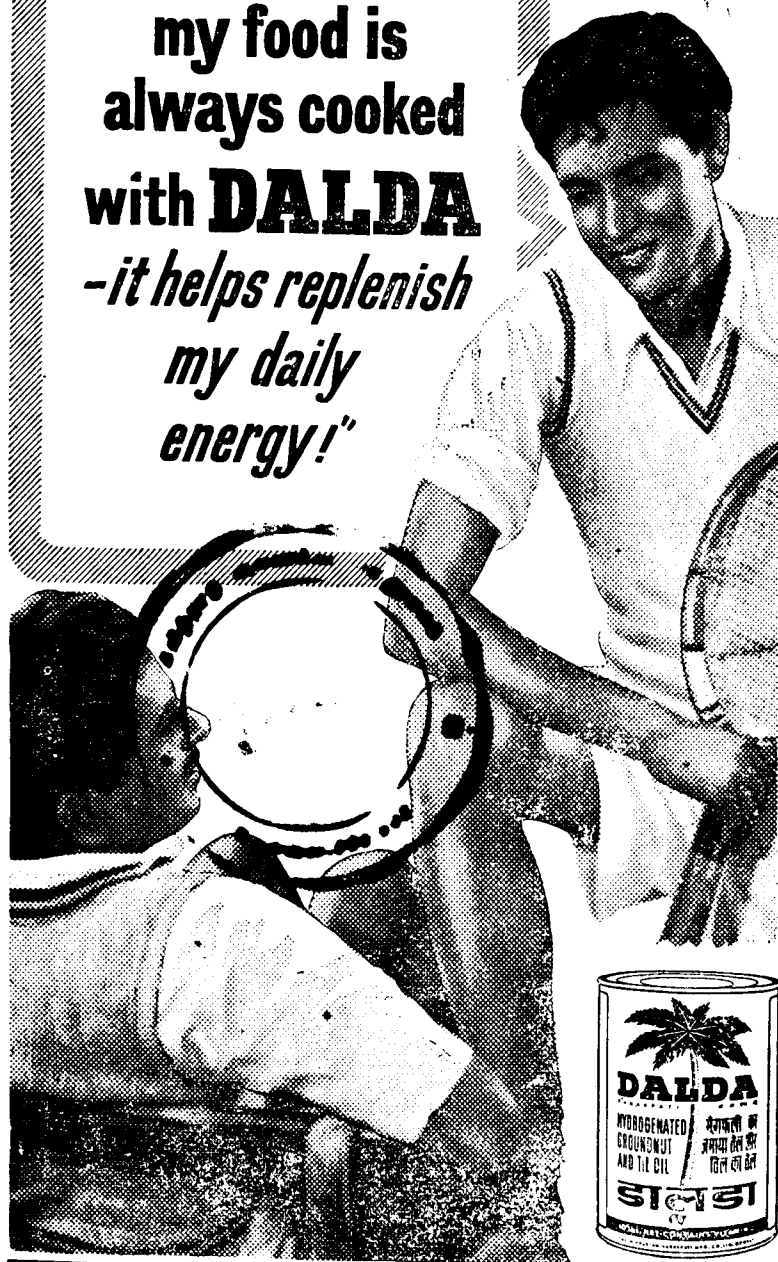


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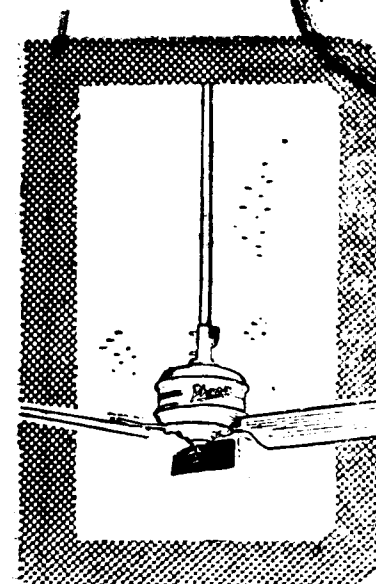


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SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1951.

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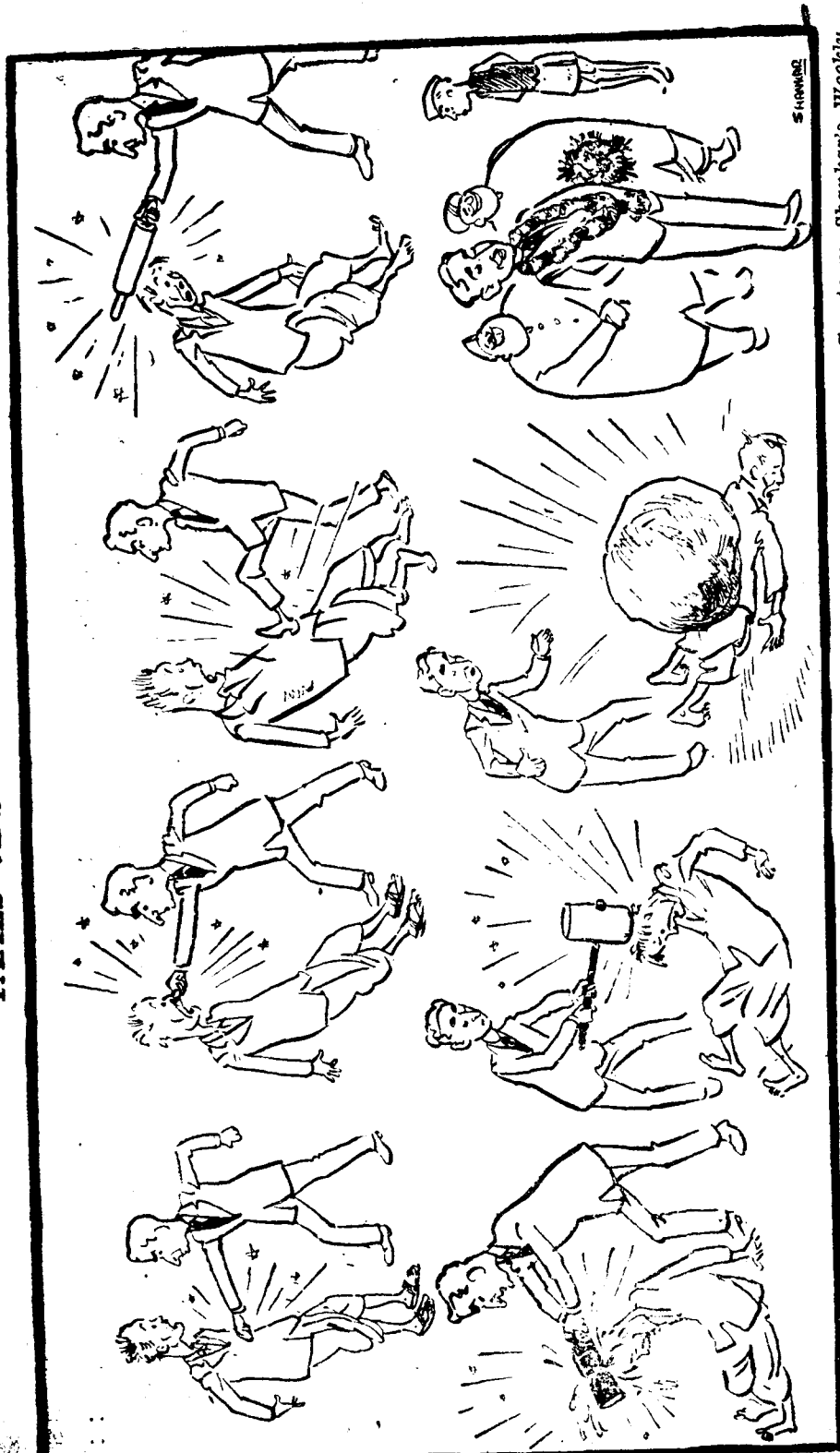
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ON THE COVER: Photo taken at the
National Girls' High School,
Triplicane.

—Photo P. N. Krishnan.

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TAXES AND MORE TAXES



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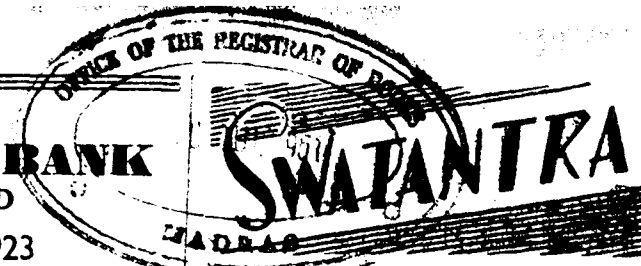
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Manager,
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C. R.—OUR HERITAGE

Translated into English

by T. V. Swaminathan

Written in Tamil

by L. K. Bharati, M.P.

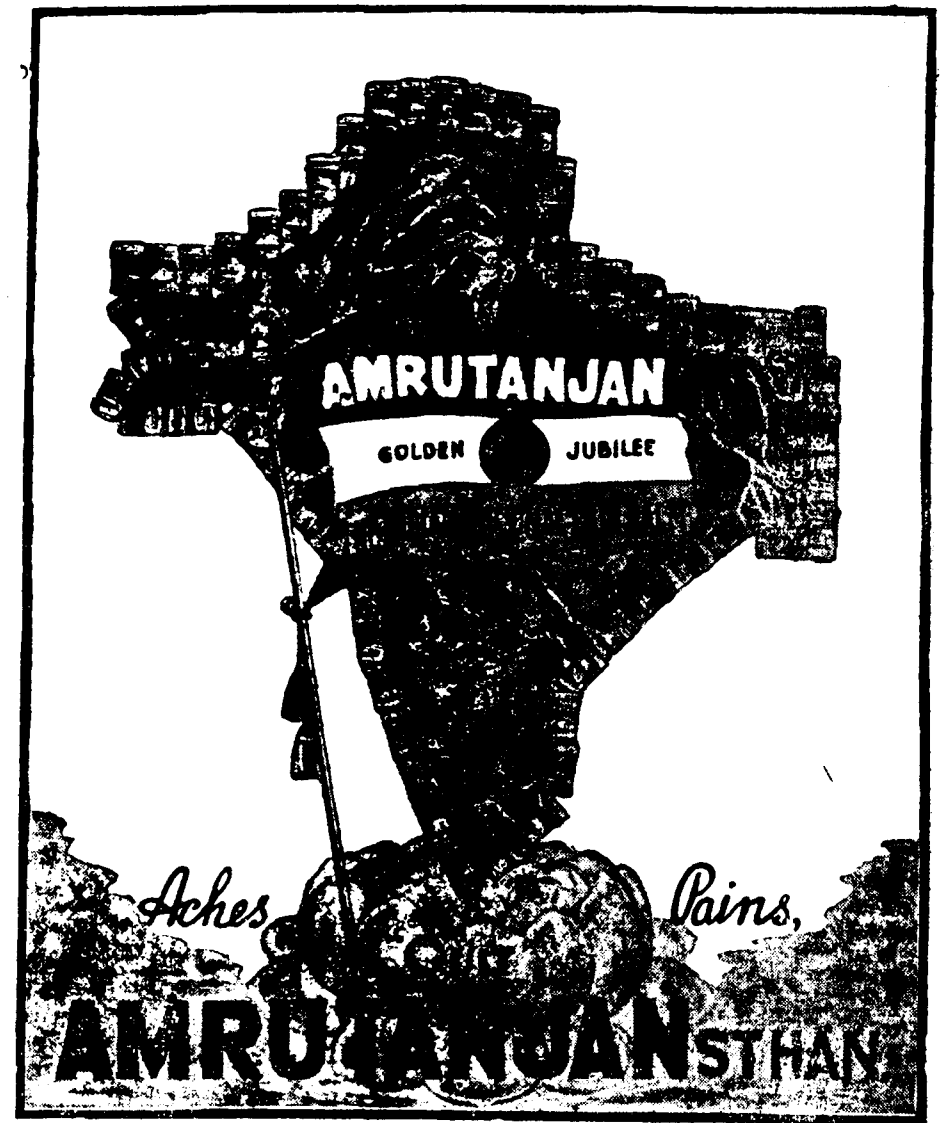
The human race is a single band,
Righteousness its one goal;
The wide world is our native land;
And we,
the varying shapes of a supreme soul—

Of those that practised virtue this way
Rajaji stands ahead to-day.

Concept of Beauty blooms in a rose;
In Gandhi's form, on Bharat's surface,
Godliness walked—the whole world knows;
Likewise,

Virtue, Forbearance, Wisdom,
Smiling face, stern inflexible will,
Unmoved alike by the random
breeze of pleasure and the bitter pill
of pain; forever
firm in conviction, fixed in gaze;
Viewing together censure and applause
with cool aloofness, an Advaitic poise;
Dear Tamil Mother
gave C. R. to the world, great is our heritage.

(The Tamil original appeared in *Kalki*.)



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MR. DESHMUKH'S BUDGET

IN presenting the Central budget for the current year, Mr. Chintaman Deshmukh has desisted from making any prediction about the country's economic outlook as his predecessor made, and has contented himself with the remark that "in the rapidly changing world conditions, he would indeed be a rash man who can hazard a guess as to the future". Indeed, it is these rapidly changing world conditions which have enabled him to realise a surplus of Rs. 7.93 crores for the current year, in spite of the increase in expenditure of over Rs. 40 crores above the original estimates. And though the Finance Minister has managed to present a budget with a surplus of over Rs. 25.61 crores for the ensuing year, whether this will be realised depends to a large extent on the course of events during the year. But, by a conservative estimate of revenue receipts and by not taking into account any fall in actual expenditure which may occur in the course of the year, Mr. Deshmukh has tried to protect himself against any unforeseen fall in receipts or rise in expenditure, which may land him in difficulties later on.

The necessity to avoid a deficit budget under the present inflationary conditions has compelled the Finance Minister to raise taxes all round. But the fear has been expressed that the new taxation proposals would only result in a rise in the price level, thus defeating the object of Mr. Deshmukh in introducing them. No doubt the increase in the capital programme over the current year's and the rise in several indirect taxes has given

rise to this conclusion. But most of the tax increases are only in the category of direct taxes like income-tax and corporation tax and indirect taxes such as export duties on cotton cloth and import duties and excises on luxury items. These will not impose any great additional burden on the common man.

Mr. Deshmukh has also explained why he has been forced to have a surplus of over Rs. 25 crores even though he has had to increase several taxes to achieve this. The failure of the India Government's borrowing programme during the current year and the uncertain conditions prevailing in the capital market have obliged him to cover as much of the deficit in the capital budget as possible from current revenue receipts. Despite the many tax concessions granted to businessmen last year, the capital market has been unduly irresponsible to Government loans, and their borrowing programme has fallen short of the modest target of Rs. 75 crores by Rs. 29 crores. Nor have the tax reliefs granted resulted in any increase in industrial production and consequent improvement in the economic situation, signifying the failure of Dr. Matthai's policy of granting concessions to businessmen in the hope that this would result in an improvement in the economic situation. Output in the country's three major industries—cotton, jute and sugar—has fallen, and the price level has continued to rise despite the various steps taken by the Government to control this trend. And indeed the most surprising feature of the budget is the absence of any indication about

how the Government propose to bring down the prices, which is the only way of relieving the distress of the people. Or, does this indicate the absence of any plans in this regard? It may very well be that the Finance Minister has no hope of any plan succeeding in bringing down the prices, and he might have decided to throw the blame for any rise in the price level conveniently on international developments.

Though forced by circumstances to increase the tax burden, Mr. Deshmukh has tried to distribute it as equitably as possible, taking care not to impose new burdens on the poorer classes. But that the capitalists have been let off lightly can be seen from the fact that businessmen all over the country have been the first to welcome the budget. They had expected a greater share of the tax burden to be transferred to them. And surely the Finance Minister would have been justified in framing such a budget, seeing that the capitalists are stubbornly refusing to co-operate with the Government in improving

the economic situation except on their terms, and what they have refused to give the Government by way of loans, the Government would be justified in collecting from them in the form of taxes. Mr. Deshmukh has contented himself with indicating a reversal of the Government's policy probably giving a veiled warning to Big Business to expect drastic measures in the next budget, should they continue in their present mood. This conclusion is strengthened by the Finance Minister's decision to take credit for Rs. 100 crores from new loans in the ensuing year, causing surprise to many because of the failure of the Government to realise even two-thirds of their target of Rs. 75 crores during 1950-51.

Mr. Deshmukh has stated that not much could be saved by effecting economies in the near future. But, more important than this, the Finance Minister should see to it that wasteful expenditure is not incurred on useless projects such as the pre-fabricating factory.

Sotto Voce

THE BANDWAGON

MR. B. G. Kher, Premier of Bombay, meditates retirement. It is just possible that his friends and admirers might yet persuade him to carry on for some time more. He may not be quite well, but he is certainly not so unwell as Dr. T. S. S. Rajan whom his colleagues in Madras will not let go. That, incidentally, is a touching example of that chivalrous loyalty to the Old School Tie which is becoming so rare nowadays. Poor



Mr. Bevin, whom Mr. Churchill found good enough to be his Foreign Minister during the darkest days of war, was the other day asked to quit in terms reminiscent of Mr. Amery's classic objurgation, "For God's sake, go", and that by Lord Samuel, the pink of courtesy.

It is unlikely that Mr. Attlee will, merely to spite the Opposition, pretend that Mr. Bevin's health is

perfectly O. K. And Mr. Bevin for his part would, I fancy, hardly care to stick on even if he were obligingly told that he could draw a shilling a month and leave the work to somebody else. But, of course, Britain is a parvenu country where they care more for present worth than for past glory. We have our pride of ancestry though we may have no hope of posterity. Congressmen in clover can sing *O tempora! O mores!* as prettily as any French *émigré* after the Revolution.

Mr. Kher is soberly severe with the Opposition. While he has been always conscious of his own disinterestedness, he may reasonably hope that, now he has told them he is definitely going, they will let his weighty words of admonition and reproof sink in. He finds the Opposition has dwindled "both numerically and intellectually." He is magnanimous enough to concede that it was not always so. During the first Congress Ministry, it seems, the Opposition was helpful and constructive—though we don't remember that Mr. Kher showed himself particularly grateful. If it has since deteriorated, might not the Government itself be partly responsible?

The spirit of the Opposition, says the Bombay Premier, lacks dignity and decorum and "the language used would have shocked the ears of those who occupied these benches twenty years ago." If Mr. Kher was referring to his British predecessors in office he quite underrated their capacity for standing verbal shocks as well as the Swarajists' ability to fire ten-pounders at the serried phalanx. But he was undoubtedly right in suggesting albeit unwittingly that every Government gets the Opposition it deserves. The Marrisises and the Muddimans provoked the Nehrus and the Dases to great form; they paid their opponents the civility of arguing with them. Mr. Kher, when he complains that he gets not argument but abuse, forgets that it takes two to make an argument.

There are other lessons, too, which our rulers might have usefully learnt from the Britisher. He never bothers to enquire whether his opponent is a

gentleman. His ethics are of the boxing ring; not for him the old-fashioned dignity of Jarasandha which forbade his fighting with Krishna because the Wise and Willy One had acted the poltroon. Nobody thinks the worse of Mr. Churchill for trying to defeat the Labour Government on an average twice a week; it is all part of the game. Members of his own party would be the first to think that Mr. Attlee had gone off the deep end if he were to propose a law making the Government irremovable.

We have not gone quite so far as that; but Congressmen make no secret of their opinion that the national interests require they should remain in the saddle for as long as one can see ahead. Hence the paramount importance of maintaining the fiction that the party is co-extensive with the country. If the Courts insist on distinguishing between law and the will of the Government, they are informed with icy politeness that they must not forget themselves. If non-Congressmen will not obliterate themselves they must be dubbed communalists. And if party-men bark at the pontiffs, they are implored, "For Heaven's sake close the door before you start screaming. And remember there is no dirt on our linen."

Mr. Kher's outburst may have been provoked by the storm raised over the unlucky contract given by his Government to a firm which had a son-in-law of Mr. Munshi as managing director. The promptness with which Mr. Morarji Desai annulled the contract while roundly abusing the newspapers which had attacked it, exposed a surprising dent in the armour of self-confidence. The piecemeal revelations regarding the fertiliser business are apparently not at an end. And people will ask why the Union Labour Minister who borrowed Rs. 10,000 from a big industrialist for buying a car did not take the commonsense precaution of telling the Prime Minister about it. For a party that floated into port on the high tide of open diplomacy, the Congress seems to have developed an inordinate passion for secrecy.

VIGNESWARA

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SIDELIGHTS : :

THE general prevalence of corruption has made people savage and sadistic. They want someone on whom to vent their wrath, and are quite satisfied if a scapegoat is found. When they read in the papers that some blackmarketing capitalists of Patna or Cawnpore were handcuffed and marched in procession in the streets, they hail the news with glee and argue excitedly—and ecstatically—that that is just the way to treat the blackmarketeers. It is forgotten that savagery is no substitute for justice. The essential principle of justice is this, that responsibility for an offence committed must be fixed specifically on particular persons, after due examination of all relevant evidence in a competent court of law by judges trained professionally to be judicial, impartial, detached and objective. Everything is not evidence. There is an elaborate system of rules to indicate what is admissible as evidence and what not. Precautions are taken that in the pursuit of justice no innocent man is made to suffer, on the theory that it is better for the safety of the governed that many guilty men should escape punishment for their misdeeds, than that one innocent man be condemned wrongly. All are assumed innocent till the contrary is proved, and the protection of the innocent is regarded as a test of decency for the State itself, if it is to lay claim to a civilised existence.

Mr. Munshi's references to Mr. C. S. D. Swamy in Parliament the other day reveal a barbarous attitude of mind not worthy of a decent administrator. The questions and answers on the floor of the House reveal that Swamy was pursued by the Minister with the sole intention of getting him into trouble. Someone whose name is not disclosed and who refuses to come before the public with his story acts the part of an informer in private and tells Munshi that Swamy had taken bribes. The police are set to investigate. They discover nothing. Then Munshi sets someone else, a businessman this time,

to help him to find some material to condemn Swamy with. Nobody knows anything yet about the status of this businessman or whether he is trustworthy or has any axe to grind, but "this gentleman"—to quote Mr. Munshi—"in a friendly way collected the information and gave me the transactions in respect of which these moneys—at least two or three items, had been paid." Of the nature of this information Mr. Munshi himself says that it was "necessarily hearsay and inadmissible as evidence."

Mr. Munshi makes no bones about the certainty of Mr. Swamy being discharged if a prosecution were to be filed against him. Naively he informs the House, "several officers have been prosecuted and they have been acquitted and Government have had to pay their salaries for all the time the prosecution had gone on and even to reinstate them." So in order to deprive Mr. Swamy of the protection of the law courts to which he was entitled as a citizen if not as an officer, Mr. Munshi sets up a departmental committee and gets Mr. Swamy dismissed. Is it surprising that Mr. Swamy should have refused to plead his case before this departmental committee, after realising, as he must have done, that it was called to being to circumvent the process of the law? You and I would have done the same in his place.

The Swamy episode illustrates the deplorable tendency of Ministers to defeat the ends of justice by taking the law into their own hands. They have no use for the courts if they are not assured in advance that the courts will be on their side. The gravest instances of contempt of court have come from ministerial initiative lately. There is no safety for officers whom Ministers, often on furtive information furnished by their cronies, plan to ruin. It is a pity that in all the Parliament there was not one to challenge the Minister's method of getting rid of Mr. Swamy out of consideration for fundamental fairplay and decency.—SAKA.

MYSTERIOUS RAMADHIN

By P. N. S.

"**H**E'S a—Saturday afternoon bowler, that's what he is, Saturday afternoon!", said George Gunn as he threw down the bat with a thud in a corner of the dressing room. Gunn had just come back into the pavilion after scoring a hundred in a test against the Australians, and only in the previous test the Englishmen had floundered against the devastating spinners and googlies of Arthur Mailey. Gunn had been holidaying 'down under' for reasons of health and was called to play as the tourists were short of men due to injuries, and his treatment of Mailey had been classic that day.

The incident which took place years ago is an illustration of the fact that a bowler is only as good as a batsman allows him to be. We in Madras have witnessed such a demonstration when Cyril Walters scored a century with flowing drives and cuts against the famous Amar Singh, and in the same match when Amar Singh contemptuously walked down the pitch and clouted the express deliveries of Clark of Northants to all parts of the field. And only last December during the Delhi 'test' Mushtaq Ali in a gem of an innings laid low the bogey that was Ramadhin; in fact so harsh was his treatment of the West Indian that the latter rarely, very rarely indeed, proved to be the danger he was a few months before in England.

What then must have been reasons that raised the halo of mystery round Ramadhin in the home of cricket. Was it the heavy atmosphere over there that enabled him to swing the ball dangerously as did our Lala Amarnath to the discomfiture of batsmen of the calibre of Hammond and Compton during the tour of 1946? And there is a similarity between the two bowlers, for Amarnath though he always commanded respect, was never a devastating bowler in India, or for the matter of that, in Australia also.

Probably the fact that the left-arm spinner Alf Valentine lent such valua-

ble support at the other end was responsible for the deadliness of Ramadhin, and vice versa. A glance at the figures during the West Indies tour last summer would show that these two were jointly and equally responsible for the English debacles. The 'twins' controlled such a length and spin operating at the same time from either end that the leaden-footed Englishmen were driven to impotency and in trying to get out of their plight they committed mistakes which cost them their wickets. Their performance reminds us of, and, is similar to, the bowling of J. C. White and Maurice Tate in Australia during England's triumphal tour of that country in 1926 under the leadership of A. P. F. Chapman. Perhaps without the support of Valentine Ramadhin might not have been so dangerous as he turned out to be, though he might have commanded respect for his accuracy. Putting it the other way, if Valentine had also toured India, we might have been fortunate to see the mystery unfold before us. But cricket is always full of ifs.

But more potent than all these it is the standard of cricket now obtaining in England that must have been largely responsible for creating a mystery out of Ramadhin. English cricket, from all accounts, is at a very low ebb now, and as Herbert Sutcliffe bitterly remarked a few days ago, it lacks players with 'guts.' One wonders how Ramadhin (or Iverson for the matter of that) would have fared against Wally Hammond, or against that doughty Yorkshireman Maurice Leyland or even at the hands of Leslie Ames at their best before the war. This reminds us of how Hammond at the beginning of the 1932 English tour of Australia, so savagely yet in his own majestic vein, hit Fleetwood Smith (expected to win the tests for his country by his left-hand googlies) out of the firing line that it took Smith nearly four years to recover from the onslaught and play again against England. At the present day with the exception of Len Hutton and Denis Compton (the

latter played in only one test against the West Indies) and probably Washbrook, the Englishmen seem to succumb to the bowlers long before they take their place at the crease. As Fingleton has so graphically put it, 'nobody came up the pitch to Iverson but hugged the crease awaiting quiescent death'.

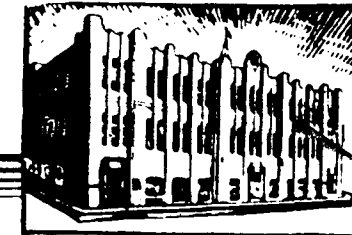
Perhaps conscious of his failure to make any impression on the Indians, Ramadhin has said that the hard Indian wickets did not respond to his spin as those of England. This may to a certain extent explain his non-success as a wicket-taker; it can hardly explain the fact that he failed to make any impression on our batsmen and the treatment that he received at the hands of some of them. Verity, when he played at Madras, had not to take wickets to proclaim his greatness; the picture of Jardine standing at silly midoff at hand-shaking distance for C. K. Nayudu (what blasphemy!) when the Yorkshireman was bowling is still

vivid in the memory, and is a tribute to his skill. May be we were unlucky not to have seen the mystery about Ramadhin's bowling; certainly his failure has left us in the dark and mysterious.

Ramadhin's failure reminds us of a similar bowler that we have in our midst. Ghulam Ahmed, bowling at about the same pace as the West Indian, spins the ball more viciously at an excellent length; and unlike him Ghulam Ahmed gives plenty of air to the ball—in fact, one can see its seductive curve to draw the batsman out; and, behind his deliveries there is a shrewd cricket brain. Perhaps if he is lucky to be taken to England during the next Indian tour in a couple of years, he may prove as dangerous as Ramadhin and create a similar mystery around him. And with Vinoo Mankad may win the tests for us as did Valentine and Ramadhin for the West Indies. But will he be given his rightful place? One wonders.

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STRUGGLE FOR A UNITED FRONT IN MALAYALAM LITERATURE

By P. BHASKARA PANIKKER

IN a recent issue of *Swatantra* (Feb. 10) there was an article on the United Front of Kerala Writers. I am afraid the author of that article is a bit prejudiced. It was in the beginning of this century that new trends appeared in Malayalam literature. Till then the old Sanskrit forms and themes were dominating, and it was even proclaimed that without a knowledge of Sanskrit, no one can become a Malayalam writer. Those days are gone. New artistic forms, mostly of a western origin, were evolved. Chandu Menon wrote his great novel, "Indulekha," depicting the Nair household with its feudal and matriarchal ties breaking up. Mahakavi Asan began writing lyrical poems till then rarely found in Malayalam. Later on Mahakavi Vallathol also became famous, not by the translation of the "Valmiki Ramayan" into Malayalam, but by the nationalistic poems he wrote in the "Sahityamanjari." While Asan wrote poems depicting the social inequalities of Kerala, Vallathol's poems had a political content, reminding us of our hoary past and inspiring us to fight for Indian freedom under Gandhian leadership. Social and political events were taking place in India and Malabar. The message of the Congress spread into the villages. Kerala witnessed many struggles. The 1930-32 struggles were over. The Gandhi-Irwin Pact was signed. Most of the young men who had participated in the movement came out of jail. They were imbued with a new philosophy. They were not satisfied with the Gandhian philosophy and they adopted Marxism as the correct social and political philosophy. Militant organisations of workers, peasants, students and teachers were formed. Peasant struggles for land and against landlordism were spreading a new message to the people. Workers also had their struggles. The need for a new kind of agitational literature was there. Popular songs, in a language understood

by the illiterate people, were being heard from the most interior parts of Malabar. Pamphlets on day-to-day struggles were published in thousands. New dramas like "Pattabakki" and "Rakthapanam" (meaning arrears of rent and blood-sucking) were enacted in every nook and corner of Kerala. The people of Travancore and Cochin began their struggles for responsible government. On the whole a social and political movement was sweeping all over the west coast. And the need for a new kind of literature arose.

In 1935 a progressive writers' conference was held in Trichur. The main participants were the new generation of intellectuals, who had accepted Marxism, and who were building up working class and peasant organisations. It was then called "Jeeval Sahityam." It was slandered and criticised by the orthodox critics, as "dust-bin literature," as "stinking literature". In spite of them, however, the new movement spread. New songs, new stories, new plays, all came in plenty. The critics did not understand how this was taking place. During the war the movement was adopted even by many of the foremost litterateurs of Kerala. Paul, Mundasseri, Sankara Kurup, Varkey, Takazhi, Dev, on the one hand and Achutha Kurup, Devadas, K. P. G., and other Marxists on the other, were all united under one platform of the Progressive Writers' Association. This unity continued for some years, but it must be remembered that there was still the ideological struggle between these writers. This continued, and I think there had not been such a deep ideological struggle taking place anywhere else at that time in any other Indian language. The main question was about the relation between politics and literature. The Marxists maintained that politics should have a very close relation with art, and politics should even have a predominant role to play in the works of progressive literature. The struggles of the wor-

kers, peasants and the middleclass should all be reflected in literature, and without such a political content, no work can be termed 'progressive,' the Marxists argued. This was not accepted by the right wing of the progressive literature movement, and they said that such an insistence that the writer should write and even work politically was to convert the movement into a limb of the Communist Party. But instead of saying this outspokenly, the right wingers argued that in literature it is the form that is important, and not the content. How can this be, asked the Marxists, and they went further and emphatically said that a progressive writer must not remain content with wielding the pen only, but should, like Ralph Fox and Christopher Caudwell, who fell with arms in hand in the Spanish Civil war, and like Julius Fuchik, the martyr of Czechoslovakia, go to the battle-front to fight the people's enemies. Progressive writers should participate in the daily struggles of the people and they should reflect those struggles in their literary works. The right wing was terribly frightened at such a perspective, and therefore they decided to push out the Marxists from the central organization. This was manipulated by following unconstitutional means. For example, a committee was elected to draft a manifesto of the progressive writers' movement, and this committee included, among others, four Marxist writers. But that committee never functioned, and if at all it met and discussed at any time, the four Marxists were not invited, and at that time severe repression was ruling the land, and as such the unconstitutional manner in which all this took place could not be brought to the notice of the general body, for if any one said anything about that he would be at once branded as a Communist, and his very life was in danger. The right wingers also pounced upon this fine opportunity to virtually excommunicate the Marxists from the organiza-

tion. Thus the initiators of the progressive writers' movement in Kerala were, so to say coolly driven away, and the Government repression at that time helped them to do so. Protests against these unconstitutional means were voiced by the democratic public opinion, but the disrupting elements won at last. This does not mean that the left wing was faultless. No, they too by the narrow and sectarian line they followed, widened the gulf, instead of bridging it. The final result was that there were two separate progressive writers' organizations in Kerala, both proclaiming itself as the sole, authoritative association. The left wingers held a conference at Trichur in December 1949 presided over by Krishan Chandar, and the manifesto of the All India Progressive Writers' Association was adopted by them. The right wing held later its own meetings and branded the Trichur Conference as "unauthorised."

But today all this is past story. A new move for unity in the ranks of writers has come. The sponsors of the Trichur Conference have issued an appeal for a United Front against imperialist and feudal tyranny and for the creation of a new people's culture. The call is getting wide support, and there is every likelihood of the movement merging itself into a strong solid organization. Discussion is still going on, and bitter debates are taking place. But no one can say anything against the absolute need for unity, because all lovers of Malayalam literature know that only through unity can the language emerge as one of the strongest weapons of the people of Kerala. Today the Malayalees are engaged in a battle for food, for life. Aikya Kerala has to be won. The starving peasantry should get land. The thousands of educated youths have to get jobs. All this cannot be achieved without struggle, and in this big battle for life, Malayalam literature will surely perform its duty. Unity is necessary, so it will be WON! That is the new trend prevailing.

"These men," said a friend of Bernard Shaw, who had been persuaded to listen to a string quartet from Italy, "have been playing together for twelve years."

"Twelve years?" asked Mr. Shaw. "Surely we've been here longer than that?"

IF WASHINGTON WERE DESTROYED....

NEW YORK CITY: Who would run the United States if an atomic bomb, falling on Washington, destroyed the present Government or disrupted it so that it could not function?

This is not a farfetched question to lawmakers aware of the imponderables of atomic war. Cities throughout the country are preparing their emergency services against attack; the military has plans; even substitute communications systems have been devised. But what would happen if this governmental hub itself were blasted, the President and Vice-President killed, and Congress itself smashed to pieces?

While Washington's war jitters have toned down considerably in recent months, nevertheless both Administration and Congress are moving ahead with plans to safeguard the nation's governmental machinery.

One of these is decentralization of the government, about which several bills have been introduced in Congress but not acted upon. These would transfer to other points in the country offices that need not be in constant close touch with developments here.

Another is dispersal of some vital functions in the Defense, State and other departments to points within a radius of fifteen to twenty-five miles from the capital. A House Public Works subcommittee on dispersal has just completed hearings on this, and it is expected to reach the full committee for action this week.

Now a move is under way at the Capital to provide a definite legal procedure to set up a whole new Government should catastrophe befall the present one.

There is now, of course, a legally defined line of succession for the nation's top executives in the event of death—the Vice-President, succeeding the President, the Speaker of the House succeeding the Vice-President, etc.—but there is no provision for

procedure should all of them at once be "unable to perform their duties," as the sponsors of a resolution last week expressed it.

The resolution was introduced by Rep. James W. Trimble, D., Ark., chairman of the House dispersal subcommittee, who pointed out that present plans for scattering the various governmental agencies provide no line of succession for a new Government. The resolution calls for a constitutional amendment which, if approved by Congress, would require ratification by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the states.

His proposal would allow Governors and State Legislatures to pick a new Federal government as follows:

Should there be no one left legally empowered to act as President, the ranking officers of the Army, Navy and Air Force, would pick an "interim President." The "interim President" would call an immediate meeting of state Governors, who would elect one Governor as President and another as Vice-President. They would serve out the uncompleted terms "at a site selected by a majority of the Governors."

If a majority of the Senate or House were "unable to perform their duties" their successors would be elected by the Legislature of their states for the uncompleted terms.

Finally, the "interim President" would select Supreme Court Justices, who would serve until the new President selected his own justices—and these would serve only during his term of office.

Presumably, by the time this President's term expired, the nation would again be in a position to hold a popular election.

Another Cabinet Shakeup Rumored President Truman is considering a recasting of his cabinet.

For one thing, he wants to bring in a Republican, possibly a couple of

them. Where and whom is still undecided. Among the top names under consideration are Gov. Tom Dewey, former Gov. Alf Landon, ex-Gov. Dwight Griswold of Nebraska, and former Sens. John Foster Dulles, N. Y. and John Sherman Cooper, Ky.

Labour Chiefs Soft-Soaped

The four labour chiefs who conferred with President Truman still aren't sure just what did happen to them.

They can't make up their minds whether they were tricked or treated.

The President was never more cordial, nor watchful of his temper and tongue. He was obviously on his best behaviour. He leaned over backward to be considerate and sympathetic. With one exception (taxes), he heartily agreed with the labourites' contentions and grievances.

But outside of sweet-talking them, the President did nothing.

Eisenhower's First Problems Are Diplomatic

Perhaps the greatest overall headache General Eisenhower will have during this year will be in the realm of international politics and diplomacy. It is indeed fortunate that one of his very special skills is that of the negotiator and that he has such immense talents in human relationships.

If he is able to maintain harmony among the Allies not fused together in the furnace of a real war but linked only by logic and awareness of a common danger; if he is furthermore successful in preserving the truly democratic ideology of this growing coalition and does not permit it to be tarnished by shoddy marriages of convenience, he will indeed have added to his already immense stature.

GI Losses Exceed Allied Troops in Korea

So far the United States has had 50,000 casualties in Korea—men killed or wounded. There are 44,000 soldiers from all other United Nations armies in the fight—except South Korea.

The Republic of Korea has approximately 300,000 men in uniform. Since June 25, it has lost at least 100,000 men. They have been replaced by recruits. The Koreans hope soon to

have between 500,000 and 600,000 men in the line.

Now 100 Women For Every 98.1 Men In The U. S.

The Census Bureau reported that for every 100 women in the United States in 1950 there were only 98.1 men, the first time females have been predominant numerically in the nation.

The information was among thousands of figures, percentages and averages culled from preliminary samples of the 1950 census of population, housing and agriculture.

10 Reasons Why Russian Aggression Is Unlikely

A number of competent studies have come out in America recently about Russia marching into Europe and starting World War III. Some of them think Russia might and some might not. Here is one which takes the latter view.

The myth of a pressing national emergency in America, a fantasy which acts to discourage independent critical thinking on the part of the people, goes hand in hand with the even more far-fetched myth that the Soviet Union is bent on military aggression. The underlying premise of the North Atlantic Pact is that Soviet armies will over-run Western Europe if they get the chance, though obviously they could have done this more easily within the past two years and before the rearmament of Western Europe had made much headway, or specifically last fall when the United States and the United Nations were so preoccupied with the Korean War.

There are at least ten reasons why Soviet military aggression is most unlikely.

First, the Soviet Russians, remembering poignantly the terrible losses of property and human life in two world wars and especially in Hitler's devastating invasion, are utterly opposed, from the viewpoint of simple self-preservation and human happiness, to undergoing a third and perhaps even worse ordeal by Armageddon.

Second, they want to go on with the economic and social upbuilding of socialism throughout the huge domains of the USSR and not have

this program set back once more for years through an all-out conflict.

Third, repeated and reliable reports from Soviet Russia during the period of the Fourth Five-Year Plan just completed indicate that the Soviet people are in fact pre-occupied with tremendous peaceful projects of economic construction and that their minds are not dwelling at all upon dreams of military conquest.

Fourth, the Soviet Russians, further concerned with their obvious economic self-interest, would much prefer to carry on normal foreign trade with the Western powers, fruitful to both sides, than to expend their resources in waging war against them.

Fifth, while militantly opposed to the capitalist economic system, they have stressed all along the possibility and the common sense of the capitalist and socialist nations peacefully co-existing and cooperating on limited international ends.

Sixth, although the Soviet Russians clearly wish to see world socialism established they have never favoured trying to extend Communist principles to other lands through the means of armed invasion. "Revolution cannot be exported" is a well-known Soviet saying. Marxist theory is important in this connection, since it claims that capitalism will inevitably collapse in every country through its own inner contradictions and the pressure of the working class. The Soviets regard this theory very seriously and find it pointless to take on the tremendous burdens and dangers of war in order to spread socialism when they are convinced that socialism is bound to come in due course anyway.

Seventh, the idea of military aggression and international war, except in legitimate self-defense, is contrary to the whole body of Marxist doctrines from Karl Marx down to the present day.

Eighth, while the Soviet Union feels that it must maintain considerable armaments in order to protect itself, it has continually pressed for a world reduction in armaments and supports practically complete disarmament as an ultimate ideal.

Ninth, despite the fact that the U. S. S. R. possesses mighty armies and air fleets no responsible leader in its governmental, military, economic, journalistic or cultural affairs has once made the suggestion during the tense years since World War II that it should initiate a preventive war or bomb a foreign country. This fact compares favourably with the statements by many leading public figures in the United States that the American Government should launch an atom-bomb assault on Soviet Russia; and with the frequent publication in the American press of detailed blueprints for such an attack, with the precise cities and industrial areas in the U.S.S.R. which are to be knocked out.

Tenth, Joseph Stalin, Premier of the Soviet Union, having successfully seen his country through to the establishment of the first socialist economy in history and having led his nation to victory in the Second War, would in all probability like to enhance his reputation as a statesman by helping to ensure an era of peace for the U.S.S.R. and mankind. Certainly he has no desire to go down in history, like Hitler, as a notorious leader of military aggression and one of the most infamous war criminals of all time.

Corliss Lamont, son of the International banker, a member of Columbia University Faculty and an authority on present day Russia who represents this optimistic viewpoint says:

I could be wrong, but this is the way the Soviet picture looks to me. Of course the U.S.S.R. will fight back if attacked and could be provoked into some sort of defensive action in case it felt menaced, for instance, by a rearmed, neo-Nazi Germany. Friends have been asking me whether, in view of all the war talk, it is safe to plan a trip to Europe next summer. My answer is that so far as Soviet intentions are concerned, they have little to fear. And in general I do not believe that a world war will break out this year, or in 1952, for that matter. It need not come at all.

BRITISH DEMOCRACY

By Dr. RANJEE SHAHANI

ELECTIONS are going to take place in India soon. In November next, I believe. Well, then, the ground should be prepared now: people should know what they are voting for.

I have said on a previous occasion that we Indians are more fit for democracy than almost any other people, in East or West. True; but what do we actually practise? That is another cup of tea altogether. Before I talk of it—that is, discuss Congress Raj or any other Raj that we might conceivably have—it is as well to examine the form of government that obtains to-day in Britain, which, as you know, is, in matters political, the most experienced country in the world.

Believe it or not, the British know the inherent weakness of pure democracy, and so avoid it sedulously. They offer the "Ideal" ceremoniously to less politically literate peoples—for instance, the French, the Americans, and, of course, us Indians. They themselves know that true government is the work of the *elite*. English politics, as I understand it, is a ceaseless search for a solution of this vexed problem. By the method of trial and error, the only method that seems to yield practical results, they have passed from absolute monarchy to the esoteric rule that prevails to-day. Esoteric, I say, because we must distinguish between the symbol and its hidden meaning. In fact, government in Britain and the Empire reminds us forcibly of a magnificent puppet show. We see certain figures strutting bravely on the stage. Fine; but do they move themselves or are they manipulated by agents behind the scenes?

I shall try to answer this query to the best of my ability, but I admit straightway that many things are quite dark to me. I was partially initiated into the mysteries of British rule in 1942. I happened to be lecturing for the Ministry of Information in Durham. The Chairman listened to me with a peculiar smile on his face.

