of dozen sandwiches with ease; at that time Raj was flabby and plump.

But then something happened—perhaps a feeling of frustration—and Raj started thinning and became a hero. Raj learnt direction first and made his debut as an artiste afterwards. Though he acted in *Valmiki* his first major role was in *Neel Kamal* directed by his 'Guru' Kidar Sharma. After that he appeared in a number of pictures but none of them clicked.

As a matter of fact Raj made his name as an artiste first on the stage, and that too as a comedian, in *Deewar*, directed by his famous father, Prithviraj Kapoor.

With a little money that he earned from acting in films, he launched R. K. Films. His capital, I believe, was just 27,000 rupees. Against heavy odds he made his picture *Aag* and revealed himself to be an ambitious, enterprising and intelligent artiste, director as well as producer.

Aag may not have been a great hit; but it certainly made the public and critics take notice of the new rising star on the film horizon. His performances in *Andaz* and his unprecedented success as a producer-director in *Barsaat* has raised him to the top. Today, as a star he can demand and get the highest price; as a producer too he can get any amount he demands.

Raj admits that he is not a very learned man and that he relies more on instinct than knowledge in his approach. But he is not content; he wants to learn and he desires to know things. His plea to the authors who write for him has always been, "Give me the contents, the thoughts, and see how well I present them." That does not mean Raj has no knowledge; on the contrary in 25 years he has perhaps learnt more about life than people generally do in twice as many years. He is impetuous, youthful and indulges at times in naive pranks;

but it would be foolish to call him either childish or irresponsible. He is a shrewd guy and he knows exactly what he wants. And he wants nothing so much as perfection in his own work. To get the work done, he will do anything—of course that does not include anything unscrupulous.

For work is a passion with him. One of his ambitions is to go round the country with a camera on his back and make an outdoor picture. And, no doubt one day he will fulfil his ambition. Raj who works day and night and is found often resting only in his car, had a quiet rest in Khanda. He had good sleep and he ate in a hearty style. He certainly loves food, especially eggs. He also loves to sing; what a pity he does not sing himself in films!

Now he has stopped working in other films and he will devote all energies to the activities of R. K. Films. With his amazing zeal, energy, ambition and intelligence one has no doubt that Raj and R. K. Films will attain many triumphs. In fact he is the hope of the future film industry.

News Of The Week

—New Theatres' *Chhota Bhai* is banned by West Pakistan.

—Madhubala and Gope have been signed by R. C. Talwar's for his new picture *Saqi* which is being directed by Rawail. Talwar himself will shortly start shooting of a screenplay by Ramanand Sagar, the author of *Barsaat*.

—Nimmi and Dev Anand are the stars of Fali Mistri's new picture entitled *Saza*.

—Vedi will direct, *For Ladies Only* for Jaimani Dewan and *Ali Shaan* for Wishai Vishav Chitra Kalamandir Ltd., with Nigar, Kuldip, Karan Dewan, Mubarak and K. N. Singh in the cast.

—Film star Rehman is planning to start his own picture in November.

—Producer P. N. Arora of All India Pictures, has announced his next picture *Nazneen* featuring Madhubala.

—Director Prahlad Dutt has been signed by Filmkar Ltd., for 'Ghungroo.' The shooting is started and it stars Sumitra (of New Theatres' fame), Om Prakash, K. N. Singh and Kuldip Kaur.

—Director Aspi has started *Gorakhnath* featuring Nirupa Rai and Surendra.

SIDELIGHTS :

Our laws make law impossible; our liberties destroy all freedom; our property is organised robbery; our morality is an impudent hypocrisy; our wisdom is administered by inexperienced or mal-experienced dupes, our power wielded by cowards or weaklings, and our honour false in all its points.
—BERNARD SHAW.

It is customary with our ministers, on appointment, to go on tour at public expense to their native places, there to air their importance and receive addresses, dinners and parties. There are always some anxious to please and entertain such ministers. Their hope is that it might pay them to do so. The discovery of greatness synchronises with the attainment of office, and the adulation that greets incoming ministers rarely follows them when they quit. Ex-ministers are a forlorn lot, not the least neglected by those most prominent in burning incense in front of them while they were in office. Any minister who takes himself at the valuation placed on him in public announcements by prospective beneficiaries playing host, will have his head turned, and may be counted as lost.