Afterwards, over a drink, he said: "Your Indian politicians are a bit naive. Why do they blame Mr. Churchill and Mr. Amery? These men may orate to their heart's content, but they have to do what we ask them to do." That was an eye-opener.

Mr. Delisle Burns tells us in his volume on "Democracy": "The moral authority of a democratic government is based upon the fact that the will of the people is right." This is sheer nonsense. The English do not seem to believe that the ballot-box is a Urim and Thummim for ascertaining the will of the Almighty. No, Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, who knows these things infinitely better, is right: England is an oligarchy. But is this surprising? Hardly. In fact, reading influential English writers, one is struck again and again by their contempt for democracy.

The "natural rights" of man—the Revolutionists in France had made this the basis of their claims; and the Americans had done the same in their Declaration of Independence. This was opposed by Bentham. He called "natural rights", without any mincing of words, "simple nonsense: natural and imprescriptible rights rhetorical nonsense—nonsense on stilts."

Even J. S. Mill, so liberal-minded in many ways, was afraid that the mass vote would swamp the will of the intelligent minority. Government, according to him, is just the protection of a person against the encroachments of others. Hitherto, he informs us, three forms of rule have prevailed: the democratic, the aristocratic and the monarchic. The union of the three is to be found in Britain, and is known as Balance of the British Constitution (King, Lords and Commons).

Darwin was neither a politician nor a political thinker, but his conception of organic evolution exerted a profound influence on the mind of his age. Progress, it appeared, was the result of a grim struggle. Nature.

cared nothing for the individual but only for the type. The process by which weaker peoples or weaker sections of society were dispossessed by the stronger or made to subserve their purpose was regarded as inevitable.

Huxley shouted all this through a megaphone. "Nature knows no moral standard", he roared; "her 'fittest' are measured by no canon of absolute worth, but by the relative canon of adaptation to conditions." Again: "There is no freedom in a sphere where you must adapt yourself or die: there is no equality in a realm where the whole hypothesis of survival of the fittest implies inequality. It is man who measures things as high or low by a moral scale: it is man who says that the higher ought to be: it is in the artificial moral world created by man that morality exists."

Carlyle's characteristic tenets are already to be found in "Chartism" and in "Past and Present". What the working classes need, according to him, is guidance and governance. Guidance being of all things necessary, he condemns democracy, which he identifies with laissez-faire, as a "self-cancelling business." He proposes, as we know, the Hero-Pill.

These writers, and many more that I could mention, have tremendously influenced British politics. But the tale is not yet finished. Let us look at our own times.

Bernard Shaw said that he was a democrat, but he was a democrat with a difference. He believed in government of the people for the people, but no doubt by the chosen people. "There are no vocational majorities; wise government is the most specialised of vocations." That is clear enough.

Dr. Inge's contempt for democracy is unbounded. He loves to quote Lecky: "The forms of corruption under a pure democracy are far more detrimental to the prosperity of nations than those which existed in other days."

A scientific humanist like Professor Lancelot Hogben is moved to say: "Whatever happens, democracy in its present form will not survive. It is dying of its own inherent dilatoriness

in a world which demands decisive courses and prompt decisions. The social economy of which it was an instrument is in process of rapid dissolution; and must increasingly make way for an economy of abundance or for a semi-collectivist organisation for the prosecution of wars which will eventually destroy civilisation."

Only Marx, Lenin and Stalin have denounced in stronger terms the utter incapacity of the stupid and swinish masses to know what is good for them. The English certainly do not seem to think that democracy is, as the Americans believe, God's ideal.

Of course there have been and still are many distinguished defenders of democracy in Britain, but they have never succeeded in persuading their countrymen that a "government of the people, by the people, for themselves" is a reality or even a possibility. The opposite view, wise direction from above, has ever prevailed. The real rulers, imitating the ways of the Creator, remain omnipotent but invisible.

The House of Commons is said to be the supreme arbiter of the destinies of Britain and the Empire. It can, if it chooses, abolish the Monarchy (as in 1689). It can sell, barter or lend the Colonies. It can do away with private property. It can prolong its own life as was done in 1716 or during the Hitlerite menace. It can disestablish or disendow the Church. It can do many equally pleasant or unpleasant things. In actual fact, however, it can charge against the Established Order only in the manner of Tennyson's "The Light Brigade."

Consider, first, how the members of Parliament are chosen (elected is hardly the right word here). Under the present system, large blocs of safe seats are in the gift of whips on one side and of trade unions on the other. This is, under democratic disguise, nothing less than a repetition or survival of the closed or rotten borough scheme of the eighteenth century.

Then the private M. P. is more or less an imposing cypher. If he is an independent, his views, however fine and true, cut no ice; if he belongs to

a powerful political party, he votes with it, whether he likes it or not. I have been astonished to see more legislators present to discuss the price of potatoes than an important statement about India or Burma. Once, some years ago, I happened to lunch in the House of Commons with an M. P. We had just finished soup when a bell rang somewhere. My host rose, muttered an apology, and left the dining-room. Soon he came back. "Division lobby", he explained. "What did you vote for?" I asked. "Oh, I don't know. . . . I think I'll have fish. What about you?"

I don't want to exaggerate. The case I have cited is by no means typical. There are many M. Ps. who know their job well; but that is not the point. As individuals, they count for little; it is the party machine that is everything. They have to do what they are told to do. The real decisions, in any case, are not made in the House of Commons, but elsewhere.

Where exactly? It is not easy for an Englishman to find this out. A mere foreigner can only fumble in the dark.

There is no doubt, however, that government by consent is largely a form of politeness in Britain. The interested people in the background, few in number but rich in resources of wealth and influence, motivate everything.

• Who are they? Some say: expert Civil Servants, bankers, newspaper proprietors, advertisers, and some others. All these exercise great power. But who ultimately shapes the policies of Britain?

I am sure I don't know. I am only aware that it is a select band representing wealth and rank. The road that leads to its judgment-seat is strait and narrow, and few there be that find it.

A hidden oligarchy, I have suggested, governs Britain. Is its rule good or bad?

I think it is marvellous. No country that I know—and I know quite a few—is run so well as England.

What are the essentials of a good government? President Roosevelt defined them as the "Four Freedoms"—freedom of thought; freedom of speech; freedom of worship; freedom from want and fear.

To a large extent, the British possess these "freedoms". The life of their country is so arranged that the individual, in spite of regulations to the right of him and regulations to the left of him and regulations all the way round him, yet remains a reasonably free man.

Free in what sense? Free, in the sense that, as an individual, he can, if he wishes, make the same contribution as anyone else towards determining what restrictions upon individual conduct shall be imposed; what shall be withdrawn. Freedom implies not only the right to vote but also the right to criticise; the right to try to influence others; the right, in short, to regulate the life of the community by the interplay of organised opinion.

Splendid; but are the English really free? I can only say that they are fitted with chains at birth, and so, as they grow up, they never notice them. Don't believe that they can do what they like. They can only drink at certain prescribed hours; they can only beg if they make a lot of noise with some musical instruments; they can only go to certain schools (custom here is not only lord but tyrant). And the number of things they can't do! It is an endless list. When the Beveridge Scheme comes into full force, they will have their existence controlled from the cradle to the grave.

And the British seem to enjoy these manifold restrictions. Nay, they glory in them.

The rulers of Britain have every right to be proud of their achievement. They have so moulded their countrymen that the vast majority of them do their bidding under the comforting impression that they are acting independently. This is pure sorcery. I take off my hat to the few who work behind the scenes. They are witch-doctors of the purest ray serene.—Copyright N.P.S.

SQUINT-EYED BRIDE

By S. HANUMANTHA RAU

SAMPAT came to me hurriedly with two files of paper in his hand and sat in the spare chair next to me. His face indicated some excitement. But for the fact that it was the office, and that there were other clerks sitting all around us, and the Head Accountant at the end of the room, he would have jumped on my table, snatched and thrown away my pen, tousled my hair, and started shouting in his usual manner. He looked so excited and was controlling himself so hard.

"Rau, Rau, I want your advice on an important matter," he whispered.

"Tons of advice—all free." I whispered back.

From between the two files, he tried to pull out a newspaper, with a sly glance at my boss, and then replacing it, whispered, "Look at the scowl on your Head Accountant's face. Come to the tea room. We can talk there freely."

And he took the files away. Two minutes later, I joined him in the tea room.

"Two cups of special tea, and something to bite," ordered Sampat, as I drew near.

He made room for me on the bench, brushed the seat, and made me sit down.

"Anything to celebrate, Sampat?" I questioned, as I sat next to him.

"Not yet, not yet," he replied, exultantly.

From underneath the top file he took out that day's *Morning Mail* and put the folded paper in my hand, pointing to an advertisement which he had sidemarked in red pencil.

Before I could read the first word, he snatched the paper back, and said, "Look here, Rau, you must keep it a secret."

"Secret?" I queried, surprised. "How

can I keep anything secret which is printed in a newspaper? Thousands must have already read it."

"No, not that, you idiot. I mean, what I am going to ask you."

"All right," I said, and he put the newspaper back in my hands, and said "Read that."

I read: "Wanted a bridegroom for a charming girl of eighteen years, with (ten thousand) Rs. 10,000 to be offered as dowry...."

"Hasshh! Not so loud," warned Sampat in a whisper, as two other clerks came in and sat in the opposite corner, whispering together.

I lowered my voice and continued, "A squint eye and a slight limp in the gait are the only faults anyone can find in the girl. Beautiful complexion, sweet manners, and accommodating temperament. No caste or age restrictions. Box No. 347 C/o *Morning Mail*."

"What do you think of it?" asked Sampat, as soon as I finished reading it, and without waiting for my reply, he added, "I have decided to apply."

"I see," I said.

"But I want your help."

"How?" I asked, amused.

"By drafting a beautiful application. You can do it best in the whole office. Will you do it for me? Won't you?"

"You are setting a difficult task for me. Sampat," I said.

"Not at all, not at all. Nothing is difficult for you."

The tea and biscuits arrived. While doing justice to them, I asked him, "What do you want me to mention in the application?"

"Oh, anything you like. You know everything—everything about me, I mean. You may say, for instance, that I am head over ears in love with the girl already by seeing the advertisement."

"In love with the squint-eyed limping girl?"

"Hasshh! You don't catch me. By stressing points about the girl, you create the impression that I am not hankering after the Rs. 10,000, by the process of negative elimination or whatever else it is called."

"Whereas, you are really after the Rs. 10,000 only."

"Hasshh! That is strictly between you and me."

"Oh, I see," I said, as I set down my empty cup and got up.

"Hurry up and send it to my table by 4 o'clock with the boy peon."

"One moment," I said, as he was going away, "what money or estate shall I say you possess?"

"Oh," he said, thinking deeply for a whole minute. And then he continued, "You can say I am fairly on the way towards realising Rs. 20,000 in liquid cash."

"Twenty thousand rupees liquid cash!" I gasped in amazement.

"What's wrong? Do you think I should change the figure?"

"Oh, no. But about this Rs. 20,000 you never told me before. Why on earth are you clerking here on Rs. 40 then?"

"Don't you worry about it, Rau. Put it in the application. As a matter of actual fact, I have been for a long time thinking of answering the cross puzzles and winning a first prize of Rs. 20,000. All that is required is some commonsense and one rupee for entrance fee."

"You mean you are so sure of success?"

"Why not? I know many who have at the very first attempt bagged a first prize. Any way you will not be far from truth if you mention that I am heading towards the acquisition of Rs. 20,000."

"Right ho! You are the man to sign the application, not I."

Fifteen days later, one evening, Sampat came to my room and sat talking to me.

"I have received no reply at all to that application you drafted and typed for me," he said.

"You mean that squint-eyed, limping girl with Rs. 10,000?"

"Yes. Even if she lives in the farthest corner of the country, the reply could have reached me by now."

"If she wrote to you," I said, emphasising the *if*.

"I still hope she will write to me—she or her guardian."

"I am sure no one will write to you."

"How do you know?" he asked, rather surprised.

"Wait. I shall show you something," I said and began to open the drawer of my table.

"Did you too apply?" asked Sampat.

"Oh, what non-sense! How can I apply?" I replied, as I took out a folded paper from my drawer and spread it before him.

He looked at it and exclaimed, "Bless me! It is the application I signed. How did you manage to get this?"

I took out eight envelopes and showed them to him.

"The box numbers have been scored out and your address has been written on the covers," he said. "The newspaper people have blundered evidently and redirected the letters to you."

"Newspapers never blunder," I corrected him.

You mean, you inserted the advertisement?"

"You are right, for once."

"You mean you have a daughter, squint-eyed and limping and all that?"

"Not exactly a daughter, though she is my own creation."

"I always thought you were a bachelor!"

"I am a bachelor."

"You are! Oh, I understand," he said, lowering his tone and smiling a little, "she is some illegitimate issue or something...."

"Oh, no. You fool! You see, she is a girl I created for the short story I am going to write, and I am gathering material for my fiction my own way."

Sampat stared at me a little, and then hissed, "I....I....I shall never more talk to you, you scoundrel," and rushed away.

He won't talk to me for another week or so.

THE CEYLON INDIAN CONGRESS

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

THE political as well as the economic future of the eight lakhs of Indians domiciled in Ceylon depends almost entirely on the Ceylon Indian Congress, their only political organisation. To study the future of Indians domiciled in Ceylon one must study the Ceylon Indian Congress.

The organisation was formed on the advice and initiative of Pandit Nehru who visited Ceylon in 1939 to study the conditions of the Indian labourers there. Before that there was no central unified political organisation but a number of smaller organizations, Sri V. V. Giri, the ex-High Commissioner and the late Sri Satyamurthi were present during the inaugural session. Every year its membership has been increasing till it has reached now a total of more than a lakh of primary members.

In many respects it resembles the Indian National Congress of pre-Independence days but it is far more representative and democratic than the Congress ever was. Its membership of more than a lakh is more than a tenth of the total Indian population of Ceylon, a position which the Congress in India never attained. But unlike the present constitution of the Congress in India, where there are various kinds of members, active, passive and so on, anybody who believes in the aims of the Ceylon Indian Congress can become a member on paying a nominal annual fee. There is only one kind of membership.

The main working body of the Ceylon Indian Congress is the Ceylon Indian Congress Committee corresponding to the All India Congress Committee. Like the latter, it is elected by the primary members on a basis of one member in the C.I.C.C. for a thousand primary members. There is however more direct contact between the members of the Ceylon Indian Congress Committee and the primary members of the Ceylon Indian Congress than obtains now

between the members of the A.I.C.C. and the Congress. Above the C.I.C.C. there is the Working Committee of the C.I.C., the supreme body of this organization like the Working Committee of the Congress in India. The latter, however, is nominated by the President, but the C. I. C. Working Committee is elected by the members of the C.I.C.C. not only from its members but also from primary members. Thus the Working Committee in Ceylon is more representative than its Indian counterpart and at least as efficient.

In the elections to these various bodies, the Ceylon Indian Congress resembles the Gandhian Congress. I have witnessed some elections and it is clear that as far as possible competition is avoided and elections are made without a contest. This is so because the Congress is waging a fight for the Indians in Ceylon and like the Gandhian Congress it has to avoid conflicts within its ranks. Not that there are no malcontents but once a candidate goes against the general policy of the Congress he is given short shrift.

There is not however as much discrepancy between the economic and political objectives of the Ceylon Indian Congress as is the case with the Congress in India. Ninety per cent of the Indians domiciled in Ceylon are labourers on the estates and very few are merchants and estate owners and so it is essentially a labourers' organisation. Hence it runs concurrently a trade union called now the Ceylon Workers Congress to which all other communities are admitted though the majority of the membership is Indian since the majority of labourers in Ceylon are Indians. It is the most representative trade union in Ceylon, a fact which has been recognized by the Government since most of the labour representatives selected by them to represent Ceylon in international

bodies are from this union. It works in close collaboration with the Ceylon Indian Congress. But unlike the I.N.T.U.C. it has never been the tool of the Congress politicians in India.

That is due to the fact that almost all the leaders of the Ceylon Indian Congress are drawn from the working class. Most of the members of the C. I. C. are trade unionists demanding better conditions of work for the Indian workers but a few top-ranking men of the C. I. C. are estate owners themselves just as there was a Bajaj in the Indian Congress. I understand, however, that one at least of these estate owners is a philanthropist and has provided his workers with all amenities. The Leader of the Opposition in Ceylon, N. M. Perera, once told me that the C. I. C. was a conglomerate organisation. Actually, it is much less so than the Congress in India.

The C. I. C. has such an unshakable hold on the Indians in Ceylon that in all the constituencies where the Indian workers are in a majority it is sure to win. Both the rightist United National Party which has formed the Government and the leftist parties angle for its support.

During the last elections the C.I.C. leaders supported the leftist candidates in many constituencies. But at least in one constituency they supported a U. N. P. candidate against a leftist because of the services of the former to the cause of education when he was the Minister of Education. Unfortunately, he failed to win the seat. But the Premier of Ceylon never becomes tired of urging against the C. I. C. that they are matey with the Opposition as if the Opposition is an unclean thing. He presses this charge to ridiculous lengths as he did when the C. I. C. members opposed the Constitution Amending Bill which, if passed, would forthwith have unseated them all from the House. Their party journal also spins out dreadful stories of a Communist-Congress alliance to sell Ceylon to Russia or India.

On the other hand, the Communists are not at all on good terms with the

Indian leaders in Ceylon, since both compete for the support of the workers. The Communists who want to inaugurate the revolution at the earliest opportunity cannot tolerate the slow methods of the C. I. C., who, however, cannot indulge in fireworks since they have to fight for their elementary rights. Also the C. I. C. do cooperate with the Government on many issues. For example, they join in the Independence Day celebrations while the leftist parties do not participate in it at all. The C. I. C. welcomed Nehru to Ceylon when he came for the Commonwealth Conference. The leftists did not join the welcome and organised an anti-Nehru demonstration. Later, the leftists voted against the spending of money on the conference by the Ceylon Government while the C. I. C. voted for the Government. The Communists and other leftists even call the C. I. C. the pandamcaria (lantern bearers) of the Government for all these sins. All this tight rope-walking is made necessary for the C. I. C. by sheer force of circumstances.

They exhibited their remarkable unity and control over their followers twice recently. More than a year ago, in their annual session at Hatton, they decided to boycott the Citizenship Act. For more than a year less than a thousand out of a total of eight lakhs of Indians applied for registration. Later, after the annual session at Matale which I visited, they decided to give up the boycott. Now applications are pouring in hundreds and thousands. In their annual session I noted two good points in their proceedings. They were more businesslike than the Nasik Congress I witnessed. Moreover, ladies took a more active part and they were mostly drawn from the workers.

They have won a victory on the question of Ceylonization. They have won by agitation and Satyagraha victories regarding wages and conditions of work. They are now engaged in acquiring citizenship rights for the eight lakhs of Indians. There is no reason why they should not succeed in it as well.

STATE AID FOR ART DEVELOPMENT

By E. KRISHNA IYER

AFTER the advent of freedom, the time has come for the State to begin patronising Indian Art." Such a statement, coming recently as it did from no less a person than Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the President of the Indian Union, is worthy of note. Whether it has any immediate practical significance or not, it is at least the timely expression of a welcome policy, echoing the feelings of all art lovers in the country. Closely following it, has come another statement from Uday Shankar, the illustrious pioneer in Indian dancing. The latter complained that in spite of 20 years of tall talk about cultured traditions and classics, nothing has been done by the State to preserve or develop them.

Art and culture form an indispensably important part of national life in all lands and no systematic development of art can be vouchsafed without sustained and discerning State patronage. Before the advent of British rule, the kings who ruled the various parts of India vied with one another in encouraging art and artistes with lavish patronage. So much so, our fine arts like music, dance, drama, painting and sculpture were highly developed and kept up a glorious tradition for centuries. The dark days of British rule tolled a death knell for them and they declined steadily and went into oblivion for a time.

It was only from the second quarter of the present century, that a revival of some of our fine arts was brought about by the selfless efforts of a few patriotic and far-seeing connoisseurs, as a part of national regeneration. Laudable as these efforts have been, one cannot be free from anxiety over sustaining that revival and developing our arts properly. The resources of private individuals and groups and the work that can be done by them are but limited, compared to what can be done with liberal State aid.

Though political and economic problems loom large in all countries, most of the Western nations have been giving due attention to the encouragement of their arts and culture and extending State aid on a large scale. Such a phenomenon is to be found not only in the rich capitalist countries but also in Communist Russia. The excuse that Western countries, being rich, can afford to extend such patronage and that poor Eastern nations can ill afford to do so, cannot hold water for a moment.

Recently the Government of our little neighbour Ceylon sponsored a scheme for comprehensive development of its art and culture. A national Council of Art for that country is to be formed with a capital of Rs. 10 lakhs for putting up theatres, music halls and training institutions and with an annual revenue expenditure of Rs. 3 lakhs for the upkeep of these institutions, subsidies to deserving artistes and organising art festivals and exhibitions. Music, dance, drama, painting and sculpture will have due encouragement. Besides Sinhalese art, Indian and Western art too are included in the scheme. It is modelled on the British Council of Art. The formulation of such a scheme is said to have been quickened by the great enthusiasm created by the First All Ceylon Dance Festival held at Colombo last November and by the helpful part played by the present writer in that festival and in his subsequent lecture tour in that country.

If the Government of such a small Eastern country like Ceylon could do so much for art, it is up to the heads of our far bigger country, India, to bestir themselves and do much more. It is now four years since India attained freedom. Two Central Colleges, one for Hindustani and another for Carnatic music have been established and two national art academies for the two regions are also being formed.

Off and on, communiques have been coming out of the Education Ministry with proposals for taking a survey of existing arts in India and for making the people art-conscious. Beyond that, no concrete or detailed scheme seems to have been drawn up, nor has financial aid been forthcoming for large scale encouragement of our arts.

In a vast country like India, with its huge population and numerous provincial variations in art traditions, much expense will be required in the shape of State aid for encouragement and development of our arts in a comprehensive manner. But no financial considerations should be allowed to stand in the way of necessary steps being taken in time for the purpose. The more the delay, the greater is the danger of even our lingering traditional arts dying out and the good results of the revival work of our pioneers being lost.

A thorough and comprehensive survey of all surviving and dormant varieties of classical and folk art in all parts of India has to be taken early. Facilities have to be provided for research in them and for utilising them to good purpose. Training institutions have to be organised in such regions as are known to have appreciable art consciousness among the people. Good theatres and music halls have to be built in important art centres. Competitions, festivals and exhibitions have to be periodically organised and understanding about our arts has to be spread among the village folk all over the country. Ancient treatises dealing with the arts have to be brought out in print with translations in Hindi, English and provincial languages. More than all, deserving artistes and allied craftsmen have to be kept above want with regular financial help, so that they can devote themselves to the higher ideals of art, instead of being forced to lower down standards by pandering to the inferior tastes of mixed crowds to gain their patronage. Deserving institutions that are struggling hard to keep up high and pure traditions in art, have to be granted subsidies.

The appeal of Dr. Rajendra Prasad to our artistes to Indianise the artistic designs and decorations of the Government House, which now savour

of foreign influence, is significant enough, as a pointer to the spirit and aim that should govern any work relating to the encouragement of our arts. This is as important as financial aid. But, how far the present atmosphere in the country is conducive to help the Government, artistes and art lovers to reconcile precept and practice in such matters is rather doubtful.

Art matters do not happen to receive as much attention and importance as is necessary in the hands of our publicists and leaders in high positions for incisive study, understanding and public discussion, to help the Government and the people to comprehend the relative values of our national arts and chalk out a clear cut policy for discerning encouragement of them. Influential sections of our English educated gentry and officialdom and overambitious modern artistes, especially in Indian dancing, are not yet free from the spell of Western notions and influence; and with all their lip homage for our classical heritage, in practice they crave for westernising or hybridising our arts in the name of 'modernisation!' or new creations or 'new interpretations to ancient modes!' The influence of the cinema with its exotic elements in music and dance and commercialism of a sort without any respect for national ideals and standards in art is another factor disturbing the evolution of proper national idealism in art. Under these circumstances, the country is now flooded with all sorts of spurious, exotic or hybrid art which get far more publicity and patronage than genuine classical styles.

Even experienced Uday Shanker, who complains about lack of State aid for art, seems to harp more on folk art for research and encouragement than on our highly developed classical traditions. No doubt, folk art with its immense variety all over the country, has its own place, purpose and value. But side by side with it, it is the rich treasure of classical modes that make our Indian art unique in the world, especially in dance as has been preserved and developed in the South. Hence, no development of our national arts can be satisfactory, or sustained if due importance is not given to our classical traditions,

which embody the experience of centuries and the genius of our ancients and which have also stood the test of changing times. Classical and folk arts have been influencing one another for ages for their mutual enrichment without any incongruous mix-up in the past and one cannot be ignored for the sake of the other. Our ancients developed both with a due sense of proportion and with full understanding of their relative values.

In view of all these, it is all the more necessary for our State authorities to be careful and to seek and

take proper advice from well informed quarters in so encouraging and developing our arts as to reflect the true national spirit, background and traditions through them, without getting confused or misled by the slogans of influential people, who lack faith in and respect for our great traditions or enough understanding of the relative values in art. This has to be borne in mind also, in selecting and sending artistes, particularly in dancing, to represent India in international gatherings and festivals.

THE CHAIN LETTER CULT

"The luck of the cards has been sent to you. It has gone around the world four times. The one who breaks this chain will have bad luck. Please copy this note and see what happens to you four days after receiving it.

"Send this note and four copies to those whom you wish good luck. Insert your name at the bottom of the list. And do not keep this copy. It must leave your hands 24 hours after you receive it. You are sure to have good luck.

"This is no joke." Then follows a list of some twenty names.

THIS is an interesting type of message which many of us are familiar with. It is quite amusing to note that while it promises good luck for implicit obedience, it forebodes evil for failure to carry out the instructions therein. And there is the final warning that it is no joke.

With the duration and passage of various ages in the history of mankind many strange and weird cults have flourished and died. Human reason by and by has come to regard blind baseless superstition as the negative of Good and Spiritual Peace. But this recent craze, which is the worst of all superstitions, only seems to be on the increase and threatens thousands of apparently normal people, young and old, with disaster. It is really a sorry fact that in this the twentieth century, this cult has with threat and warnings mustered many followers.

Recently I got a similar letter. My first impulse was to laugh at the

whole thing as a big joke. But when I came upon the last sentence, I confess I was a bit jarred. The signatures included the names of about twenty Americans, some of them responsible officials, and a good Indian friend of mine. That friend had, much to my surprise, left it for me. I tore up the note. I am waiting for the bad luck to turn up.

Information on the origin of this practice is meagre. But everything about it is so indefinite and clouded up in doubt, the originators have looked to that perfectly, that innocent, weak minded and unsteady people have been forced to fall victims to the malicious and sadistic fancy of a few. It is believed and stated in some of the messages that an American has started the letter on its journey and it is the duty of every recipient of such a one to carry out the instructions and strengthen the chain. The time limit given in the message has certainly an American touch.

Have we not submitted to enough Americanisms and must we endure this piece of foolery also? Must one believe there is power in one man, thousands of miles away, a speck in the vast ocean of humanity, to make or mar one's future? Is it reason to honestly sit down at such a message, draft copies wasting much valuable time and send out threats to unsuspecting friends because one has not the courage to regard it as meaningless and destroy it?

The only party that has been materially benefitted by this practice seems to be the Postal Department.—"G."

SIGNS OF A MOSCOW—PEKING RIFT

By WILLIAM STEVENSON

Rivalry over Korea may be the point at which Red China's policy diverges from the Kremlin line, for the dominant role in Asia is at stake.

A story enjoying a vogue these days in Shanghai illustrates an idea that is running through many minds in Red China. A child, asked to give an example of a dependent clause at school, wrote: "My cat had a litter of 10 kittens, all of which are good Communists." Impressed at the success of his propaganda efforts, the teacher urged the pupil to reach similar grammatical heights in the Government examinations.

When the Peking inspector made his oral examination, the child was greeted with smiles from his teacher as the same question was put. "My cat," recited the child, "has 10 kittens, all of which are good Western democrats." Horrified, the teacher interrupted, "That's not what you answered before."

"I know," said the pupil, "but their eyes are open now."

There is a growing feeling that China's Communist Government has had its eyes opened, too. That doesn't mean a change of politics, but it may mean a growing cleavage between the Moscow line and the imperialist policy of the Peking Government. Korea is reported to be the latest and biggest cause of divergent views. Both the U. S. State Department, a United Nations mission in the Far East, and other observers claim that recent events in Korea have given China the dominant role in Asia.

Rivalry over Korea, which always has been regarded by China as the invasion route into her home territory, began when Russians established a puppet regime in North Korea in 1945 with two Communist factions jockeying for power. One faction was led by a scholarly product of the Chinese Communist school, Kim Tu Bong. He lost place to Russia's Kim Il Sung, a sullen graduate of Moscow. The military campaign against South

Korea was run by Kim Il Sung, and the Chinese stood smugly by when it crumpled under the U. N. victorious autumn offensive. Then the Chinese Red Army, having permitted the Russian satellite armies to display their weakness, marched in without benefit of Soviet heavy equipment. Their performance was a spectacular show of Chinese strength.

Chinese Are Restless

Marshal Tito, who has vainly sought another Communist ally for his lonely splinter of dissidence, has been swift to point at this alleged evidence of disagreement. A Yugoslav Government review commented: "Chinese troops in Korea are not saving Moscow's reputation but serve the assertion of China as a new factor in Asia."

China's intention to intervene in Korea if an opportunity presented itself is shown in documents recording the Peking war conference of last September. The U. S. State Department now declares that Russia restrained Mao Tse-tung from carrying out such a plan earlier because Chinese occupation of the peninsula would only strengthen Red China's strategical and psychological position in Asia.

If this is true, then the long-awaited crack in the cement of Communism has appeared to divide the Russo-Chinese partnership. But how far disagreement may go it is difficult to tell. Some Allied intelligence sources are inclined to read a great deal of significance into the existence of a group which initiated the Peking war conference—the East Asia chapter of the international revolutionary action committee. This, in spite of its name, is composed today of those Asiatic peoples who might wish to escape Soviet domination.

It is this committee which obtained

decisions at the conference resulting in the movement of Red China's crack army units to Manchuria, and it has masterminded guerilla warfare against established Governments in other parts of Southeast Asia. It might well become the focal point of a new Communist faction, some think, and thus split China's working partnership with Russia.

This is a long-term reason for optimism. More readily exploitable is the hefty split which has appeared in the bamboo curtain of Asiatic Communism itself.

The split begins within Red China. There, the divorce between the population and its Communist masters is in some provinces complete—but the grip of Communism is too tight for the people to loosen it unaided. Stopping at Formosa for a few hours on the way from Indo-China to Korea, I talked with Chinese Nationalists who had a tendency to paint this picture too brightly. Their guerilla leaders whom I met in a Far Eastern port took a more realistic view.

For the past few months, they claimed, thousands of Chinese and foreigners had been executed in a widespread "anti-infiltration and anti-espionage campaign." Arrests in Shanghai alone were said to number 8,000 and intellectuals suspected of underground activities had been rounded up in towns throughout South China.

This was offered as further evidence that the populations were restless. Chinese Nationalists use this, however, as an argument to win U. N. support for an invasion of the mainland, and so their claims are suspect. There is one large anti-Communist organization called the Red Spear Society, though, whose members have no apparent political allegiance and do not support Chiang Kai-shek.

The society is financed by a powerful group of Chinese businessmen operating from Hong Kong and the Portuguese colony of Macao. One of these talked to me at length about his country's domestic condition, and he was confident that the Chinese Communists lacked the military strength at this time to withstand an invasion launched from Formosa.

Most of the society's work, he said, consisted of espionage. He confirmed French intelligence reports of China's re-development of her four field armies on the basis of an aggressive plan, and added that the Fifth Field army was now in being as an administrative force.

As a measure of the accuracy of his information, U. S. intelligence men in Tokyo have confirmed his detailed account of Chinese intervention in Korea. Six armies (or corps, consisting on an average 28,000 men each) of the Fourth Field army were committed to the Korean campaign with six corps of the Third Field army, he claimed. He identified each corps and stressed that their members were veteran Chinese soldiers representing the cream of China's military strength.

"I am not a supporter of Chiang Kai-shek's policies," he told me. "But I believe he is the ideal instrument with which the U. N. can begin to free China of the Communist yoke."

There are 750,000 Chinese Nationalist troops in Formosa with strong naval and air units. In Taipei, I heard it claimed that they have the strength to hold temporary superiority over any section of the coast they might attack.

Exploit Internal Trouble?

Mao Tse-tung would seem aware of this. He has sent 42,000 fighting troops of the Third Field army, not already committed in Korea, to "anchor the southern end of our defence lines." This is the Canton area, abutting on Hong Kong. The South China national defence front-line construction committee—an unwieldy title for a Communist outfit approximating to our own civil defence bodies—has been instructed to build a line of fort defences along the west bank of Canton's Pearl River, construct and repair five military airfields here, and repair all roads in the area "vital to defence traffic."

This work is taking place along that part of the coast most vulnerable to Chinese Nationalist attack. At the same time, clearly in fear of guerilla and underground activities, the Communist Government has directed party leaders to slash

Communist card-holders from 8,000,000 to 3,000,000. The object of this is a hard core of thoroughly loyal Reds. With this action, a purge has been conducted throughout South China of all those suspected of underground affiliations.

It is this evident internal trouble which many Westerners feel can be exploited. From the British viewpoint, the strategy would be to maintain trade ties with Peking and in this way wear the Communist Government from its Kremlin tutors. The U. S. State Department, so far as any clear policy exists, favours a frontal attack which may take the form of support for Chiang Kai-shek.

Although General MacArthur's headquarters have strenuously denied the report, I found full evidence in Tokyo that Japanese men and materials have been shipped out to Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa at MacArthur's instructions. This directly contravenes the basic "post surrender directive" by which the occupation powers laid down emphatically that Japan was not to dabble in military matters under any circumstances; but there have been so many direct and indirect contraventions that another at this time seems not to matter.

Ripe For Propaganda

The support which MacArthur still insists on giving Chiang Kai-shek is a clue, at any rate, to future U. S. moves in the Asiatic sphere. Large shipments of aid are going out, too, to the French in Indo-China and, if Korea is lost to the U. N., many U. S. officials expect to see a stronger stand made against any open Chinese invasion of the French colony.

Meanwhile, the British Commonwealth has pressed its own psychological warfare designed to disillusion the Chinese people with Communism, and to widen any crack between the Red China Government and Russia. Equally important, the campaign of ideas is designed to prevent the further spread of Communism in Southern Asia.

So far, this has produced the only realistic plan to combat the poverty and disease on which Communism feeds. Commonwealth countries,

including Canada, embarked upon a program of economic development throughout South and Southeast Asia last fall, in which some \$24,000,000 will be spent in the next three years. Invited to join the scheme were non-Commonwealth countries like Burma, Thailand, and three associated States of Indo-China. Work on the program has already started in Ceylon, India, Pakistan, Malaya, Singapore, North Borneo and Sarawak.

Hugh Gaitskell, British Minister for Economic Affairs, in explaining the program last autumn, said: "This immense area stretches right across the South China Sea on one side to virtually the Persian Gulf and almost to the Arabian deserts, and on the other side stretches from the Himalayas in the north right down to the shores of Australia and New Zealand. It contains no less than 570,000,000 people... of whom the great majority are underfed and underclothed."

This is the area—producing almost all the world's jute and rubber, half its tin, one third the oils and fats and three-quarters the tea—on which Red China hopes to graft its own brand of Communism. Added to its other problem, the area shows an annual population increase of 1-1/2 to 2-1/2 per cent meaning an increase of 150,000,000 people during the next 20 years. It is an area obviously ripening for the influx of simple Communist propaganda with its promises of "liberation" and redistribution of land.

To most Asiatics, it seems infinitely preferable that the West should fight Communism with realistic programs of this kind than with bombs and bullets.

"The West is just beginning to understand us a little," a Shanghai doctor told me. "A few years ago, it couldn't be bothered to see our viewpoint. The tragedy is that plans like the Commonwealth council for technical cooperation may have come too late. Now everyone is in a dither—Korea aflame, Hong Kong threatened, Indo-China ready to topple at any time... Once more, the war of ideas may have to wait upon a war of blood, sweat and tears."—Copyright—N.N.F.

HONORE DE BALZAC—A CRITIQUE

By J. A. RODRIGUES

ONE thinks of Balzac in terms of the legend and the myth-figure. And the factors that have contributed to the making of the myth are familiar. Roubaud's caricature has perpetuated the cassocked, monk-like figure, short and ugly, but radiating an unmistakable primeval energy; one recalls that Balzac was in the habit of writing for twelve hours at a stretch, for weeks on end, and that he wore a black gown while working, in order to remind himself of his single-minded devotion to his art. In the daguerreotype, too, that adorns the frontispiece of the early editions of his novels, the eye catches the same impression; there is undoubtedly something unique and vital in the intense, highly-strung facial expression, and the massive domineering physique. In twenty-one years of unparalleled concentration on creative writing, Balzac had turned out an enormous amount of work, by any standard. The torrential prodigality of his genius is embodied in 'The Human Comedy,' a gigantic picture of post-revolutionary France, consisting of some eighty volumes—novels, short stories and historical studies—and constituting perhaps the greatest attempt ever made to draw the portrait of an era in fictional form. When he died in 1850, Balzac had not completed this self-imposed Herculean task, but he had already created nothing less than a world of his own.

And it is precisely this power of creation on a cosmological scale, that is the most noteworthy feature of his prowess as a novelist. One might legitimately speak of a Balzacian universe. No less than two thousand characters appear in the vast settings of 'The Human Comedy,' and Balzac presides over their destinies as only a creator of genius can. 'I want to portray every situation in life, every type of physiognomy, every kind of male and female character, every way of living....' he wrote in a preface to 'The Human Comedy,' 'nothing is to be omitted.' He conceived on a grand

scale, even as he brought an almost ecstatic relish to other aspects of existence—love, business and even food—and Stefan Zweig has shown in his biography of Balzac that he was constitutionally incapable of doing anything in a mediocre, complacent and half-hearted way. In the context of this unlimited range, it is irrelevant to emphasize the flaws in construction and style that appear from time to time in his work. Theophile Gautier has noted, for instance, that his command of the French creative idiom was not always of the highest and there is no denying that his elaborate and contrived plots sometimes creak ominously at the joints. But these limitations cannot darken the general brilliance of his work; one might as well talk of a few jagged edges destroying the solemn majesty of a rock-face. It is futile, too, to relate him to French literary tradition, or to look for any major influence in his work. He is in a class by himself, a Colossus among novelists.

The romantic movement in letters was at its height when Balzac began to write seriously, and he was undoubtedly indebted at the start to writers like Scott, Byron, Hugo and Dumas, from a study of whose work he derived romanticist tendencies. But in a predominantly romantic age, he vindicated the realist tradition with unique and masterly effect. He put his amazing power of observation to the fullest use and recorded the peculiarities of his age, and down to the last detail. The provincial French bourgeoisie, from whose ranks he himself sprang, are portrayed by him with a sure and unerring touch. One cannot easily forget the oft-repeated sketch of the country Abbe, unique for his combination of the sturdy common-sense of the peasant with an understanding of the mysterious ways of Providence. Caesar Birotteau also is indelibly stamped on the memory of Balzac's readers. In more ways than one, his financial dilemmas might be those of the middle classes, anywhere

in the world. Nor, for that matter, can one fail to be impressed by such forcefully delineated characters as Louis Vautrin, Goriot or Eugenie Grandet. But in his untiring attempt to portray, in cross-section, an entire society, Balzac investigated every layer of the social stratum and the aristocracy was not beyond the reach of his pen. In the post-revolutionary period of which he wrote, the scheming Dukes and Duchesses of the old French royalty were beginning to assert themselves again. Their aristocratic flourish had been summarily interfered with by the Revolution; now with the restoration of the Bourbons, they were in the limelight again, manoeuvring, quick-witted, greedy, passionate and even vulgar. Balzac, the supreme observer, watched them as he might have a curious species at the zoo; he reproduced accurately the semi-comic sophistication of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. Of feminine blue-blood in particular, Balzac was a most capable connoisseur. His portraits of aging, sophisticated matrons of noble birth, commended themselves readily to the Paris of his days. (To what extent, one wonders, do his experiences of his own socially distinguished mistresses, Madame Laure de Berny, Duchesse de Castries and Duchesse d'Abrantes account for this?)

But Balzac was never content to limit himself to recording his observations faithfully and with a minimum of commentary. Oscar Wilde said of him, that realist though he was, he created life and did not copy it. He transfigured his raw material by the impact of his powerful imagination, and like every great artist, drew his own likeness in his characters. His own life had been a long up-

hill struggle from the cradle to the grave, in which he constantly sought to overcome dire financial embarrassments by fast and furious, creative activity. More than any other novelist before him, he was made aware by personal experience of the influence of wealth upon human activity. Hence it is that money and its acquirement is constantly related to the formation of character in his novels. And the iron will he gave to nearly all his characters, also derives from his own struggle for self-assertion. 'The mind of each of his characters' said Baudelaire, 'is a weapon loaded to the muzzle with will.' They work for their ends with a single-mindedness that almost amounts to obsession and mania; Eugenie Grandet worships money, Baron Hulot is an erotomaniac, and Lucien de Rubempré is ready to bend destiny to his will in his quest for fame and fortune. Throughout, the financial motive is present, with the persistence of grass through cement.

There is substance therefore in the criticism often levelled at Balzac that he deliberately simplified character by creating men and women who are all of a piece. But, even as he did so, his art touched upon the great and perpetual human values of struggle, power, ambition and energy. He delineated these abstractions with a rare and unequalled candour. Perhaps this accounts for his world-wide appeal, for his writing has transcended national barriers. Its preoccupation with elemental and ancient human motifs, ensures for it universal appreciation. Balzac belongs to the creative tradition of Shakespeare and Goethe, and so fastidious a judge as Somerset Maugham has said of him that 'he is still the world's greatest novelist.'

In an address before the International Chamber of Commerce at Lisbon, Portugal, Hoffman warned that the Communist drive for world domination has put capitalistic systems of all types on trial everywhere. The issue, he said, is the performance of Capitalism against the promises of Communism.

"Only men armed with machines can create wealth in abundance, and if what we want is wealth in abundance for many men, the job is to step up production everywhere by substituting mechanical muscles for human muscles."

A DELTA-FLOWER IN A DESERT

SRI M. SRINIVASA IYAR—AN APPRECIATION

RECENTLY the portrait of Sri M. Srinivasa Iyar was unveiled at Sirkali, Tanjore district. Sri M. Srinivasa Iyar is one of the finest products of this segment of the Cauvery Delta fit enough to take rank among our eminent men, though obscured in a small township. He is indeed a rare delta-flower in the desert of our arid modern life, more desolate in rural areas, drained of fertility by the soil-erosion of alien ways of life.

Sirkali always fills me with reminiscent memories from the age of fire.

I have a passionate love for this last triangle of the Cauvery Delta formed between the Coleroon and the Veerasholan with the river Cauvery running like the spinal column to the *sahasra-ahara*, the infinite beauty of the sea.

This is the homeland and the birth place as well of the three greatest men of

the Tamil land, Gnana Sambandar, Pattinathiar and Kambar, creating a sacred equilateral triangle wherein each shines like a star in an angle of eminence of his own; Gnana Sambandar at Sirkali, Pattinathiar at Kaveripoompattinam, Kambar at Theralandur.

Sri M. Srinivasa Iyar belongs to the profession of law like many other eminent Indians of this century. Very few of our really great men in our past history belonged to law. Why? How did law then become such a victorious and collective triumph of brain-power, character and achievement in this century? It is the work of British Raj which entirely reversed the ancient traditions and way of life of India.

British Raj, especially during the last fifty years since the birth of this century, had rapidly converted by centralisation dear and necessary to the predatory industrial and commercial life of the West, the irrigation sources and channels that fed our ancient culture and agriculture and

our rural prosperity into a drainage channel, thereby creating a profound perversion of our superb code of values that integrated us and kept us alive in history these three thousand years and more. This conversion, made effective through the glamour of money-power and attractive high salaries in crisp currency notes, has resulted in draining our best quality men from our villages into the enervating clot of urban areas and sprinkling them all over in several walks of life, more decorative than real, more wasteful than productive, such as the labyrinth of Government service with I.C.S. as its cream, and professions such as medicine, engineering and law. And law has produced the largest number of eminent Indians under British Raj these 50

years as it takes in all types of talent easily as a residuary profession.

Sri M. Srinivasa Iyar achieved pre-eminence in law and in the integration of his mind and soul without however allowing himself to be drained into an urban area or even far away from his own home village. For, the village of his birth, Sattanathapuram, happily located on the banks of a river, is less than a mile away from another village, the small township of Shiyali which he deliberately chose and set up practice in, in spite of the extraordinary brilliance of his achievements as a student of the Madras Christian College and the promise it held for a metropolitan career of fame and name. The real inner reason for this decision, aided by the Grace of God, is Sri M. Srinivasa Iyar himself. He is far greater as a man with potential sterling cultural and spiritual qualities and longings, and so he never wished to desert rural India or his own home village so dear to our culture and evolution for the off-chance of his secular life to blossom to the full without fragrance or sweetness under the false fertilisation of urban life.

perceive in this decision the *c manobhava*, oneness and *ss* of a man of intellect, character and intuitive perception of the higher values and longings of life. A supreme inner contentment that accepts all secular victories as fleeting joys unrelated or inimical to pure *ananda* seems to me to be the cardinal virtues of this essentially dynamic and intellectual Srinivasa Iyar. It is a rare and difficult but happy combination—a *karma* yogi dipping his mind early in life into *gnana* and *bhakti* as the truest way to seek and attain *atmagnana* or self-realisation.

Sri M. Srinivasa Iyar was born in a respectable middle class family. I am happy to find that like myself he had his schooling in the Municipal High School, Mayavaram and then his college course at the Madras Christian College with philosophy as his special subject under Dr. Skinner. He won many prizes at college and secured the much coveted Dr. Miller's gold medal and passed out first in his college. He took the B. L. degree and enrolled himself as a High Court Vakil and courageously decided to settle down to practice in the small township of Shiyali in 1911 for all his brilliant record at Christian College and the allurements of the High Court opposite to his own college. He soon rose to the top of the profession and became the Government Pleader in 1923 and continued in practice for twenty years, during which money came to him easily like floods in his own home-village river *Uppanar* during the rainy season. His intellectual powers, drive and energy and comprehensiveness made him easily a master of law in courts and he was at the height of his fame and popularity in 1928.

God sends a tempest or a storm, a thunder clap and a lightning, before blowing in the monsoon clouds and rains to fertilise mother Earth. Even so it happened to Sri Srinivasa Iyar. A terrible domestic bereavement overpowered him—he lost his then eldest son suddenly in 1928. He gave up, after a quick and firm decision, his practice at the bar which gave him easily one thousand a month even in a small township like Shiyali. He did this renunciation and sacrifice in a splendid spiritualising mood of isolation

and sacrifice and *ananda* and as a token of his sincerity and renunciation drew a cheque for Rs. 4,000 in favour of Ramakrishna Mission—Ramakrishna so dear to his life from college days. He retired into a cloister-room of his house in the birth place of Jnana-Sambandar, for *mouna* and *manana*, to which Sri Srinivasa Iyar keeps even today, though, these 20 years alas, harassed by ill-health with a cruel disease but with a rare serenity and beauty of mind.

Domestic bereavement in a Hindu household, saturated with our fine traditions of culture and spiritual longings, awakens the *sanyasin* spirit dormant in every Hindu. In one kind of temperament this bereavement makes one in modern days a politician and a *Karma yogin*, and yet in another temperament a *sanyasin* or a recluse with *mouna* and *manana* as the only twin virtues in Kaliyuga with its eternal conflict of values and code of action. Sorrow carries in its galloping bosom a pouch of musk. *Soka Vimochana* could come only through *soka anubhava* of *soka* and subsequent sublimation of *soka* into *vimochana*.

Sri M. Srinivasa Iyar obscured in the ash-heaps of a small township of ancient traditions paralysed under British Raj is one of this rare and noble type: witness his last twenty years of life as a recluse in the solitude of his own room from 1930 to 1950.

It was a renovating joy for me to meet him a few weeks ago and spend nearly three hours with him, two invalids each reclining on a sick-bed on mother Earth and exploring the philosophy and enigma of life and the wanton cruelties of modern politics and economics.

II

Forensic advocacy, like oratory, is best conceived as much as a fine art, as an efficient instrument to achieve a secular gain or purpose, just as the sword of a warrior-king forged of the finest tempered steel is as much bedecked and decorated with gold, rubies and diamonds. But today the jungle-growth of case-law is depriving law of its art side. In the profession of law I also did for twenty years, more as a spectator in a cricket match

than as a player, clapping hands with innocent joy at the centuries of others. Of those I had the privilege to listen to, Eardly Norton and T. R. Ramachandra Iyer impressed me most at the Madras Bar. Norton is unique in many ways, a true internationalist whose genius and literary excellence and thoroughness and mode of presentation would make their mark in any walk of life. It was a renovating joy to hear him and feel the pure pulse-beats of humanity transfused into the arid life of law. Different in type and without literary fragrance T. R. Ramachandra Iyer was like Norton in many ways. He distinctly always related law to life and soaked it with genial humour and detachment in the blood-stream of humanity and the primary sociological and human relationship from which jurisprudence springs and takes its validity as a regulating principle of life. They were both free from the fetters and jungle growth of case-law though they realised its secondary importance in the presentation of a case and kept it properly in the background. I had not the privilege of listening in court to our elder advocates like Sir S. Subramania Iyer, Sri V. Krishnasamy Iyer and Sri P. R. Sundara Iyer, though I have heard them on the platform.

Of the mofussil lawyers I know—my experience is limited—I offer high rank to Rao Saheb N. Natesa Iyer who threw his entire being like a batsman into the bat or a bowler into the ball and gave drive, vigour and sincerity to his advocacy by a comprehensive mastery both of case-law and of the facts of the case; then Rao Bahadur N. Krishnasami Iyengar who trimmed his powerful advocacy with adroitness, skill and perception to the legal and intellectual level of the presiding judge, the more mediocre the judge, the happier and more powerful his genius was and he never cared to remember the possibility of an appellate tribunal but was wholly bent on an isolated forensic triumph; then P. V. Naganatha Sastriar of Tanjore whose advocacy fully reflected his aristocratic ease, scholarship, refinement and culture and a profound detachment to the results of the case and a joyous attachment to

his own voice and advocacy as a fine art.

Last but not the least, Sri M. Srinivasa Iyar of Shiyali, though I had not the privilege of hearing him in court but knew him well enough as a lawyer. I could easily visualize the tempo and range of his advocacy in court as a lawyer as a fruitful combination of brilliance, depth, comprehensiveness, vigour and synthetic mastery of facts and law involved in a case. Of the many lawyers I have come across he is easily one of the few intellectuals in law like V. Krishnasami Iyer, S. Srinivasa Iyengar or Sir C. P. Ramasamy Iyer though the limitations of Shiyali limited his scope, expansion and fame. I value Sri M. Srinivasa Iyar primarily as a man, as an intellectual who has not allowed his mind-power to dominate and eclipse him but on the other hand gained the secret of subliming the mind-power into soul-power, like a spark of fire that sublimates the fuel into a flame.

The inner man in Sri M. Srinivasa Iyar revealed itself from his college days, love of literary work, intellectual pursuit of our problems in the back ground of our cultural, spiritual and religious outlook. His loyalty, devotion and attraction to Ramakrishna Paramahansa even at so early an age from college days, when usually the greatest allurements to a college boy is his tiffin hour and the menu of crisp *dosais*, is most remarkable. Another kinship I feel with M. Srinivasa Iyar—the greatest influence on my life in college and high school days as in his, was Sri Aurobindo, the politician and the newspaper *Bande Mataram* edited by him. Sri M. Srinivasa Iyar of course went a step higher in the ladder of spiritual and yoga philosophy as a profound student of Aurobindo and Ramakrishna and foresaw early with clear and prophetic vision the greatness of Aurobindo and Gandhi while they were yet in the making. His brilliant essays in the Indian Nation builders series as early as 1908 when Srinivasan just took his B. L. degree, his life sketch of Mahatma Gandhi so early as 1910 even when he was in the thick of the fight in South Africa as plain Mr. M. K. Gandhi known to but a few, indicate the early attain-

ments of Sri Srinivasa Iyar. His essay on Sister Nivedita so early as 1912 clearly indicates his spiritual affiliations and urges from juvenile days.

It is the ill-luck of the Tamil land that Sri Srinivasan did not continue his literary work of college days and early life. For, the *Sat sangh* and urban urge and inspiration required were not there in the small township of Shiyali and the all engrossing profession of law and case-law. But the real reason seems to be the sovereign contentment that rules his nature whereas all literary work which seeks card-bound immortality requires vanity and love of publicity, except in rare cases. He is a profound scholar-thinker and his interpretation and synthetic original study of the Ramayana is one of the most renovating interpretations I have known of this greatest epic of the world. His conversation is always serious, thoughtful, masterly and comprehensive to the core, as an intellectual and spiritual thinker removing the contradictions inherent in this coalition of mind-power and soul-power as in the unique case of Aurobindo. Sri Srinivasa Iyar is truly a great man in every way and it is my wish and prayer that he should leave behind him, in spite of his present ill-health,—his mind is fully dynamic—a record of his *swa anubhava* and findings in life for the guidance and benefit of the Tamil land and humanity.

The sacred Cauvery delta triangle presided over by three eminent souls Gnanasambandar, Pattapathiar and Kambar is one of the finest beauty spots I have seen in all my wanderings all over India these 20 years and has a parallel eminence with the beautiful up-lands on the banks of Ganges in between Allahabad and Benares or Benares and Saranath. That royal statesman and one of the greatest men of the world King Karikalan Cholan foresaw this when he founded and enriched the ancient city of Kaveripoompattinam 10 miles either way, north to south, from Svetaranya to Tirukkadayur, and east to west, Sembanarkoil and the sea. The Cauvery was then a wild river, one of the wildest in India overflowing its banks during floods right up to Pattukottai and Arantangi in the south and the Vellar near Portonovo in the

North, devastating the whole area. The river Cauvery was then at Karikalan's time one century A. D., 2 to 3 miles broad and majestic from Erode to Tiruvengadu with no Coleroon or Veeracholan, Vennar or Vettar or Arasalur. It rolled east majestically from the hills of Coorg in her royal march, took a beautiful turn to the North near Arupathi and moved into the ocean, a sight for the Gods, as a river of four miles in width in between Tiruvengadu and Tirumulaivasal. The river Cauvery as a wild river, in its angry moods of flood, threw to the North in her last lap to the sea, all the surplus sand into a real eminence of her own and created the Swetaranya Kshetra at Tiruvengadu and Markandeya Kshetra at Tirukkadayur as a fit abode for *homo sapiens* to develop his culture. King Karikalan, the conqueror of Ceylon with infinite slave labour at his command saw all this infinite beauty of Geo Politics with his royal prophetic vision, dreamt of making this royal city as eternal as Rome with which he was trading as well as the whole of South East Asia. He resolved to bund and domesticate this wild river and did it with bunds cocoanut-high from Kaveri to Srirangam. But within fifty to hundred years after his death, there were terrible floods like the recent one of 1924 which Shiyali citizens know well. Wild Cauvery imprisoned by the cocoanut-high bunds of her banks, in anger smashed the sand-hills of Elamanoor near Trichi and created the Coleroon along a more favourable geographical gradient of six feet and completely destroyed the integrity and life of the Kaveri south of Trichi and the immortal dreams of Karikalan, till after some 9 centuries, Rajendra Cholan came on the scene and built the Grand Anicut and restored the life and prestige of the Cauvery. This sacred triangle of the Cauvery delta presided over by Gnanasambandar, Pattinathiar and Kambar is presumably the most eminent place for a cultural and spiritual centre for the Tamil land and for India and the whole world to teach our boys and girls and our politicians our ancient way of life based on *Dharma* fortified by *dhriti* and *niyama*.

Our struggling infant Congress Raj

now fed on Glaxo and Horlicks, the ideals of the West should gain the joy of tasting mother's milk and really begin to function as Ram Rajya based on our ideals, vital decentralisation of our politics and economics for which Gandhiji gave his life and a life time of dedicated and sincere work.

Unless the ordinary citizen does his *dharma* daily in action with simplicity and detachment viewing work as worship and accumulates the civic and spiritual force, no society could function for our true welfare, prosperity or world-peace. For the politician like the silk-worm on the mulberry leaf or like a frog in the pond is but a mere index and mechanical reflexion of the national temperament and will be tested in dynamic action. You get only what would you collectively deserve, that is the true verdict of Indian history. Further the Cauvery delta is the most sheltered and peaceful civilisation on earth. So we have a special duty to perform for world-peace and *sarve jana Soukhino bhavantu*."

Therefore it is my humble view and prayer, that it is the duty of all, rich and poor alike, to dedicate half anna in the rupee as a voluntary cultural

income tax on a private basis in order to propagate and keep alive our ideals of *dharma* in daily practice. We, the pioneers of the perennial sales-tax, the *Kamadhenu* for all high salaried modern Governments, should we hesitate to pay this pie in the rupee for the upkeep of our *dharma* and ancient tradition for the welfare of man, the protection of a few *sadhus*, saints and thinkers? Then only we will be able to recreate this ancient, sacred triangle of the Cauvery delta presided over by Gnanasambandar, Pattinathiar, and Kambar into a modern cultural and spiritual centre for the service and fulfilment of man all over as a pioneering laboratory or agricultural farm for the higher evolution and welfare of man. By God's grace may we join together in work and worship and make this ancient royal dream of King Karikalan Cholan a reality and create a beacon-light and a pole star at the sacred confluence triangle of the River Cauvery and the Sea, to guide us and the whole world, now agonised in the welter of a chaos, political, economic, social, cultural and spiritual, and show the true Indian way of Life in daily life that would lead to Liberation and Peace.



Photograph taken at the Madras airport on the return of Sri H. D. Rajah from a tour of far eastern countries

LONDON LETTER: By HARRY HEAP

BRITISH ATTITUDE ON THE KASHMIR ISSUE

EVERY morning I listen to the early morning news bulletin from the B. B. C. I am usually accompanied by my nine-year-old son. This morning it was announced that India had rejected the Anglo-American proposals for settling the Kashmir problem. A brief, impartial summary of the problem was given by the announcer and my son looked up in surprise and said, "But if they both want Kashmir and they can't agree, why don't they have half each?" Why indeed? I know that I will be accused of simplifying the issue, but is not India in danger of doing that also? The point is being stressed by India that there has been legal accession by Kashmir through Sheik Abdullah. Frankly, India should not think the rest of the world so naive that they would allow such an argument to be taken at all seriously. Sheikh Abdullah does not count in this issue, any more than the Nizam did in Hyderabad. Would India have recognised Pakistan claims to Hyderabad if the Nizam had acceded to Pakistan? It is no use India saying that Kashmir must not be settled on a religious basis. Hyderabad was. Nor should India think that by continually stressing the point that Kashmir is part India, the rest of the world will come to accept it as a fact. What we want to know is what the people of Kashmir want. We suspect that India knows full well that the majority of them want to join with Pakistan, and so will not give way at all in her assumed protective rights in order to allow a fair plebiscite. If our suspicions are ill-founded, then let India show us, by waiving some of her rights in order to permit a free plebiscite to take place under United Nations supervision.

India has been a champion of the principles behind the United Nations, yet when there is danger of that body deciding an outstanding issue in which India is concerned, to India's detriment, India asks that India and

Pakistan should be left alone to settle the problem, which they have failed to do so far. Quibbling, personal feelings, petty pride, these are all we see in the arguments both of India and Pakistan on Kashmir, however successful the two countries have been in settling other thorny problems. One is tempted to remind India and Pakistan of the wisdom of Solomon. When the two women brought the child before him, he settled whose child it was by finding the woman who had more affection for the child than to see it cut in half. In the case of Kashmir, we would like to see India and Pakistan having so much affection for that country that they would be prepared to cut it in half, if the people wanted it. Is anyone thinking of the welfare of Kashmir, or are both parties thinking only of themselves?

One interesting suggestion has been put forward by Mr. M. Follick, M. P. It is that Kashmir should be given to Pakistan and that East Bengal should become part of India. There might have to be exchanges of population, but there are many obvious advantages in the idea. At least, they are obvious to Western minds!

Kashmir has been in the cinema news this week. Pakistan has made a film on Kashmir putting forward her viewpoint. The film was banned by the London County Council because it might have put partisan propaganda before the foreign visitors to Britain during the Festival. The ban has been lifted on a guarantee being given that the film will not be shown after mid-April. This also applies to the Indian film, "Kashmir Story." If any cinema wishes to show either film after mid-April, both films must be shown on the same programme. We are taking no sides in this dispute, but we do want it to be settled according to the wishes of the people of Kashmir. As I have written before, what the rights and wrongs were in the first instance is not important, in

comparison with the need for the issue to be settled, so that India and Pakistan can be fully partners in the development of the whole of the Indian sub-continent, working together without any reservations on either side, and able to cut down considerably the money that is being wasted on defence. India has problems untold, as all Indians know, problems that cannot be solved without money, no matter how much goodwill there is. Yet half India's expenditure this year is to be on defence. And India is the centre of world pacifism. Is it any wonder that the West finds it difficult to understand the East? Many of us love India—we would not dare to criticise if we did not love the country—but we find it difficult, sometimes, to understand its ways.

Reports will have reached India that there is increasing pressure being put on Mr. Attlee to ask for Mr. Bevin's resignation from the office of Foreign Secretary. It is a great pity that Mr. Bevin has not resigned before now. He is well liked by people of all shades of opinion, except the extremists, but his health is so obviously preventing him from fulfilling his duties satisfactorily that he should have realised months ago that a more active man was needed to take his place. He has not even had a deputy in the real sense. In fact, one might say that his only deputy in Foreign Affairs has been Mr. Attlee himself.

This situation cannot continue indefinitely and it seems likely that within the next week or two Britain will have a new Foreign Secretary.

There have been two names suggested for this office, those of the Attorney-General, Sir Hartley Shawcross (whose name caused a change in name of the hero in the film version of "Fame is the Spur," Howard Spring's novel) and Mr. Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the Council and Leader of the House of Commons. Mr. Morrison is now the favourite and is being named as Mr. Bevin's successor in the press. Whoever it be, there is a general consensus of opinion that the change must be made quickly. So serious has the situation become that a Labour Peer last week suggested that Mr. Attlee should become Foreign Secretary and Mr. Morrison Prime Minister.

The Labour Government in Britain has had bad luck with its Colonial experiments. After the tremendous losses on the East African Groundnut Scheme, estimated at nearly Rs. 700 a day since the Roman occupation of Britain, we now have the loss on the Gambian Egg Scheme. Someone has worked out that each egg produced by this scheme has cost Britain about Rs. 260. There are suggestions that if the Government has bungled the Colonial schemes so badly, perhaps their home affairs are not in as good a shape as they would have us think.

KHURSHED LAL—HIS SERVICE TO THE NATION

By R. M. LALA

LAST January, at a little shack at Juhu, I met Mr. Khurshed Lal. Dressed in spotless white, he greeted us with a pleasant smile. His figure was well-built; his complexion was remarkably young and fresh. Plump, pink, and healthy, he appeared the healthiest personality among the fraternity of Indian Ministers.

Mr. Khurshed Lal was a first class student in law and economics, an advocate, a City Congress Committee President, a Minister, and a patriot. But above all these he was the perfect gentleman. His diction was soft and dignified. Most of our conversation

was "off the record." I however gained the impression that like his chief Mr. Kidwai, Mr. Lal too was a "Nehru Man." The Deputy Minister seemed greatly attached to his senior Mr. Kidwai. Even when the mention of the night air mail scheme came up, he modestly ascribed the idea to his chief and stopped at that. In truth, Kidwai was the planning brain in the Ministry of Communications, and Khurshed Lal was the ideal executor. The Kidwai-Khurshed Lal combination was a miniature of the Gandhi-Patel partnership. Khurshed Lal was the translator of Mr. Kidwai's ideas.

It is only fitting to Mr. Lal's memory that his senior Mr. Kidwai should have said that "if there has been any improvement in the working of the departments in his charge, he and he alone was responsible for that improvement."

Mr. Khurshed Lal's popularity in the Legislature and outside it was due pre-eminently to his cheerful disposition and his sterling integrity. In the last session of Parliament, he had the courage to admit that the telephone service in a premier city of India was "as unsatisfactory as it possibly can be." When a Deputy Minister admits that about a section of his department, the critics could say no more. The frankness apparent in his features had penetrated even his politics. This admission does not mean that his administration was inefficient. He took good care to frame a long-term plan to make the telephone system of that very city, the finest in Asia.

In twenty-seven months of service in the Indian Government he proved himself to be one of the finest administrators at Delhi. At 48, new horizons were opening before him. As High Commissioner to Pakistan he could have brought to that delicate post, the efficiency of his administration, the sweetness and light of his character.

Mr. Lal told us that next day he was leaving by ship for Mangalore, and from there he would tour the South to return to Delhi by January 18. On that peaceful afternoon at Juhu, he frequently picked a cigarette from his tin of Black and White Macrowitch. As we rose to leave he offered me another cigarette. I declined with thanks. He picked one for himself, and balanced it between his lips. As he gripped a big silver lighter, in his hand, the flame leapt up, flickered for a while, to be extinguished by the very hand that lit it.



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THE CHIVALROUS SPIRIT

By K. SAVITHRI AMMAL

THE following interesting little story appeared in one of the leading dailies of Madras some years ago under the title "Chivalry is not dead."

It was about a young woman travelling in a bus in one of the crowded thoroughfares of the great city of New York. She had her working bag with her and as her fingers were busy with the work in her hand, the woollen ball of thread with which she worked suddenly slipped from out of her bag. Before she could make an attempt to catch it, it tumbled down to the foot board from where it leapt on the ground, unwinding itself as it flew to the middle of the road where an endless stream of cars and buses kept incessantly going. The young woman threw up her hands in a gesture of despair unable to recover the run-away thread. The bus conductor saw her distress, and at once came to her rescue. He made the bus stop and getting down, went after the fast fleeing ball on the road. This caused the car coming immediately behind to pull up, another car or bus to stop next, then another, and then another, and so on, until a long line of cars and buses stood in throbbing impatience to proceed, while the conductor restored the lost article to its fair owner. Thus ends the story. Fancy a whole traffic being held up, though for a few seconds, at a busy hour of the day, all for a ball of woollen thread dropped from the bag of a careless young woman!

The description is probably a little exaggerated. Yet is there not something in the incident which appeals to our imagination, something indeed which imparts a glow of romance to the whole scene? Now, let us suppose it is a man who has dropped a pencil or a note book. Will the conductor think it worthwhile to go and help him? Will he get down and pick it up for him? No indeed! we say to ourselves. He will not unless perhaps it is a very old man who has dropped it. He is likely to be quite unmoved by the circumstance. He may perhaps, think it fit to administer a mild

rebuke to the man telling him to be more careful with his things in future. That is all.

But the case of a woman, especially if she is young and pretty what an amount of difference it makes to him! He is far from being indifferent now. He feels he cannot sit still without going to her aid when she seems to need it. For, something in him urges him to exert himself in her behalf, to behave gallantly towards her, and any omission of it on his part appears to cast a slur on his manhood. Well; what is this impulse that makes the conductor think more of a woollen ball than even the most busy traffic of the city? It is not hard to explain. It is the spirit of chivalry which has prompted him—that spirit which alone distinguishes a man from the rest of his kind. It is almost a part of his nature. We see signs of it manifest in him at a very early age. How often have we not witnessed a boy growing instinctively tender to the little sister of his boy friend! When he sees her bursting into tears because her mischievous brother has taken away her toy from her out of sheer spite, how moved he is by the sight! He cannot help throwing himself furiously on the offender, snatching the toy from his hand and restoring it to her. It gives him a peculiar satisfaction to see her again smiling and happy. This spirit grows with his years. He fosters it by reading the romances where the heroes commit brave and noble deeds, and risk their very lives all for a smile and a glance from the women they love.

Chivalry is born indeed out of the tendency of man to adore woman and cherish glowing visions of her. He loves to picture her as a dainty delicate creature requiring his strong arm to support her. Her very lack of physical strength lends a peculiar charm to her in his eyes. What man will ever wish a woman to be physically his match instead of the soft and delicate being that she is?

There is a humorous story told about the late G. K. Chesterton of

how he once had occasion to vacate his seat in the bus to oblige three young ladies. Imagine Chesterton with his huge figure giving up his seat to the ladies with smiling courtesy and putting up with the inconvenience of standing all the time in the bus! Now, what inspired him to do it despite his discomfort if not this great spirit of chivalry?

But such glorious feats can hardly be so common nowadays; for times have changed. The days are past when a man fancied he was superior to a woman both mentally and physically. He believed God himself ordained it should be so. It seemed to him that woman acknowledged of her own accord his supremacy. She looked up to him for everything, depending on him for her very existence. No wonder then he became easily her lord and master directing and controlling her at his will and pleasure! Consequently, he deprived of her individuality she sank lower and lower until she was engulfed in total obscurity.

The time however came when she began to realise that she has remained too long in the custody of man, that henceforth she ought to assert herself. With the progress of civilisation she became conscious of her situation. She made up her mind that she would no longer allow herself to be treated as an inferior. She boldly declared she would not be confined within the four walls of the home toiling like a slave for the husband. She demanded her right to be his equal in everything and enjoy the same privileges with him.

"What if I am born a woman? Does that make any difference? Have I not the same brains, the same amount of energy a man has? Try me and see if I am not as good and efficient as he is in any field. I will no longer have him as my dictator. We will go on the path of life side by side in equal partnership."

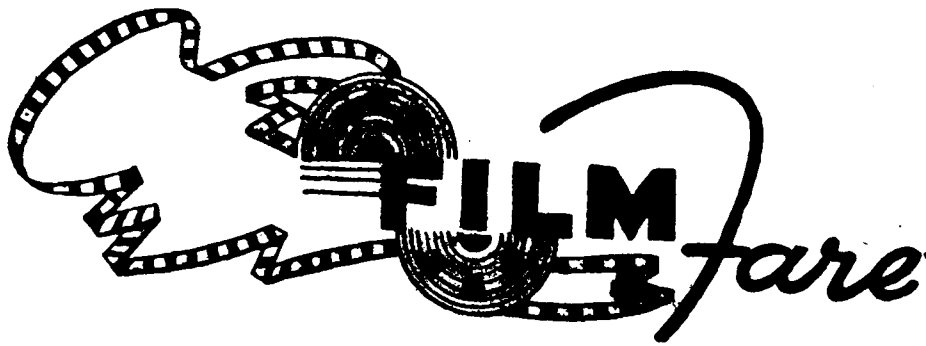
Such is her argument. And she has amply justified her words. We find she is no longer shut up in the home ignorant of what is going on in the world. She is educated; she can enjoy as much freedom as any mem-



Kumaris Indra and Malathi who played the roles of Bhola and Saraswathi in "Tulsidas" a play in Tamil staged by the Egmore Dramatic Society recently at the Museum Theatre.

ber of the male sex. She has shown to the world that she can acquit herself in any office with even greater dignity and efficiency than a man, giving up the dull routine of the house. She can even dispense with the worries of the family and taste the joys of a perfectly free and independent life if she likes. She will not lose her self-respect any more by throwing herself entirely on her husband's resources if she can help it. She feels she has come at last into her own after years of subjection. She is now the thoroughly emancipated woman free to exercise her will, her right and her pleasure. Man has learnt to respect her.

Nevertheless, in spite of all that she has achieved may it not be that she misses something—something that she was wont to receive as though it was her due? Would she not rather have the same old order prevail? But it would be strange indeed if she still expected man to pay the same homage to her, to be so chivalrous as to give up his seat in a crowded bus even as Chesterton did after all the clamour she had made for perfect equality and right! It would be bargaining for both the eating and the cake if she did! Can he cherish her, one wonders, with the same ardour as when he thought her so weak and helpless as to seek his full care and protection? It may be she has gained what she has fought for. But she may also be a loser for all that. Who knows?



By V. P. SATHE

Picture Of The Week

WHILE the majority of pictures emanating from Hollywood are crime thrillers, one seldom comes across crime stories on the Indian screen. Hence, whenever such a picture is made, it creates news. Though *Kismet* was perhaps the first major crime thriller, the first gangster story of the Hollywood variety is offered in Bombay Talkies' *Sangram*.

Written and directed by Gyan Mukerjee who was also associated with *Kismet*, *Sangram* has an added attraction of presenting Ashok Kumar in the gangster's role. Made with both eyes on the box-office it is full of action with gun-duel between the police and the gangster-head as the climax. As long as the picture tries to just provide thrill and entertainment it is quite amusing from the point of view of an audience whose mental age is fourteen though the picture itself is passed for 'Adults' only! But no sooner it tries to make psychological pretensions and discuss the motif of crime, it becomes phoney, illogical and absurd.

The picture opens with the birth of a son and the death of the mother. The father, who is a police official pampers the child; but how that pampering leads the child into a gambling den with revolver in hand and cigarette in mouth is not explained. Pampered children, that too of a petty police official, do not suddenly take to gambling! Yet the transition is left to your imagination and you are also supposed to believe that this son grows up into a hotel owner who runs a gambling den and organises dacoities, without the knowledge of his father!

And believe it or not, the gangster who runs the gambling den resorts to ordinary robbery and that too with the help of a henchmen with whom he has quarrelled over money! Later when pursued by the police that same gangster finds a refuge in the attic of his childhood sweetheart and goes back to stay with his father openly without fear of being recognised by the police officials. Not only that, the gangster is so foolish that in the end he elopes away with his sweetheart who has already been married to a police inspector and takes her, of all the places, to the flat of a dancing girl who loved him; it never occurs to a seasoned gangster that the girl would betray him out of jealousy which eventually she does at the cost of her life.

One can point out many such absurdities in *Sangram*; in fact one would advise the picturegoers to forget their sense of logic when they go to see this picture and then they will find the picture as enjoyable as Ashok seems to be enjoying his cigarette after diving into water! Full of cheap thrills and humour it is however a complete failure if its theme is to show how a man becomes criminal. Even the emotional pathos of the father and the son conflict, is lost in the din of bullets. What is worse, it glorifies the stupid gangster hero in a most reprehensible manner, so much so that we find the audience clapping the criminal instead of the police, the crooked son instead of the indulgent father in the final gun fight. Is this a thing to be desired in films?

As a production, it is as good as any Bombay Talkies' picture though

it lacks the even tone and consistency of *Mashal* and *Mahal*. Even Ashok's acting is not uniformly good; he looked a better gangster as Chaman in *Afsana* than he does in this picture. Nalini Jaywant is wasted on an insignificant role. And the beauty of Nawab's role, which is modelled on Wallace Berry just as the whole picture is modelled on the picture *Sergeant Mudden*, is lost in the theatrical presentation. In the supporting cast Tiwari is undoubtedly most impressive.

The music is not much to boast about; the dialogue by Gaud is scintillating and it is only for the cheap thrill it provides that *Sangram* is assured of popular run.

Star Of The Week

I had decided not to write about the same star more than once in this column. But I am making an exception this week in the case of Raj Kapoor. The reason is simple. Raj has done something which calls for a special tribute.

Raj has his office at Mahaluxmi and every day he passes by the race-course: the slum children, hovering around, recognise his car and shout his name. There is nothing surprising in this, is there?

But the surprising thing is that Raj has made friends with these 'dead end' kids. In the vast open space opposite the race course, he has made arrangements for these kids to play hockey and cricket. He has supplied them with hockey-sticks and balls and he has taught them how to play.

The really remarkable thing is that all this Raj has done not in a snobbish spirit of charity. He does not treat these kids like dirt. He rather believes in the real sportsman spirit of camaraderie mixing and joking with them, and what is more important, playing with them. Whenever he is free in the evening he goes and plays with these kids. In fact, he has formed a hockey team and only a fortnight ago he arranged a match. But reckless that he is, thanks to the change of weather, just on the eve of the big event Raj caught flu and was confined to bed. Needless to add, the match was abandoned.

Talking of sport, Raj is leading the team of youngsters in the star charity

match to be played at Brabourne Stadium. Raj now living separately from his father Prithvi at Chembur along with his wife and kids also practises cricket at home in the lawn—of course it is not serious cricket but just fun, and manifestation of his youthful spirit and character.

Fortunately for Raj the illness did not last long and he is on his feet again preparing himself to work on a 20 hours a day schedule to complete *Awara* for which he has erected a very spectacular set with a property worth over half a lakh of rupees.

Triangular Fight For 'Anarkali'

Four years ago, K. Asif was making a picture called *Moghul-e-Azam*. For some reason the picture had to be abandoned when it was half way through. Now once again Asif is re-making it with of course a new cast. The story of *Mogul-e-Azam* mainly centres round Anarkali, the common girl who loved Prince Saleem and was ultimately sentenced to death.

But this time Asif has two competitors—Kamal Amrohi and Shashdhar Mukerjee. Kamal Amrohi who was associated with the writing of the script of *Moghul-e-Azam* wants to make *Anarkali* himself. First, he was about to launch it under the banner of Filmkar. But Filmkar thought it wise and rightly so not to enter into this fight and let Asif produce the picture. So Filmkar has given up the idea but Kamal Amrohi is still persistent. He wants to make the picture on his own.

Meanwhile, production controller S. Mukerjee of Filmistan has also announced the same subject. In the official news bulletin Filmistan is expected to launch the production of *Anarkali* next month. Mukerjee has planned to produce it in colour—Gevaret colour.

Frankly, in the interest of all concerned it would be more wise to let only one of the producers make this picture. And ultimately whoever starts the shooting first will win the battle.

News Of The Week

—S. K. Patil announced on Friday in Bombay that the Film Enquiry Committee's report, a 200,000 word document which covers every aspect of the film industry is ready and

signed by all its members. The report was unanimous. Rationalization of taxation resulting in lightening of the burden on the film industry and recommendations for the development of the industry on lines which will ultimately lead to 'self administration without government control' are the main features of the report.

The committee was constituted in 1947. It prepared a comprehensive questionnaire of which 8000 copies were circulated and more than 300 witnesses were examined. Out of the two lakhs' grant only Rs. 1,80,000 was spent. Sri Patil had undertaken the tour to the Far East, Hollywood and Europe at his own expense.

—Nutan Samarth will play opposite Dilip Kumar for the first time as she has been selected to play the feminine lead in Filmkar's *Shikwa* which has already gone on sets. The cast also includes Om Prakash, Mubarak, Baby Tabassum, Surendra Jr., Achala Sachdev and Zilloobai.

—Raj Kapoor will appear in a semi-costume picture as he has been signed to play the lead in Jagat Pictures' *Ambar* opposite Nargis. Jayant Desai is directing.

—On the occasion of the distribution of the fourth annual awards of the British Film Academy Earl Mountbatten revealed that in 1922 he and his wife had acted along with Chaplin in one reel amateur film.

—Vaijayantimala, the gifted dancer

and star of *Life* is in Bombay. She is giving two dance shows in Bombay.

—Jupiter Films is reported to have a big programme to capture the Hindi market. Shortly they are releasing *Ek Tha Raja* the Hindi version of *Marmayogi* which is said to be doing record business in the South. This will be followed by *Rani* starring Bhanumati. This picture is almost ready for release. Then arrangements are being made to produce two more pictures in Hindi—viz., *'The Man'* and *'Servant Girl'* under the direction of Samy who directed the original Tamil films.

—Nanabhai Bhatt has signed Pran and Yashodhra Katju also for his costume picture *Sinbad The Sailor*. Ranjan is already playing the lead. Heroine is not yet decided.

—In K. Asif's *Mugal-a-Azam* Prithvi Raj is playing the role of the Great Akbar while Dilip is expected to play Prince Saleem. Naushad will be giving the music. In Filmistan's *Anarkali* (a picture on the same subject as *Mugal-a-Azam*) Naseem is expected to play the role of Anarkali.

—Filmistan, the producers of *Safar*, *Sajan*, *Shaheed*, *Shahnai*, *Sindoor*, *Shabnam* and *Sargam*, have decided to name their pictures starting with the letter "S" and preferably "Sh." Their next picture written and directed by S. Johar has been titled as *Shrimati Ji* featuring Shyama and Nasir Khan, with Majnu and Johar.

MADRAS SPEAKER'S RULING ON SWATANTRA

U. P. JOURNALISTS' COMMENT

THE ruling recently given by the Speaker of the Madras Legislative Assembly in the case of *Swatantra* with regard to the comment on the proceedings pending in the legislature, was considered at a meeting of the Standing Committee of the U. P. Working Journalists' Union held at Allahabad on February 25 with Mr. Jwala Singh, President, in the chair. The following resolution was adopted:

"This meeting of the U. P. Work-

ing Journalists' Union views with grave concern the ruling recently given by the Speaker of the Madras Legislative Assembly in the case of *Swatantra* that comment on proceedings pending in the legislature which might influence the voting is a breach of privilege. The authorities cited by the Speaker do not support the ruling and, on the other hand, support the right and duty of the press to comment on all proceedings, including those pend-

ing in the legislature, and influence the voting. The press of a democratic country cannot function with necessary freedom if it cannot exercise the right inherent in the public to influence the voting, and the right has been enjoyed for years without any question. The press is prepared to respect all due privileges of the legislatures but it cannot give up its own privileges which are necessary in the working of a democracy.

"The Standing Committee of the U. P. Working Journalists' Union, therefore, requests the Madras

Speaker to reverse his ruling and requests other Speakers not to adopt it in any way.

"The Standing Committee also takes this opportunity to point out that the privileges of legislatures in a written constitution cannot be the privileges of the Parliament of Britain, which is legally supreme, and that the rules regarding the powers, privileges and immunities of the Indian legislatures should be framed with this point in view, so that all elements of the Indian Republic may be enabled to exercise their functions properly."

200,000TH FORDSON MAJOR TRACTOR

Miss Anna Neagle, world famous British film star, recently saw the 200,000th Fordson Major Tractor driven from the Production Line at Dagenham by Mr. F. W. Daniels, Tractor Sales Manager of the Company.

Afterwards Miss Neagle toured the Factory and helped to pack and despatch the Tractor, which was destined for the export market.

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NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

KRATOCHVIL has caused quite a stir by his decision not to go to Prague. He was a friendly type, like Ambassador Najibullah Khan of Afghanistan. His letter of resignation reveals the conflict which arises between the Individual and the State. In all such conflicts, our heart naturally goes out to the Individual. It is a severe indictment that he makes against the Government of Czechoslovakia. There were reports some time ago that President Gottwald was himself in trouble. Then we heard that Clementis was sought out as a scape-goat.

We are congenitally averse to purges and liquidations. This is one of the features of the Communist World which we thoroughly dislike. If a man differs from you, must he be liquidated? The predecessor of Bohuslav Kratochvil was Jaroslav Sejnoha. And he too chose not to return to Prague. That was after the suicide of Jan Masaryk. If Bohuslav and Jaroslav are bad fellows, those who appointed them in the first instance must be punished for their incompetence and inability to make the right choice. There is something rotten in the State of Czechoslovakia.

Kratochvil will probably be denounced now as an American agent and what not. But, as he said, he is "betraying none of the basic moral ideals I loved." The following paragraph appeared in this Diary in July last: "Ambassadors and other diplomats with whom I had the opportunity of discussing Pandit Nehru's gallant moves for world peace have expressed the fullest confidence in the ultimate success of his efforts. I had thought that the outside world was likely to interpret the Prime Minister's action as a definite commitment to join the Anglo-American bloc: but a Central European diplomat told me

that he realized that Nehru was acting under pressure and that the P. M. was inexperienced in Foreign Affairs. The popular impression is that our Government expected some advantage in Kashmir in return for our support to the American-sponsored resolution on Korea. But Pakistan has outbidden us at every step, thus nullifying all our efforts." Friends in Calcutta asked me four months later who this Central European diplomat was. The diplomat himself was slightly upset, because identification was easy. This embarrassment could have been saved by describing him merely as a European diplomat. But he was keen on his country not being described as an Eastern European country. He wanted Czechoslovakia to be called a Central European nation. The Central European diplomat of my story was Dr. Kratochvil.

M. N. Roy, who paid his annual visit to the Capital last week, is not quite so sure that Panditji's dynamic neutrality will not yield place to a pro-American policy. He made a brilliant and thoughtful speech on the possibility of neutrality at the East Punjab University Camp College. His point was that if you wanted to industrialise with American help, and if you wanted wheat from the U. S. A., you jolly well cannot help joining the American bloc. Sir John Russell has said, in his recent *Statesman* article that it should be quite easy for India to grow enough food for India. Writing notes to Stalin and Acheson and Mao Tse-Tung will be rewarded by flattery, but M. N. Roy pointed out that they had very little effect on the living condition of the people. The most tangible way of improving the standard of life of the people is to give everybody an extra *chhatak* of wheat or rice. But the food-ration was cut most drastically.

One of the most versatile men of his generation, M. N. Roy has discovered the Consolation of Philosophy after a career which was full of adventure and excitement. Stalin used to call him "Black Gold." He was an Adviser to Mao Tse-Tung on behalf of the Communist International, but Mao did not bother much about the advice of Borodin and Roy. Roy, I suppose, was furious. He had an awful temper at that time. His temper is now very much under his control. He hardly ever loses it. He now spends most of his time in Dehra Dun, doing some writing. He goes on a tour of the country in the winter of every year to fulfil some personal and some lecturing engagements. M. N. Roy was one of the most popular Congress leaders in 1937. He was the most unpopular man in India during the war, because he was in favour of supporting the war-effort. He is now widely respected among intellectuals all over the country—as well as abroad. Mr. Harold Stassen, prospective President of the U. S. A., however, would not rely on M. N. Roy's analysis of international affairs, because (Stassen told us) Roy was a Russian agent!

M. N. Roy's comment on the banning of the All-India Peace Committee was characteristic of him. He said in a chat that the Congress of Cultural Freedom should pass a resolution against the ban on the Peace Congress. If the Government of India bans the one without banning the other, it cannot claim to be observing dynamic neutrality between the two blocs. It appears that the Peace Congress takes its inspiration from the Stockholm Peace Appeal, while the Congress of Cultural Freedom derives its inspiration from the West Berlin Congress of Cultural Freedom, which has some kind of a permanent office in Paris.

The newspapers reported that the Asian Games Torch was lit by the sun's rays at the historic Red Fort. Actually, the sun's rays didn't work, because they tried to use a poor kind of lens to concentrate the rays of the sun on the inflammable material. Archimedes constructed concave-mirrors two thousand years ago to be used

as burning-glasses for destroying the enemy's Navy. The *Scientific American* contains reports of a war-time German method for drying up huge quantities of water by similar methods. The National Physical Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. K. S. Krishnan, is conducting experiments on very high temperatures produced from solar energy. But the sportsmen seem to have despaired of lighting the torch with the rays of the Sun. They gordianed up by producing the match-box!

I wish someone cuts the Gordian knots which make the Delhi Transport Service awfully irregular. To catch a bus which is supposed to come every fifteen minutes, we had to wait for one and a half hours the other day. Waiting for an hour at a stretch for a bus has become quite a common experience in Delhi.

If there is a bus every fifteen minutes, there are four buses in an hour. If the second bus is unable to start at the end of the first quarter hour on account of mechanical trouble, the third bus does not take its place. The third bus also is generally out of order, and the fourth bus will start only forty-five minutes after the first bus. Queues all along the route become longer and longer, waiting for hours at a stretch. It is simply scandalous. The driver and the conductor seem to cancel their trips according to their sweet will and pleasure. A few months ago, they diverted a bus from its scheduled route in order to molest a girl who was the only passenger in the bus.