Poor Thirumal Rao had so much of praise packed into a couple of days and thrown at his face in heavy doses in parties that it is no wonder he collapsed under the impact, and lost all sense of proportion. He began to fancy himself a superman, privileged to hurt and taunt. As ill luck would have it, his wrath fell on Mr. Hayles, editor of *The Mail*.

In a conference of pressmen *The Mail* was singled out by the deputy minister for food and condemned for its "campaign against the food administration." It was true. In column after column, day after day, of still continuing disclosures of hunger deaths, Mr. Hayles had completely exploded the ministerial myth that "no one shall starve" in free India. The caption "no one shall starve" has become a household word in South India familiar in all mouths as a harsh symbol of a Government

that had failed in its first duty. Had the office of minister anything to do with the welfare of the people, the whole Government should have gone out in shame after *The Mail's* exposure, but in Madras the ministers cling on, daring their critics to dislodge them and do their worst. The Information Minister who has managed to survive three Premiers, ignored the hunger deaths and brought out pamphlets dealing elaborately with the Ministry's exploits in other matters. As readers of SWATANTRA already know, he rose to an original conception of his opportunities, and made an example of *The Mail* by cutting down advertisements.

Now enters Mr. Thirumal Rao on the scene, ignorant, excited. He has no answer to make to the substance of *The Mail's* disclosures. We find him therefore launching on the thesis that Mr. Hayles, not being in the country born, cannot claim to know its millions so well as he, Mr. Thirumal Rao blessed with that advantage! Lord Boyd-Orr, too, whom Pandit Nehru invited to advise his Government on food, laboured under the same handicap as Mr. Hayles. Why did Mr. Thirumal Rao fail to warn the Prime Minister of the folly of importing an expert from outside while he, with his "real affinity" with the millions, was there, ready to assist, available on the spot?

His next contribution to the food problem was a passionate avowal of his own love of rice. If the deputy minister for food had merely stated that he loved rice as much as anybody else in the world, he would easily have carried conviction. But that, being a tame way of exhibiting prowess, would not evidently do for him. He must mix his greatness with another's lack of it. We find him therefore once again having a 'go' at Mr. Hayles. "As one coming from East Godavari,"—so runs the report—"he was as much in love with rice as anybody else who now professed love for rice as a hireling—a stipendiary scribe." It is not very well known

that there was a time before he entered politics when Mr. Thirumal Rao was a journalist. He beat a retreat from that profession without making a mark, and the terms "hireling" and "stipendiary scribe" so contemptuously hurled by him now at a distinguished leader of the newspaper world, might be having their roots in an inglorious chapter of some unhappy experience of his own in the remote past. There is of course no particular stigma attached to the receipt of hire or a stipend for work done, and if the labourer is worthy of his hire, who need complain? The sting in the deputy minister's remark lies in its implication of professional conscience sold for money, of a point of view derived from a mercenary outlook. The impertinence of it is shocking. Whatever might have been the limitations of Mr. Thirumal Rao in the practice of journalism, he had no right to presume on it to besmirch an esteemed profession sensitive to its dignity. Journalists might turn round and say there are not fewer hirelings among ministers, and though all of them are stipendiaries, not many are qualified to call themselves scribes. In his public performances here as deputy minister, Mr. Thirumal Rao revelled in a cheap type of soap-box oratory. He did little good and excelled in discourtesy.

A MADRAS DIARY

By CLIO

IT is generally accepted that, while the English are saturnine, the Indians are ebullient. This may explain why the weather has not become the sole topic of conversation among us, as it is alleged that it is in Britain. We have certainly tended to take the weather for granted. Nevertheless the drought in the recent years has made us more sensitive. Therefore it is that the weather forecasts, published in the daily press, are studied with more than common interest. It is clear that the authorities of the Observatory are as useful a group of Government servants as can be met with anywhere.