The patience of the public is not inexhaustible. The authorities of the D. T. S. should make a study of the pressure of travel at different hours of the day and night at different points and along different routes. They will then be able to run the required number of buses during peak hours at every important bus-stop. There are some kind motorists who give lifts to tired queuers, but the majority of motorists seem to derive peculiar pleasure at the sight of long-suffering queues. Even motor-cars sporting the flag of the "Courtesy Squad" seldom stop to pick a passenger!

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.

Congress Central Election Committee

At the last meeting of the A. I. C. C. held in Ahmedabad, the question of appointment of 5 Members of the Congress Central Election Committee, came up for discussion and the matter was adjourned to the next meeting. The Central Election Committee has the function of finalising the selection of Congress candidates for the State Legislatures as well as the House of People and Council of States. The preliminary selection of Congress candidates will be made by the respective State Congress Election Committees. Any person who applies for selection as Congress candidate and whose application is rejected by the State Congress Election Committee, will have the right to appeal and take his claim to the Central Election Committee.

It, therefore, stands to reason that any member of the Provincial authority for selecting candidates, should not also be a member of the Appellate Central Authority. Group rivalries are rampant in the provincial Congress organizations and it may be expected that many deserving Congressmen may be made victims of such rivalries, and may be left out of the preliminary selection made in the States. It is only right that such Congressmen should be given a fair and impartial hearing by the Central Congress Election Committee. Justice should not only be done, but must appear to be done. Therefore, I hope that the Congress Working Committee will consider this matter and will give a ruling that no person who is a member of the Pradesh Congress Election Committee, ex-officio or otherwise, should also be a member of the Central Election Committee.

In this connection, it may also be mentioned that the Central Election Committee will consist of 6 persons selected by the Working Committee and 5 persons elected by the members of the All-India Congress Committee. As the Working Committee will be represented by 6 persons of their choice, it will be right and proper that the additional 5 persons to be elected by the All-India Congress Committee should not be members of the Working Committee.

T. M. KRISHNASAMY IYER.

Dr. C. R. Reddy

In the passing away of Dr. Cattaman-chi Ramalinga Reddy India has lost one of its most gifted men, a profound scholar, brilliant writer, orator and debater. Education claimed his ardent and life-

long devotion, in spite of the siren of parliamentary politics which tempted him from time to time. As foundation Vice-Chancellor of the Andhra University, his great contribution was in successfully getting the original scheme to have three University centres reversed and working for a unitary and residential honours and post-graduate teaching centre at the University headquarters. Since his return to the University in 1937, Dr. Reddy applied himself with single-minded devotion to expand and intensify scientific teaching and research in the Andhra University. The present acknowledged position of the Andhra University science colleges in India, is due to his fostering care, encouragement and lead.

It must be said to his everlasting credit, that Dr. Reddy's academic integrity made him set his face strongly against the spirit of the communal G. O. in the working of the University colleges, especially at a time when it was being accepted elsewhere in the Madras State. The residential teaching University institutions at Waltair will be Dr. Reddy's fitting memorial.

Dr. M. V. KRISHNA RAO.
Waltair.

Vive La Kurnool

Kurnool (of Hyderabad Police Action fame) is noted for its roads, dust and stray animals. Whenver a car passes, a cloud of dust rises, and the poor pedestrians have to lung it.

Donkeys and goats roam about in the streets as they like. You just keep your office files in the verandah of your compoundless house and go in to fetch a pen or a ruler; an ass from somewhere materialises, and promptly disposes of the papers in the correct manner! And now who is the real ass? When the donkeys gallop in our streets, interference of any kind would not be tolerated by them. If one is haughty enough to come in their way, one has to lick the dust and pay the extra penalty in the shape of fracture with simple or compound interest as the case may be. When the donkeys start singing, their comrades, the dogs, join the chorus; and I tell you, sir, it beats any orchestral music! A word about the goats. These are more bold than the asses. They simply trespass into our homes and partake surreptitiously of our hard earned rations, if we keep our doors ajar by mistake.

In fine, Kurnool is a First Class Municipality!
N. R. M.

SWATANTRA

VOL. VI
No. 21

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

GOOD RIDDANCE

THE All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference, at its special plenary session in Bombay, called upon the electorate "to demand from every candidate standing for election to Parliament and State legislatures a pledge to work for and to secure repeal of the amendment to Article 19(2) of the Constitution and restoration of freedom of expression." Winding up the special session, Lala Deshbandhu Gupta, the President, said spiritedly, "Even if I have to resign from Parliament on this issue, I am prepared to do so." Yet this same Lala Deshbandhu Gupta, after kicking up a lot of dust on the floor of the Assembly over the amendment of Article 19(2), faded out quietly when votes were taken. Pretentious champions of the public interest command no confidence if they disappear from the scene at crucial moments while indulging loudly in heroics at other times. Nobody can of course support Government in the manner in which they have tampered with the Constitution to modify principles which they themselves proclaimed precious with so much gusto only a few months ago. But the A.-I.N.E.C. is scarcely the body to which one can look up to fight the cause of freedom of expression as against the Government. It represents mainly the property interests of the Press. And it is redundant, as for this purpose there is already in existence an older institution, the Indian and Eastern Newspaper Society. The professional aptitudes associated with journalistic competence and dignity, belong to institutions of craftsmen that have

lately risen into prominence such as the Southern India Journalists Federation and the All-India Journalists Convention. In the A.-I.N.E.C. prominence goes not by merit or distinction but by wangling talent and the length of the purse. The Presidentship circulates by rotation among a small number of moneyed magnates who have managed to come into possession of newspapers as property, but are in no sense of the term leaders of the Press. To the large multitude of working journalists in the country the President of the A.-I.N.E.C. is no more than a pompous self-advertiser. The A.-I.N.E.C. itself is packed with personages who have contributed little to the standards of journalism though they might have appropriated much of its profit and importance in their own favour. The most distinctive achievement of the A.-I.N.E.C. is the press advisory system which has blossomed into a glamorous innovation under the title, the Foreign Affairs Committee. Under the advisory system an *ad hoc* committee sits in judgment over passages in newspapers objected to by the Government, and its operations conduce to the maintenance of an appearance of consultation as between the Government and the Press. In actual practice the judges do not always have any superiority over the judged, entitling them to the role they have assumed. The Madras Press Advisory Committee, for example, has among its members one Subbiah whose name is unheard of in journalistic circles, and who happens to be the clerk of a merchant who obtained control of a

newspaper and was by him elevated into the editor's post. The A.-I.N.E.C. has now threatened suspension of its activities under the press advisory system imagining presumably that thereby the Government will be made sensible of its displeasure. Nobody will shed a tear over the passing away of this absurd system, and we only hope that its temporary abolition under the impetus of indignation will be made permanent as a concession to commonsense. If, along with the press advisory committees, the Foreign Affairs Committee also should pass off into oblivion, the Prime Minister would stand absolved of an impropriety into which he was apparently inveigled in a cloudy moment. The Press consists of two classes, workers and masters, those who build it with their intellect and labour, and those who build themselves up out of the power and wealth which others with their intellect and labour have contributed to it. Hitherto, the latter class have enjoyed a representative position far in excess of their intrinsic value to the Press, at the expense of the former. The ground will be prepared for a desirable new equilibrium by the elimination of the advisory system which is a thing to be welcomed, for all the grim cover given to it by the leaders of the A.-I.N.E.C.

One other resolution of the A.-I.N.E.C. is to the effect that newspapers and periodicals should publish in every issue prominently on the top of the leading article the following caption: "Freedom of expression is our birthright and we shall not rest until it is fully guaranteed by the Constitution." It is gratifying that the more dignified section of the Press has ignored this suggestion completely. There are certain things which pall and breed suspicion when, instead of being taken for granted, they are converted into opportunities for exhibitions of virtuosity. We know only too well how the worst condemnations of black-marketing come from the blackmarketers themselves. Few honest men are so furiously given

to denunciations of corruption as the corrupt themselves before they are caught. In the case of the Press, the worst offenders against freedom of expression are to be found in the ranks of its owners themselves, of the sort contributing office-bearers to the A.-I.N.E.C. The Press in India suffers by the invasion of commerce into its professional precincts. Merchants have imported into newspaper offices peculiar species of black-marketing and profiteering. We owe to them special black lists of persons and movements to be tabooed, and corresponding lists of favourites and campaigns to be boosted. What chance has freedom of expression in such circumstances? Freedom of expression does not consist in talking about it or blaming others for violating it. It needs a minimum of objectivity for which a calibre of culture is essential. Uncultured owners of newspapers who deal with them as merchants deal with commodities are responsible for grosser sabotage of the principle of freedom of expression than any authority external to the Press like the Government can ever be.

Self-Confessed Defeat

SRI N. SANJEEVA REDDI'S announcement that the Congress is not setting up a candidate in the Vizag bye-election to oppose Sri Viswanatham, comes a couple of days after the Congress General Secretary, Sri Kala Venkat Rao, had declared truculently that on no account would the Congress desist from giving a fight to those that challenged its authority. The explanation of Sri Reddi fails therefore to convince, and does not conduce to the credit of the mighty Congress organisation. Sri Viswanatham has acted in a constitutional manner not only now but always. He and Sri Karant represent the finest type of Congressman that Madras State has produced. For that very reason they were not wanted by

the Congress organisation. On what grounds can the Congress oppose Sri Viswanatham except that he was scrupulously faithful to the great Congress principles which the office-bearers of the organisation violated consistently during the past four years, and so in disgust he left the Congress. It is not grace, but lack of confidence that is indicated in the decision of the Congress to withdraw the candidate it

had set up to oppose Sri Viswanatham in the bye-election. The Congress bosses stand revealed as self-defeated before the public as against the superior mightiness of a man of worth and integrity like Sri Viswanatham. Here is a significant sign of the approaching doom of the Congress if persons of the right sort shoulder the opposition to it in the coming elections.

Sotto Voce

THE PERFECT PARASITE



IN Malaya they employ trained monkeys to pluck cocoanuts. Each of these expert climbers earns as much as ten rupees *per diem* for his lucky master, who must have a grand time of it battenning on unearned increment. The beggar with the monkey, though he is a sure draw with the kids, earns a starveling pittance by comparison. The raucous noises he emits, bidding his humble companion ape the exploits of Hanuman, get on the nerves of anxious householders; and they more often reward him with kicks than with halfpence. Whereas the owner of the plucking monkey is a gentleman and a capitalist.

The anthropoid, on the other hand, if he could appreciate the distinction, has the status of a skilled worker. Instead of being degraded to the condition of a guinea-pig by Voronoff's brood, he has as much freedom as is good for man or monkey. And he is paid for doing work which is to his liking, and that is more than can be said of you and me. It is hardly likely that he would have, like the privates of Sugriva's army, to go foraging for

fodder when not on duty. That is not the way things are done in the Welfare State where the eight-hour day leaves the worker neither time nor inclination for domestic chores. I am sure the owners run co-operative canteens for the mounting monkeys of Malaya.

But I would like to know more of the training these arboreans undergo in order to become useful employees. We might that way get many valuable tips for handling human personnel. You haven't to teach a monkey to go up a tree. It might not be so easy to induce him to come down, but even that may be managed with patience. For shying cocoanuts the animal has indeed a native predilection. The trouble, as I see it, is not to start him but to stop, to teach him discriminate between raw and ripe.

The unshelled cocoanut is no food for him and with prohibition the possibility of a swill straight from the pot has vanished. While these factors will undoubtedly make for sobriety they cannot cure him of the

habit of allowing his attention to wander. He may start heaving whole bunches at you in a fury-fit of activity, but halfway through lose all interest in earning a meal for his employer. He may even so far forget what he owes to his own self-respect as to make faces at the poor man. When it comes to dogged devilling for another give me your human every time.

Happening to find myself in one of those blessed places where elaborate idling is a sacred duty and a strenuous pleasure I wandered round to the golf-links. A gentleman in the vigorous autumn of life, as rosy-cheeked as the russet apples of his native country, was walking about with even tread as if he were imprinting his sovereignty on the earth. Once in a while he stopped with great deliberation and taking a club from the caddie who followed him like a shadow, made one or two preliminary passes in the air, and then bending stiffly had a mighty thwack at a tiny white ball with the cup-end of the stick. "Bing"! went the little ball cutting a parabola in the air, while he straightened himself and resumed his stately march.

But it was the gillie rather than the golfer—saving his magnificence,—that held me. He was neither tender nor diminutive like his famed Scottish prototype. Judging from his wan and worn appearance he might be the father of a ragged family. And while his master was attired in the correct costume, tweeds and all, he was rigged out with the mongrel weeds which Anglo-India reserved for its retainers. He carried his load of clubs like an awkward male holding a

baby and moved with the mechanical efficiency of a robot and the complaisance of the slave of the lamp.

He may, for aught I know, be happy doing this kind of thing six days every week and on the seventh too. The work is light—unlike breaking stones or carrying headloads—the pay possibly better than what many clerks get and no doubt he regards himself as a cut above the khansamah if not the cook. Veblen remarked on the higher place in the scale of snob-values occupied by those who ministered to a man's entertainment than those who looked after his creature-comforts. And—as the instincts of the gamin can never be wholly eradicated—he probably derives much quiet enjoyment from mimicking his portentous boss.

But when I think of his perfect conditioning I am frightened. The adaptation is not of the body alone but of the spirit. We in our enlightenment make fun of the old Moghul who, when he waddled abroad, was accompanied at respectful distance by his spittle-carrier. But that humble helot at least made for sanitation. Not for him the self-loathing of the perfect parasite. There was an old attender at my college who, in the mellow years of his service, was the very picture of beaming obsequiousness. In his old age he went mad, and when he came upon any of the young bucks from whom he had wheedled cash, he cursed and swore at them with a fury which might have shaken Lady Macbeth.

VIGNESWARA

INCOME TAX EVASION

Inaugurating the 41st annual meeting of the S. I. Chamber of Commerce on the 26th June, the Chief Minister referred to the evasion of income tax by the merchant community and said he was confident that the members of the Chamber did not contribute towards the sad state of affairs. This he said when the I. T. Investigation Commission is sitting in Madras and conducting investigations. The Commission sitting in Madras is I believe to investigate cases in this part of the country. In the light of the Chief Minister's statement, the Commission is wasting its time and the country's money, and I believe it can use these profitably elsewhere. Surely, if the members of the Chamber can be trusted to be free from income tax evasion, the others can be safely left scot-free.—PATMANABHAN

PURELY DEPARTMENTAL

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

ONE of the advantages of a Democracy is that it saves a lot on gold braid. Whether it uses up what it saves thus on guns or butter is another matter. Gold braid and gilt buttons can be dispensed with. Of course, the manufacturers of gold braid and gilt buttons cry to high heaven at this inequity; but their cries seemingly take a long time to reach high heaven. In the meanwhile we can be glad that everything is for the best in this best of possible worlds.

Though we can dispense with gold braid it does not mean that we can dress anyhow. I mean by "we" of course the Heads of the State, Ambassadors and High Commissioners and other high functionaries. This fact has been recognised by our leaders who have set up the example of the achkan and churidar as the State official dress. They have not said anything about footwear leaving it evidently to the option of the individual. Achkan and churidar call for elaborately ornate but highly uncomfortable durbar slippers or at least North Indian style chappals. But the advertisements of our leading shoe manufacturers show gentlemen dressed in achkan and churidar complete with shoes or "pumps." So let people walk the Bata way, as long as the rest of their appearance inspires respect and, if possible, awe. Of course, though tailors can do much for their customers the person concerned must have some innate dignity, else he looks dressed instead of being dressed. The greater the dignity the less the vestments count. This was true of Mahatma Gandhi. Our last Governor-General who has always tried to emulate the simplicity of his leader, did not alter the style of his dress though he held the highest office in the land. Nor could one have desired a more dignified Governor-General.

But not everyone is a Rajagopalachari, much less a Mahatma Gandhi, and sartorial aids are necessary, especially when one represents his coun-

try abroad. Within India, each province has its own style which suits its sons and daughters perfectly. No achkan and churidar can ever lend a son of Bengal a fraction of the dignity he has when he is dressed in his dhoti and togalike upper-covering. If the climate permits, he should wear this artistic costume whether he is in Delhi or Bombay. What could be more fitting for our Nair ladies than the simple white two-piece garment they wear in their own part of the country. It is the ideal hot weather dress for women in any part of India. But I see that many of them seem to feel that it is not sophisticated enough; and they have taken to wearing the more elaborate form of sari. Likewise the South Indian is wise in wearing a two-yard piece of dhoti (worn over a "Jock strap") with a light width of cloth thrown over his shoulders, this to serve him more as a towel or handkerchief, a necessity in this tropical land. (Few of them now deck themselves in caste marks which sometimes used to make a person look like a Red Indian dressed for the war-path). And, it would be foolish for the South Indian to try and go all Rajput and wear togs in which he looks like a tailor's dummy. Of course, if he was appointed as an envoy abroad he would have to adopt a more ceremonial style of dress. But if he is spindle-legged, churidars are not for him. The European lounge suit can hide many sins.

Probably this consideration has weighed with our External Affairs Ministry, for our envoys abroad suit themselves according to their inclination, wearing churidar and achkan when it suits them and a lounge suit when they prefer this. But whatever the style, the suit must be tailored faultlessly and must never be worn as if it had been wriggled into. Many of our leaders in India are not over-particular about the cut of their achkan. On some of them it buttons tightly showing the embonpoint to disadvantage. Some wear the achkan too far above the knee.

There are others who seem not to make any difference between the achkan and the sherwani. The latter, with its "waist," is the nattier dress. One must be able to carry it off with an air. It was a Moghul vogue which has been retained up to the present in Muslim States. In our day it has been associated with Aligarh where it was more or less *de rigueur*. The sherwani goes with the baggier pyjamas and one cannot imagine Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan in anything more dignified than in sherwani and pyjamas. It suits him.

However, when he was a guest at the White House he had worn formal European dress for dinner, which was extremely sensible of him. It was a gesture towards his hosts and it could not have failed to evoke kind thoughts. Our Prime Minister, on the other hand, wore for dinner at the White House white achkan and churidar (white was quite correct) and the so-called Gandhi cap. I do not think it a Hindu convention to have any headwear at a meal. Nor is it a European custom. Pandit Nehru seems to be inordinately fond of this cloth cap. Foreign sculptors, including Epstein, have chosen to depict him bare-headed, for bare-headed, though bald, he looks like a Roman Proconsul.

They say that the Irish invented the kilt and handed it to the Scots who have not seen the joke against them to this day. In the same way some humourist tacked on the word "Gandhi" to this cloth cap and palmed it off on the public. As far as I know, Mahatma Gandhi never named it nor invented it. He suggested, I believe, that those who wore cloth caps or any other kind of headgear might have them made of khaddar. He did not wear it himself, nor has one of his most distinguished followers, namely Mr. Rajagopalachari, ever worn it. Nor, I think, has Acharya Kripalani worn it. It suits a few people, but on the heads of most it looks absurd and detracts from what dignity the person possesses. It photographs very badly so that foreigners might mistake our leaders as wearing dunces' caps.

Head-gear has at all times been ridiculous, though men have tried to

add inches to their stature and weight to their self-importance by wearing something or other on their heads. Imagine the discomfort of the Guardsmen (the House Guards attached to Buckingham Palace) with their eighteen-inch high Busbies. At almost every occasion of the trooping of colour one or more guardsmen faint from the oppressive heat and weight of this headwear. But they still keep it up. We are more sensible in choosing thin cloth caps. We would be more sensible still if we discard these for ceremonial wear, for they look extremely absurd.

Where the Oriental woman scores over the European woman is in not having anything on her head. If a good-looking young woman cannot wear something on her head and not look absurd, how can the mere male expect to escape? I think our State dignitaries, from the President downwards, would look far more dignified, and far happier, without the "Gandhi" cap.

Ministers and other State officials must at all times set as best an example of dignity combined with simplicity in the matter of appearance and deportment. They must not look as if they belonged to the Vatican Swiss Guards, or as if they were dressed for a part in the opera. Many of our Ministers do.

I have not touched upon the dress and outfit of our A.D.C.'s, our officers of the Army, Air and Navy. Theirs (except in the case of the A.D.C.'s) is a risky job and nobody would grudge them their gold braid and ribbons. But our A.D.C.'s can, I think, do with less weight on their uniforms. And they must be trained to carry off their uniforms as if to the manner born. That was a particularly clumsy pose that was adopted by the A.D.C. to our High Commissioner in London (if the photographs did not lie) when the latter was shown reading a message to the members of the Privy Council. The A. D. C. not only has too much braid but his right hand is hidden behind his back. It would not be a bad idea for the External Affairs Department to have a School of Deportment attached to it.—P. M.

MINORITIES IN INDIA AND PAKISTAN

By B. MADHAVA RAU

THE Pakistan census discloses that the population of East Pakistan which comprises East Bengal with the addition of the major portion of Sylhet District has risen from 41,828,300 in the 1941 census to 42,110,000 in the 1951 census: which means that it has risen by only about 2/3 per cent. East Bengal had previously a higher rate of fecundity than the rest of India. The rate of increase for the whole of India (the India of the present) is 13.4%. Even at this rate the population of East Pakistan ought to have expanded by nearly 6 millions. Allowing for the famine of 1943 there ought to have been an increase of 3 millions. How is it that actually the increase does not come even to 3 lakhs? It is clear that there has been a net emigration of at least 2-3/4 millions from East Pakistan. The Indian census discloses that 2-1/2 million refugees have come to West Bengal and Assam; the remainder must have gone to Bihar, Orissa and other provinces.

West Bengal was harder hit by the 1943 Bengal famine than East Bengal. West Bengal subsists less by agriculture than East Bengal, the high prices hit it more. East Bengal's population of 21,211,427 at the 1941 census should have increased by about 12-3/4 lakhs. On the other hand it has increased by 3-1/2 millions. Even making an allowance for the 1 1/2 million of Cooch Behar, it is clear that there has been a net influx of 2 million people from East Bengal into West Bengal. If the Hindus of East Bengal are well treated why has the population of West Bengal swelled like this, while the population of East Bengal has remained comparatively stagnant?

The Pakistan press is full of the woes of Muslims in Assam. The Muslim settlers have been driven away, it is said, in large numbers. With this expulsion on a large scale, and the floods and earthquake of 1950, Assam ought to have shown a very poor increase in its population. In actual

fact the population of Assam has increased from 7,471,531 in 1941 to 9,129,442 in 1951—an increase of 20.2 per cent. Taking the normal increase at 13.4% (the same as that for the rest of India) there ought to be a net influx of about 4 lakhs of East Pakistan population into Assam, and the census actually records 3 lakhs of refugees.

Let us now take the case of sundered Punjab. After organised massacres such as at Sheikpura, where a curfew was declared, and the houses of non-Muslim inhabitants were then set on fire—the inmates being shot as they came out of the burning houses, for disobeying the curfew—an exchange of populations was arranged. It was estimated that there were 4-1/2 million Moslems in India Punjab as against 3-1/2 million Hindus and Sikhs in Pakistan Punjab. On this basis alone there should have been a net deficit of 1 million in the population of the Indian Punjab, as the efflux of Moslem as against the influx of non-Moslems would be higher by 1 million. Making allowance for the normal increase of population there has been a net increase of 0.4%.

The population of Pakistan Punjab was very nearly 16 millions in 1941. The natural rate of increase (taking the rate as 13.4%) must have taken it to 18 millions in 1951, and the net efflux of East Punjab Muslims must have taken it to 19 millions. Pakistan Punjab has however a population of only 18,814,000. It does not look as if there is a large influx from the western districts of U. P. as claimed by Pakistan.

Let us now take the case of Sind. Sind including Karachi had a population of 4,535,008 in 1941. Sind, owing to the great prosperity which the Sukkur Barrage has given it ought to show an increase of over 13.4%, which we have taken as the average rate. Even at 13.4% it ought to show an increase of 6 lakhs. At the Pakistan census of 1951, Sind, Khairpur and

Karachi together show a population of 5,257,000. Deducting 2 lakhs for the population of Khairpur, Karachi and Sind show barely a population of 5 million, which is at least 1-1/2 lakhs less than they ought to have shown taking the normal rate of increase into consideration. It is admitted that a very large number of Hindus have left Sind. The number of Muslims entering Sind is thus proved to be at least 1-1/2 lakhs less than the number of Hindus leaving Sind.

Bahawalpur is another region which has largely benefitted by irrigation from the Sutlej. In normal times, its rate of increase ought to be in the neighbourhood of 20%, considering that Mysore has recorded an increase of 23.6%; but according to the Pakistan census it shows an increase of only 6%. As Bahawalpur had a population of 15 lakhs at the 1941 census, this works to a net efflux of a little more than 2 lakhs of population from Bahawalpur. This means that large numbers of Hindus have left Bahawalpur, but a much smaller number of Muslims from India have come in.

The Pakistan census shows that in the Northwest Frontier Province, there has been an increase of 10.2% in the Settled Districts and only 1.3% in the Tribal Areas; this only means that the tribal population moving into the Settled Districts has not brought up the increase in the Settled Districts to the normal rate—which again means that non-Muslims have moved out of the Northwest Frontier Province, but Indian Muslims have not moved in. The same story is repeated in the case of Baluchistan and Baluchistan States, which record an increase of 8.2% and 2.2 per cent respectively. The State of Khairpur which has enormously benefitted from the Sukkur Barrage shows only an increase of 3.8%; it has sent away all its Hindus, but Indian Muslims have not moved in.

Taking province by province of Pakistan it is thus mathematically clear that large numbers of Hindus and Sikhs have been squeezed out by the Islamic State of Pakistan; but Indian Muslims, in spite of the persecution to which according to the Pakistan press they are subjected, are reluctant to leave the protection of Nehru's Government. These inferences are

amply confirmed by the marked increase of population in Assam and West Bengal.

We have been assured on the high authority of Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan himself that the Pakistan State and the Muslim League are only different facets of the same unit. The Muslim League functions through volunteers like the Ansars, about whom there is ample proof that they are actively squeezing the minorities from Pakistan. In India the long and strong arm of the State protects the minorities; in Pakistan the arm of the State clasps with friendly embrace the Ansars, who are engaged in heaping up as much misery as they can on the minority population. This plain truth is powerfully borne out by census figures compiled by the Pakistan State itself.

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SPICED GALLERY

By P. N. S.

YOU must have watched several first class matches from the gallery, all agog with enthusiasm, eyes riveted on the players at the centre of the field except when a distracting sari flutters coquettishly in the breeze. You must have clasped your hands and shouted yourself hoarse enthused by a crashing drive of an Amarnath or a deceptive legbreak from a Vinoo Mankad, an imperceptible twist of the stick by an Udham Singh or an adroit piece of headwork by a Thangaraj or a Moin. But have you taken your eyes and your mind off the middle field and allowed them to roam at will over the crowded galleries? If you haven't, in the words of a famous advertisement, "you don't know what you are missing."

For the charm and delight of sport—be it a cricket match, or hockey, or football or tennis—are not always and merely confined to the middle. In fact, a detached survey of the galleries provides as much relaxation as rich entertainment. There is as much colour and excitement in the galleries for the spectator as there is among the participants in the game. Only you must keep your eyes and ears wide open to take it all in.

Take, for instance, the gallery marked "The Press." You can see there a medley of characters—from the famished-looking one banging away at the typewriter with half an eye on the ball as if he were transferring the spirit of the game right from the field on to the foolscap sheet, to that loquacious spirit at the top talking his head away and those of the unfortunate around him. Here, as nowhere else in the stadium, the humble ones watching the game for the sheer delight of it can be counted on the fingers of one hand, while the snobs are legion. Don't go too close and listen to what they are saying; you may be amazed at the volume of ignorance flowing out in the shape of running commentary—but that may be because only a small fraction of the occupants of the gallery are genuine newsmen, the rest, being there because they could get press passes.

Moving away from the snobbish

atmosphere of the 'Press Gallery' we come across several characters who have made themselves part of Madras sport. That gentleman with the rotund Falstaffian figure and Churchill-like countenance, rolling rather than walking to his place in the gallery, has never missed any tournament—hockey, football, tennis—or an important game of cricket played in the city. Throughout the span of the game, be it daylong or hourlong, he sits there with a merry twinkle in his eyes and in a tone of ribaldry voices forth his opinions, mostly uncomplimentary, of the players, of the umpire and of the run of the play generally. One evening, in a battle of dreariness between two city teams in a hockey tournament on the S.I.A.A. grounds, when the game was being carried on in failing light, he brought down the house in laughter by shouting: "Bring on the lights and continue." He thus contributed the only sprightly moment of the evening.

Then there is the small but unforgettable figure of the Anglo-Indian, who, despite the severe handicap of acute physical deformity, is there at every important hockey match, his enthusiasm such as to put cheers into the most depressed hearts. He has a soft corner for the M. & S. M. Railway and when they are engaged in the battle of sticks and wits, he rushes about unable to control his feelings and shouts himself hoarse. And if his favourite team should win, one can read the ecstasy in his face.

No cricket fixture of any importance in the city passes without being graced by that cheerful personality from Triplicane, clad in a dhoti and a shirt, a towel carelessly thrown around his head, his mouth chewing betel endlessly. Shunning a permanent seat in the galleries, this blithe spirit flits from group to group, creating ripple after ripple of hearty laughter by his witty epigrams, based on a sound knowledge of the game and pronounced with a grim countenance as if he meant every word of it.

And what about those Gujarati friends with brass cymbals carrying on a bhajan through the hot days of

a cricket match as if calling on the gods to witness the failings and stupidities of some of our men in the middle. And again that adipose Gujerathi with a fund of humour who enlivened the dull sessions of the recent fourth Test against the Commonwealth team played at Madras by acting as a successful seller of ground-nuts—while the poor contractor from whom the basket had been snatched stood staring, wondering perhaps if the Babu had a chink in the brain. At the end of it all the Babu returned the basket and with a grin received his wages in kind from the still-dazed contractor.

The fourth Test brought forth another delightful character, who actually won laurels for his demeanour. Belonging to the fast dying fraternity of tufted gents, his arrival every day of the match was greeted with thunderous cries of "pluggy" an obvious reference to the unpopular cluster. But this orthodox gentleman was not to be cowed down by such behaviour and acknowledged the boos and catcalls with a bow and a smile worthy of a great actor. And on the last day, as he made his way, he was received with applause in place of the wonted cries of derision and opposite to his seat was stuck a board welcoming him and saying that those who came to boo had stood to cheer him for his sportsmanship. And honour him they did in right earnest. Scarcely had he taken his seat when a representative gathering from the right sidestepped into his enclosure, approached him with greetings and after garlanding him with flowers raised three cheers, cheers that rent that section of the air.

Take any cricket festival and take a look at the throng of people in the gallery adjoining the group of decaying trees under which was huddled together, till yesterday, the press. One will never fail to miss a joint family of spectators ranging from the aged grandmother to the tiny tot of two. And even if the pair of eyes misses them when mixed with the crowd, they will never fail to attract once the luncheon hour comes; if still the eyes are looking at some other place, it will be only for a trice, for the strength of the delectable smell of delicious dishes emanating from the lunch baskets of this family will force one to turn and

cast hungry looks at the baskets. Visits from foreign teams and famous cricketing personalities have been treated by these people as picnics and from the way they have been enjoying themselves, despite the heat and the long drawn out battle in the centre, they must have gone home much refreshed at the end of the day and the match. And the way the head of the family distributed the luncheon and the coffee is an object lesson in democracy.

While on this subject it is impossible not to refer to an officer who was occupying an exalted position in the State, and who caught by the fever that heralded an English test team's visit to the city, booked a seat at Chepauk. And hardly had the match started when this worthy attracted by a fieldsman cutting off a boundary to the accompaniment of loud cheers from the multitude tapped the man on his right and queried "Why are they cheering?" And when he was told that the fieldsman had brilliantly cut off the ball from reaching the boundary he asked "What is a boundary?" When the bewildered friend managed to give an answer to this he was faced with another question in the same vein. The worthy turned to his left for a moment, and when he turned round again to put another of his questions, he saw only an empty chair.

So the pageantry of spectators rolls on, with some additions—a collegiate youth in trousers, evening hat and a bush coat fashioned out of a chequered bedspread, and immaculately dressed youth, a Herbert Sutcliffe minus his cricket. One can go on adding to this list of delightful characters that brace the sun and the rain for the cause of the game they love. They stand apart from that band of people to whom cricket, hockey, football and tennis encounters have become social events, and with a glitter of newly acquired wealth (in which market it is not possible to divine) occupy the favoured seats and sit through the day with an air of snobbery that one is tempted to gather and have a throw at their lifted faces when an occasional ball crosses the boundary into the crowd. They form as much an integral part of the game as the player. May their tribe increase!

THORNS IN THE SIDE OF RED CHINA

By EMIL LENGYEL

THREE vast areas aggregating some 1,800,000 square miles of Asia stand between protracted Soviet and Chinese Communist friendship. These regions include two of the Central and Far Eastern neighbours of the Soviet Union: the Mongolian People's Republic, in the Far East; Chinese Turkestan or Sinkiang, in central Asia; and Tibet, "top of the world." All three belonged to China in the past while two of them are firmly in the Russian orbit now. We may see the beginnings of a tug of war between the Kremlin and Peking in the way the Chinese are handling the problem of Tibet.

The Mongolian People's Republic, is independent in name, but it is a Soviet satellite in essence. In the wastes of deep Asia, it is completely cut off from the outside world. It is a vast empty quarter of the world—fewer than 1,000,000 Mongols on 500,000 square miles. Yet the country is important because of its central location, and also because of its mineral wealth, of which uranium may be a part.

Outer Mongolia, as it was known in Chinese days, is the weirdest mixture of the Atom Age and the Early Stone Age. It is in the midst of a super-modern five-year plan, scheduled to be completed in 1952, which is to endow it with engineering works and industrial plants. Yet the population is so primitive it is still nomadic and only a fraction of the country's arable land is tilled.

Mongolia's government is pure Soviet. The Russian politburo has its Mongol equivalent in the half dozen top people of the land.

The lodestar of this desert country is the Moscow Kremlin. Russian advisers are at hand, of course, and the Mongol cavalry—horsemen descendants of the fabulous Kublai Khan—are also handy with tanks. There is a wireless station in the country, which is operated by graduates of Moscow schools. Mongolia has a university, in which half of the threescore professors are Russians. The National

Bank is jointly owned with Russia's State Bank and it issues notes to replace the Stone Age wampum. The capital, Ulan Bator, is linked to the Soviet's Trans-Siberian by a railway line. Steamboats navigate the country's two larger rivers. Next to the wireless station, however, there may be a dozen tents in which people live no differently than they did in the days of the Great Khan.

Largest of these thorns in China's side is in the extreme west, the huge land of Sinkiang, covering some 700,000 square miles, with about 4,000,000 people. Nominally this is Chinese land, but the heart of China is a couple of thousand miles to the east, while Soviet central Asia is just around the corner. China proper is separated from Sinkiang by deserts, while across the border is the Soviet's Turksib railway, calling at the city of Alma Ata, which sees far more of Sinkiang's exports and imports than all of China.

Only a small part of the population is Chinese, while the majority are kin to the people of Soviet central Asia, people speaking Turkic tongues; Uighur, Kazakh, Uzbek, Kirgiz. Sinkiang youth have many Soviet teachers and hundreds of them make their pilgrimage to Moscow to study medicine, agriculture, veterinary science and engineering.

It was the Russians who improved western China's age-old silk route, which cuts right across Sinkiang. The plant seeds used in the region are Soviet imports and the Soviets have been trying to improve Sinkiang's agriculture, especially its production of silk. The Russians buy the region's raw materials and sell it their industrial products. The main site of settlement in this predominantly desert land is in the broad and fertile Ili valley. The river Ili flows into the Soviet's Lake Balkash. Important to remember, Sinkiang has oil, even though the outside world does not know how much.

Already in the late 1930's, the

Soviets virtually ruled this region through the Chinese governor, Sheng Shie-ts'ai, called the "chameleon marshal" because he turned against the Communists during World War II when the Soviets seemed to be faring badly. He set up Russian-oriented cultural organizations and even received a Soviet loan. Russian influence here is deep, especially in the larger cities, such as Kashgar and Yarkand, which look into the Soviet land and copy its ways. It is not likely that the Chinese Communists, striving to become a dominant power in Asia, will be able to reconcile themselves to Russian rule in China's land.

The third area on the peripheries of China has been much in the news of late. It is Tibet, the celestial realm, where even the valleys lie 16,000 feet high. Its area has never been surveyed and estimates run from 300,000 to a 1,000,000 square miles, while the population is estimated to be about 3,000,000.

Early last October, a Chinese Communist army invaded Tibet and the Dalai Lama, living incarnation of the Buddha in the person of the 15-year-old boy, Linger Lamutanchu, left the sacred capital for the frontier town of Yatung, overlooking India, where he was looking for sanctuary in case of need. The Chinese forces encountered no resistance from the primitive Tibetan armies.

It is not at all impossible that the Chinese Communists move was directed not so much against the West as it was an anticipation of a possible move by China's Soviet ally. The Russians' interest in this forbidding region is old. In the 1880's, a Buryat-

Mongolian lama, Dorjiev, who was a Russian subject, went into Lhasa, and there represented the Czarist Government. He impressed the Russian Foreign Office with the importance of Tibet and, in turn, assured the Tibetans they might be able to convert the Russians to Lamaism. Subsequently Russian arms were sent into Tibet and the word got around that the Czar would take over the protectorate of the land, which nominally belonged to China.

Russian activity appeared to be sufficiently menacing for Britain to send a military expedition into Tibet under the command of Sir Francis Edward Young-husband, which reached Lhasa in 1904, and forced the Government to sign a treaty under which no railroad or other concessions would be granted to any Government, and neither Russia nor Britain would have the right to maintain diplomatic representatives. It is significant that, at the approach of the British, the Dalai Lama had fled in the company of Dorjiev, the Russian.

Tibet is still inaccessible, but it occupies a central position in Asia. It is about midway between Moscow and the current scenes of unrest in South-east Asia.

These three regions, situated on the margins of the Chinese Republic, deserve closer attention than they have received hitherto. No matter how close the friendship between Russia and China, a dynamic country such as Communist China appears to be cannot allow the loss of vast areas of immense strategic importance. Rifts in the monolithic unity of the two countries may soon appear because of these distant lands.—Copy-right—N. N. F.

CLASSICAL DANCE DRAMA OF TAMIL NAD

By E. KRISHNA IYER

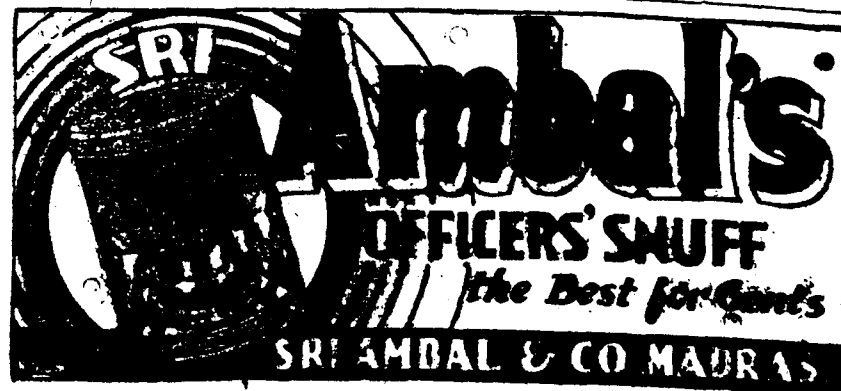
THE classical dance-drama form of Bharata Natya in Tamil Nad had been in prominent vogue as a delectable art till three or four decades ago in some of the villages round about Tanjore, like Merattur, Soolamangalam, Oothukad, Saliyamangalam, Nallur and Theperumanallur. Though nowadays it is in an attenuated stage, the tradition is still carried on in the first three villages year after year, in connection with their local temple festivals, in the months of May and June. In the other villages, it is more or less defunct except perhaps as a small formal ceremony. The dance-dramas enacted in them were all composed by the illustrious Venkatrama Shastry of Merattur who lived 150 years ago. Of them 'Pahlada', 'Markandeya', 'Usha', and 'Rukmangada' are now the four favourite plays common to all the villages and they are masterly creations noted for their high diction and artistry. Besides these, the author had composed eight other dramas also, namely, 'Gollabhama', 'Sita Kalyanam', 'Rukmini Kalyanam', 'Dhruva', 'Kamsavadha', 'Harischandra', 'Sivarithrivaibhavam', and 'Bhasmasura Vadham'.

These dance-dramas are expounded with music of high class Carnatic tradition, dance and abhinaya in Bharata Natya technique, poetic speeches and dialogues and appropriate dramatic action. The sentiments of the songs and speeches are of varied interest with devotion and philosophic truths permeating all through. Dharus (resembling the longer kritis) couplets, duets and verses are the various forms of musical composition employed. These, along with poetic soliloquies and dialogues, blend with dance and abhinaya at every stage. The interpretation of song and speech with significant hand-gestures and facial expression coincide with rhythmic cadences of the feet, while intermittent Svara passages and corresponding Nritya or pure dance sequences in excellent choreography punctuate

some of the songs in a scintillating manner. Background music is supplied by a chorus of musicians who sing and do the Nattuvangam (giving the combinations of rhythmic syllables for dance sequences) with the *sollukkattus* (combinations of rhythmic syllables) in tune with the sruthi. Such remarkable synchronisation of music, speech, dance and abhinaya produces a high aesthetic appeal. The written and spoken words of the song and speech are lifted from the audible to the visible plane. In short 'The Sravya Kavya becomes the Drisya Kavya' as per the ideal of the ancient Bharata Sastra. No wonder, the 2,000 year old Bharata's Natya tradition is said to still live in these dance-dramas of Tamil Nad.

In the words of the scholar Mr. K. V. Ramachandran "Though verse seeks a composite expression in unison with the fully developed arts of music and dance in the drama, it is dance which triumphs and dominates—dance in its infinite variety as a decorative unit that twines in and out of every speech and song as the basis and supreme resource of abhinaya, dance that conditions everything from the simplest courtesy to the most elaborate ritual and helps to recapture the epic atmosphere of the stories". The high tension is occasionally relieved by comic interludes.

The Bhagavata Mela dance-drama of Tamil Nad resembles Kathakali of Malabar in being all-night shows without the stage settings of modern dramas and in having such features as 'Patra-pravesam' or introduction of the chief characters of the play with song and dance. But the two differ in other aspects. The abhinaya of Kathakali, though rich and vivaciously exuberant too, differs in many respects from that of traditional Natya Sastra, which is closely followed in the Bhagavata Mela shows. The actor-dancers in the former do not speak or sing but expound their abhinaya only mutely to the accompaniment of background music. While the



Maddalam (drum) is the dominant feature in the music of Kathakali dances, there is a blend of vocal and instrumental music in the Bhagavata Mela dances. In its costume and style of dance and abhinaya the Kathakali smacks somewhat of the eeriness of earlier folk art from which it has developed. The Tamil Nad dance-drama is more refined with 'soustava' or grace and elegance. Predominance of masculine vigour with fierce passions and thrilling realism characterises the Kathakali as an art of dynamic energy. In contrast to it, the Bhagavata Mela dance-drama is subdued and more graceful with the characteristically suggestive gesture language in abhinaya and highly artistic designs in dance eschewing realism as beyond the conception of Bharata Sastra.

Considering the music of these dance-dramas alone, Venkatrama Sastry's compositions deserve special attention. He was a senior contemporary of Saint Tyagaraja belonging to the golden age of Carnatic music. Some of the songs in the dance-dramas of the former are of as high order as those of the latter. Prahlada's entrance song 'Prahladhudu' in Bhairavi raga sounds almost like Tyagaraj's 'Upacharamu' kriti in the same raga. But the two great composers never copied from each other. Both were remarkable geniuses and master-composers. Hence in estimating the development of Carnatic music in its golden age of the 18th and 19th centuries, one has to take into account not only the contribution of the famous Trinity Tyagaraja, Dikshitar and Syama Sastri, but also that of other composers like Venkatrama Sastry of Merattur.

As Telugu had been the court language in Tamil Nadu from the time of Vijayanagar kings down to the time of the Maharatta Princes of Tanjore, the Bhagavata Mela dance-dramas had all been composed in that language. Character roles in these dramas had been the properties of particular families inherited from generation to generation. As such the art had been a part of the lives of the people in these villages.

Though the extant dance-dramas of Tamil Nad are those composed 150 years ago by Venkatrama Sastry, the Bhagavata Mela tradition had been in

existence long before his time. All fine arts in India had been conceived from ancient times as a means of expounding 'Bhakti' or devotion to God for spiritual realisation. Even from the 9th century, temples in India had their own theatres, and devout artistes exhibited their art in music, dance and abhinaya as offerings to God as part of their worship. Troupes of Brahmins are said to have offered operatic performances in those temples. Patronage under the Chola and Vijayanagar kings and under later rulers too contributed to the growth and development of dance-dramas. The origin and growth of the present beautiful village of Merattur, the birth-place of Venkatrama Sastry and Natesa Iyer, can be cited as evidence for it. It is said to have risen from the settlement of 500 Brahmin families with gifts of 500 shares each consisting of lands, a house and a well therein, during the time of King Achuthappa Naick of Tanjore, for the purpose of keeping up and developing the arts including the dance-drama.

About three hundred years ago, Thirtha Narayana Swami, the author of 'Krishna Lila Tharangini' was one such devout artiste and he composed a number of dance-dramas in Telugu like 'Parijathaharanam' and 'Rukmangadaha', and also some Pada-Varnas. Long after him, Venkatrama Sastry's father Gopala Krishna Sastry also had composed some dance-drama like 'Dhruva', 'Gouri', 'Sitakalyanam' and 'Rukminikalyanam.' Manuscripts of these plays are said to be found still in some of the villages.

While later day saints like Tyagaraja were content with music itself as a means of devotion, others of a former age like Thirtha Narayana did not consider it enough but were convinced that along with music, expression of sentiments and emotion with dance and abhinaya also was necessary for perfect devotion. Reference to this concept is to be found in his 'Lila Tharangini' songs. He followed closely the tenets and modes of bhakti as exemplified in the Bhagavata and he composed his songs and dance-dramas accordingly. He found perfect devotion in the exposition of Puranic stories with music, dance and abhinaya in Bharata Natya technique. Those who sang the praise of God and expounded bhakti through such

media and kalakshepams came to be called as 'Bhagavatars' and the dance-dramas enacted by them as Bhagavata Mela Natakas'.

Venkatrama Sastry and his father followed the tenets of Thirthanarayana and composed their own dance-dramas in that line, improving the tradition to suit their own times. As the object of playing these dramas was devotion to God,—the practice of presenting them before temples only came into vogue. Conceptions like 'Art for art's sake'—or art for earning one's livelihood or art as a pleasant pastime, had no place in that tradition and it is so even today. Nonetheless, what art was exhibited before God, had to be of high aesthetic value as well, without which no God would be pleased. Hence high technique and perfect mastery thereof was made a *sine qua non* in the exposition of these arts. Though nowadays religious faith and devotional aspect may not have as much importance to connoisseurs of art as before, one cannot but be struck by the high aesthetic value and appeal of these dance-dramas. Hence their usefulness and importance even to-day.

It is true that the present day standard of these dance-dramas in the Tanjore villages is not what it was during the hey-day of former generations of master-artistes. While the dancers of former times lived in their own villages and cultivated the art with patience and care, economic circumstances have forced their descendants to eke out their livelihood in outside towns and cities, leaving little time or opportunity to keep up their practice of the art in good condition. Most of them return to their villages only on the eve of the annual festivals and with what little practice they might have had and without much of necessary over-all rehearsals, they play their parts as best as they can in a devotional mood. Hence the present

day shows suffer from many avoidable defects.

All the same, from what I saw at Soolamangalam last year and at Merattur this year, I could not but be struck by the high conception of the art and its underlying technique in music, dance and abhinaya. In spite of present day general deterioration in the standard of the shows, high class music still remains intact. Most of the members of the orchestra supplying background music happen to be well trained musicians and they sing well and do the nattuvangam also in an enjoyable manner. Among dancers, old Swaminatha Bhagavata of Soolamangalam, P. R. Krishnamurthi of Oothukad, Professor Radhakrishnan—a son of the late Vidy-natha Bhagavata of Soolamangalam who was a master conductor of these dramas—and one or two others at Merattur are still able to give an idea of the art as it must have been in the past. The continuation of the tradition as well as its rejuvenation and further development lie in the hands of a few living conductors like Balu Bhagavata of Merattur, Professor Radhakrishnan of Soolamangalam and P. R. Krishnamurthi of Oothukad. After seeing their shows, one is convinced that if reconditioned and developed to suit modern times, these classical dance-dramas of Tamil Nad can be made attractive and popular, as it was done in the case of Sadir-nautch and Kathakali, which were also in a deteriorated state two decades ago.

Anyway, an effective revival of these dance-dramas can help to remove prevailing misconceptions about Bharata Natya and add one more rich variety to existing dance systems of India, while at the same time it can supply much material for the evolution of newer forms of dance-dramas and ballets. It is up to all lovers of Indian dance art to note these things and utilise the still surviving tradition and its exponents to best advantage.

In an address before the International Chamber of Commerce at Lisbon, Portugal, Hoffman warned that the Communist drive for world domination has put capitalistic systems of all types on trial everywhere. The issue, he said, is the performance of Capitalism against the promises of Communism.

"Only men armed with machines can create wealth in abundance, and if what we want is wealth in abundance for many men, the job is to step up production everywhere by substituting mechanical muscles for human muscles."

THE BATTLE FOR FOOD

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

PANDIT NEHRU spoke the language of war in a recent broadcast of his on our food situation and few will demur to his appeal to deal with the question on a war footing. How else can we counter on any but a war basis, a problem which itself has grown out of two wars: World War II, which sapped our vitality and national character, overran Burma, our chief food exporting country and saddled us with upwards of 7 lakhs of our nationals, and the other within our own borders, which effectually transferred a vast portion of our arable lands but left us with the responsibility of feeding (and housing) millions of people as refugees? Today the food problem is the country's problem number one. (Pakistan is wholly free from it.) But those who talk glibly of tackling it by mere change of personnel or government must remember that it was only an intelligent anticipation of its seriousness (of which the Bengal Famine of 1943 was an earnest) that drove the Britishers to let go their hold on our country.

India had never been self-sufficient in food and circumstances like drought and failure of monsoon are not recent phenomena but have persisted through the ages. In fact even during the palmy puranic days, there had been long periods of total absence of rains. Cultivation, conservation and distribution of food stuffs had ever been present before our Vedic seers. An Upanishad directly enjoins us to grow food plentifully, a Smriti expects an individual not to store more than 20 days' stock of cereals and the whole of our liturgic and ritualistic literature insists on poor feeding as part of every religious exercise and on occasions both grave and gay, the higher the number (sahasra bhojan), the greater the merit. Public feeding houses were interspersed throughout the country and in spots most vulnerable to famine, and indeed until recently were annexes to Malabar temples. These precautions were necessitated by the frequent recurrence of famine which for want of international aid and internal communication, had

always exacted a heavy toll of human beings and cattle.

Rains have an intimate bearing on food. Lord Krishna says truly: "Parjanyaath Annasambavah." But it is a sad fact that owing to our geo-physical make-up rains from time immemorial have seldom been plentiful or evenly distributed. This problem had been worrying our rishis to the utmost and invocation of supernatural agencies for rain is part of our daily prayers. It is up to us however to deal with it on a sure and scientific basis. An urgent need is a geo-physical survey of our vast country and we must enlist the co-operation and help of the foreign experts to that end. This has to be followed up by the rapid afforestation of our plateaus and meadows, our hills and dales, taking the cue from Soviet Russia which since the Revolution had afforested, in rows of 300 miles, about 8000 miles of her hinterland. Shri Munshi's tree-planting and Vana Mahotsava campaigns are conceived in the proper scientific spirit, although, it must be confessed, they were carried out with little enthusiasm and less responsibility by our people. Actually they have been cartoonised and caricatured. Dams and river valley projects certainly offer long range solutions but they are next only to afforestation; for, after all, of what use will dams be without water, and are China, Siam and Burma, (the world's biggest producers of rice) any the worse without dams?

In recent years, scarcity of cereals, especially rice, which after World War II has acquired an international food value, has been due to the shrinkage of imports from Burma and the failure of the monsoons and of the grow more food campaign in the States. The demand has been alarmingly in inverse proportion to the supply. In the wake of the war conditions in India, statutory rationing of rice had become universal and this meant, at any rate in South India, that rice which previously had been consumed by the middle and the well to do classes had also become part of the labourer's palate and the intro-

duction of prohibition has put more money into their pockets and provided the wherewithal. In such circumstances any idea of self-sufficiency is apt to be wholly illusory for some decades to come.

Our food problem has to be solved both by long range and short range programmes. Short range programmes, which we may put down as get-quick-food-methods, consist mainly in the import of food grains from abroad and intensive procurement and production at home; but these are only emergent remedies and are valuable or valueless as such. Actually either of them may harm us in the long run. Unrestricted imports from overseas may ultimately paralyse our financial stability unless care is taken to levy a food cess on all the consumers except those actually indigent. And intensive production especially with the aid of chemical manures may quite conceivably sap the fertility of the soil. Fertilisers as such are valuable only in regard to uncultivated waste and great care is necessary to use them for cultivated and cultivable tracts. Prof. Einstein took occasion only recently to warn us against the indiscriminate use of inorganic manures; in fact, scientific opinion has always been solidly behind the replacement of chemical by organic manures. Compost drawn from sewage and sullage in urban areas is perhaps the most natural and valuable crop-raiser, but it is a thousand pities that crores of rupees worth of this precious material are literally being thrown into the sea everyday in our country. By carefully co-ordinated and integrated planning, financed if need be by a World Bank loan, it should be easy to provide every urban area with underground drainage and compost-forming apparatus. This will, besides paying rich dividends in public health incidentally make for the extinction of the scavenging or the Bhangi class, which is a blot on our civilization. Amongst other devices are the out-lawing of the cultivation of non-food crops especially in delta tracts and the reversion to the pre-British method of collecting land revenue in kind which is the more practicable in States like Madras where land tax has been superseded by the sales tax as a major head of

State revenue, and which certainly is less agonising than procurement.

Co-operative farming has to be on a nation-wide scale as part of the recently inaugurated Central Tractor Organization. The Indian farmer, contrary to popular belief, is indigent, but not conservative and it is possible to change his entire outlook by skilful and systematic propaganda and better still, experiments. At present agricultural operations have a dead uniformity and drudgery in which modern appliances play little or no part. Co-operative farming in the case of small holdings will be a veritable boon provided of course rights of ownership are not interfered with. In regard to unowned waste, the policy so successfully pursued in Iran of conferring ownership on those raising food crops, deserves to be adopted and is surely a much better expedient than some of the ill-advised recommendations of the Congress Agrarian Reforms Committee to make the "tiller of the soil" the owner. This may have disastrous effects on the owners of small holdings and eliminate the gentleman-farmer who is so essential to our agrarian economy. Individual efforts and initiative ought always to have full scope and the phenomenal success which has crowned single ventures like those of Dr. T. S. S. Rajan, is the obvious sequel of such a policy. Agricultural education should be made compulsory at all stages of the academic life and every centre of education should have a well equipped farm as an annexe; and the example set by Sir P. S. Sivaswami Ayyar's High School in Tanjore district is worthy of emulation. Finally, transport of food grains have to be entrusted to speedier and more efficient agencies than our railways.

Food must be a Central subject and administered as such by agencies not swayed by provincial policies or loyalties. States, and even more State politicians, have not given a good account of themselves at all critical times. The U. P. sugar barons and rice dealers have in fact been more exacting than our foreign importing agencies. As our Food Minister has emphasised time and again, surplus States do not part with their grains easily, and in many of them procurement

has not been up to the Centre's target. Each State has had its own way of dealing with the offenders, at any rate the bigger offenders. The Congress had simply been looking on all the while, whilst grave allegations were made against Congressmen, M.L.As as well as Ministers who hindered procurement. The verdict of an American journalist Jean Lyon that the "administration is too loose, the controls too spotty and the loopholes for evasion too great" is scathing but true. Furthermore, States in India have neither the resources nor the skilled personnel to carry out large-scale or long-range programmes. A food commission on a statutory basis is the only solution and it should consist of the

country's leading scientists, engineers and statesman: C. V. Raman, Sri M. Visvesvaraya, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Shyama Prasad Mukerji, Acharya Kripalani, K. M. Munshi and Pandit Nehru. After all it should be recognised that amidst so much that is gloomy, there is so much more for which we should feel elated. We have, even after partition, a vast human potential no whit inferior in intelligence and ability. Only skilful planning is necessary to offset all opposing forces, even of Nature herself. China, just emerged from the throes of a deadly struggle and still the background of bitterly opposing ideological forces, is today the producer of a fifth of the world's output of grain.

VINOBA BHAVE—GANDHIJI'S HEIR

By BHARATAN KUMARAPPA

IN the United States, a question often put to me was, now that Gandhiji has gone, is there any one who can take his place in India? On my return, I find to my delight the nearest to an answer. Vinoba Bhave is proving that *ahimsa*, or the principle of love, when applied to human affairs has still the power which Gandhiji claimed for it.

Unlike Gandhiji, Vinoba who is still in his fifties is a scholar. Gandhiji's acquaintance with the Indian classics was slight, while Vinoba is well versed in Sanskrit and is soaked in the wisdom of our past. Gandhiji represented the soul of India instinctively. In Vinoba we have Gandhiji's instinct supplemented by almost unbelievable knowledge of the best thought of India through the ages.

The difference in the nature of these two men accounts for the fact that though both have the same convictions and the same moral fervour, Gandhiji has become a world figure while Vinoba is practically unknown. Gandhiji was essentially a public man, interesting himself in activities which brought him into contact with important persons in every walk of life, while Vinoba is by nature a recluse who shrinks from publicity. His interests are scholarly, and when they include people, they are confined to those immediately around him. At

the same time it is non-violence or love which is his gospel like that of Gandhiji. Let us see how it has expressed itself in Vinoba's life.

His non-violence or love has led him to take interest in all religions. He has studied the scriptures of the important religions of the world, more especially Hinduism, Buddhism, Sikhism, Islam and Christianity. Not content with reading the Koran in translation, he went to the trouble of learning Arabic, just to be able to study the Koran in the original. His knowledge of the Bible, especially of the Gospels, is astounding. He can quote chapter and verse, and can interpret the life and teachings of Jesus with greater understanding than many Christian theologians under whom I have studied. In his study of other religions, his doctrine of love makes him look for their merits rather than for their defects.

His own language is Marathi, but besides it and Sanskrit he has studied Persian, Arabic, English and most of the living languages of India, including Bengali, Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam and Kanarese. In fact, language study used to be one of his occupations during his 1942-1945 imprisonment. Early in the morning, one could hear him reciting aloud in Tamil in his bath some of the poems of the Tamil poet,

Bharati. His love recognises no cultural or language barriers. To him the thoughts of all people are equally lovable.

He is an accurate student of history and civilization, and has very penetrating knowledge of the evolution of ideas and institutions in India and elsewhere, including Western countries. His views about the West are generally sympathetic, balanced and objective.

He knows no communal prejudice. In fact, if anything, he is more critical of his own community in regard to communal conflicts than of other communities. A few days ago, he said on his tour through Telengana that Pakistan was really the outcome of Hindu aloofness and the attitude of untouchability amongst Hindus, on the followers of other religions, rather than due to any teaching of Islam itself. Such self-criticism follows directly from his doctrine of love, which teaches that we must not look for faults in others, but first and foremost seek the fault in ourselves and remove it, for if our conduct is right and proper, our opponent will cease to be our opponent and become our ally.

Vinoba makes no distinction between caste or outcaste, rich or poor. His love makes him want to serve the most despised. So his heart went out to the leper, and he induced one of his workers to dedicate himself completely to the service of lepers.

Like Gandhiji, Vinoba believes in the method of non-violence or love in the political sphere, not as a matter of expediency, but as a creed. Therefore it was that Gandhiji initiated his movement of individual civil disobedience in 1940 with Vinoba as the first representative of the people's protest against war. He described Vinoba then as the ideal Satyagrahi or one who came nearest to embodying in his own life and thought the ideal of non-violence or love.

But Vinoba's heart is really not in politics as such, but with the down-trodden masses of our land. Therefore he is content to bury himself in a few villages. His idea is to make villagers self-dependent, capable of managing their affairs themselves and safeguarding their own interests, for

non-violence cannot tolerate control and exploitation of villages by outside agencies. To bring this about, Vinoba believes that villages have to become more or less economically self-sufficient, producing as far as possible all that they require for themselves, especially in the way of the necessities of life. That means paying special attention to agriculture and village industries.

Symbolic of this movement to enable the villager to stand on his own legs and to revise village economic life, is hand-spinning which Gandhiji organised throughout the country. Vinoba took to spinning avidly and brought his scholarly, painstaking and investigating mind to bear on it, and became an expert in the art himself and wrote a text-book on hand-spinning as a basic craft for teachers of Basic Education.

In addition to all this, of course, is the need under a philosophy of love for people to live together in peace and unity and to co-operate with each other for each other's good. Vinoba never tires of trying to achieve such unity and co-operation in the villages where he has set up work.

All these activities are included in the movement for Sarvodaya founded by Gandhiji for the full development of all members of society, none being excluded, rich or poor, capable or incapable, strong or weak. The doctrine of love enjoins that none are to be exterminated or eliminated, but all are to develop side by side for the common good of all. And Vinoba is out to establish such a scheme of things in the villages.

As against this, Communism preaches class-hatred and violent extermination of the propertied classes. It has established itself in Telengana in Hyderabad State. Vinoba decided to put his non-violent philosophy of Sarvodaya to test in this Communist-ridden area, and went there a few weeks ago as a messenger of peace and non-violence. His life was in danger but he refused police protection. He interviewed Communist leaders in jail and outside, and told them that he was as anxious as they to reach the Communist goal of freedom from oppression and exploitation for the common man, but that the only way of achieving this end was

through non-violence. He pleaded with them, therefore, as their sympathiser and friend, to give up their methods of violence. He toured the villages and soon saw that if Communism had entrenched itself in them, it was only because big landlords, many of whom owned 10,000 acres of land each, kept the land to themselves and exploited the labour of landless peasants. The only solution, Vinoba was convinced, was to distribute the land to the cultivators. But how was this to be done? The Communists did it preaching hatred against the landlord and inciting the peasant to murder, loot, burn, and forcibly take possession of the land. This orgy of crime has been costing the State's exchequer Rs. 50 million annually. But what Vinoba, armed with nothing but his message of love did was, to appeal to these landlords on the basis of justice and brotherhood to donate their lands to the peasants. He covered nearly 450 miles of rough country on foot, visited almost 300 villages in about six weeks in the fierce midsummer heat, and won the hearts of both rich and poor by his transparent sincerity, selflessness, and faith in man's sense of justice, and love. People thronged around him, and drank in what he had to say. He appealed to the best in them, whether they were landlord, peasant or Communist. Emaciated, dressed in a loin-cloth, living on little else than curds, and trudging on foot from three in the morning, he impressed people as a man of God, seeking nothing for himself, but undergoing suffering that they may live happily in love and unity. Such redeeming love could not go in vain. Central to his mission was his prayer-meeting, where people saw that his life and teaching were rooted in religion. That was enough. India's masses, rich or poor, trained through the centuries to respect non-violence, self-renunciation and religion responded, and it is reported that

actually 10,112 acres of land were freely donated by the landlords by the end of his tour. Vinoba has appointed a three-man committee to distribute this land among the cultivators, each peasant family to receive roughly 1 acre of wet land and 5 acres of dry land. And in regard to land forcibly seized by the Communists he has declared that these should be given back to the landlords, who should voluntarily give them to the peasants. The virtue of this method is that it is twice blest. It blesses him who gives and him who receives. Both landlord and peasant are united once more and co-operate with each other for their mutual advantage. It seems too good to be true. And yet it has happened. Truth is stronger than fiction.

Gandhiji applied the law of love with phenomenal success in the political sphere, and India achieved her freedom from foreign rule non-violently. Now Vinoba is applying it in the economic sphere, showing that it can yield phenomenal results there also to free the weak from the strong. He has proved by results that people do respond to an appeal to their reason and conscience. So it is not necessary to resort to violence as Communism does. Indeed the only way to achieve a permanent solution to problems of human conflict is through love and appeal to the highest in man. When this is effectively done, the erstwhile opponent is converted and becomes one's best helper and friend. It is India's answer, based on centuries of aspiration after non-violence, to Russian Communism, and appears to be full of promise for effectively overcoming the Communist menace all over the world, and for turning hate to love, and strife to peace. This is the epoch-making significance of what this humble devotee of non-violence, following the footsteps of Gandhiji, has done in a remote corner of our land.—Copyright N. P. S.

An invitation to underdeveloped nations to make more requests for loans for economic development projects was issued in Washington last Wednesday by Eugene R. Black, president of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development (World Bank).

"We are looking for opportunities to lend money," Black emphasized. "We are constantly urging our member countries to search for sound development projects which we can finance."

"We in the bank are interested in doing everything we can to help our member countries study their economic problems effectively and make the right decisions on the projects they should undertake."

UNCLE GAVE FOREIGNERS 100 BILLION!

CAN HE AFFORD MORE?

NEW YORK: Playing big brother to the world for more than a decade is costly business. Uncle Sam has been giving away billions of dollars annually. Yet, because of our position in international affairs, additional requests for outright gifts constantly are being considered.

Now Congress must decide whether to give Israel economic assistance amounting to \$150,000,000. In many respects, as Sen. Robert A. Taft (R., Ohio), a sponsor of the pending measure, has pointed out, the case of Israel "has a stronger appeal" than many other countries seeking help from the U. S.

Though already promised formidable bipartisan support in both houses, the bill faces rough going. This is because an increasing number of legislators has decided the time has come for foreign aid in general—and free grants in particular—to be scaled down, lest the taxpayer find himself over his head in a sea of cash commitments.

Arguments in favour of the Israeli grant are impressive, just as were previous ones supporting the European Recovery Program, Greek-Turkish aid, assistance to the Philippines and others designed to help friendly nations get on their feet. Indeed, a recent declaration signed by 155 members of the House, urging approval of the grant (which would make it possible for Israel to finance its extensive immigration program and develop its natural resources and industries) declared:

"With its security and independence thus strengthened, Israel may become a military, economic and ideological bastion for the free world in the Middle East, aiding in the maintenance of world peace, security and liberty and thereby promoting the general welfare and security of the United States."

On the other hand, arguments against further outright gifts to any nation also are impressive. Sen. James P. Kem (R., Mo.), for example, has

observed that "our nation can be destroyed just as thoroughly by bankruptcy within as by conquest from without.... Since World War II the Federal Government has given away to countries abroad 18 per cent of all the taxes it has collected from the American people."

The Missourian, long an opponent of the Marshall Plan, added that "our foreign gifts have not proved to be insurance against war, as we were told they would be.... It is madness to assume that the United States can undertake to solve all the world's political and economic problems.... Powerful as the United States is, there are very definite limits to our resources."

So the question boils down to this: Is it sound practice for Uncle Sam to continue to spend billions on foreign aid? Sooner or later Congress will have to decide whether such programs as ECA, Point Four, and the like, are worth the cost—and, if they are, whether they should be put together in one over-all foreign aid program, or be continued on an individual basis.

No fewer than 80 countries have benefited from the funds we've parceled out—45 billions since 1946, which represents more than \$300 apiece for every man, woman and child in the U. S.

Loans during the 10-year period ended Dec. 31, 1950, totalled nearly 80 billions, while grants and credits amounted to more than 12 billions. These two items, which add up to more than 91 billions, do not include sums appropriated by Congress for the International Children's Relief, Palestine Relief and other programs, totalling more than 10 billions.

It is the item of grants (outright gifts) which has become the most ticklish since the present Congress convened in January, though an increasing number of legislators seem convinced a large portion of the loans will have turned out to be gifts in the long run.

When President Truman's wheat-

for-India proposal recently came up, Sen. Kenneth Wherry (R., Neb.) insisted that the agreement be written in language clearly stating that the \$190,000,000 involved must be repaid by India, with interest—under no circumstances was the wheat to constitute a gift.

Sen. Homer Ferguson (R., Mich.) assured the GOP leader that an amendment he had introduced (it subsequently was adopted) required that the wheat be turned over to India on a straight loan basis, just as in the case of aid granted to European countries under the Marshall Plan.

But Sen. Wherry was not satisfied. Referring to the 100 billions of aid already extended to various countries in the past 10 years he declared: "The reason I mention this is that the so called instruments which the (State) Department says are loans, to me seem to be nothing more than grants. My feeling is that inasmuch as our Government has cancelled many other debts, the administration can cancel or change the loan in any way (it) desires.... if it feels that the economic situation of a country which has made a loan from us is such that it cannot meet the terms of the loan."

Sen. Ferguson said he agreed the wheat destined for India should not be considered a grant, and that "it would not be a grant if our public officials, acting as trustees under their oaths of office, acted as they should."

Meanwhile, the question of future foreign aid on an over-all basis remains to be answered. President Truman has asked Congress to vote \$8,500,000,000 in military, economic and technical aid to foreign countries in the fiscal year starting July 1. The legislators have yet to act.

Although in the past 18 months European recovery has become combined with rearmament, with emphasis on the latter, the President made it plain he believes it will be necessary to continue giving economic aid to Europe as well as other critical areas.

Reluctance to go along with the administration all the way is not confined to Congress. Many non-governmental groups, including businessmen's organizations, have begun to declare loudly that economic assis-

tance—particularly in the form of grants—must be sharply curtailed.

The U. S. Council of the International Chamber of Commerce has come out vigorously against what it calls a foreign economic policy based to a major degree on governmental monetary grants to underdeveloped countries. Henceforth, the Council said, the major contribution of funds and activities for foreign economic development must come from private sources.

In any event, President Truman's plan outlined in his request for 8.5 billions in foreign assistance, to give the Secretary of State power to allocate all foreign aid funds, is certain to kick up a storm in Congress. The latter, always jealous of its power to control appropriations, appears likely to continue doing so on a piece-meal basis. The legislators don't like the idea of a lump sum to be shifted from one program to another as the State Department sees fit.

This is how the \$8,500,000,000 asked for by President Truman would be allocated in the fiscal year, starting July 1, under the administration's program of military economic and technical aid to foreign countries:

	(In millions)	
	Economic.	Military.
Europe	\$1,650	\$5,240
Middle East	125	415
Asia	375	555
Latin America	22	40
Administrative costs	78	

Lillenthal On Nehru

"My own conviction is.... (that) economic improvement is not the end purpose. The end purpose is a better man," Nehru told David Lillenthal, explaining his position against Communism. Nehru said the basis for Asian nationalisation today is fear of the return of European domination. Lillenthal is convinced that Nehru—dynamic, practical, living partly in the past but mainly in the present—is "essentially committed to the free world." As a scientist he was impressed by Nehru's plans for improving India's living standards. Lillenthal urges America to help India with grain, machinery, medicine and technical advice.—Dr. P. G. Krishnayya's Service.

Short Story

A BID FOR THE BLONDE

By LONGBOW

MALI Malliah turned the tap on the black pup and washed away the suds. He had applied the soap liberally and scrubbed it vigorously with his right palm, holding the hind legs with the left. Half-a-dozen urchins watched the performance with wistful eyes.

"If I scrub it like that half an hour each day for two hundred and seventy days, the dog will turn white," he elucidated.

The boys laughed aloud, a sardonic laugh.

Mali Malliah was chagrined at this outburst of scepticism. He retorted that he had himself seen a woman shed her dark complexion. "A fatal mistake of the youth of these days," Mali Malliah unfolded, "is they claim to know everything. This pretentious nonsense should be knocked out of their heads."

Sixty-two-year-old Malliah was the latest addition to the menial staff of Mr. Ramakrishnan, Superintending Engineer of Devikulam. He migrated to the town recently. Having been evicted from his half an acre of land by a rapacious landholder, he found the best prospect for him on the metalled road to Devikulam town. Three days after Fate had pitchforked him into urban surroundings, he accepted the job of a Mali.

Malliah worked hard pulling pots of water, digging out the canals, watering the gardens, freeing them of rank vegetation, and clipping the flower plants when it was necessary. But his ignorance of the ways of the world in towns called forth an unkind remark from Mrs. Ramakrishnan. According to her, God had not put grey matter into his head but filled it with potter's clay.

Really Mali Malliah behaved queerly sometimes to merit that observation. One day he cleaned a sari with a cake of Cuticura soap. Half the cake had

gone off when Mrs. Ramakrishnan stopped him. Mali explained that there was such fragrance about her that he thought that her clothes were washed with a sweet-smelling soap. Later, he complained that sugar tasted bitter in Devikulam and caused him "cholera." It was discovered that a packet of epsom salts was missing and he had helped himself from it for the morning tea.

All these rustic failings were not without a comical side. But Mrs. Ramakrishnan's patience was tested when Mali daubed his face with a white ointment.

"I have applied it to improve my complexion, the stuff you use daily," he observed turning the head sideways shyly. "I took it from the shelf in the store room."

"It is not face cream but cibazol," she threw a withering look at him. "Don't smack your lips, you bloody fool! For you will die."

Mali Malliah caught the craze for changing the complexion about thirty years ago. Those were the days when the English bossed the show. He had seen them travel in first class compartments, put on neatly pressed plus fours, and eat luxurious food with forks and spoons, shining like silver. Often he had seen them in the countryside, calling their black subordinates "pigs" and "donkeys." Once Mali clambered into a first class compartment with a pot of curds on the head at a flag station, where the train stopped for ninety seconds. A Badasab—and a White Sab to boot—reclined on a cushioned settee with outstretched legs, puffing at a thick cheroot and poring over a picture magazine. He got angry. He bundled him out of the train through the window. Mali complained to the Station Master, who shook his head, exposed his nether lips, and exclaimed "What can you do against a White Sab? He's the Collector."

"If by some *mantram* or *tantram*, we all turn white," Mali sighed, "we will not be insulted by the insolent big. The complexion seems to determine everything in this age. The other day a fair damsel came into the station yard. People turned their gaze towards her with admiring eyes. Four fellows vied with each other in offering a seat for her on the bench. But none cared a hang for the dark-complexioned country girls about them."

So that one feature of the household of Ramakrishnan that captured the imagination of Mali Malliah was that all the members of the family were fair—"milky-white like the foreigners themselves."

"Here," Malliah mused, "is a family who appear to have obtained the secret of shedding the dark complexion, which is the besetting sin of this unfortunate country. I should learn that secret."

The Superintending Engineer of Devikulam was a busy man. He was executing a huge irrigation project, which would bring under cultivation eighty thousand acres of land by 1970. He was away from home except for a couple of hours, when he popped in for lunch. He was also of a stern, uncommunicative disposition. But his wife was the exact opposite. She was a vivacious middle-aged woman with a hail fellow spirit and spent her leisure hours cracking jokes with all and sundry.

After great cogitation, Mali Malliah decided to approach Mrs. Ramakrishnan for the secret to shed the dark complexion.

It was a sultry summer night. The moon bathed the garden in silver effulgence. Mrs. Ramakrishnan was reclining on the easy chair. Her eyes were glued to the skies.

Mali shambled to her, pressed his palms together, and screwed the face alternately looking this side and that, up and down.

"Excuse me, Madam," he mumbled. "I want to put you a question, if you will not be offended."

"What's it?"

"For the last fifteen minutes I have been peering at the moon and looking at your face," Mali began. "I am un-

able to decide which is fairer to behold...."

"Enough of this nonsense," she cut him short.

Mali was dumbfounded. He stood rooted to the spot. She had never been stern with him.

Mrs. Ramakrishnan had lost her temper. But a little thought revealed to her that a doddering old fellow like him could be neither love-lorn nor prone to insulting a woman. She was perplexed and amused.

"The moon has affected you, Mali," she answered smiling. "Put your head under the tap and squeeze some lemon juice on it."

"I am as sane, Madam, as any can be in this insane world," Mali replied. "Years ago the White sabs ruled the country. Now too I find that people enjoying the sweets of life are mostly blessed with a bright complexion. The secret of success appears to lie in the colour of the skin. I want to know from you how you have managed to keep your complexion pure and clear. Is there a method to lighten the dark colour? I am today a drawer of water. Till the other day I was a hewer of wood. If you impart that secret to me, at least my grandchildren will prosper. They may become Bada-sabs."

Suppressing a giggle, Mrs. Ramakrishnan informed him that there was a method to achieve that end. But it was a long process. She had given the tip to many. But none had the patience to put it through to the bitter end.

Mali assured her that he would not disappoint her in that manner.

"You have to treat the body part by part," Mrs. Ramakrishnan unfolded. "Procure four ounces of fresh coconut oil. Put into it a lump of salt, a handful of charcoal powder, and four ounces of lemon juice. Mix it up well. Rub it into the body before you go to bed. The next morning you should scrub it with sunlight soap for forty-five minutes. This must be repeated for two hundred and seventy days. The black will gradually turn white. Possibly even within a fortnight you may perceive a relaxing of the thin dark outer layer of the skin, which would leave off with a splash of cold water."

Somehow Mali did not believe that this process would be successful. Perhaps, Mrs. Ramakrishnan played a hoax on him.

"If you don't believe me," I shall demonstrate to you how the kitchen maid, who is undergoing the treatment, has started shedding the dark complexion," she replied. "But it will not be visible to your eyes unless you sleep in the bath room under my lock and key and get up only when I ask you to."

Next morning, Mrs. Ramakrishnan woke up Mali from the bed, and took him to the verandah. Two hundred yards off, he saw the kitchen maid washing her face with water. Black-coloured water ran down her face and cheeks.

"Look there," Mrs. Ramakrishnan made a running commentary. "Only a few minutes back she had applied the sunlight soap. Now the final splash of cold water has broken up the blackness. It is dripping down, you see with your own eyes, dark as ditch water."

"I am so sorry that I did not believe you," Mali prostrated touching her feet. "Now it is as clear as daylight to me."

Mrs. Ramakrishnan suggested that he might try the experiment on his black dog and extend it to the human members of the family.

One morning a hideous shriek awoke Mrs. Ramakrishnan from her bed. Peeping through the window pane of the bath room, Mali Malliah shouted at the highest pitch of the lungs. "Madam, come at once. See what your daughter is doing. Don't do it! You will suffer for it."

A cold shiver ran through her frame. She feared that her daughter was on the brink of a great peril. She shot across to the bathroom.

"Your daughter is shedding her fair complexion, her lovely white, which has made her great and rich," Mali informed her with a note of sincerity in his voice. "At this rate she will become as black as the kitchen maid."

The daughter had brushed the teeth

with toothpaste. She was rinsing and gargling the mouth with water in the wash basin. Whitish water flowed into the basin.

Mr. Ramakrishnan heard the hulla-baloo. He gave a plain speaking to his wife. She had carried the joke too far.

"You are the worst fathead that ever walked in a pigtail turban," Mrs. Ramakrishnan rated him. "Are you so bereft of sense as to believe that you can change your complexion? I said something out of fun. You are worrying the dog. Spare the poor thing."

"Our cloak is not man-made," she added at length. "It is given to us by Nature or by God. And our complexion is the fast colour in the world. Not even the scientific ingenuity of a chemist could produce a faster one. And again, look, it is of infinite variety: there are as many shades as there are human beings. We are white, black or yellow by birth and we continue to be such till the end of our lives. The only instrument that can change our complexion is Mother Earth when we become one with her, after we slip off this mortal coil. In fact the Earth is the great catalyser of all remains, human, animal, and floral. Our cloak may be of any hue, but our desires, feelings and emotions are one. Prick anyone, and the red blood gushes out from the vein. This red blood—Nature's feast to the spent-out tissues—keeps us alive, white, yellow and black. And it is this Red that makes the whole world kin."

Malliah rubbed his forehead. All this was too much for his head. Beads of perspiration glistened on the face.

"You showed me a woman shedding her black....", he asked in childlike simplicity.

The kitchen maid had cleaned her teeth with charcoal powder and was washing it off when you saw her. What was as clear as daylight to you was merely as dark as the charcoal powder."

Malliah retired to his hut, muttering "Put not your trust in fair-skinned women."

WORLD BATTLE TO SAVE SOIL

By LEONARD ENGEL

In more than a score of countries men are undertaking today as never before to save the soil. Man-made erosion in the past has destroyed much of the land on which the world depends for its very existence. Now the problem of keeping the soil in place is being tackled in many ways.

LIFE is found only along the boundary between earth and sky. And it depends, for creatures of the land, on a layer of fertile soil usually a few inches, and nowhere more than three feet thick.

The distressing condition of this thin top-soil layer, the source of all our crops and, indirectly, our livestock, threatens all mankind. By improper farming methods, we are destroying the topsoil on several million acres of land each year. Every year, the world has 20,000,000 more people to feed—and less good topsoil to provide them with food. We are using up the principle resource standing between man and starvation. The damage we have already done to it is partly responsible for the poverty and hunger of two-thirds of the world.

But the world is girding for a battle—perhaps the 20th century's most important undertaking—to save the soil. At Lake Success not long ago, the United Nations heard a report on the soil battle from leading soil scientists of 50 countries, brought together at a conference on the conservation and utilization of natural resources. We are making progress on the soil conservation front, they reported, though yet nowhere nearly enough.

In the U. S. the work of rebuilding farms and grazing land and of teaching farmers soil-saving methods, begun under Franklin D. Roosevelt, continues apace. Last year alone, over 100,000,000 acres were brought into some 200 new soil conservation districts. In the U. S. S. R. the Government has launched a fifteen year conservation programme which will rival the U. S. accomplishment. In New Zealand, new grasses will ultimately reclothe the hills of the North Island, and not only halt erosion but triple the number of sheep and cattle they support. Even in small countries like Guatemala and Cyprus, ambi-

tious soil-saving programmes are under way.

Something is going on in more than a score of countries altogether, terracing and other farm construction work is under way, preliminary surveys are being made, or laws have been adopted prohibiting the most destructive farming practices. And in other countries, vigorous campaigns for similar programmes are being pressed by farm scientists and far-seeing citizens.

All this is remarkable, when you consider the youthfulness of modern soil conservation. The world's first law directing farmers to use land in accordance with sound conservation principles was enacted only 50 years ago, in an Indian State, the Punjab. The U. S. Soil Conservation Act, a model for soil conservation laws throughout the world, was passed by the U. S. Congress only in 1935.

Man-Made Erosion

Of course, destruction of soil by improper farming is nothing new. In Biblical times, the Near and Middle East were verdant with vegetation, which supported a succession of brilliant city-states—Ur, Nineveh, Tyre, Babylon. The now naked hills of Tunisia were the granary of the Roman world. And the Gobi desert of northwestern China once grazed huge herds of horses and sheep. Men "minded" these areas instead of farming them. Today they are eroded desert wastes, utterly bare of topsoil.

Soil is created from mother rock by the evolutionary processes of geological erosion acting in the slow passage of millions of years. Water washes out the soluble elements, ice splits the porous rock remaining, wind and moving streams rub down the stone and pebbles. There is a slow circulation of water from sky to ground and back to sky, through plants, meandering streams and ocean. The end result is the precious layer of topsoil, packed

with mineral nutrients and decaying organic matter, and richly productive of new life.

The erosion brought about by man is altogether different. It simultaneously robs topsoil of everything vital and carries it away leaving nothing but sterile subsoil or lifeless rock.

We bring on destructive erosion in many ways. By using land too intensively—grazing hills that ought to be in trees, tilling fields that should be in pasture, by planting a single crop over and over again, by using too little fertilizer too late; by ploughing on the slope; by "clean weeding" keeping the ground between crop rows stripped of vegetation, in the notion that all soil nutrients are thus reserved to the crop, by burning over land as an "easy" way to clear trees and undergrowth, or to get rid of trash after the harvest. Directly or indirectly, these rob the topsoil of protective cover, and turn wind and water from slow builders of soil into its swift destroyer.

How fast improperly treated land can go to ruin is shown by a recent U. S. Department of Agriculture experiment at Zanesville, Ohio. Corn was planted, without benefit of fertilizer or soil-saving practices, year after year, on a plot which originally had some of the finest topsoil in the U. S. midwest. In 10 years the earth was stripped down to the subsoil layer, and the yield had dropped down from 60 to 2 bushels an acre. If the corn had been planted on a sloping plot, the ruin would have been even faster.

Man-made erosion destroys still more rapidly in the tropics. In the thickest part of the jungle along the lower reaches of the Amazon river in Brazil, one may see patches of bone-bare desert every few miles. Settlers once attempted to clear land from farms there by burning down the jungle. Without protection from the terrestrial Amazon valley rains, the soil lost the ability to sustain any life in just two or three years.

Men are working now, however, to put an end to the destruction. Not only have a score of countries made a vigorous start towards applying what is already known of sound conservation principles, but they are also supporting more scientific research to find still more effective soil-saving techniques.

Conserving soil calls for a variety of measures like irrigation, reforestation, and flood control. But the keys are tying the soil down in place, and putting as much nutrient back into it as we take out. That means keeping grass or other cover on the ground at all times. It means ploughing on the contour, building ponds and check-dams in gullies to slow the flow of water. It means plenty of fertilizer. In Southeast Asia and China, these principles have been known and practised for 3,000 years—and the land there still yields quantities of food per acre never approached anywhere else.

New Idea In Soil-Saving

The big push in modern soil conservation came, appropriately enough, from the U. S. With their big machines and their belief that there was always more land on the other side of the hill, the people of the U. S. have ruined more land faster than anyone else in history. But today they are striving to make up for the excesses of the past.

Since the establishment of its soil conservation service 14 years ago, the U. S. has planted more than 30 per cent of its 4,000,000,000 acres of farms under the watchful eyes of conservation experts. Over 500,000 miles of contour terrace have been built and other conservation measures carried out on 76,000,000,000 acres of crop land. New soil-binding grasses and improved methods of grazing management have been put to use on nearly 50,000,000 acres of pasture. Most spectacular, 35,000 miles of field wind-breaks have been planted. Shelterbelt forests now stretch from the Rio Grande to the Canadian border, where they merge with similar Canadian tree belts; to break the winds that blew away millions of acres of North American topsoil in the 1930's.

The U. S. and Canada have provided not only an example of energetic soil conservation, but one of the great new ideas in soil-saving farming, "stubble mulching." Farmers ordinarily strip land bare to simplify tasks like ploughing and seeding. Over the past decade, Canadian and U. S. scientists have devised a way of avoiding this erosion-inviting practice.

The residue left after harvest is allowed to remain in places as a "mulch" covering for the field—and subsequent farming operations are

carried on right through the mulch. A special implement called "subsurface tiller" breaks the ground for the next crop without disturbing the mulch. Special planters and cultivators deposit the seed and hoe the crop through it. This stubble mulch farming, which practically eliminates erosion losses, is already the rule in more than 40,000,000 acres of Canadian and U. S. farms.

The Russian conservation programme, launched in 1948, also includes a great shelterbelt and other features similar to the U. S. programme. When completed in 1963, the Soviet programme will protect the greater part of the "Soviet Midwest" the Don and Volga steppe, where climate and land resemble the North American prairie. Field-by-field conservation measures are to be applied to a total of 285,000,000 acres. Water flow will be regulated by 45,000,000 reservoirs and farm ponds.

"Mandatory Everywhere"

Another great new conservation effort is New Zealand's programme for reclothing the hills of the North Island with white clover and other soil-binding grasses. When the first Europeans came to New Zealand, both islands were entirely forested. The trees have entirely disappeared from the North Island hills; in their place is a native grass incapable of holding the soil. Erosion is proceeding rapidly and the ability of the hills to support livestock is declining fast. But New Zealand investigators, acting to save an industry whose products are urgently needed throughout the world, have found a combination of white clover and other grasses which not only restores and holds soil, but raises its capacity for livestock from two to six sheep an acre.