Nevertheless, some of their terms are unhelpful. For example, when they prophesy "fair" weather, they do

The Southern India Journalists Federation should demand of him an apology for the discourtesy.

Mr. N. Chandrasekhara Ayyar left for Delhi last week to join the Bench of the Supreme Court. There was a grand send-off at the Central Station. It was a crowd the like of which is not generally seen, for it consisted of groups of people that had little in common with each other. He was the connecting link between persons of most dissimilar natures. His gift of affection brought together people that would not otherwise mix, and established them on a footing of friendship. He was in this way a great humanising force. His unassuming exterior masked an immense influence with men that count in the arts, in letters and in the business world. He had that ballast of humility which belongs to well-proportioned living and is a mark of true greatness since it enables one to perform with ease the most difficult of feats, taking success and prosperity naturally in one's stride. His naturalness was the secret of both his charm and strength. He is adored in many homes where his absence from the city will be keenly felt, notwithstanding rejoicing over the honour of his elevation to the highest judicial dignity in the land. —SAKA.

not anticipate a genial, balmy, and soothing day. They expect solely the absence of rain. It is curious that, living as they do in an area which has been ravaging for rain for the last three years, they should talk of its absence as indicating "fairness." Many a time has an unwary citizen, being promised a "fair" day, found himself blistered by heat.

The authorities, in fact, appear to have an instinctive dislike of rain, which may be an occupational disease. Never has one found them full-bloodedly forecasting heavy and overpowering rains. The utmost they can bring themselves to anticipate is a "few showers." They were unenthusiastic when one night last week it

rained over three and a half inches. On the other hand, they have been pertinacious in administering to Malabar and South Kanara warnings of "very heavy rainfall."

A new form of political activity has apparently sprung up in our midst. Some earnest souls have dedicated themselves to the task of writing the slogans of their party on walls. What attracts attention to these performances is not the slogans themselves, which are absolutely obvious and needed no saying at all, but the amount of labour involved in producing them. To write about thirty letters, each more than a yard in size, presumably at dead of night, argues uncommon devotion to party principles. Madras rejoices that some of its citizens are so sincerely political-minded. It was, however, unfortunate that these passionate souls reckoned without the heavy rains that fell last week. The enormous labour expended

was swept away in a trice; such is the cruelty of nature.

It is unfortunate that there should be no genuine second-hand bookshops in the city. No one who has had dealings in the Moore Market will accept that the prices there are at all moderate. The booksellers there have undoubtedly their reasons, but, it cannot be said that the Moore Market contains second-hand bookshops in more than a formal sense. A well-known firm in Mount Road is making available some books at reduced prices. But their range is narrow. What is required is the type of shops to be found on the pavements of Pycrofts Road. The prices there are undeniably fair. But, here again, the books available are often no more than magazines, pamphlets, or school textbooks. If there should be combined in one shop the cheapness of the latter and the wide range of books in the Moore Market, the poor scholar will rejoice, or at least be relieved of anxiety.

IMPRESSIONS OF NASIK CONGRESS

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

THERE is a story of the fort of Singhad of which the gate served as model for the gate of Gandhinagar at Nasik. One night Shivaji was playing with his mother a game of chess on a wager. The mother won the game and asked her brave son to give her the fort of Singhad as her prize before next morning. Even Shivaji quailed at the undertaking but with his usual resourcefulness he stormed the fort at night with the help of his bravest general Tanaji. The fort fell to him after a bitter attack by Tanaji but Tanaji was found dead at the hour of victory at the gate of Singhad.

In like manner Nehru has stormed the fort of Gandhinagar and won it in a most spectacular manner. Will his victory be as costly as Shivaji's?

Excluding his Delhi statement and his concluding address at Nasik, he made four speeches in the Congress. The first of them was made in English in the Subjects Committee on foreign policy, since Pant was pitifully unconvincing on the subject. But he slurred over the controversial questions of Kashmir and Pakistan while

he dwelt at length on the recognition of Red China on which nobody there had any disagreement with him at all, probably with an eye on the foreign press. This however led to an unexpectedly funny result when a day after, the U. N. O. summarily rejected the Indian proposal to seat Red China on the Security Council. The Pandit had to make a detour in his speech on communalism in the open session to comment on this piece of news.