Among the most recent recruits to the battle to save the soil is the British colony of Cyprus in the eastern Mediterranean. As one of the great centres of civilization in antiquity, Cyprus has been home to a large population for nearly 30 centuries, and the land is badly overworked and eroded, although some parts of the island have marvellous masonry terraces dating back hundreds of years.

Under the aegis of a new soil conservation service, Cyprus is at last making a start on conserving its

dwindling topsoil resources. With the aid of war-surplus bulldozers, Government crews are levelling sloping fields and cutting terraces for vines into the steep hillsides. In addition, the destructive custom of allowing goats to graze everywhere is being uprooted. And Government aid is being extended to village irrigation co-operatives, and is soon to be given to similar soil conservation co-ops.

Cyprus illustrates the outstanding obstacles to effective soil conservation in many countries. Soil-saving efforts on the eastern Mediterranean island have been much hampered by the small size of the average farm and a weird tangle of ownership claims dating back to the centuries the island spent as a part of the Ottoman Turkish Empire.

To halt erosion, you must halt it on all the farms in a township. It does no good for a farmer to protect his farm by terraces and ploughing on the contour, as long as flood waters may race down upon his land from an unimproved farm above.

In Cyprus, as in many other places, effective soil conservation work is often held up by disputes among the too many owners in too small an area. Moreover, preliminary soil surveys and construction work like terracing are expensive. In the long run, such measures pay off in larger crops for the farmer, as well as an assured food supply for the world. But a man with a one-acre or a half acre-farm cannot make the investment. And those who rent rather than own land have no interests in such long-range improvements, even if they could afford them.

It will be many years before these and other difficulties are finally overcome, either in Cyprus or elsewhere. Nevertheless, real progress is being made. On another tiny island, Malta, topsoil is considered so valuable that it must, by law, be removed from building sites and transferred to a farm before any building may be erected. As a matter of simple necessity, Malta's attitude will eventually become universal.

"Soil conservation is mandatory everywhere over the world," declares Hugh Hammond Bennett, director of the pioneering U. S. soil conservation service, "if our civilization is to avoid a tragic decline."—N.N.F.

LONDON LETTER: By HARRY HEAP

NEED FOR REVISED FOREIGN OFFICE STANDARDS

THIS is being written on the longest day of the year in Britain. In Madras, I suppose it will be dark by around 7-30 in the evening, but here in Britain cars do not need lights until nearly 11 o'clock and they can switch them off again tomorrow morning soon after 3-30. So there is only that short spell of four and a half hours when it will be anything like dark. This long day gives us the opportunity to enjoy the sunshine and the fresh air after our day in the office or workshop, and it is an invaluable tonic of which the fullest use is made. I know of people who are now sitting around a pond, fishing for fresh-water fish, and who will be there late tonight and again early tomorrow morning. Others are in the gardens where potatoes are coming up well, peas and beans will soon be ready for picking, and flowers, especially the roses, abound. For myself, I have taken on a job for the very early hours of the morning. There is a creek not far from where I live, where boats are moored during the winter months. These boats are small sailing boats with auxiliary engines, and they are owned by both wealthy people and others who make boating their only pleasure. A man can keep a boat for about Rs. 30 a month. The particular boat in which I am interested, belonging to a friend, is moored high above the creek, on dry land. Tonight there will be a very high tide which should enable us to move the boat from the land into the creek proper, then she will be ready to sail along the river and out to sea whenever the owner wishes. So, at 2-30 a.m., I shall be "heaving and hoving," hoping that the good ship Petronella will be afloat. I am glad that the night will be a short one. In fact, it will not be really dark at all.

Whilst the great majority of people here will be enjoying the long summer night, there will, I suppose, still be those who have to manage the affairs of the country, who will have to worry about what is happening in Abadan,

Korea and the Kremlin. And there will be those who are worrying about what is happening in England, too. The disappearance some weeks ago of the two Foreign Office officials has turned out to be more than a nine-days' wonder. Some people are beginning to see similarities between the apparently Communist-inclined Head of the American Department of the Foreign Office and Alger Hiss, the high-ranking State Department officer over in the United States. TIME AND TIDE, the weekly that claims that it is Independent Non-Party, sees in the disappearance of the two men a challenge to the accepted standards of what used to be considered an English gentleman. As the front-page comment reads, "He was a first-rate senior official." "Why, I've known him ever since we were at Cambridge." "His father was a most distinguished man." "He loved London, and all the bourgeois comforts, you know..." All the checks and counterchecks of English professional and upper-class life, school, university, family, regiment, club and bank, all that discreet and unwritten accumulation of knowledge and reference which we have always believed to be so much more efficient than a Secret Police file, a union card or a security check-up—where are they now? The NEW STATESMAN AND NATION sees in the problem further confirmation of what they have been saying for a long time, that there need to be other standards for the Foreign Office official of 1950 than there were in the days before the 1914-18 War.

Leftward Trend In Labour Party

Another problem which those who have to worry about these things on summer evenings will have in mind, is that of the possible outcome of the next General Election, which still seems set for October. This problem has become more acute with the recent activities of Aneurin Bevan and the TRIBUNE group of Labour Members of Parliament. It is being said

that perhaps an October election would not, after all, be a good time for a Labour election. The Labour Party is still on the defensive. Mr. Morrison, having at one time had the Festival of Britain as a booster for the election, now wants to be able to have a Victory election, with Peace as the obvious consequence of Labour's Foreign policy. Mr. Attlee, who will, after all, make the decision, has other matters to take into consideration. The Labour Party Annual Conference is to be at Scarborough this year, in the first week of October. Would that Conference support a postponed election? All depends on Aneurin Bevan. He has wanted an earlier election all along and it is possible, and not unlikely, that the voting on the National Executive of the Labour Party will result in Bevan himself, with Ian Mikardo, Tom Driberg and Mrs. Barbara Castle, having control of the Executive. There are seven members of that Executive and those four seats, if such should be the voting, would give the Left-wing of the Labour Party control. This could only be considered, as the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION so rightly says, as a defeat of the Government. This is an important point from the Prime Minister's point of view. An election in the autumn would avoid that conflict within the party. In addition, there is not likely to be much comfort in Britain this next winter. In the meantime, there is no doubt that Aneurin Bevan's standpoint is being accepted by far more than most of us thought would have been the case.

Persian Oil Question

With a situation that is changing so rapidly, it is hardly possible to give an up-to-date comment on the Persian oil question in an article such as this. We in Britain have had so many

crises since 1945 that I am afraid this in Persia is regarded as just one more. It has been announced that petrol is not to be rationed again, though it has also been said that the countries of Southern Asia, including India, will suffer to some extent from any shortage of oil, either in production or distribution, from Abadan. There are those amongst us who think that war will break out after the European harvest, that is in September, but the majority do not think that. Our main concern is to keep the Persian oil out of Russian hands and to protect the British staff and their wives if any trouble should arise in Abadan. There is a general feeling that Persia is killing the goose that lays the golden eggs and that, whatever the consequences might be for anyone else, the people who will suffer the most if there is no satisfactory result will be the Persians themselves. Whatever is the result now, it is being said that the Persians can hardly expect the oil company to spend so much money on social services in the areas over which they have some control, as they have done in the past. And the Persian Prime Minister is regarded as a foolish and irresponsible old man. The MANCHESTER GUARDIAN blames the whole affair on the differences in the way the Westerner and the Easterner think. There is no doubt about this difference, for we all think very differently about the Kashmir problem and, knowing the sincerity of Pandit Nehru, we can only hope, in all charity, that some fundamental difference between Indian ways of thinking and the ways of all the other people of the world is at the root of all the statements that the Indian Prime Minister makes on this important issue. One can only write again, that no-one in the West can accept a fait accompli with good grace.

SCHOOL FOR SPIES

There are two Schools for Spies conducted by the Soviet government. One school is in Moscow and the other at Leningrad. Between them they train about eighty students. The course lasts from eighteen to thirty months, according to the capacity of the student. The teaching is quite impersonal—the students are not allowed to meet their teachers or their fellow-students, unless they are later to work together. All the teaching is done by loud-speaker arrangement. Each student has got a cubicle to himself, into which he goes at the appointed hour and minute, punctually, and a loud-speaker he can't turn off blares out at him, as in George Orwell's "1984", for sixty minutes.

The motto of these schools is characteristic—"Love is the greatest enemy of the intelligence officer."—D. R. S.



By V. P. SATHE

ONLY a couple of weeks ago I had commented on the un-Indian character of our motion pictures. Well the tendency seems to be growing beyond all expectations and though the motive is perhaps just novelty, a number of pictures which are now under production have a non-Indian background.

Thus, for instance, a series of pictures are being made with the Arabian background, their stories are inspired mostly by Arabian Night-tales or the Hollywood version of modern Arabia and Egypt, as manifested in pictures like "The Desert Hawk", "Slave Girl" and other pictures.

There are two reasons for the choice of Arabian background. The Arabian Night fantasies provide ample scope for miracles, which we see only in mythological pictures, achieved with the aid of trick camerawork. It is presumed that if miracles can sell mythology to a Hindu audience, miracles can sell Arabian Night to both Hindu and Muslim audiences. Hence the production of pictures like "Sinbad the Sailor", "Alif Laila", "Allaudin ka Chirag" and "Baghdad" is increasing. The popularity of Hollywood pictures like *The Desert Hawk*, which had a very successful run in Bombay is responsible for similar kind of pictures from Indian producers.

Since the Arabian Night tales are well-known, this background will not be so unfamiliar as that of Spain or Singapore. Yet Santoshi's "Shinshinaki Bublaboo" is set in the locale of Indo-China and Indonesia. We are told that the locale of K. Asif's "Janwar" is Singapore. In addition, inspired by the success of Jadoo, director Chawla is reported to have

selected Spanish background for his next picture.

At this rate, it appears as if Indian pictures with genuine Indian atmosphere will soon become a rarity. It appears that the Indian producers are fed up with the same old village or city background and in their zeal to provide a new setting, they are going either west to the Middle East or east to Malaya and Java to find refreshing background, costume and melodrama. The lavish manner in which it is produced indicates that in sheer spectacle Jupiter is no way behind Gemini. No wonder, they are considered as the two important rival producers in the South. Indeed, had it not been made clear, the picture-goers would have thought a Jupiter picture also to be a product of Gemini. There is much similarity in production as well as pattern of Chandrlekha, Nishan, Mangla and Jupiter's "Ek Tha Raja".

"Ek Tha Raja" is inspired by Robin Hood, at least the main character appears to have been moulded after him. It is the story of a dancer who married a king and tried to kill him by throwing him overboard. When the king was supposed to be dead, she also got rid of the man who so far helped her, and she became the ruling queen. And then the same old formula has been tried. Let us see how far this experiment succeeds.

Picture Of The Week

The aforementioned comments are applicable to Jupiters' *Ek Tha Raja* with a Goddess playing an important part. It has to be assumed that the locale of the story is Indian but otherwise, the sets, the costumes, especially the strange costumes of women leads

one to believe that the story is set in Europe. Even the Yogi with his long robe reminds one of a Catholic priest rather than of an Indian yogi.

But as in *Chanderlekha*, the time and place are not important features in this picture. Like Vasan, the producer of this picture has also taken every possible liberty in order to create an entertaining picture packed with adventure, action and thrill.

For the queen, the king's two sons had died in a fire, though they were saved. When people revolted against her a yogi came to rescue her, won her confidence and became her guru and political adviser.

As time passed the king's elder son Lal Bahadar became a leader of outlaws pledged to destroy the tyrannical queen and the younger son joined the army and became the queen's trusted commander-in-chief. The real story begins when the queen sends Kalavati, a lady in waiting, to capture Lal Bahadar. Kalavati falls in love with Lal Bahadar and joins his band.

The enraged commander vowed to kill Lal Bahadar not knowing that he was his brother. This mystery was revealed by the yogi at the proper time when Lal Bahadar was about to be hanged. And the yogi turns out to be the Dead King.

Though the story has many engrossing incidents it is a rather loosely knit screenplay based on a very weak foundation. Especially one does not understand why the Maharaja resorts to disguise. Had he revealed his identity from the beginning all these hardships of the people would have been avoided. But since the whole story revolves round this, it seems to be superficial. The characterization of the dancer is also equally artificial. Then there are too many long speeches in the picture which, I am told, have been reduced to some extent in re-editing. Had the dialogues been pointed and brief the picture would have been more effective.

With all these shortcomings *Ek Tha Raja* has all the box-office value of a popular picture. It will have a popular run especially in small towns where the picturegoers are unsophisticated.

Due credit must be given to director Ramnath and star Ramachandra who makes a handsome Robin Hood,

and Anjali and Madhuri, for their distinguishing contribution to the success of *Ek Tha Raja*.

Star Of The Week

Life begins at forty, said Bill Rogers. In a way this saying is true in the case of Motilal who at the age of forty has made an important decision and launched on a new career as a film artist.

Motilal, it is interesting to note, is one of the first educated son of a higher middle class family of Delhi to join the film-world. Had he not joined films he would have been a lawyer, like his brother. But a spirit of adventure and love for films brought him to Bombay. He started work as an assistant and an extra. He got his first break in *Shehr ka Jadoo* (Lure of the City) and overnight he became India's most popular hero. In those days he had no equal in playing dashing comedy roles and his pictures like *Dr. Madhurika* and *Three Hundred Days and After* endeared him to the millions of picturegoers of this country.

Motilal had very big ideas about life and society. When he started his career he was a progressive, radical youth. But as luck smiled on him and he became a popular star, his interest in society became confined to big clubs and parties to which he brought gaiety and life. And his interest in other spheres of life was confined just to charity. During the war Motilal became a regular visitor to races. He enjoyed his drink and enjoyed the thrill of gambling as well.

During the war time boom, Motilal made millions. He had more contracts than he could cope with. He played all kinds of roles, though known mostly for light hearted dashing comedy roles. He portrayed with equal ease the role of a blind man in *Arman* and a serious friend in *Dost*. He is truly a versatile artist and nobody grudged him the fortune he made.

It was, however, a pity that he did not save that fortune for a rainy day. He spent what he earned, rather he spent more than he earned. And so when the boom was over Motilal with his baldish head and oldish looks found himself again a pauper, living of course in his old style. The last two years, when the prices of the other stars were soaring up, were perhaps

the worst days for Motilal, one of the most talented artists who had now become too old in the eyes of the producers to play the romantic lead.

Yet Motilal lived in his old style; demanded his price and worked only in those pictures in which he got it. Somehow the pictures, barring *Ek Thi Larki* did not click. And hence his demand became less and less. Offers came but the producers wanted to pay him less and expected him to play villain or other feature roles. First he refused, not so much because of the roles but because of the price. But now it seems he has made up his mind. He has decided to play the character roles and not be just a matinee idol. And this decision is already paying him dividends. He has once again a number of contracts in his pocket. And knowing his talents one feels confident that in his new

career, Motilal will soar to great heights and earn both fame and fortune all over again.

News Of The Week

—Famous comedian Om Prakash has been signed by Naya Sansar for their picture *Anhonee*. Others in the cast are Veera, Aga Jan, David and the favourite screen team of Nargis and Raj Kapoor.

—Ashok Kumar's family left for Switzerland on 24th June, and Ashok himself will follow them for a month's holiday in August.

—K. Asif has made an offer to Rita Hayworth to play Anarkali.

—Raj Kapoor is expected to go to France for some special effect scenes in *Awara*.

—Ranjana has been signed by Eagle Pictures to play an important role in *Love Marriage* along with Suraiya and Shekhar.

THE LITERARY CRITIC THROUGH THE AGES

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

IT was a regular torture to me when I was asked to review a book for the first time. Well, you see, it was so long ago when I was in the high school that our headmaster would compel each one of us to give his impressions of a library book he had read.

My vocabulary was confined to a few select words, amongst which figure prominently "interesting, good, and bad." If a book did not have too many abstract words that compelled me to search for a dictionary, it was good. Otherwise, it was bad. The adjective "interesting" was reserved for something out of the way.

With these three arrows in my quiver I cannot but wonder at my ingenuity in those days, in manipulating these three so deftly, so as to escape too much of caustic criticism on my headmaster's part.

I did not know till I read Augustine Birrell what an awful thing it was, this reviewing business. Taking a leaf from that pompous Cardinal who defined a gentleman in half a dozen paragraphs, Birrell goes on to define a good reviewer thus: "A reviewer of books is a person with views and

opinions of his own about life and literature, science and art, fashion, style and fancy, which he applies ruthlessly or pleasantly, dogmatically or suggestively, ironically or plainly, as his humour prompts or his methods dictates, to books written by somebody else."

Not satisfied with so much circumlocution, the eminent critic goes on to elaborate the above viewpoint with further longwinded sentences. But the crucial point is in the last phrase; one must review books written by somebody else.

There in a nut-shell is the crux of the problem. You must review books written by somebody else, or conversely in the language of Euclid, you must not write books yourself. If you want to review them, lest other people do unto you what you have done unto them.

Yet, how many delectable tussles literary, have not enriched the pages of critical history, as a result of authors turning reviewers or vice versa. Poor Wordsworth was disheartened by criticism. Chatterton committed suicide when his poems got a damning notice. But it was Byron.

who taught these critics the lesson of their lives when he turned reviewer himself and hauled his reviewers over the coals. Mathew Arnold, the carping critic of Shelley, turned poet in his later years, and got away almost scot free.

I think in the light of all this, the best review is one written by oneself about one's own book. A few daring writers have attempted this feat successfully under a pen-name, but the practice has not yet spread. The statesman is allowed his press conference for publicity. Why not an author canvass his own publicity by auto-reviewing?

Barring such an unconventional review, the next best is one written without reading the book at all. It was E. V. Lucas who once wrote that any fool can write something about a book after reading it but it is the village librarian that can judge it without reading it. There are a good few reviewers who adopt this sage advice. I remember once a reviewer writing about Bankim's novel "Visha-Vriksha," that it contained detailed information about certain poisonous trees. I rather felt pity for poor Bankim, but later I thought it served him right for giving such an obscure misleading title. Ruskin indeed was a master in thus dodging the non-reading reviewer, by giving allegorical titles. Once a group of shepherds were misled into buying a book of his dealing about the Christian flock by its misleading title.

Birrell's definition of a good reviewer is sufficiently scaring. But when I read about the requirements of a reviewer in a Communist country, I am not able to find anything adequate to express my feelings. Here is a definition of it from "Soviet Literature" No. 2, 1949 for those who care to wade through it. Says the Editor: "The character of the critical and book review columns is determined by the very nature of Soviet criticism, whose chief aim is to give a theoretical generalisation of the literary process, bring out the basic tendencies of Soviet literary developments, trace the prospects for its further growth and elaborate and concretise the method of socialist realism, through a study of the latest works. Criticism aspires to help writers to deeply fathom the meaning of the life and realities that surround them."

God help those who aspire to be literary critics in such lands!

What with Augustine Birrell on one side, and the standards of socialist realism on the other, the critic or book reviewer is wedged into no enviable position. Why then put on the black cap with pomp and pronounce verdicts on all and sundry? I am in perfect agreement with that admirable iconoclast, Mr. Prodwin, whose recent book on authorship in England was such a howling success.

Says Mr. Prodwin about books and reviews: "Let me ask you, who really knows anything about books? The publishers? Why, sir, most of them are so ignorant of literary values that we see them every day obliged to employ, in return for pitifully mediocre fees, persons with some knowledge of writing, persons outside their own establishment and office. As though having set up as green grocer, you had to call in a biologist every time you bought a crate of cabbages. Well, you may say the booksellers know something about books. Do they? The truth is, they know so little about books that they have to depend upon the explanation given in simple language of people who are known as travellers. Do you turn to the libraries? It is the same. The library assistant does indeed know something about the classification of books; but the importance of his job depends upon the knowledge of the relation between his books and his customers; he has to be expert in rapid estimates of the ending of novels, whether happy, middling or sad. No, sir, I am talking about the whole business, the whole ungodly racket; the trade in which the traders and the buyers know nothing, or hardly anything about their commodities. You might fancy that the reviewers would be of some use; and so they are, sometimes. But what with eye-washing, ear-tickling, palm-oiling, back-slapping and leg-pulling, and an agile cunning equal to that of a monkey or a magpie.... Well there is neither so much honesty nor so much elegance as you might suppose in that business either. We have heard enough; I think, of the critics and the critics of the critics."

Well, that is that. I hope you have heard enough of my review of book reviews, by now.

KING GUSTAV VI OF SWEDEN

By MICHAEL SALZER

KING GUSTAV VI, called to the Swedish throne at the age of 68 after the death of 92-year-old Gustav V at the end of October last, has spent most of his life overshadowed by his popular father, with whom he shared few characteristics.

"Mister G," (as Europe's oldest monarch was widely known) was at one time among the best in world tennis; Gustav VI has always enjoyed an occasional game, but never reached competition standard. Gustav V was proud of his marksmanship and still went elk-hunting when past his 90th birthday; his son abhors hunting and prefers a quiet game of golf or a day's trout-fishing.

To his last days, Gustav V enjoyed his half-bottle of burgundy with his meals and chin-smoked up to 60 outsize cigarettes a day; his son is a teetotaler and non-smoker. Almost up to his death Gustav V carefully chose his ties and cufflinks and dressed formally every day; the new King prefers simple sports coats, cares little for fashion or uniforms, and only tolerates the pomp of formal ceremonies because it is expected of him.

Gustav VI, in his early student days (when the late king was still only heir to the throne), was nicknamed "The Professor" by his friends, and it is a name which still sticks to him among the circle of his intimates.

Then a slight, dark, dreamy-eyed youth, bent on exploring cliffs and caves, Greek mountains and Egyptian sand-dunes—even the innocuous looking earth-hovels in his own garden—and in search of some remnants of forgotten civilizations, Oscar Fredrik Wilhelm Olaf Gustav Adolf was a born archaeologist.

He has remained a scholar all his life. His best friends are scientists, explorers, historians, art experts. Had fate permitted him the choice, he would undoubtedly have chosen an academic career. But science could only be his hobby, for he was born to rule and had to pass through the hard school of training for kingship.

Still, Providence gave him at least an agreeably long period to devote a

great deal of his time to his favourite interests, and for 42 years he stood by ready to assume the royal mantle in case of emergency. A more ambitious prince, eager to rule, might have been irritated by this long waiting period. But Sweden's mild-mannered, patient, scholarly new monarch was obviously happy and pleased that his revered father's seemingly indestructible constitution allowed him this long respite from the onerous duties of kingship.

There will be few outward changes at the Swedish court, now that Gustav VI has accepted crown and sceptre. He may reduce the court staff and simplify etiquette a little, but he will continue to observe the time-honoured customs which the ceremony-loving Swedes expect from their king.

And with a queen once again in Stockholm's castle after 20 years (Queen Victoria of Sweden died in 1930), court life may brighten up. There will be court balls again, but it seems unlikely that English-born Queen Louise (a sister of Lord Louis Mountbatten) will alter the traditional white and black puff-sleeved laced court dresses or relax the rules governing admittance to debutante reception or dances.

Perhaps the menu of the daily meals at the castle may change in favour of some English dishes, and lunches will likely be served on the sideboard, English country house fashion, for guests to help themselves with no liveried servants hovering about. There will be wine and beer for the queen and the guests, barley water or fruit juice for the king.

King and queen will be in evening clothes at dinner, whether they dine alone or with friends, as they have always been. After dinner they will listen to classical music or play bridge or 'Oklohoma,' a card game they learned from Lord Louis Mountbatten.

Throughout his long reign King Gustav V maintained close personal relations with his ministers, some of whom he called by their Christian

names and others by their surnames without the usual prefix of "Herr."

His son, as crown prince, always strictly adhered to the more formal method of address and probably will continue to do so. Yet, although Sweden's constitutional monarchy permits the only little royal influence in the affairs of the State, it is known that some decrees and decisions formally discussed at the weekly cabinet council at the castle were toned down or amended at the late king's request, and Gustav VI will watch his people's interests in the same way his father did.

All his life King Gustav VI has considered himself at home in every part of the world. As behoves a scholar, he is spiritually, at least—a cosmopolitan, and thus perhaps less

dogmatically attached to the idea of neutrality. Some have called him Anglophile in view of his keen sympathies for everything British. In his home English is spoken as much as Swedish.

His father always managed to retain the full confidence and loyalty of even the most ardent Socialist leaders, but although the new king has always enjoyed great popularity among all classes of the population, he never entertained any personal contacts with the labour leaders. One reason for this is that Gustav V presided over nearly all the cabinet councils of the past 42 years and rarely gave his son a chance to establish more intimate relations with the politicians and statesmen.

From his early boyhood he was

trained to be king one day. He had lessons all by himself, had to study long after his young brother was playing out in the park. He went through military service, studied at Uppsala and Oslo (then still called Christiania and under Swedish rule) and started his travels around the turn of the century. In Cairo he met the daughters of the Duke of Connaught, fell in love with Princess Margaret and was married in 1905. The oldest of their five children was only 14 when his wife died. Three years later, in 18 he married Princess Louise of Battenberg. His eldest son, Gustav Adolf, was killed in an air crash in 1946, his daughter Ingrid is now Queen of Denmark, his sons Sigvard and Carl Johan lost their hereditary rights when they married commoners. Thus, according to Swedish law, the crown will one day be worn by his grand-son, the now five year old Prince Carl Gustav.—NNF.

THE POET AS CRITIC

By "PARANKUSAM"

STEPHEN SPENDER when he visited India earlier this year was invited to speak at a meeting of high intellectuals in Delhi. He is reported to have addressed them choosing as his subject "A criticism of the criticism of poetry." There he made the point that much of modern criticism of poetry tended to be either precious or dialectical. Spender argued that this reflected a general incapacity among moderns to appreciate poetry as poetry. It is quite common, of course, to come across grammarians who weigh the worth of the most moving poem on a rickety rusty balance of old-remembered Nesfield. Similarly the fashionable intellectual wants that everything he reads should prove right the latest ism he has himself fallen for. It is no doubt true that generally nowadays writers tend to be hurried and casual, flabby and confused, often inaccurate. But the point Spender was trying to make was that in a truly great work if there is genuine appreciation the faults will appear irrelevant, because in literature it is mostly the emotional effect the piece of writing has that matters and not the words themselves that are used to create that effect. One must not approach a poem or a book as a school master approaches an exercise in composition by a pupil of his, or even as a member of His Majesty's opposition approaches a bill introduced by the Government.

But there is another danger—to my mind, a greater danger—where the

critic is more a poet than the poet he criticises. Those who suffer from an inferiority complex are supposed to feel slighted even where no disparagement is meant. Those who suffer from erudition and an over-dose of imagination begin to discover in what they read all sorts of meanings and suggestions absolutely beyond the comprehension of the poor wretch who wrote it. True, anything worthwhile ever written (I am referring here only to creative writing) means much more than what the words say. There is a strange evocative ring about all authentic literature. "Thoughts that could hardly be pressed into a narrow act. Fancies that broke through language and escaped." Such is the stuff poetry is made of. True. But it is best such under-currents of feeling, the sympathetic vibrations set up in the mind and being of the reader are experienced and not talked about. These reactions, whether pleasant or unpleasant, but always intensively of the nerves and inner self of the reader, are intricately subjective, reaching down into the bowels of his consciousness, and as such can neither be analysed nor described. Two people may both enjoy a poem. The character of their pleasure may be similar; but the quality of their sensations is bound to be different. So it is that all criticism of poetry needs must be superficial, confining itself to the obvious elements. To the young student it may serve as an introduction to the appreciation of poetry. To

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others it may show the way to approach poetry. At best it can take one to the threshold of and open the door to the chamber of the Muses.

When the critic is himself a poet his reactions to a poem or to poetry though subjective may be expressed in such a way that the criticism itself becomes poetry. But the danger is when one tries to relate the poetic quality of the criticism to the poetry criticised. When the criticism is not merely appreciative but dialectical the danger is all the greater. And when the dialectics is all about theological symbolism and psychosomatic metaphysics the whole thing becomes a threat to one's sanity.

For example, the sea and the desert are familiar symbols in all poetry. They are made to stand for different things by different poets on different occasions. Similarly a voyage is often more than a mere journey or an adventure. While roaming the seas or crossing the deserts the hero comes to the enchanting island or the pleasant oasis and the garden-island iconography is born. Against all this stands the city. Depending on one's mood and what one wants to say the city may be either the haven of safety and joy or the seat of iniquity. According as the city is the one or the other the voyage becomes either a pilgrimage to peace or a flight from injustice. This voyage too may be either voluntarily undertaken or inflicted on one as a punishment. Similarly the garden-island becomes either the satisfying goal or a mirage-temptation on the way. With all this we are familiar. So when the romantic iconography of the sea (and the contrast of the sea, the desert) is explained with some of the most moving passages of literature as illustrations, by a critic who is himself a poet of exceptional sensitivity and sensibility, we have new poetry written. This is so in section one of W. H. Auden's recently published book "The Enchanted Flood."

Auden starts off by referring to a dream described in Wordsworth's Prelude (Book V, 56-139). The poet's friend (the poet himself in the 1850 version) is sitting in a rocky cave by the sea reading Don Quixote. The afternoon is sultry and he is feeling listless. Soon the book is put aside.

He turns "his eyes towards the sea" and muses "on poetry and geometric truth . . . At length his senses yielding, sleep seized him and he pass'd into a dream." In the dream he finds himself alone in a desert. An Arab comes to him. The Arab bears a lance, and carries a stone and a shell. The stone he says is 'Euclid's Elements' and the shell 'is something of more worth.' The poet's friend continues, that he put the shell to his ear,

"And heard that instant in an unknown tongue

Which yet I understood, articulate sounds,

A loud prophetic blast of harmony, An Ode, in passion utter'd, which foretold

Destruction to the Children of the Earth,

By deluge now at hand."

Soon thereafter the Arab goes away to bury the two 'Books,' the stone and the shell, in some safe place to preserve them from the deluge.

"I saw him riding over the Desert Sands,

With the fleet waters of the drowning world

In chase of him, whereat I wak'd in terror."

This is the dream Wordsworth describes in detail and one need not be a Sigmund Freud or slightly mad, to understand the continuity of the stream of ideas that passes through the mind of Wordsworth's friend, the relationship between his thoughts immediately before he falls asleep and what he sees in the dream. Auden however thinks in this there are three pairs of symbols: (1) The desert and the sea, (2) the stone and the shell, and (3) the double-natured hero, half-Ishmael, the exile and half-Don Quixote, the dedicated man. To each of these three pairs of symbols Auden devotes one section of the book. The first section which analyses the symbolism of the desert and the sea, is thorough and exhaustive, erudite always and profound in places. Though often the essay reads like notes jotted down for a lecture, it is filled with passages of exquisite, at the same time lively, prose. It is the prose of a poet. Where else can one come

across a phrase like "the concupiscent of curiosity?" Who but a poet will speak of the mariner image having "a different constellation of ideas?"

It is no new discovery that knowledge is of two kinds. There are the concrete facts and there are the innumerable experiences and knowledge derived from such experiences. One is science, the other is art, poetry. The stone and the shell of the dream are thus explained. It is also clear why Wordsworth describes the stone as "geometric truth which holds acquaintance with the stars and weds man to man

by purest bond

Of nature undisturbed by space or time

It logically follows that the shell is poetic truth "a joy, a consolation, and a hope," built by

'passion which itself

'Is highest reason in a soul sublime.'

If Auden had taken this pair of symbols and analysed how they have been used variously, the second section of his book might have been as interesting an essay as the first. But Auden is too learned to be content with an interesting essay. The poet transforms himself into the scholar and we are treated to dissertations on 'the polemical situation of romanticism,' 'the stone, the romantics and mathematics' and similar exhilarating topics. We come across such brilliant equations as:

The degree of visibility—the degree of conscious knowledge

and, Day and sun—Consciousness and the Paternal Principle, as contrasted with,

Night and Moon—Unconscious and the Maternal Principle.

We also notice Moby Dick has started to become an obsession with Mr. Auden. Net result: this section of the book remains a "might-have-been."

But worse is to come. Section three, it will be remembered, is to deal with the third pair of symbols, the double-natured hero, half-Bedouin, half-romantic-knight. The section begins with Auden's division of heroes into

three types, aesthetic, ethical and religious, an examination of the basis and nature of heroic authority, and an enumeration of 'similarities and differences of characteristics among the heroic-types. Then Ishmael and Don Quixote are compared and contrasted seriatim, and all is ready for launching forth on the great voyage. It too is a voyage of discovery—in which Auden has re-discovered Moby Dick.

Moby Dick is a novel by Herman Melville and deals with the hunting of a giant white whale which the sailors have named Moby Dick. The monster terrorises the seas and sailors everywhere dread an encounter with it. Ahab the captain of a whaling-vessel had previously lost a leg to Moby Dick. Determined to avenge himself he starts on an expedition to chase, hunt and kill Moby Dick, come what may. Melville's novel deals with this great hunt. None but a child can take this novel to be a mere adventure story. Moby Dick is written in the manner of the grand tragedies. In its own fashion it is a minor epic. It is true "if we omit the white whale itself, the whole book is an elaborate synecdoche, i.e., it takes a particular way of life, that of whale-fishing, which men actually lead to earn their livelihood and of which Melville had first-hand experience and makes it a case of any man's life in general." Under the circumstances it is scarcely possible to avoid the story becoming symbolic.

Herein lies the temptation to overdo understanding and interpretation. Some paintings are intended to be viewed from a distance. They say if one approaches too near, the effect will be lost. How disastrous it will be if someone tries to examine it under a microscope? Similarly with allegory and symbolism. One must follow the broad outline. If we try to enter into a discussion of the details of the moral and religious problems we only succeed in clouding what in the original is clear. Any attempt at discerning an intimate parallelism between the overt and the concealed in such works will end in the masterpiece being reduced to nightmarish confusion. Sometimes the resultant thesis will be too ridiculous to be even comic.

The latter portion of section 3 of

The Enchafed Flood is a brilliant critique of Melville's Moby Dick. If only one could forget to read Auden's elaborate attempts to explain and recount the exact symbolic value of each and every triviality. The factors that condition heroic action, the character of the grievance that acts as the motive force, the grouping of the characters, the psychological background to Ahab seeking vengeance on a dumb brute, the individual characteristics of the members of the crew are all admirably told. But again and again Auden's preoccupation with the symbolism behind it all vitiates the analysis. Often the explanations are laboured resulting in passages so abstruse and technical that to the mere student of literature they are totally incomprehensible. What is one to think of: Man's being is a copulative relation between a subject ego and a predicate self? And what may this mean? "Being itself unaware of its potentialities, the self cannot become itself of itself, cannot initiate anything; all it desires is to be in equilibrium, a self-enjoying, self-sufficient self: the responsibility of the self-realisation lies with the ego which can decide; the self can only welcome or resist the decision when it is taken."

AMENDMENT OF THE CONSTITUTION

By M. KRISHNAMOORTHY

"Laws and Constitutions are but the paper safeguards of liberty. A people must have the will to be free."

In the teeth of progressive opposition, the present amendments to the Constitution are sought to be carried out. Comparing the Indian Constitution with other democratic Constitutions of the world, it must be admitted that it is the least democratic. But for the fundamental rights and the adult suffrage, our Constitution would have been no better than the 1935 Act and indeed there is much that is common between the two. Even our fundamental rights are a very big farce with half a dozen provisos for every Article. The balance of opinion in the country is definitely against the amendment.

It is quite true that the present Parliament has all the powers and liabilities of a regular Parliament under Article 379.

And isn't this laughable? "His first act is to throw away his pipe, an act of ascetic renunciation." Ahab losing a leg becomes a castration symbol; Captains Peleg and Bildad the owners of Pequod the vessel Ahab captains are Quakers because "Ishmael has to be made conscious through this pair of the discrepancy between Heaven's time and Jerusalem time." Where does Greenwich Mean Time come in? Has Auden forgotten the lance the Arab in Wordsworth's dream bears? There was a defecation symbol waiting to be asked!

By the time we have come to page 125 Moby Dick looks like a Pilgrims Progress written by Kierkegaard with illustrations by Salvador Dali.

Fortunately there is a page 126 where we get again a glimpse of the poet Auden. The book ends with Auden summing up for the writer in his contemporary situation. "It is not madness we need to fly but prostitution." E. M. Forster calls his review of The Enchafed Flood: The unbuilt city. Spender calls his: A Vision of the Visionary. Perhaps both are right. But most of us are neither Forsters nor Spenders. Merely Auden's readers. We wish he had remembered us.

of the Constitution. But it is not clear that Article 379, either expressly or by implication, gives it the power to amend the Constitution. Under Article 368, there is a special procedure prescribed for the amendment. Article 368 says, "An amendment of this Constitution may be initiated only by the introduction of a bill for the purpose in either House of Parliament, and when the bill is passed in each House....." The word "only" in the above Article contemplates an amendment only when there are two Houses of Legislature and it is the condition precedent before an amendment can be even thought of. Having the power to do a particular thing does not necessarily imply the right to do it. Article 379 is, therefore, in its turn, controlled by Article 368 and this prohibits the present Parliament from exercising the power given to it under Article 379.

SIDELIGHTS :

Independence is of more value than any gifts. Men most commonly seek to oblige thee only that they may engage thee to serve them.—SAADI.

SRI A. B. SHETTY'S name among the Madras ministers is associated with the radium scandal. This and several other scandals were discussed on the floor of the Assembly and the accused ministers got away victoriously when the charges against them were pressed to a division. If the legislators had been free from obligations to the ministry, their votes would have carried weight. But of how many legislators can it be said that they are not beholden to this or that minister, if not the Government itself, for some favour or other? Let alone the permits and the licenses which often are not straight transactions but are covered by devious, circumlocutory devices for the sake of avoiding detection. The gifts of land accepted by members of the Assembly on the score of patriotic services eight years ago, should suffice to taint as unfree any vote cast by them in favour of any minister subjected to a charge. There are some 150 and odd such legislators in Madras State. It is not as if patriots that had rendered any signal service were adjudged worthy of reward by a public committee of trusted judges in a public way. The land grants were made through hole and corner procedures. Some that had rendered real service and made great sacrifices were left out, because they were too dignified and would not apply. Others that were only nominal satyagrahis were handsomely rewarded. Naturally enough, the land grant scheme has left a trail of heartburning behind, and no satisfaction. What would you think of Pandit Nehru if as Prime Minister he had consented to take ten acres of land in return for services rendered in the pre-office period? The Congress President should get a list of all who through the good offices of Sri Kamaraj Nadar or the Madras ministry obtained land and other benefits for alleged old services and see that none of them is selected as a

candidate for the legislature or becomes minister. Politicians that abuse State power by securing through it personal enrichment are not fit to represent the people in the legislature or government.

The truth about the radium scandal will not be creditable to Sri Shetti if it should ever be got at without the protecting support of pampered legislators. Messrs. Shetti and Gopala Reddi cannot be accused of deliberate maladministration. They were inveigled into wrong courses by affection for near relatives. Affection ennobles if it leads to benefactions from property that is one's own. But if the benefactions come from State assets, it makes for a corrupt administrator, even when there is no motive of corruption in the heart and soul. Many sterling virtues of Congress ministers are ruined in net effect because they do not know how to draw the line between the right of free action in dealing with private property and the duty of being fair to all concerned when State assets are to be administered.

Messrs. Parameswaran, Roche Victoria and Perumalswami Reddi have steered clear of all scandals. Sri Perumalswami Reddi shares with Sri Sivashanmukham a great distinction of character of a rather uncommon kind among Congress leaders promoted to high official rank. They have not allowed office to make a difference in their style of living. They have not let out their own houses to move into palatial residences. If one is able to take fortune easily in one's stride, the presumption is that the fortune is well deserved. In the case of far too many Congress ministers, false shows of social importance and multiplication of expenses lead to an abject state of mind through fear of loss of office. A man afraid to lose what he has is a man enslaved, and the spirit of freedom can never flourish in his keeping. One important national service that the high placed should render to one and all in the

present distorted condition of life's economy is to demonstrate that the simplest living will suffice for any office or social need. Democracy will be divorced from individual independence otherwise.

Sri Sitharama Reddi began well as a minister and high hopes were entertained for a time of the things he would attempt and accomplish. But the power of office went to his head. It made him barren for the public good, with energies concentrated on clever manoeuvres to establish himself in the limelight. The industrial regeneration of Royalaseema is constantly on his lips, but as equivalent to it, the advancement of profitable family concerns would seem to be as constantly in his thoughts. He has made himself finicky with a sort of dapper efficiency in self-decoration. In terms of public welfare his record is bleak.

The Madras Congress ministry is a

depressing collection of uninspiring men with high honour paid to senility in the form of Dr. Rajan. At one time sturdy and vigorous, Dr. Rajan's physical maladies have latterly drained the energies out of him. He seems to be more interested in his farm than in his portfolio. The farm has benefitted, but not the administration of public health. Dr. Rajan is the one example in the Cabinet of a minister who knows something at least of one subject. The others are bereft of any special knowledge for the departments they administer. The more technical subjects are run by the more egregious ignoramuses. With knowledge at such discount, the gift of intrigue is the passport to distinction, and we find ministers with the gift passing off as versatile geniuses deputising meddlesomely for weaker colleagues. One or two pull all the strings of government. The others have relapsed into a puppet condition.—SAKA.

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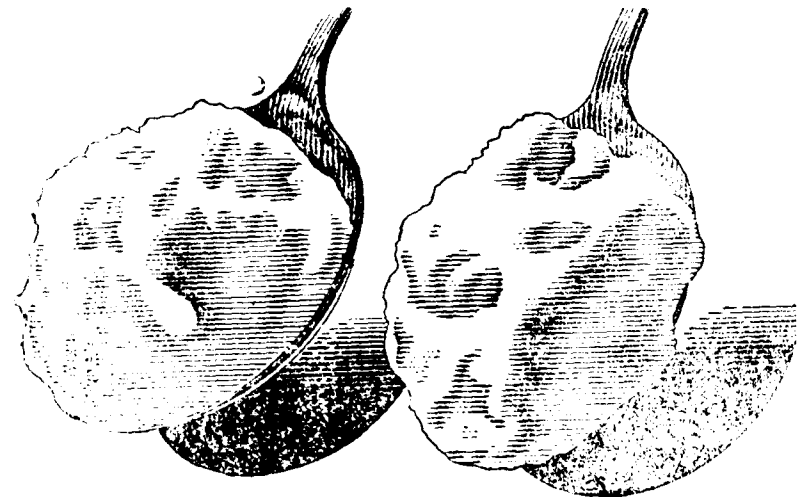
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Letters To The Editor

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

President's Proclamation

The President's Proclamation taking over the administration of the Punjab under Article 356 of the Constitution is an extraordinary invasion on democracy.

A Chief Minister having majority was asked by the Congress caucus to resign because he did not suit their taste. That was itself an act that carried with it no sense whatsoever. But if party members had no strength to resist the onslaughts of their bosses, it is their own look-out. However, where such acts lead to public consequences, such as the upsetting of a State administrative machinery as it has happened in this case, the people should seriously consider whether they can any longer allow such conditions to exist.

But the more serious question is whether the President who is above party politics and the Governor who is above party politics could act, although under pressure of political influence, in the manner they did, having regard to the provisions of the Constitution.

The Proclamation repeats the wording of the Article and the President is apparently satisfied that such repetition is adequate to satisfy the Constitution.

Article 356 runs as follows: "If the President on receipt of a report from the Governor or Rajapramukh of a State or otherwise, is satisfied that a situation has arisen, in which the Government of the State cannot be carried on in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution, the President may by proclamation (a) assume to himself...."

The President's Proclamation begins as follows: "Whereas I, Rajendra Prasad, President of India, have received a report from the Governor of the State of the Punjab and am satisfied that a situation has arisen in which the Government of that State cannot be carried on in accordance with the provisions of the constitution of India, now therefore in exercise of the power conferred by Article 356 of the Constitution and of all other powers enabling me in that behalf, I hereby assume to myself...."

We can see that it is a mere reproduction of the Article, the only changes being the interposition of the words "I, Rajendra Prasad" and the deletion of the words 'Rajapramukh or otherwise'.