His English speech however proved to be the least important of his speeches. It was his three Hindi speeches on communalism and the Indo-Pak problem that really led to his victory at Nasik. Though they varied in their technique considerably, their keynote was the same. He bluntly put the same question to the Congress in all his three speeches, to wit, whether they wanted him to remain Premier. If they did they could have him only on his terms, namely, accepting without question his Indo-Pak policy. The Congress could not afford to lose Nehru's leadership, or more precisely his name for electio-

neering. So they voted for his resolution. Nehru is only too conscious of this and that is why in spite of all the fanfare he has chosen to keep quiet and once again lay down to the already cowed President conditions for his joining the Working Committee.

All this tale of Nehru bearding the President is meaningless. An incident in Gandhinagar of which I was an eye witness was revealing. As usual the darling of the crowds came standing in an open car one evening at the end of a Subjects Committee session. He drove to the Reception Committee office and from there he walked back to the gate of Gandhinagar chased by admiring crowds and guarded by breathless volunteers. Tandon who came in his car a little behind could not pass on because of these crowds, very few among whom even recognised him or cheered him. It was clear that he had not cared to travel or make contacts south of the Vindhya. One can admire Tandon's powers of endurance at his age, his integrity, his kingly way of conducting an assembly and all that. But he is not the coming man to stand up to the Congress bosses or put new life into the Congress.

As I sat throughout the sessions of the Subjects Committee I was wondering whether most members came to

witness a tamasha. Most of them tried to go out after hearing Nehru's speech without waiting to hear the amendments at all. Many of them voted neither way in the course of the proceedings.

Some of the old guard have become hopelessly infirm. A typical example of this was Pant whose quaking hands and throbbing voice were obtrusively evident each time the bosses asked him to propose the foreign policy resolution. Sardar's silence was as much due to his mounting age as to his lack of interest. This Congress made it distressingly evident that there is no second line of leaders in the Congress.

Many who joined Kripalani's new group seem to be bent upon using it as a weapon in the Prime Minister's hands in his intra-party bouts. And the men who had egged on the Acharya to stand simply as Nehru's candidate seem to be very much in the group. The pity of it all is that Nehru, starting late in life as a party organiser, has entrusted the work to not very scrupulous manipulators who may in time bring him down to the very level of those whom he wants to fight with their own weapons. The Nehru-Patil exchange on extremely irrelevant occasions was a pointer in this direction.

TRAVELLING ART EXHIBITIONS IN U. S. A.

THE American Association of University Women (AAUW) sponsors exhibitions of the work of living artists in communities throughout the United States. During the past 10 years, 40 exhibitions have been circulated in 400 communities in 45 states, attracting a total of almost 1,500,000 persons.

The exhibitions contain works by artists from the United States and other countries. Included are oil paintings, water colours, ceramics, photographs, and sculpture. They are planned particularly for smaller towns that have no museum or art center. Nearly three-fourths of the showings have been in towns with populations of less than 25,000. Last year the exhibits were shown in 112 communities to 150,000 persons.

Works in the travelling exhibitions include those owned by the AAUW itself and those loaned by artists, dealers, collectors, schools, and museums.

In addition to these travelling exhibitions, AAUW branches throughout the United States also have assembled in various communities exhibits of the works of local artists, collections of children's drawings, portraits and landscapes, and work in the crafts. There were 154 of these local showings last year, attended by almost 130,000 persons.

The AAUW exhibits have stimulated the growth of such community projects as adult education art classes, workshops, scholarships for art students, gifts of new art books for public libraries, art instruction in schools, and new art centres and museums.

THIS FOOD FIASCO: DANGER SIGNAL AHEAD

By ALOKE SEN

"There is no wealth but life...including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings."—RUSKIN.

THE night was ablaze. Pots and tubs hanging young plants, flowering trees, ivy creepers all were weighed down with bulbs many-coloured, red and green, yellow and blue.

Petromax lamps were burning, giving a kind of splendour to familiar, common objects. Neons were bright overhead with their bluish gleam reflecting strangely on and transforming almost to ghostliness the plumpy, painted faces of the ladies of fashion.

It was Ratendon Road, New Delhi's newly-designed officers' colony. The night was gala for the banquet in celebration and commemoration of a recent wedding of a nephew of one among its civilians.

The hour was 8-30. Goaded by tobacco-smoke I was strolling outside on the gravelled drive awaiting my call at the table.

Of a sudden, the sound of soft padding of feet came and as I glanced up three shadows of human beings of the saddest description went past me and stood at the door imploring for some food to eat. They were the same ill-kempt beggars from the South that roam the streets of the capital, looked down upon by its citizens as rank weeds in their transparent stream of life.

Yet their hesitant and timid steps seemed something unusual, out of the ordinary. I looked on, interested.

The inevitable happened. A gentleman dashed out with a naughty smile on his bud-like mouth and fell upon them.

His manners were jeering. But to the poor hungry souls it appeared like a command to withdraw outside and then—then once outside, the gentleman will surely see something given to them to eat.

So they retraced. And no sooner those bundles of bones stepped outside the sacred precincts than the

gentleman held firm the gate and waving his arms said in a strident voice raised angrily: "Popo, Popo", evidently the only Tamil word he knew.

Rebuffed they stood looking in a desolate manner and the imprint of dazed bewilderment on their faces would have touched any man's heart.

Advancing toward the gate I beckoned the man among them to follow me to the confectioner's on the side-walk across the road. He stumbled down the path, holding his stomach, doubled over with delight, followed by his wife and son.

When they had settled down to eat I asked the man his name and whereabouts. There shone a smile of gratitude but no answer. I repeated the question once again.

And then at last as if the floodgates of his feelings were let loose and for full thirty minutes I listened to something that left me stupefied with wonder, grief and resentment, the tearful tale of destitution and death that the so-called scarcity of food had brought upon a little family in a remote corner of Madras State.

The man introduced himself in a broken, husky voice. "My name is Ganapathi. Ganapathi Velu. I am from Ramnad, Madras. I have left the place three weeks past. This is my wife and son, the only child spared among the three I had."

He spoke in an incoherent, abrupt fashion but it had in it such a ring of sincerity that made me put faith in him. I inquired if he had not eaten anything throughout the day.

"Nothing", he replied.

"Nor have you any clothes?"

"All I have are in these two bags". He raised his finger to two gunny bags lying beside him.

So we went on conversing. In the following lines I reproduce Ganapathi Velu's story as he told it to me.

"Mine was a family of five members. During my father's life-time we were well-to-do and enjoyed some influence in the area. He had a big grain shop at Ramnad and some land too.

"After his death all things were divided up among us four brothers. The grain shop was sold and I with my share of money opened a little store in my native village. A patch of land also remained with me which I managed to plough myself.

"With the dawn I rushed to work to my land behind the zemindar's farmhouse, clustered all round by banyans. Then I used to walk by the path along the stream and open my little store. That looks so long ago."

A deep sigh seemed to fill the entire room. My breath seemed to catch my throat, and without knowing that I spoke, I exclaimed softly "....yes.... well... life is long."

I looked deep into his eyes and he began to speak again. As if in a reverie he recalled his home, his dead children, his Ramnad. The memories of the days left behind appeared to take him back to the old surroundings, a sheaf out of a melancholy past, mingled with tears and travails of the work-a-day life.

"Then the crisis came five years ago," he continued. "Prices of food grains rose high."

I remembered the grim famine conditions of 1945 five years back. That was the year when hungry folk from the South were seen moving in Delhi in numbers. The bulk of them had gone back or perhaps dispersed themselves in the neighbouring towns. But many had stayed.

Ganapathi was referring to that dreadful year. I urged him to continue.

He continued: "I had to pawn my land to the village zemindar to purchase provisions for my store. That loan has remained ever since. And now comes this.