A mere reproduction of the section without giving the gist of the report of the Governor, the nature of the circumstances that have arisen and how the constitutional machinery broke down

necessitating the use of the powers under this Article, does not in my opinion satisfy the letter or spirit of the Article in question. I do not say that the entire report need be cited, but a correct precis should be given adequate enough to show a reasonable cause to the people who read it and are affected by it why such action was taken. A mere assertion that a report was received and that the President is satisfied does not amount to a justification for action taken. The proclamation must have sufficient material to justify it in terms of the Article.

Here is a case where a Government having a majority was asked to resign; no alternative Government could be formed, which itself is positive proof that the gentleman who was asked to resign had a clear and tested majority and hence the President, instead of exercising powers under Article 356 should have asked the resigning Chief Minister whether he could form a fresh cabinet. He did not do so. The Governor apparently asked persons who had no majority whether they would form a ministry. Naturally no one could. Any way the proclamation is cleverly silent on all points. In the circumstances dissolution of the House and general elections should at least have been the natural consequences, even assuming the crisis was a natural one and not an artificial one. In my opinion Article 356 cannot be brought into operation so long as the Chief Minister manages to have a clean majority. It is the clear duty of the President to see things for himself and not be a mere signing machine to give effect to pressure groups. I mean no disrespect to the present President personally but I am stating the constitutional position of a President. Therefore the President's Proclamation is both ill advised and against the spirit and letter of the Constitution.

If this should form a precedent, the Constitution might as well be given up.

TENNETI VISWANATHAM.
Visakhapatnam.

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Srimathi G. J. AMBA, Proprietor, Progressive News Agencies, Agents: Andhra Patrika etc., has been appointed as our selling Agent at Vizagapatnam, Waltair and Vizianagaram with effect from 29-6-51.

Manager,
SWATANTRA

SWATANTRA

VOL. VI
No. 22

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1951

ISSUE
WEEKLY

CRAZE FOR CONTROL

THE Persian oil crisis emphasises the unwisdom of western nations establishing huge profitable enterprises in Asian countries. A powerful State like the U. S. will never allow alien exploitation of resources within its own territory. If in Iran a British company was allowed to mine and sell oil, it is an indication of the weakness of the Government that permitted it. It was only to be expected that the first effect of a consciousness of strength on the part of the Iranian Government would be to seek to terminate the activities of an alien power in the economic exploitation of its own internal resources. In such a situation it is futile to refer to estimates of loss and gain in connection with the threatened dispossession. Prospects of loss will not influence a people bent on paying any price for experiencing the thrill of mastery within the precincts of their own territorial domain. But actually the price to be paid need not be so forbidding as it is made out to be by the upholders of the status quo. The world needs Persian oil and cannot do without it, and there are enough of technicians in the world expert in oil mechanics prepared to sell their services for attractive emoluments to any Government anywhere. If the British technicians non-cooperate, the Persian oil industry will not suffer for lack of competent experts to take their place. Always, in cases of expropriation or even of voluntary abdication, there is the serious risk of wanton sabotage on the part of the expropriated party. Some imp of mischief plays its prank at the last moment to impel the vanquished in a

fight to involve the victor also in a common ruin and in that way get even and rob the victory of its fruit. The British in India acted as no nation in the world's history had done, by relinquishing political power before the compulsion point leaving them no other alternative, was actually reached. It was a magnificent act on their part, but they could not resist the temptation of administering a vicious parting kick at the moment of departure. Had they exercised care and human insight, the horrible mass killings of the Partition might have been avoided. The logical sequel of the British exit from India is the surrender of minor imperialist ventures in the rest of Asia. Let them leave with grace what they can hold no longer with force. The plea of injustice on the score of expropriation without compensation does not arise in the case of the Persian oil industry. It has paid its shareholders so richly hitherto that cessation of further gain would not leave them losers on the transaction, and cannot be made reasonably a ground of complaint. It will only confuse the issue if the rights and wrongs of nationalisation are sought to be set against the contractual obligations of the Persian Government to the British oil company. Nationalisation is not the real issue though it has figured much in print. The real issue is the elimination of foreign ownership of oil mines within Iran by the Iranian Government, in the same way in which Russia and Mexico adopted a similar course when confronted with a similar situation on earlier occasions.

The British Government cannot arrive at a correct decision on the Persian oil issue unless its leaders are imaginative enough to place themselves in Persia's position. There would be horror throughout the country if any suggestion were to be made that a British coal mine should be owned and worked by a German or other alien company. The origin of the incentives to world war can be traced, in the ultimate analysis, to the imperviousness of Western nations to the psychological consequences of overmuch intervention on their part in the politics and affairs of Asian countries. If the Americans are fast losing Asian goodwill, the reason for it lies in the obtrusiveness with which they seek to spread their influence among the people of Asia almost in a sort of competition with the national leaders of the respective countries. In India, the U.S.I.S. which began as a purveyor of information, has converted itself into an organisation for the running of newspapers, and journals in English and most other languages now flood the country in complete freedom from the limitations of means to which every other unit of the press is subject. All this makes not for confidence but suspicion. The craze for control should be kept in reasonable check if the apparent schemes of beneficence of Western nations like Britain and U. S. are not to lead to irritation instead of goodwill in Asian countries like India and Iran.

Mean Tactics

THE Madras Government's rules for admission of students to medical and engineering colleges are not worthy of sane men in possession of commonsense. One of the rules penalises candidates whose parents are educated. Assuming that the ministers are educated, are they prepared to waive the claims of their sons for admission to these colleges? Or will they get round the rule by providing for themselves out of the dis-

cretionary allotment of seats which they willed on their own initiative in their own favour. Another innovation is the assignment of the task of making admissions to the vice-chancellors of the three universities. The principals of the institutions concerned were evidently considered unfit for the responsibility. We understand that for the engineering colleges there are more than 2,000 applicants. It would take some 170 hours for the vice-chancellors to interview all the applicants even if each interview is to take no more than five minutes. Within these five minutes, marks approximating to 400 probably would be disposed of, and these marks would receive a consideration superior to the results obtained by the students at the regular examinations. Nowhere in the world are vice-chancellors of universities subjected to this ignominious business of sabotaging the worth of the examination machinery of their own institutions. The Madras Government are making a miserable spectacle of themselves with these 'rules' which only exhibit them to the public in mean and despicable colours.

Decline Of Discipline

ADDRESSING the Madras Secretariat Association on Wednesday, Sri Pulla Reddi, Secretary, Home Department, regretted that with the attainment of independence, a certain amount of looseness was noticed everywhere which was not the case before. "This," he said, "is not fair to our administration which is our own. We must tighten up these loose ends and maintain discipline, so that when foreigners visit us they must feel that we can run the show as well as they can." The need of discipline can be sustained even on other grounds besides that of impressing foreigners, but Sri Pulla Reddi should have addressed his remarks not to the officials but to the ministers. It is the ministers that are responsible for the looseness now noticed everywhere, complained of by the Home Secretary.

By meddling unnecessarily with the routine of the administration, by angling for preferment for favourites of their own, by manifesting clannishness, and by frequent departures from fairplay and rectitude, the ministers have created an atmosphere in which nobody can feel sure that good work honestly and diligently performed, will win recognition. Some very able officers have left in disgust, and more are leaving. Respect for authority has diminished, as at its source it has become tainted with trickery and unworthiness. It is the poison of ministerial corruption that has converted the discipline of former times into the patent indiscipline and slovenliness of the administration under the Congress ministerial regime.

Labour Leadership

WE invite readers' attention to Sri Anantaramakrishnan's criticism of labour leadership printed on page 9 of this issue. He has to his credit a magnificent enlargement of the field of industrial production in the country. Many articles of great utility to agriculture and industry, which for-

merly had to be imported at high cost, are through his enterprise and initiative made available in the same if not better quality at considerably reduced prices. He ranks therefore among the foremost benefactors of the nation's economy and his suggestions are well worth careful consideration by all who have the welfare of the community at heart. He is of the opinion that labour's condition cannot improve without improvement of industry's competitive position. There is no wherewithal for workers' benefit in mere agitation however vigorously conducted. More has to be produced if more has to go round, which means that waste and inefficiency have to be eliminated. Unfortunately, far too many of the labour leaders are less interested in workers' welfare than in their own ambitions. Sri Anantaramakrishnan demands that the Government which has gone a long way to see that labour is treated fairly by employers, should now concentrate on taking the necessary steps to see that labour is not exploited by politicians. It is a very reasonable and timely demand.

Sotto Voce

PETER AND PAUL



THERE is no sadder spectacle than that of healthy seedlings wilting for want of water. Transplantation plays the same role in the life of the paddy plant as marriage in the life of the young girl trembling on the threshold of maturity. It is the rare kind of uprooting that brings the joy of expansion in a new environment. The vagaries of the monsoon and the bungling of the administration far too often combine to frustrate this

grand consummation of tilth. The industrious farmer, who at considerable cost has grown seedlings betimes by baling out water, perpetually faces the prospect of losing seed and labour alike.

The Kaveri delta is right in the throes of this annual struggle as I write these words. The trickle of water in the river mocks the husbandman whom the facile optimism of

Government communiques had misled into thinking that he could depend on adequate and timely supplies. With a superb sense of timing the Government have chosen just this moment to publish the sapient proposals of the Land Reforms Committee. No saboteur, who had planned to throw out of gear the entire agricultural economy of a region which is vital to the food supply of this part of the country, could have set about the business in a more effective fashion.

The *waram* system, which is one of the two principal tenures in the eastern districts of Tamil Nad, may be roughly described as crop-sharing. But, unlike its American analogue, it has from the tenant's point of view all the advantages of a fixed lease without its drawbacks. It does not leave the tenant to face all by himself the natural hazards of agriculture, including unseasonable drought or flood, obscure plant pests and the wilful winds that in an hour's horseplay might reduce a year's harvest to chaff. While three months' intensive work on the holding brings him and his family enough grain for a year it leaves him free for the other nine months to undertake better paid if irregular work as a casual labourer.

The tenure, which like all things that wear well is highly elastic, depends for its working not on written rules but on good sense and mutual goodwill. That it has lasted unchanged in essentials for generations is proof that in its incidence it has been equitable to all parties—the tenant himself, the mirasdar and the large number of landless workers whom every holding irrespective of size must employ even if it be only for a day or two in the busy season. Of the net yield from the land, the tenant, the owner and the Government have taken roughly equal shares. I should not be surprised if the special officer who was deputed to investigate these matters a year or two back found that these proportions were on the whole fair and just.

For reasons best known to themselves the Government have not published his findings. The Subramanyam Committee has had access to

them; its recommendations however betray the doctrinaire approach typical of the ignorant outsider anxious to achieve a reputation for progressive ideas. The maxima it would prescribe by law as the landlord's share would leave him, after he pays land revenue and other dues, a fraction which would be rather less than half of what he gets to-day. And he must look on helplessly while the land goes to the dogs under a system which would place a premium on neglect. It will be poor consolation to him in the circumstances that occupancy right in form is not to be conferred on the tenant.

The tenant who finds his income almost doubled overnight thanks to the good offices of a beneficent Government will react in the way he has always reacted to such unexpected good fortune. He will content himself with a minimum of work on the farm; as for manuring and doing the umpteen other things that good husbandry requires and that under the new dispensation would be theoretically his responsibility, he would not bother about them at all. For one thing money for improvements is not easy to come by. In any case, with a 55 per cent share of the gross produce, he can always hope to get at least as much as he got under the old 30 or 35 per cent share.

In the light of this crucial recommendation the other proposals for limiting the size of holdings, for placing arbitrary restrictions on the landlord's right to resume his land for personal cultivation and so on—will be seen to have for their aim not the betterment of agriculture, but the impoverishing of one class, and of the agricultural economy in the process, for the supposititious benefit of another. The irony of it is that many tenants are far more prosperous than the landlords for whom the committee prescribes blood-letting. With specious impartiality it would fix a maximum size for the tenant's holding too. If these hairbrained proposals were given effect to, half the land might go out of cultivation, and the other half might not be worth the bother.

VIGNESWARA.

LABOUR'S RESPONSIBILITY

By S. ANANTHARAMAKRISHNAN

THE effects of the second World War on the general economy of the world are still baffling the best intellects of every country. India is no exception. Everywhere the cost of living has been steadily rising without any relative rise in the standard of living whilst wages endeavour to keep pace, with the aid of dearness allowances. A genuine shortage of essential supplies, and the activities of certain anti-social elements and opportunists in the commercial field are constantly forcing prices to rise, and lead us to a veritable spiral of inflation. Labour, which forms the bulk of the lower income brackets, is hard hit by this inflation. It is, therefore, agreed by most employers that a worker's total emoluments have to be constantly raised in keeping with this steady rise in the cost of living. How do we achieve this? We do it by the payment of a dearness allowance which fluctuates according to the level of the cost of living index provided by the Government for each area. Who is going to bear the additional burden? Obviously the consumer. In the relationship between capital and labour, it is too often overlooked that there is a silent third party, namely the consumer, who is called upon to pay every time, without being consulted. If there arises a dispute involving any kind of emolument between capital and labour, the Government machinery sets in motion conciliation proceedings; and if these fail, the disputes are referred to adjudication by a Tribunal. The Tribunal is charged with the duty of hearing both parties and gives an award. The significant thing in the whole proceeding is that the third party, who is most concerned with the dispute, the party who has to pay every time, is not consulted at any stage. It is significant that the Government, in setting up this procedure, has failed to safeguard the interests of the public. There is, however, one way of raising wages without increasing the price to the consumer, and only one way, i.e. by so increasing production that the cost of unit production is not increased, but is actually reduced.

It is notorious that in our country during the last five years, the production per man hour in many industries has deteriorated to about fifty per cent of the pre-war standards. I attribute this to wrong teaching and propaganda on the part of Trade Union leaders. If agitation is necessary to redress grievances, by all means let the Unions agitate, but whilst agitating, the Unions should still co-operate in securing the maximum production. Why put it in the minds of illiterate workers that they should not work so hard, but positively should go slow and produce less.

During the last 30 years, since the introduction of Montford reforms, a large number of enactments has been passed by both Central and Provincial Governments, defining the various aspects of capital-labour relationship. While they all deal with the responsibilities of the employers,—i.e. "To pay the wages before a particular date," "What employers can deduct," "The provision of a rest shed, canteen, etc." "The right and privileges of labour"—the enactments are significantly silent on the responsibilities of labour. These responsibilities are of far more importance than is generally realised, and the spiral of inflation can be checked, and reversed only when labour realises its full obligations. These responsibilities can be classified roughly as follows:

(A) Every employee must do his, or her, utmost to produce the maximum with the equipment made available.

(B) Labour must learn to co-operate with the management to reduce high costs of production wherever possible.

(C) Joint Management Labour Works Committee must patiently teach workers in their respective jobs to have a pride in their work, and in their ability to turn out the maximum amount of work.

(D) Labour must co-operate with the management in working incentive schemes aimed at getting more and more production,

In our country for many years it is not an unusual practice for employers to pay the worker a bonus depending on the profits arising from the labours of the worker during the year. While it can be argued that labour should participate in the profit it has helped to produce, it is illogical to demand that total profits are the outcome of the efforts of total labour. Many businesses are of a composite nature, namely, many departments totally unconnected with each other, comprise a whole. In such a business some departments make a profit, some only break even, and some make a loss. It is only fair that the bonus to the worker should be based on the results of the production of which he has had a direct share. The logical step is to give the worker a bonus based on his production figures, for thereby you provide the worker with a production incentive, and because such bonus is paid direct to him immediately production is achieved, his mind naturally turns to production.

Business in India at present is passing through a very difficult phase. Many products manufactured here cost more than the landed cost of similar imported articles. Analysing the cost of such indigenous products into material and labour, it will be found that labour costs are much higher than is necessary, usually because production is low, and wastage of material is high. It is the responsibility of labour to improve industry's competitive position, so that labour's own position will be secure. Every time wastage of material occurs there is a very considerable labour content lost; the more advanced the stage of manufacture when the wastage occurs, the greater the labour wastage content.

Labour in this country is still largely illiterate and needs to be taught, and guided properly. That is, or should be, one of the primary functions of the Labour Unions. But, instead of guiding workers in proper trade union methods, where the aim is to secure a good day's pay for a good day's work, we see all around us labour being used as a pawn by politicians to advance or realise personal ambitions. The ultimate welfare of the worker has become secondary to the establishment of the prestige of

ambitious Union officials, or the increase in Union membership. The Government has gone a long way to see that labour is treated fairly by employers, and it should now concentrate on taking the necessary steps to see labour is not exploited by politicians.

Industry needs both capital and labour. Without one, the other becomes either completely ineffective or partially so. Each should respect the other, and both should realise the importance of each other to industry. Bitterness and indiscipline once introduced in the ranks of labour is very difficult to eradicate. The cause of labour is certainly not advanced by scurrilous attacks on management personnel. Labour leaders who indulge in such attacks are doing, wittingly or unwittingly, a great disservice to the cause which they serve, for they sow the very seeds of bitterness and indiscipline which make negotiations and co-operation between management and labour so difficult.

A strike, as a means of collective bargaining, is not only expensive for both capital and labour, but also defeats its own purpose in the end. It is a wasteful and obsolete tool for the settlement of industrial disputes. There can be none more interested in the well-being of labour than the employer, because on that well-being depends the return, financial and otherwise, on his capital. Labour should not allow itself to be misled. Direct negotiations are always to be preferred; when these fail, Government has provided machinery for conciliation, and if that also fails, adjudication of disputes can be requested. In my opinion it is a fair way of getting things settled when each side approaches the problems realistically, and when everyone concerned is acquainted with the full implications, financially as well as legally. In direct negotiations it is useless for labour to refuse to consider accounting as the basis on which to discuss wage structures, welfare benefits and bonuses. Without a proper accounting system, no industry can run successfully today. It is useless for labour to say we will accept the accounting system for this discussion but not for that discussion. It is use-

less for labour to use an accounting system on the occasion that it suits and discard it when it does not suit. One of the greatest weaknesses in the present day presentation of the case for labour, is its inherent distrust of an accounting system. That distrust reveals very clearly that labour leaders today have an inferiority complex regarding their ability to read, and fully understand, a set of accounts. They are, generally, quite unwilling to discuss accounts in detail. Accounts are the only tangible evidence when disputes regarding wages and other emoluments and facilities are being discussed. One of the matters which needs the most urgent attention of Government, is the absence generally of any knowledge of accounting in conciliators, adjudicators, and members of Tribunals. I have studied closely many of the Awards of Adjudicators and Tribunals, and have been amazed at the length of time devoted to the legal aspect and its implications as compared to the time devoted to the financial aspect and its implications as revealed by a close study of accounts.

The absence of financial experts, or persons with a good knowledge of financial implications, from the posts of conciliators, adjudicators or members of Tribunals should immediately be remedied by Government; no case should be heard by a Tribunal unless it has the assistance of an accounts expert.

When this defect in the present system has been remedied then I, for one, shall be quite prepared to say that awards should be made binding on both parties. Strikes should be banned completely for at least one year after the issue of the award. At

present in India, Unions are formed for each company or group of companies, irrespective of the nature of the business or trade. In Western countries, where Trade Unionism has been well developed, Unions are formed industry-wise. For instance, the Automobile Workers' Union in the U. S. represents the workers of not one unit in the industry, but the whole of the industry. When collective bargaining is settled, all workers in the industry get the benefits, and the competitive nature of the industrial units remains unaltered.

In India we are now ready for such Unions, and for such collective bargaining. We are fortunate in that we can learn from the mistakes that have been committed in the West; we can utilise the knowledge gained from Time and Motion studies to obtain bigger production, and from the proceeds of bigger production we can raise the wage levels step by step. We know now how to plan welfare schemes, and how to execute such schemes. What we have yet to learn however is how to trust one another. Labour has been taught to mistrust capital, employer, and management. I suggest that we ourselves, each one of us as individuals, are in varying measures responsible for where we are today, and if we do not now grasp the truth that 'Trust begets Trust' we shall flounder along to failure in this great new era which dawned on us in 1947. We have a little time left to pull ourselves together, but only a very little time, for the world at large is a busy place, and cannot be bothered with helping folk along who are more busily engaged in creating distrust than they are in finding ways and means to raise the general standard of life.—*Courtesy A. I. R.*

NEW COLLEGE ADMISSION RULES

The new rules set by the Government for regulating admission of students to professional colleges have been published. One cannot help feeling, after perusal of the Press Note, that greater modifications are necessary. After reserving 15 percent for the Scheduled castes and Scheduled tribes and 25 per cent for the Backward classes, the reason for reserving 12 seats in the Engineering Colleges and 12 seats in the Medical Colleges to be filled up specially by the Government, at their discretion, is neither intelligible nor convincing. One is at a loss to know who are exactly those in need of preferential treatment such as this. The Government would do well to drop this special kind of patronage in their hands and leave the responsibility of admissions to the selection committees. The Government should give an assurance that no candidate would be penalised merely for the reason that one or two of his close relatives had the benefit of higher education.—**K. R. KRISHNAMOORTHY.**

RECRUITMENT TO PUBLIC SERVICES

(By A Special Correspondent)

THE Union Public Service Commission is reported to have decided on a reform in the conduct of the competitive examination for the I.A.S. and other services in the direction of enhancing the number of marks for *viva voce* test from 340 to 400. The Commission may feel that by affecting this change, it is introducing a better method of assessing the intellectual and moral culture of the candidates. But it has not made out a convincing case for the disproportionate significance to be accorded to the *viva voce* test in relation to the written one in the communique issued by it. The importance of an oral test to round off the written one in order to fill in the details of the picture, as it were, of a candidate's mental alertness and general deportment, will be conceded. But it does not justify the decision to effect a violent disturbance in the balance between the two processes. In any case a very great deal depends on the manner in which the *viva voce* test is conducted and it is imperative that great sympathy and understanding on the other should characterize the adjudgement of a candidate's performance and that disparity in the marks allotted in the written and the oral tests should not be so glaring as to suggest pressure of extraneous influences.

On this point, public opinion will need to be assured that the increased importance with which the oral test is to be invested, will be accompanied by such an objective appraisal of the worth of young men for the country's public services. For decades the written examination had been regarded and had stood the test as the yardstick for evaluating one's knowledge or comprehension of a subject. It is the objective factor inherent in it, resulting from the unawareness by the testor of the identity of the tested and which therefore facilitated an appraisal of merit without the play of personal predilections, that is its greatest asset,

while in the oral test the subjective factor enters largely into account, unconsciously if not consciously. And as members of the Commission are not certainly supermen, if their individual prejudices and preferences dominate their outlook, woe to the candidate who for some reason or the other fails to size up to the expectations of individual members. At one and the same time the Public Service Commission assume the supercilious pose that they can assess an individual's moral and mental calibre in the course of a quarter of an hour or half an hour's *tete-tete* with him, which may turn out to be inconsequential badinage or pointless interrogations depending on the state of nerves of the members, and also attempt to make the world believe that they can maintain a mental equanimity and calmness themselves for three to four hours on end, while putting a procession of candidates through a process of cross-examination. There is every danger in this method of dealing with the interview business, that the members' lack of objective equanimity would prove harmful to the chances of at least some candidates of proved merit otherwise.

Reports of how the Commission conducts the oral test for the administrative services or interviews for other posts are not altogether reassuring or capable of inspiring confidence. It was stated that in the *viva voce* test in connection with the last I. A. S. examination, that the Commission was more concerned, at least in some cases, with the candidate's family and other connections than with his own merit and capacity. The story goes, for instance, that in the case of candidates who happen to be in the privileged position being related to a Secretary to the Government of India, the young man had only to announce himself as such to get away with high marks. A similar performance was reportedly repeated

in the case of another young man who happens to be the son of a High Court Judge while there were cases of young men whose meritorious accomplishment in the written test had been followed by an incredibly low credit in the *viva voce* and who had in consequence to forego the rank they were entitled to.

It is also strange that the Public Service Commission should place such incredible value on foreign degrees and foreign education. In a particular case, the posts for which candidates were being interviewed were such that what was essentially demanded of them was a knowledge of Indian conditions and India as a country. But candidates were reported to have been specifically questioned as to what experience they had of foreign countries and languages. Foreign travel and education have their own place and value in the scheme of things; but why the authority concerned with recruiting personnel for the services in India who have to function under Indian conditions should attach so much importance to experience and travel in foreign lands is beyond one's comprehension. Is education in Indian universities and experience of Indian conditions worth nothing in comparison with the education and travel in other countries? What we want is a "know your own country" campaign, and a sense of self-respect should make us feel that education in Indian universities is as good as education in a foreign country. The Public Service Commission should not be the agency for spreading a false and perverted sense of values among our young men.

If report is correct, there would seem to be several other instances of the familiar and formal call for interview by the Commission being merely a blind for advancing the claims of departmental favourites or regularising the appointment of some one who is already in service. What is absolutely essential is that where there is an oral test in addition to a written one, the credit accorded to a candidate in the former must bear some proportionate or balanced relation to the credit obtained by him in the latter, while in cases in which the oral interview is the only test applied, the candidate's background should be

taken fully into account. It will be a grave dis-service to the nation's public services if candidates applying for recruitment thereto, whose accomplishments in other fields and directions and whose qualifications and previous experience entitle them to careful consideration, are turned down unceremoniously for unassigned and dubious reasons. At a time when the best available talent in the country has to be harnessed to the country's service, it will be a national loss if, through the interplay of the whims of a few gentlemen, that desirable consummation is not attained.

In this connection reference may be made to the strange and inexplicable attitude of certain of our ministers who nonchalantly proclaim, as one did to me, that when qualifications are prescribed for certain posts for which recruitment is to be made by the Commission, they do not expect qualified and experienced persons doing well in similar positions under private employment, to apply for them. It struck me as an exceedingly strange attitude for a minister to take, which by implication meant that the State would as well be satisfied with the services of second-rate or third-rate men. Probably the particular minister considers that, after his own elevation from a comparatively humble position to ministerial office, the Government had secured the quintessence of the nation's talent for the nation's service and that there was no need for reinforcing it further by the recruitment of men of merit. No wonder that some of our experienced and highly competent officials find it preferable and profitable to seek employment in private, commercial and other concerns, because particular ministers of the Government have no use for them. It is to be earnestly hoped that the Public Service Commissions, as responsible bodies discharging an important statutory duty, would so conduct their tests as to infuse confidence in the public mind that their labours will give the country the best men for the administration and that in their selection of candidates there is no favouritism, nepotism or haphazardness.

TALES OF GENERAL ELECTIONS IN BURMA

By S. CHATTERJIE

RANGOON went to poll on June 12 and on the same day part of Burma had her general elections on a regional basis, this being the first instalment of the general elections in independent Burma. The polling took place in all the notified constituencies in an orderly manner and no incident of major nature was reported from any quarter. An official press note said that barring a few minor incidents the polling went off without a hitch. In Rangoon 64 candidates contested the seven seats and the residents of Rangoon entitled to vote cast their votes in 106 polling booths. The contesting candidates included the Prime Minister Thakin Nu and three other cabinet ministers as well as one Burmese woman.

The Prime Minister Thakin Nu visited a polling booth close to his house and stood in the line with others to cast his vote. Thakin Nu also visited other booths just to see how the polling was going. The members of the Election Supervision Commission also visited the booths to see that the elections were free and fair. Each polling booth had armed police guards while jeep cars with armed police paraded the city throughout the period. The city was placed out of bounds for the day for the regular army men and they had to spend the day in their barracks.

The most severe contests were between Cooperative Minister U Kyaw Nyein and veteran politician U Ba Pe and between Agriculture Minister Bo Khin Maung Gale and Col. Yan Naing, son-in-law of Dr. Baw Maw, both being in East Rangoon region.

The Commerce Minister U Kyaw Myint had the best organised agents most of whom were Burmese women, and the best of Rangoon's cars were employed by his agents but the owners of these cars are mostly Indians and Chinese.

Out of 106 booths only in two booths polling had to be continued on the following day as voters could not com-

plete casting their votes despite the extended time.

Altogether 15 Burmese men and 2 Burmese women were placed under arrest for alleged malpractices and other illegal acts on polling day and they will shortly be sent up for trial by Rangoon police.

Polling was scheduled on June 12 in 52 constituencies but reports from districts disclosed that polling could not be held for some reason or other. In Tharrawaddy area about 100 miles from Rangoon polling booths collapsed owing to severe rainstorms and the voters returned disappointed.

In Toungoo in central Burma a few booths were burnt down by the insurgents on the previous evening while in another area the insurgents attacked the booth and thus disrupted the elections. In a few places in southern Shan states the Election Commission had to order last minute cancellation owing to the presence and activities of the insurgents—the Communists and underground PVOs.

In Pegu district a lorry carrying the voters had its wheel blasted as it struck a land mine placed by the Communists on the trunk road. Two voters were injured and the driver's assistant was killed. Two police officers while out on supervising the booths met with an accident. The car skidded and capsized and both officers received injuries.

In Myitkyina far in the north floods interfered and voters could not cross the river owing to the strong tide.

Counting of votes started in the third week of June and candidates were informed about the time and place and asked to be present by the Collector of Rangoon.

Meanwhile some interesting and amusing incidents have come to light and the matter has been reported to the Election Commission by the Collector in whose office the ballot boxes were kept under army guards.

In one booth in Rangoon it was dis-

covered after several hours of voting that the tokens issued carried no stamps of the presiding officer who either forgot or overlooked this matter.

In another booth in Rangoon one candidate pointed out to the presiding officer that the ballot box had no slit to insert the tokens while in most of the boxes the slit was too small to admit the tokens inside. Speculations are afoot as to the result and the AFPFL which had six opposition groups against it, claims to have secured complete success so far as Rangoon is concerned. It is believed in most quarters that not more than 30 per cent of the voters took part in the voting and it might be less but not more. In the last election in 1947 only about 11% took part in the voting but in the present election the figures will be much higher than that. Communist fifth columnists were active prior to polling day in Rangoon as posters were found on the walls within the secretariat and leaflets were distributed in the city warning voters not to participate. Feelings between followers of AFPFL and oppositionists grew high on the eve of election day and fearing molestation many remained indoors but their percentage was very small. Lack of unity and understanding and split of votes among oppositionists themselves provided easy victory for the AFPFL whose spokesman said that all cabinet ministers contesting in Rangoon would be returned.

The most striking defeat experienced so far by AFPFL took place in Akyab where ex-ICS U Kyaw Min, Managing Director of the "Nation" as independent swept the poll defeating the AFPFL candidate who has to forfeit his deposit money.

The oppositionists also lodged a strong protest against Government's raising election expenses from Rs. 4,000 to Rs. 15,000 and this last minute announcement they said was a surprise and favourable to AFPFL only.

Counting of votes polled in Rangoon on June 12 commenced on June 18 and the first result announced late in the afternoon the easy victory of Thakin Nu, Prime Minister of Burma and AFPFL President, as was anticipated in all quarters.

The constituency which Thakin Nu selected for his contest was Lanmadaw which means in Burmese 'The Highway' and it included the China town of Rangoon. Quite a large number of Chinese who have become Burma nationals resided in that area. The electors in this constituency numbered 26,000 and Thakin Nu secured 5,166 votes, that is about 20%.

Nine candidates contested against him but his chief opponent was U Aung Than, brother of the late Bogoyoke Aung San and leader of the People's Democratic Front. He suffered a great defeat securing only 2,824 votes. Aung Than is the elder brother of Aung San and he was a school master in Upper Burma. After his brother's assassination in 1947 the AFPFL on the suggestion of Thakin Nu invited him to join the AFPFL and he was elected as a member of the Constituent Assembly on the AFPFL ticket. A couple of months ago he resigned from AFPFL and became an opposition leader in the Assembly and formed the Opposition bloc known as the People's Democratic Front. Being brother of Bogoyoke Aung San and being pro-Communist he believed that a lot of the Chinese voters would give him support but the Chinese votes were split as Mr. Aw Myo Shu, a sino-Burmese and retired incometax officer, also contested and came third in the polling with 534 votes. U Aung Than fell out with the Socialists and staged the Stay Put in the legislature when the House was prorogued by the Speaker and he with 15 others remained within the House for 24 hours continuously. Thakin Nu's another opponent was U Tun Sein, his very close and intimate friend, but he came seventh with 80 votes. Tun Sein, a self-made business man, owns the biggest business store in Rangoon but he too disliked the Socialist policy and fought against his own friend Thakin Nu. The last in the poll was Mr. Tilla Mohamed Khan, a Pathan but a Burma national and he obtained only 11 votes.

During the counting of votes it was discovered that out of the 20 political detenus inside the Rangoon Jail 17 voted for U Aung Than while 3 voted for Thakin Nu. In the case of the army votes, however, the majority voted for Thakin Nu and a few voted for U Aung Than. Notable achieve-

ments by the AFPFL in the first round of elections so far were that Thakin Nu beat U Aung Than (PDF) by over 2,300 votes, Agriculture Minister Bo Khin Maung Gale beat Col. Yan Naing (Mahabama) by about 5,000 votes, Commerce Minister U Kyaw Myint beat independents by over 4,000 votes, Finance Minister U Tin beat U Mya Thein (BWPP) by over 6,000 votes. The contest was keen between Co-operative Minister U Kyaw Nyein and old politician U Ba Pe and although counting of their votes is not yet over it could safely be said that Minister U Kyaw Nyein will have an easy win over the old timer U Ba Pe.

Inside the ballot boxes of Thakin Nu and U Aung Than besides the tokens were found many small chits mostly written in Burmese. Those addressed to Thakin Nu stated they did not believe the Socialists but they wanted Thakin Nu at the helm of government and they believed in his honesty and integrity. Another chit said "The AFPFL today is like the water fetched by the Indian foreigner for his own toilet purposes." One chit stated "May you grow more Bo Saplings and also increase the pay of the government clerks." One chit addressed to U Aung Than stated "We are voting for you solidly believing you are as good as your brother U Aung San and we hope that your peace programme will succeed." Advices and warnings were also contained in some of the letters and some asked Thakin Nu not to be dominated by the Socialist masters. During the counting of votes the Opposition leaders often cried "Foul" and five of them have already filed election petitions objecting to the return of the AFPFL candidates in Rangoon. The grounds put forward by them are disappearance of the seal and string around some of the ballot boxes and alleged tampering with the tokens and their transfer.

A violent protest was raised on June 18 by the Opposition group members at a meeting convened by them against the sudden and surprise in-

crease of the limit of the election expenses. Three days before the polling the President of the Union released an Ordinance raising the limit of election expenses from Rs. 4,000 to Rs. 15,000 per member.

These defeated candidates of the Opposition group formed an Action Committee and submitted a petition to the Election Supervision Commission stating that the Ordinance was arbitrary and detrimental to free and fair elections in as much as it disables most of the candidates to compete with the more well-to-do candidates. This ordinance was a step to justify the election expenditure already incurred by the Government candidates over and above Rs. 4,000 and was passed to suit the cases of Government candidates. They further stated that such an ordinance should not have been passed without consulting the public and particularly the Commission and prayed that the whole election should be nullified and fresh elections held after the rains.

A Government press note issued justifying the increase said that in pre-war days when goods and services were cheaper the election expenditure of a candidate was limited to Rs. 4,000 in each case. Since then Burma has not only been despoiled by the war but also suffered through the insurrection which has consequently raised the cost of commodities and services to at least four times the pre-war figure. The press note added that the ordinance was in conformity with the Parliamentary Election Rule.

Debarring pressmen from watching the counting of votes raised another protest which was lodged with the Election Commission.

A Burmese astrologer said that June 12 was an inauspicious day for the polling and the elections, if held on that date, will lead to troubles and disorders in the country. He seems to be true in his forecast judging from the problems arising.—Copy-right N.P.S.

Next to laziness, I think man's worst enemy is fear. All that fear advises diminishes man and often even degrades him. Each time, on the contrary, that man triumphs over fear he becomes greater.—ANDREW GIDE.

POEMS AMIDST BOMBS AND BULLETS

By G. NARAYANA RAO

(Professor, Osmania College, Kurnool)

THE Muse of Poetry is courageous and cosmopolitan, though highly capricious. She dwells in the heart of a soldier, a sailor, or an air-man as fearlessly as she reigns in the heart of a Milton, a Shelley, or a Tagore, although each votary of hers has a different vision of her beauty and her soul.

The poems composed by members of the armed forces under India and South East Asia Commands during the Second World-War reveal the poetic fire that glows even in the hearts of persons engaged in spreading death and destruction among mankind. While showering bombs and bullets on earth, the soldier-poets showered poems as well.

Most of these poets are Englishmen, but there are among them a few Indians including one or two ladies. Though these poets do not reach the glorious heights attained by English poetic genius, yet some of their pieces are genuine gems of poetry. While several of the poems are cast in the traditional mould, others bear the marks of the 'modernity' which of late has produced, an apparent anarchy in the poetical realm.

These poems fall chiefly under three heads:

I—Nostalgia

It is but natural that some of the poems of the war-weary British soldiers in Asia should be nostalgic in character and express their longing to go back to their loved homes. They desire, as Paul Widdows, says,

To walk back into love,
Into that summer garden where
the heart
Opened as flowers.....
Eyes in the dead of night
Walking from sleep will stare and
slowly search

Their lost surroundings.

E. L. Black, Flight Lieutenant of

R. A. F., immersed in love, sees truth nowhere except in the lovely lips of his sweet-heart. He sings:

My lady's lips are wiser
Than Plato was or Paul,
Whose plans for human dignity
Were too unnatural;
In them, and not in books, there
lives

The strongest truth of all.

R. N. Currey's poem, "Child Waking," is full of sweet recollections of his two children whose,

brittle flow of words
Echoes the chirp of birds.

He makes a charming use of modern military terminology to describe the loveliness of the children's behaviour in invading their parent's bed in the early hours of the morning and winning their bridge-head in a blitzkrieg. Their morning orisons are a

Prelude to culmination
In invasion.....

Their bare-foot blitzkrieg—we
were buried helplessly
Beneath the rosy flood
Of flesh and blood.

For one dive-bombed our sheet,
The other mined my feet
While both drove clutching tanks
Across my flanks.

Checked at this point, they
Might for a moment stay
Quiet beneath some stale
Time-serving tale:

But their bridge-head was won,
And our resistance done,
We must accept as they,
The coming day.

The lovely piece, addressed "To England," by Keith Watson, Corporal, R.A.F., won the prize in the Viceroy's Verse Competition held in 1944. The

poem charms us with its idyllic simplicity suffused with the spirit of a serene, sublimated patriotism. It deserves to be quoted in full:

To England

*I shall come back,
Find you bescarred, and yet more
holy,
Laid low in dust,
More proud than lowly,
I shall come back,
And see again the clover and the
rose
Blooming anew, and bending to
each summer wind that blows;
And being back, shall find again,
When war is over,
The gates of Heaven are but the
cliffs of Dover!*

How superb is the epigrammatic finish of the concluding verse!

II—About India

India figures prominently in this soldier-poetry. It is curious to look at India through the eyes of English soldiers. The jungles of Hindustan, the Maharatta Ghats, the men, women, and gods of South India, the monsoon, the Indian bazaar, and many other sights and scenes of India have come within their purview.

Remarkable for their imaginative suggestion are the lines written by Cave-Brown-Cave who laments that, in the distractions of the day, he misses many tiny movements, "life's weavings on the loom." The Kashmir shawl he wears awakens in his mind a multitude of fancies. In a single stitched and curving pattern he sees "a full history of living." With a few deft touches the poet conjures up before our mind's eye a living picture of the shawl-weaver at work and rouses our curiosity to peep into the mysterious chamber of the artisan's heart.

There is a Wordsworthian touch in Ralph Brooke's reference to a tiny girl, Suvasra, seen by him in the midst of sun-scorched fields:

*No landscape there to stir the
heart;
Instead, a tiny girl, wide-eyed,
Whose shy handwave and slow
smile made me part*

*Of all that joy which she has
stored inside;*

Suvasra I shall know always.

In the course of a lively description of Karanje village, Alun Lewis says

*The trees were obscene with the
monkeys' grey down-hanging,
Their long slow leaping and
stare—*

*The girl in a red sari despairingly
swinging her rattle,
The sacred monkeys mocking all
her care.*

*And alone by a heap of stones in
the lonely salt plain*

*A little Vishnu of stone,
Silently and eternally simply
Being,*

*Bidding me come alone,
And never entirely turning me
away,*

*But warning me still of the flesh
That catches and limes the sing-
ing birds of the Soul*

And holds their wings in mesh.

Speaking of the barren desolation of a desert in Sind, R. N. Currey observes:

*Stars and new moon that are the
only flowers*

*To grow out of this naked earth
and sky.*

There are several poems that strike a pessimistic note and dwell on the poverty and sufferings of the people:

Ralph Brooki who is enchanted by the 'marble magic' of the Taj Mahal, is at the same time struck with the surrounding starvation and misery and the ravages of the world-war that seem to mock the grandeur of the Wonder of the World. He says

*In that place of wonder we paid
homage*

*And talked together with no race
or creed*

*To sunder us; and yet while we
conversed*

*There sat a crippled beggar at the
gate.*

*Children lay hungry in their mud-
built huts,*

*And war was waging over all the
earth,*

*And rocket bombs fell on the ones
we loved:*

*We came to see the Wonder of the
World.*

Muriel Margaret Wasi, who was an Assistant Professor in Maharani's College at Mysore till 1942, when she became a member of the W.A.C., is so distressed by the dirt and squalor of India that she cries out in agony that she can see and recognise only India grovelling in filth and poverty, and not India, the land of mystery and hidden power to which the foreigner is attracted "in the frightened hour of fading life." Addressing India, she says:

*But when the stranger looks
aghast at thee,*

*At filth and hunger, crying
poverty,*

*When stung with sight of endless
sluggishness*

*He turns away in civilised dis-
may—*

*Ah then! I know thee as thou
art—*

*A woman plunged in misery: an
anguished heart,*

*An aching body rent today with
cry*

Of starving hollowness.

*Then to retreating worlds let me
proclaim*

*That I am thine and that I bear
thy name.*

Tara Ali Baig of Bombay Women's Service draws a moving picture of the Bengal Famine of 1943, which claimed the toll of a million and a half lives. It is remarkable that this Indian lady could so vividly describe a scene of horror which would freeze rather than kindle poetic thought and expression—

Cities paved with bones

And dying hands.....

Pass them by

Leave them in their rags.

Who is the microscopic I

Who can defy such death

Such desolation?

See her with cracking breasts,

*Ancient face mirrored in ancient
eyes beneath:*

Mouthing at the air,

The empty air.

See death with her tired stare.....

Death everywhere.

To Tara Ali Baig the outbreak of the famine is inexplicable. She seems to imply that the heartless indifference of the then Government and the inhuman black markets and speculative hoarding were really responsible for this staggering tragedy. She bursts out in tones of harrowing pathos:

We do not understand

Why only death has pity.

Death is all that remains,

*The only harvest for what we
sowed.*

We do not understand

*Why only death should be our
harvest.*

From the gloom of these poems we turn with refreshing amusement to Madan Lal Obrol's "Milky Rondo," a charming satire on the orthodox Indian's attitude to feminine decorum. The laughter of Babu Ram's daughter in a street causes a flutter in the dove-cote of village-life.

"Your daughter laughed in a street," they said.

He blew his nostrils wide

And called the holy priest,

"Forgive my daughter, God,

She laughed in a street."

The priest senses, in the smiles of women in public, danger to the ancient glory of India. With a view to reclaiming Babu Ram's flippant daughter, the priest enjoins on the father the duty of marrying the girl to a sweet and sacred husband, who bathes daily before dawn and drinks boiled milk with cardamoms. He should beat his wife with a sugar-cane, if she smiles.

III. About War

It is interesting to observe a soldier, in the midst of brutalising military operations, viewing the circumstances of war with the imaginative eye of a poet. Graham Cherry makes the Sword, "the allotropy of lust," boast of its own perverted glory—

*I am the song of Circumstance,
The lyric of all fact.*

*The silver freak of frozen spume
Struck from the cataract*

*Of war: The rod whose random
glance*

Steels impulse into act:

*The bow-string on the arc of doom
Eruberant, exact.*

*To me all privileges belong;
All beauty has bowed.*

*In the severe accomplishment
Of the naked Sword and*

proud.