"From the start of July this year rice began to come in very niggardly fashion to our ration shop. Once we were given half of the usual quantity and then one and two pollums of rice before they ceased to give completely.

"In the black-market rice was selling at Rs. 50 per maund. There remained no other way open but to

go and make purchase therefrom. The owner of the ration shop assured us that if July passed anyhow, supply was certain to come in August. July passed, and August came and still we waited.

"By the first week of August I was spent up to my last pice. My store was empty but there was no money left to replenish it.

"People who generally took articles in credit had no money then to pay me the sums they owed. The store had to be closed and abandoned.

"Then on the 9th of last month I took a few rupees from the zemindar and for the first time took home some flour of barley and millet from the ration shop as that had arrived then. Bread of that flour became our meal ever since."

At this point Ganapathi broke off for a few minutes. Then he looked at me in silence, with two fire holes in his face. Perhaps I read his thoughts.

Again he resumed his yarn, now unasked by me.

"It happened on the 29th, exactly after twenty days of that cursed bread-eating, that my only daughter, a child of six years, died of blood-dysentery. Just at this time of grief my store was auctioned by the zemindar for the few rupees I borrowed from him to purchase that evil ration of flour.

"A day later my second son next to this, Coomaraswamy, also died of the same disease," he said pointing to the dark-skinned boy piling food in eagerly.

"This boy Coomar was also falling in the grip of the same disease. He was the only child left to me. I went desperate. On that night of 30th I resolved to leave Ramnad, the only place that I knew in this world. Somehow I felt if I continued to live on there, I shall lose Coomar too.

"I and my wife made no pretence of sleeping but talked the night long of the two children that had gone. And the minutes and hours dragged by, and at last the darkness was suffused with the ashy light of dawn and we the three creatures with these two bags containing clothes left the place of our birth.

"There was nothing to be hoped from Ramnad. In twenty days I had been at Vijayawada, Hyderabad, Nagpur and Agra.

"At Agra a kind-hearted railway porter gave me our fares up to New Delhi and told me that I might soon find a job to make our living. So I am here but could not find anything in these two days. We are living practically without food since, three weeks ago on my son's death, we ceased to take that flour. Now we have decided to finish our lives, too" There was no more word spoken. The end had come. His life was over. I read that in his face.

I could see the man sitting as rigid as though he were made of bronze. Before my eyes shot up the picture of a man battered and bruised, his eyes red, his face nothing but jagged bone, sucked out of all his resistance. A starving wreck.

We filed outside the restaurant. The earth was coolish from the sharp showers of the evening. It smelled of life, rich pungent smells of life ever being created. Across the road in the bungalow there was feasting and possibly spilling down of Carew products on the floor. Outside around me were people fasting and fasting to death.

What answer our Food Ministers have for Ganapathi for the death of his two young children? Will a fond father's heart be consoled that they died of "Malnutrition"?

Hunger, hunger has whipped Ganapathi with his wife and son to wander

over a thousand of miles from his home in Ramnad to a town steeped in snobbery, a town more foreign to us than foreigners.

"I do not know how many more Ganapathis there are, wrenched from their homes, in fierce quest for food, in their vain desire to forget the horrid spectacle of their dying children.

Are the people of this land deemed to suffer the dull ache at the pit of their stomach for ever, eternally? Are they to live as destitutes, shunned and mocked by their fellow cosmopolitans, starved and tortured to their dying day? Shall there never to be a moment of comfort or contentment?

What people desire is not paragraphs in constitutions, but results, in shape of arrangements which ensure them relief from this pain of hunger.

If the interpretation given to freedom reduces it to airy nothings, they will not stand by it against an alternative creed that is always on the look-out to seize the vacant throne.

Should Communism—it will be called, of course, not Communism, but True Democracy—ever arrive in this country, it will be established, not by the tyranny of a ruthless minority, but as an escape from misery for an apathetic majority, so deadened by shams and rags as to yield to any regime which lures them with promises of a bearable life.

It is the method of Punch always to avoid vital spots, to go round, searching for humour and whimsicalities, provided they are safely to be found in the sphere of triviality; when Punch desires to be serious it is merely solemn and dull. Punch represents the search for amusement of those whose main anxiety it is to avoid penetrating to the real facts of life, the recreations of a melancholy man who refuses to be serious. But the French artists are always serious. So far from wishing to avoid vital spots, it is at such points that they directly aim. All their skill is here; all their comic effect lies precisely in the surprise of audacity with which they succeed in penetrating to some intimate fact of life. This seriousness—this precision and courage in finding the sensitive spots of life and penetrating deep—is reflected in the French artist's mastery of line which in its precision and daring is the exact technical embodiment of the French moral spirit. It is noteworthy that the power of line is lacking in English artists save the greatest.—HAVELOCK ELLIS.

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.

Quest For 'Hidden Kritis'

T. S. P.'s views in SWATANTRA on the recent propaganda to unearth Sri Thyagayya's 'hidden Kritis,' should commend wide acceptance. The other day, Sri Ariyakudi Ramanuja Ayyangar pleaded earnestly at the Perambur Sangeetha Sabha, for the resuscitation and revival of top ranking 'Kritis' of top-ranking composers like Puchi Ayyangar and Anai Ayyarval which, owing to certain fissiparous tendencies at present, stand in immediate danger of being relegated to oblivion. Rightly enough, he characterised the modern trend to create Kirthanams by all and sundry, as 'POKKIRITHANAM,' which in Tamil means vagabondism. That, in the ultimate result, classical pieces like those of Raminad Srinivasa Iyengar and Anai Ayyar, (aye, even of Sri Thyagayya) would go into desuetude is perhaps inevitable and Sri Ayyangar's condemnation has not come a day too soon. Some enthusiasts have however set about the task of unearthing the hidden Kritis of Sri Thyagayya, and dress them up in a new shape or even a new raga. There is no doubt a laudable venture, but certain unhealthy traditions which are creeping into our musical repertoire, cannot go unchecked. Quite a number of spurious tunes are now passing muster as being of the Great master's, although of course they can never reach the musical height and sublimity of what we may style as the genuine Sri Thyagayya brand. Added to it is the fact that almost imperceptibly yet surely, we are drifting away from the old authentic and time-honoured traditions whilst rendering Sri Thyagayya's Kritis. The craze for replacing recondite graces by new-fangled and simpler varieties, is also another evil which we should endeavour to avoid. As against the need to approximate to the orthodox method of rendering Kritis, the move to have the new sahityas of Sri Thyagayya unearthed and clothed in a new (and may be apocryphal) form or raga, assumes a comparatively minor importance. The paramount need of the hour is, however, to weed out spurious imitations and uncalled for flourishes in recognised Kritis, so that we can reap a clean harvest of Sri Thyagayya's music. It is certainly regrettable at this juncture, to import more items of doubtful reality, both as to text and music, which will be making confusion worse confounded. It

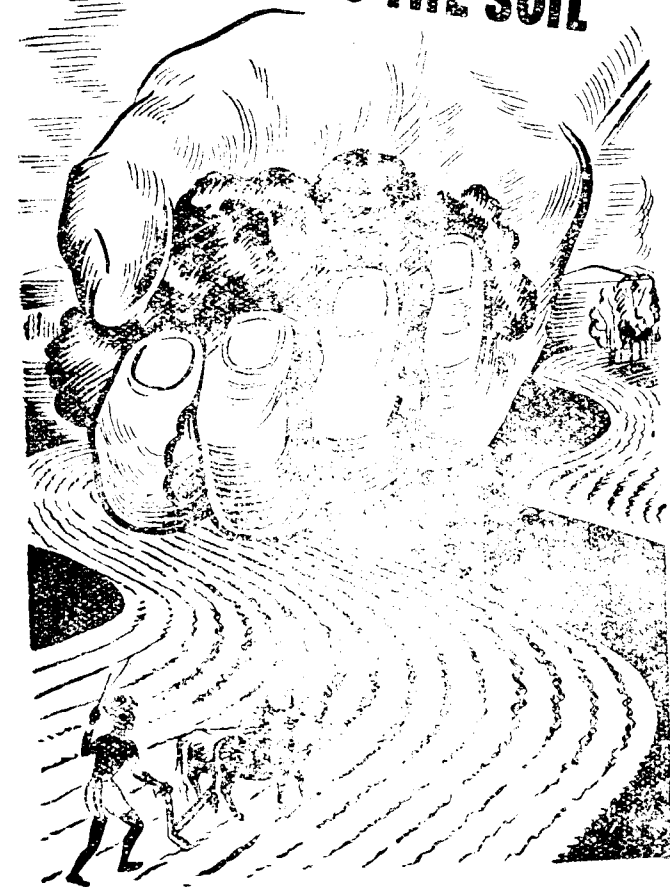
composing music to order is Pokkirithanam (for real music is inspired and only Vaggeyakars can attempt it), how is it any the less different if we are asked to invent a new music form to a new, so-called unearthed Thyagayya's sahityam? Sri Thyagayya need not shine in borrowed feathers. The unquestionably genuine ones which luckily we have now on hand, are quite enough to afford us inspiration and happiness although we owe it to ourselves and to the great master to keep up this precious musical heritage undimmed and in all its pristine glory. Our present stock of Sri Thyagayya's sahityams is by no means inconsiderable and our only endeavour ought to be to preserve the traditional styles and 'sampradaya,' although we have failed so far to keep recorded excerpts of some of our departed music giants. Even the Madras A. I. R. orchestra which retails superb music, literally, goes off the air.

As regards the new (hidden) Kritis, this much has to be said. We cannot improvise apurva ragas for the purpose; and of the well known ragas, we can at best nibble here and there, making altogether a weird combination of acoustics,—which will certainly be a set-back to accepted standards of Carnatic music. Another important circumstance has to be borne in mind. In addition to purifying the existing as well as the known list of Sri Thyagayya's Kritis by excluding the spurious imitations, musicians, especially those graduating from recognised institutions, should be required to render the accepted text correctly, without blurring over or mutilating. Attention to correct text and pronunciation enhances the music effect considerably. In Karnataka Sangeetha, the words are not mere words but convey a profound, spiritual meaning: in fact, even in raga alapana, the usual words, 'Da Ra Na' are not haphazardly chosen but are the interposition of the words 'Na Ra Da,' the great sage and father of Carnatic music. There is as much inspiration in singing the text correctly and with a knowledge of its meaning as there is in rendering music forms in their appropriate style. The Tamil Isai movement got a stimulus because the majority of Carnatic musicians never cared to know the correct text as well as the meaning of the songs.

Madras.

V. SUNDARAM IYER.

GET DOWN TO THE SOIL



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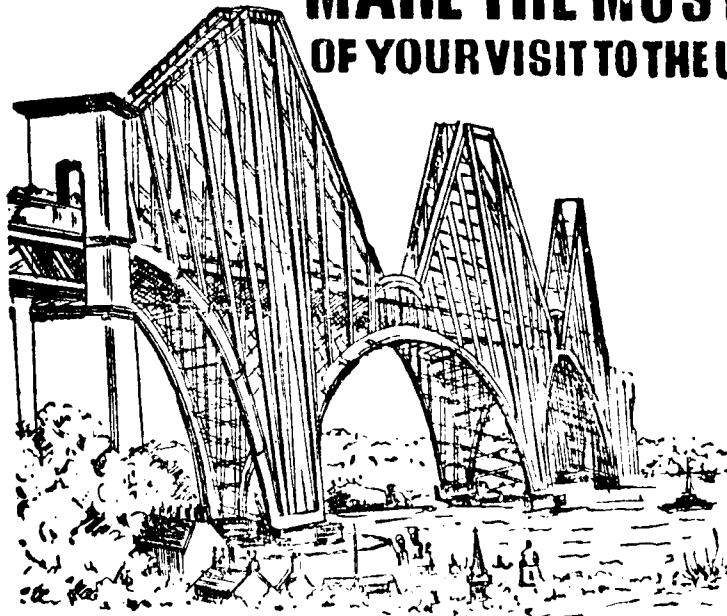
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