Some of the poems give us a glimpse into the high idealism which inspired many a soldier that rushed to the battle-field. Archibald Wavell, the Ex-Viceroy of India, in his beautiful "Sonnet for the Madonna of the Cherries," a sonnet modelled on the Shakespearean variety, declares how through "the long years of battle, bitterness, and waste" the memory of Madonna always remained with him, inspiring him to fight against "greed for power and hate and lies."

*Your red-gold hair, your slowly
smiling face,*

*For pride in your dear Son, your
King of Kings,*

*Fruits of the kindly earth, and
truth and grace,*

*Colour and light, and all warm
lovely things....*

*For all that loveliness, that
warmth, that light,*

*Blessed Madonna, I go back to
fight.*

Michael Greening strikes a pessimistic note, affirming that we cannot look for truth anywhere in the world

and that death is the only reality. He laments

"The only truth is in the Shroud."

But J. W. L. Forge is more optimistic and says that millions will not have died in vain, if thereby mankind becomes sane and lives in a spirit of brotherliness—

*Men of every skin and tongue and
faith,*

*Lie marshalled in one fellowship
of death.*

Their spirits cry out from their graves—

*"If men are brothers in a world
made sane,*

*We shall sleep well, not having
died in vain."*

The Kohima Memorial expresses, in simple, yet significant language, the sublimity of the ideal for which the heroic warriors have laid down their precious lives—

When you go home

Tell them of us and say,

"For your tomorrow

We gave our today."

Though this review of the soldier-poetry is all too brief, it is enough to reveal the wealth of imaginative sensibility hidden under the frightening paraphernalia of the fighting forces. They, too, are men. Their hearts are as responsive to aesthetic and moral impulses as any other human heart. It is the self-seeking politician, the blood-thirsty war-monger, nay, it is the soulless society that employs them in the dread work of destruction and brutalises them, while they are really created to delight and ennoble humanity.

A man is as old as he feels: with the aid of statistics and an instrument called the tromometer, science now confirms this common-sense conclusion. In setting an arbitrary retiring age, employers deprive themselves and society of workers who are still at the peak of their physical powers.

A. S. Edwards, at the University of Georgia, compared men and women between the ages of 50 and 70 with school-children and young students, measuring body sway, hand and arm steadiness and finger tremor. He found that the older people were practically as steady as the youngsters of 10 to 29 years of age. With eyes open, the older people could stand erect with, if anything, rather less body sway than young people: with eyes closed they swayed very slightly more.

Subjects of 60-85 years, in good health, showed 19 per cent more finger tremor than young people, but the average concealed the fact that some of the old people were actually steadier than any of the young ones.

It is concluded that the competence of aged people is an individual matter, and that the tendency in industry to pension off all workers at a certain age on the arbitrary assumption that their powers inevitably decline thereafter, is a mistake.—MIRROR.

HAPPILY EVER AFTER

By S. KRISHNIAH

"SORRY I'm late, darling. Got any coffee for me?"

He unbuttoned his shirt.

"What's the time?" his wife enquired.

"About six-thirty," he said without glancing at his watch.

"What were you doing all this time?"

"I ran into Raju. He's in town, you know."

"Raju?"

He pulled his shirt over his head.

"Yes. You've met him once, I think. He was in college with me."

"Oh, I know."

"How about the coffee?"

"It'll come. You can't walk into the house any odd time you like and expect coffee to be waiting for you piping hot."

He smiled and began to fan himself with a magazine.

"And you can't smile off your faults."

"I didn't know that I had to smile off any."

"Six-thirty! What a time for a man who has no job to come back to the house! Now I'll have to upset the whole kitchen to warm your coffee. No wonder I have endless troubles with servants and none of them stick on."

"Allright, allright. Let's not start a quarrel. I'm in too good a mood for that."

She shouted to the servant to warm the coffee.

"Beastly hot, isn't it?"

"It should be since you wandered about the whole afternoon and evening."

"For Christ's sake! Don't go on harping on that. I told you I met Raju and....."

"Yes. You told me that."

"And I told you that I was sorry I was late."

"You're the type who'd cut one's throat and glibly say, 'Sorry'."

"Allright. If you can't understand that I met an old college-mate after two years and....well, it's no use explaining."

He went to the next room unbuttoning his pants to hang up the clothes.

"There's a letter for you here," his wife shouted after him.

"Where?" He came back in his undergarments having peeled off his trousers.

"On your table."

He glanced at the table and his eyes fell on the long bulky envelope.

"I suppose 'The Herald' returned my story."

"Obviously."

"I guess it'll be difficult selling stories for some more time to come."

"Whether you sold your stories or not it has always been difficult making both ends meet."

"You know, darling, there is likely to be a little difficulty selling fiction now. The paper shortage is terrible and newspapers and magazines are cutting down their size drastically."

"Makes no difference to us anyway."

"What do you mean?"

"I told you. Whether you sell your stories or not you still can't earn a living."

"Listen, darling, we've discussed this hundreds of times. To make a living by writing is no joke. Perhaps it's the hardest possible profession."

"Then why don't you quit that profession?"

"Haven't we talked about it?"

"My brother told me yesterday that

there's a nice job going at Maddison Company and that

"And that he has good influence with the Managing Director, isn't it?"
"Yes."

"What do you want to do? Take that job on a hundred and fifty or two hundred and live the rest of my life in an office?"

"What's wrong with that? That's what everybody does, isn't it?"

"Maybe. But that certainly is not what I'm going to do."

"What do you think yourself to be? Bernard Shaw and Somerset Maugham rolled together?"

"Doesn't matter what I think. I'm not taking any job."

"Then you shouldn't have married."
He did not reply. Or rather he did not trust himself to reply since he was not good at lying.

"Is the coffee being boiled or warmed?"

"I don't know. She'll bring it when it's ready."

"Please. Don't ask the servant to mix the coffee. She puts too much sugar."

"Anyway I'm not going to get up and fuss about for you."

"Come on, darling, be a sport ..."

"Don't try to flatter me now. I'm not going to bother about your coffee." Just then the servant brought his coffee.

"How much sugar did you put in?" he asked her.

"Very little."

He sipped it and tasted at least three spoons of sugar too many.

"The coffee is just right," he lied out of sheer cussedness.

"Didn't your bosom friend Raju buy you a cup of coffee?"

"No. By the way I've invited them for dinner to-morrow."

"Them?"

"Yes. Raju and his wife."

"She? We're not giving them any dinner."

"What do you mean, she?"

"I mean *she*. I mean Raju's wife. We are not going to give her any dinner in this house."

"But why?"

"I know all about it."

"All about what?"

"You needn't pretend."

"I'm not pretending. Oh, that?"

"Yes. That."

"What has that to do with the dinner tomorrow?"

"Everything. That woman is not going to enter this house."

"But you don't know her."

"I don't want to know her."

"She's a very nice girl and"

"Oh yes. She must be a nice girl to you."

"Of course she is a nice girl to me. Not only to me but to everybody."

"Anyway she's not coming here."

"I'm telling you I've invited them."

"You better cancel your invitation."

"I can't. I won't cancel my invitation."

"We'll see."

"We'll see."

"There's no money in the house."

"Allright. I'll get some tomorrow."

"Don't go borrowing anywhere. Already we're living on my brothers' charity."

"Don't try to be insulting."

"Truth can't be insulting."

"I said don't be insulting."

"I will be insulting and we can't have any dinner tomorrow. With the money you earn I can't even meet the children's school-fees!"

"Oh, shut up. Try and be reasonable. I've invited them and we've got to give them the dinner."

"No, we're not going to."

"I can't understand you. What has Gouri done to you?"

"You call her Gouri, do you?"

"Of course I call her Gouri. She comes from the same town as I and we know each other from childhood."

"And you wish you had married her?"

"For God's sake, don't jump to conclusions."

"Didn't your sister want you to marry her?"

"My sister might have wanted me to marry her but what the hell has that to do with you and me?"

"Your sister is a scheming woman and I don't know."

"Let's leave my sister out, shall we?"

"Why should we? She didn't want you to marry me."

"That's a lie."

"But you yourself said she wanted you to marry this. this."

"What has that to do with my marrying you?"

"Only that your sister is a scheming woman."

"I said leave out my sister."

"I won't."

"Don't sidetrack. We are not discussing her. We were talking about the dinner tomorrow for Raju and Gouri."

"My mother had a cow named Gouri."

"Maybe. But my friend's wife is not such a sacred animal as your mother's cow. She's just an ordinary human being."

"She is a cow."

"I told you she's just an ordinary human being."

"Anyway we're not having her for dinner here."

"My God! I'm telling you I've invited them for dinner already and now."

"I don't care about what you've done. You didn't consult me and you've got to get out of it the best way you can."

"Allright. If you take that attitude I'll be forced to take them to a hotel and you know damn well we can ill afford it."

"Ill afford it! What a pleasant way of talking. The truth is we can afford as much charity as my people dole out to us. The way you talk one would think you are almost earning a living! You make me laugh."

"You are the most exasperating. exasperating woman one can think of."

"Don't you talk anything about me. You've ruined my life and since the day I married you I haven't had a moment's happiness."

"Allright. Allright."

"Nothing is allright. I wish you'd married somebody else and then you'd

have known how hard it is to earn money for yourself and not depend upon your in-laws. Aren't you ashamed of yourself. To stand there and talk as if I'm the person guilty of everything. Why, you stand there and talk as if you are a man of des^{tiny}—you, who'd be starving if I don't get money from my people every time the purse is empty. And you."

He strode out of the room, picked up a towel and went for his bath. He returned after a few minutes wearing a clean dhoti and banian and lay down on the cot and picked up the book. He opened it at the folded page.

"It's no use your lying down and pretending to read. All you do is to roam around the whole day and come back, lie down, and read. You've no responsibility whatsoever nor any affection. You forget I've been here the whole day alone."

"We just had a damn interesting conversation."

"All you know is to fight with me. You are the most selfish person I've ever come across. I wish I had remained unmarried."

He wished the same; but did not dare voice his thoughts.

She rose and went to the kitchen.

He tried to read but could not concentrate.

She came back after a few minutes.

"The food is ready. Come on."

He pretended not to hear.

"Can't you hear? The food will be cold."

He slowly looked up from the open book.

"I'm not hungry."

"Doesn't matter whether you're hungry or not. I am. Just because you've been loafing around till sunset it doesn't mean I should wait for you to feel hungry."

"I didn't ask you to wait."

"Don't be so inconsiderate. The servant can't serve twice."

"You didn't understand me properly. I mean I don't want any food tonight."

"You don't."

"Yeah. That's right. I don't want any damn food tonight."

"I thought you'd do this. Apart from Bernard Shaw and Somerset

Maugham, you also think yourself to be a Mahatma Gandhi! That is your old trick. You don't expect me to fall for it, do you? It doesn't hurt me if you go with an empty stomach. As a matter of fact I can eat more of everything."

"Go ahead. Eat."

"I don't require your permission to eat."

She turned and went to the dining room.

He returned his eyes to the book.

"Are you coming or not?" she shouted from the other room.

"No," he shouted back.

"Well, go to hell," she thought.

She could not make a meal of it. Somehow, although she was hungry, the food choked in her throat and her mounting anger did not give the necessary edge to the appetite.

Soon she returned to the room in which her husband was sprawled on the sofa with the book.

"Are you going to eat or not?"

"No."

"Then I'm going to ask the servant to take all that's left over."

"Sure."

"Don't think that your starving is going to hurt me one bit. Only I don't like good food to be wasted."

He turned over the page which he had not read.

She shouted to the servant to clear the table and sat down on a cushioned arm-chair.

"You know, I'm fed up of you. I have no respect for a man who does no work and can't maintain his family. You must be ashamed of yourself."

He continued gazing at the open book.

"So you think you're going to have your friend and your former fiancée here to dinner tomorrow? Fat hopes you have!"

He turned to look at her but seemed to change his mind and his eyes returned to the book.

"You can't pull wool over my eyes all the time. Don't I know about that woman Gouri and how your sister wanted you to marry her."

I wished you'd married her though. At least to please that wonderful sister of yours."

"Please... please, let's not talk about my sister. You seem to be in a...."

"Oh, you feel hurt, do you.... Then what do you...."

"Listen. I don't want you to talk of my sister. Understand?"

"But I'm going to. About your wonderful relatives. Your wonderful sister, your wonderful mother and your wonderful...."

"Please.... You seem to be in a glorious mood today and you can say all you want to about me. But...."

"But you don't want me to talk about your people, do you?"

"No."

"But I'm going to."

"Then I'll bloody well make you shut up."

"Ha-ha. Look who's talking! So you're going to make me shut up?"

He returned his eyes to the book.

"So that's the way it is. You and your damned cheek. How calmly you lie down here and issue orders! One would really think that you're the injured party too. And after all that's happened."

"After all what's happened?"

Her eyes became incandescent with rabid fury.

"You ask me that? What is it that you haven't done to ruin me? To make me wretched? You spent all the money that my father gave me and brought me to this condition of having to live on my brothers' charity. From the moment I married you I did not have a moment's happiness or peace. All the time you wrote stories. What for? Just to satisfy your own vanity. And now what's happened?"

"....Now that no more money is available you realise that earning a living is difficult. The brilliant brain which you suppose you have doesn't put food into our mouths or those of our children. I'm ashamed of you."

"Finished?"

"What do you mean 'finished'? I can go on like this for a couple of days. Why don't you get out of this place? Why don't you go away somewhere where I'll never hear of you

again and won't have to support a husband. Oh, I'm fed up of you. I'd even be happier as a widow!"

"You know, it's really difficult to keep one's temper when you lash out with your tongue."

He began looking at the open book.

"Who cares whether you keep your temper or not? Not I. What the hell can you do if you lose your temper. You're not man enough even for that."

He pretended to be engrossed in the book.

She crossed over in three quick steps and snatching the book from his hands she threw it into the far corner.

He got up with a wry grin and retrieved the book.

"Belongs to a library, you know. Even other wise you can't throw an Ehrenberg novel like that."

He came back and sat down on the sofa.

"What do I care for books? I'm fed up with them too. Fed up with seeing you read them while you ought to be doing a man's job and earning a living. Why don't you leave me and go? I'd like to see what you'd do for your next meal. If my brothers don't feed you you'd starve."

"Don't talk to me of your saintly brothers."

"You needn't be so sarcastic about them. Anyway but for them where would you be?"

"A darn side better off."

"Liar."

"Yes. I say a darn side better off and I mean it. To you your brothers may be paragons but to me they are just fat lumps of flesh. Oh yes, they make a lot of money—squeeze it from everybody, in fact. But take it from me I won't change places with them for all their riches."

"Nobody'd let you...."

"That's not the point. What I meant was that I wouldn't be an upstart. I wouldn't squeeze money from the poor and go about whoring and drinking bootlegged brandy."

Her arm came down in a vicious slap across his face but he put up his hand and held it.

"Hurts you, doesn't it?" he asked.

"You're lying."

"Oh no, I'm not. But that doesn't matter. It is not the womanizing and drinking that counts. There are certain values in life and one must appreciate them. What I've tried to tell you since I knew you was that money is not one of them."

"You and your values. Why did I ever marry you?"

She slumped on the sofa and covered her face. Violent fits of sobbing shook her shoulders.

"For God's sake...."

He tried to put his arm round her shoulders but she pulled away.

"No. Please.... You must not cry."

He saw that tears were running down her forearms.

"Why....why shouldn't....why shouldn't I cry. I'm....I am....so....so....so unhappy."

"Oh no, darling, you mustn't say that."

"Don't....don't call me darling."

"Why shouldn't I? That's what I've always called you, isn't it?"

He put his arm round her shoulders and held her firmly.

"Leave me alone."

"Oh no, you're not going to cry. Come, let's forget all this."

He moved closer.

"Come, take off your hands. No....no....no....you mustn't cry like that. I tell you, darling, nothing is worth crying so much for."

He had his face close to hers.

"Listen, darling. You are under a misconception that poverty is a crime. You must get rid of those Victorian ideas. Today it is a crime to be rich. The standards of life have changed, basic human values have changed—everything has changed. But what does it matter? Don't you think that it would have been worthwhile having been born in this world if we

could transcend by ourselves all this chaos and change and live in an insular mental world and therein catch glimpses of happiness."

"Oh, I don't understand all that."

She picked up the end of her sari and wiped her face.

He kissed her on the cheek.

"Then let's cut it out."

She turned her lips to him.

"You shouldn't have cried."

He kissed her.

"I'm not crying now."

Her face relaxed into a smile.

"That's good."

Her eyes caught a gleam of light from the electric lamp and coruscated.

Both his hands were feeling for her soft flesh.

"Wait, darling I'll switch off the light."

She came back to him and it was very dark.

Halfway through she asked:

"Do you really love me, darling?"

"Of course."

"Honour bright?"

"Honour bright."

Later he asked:

"I suppose Raju can come for dinner tomorrow?"



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TELEVISION SETS NEW PACE IN U. S. SOCIAL LIFE

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: Television, in commercial use for only a little more than five years, is influencing the social and economic habits of the nation to a degree unparalleled since the advent of the automobile.

The now familiar dipole aerial perched on the rooftop symbolizes a fundamental change in national behaviour. The home has become a new center of interest for the most gregarious people on earth.

Reports show that the impact of pictures sent into the living room is being felt in almost every phase of endeavour.

The ability of television to conquer time and distance together, permitting millions of persons to see and hear the same person simultaneously, is having its effect on the way the public passes its leisure time, how it feels and acts about politics and government, how much it reads, how it rears its children and how it charts its cultural future. The country never has experienced anything quite like it.

The rise of television also has put the spotlight on corollary factors that are contributing to a shifting pattern of preferences in diversion. The inflationary spiral, especially the high cost of food, is working to the advantage of television as almost every community, even those without TV, reports a major decline in spending for "luxury" items.

The immediate consequence is increased activity, ranging from frantic self-appraisal to costly promotional outlay, among those who are competing for a share of the individual's budget of time and money. And the catalyst in the new era of intensified competition is society's powerful unknown: The continuous free show available upon the flicking of the switch of a television set.

What happens when the screen lights up in the home and the public curtails its spending is demonstrated graphically in the case of motion pictures.

Attendance at theatres has dropped 20 to 40 per cent since the introduction of television, according to reports. Many film distributors believe the national decline is roughly 35 per cent.

In contrast, representative cities that do not have television report business is holding up well and attribute at most a 10 per cent decline to the higher cost of living.

There have been theatre closings—seventy in Eastern Pennsylvania, 134 in Southern California, sixty-one in Massachusetts, sixty-four in the Chicago area and at least fifty-five in metropolitan New York. The New York Film Board of Trade said that in the last six weeks there have been perhaps thirty closings, some only for varying periods in the warm-weather season.

Many cities reported film houses going on part-time schedules to a far greater extent than in any other summer.

But any assumption that the film industry faces extinction is contradicted by numerous other considerations.

Many of the theatres that were closed were outmoded buildings in distressed neighbourhoods and could be considered normal business casualties. In addition, there have been a substantial number of new houses that, in some cases at least, actually have added to the total seating capacity in a community.

Especially significant, however, is the number of drive-in theatres, where customers can avoid parking charges, baby-sitter fees and traffic congestion, and can dress as they please. These have increased by 800 in the last year, bringing the total to about 3,000. And almost all report a booming trade.

Exhibitors in every part of the country emphasised that pictures of quality or those boasting a fresh personality were doing a good business and were immune to TV's inroads. "The Great Caruso," "Born

Yesterday" and "all About Eve" were among those repeatedly cited.

In pleading with Hollywood for an improved product, exhibitors lost much of the hesitancy that had marked their answers on the status of business at the box-office. Here are some sample observations:

Washington: "You can't charge for mediocrity any more when everybody can get it at home for nothing."

San Francisco: "Quality counts. That's the story."

New Orleans: The good picture still packs 'em in."

Richmond: Before the war movie-going was a habit. Now people come when they really want to see a picture.

The plight of the theatre owners is borne out by specific reports. TV was mentioned invariably as a contributory cause, but living costs and picture quality also received strong emphasis.

That the American public is feeling the "squeeze" between rising costs and rising taxes likewise is borne out in reports from local theatre owners and business men.

If the local theatre is acutely aware of television, the capital of the film industry, Hollywood, thinks of little else at the moment. Though a variety of causes are responsible, the gross revenues of the eight major film companies have declined from \$952,000,000 in 1947 to \$361,000,000 in 1950. Retrenchment is the order of the day on the West Coast.

In 1947 the average craft union employment in the Hollywood film industry was 18,400 persons and the average monthly payroll was \$7,000,000. By 1950, the average employment was down to 13,600 and the payroll to \$5,600,000, but some of the slack has been taken up in production of films for video. Reductions in executive personnel as well as among actors, writers and directors appear inevitable. It was noted, and there will be further economies in production schedules. All indications, however, point to maintenance of the volume of picture output.

Production of films especially for television is a growing business in Hollywood, and seems certain to increase. According to one source, film footage for TV was being produced in May at a rate of 988 hours a year, compared with 855 hours of feature films for theatre showing.

Hollywood's difficulty is that it isn't geared to what the television sponsor can pay for a film. In this connection several of the smaller companies—Republic, Monogram and Lippert—have made arrangements to release their backlog of films by agreeing to make a new musical sound track that will benefit the American Federation of Musicians. Other producers have hesitated to release their old films lest they offend their primary customers, the theatre exhibitors.

Of increasing importance to both Hollywood and its exhibitors is theatre television, whereby video images are projected directly on the large-size screen. The recent box-office success in theatre television's pick-up of the Joe Louis-Lee Savold fight, which the home TV audience did not see as it happened, has stimulated interest. By fall perhaps more than 100 houses will have theatre TV equipment and will be in a position to outbid an advertising sponsor on home video.

Theatre TV, in turn, has led to a consideration of subscription television for the home, a system under which the viewer would have to pay if he did not want to see a "scrambled" picture. Paramount have co-operated with the Zenith Radio Corporations' box-office method known as "Phone-vision." In New York later this year there may be further tests of another method called "Skiastron."

A matter for major speculation has been the possibility of "a marriage" between TV and Hollywood. While many deals have been rumoured periodically, the only concrete development has been the contemplated merger of the American Broadcasting Company with United Paramount Theatres, which is a theatre chain and is not to be confused with the producing concern, Paramount Pictures, Inc.

But overshadowing all other considerations in the relationship between television and the motion picture world is the fact that television is still only in its relatively early stages of development.

Today 107 stations are operating in sixty-three cities, within range of roughly 62 per cent of the country's population. Of the sixty-three cities, however, only twenty-four have between two and seven stations, and a choice of TV programs generally has

been a pre-requisite for the medium to exercise its full impact on competitive media.

For the last two years there has been a "freeze" on the construction of new television stations, which to some extent has provided the film industry with a chance to catch its breath. But the plans of the Federal Communications Commission envisage ultimately perhaps 2,000 stations serving several hundred communities.

MacArthur Case Holds Clues To '52 Presidential Election

As the MacArthur hearings drew toward a close, both Republicans and Democrats, looking ahead to the 1952 campaign, were claiming definite partisan advantages from it.

Brought about by President Truman's summary removal of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur on April 11 from all his Far Eastern command posts, the inquiry has had an effect not only on these two men but on many others, including nearly all of the potential contenders for the Presidential nomination in 1952.

A major political effect of the MacArthur controversy has been to reunite at least temporarily the badly split Democratic party in support of the President on this issue alone and to divide the Republican party between those who would and would not go all the way in carrying out the ousted general's military program.

So far as General MacArthur is concerned, he needs a few more trips before the people before a considered judgment can be rendered on his political popularity. Many thought his failure to fill the big stadia in which his Texas addresses were scheduled were evidence that the old soldier might, in fact, be fading away. But it still is too early to say for sure.

Eisenhower's No 1 With Democrats & Republicans

The outstanding political fact of today is the unprecedented popularity of Gen. Dwight O. Eisenhower in both the Republican and Democratic parties.

He is not only the leading choice for President in 1952 among Republican voters, but also the number one choice of the Democratic rank and file.

In fact, Gen. Eisenhower is more popular with Democrats than with Republicans.

Furthermore, he towers head and shoulders above any Democratic or Republican leader in the estimation of independent voters who stick to no regular party line.

The man who enjoys this unprecedented status is not seeking political office, has been out of the country for many months and has even left some people wondering whether he is a Republican or a Democrat.

Korea: A Costly War For U.S.A.

With the United Nations "police action" in Korea rounding out its first year, many Americans doubtless are wondering how much it has cost the United States in men and money compared to the same periods of World War I and II. The Department of Defense has a definite answer to this question only on the score of lives lost—its financial experts insist that the expenditures involved are so complicated that they defy either a simple answer or a simple guess.

As to casualties, they say that approximately 11,000 Americans have been killed and 51,000 wounded to date in the Korean campaign. The comparable figures for World War II's first year are set by them at 15,152 killed and 10,898 wounded—these numbers covering the period from Dec. 7, 1941, to the end of 1942, and the abnormally high proportion of fatalities being accounted for by the initial disaster at Pearl Harbour. For World War I, the corresponding figures are 36,715 killed and 225,000 wounded.

Assistant Secretary of Defence W. J. McNeill, the nation's military cost accountant steadfastly refuses to estimate how much has been spent on the Korean conflict or to enter into cost comparisons between that campaign and the two world wars. He maintains there are too many factors, too many variables involved to make an analysis that would mean anything. Instead he supplies a few basic statistics.

Mr. McNeill points out, for example, that actual defense expenditures for the fiscal year 1950 (which ended, for all practical purposes, just as the Korean campaign started) totalled \$13,000,000,000 in round numbers, while those for the fiscal year 1951 (which ends June 30) will be approximately \$20,000,000,000.

POLYANDRY IN MODERN INDIA

By V. RAGHAVIAH, M.L.A.

In this article Sri Raghaviah who is Secretary of the Bharatiya Adimjati Sevak Sangh, gives his impressions of Jaunsar-Bawar which he visited in June this year.

WHEN I questioned the red-haired, dark-eyed, pretty looking fourteen-year-old damsel Bosayi, daughter of Baruva the eldest brother in the polyandrous family of village Koruva as to how many 'maliks' she had, she briskly raised two fingers of her left hand and answered the query. Bosayi is still under the paternal roof, a tiny nice wooden two-storied building, situated on the top of a road-side hill which is covered all-over by a hundred dwellings nestling in every nook and corner of the rocky abode. A small but perennial spring located at the bottom supplies the needs of the five hundred strong population of Koruva. It is a picturesque sight to see scores of well-built girls balancing glistening water-pots as they ascend the precipitous spiral approaches to their homes. Koruva stands at a height of 7,000 feet on the lower ranges of the Himalayas, forty-nine miles north-west of Dehra Dun and within eight miles from the 8,000 feet high military hill station of Chakrata where the Doon road terminates. Beyond this one has to depend for nearly eighty to hundred miles across the Himalayas on mule transport along narrow steep bridle paths to reach the Indo-Tibetan border. Chakrata is encircled by mountain ranges intercepted by deep yawning valleys along which several mountain streams rush at terrific speed to join the Yamuna. This part of the country is popularly known as the Jamsar-Bawar area and is situated in the Dehra Dun district in the north-western part of the United Provinces. Here inhabit sixty-thousand people spread over 417 villages known as Koltas, Bajgis, Rajputs and Brahmins all of whom practise polyandry much in the same way as the legendary heroes, the Pandavas, did. These tribes worship the five heroes of Kurukshetra and celebrate many festivals in their honour. Whenever the

Pandava story is to be staged in a particular hill village, word is passed by beat of drum from one mountain peak to another and hundreds of gaily attired men and women gather to enjoy the show and to take part in the drama and dance. 'Pandava Nritya' requires no special auspicious occasion for its celebration. Women's and men's characters are assumed and played with great interest which undoubtedly receives added momentum as jug-fulls of rice-beer and distilled arrack pass round. Players warmed by drink and the glowing fire, dance away the whole night until they get exhausted and collapse. Non-attendance at these performances is generally feared as providing justification for the Divine displeasure.

The rules relating to the practice of polyandry are straight and simple. The eldest of the brothers has to marry first and his wife is shared by the rest. The children born to her are regarded as the common children of all and they and their mother continue to stay with the eldest member in case the rest divide and separate. The junior brothers can take other wives in just the same manner as the Pandavas did. Expenses of such marriages are borne from the family funds. In all divisions of property the eldest and the last get larger shares than the others, the former perhaps for having managed the family and the latter for being young and inexperienced. It is not uncommon for a husband to sell or exchange a wife, the price varying between Rs. 100 and Rs. 400. In Tehri Gharwal which is only twenty miles away from Chakrata as the crow flies, parents exercise the right of sale in respect of their sons and daughters as well. This may not much surprise us if we remember that even in modern Nepal slave trade exists even to-day.

Bosayi was married two years back owing to the custom of child marriages prevalent among the tribals in this area. She hopes to join her two husbands who are fourteen and ten years respectively in the next two years and will shift her residence to Ravanagam, six miles away on the opposite hill. Her second malik is by the way four years younger than herself but that factor makes no difference whatever so far as she is concerned. Bosayi got her name because she was born in the month of Bisak (Visakha). Dippo, Bosayi's sister, is also married even though she is barely eight and has three maliks, Maharajsingh, Chimru and Ramsingh, all boys of her own age or slightly older or younger. She has no idea of a husband yet, though she quickly named her maliks one after another. Jaunsar people take names after the months or the week days in which they are born. Chithu, Jethu, Asadu are persons born in the months of Chitra, Jyeshtha, or Ashada and Itvaru, Somavaru, Budhavaru are persons born on week days.

The unwritten code of rules that govern conjugal life among these tribes is flexible and well-established. Cases of litigation arising out of breaches of marital relations are few and far between owing perhaps to the fact that polyandry here is confined to blood brothers in the same family and is not open to cousins or strangers as is the case in other parts of the world. It is indeed a strange accident that the Jaunsar Bawar tribes of extreme north and the Nilgiri Todas of extreme south alone should be practising this queer relic of the Puranic ages whereas the two and a half crores of Adivasis of this country have either given it up or had never taken to it at all.

Bosayi's mother Runi, though just completing forty and is the mother of half a dozen children, retains still those attractions that endeared her to the eighty years old Baruva, who still rules the roost. Baruva who is tall, fair complexion and walks quite erect answered all my questions very smartly and good-naturedly without the least hesitation or embarrassment. Sitting cross-legged by the side of his wife, who by the way is the third in succession (the first two having been dismissed by him), Baruva explained

that Runi is a quiet and faithful wife, bears easily the burdens of the family and keeps home efficiently. His four brothers Patram, Jitram, Kadu and Biju who are 60, 40, 37 and 35 years old adjust their marital dealings with her easily by turns and no hitch had ever been experienced till now. The earnings of the junior members must be handed over to the eldest who manages the family and he alone has the right to loosen the purse strings.

Among the major tribes that inhabit Jaunsar Bawar pargana the Koltas and the Bajgis form the lowest rung. They are hardworking serfs and possess more obligations than privileges. The Rajputs and the Brahmins who form the propertied classes and petty zamindars boss over the Koltas and subject them to several indignities. Social ill-treatment, untouchability, economic exploitation, unconscionable usury and unbridled autocracy are some of the disabilities the poor Koltas still suffer from despite several laws that the Uttar Pradesh Government had recently enacted to liberate these slaves. Koltas live and multiply on the master's land, just as cattle do and are another kind of property.

There is no doubt that the Jaunsar Bawar women are as industrious and painstaking as their sisters the Naga and Kachari women of Assam are. A thick folded short skirt which refuses to descend below the ankles and swings artistically as the wearers move about, a short open necked and long sleeved waist coat which ends where the skirt begins, a black scarf that covers the head and protects the hair from dust and frost, are all the wearing apparel that the women have. They closely copy their Irula sisters of Attapady hills in the Madras State in wearing necklets of rupee and half rupee silver coins. They wear large nose rings, sometimes as big as a palm and relieve the noses of their weight by holding them up by means of strings tied to their tufts as the Nagas do in respect of their ear-rings. Tattooing is sparsely done on the calves, wrists, down the chin and between the breasts. Rajput and Brahmin women with their dark thick eye-brows, broad expressive eyes, fine aquiline noses, and extremely fair complexions are beautiful and charming and no

wonder that for a long time past a busy trade existed here in the trafficking of women who are exported to towns and cities in the plains. Men and women are generally muscular and thin, work hard, walk briskly and are not accustomed to bend before authority. Women do not observe purdah, have no false modesty and freely move about in the presence of strangers. They try to keep their houses as neat as they can though millions of flies hovering around the distilling pots which are found in every house make the job by no means easy.

Koltas, being inferior in status, are not allowed to live betwixt Rajput and Brahmin houses. Houses are made of wood and generally have an upper story where the family cooks, lives and sleeps. The lower portion is used to stock foodgrains, distilling pots, skins of wild animals and other sundry articles. Goats are maintained for milk though plenty of them are cut and sacrificed on the Magh festival day, the number varying according to the status of the person. Women and men love smoking the 'hookka' carry it like a baby wherever they go and spend hours of leisure enjoying it.

The Pandava tribals are rare experts at terraced cultivation. The clean shaven slopy hills which are covered with deep layers of fine alluvial where rich crops of wheat, pulses, vegetables, chillies are raised in small nicely terraced patches of hill side, bear ample testimony to their skill and industry. They are indeed matchless and unique in this respect. Butter-milk is stored in large wooden pails. The low sleeping apartments whose floors are paved with smooth wooden planks and the roofs covered with small layers of slate slabs loosely spread out in single pile, are very cool in summer and warm in winter. The entrances into the houses are barely 3 feet high and bear remarkable resemblance to those of the Todas.

Sheep and goat skins are stitched into bags in which grain is stored. The skins of the Roze animals when filled with air act as excellent boats to cross the Yamuna or its tributary the Tamasa. Men do not wear any garments down the loins and their lungoti which hangs in front to a length of two or three feet resembles the 'Gochipatha' of the Koyas.

Layers of closely stitched forest leaves serve as umbrellas and are carried as protection against the sun as well as rain. Karivepa or 'tejpath' though pressed into daily use in every South Indian kitchen is not even touched here though it grows in abundance. Potatoes and brinjals are widely grown and consumed. Water is preserved in gourds.

Jaunsar Bawar, with its snow capped hills, its gushing rivulets, its salubrious climate, its luxuriant ever-green verdure, its picturesque villages dotted along mountain slopes, and more than all its perfect peace and quiet, is an ideal spot for rest and recreation and no wonder Mount Chakrata, its main hill-station, attracts quite a large amount of tourist traffic. The people are simple, gullible and God-fearing. The sparseness of population and the unlimited extent of available land do not give rise to land disputes and the local laws permit the extension of ownership to any Government land that is reclaimed. Assessment is based not only on the extent of land a family owns but also on the number of cattle, sheep and goats it possesses. Much of the land is monopolised by the Rajput and Brahmin zamindars who are believed to have taken refuge here during the unsettled times of the Afghan and Moghul invasions. The Bajgis and Koltas are tied to the master's land, given daily food and clothing and allowed to live in a miserable dwelling. They were till recently exchanged or sold like cattle or chattel. Koltas became slaves due to ancestral indebtedness, helplessness and cruel tradition. An old law prevented Koltas till recently from becoming owners of land. One of the most beneficial laws that the U. P. Government has enacted after the Congress assumed power is to declare as entirely wiped out all Kolta and Bajgi debts contracted more than three years before.

Daughters can claim no share in the family property. There is, however, an obligation on the eldest member to find the necessary funds for meeting their marriage expenses. Betrothal is completed on the payment of a rupee as earnest money by the groom's father and a feast of 'poories' given by the parents of the bride.

The incidence of V. D. is pretty heavy among these tribes and nearly 60% of the population are victims of fell diseases. Betterment work among these people was commenced in 1942 by Shri Dharam Dev Sastri whose asram at Kalsi is situated on a commanding bank of the Jumna, five miles from Dehra Dun. By his untiring zeal a number of primary schools have been started in the area from 8 to 150, newly 4 junior high schools under the auspices of the Government. Jati Sevak Sanjay is an Executive Committee member. He has started a Leprosy Centre at Kalsi in the name of Shri Bhakar Bapa and is doing splendid propaganda in all the hill villages by meeting the people frequently and teaching them elementary lessons in hygiene and rural sanitation. He has organised a touring dispensary and also magic lantern pictures to cater to the needs of the hill-men. Two weaving and spinning centres have been opened by him. He has extended his activities to Tehri Gharwal in Uttar Pradesh and has opened a Kanya Patasala, a day school and a few night schools in that locality. A Leprosy Centre works in this area and free distribution of medicine is effectively organised. The adjacent Kinnar zone which is a part of the Himachal Pradesh has a population of 50,000 Kinnars who are another aboriginal tribe tracing their descent from Vedic times. Ashok Asram has its branch even in this far off land. The Asram gives stipends and scholarships to students aiming at higher education in this area. The Thakar Bapa Gram Library is slowly kindling interest in the outside world. Sastriji is a great force for good in

this area. In any other country greater advantage would have been taken of Sastriji's services to establish free and friendly contacts with a border tribal population extending over scores of miles into unknown and unsurveyed land not easy to reach and really difficult to serve.

The Red Communist and the white missionary have not yet entered this area. There is no knowing when they would. There is certainly no guarantee that the Red would not. The colossal poverty in which the people here are steeped does not provide any security against the intrusion of un-social and lawless elements and the Government unfortunately has not done anything to prepare for such an event. With unsettled conditions in Tibet, with restlessness in Nepal and with a well established Communist Government in China and prolonged battles being fought in Burma, the prospect of a border warfare on the north-western front of this country is not far remote and it is hoped that the Government will not close its eyes to the necessity of timely measures not only of short-term relief but also of a far-reaching nature in order to satisfy and improve the lot of the people here. The needs of the tribals are simple. Their ambitions are few. Their traditions have been always loyal. They had never been itching for conflict. Unless things become impossible or unbearable they would not think of resistance, much less of revolt. With such conditions prevailing in these parts, it should not be difficult for the Government of India to have a contented front on its north-western border. All the work that the Bharatiya Adim Jati Sevak Sangh started is nothing but to promote such a feeling and understanding.

POLITICS

They are wrong who think that politics is like an ocean voyage or a military campaign, something to be done with some particular end in view, something which leaves off as soon as that end is reached. It is not a public chore to be got over with. It is a way of life. It is the life of a domesticated political and social creature who is born with a love for public life, with a desire for honour, with a feeling for his fellows; and it lasts as long as need be. It is not simply office-holding, not just keeping your place, not just raising your voice from the floor, not just ranting on the rostrum with speeches and motions; which is what many people think politics is; just as they think you are a philosopher if you sit in a chair and lecture.—PLUTARCH.

THREE STRANGE MEN

ISHERWOOD — AUDEN — SPENDER

LET me introduce three gentlemen who have been in the news a lot just lately: Mr. Christopher Isherwood, Mr. Wystan Hugh Auden, and Mr. Stephen Spender.

They have all been publicly linked with the missing diplomats, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean.

Their friendships have been probed for clues which might help to solve the mystery.

Who are these men? They were friends in their under-graduate days; now they are scattered across the globe, linked only by their past.

The heavenly twins

Isherwood, in the 1930's, built his reputation as a novelist.

In collaboration with Auden—they were called the "heavenly twins"—he was also a playwright.

Now, at 46, he is an American citizen, living in a Californian camp founded by a chain-store millionaire to give artists, writers, and musicians a chance to develop their talents.

He last met Burgess in 1947, when they "drank quite a bit and talked of the old days."

"Was Burgess a Communist?" asks Isherwood. "Well, like the rest of us, he was very much in favour of a United Front and Red Spain and so forth."

"Naturally, when we were on the side of the Spanish Government it meant, don't you see, that we were pretty favourable towards Russia. How could it be otherwise? It went without saying."

Pleasure First

From Repton, Isherwood went to Cambridge with an £80-a-year history scholarship.

There he neglected everything except pleasure, novel writing, and a friend with whom he lived in an "absorbing private world."

When he sat for his tripos, he answered all the questions with nonsensical limericks and blank verse and so achieved his aim of getting himself sent down.

He visited Auden at Oxford, where Stephen Spender met them both.

A little later Isherwood went to Berlin, where he lived in a slum tenement.

Lived Poorly

In his autobiography, Spender says Isherwood lived there "very poorly, scarcely spending more than eightpence on a meal. He ate horse-flesh and lung soup."

"He had a peculiarity of being attractively disgusted and amiably bitter," recalls Spender. He hated middle-class life.

He and Spender became interested in politics when a friend joined the Communist Party. Together they saw Russian films showing "the images of

the New Life...."

Then, in 1939, Isherwood and Auden went to America. They sampled New York's intellectual society, found it wanting and retreated to a slum district.

Studied Yoga

Later Isherwood went to Hollywood and became a screen writer. With Aldous Huxley and John Van Druten, he lived for a time in a Hindu temple, studying Yoga and sitting cross-legged in meditation.

Like Auden, he declared, when war came, that he would not return to Britain, and in Parliament a member urged that they should be summoned back and called up.

Across the sea in sunny Italy, Auden, now 44, lives in a white-painted house on the island of Ischia. He went to school with Maclean.

Surrounded by purple bougain-

villea and geraniums, he said of Burgess recently:—

"While he was at the Embassy in Washington he was still pro-Communist."

At Oxford Auden was something of a legend.

He hated the daylight. He would sit in a curtained room, a table lamp at his elbow, a green eye-shade over his weakly pigmented eyes which, says Spender, were "set closely together, so that he gave the impression of watchfully squinting."

Fantastic Fads

Always he had "fantastic fads."

When his doctor told him to walk as little as possible, he promptly went for 30-mile hikes.

Auden became the wonder-boy of the pre-war poets. If you saw the film "Night Mail", you may remember his rhymed commentary which started:—

This is the night mail crossing the border

Bringing the cheque and the postal order.

During the Spanish war he drove an ambulance. Later, with Isherwood, he went to China and had tea with the Chiang Kai-sheks. He also became an American citizen and joined the U. S. Army.

In a lake-side village in Northern Italy Spender told the other day how Burgess had telephoned to him in London to congratulate him on his new book.

"He said it described exactly the development of his own attitude to Communism," said Spender. "The book is strongly anti-Communist."

A Red Tie

At Oxford Spender's fellow-students disappointed him. "I took my revenge by becoming self-consciously opposite," he says.

"I became affected, wore a red tie, cultivated friends outside the college, was unpatriotic and declared myself a pacifist."

"I aped my own exhibitionism, effeminacy, rootlessness, and lack of discipline." He found it impossible to overcome his shyness, "even to the extent of going alone into a pub."

Largely through Isherwood's influence, Spender left Oxford to "write and live". He went to Germany, then returned to mix with the exotic blooms of Bloomsbury.

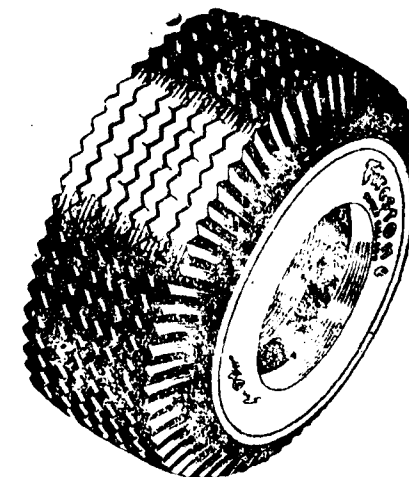
He joined the Communist Party, but it was an uneasy honeymoon, and he soon lost faith.

Intriguing

These are the men who knew Burgess and Maclean. How far do their lives reflect those of the missing diplomats?

Did Burgess think politically along the same line? And did he go forward where the others shrank back?

That is one of today's most intriguing questions.—*Lens*.



Firestone

BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW

EXAMINATIONS AND BERNARD SHAW

By S. AMUDACHARI

THE recent discussion over the Radio by three distinguished educationists on "Examining the Examinations" did not go far enough. They were merely fencing. Why not do away with examinations altogether? A system which decides the eligibility or success by an annual public examination without regard to the performances of the student all the year round carries with it its own condemnation. Even apart from this, a regimented examination destroys the individuality of a student and cramps him.

Bernard Shaw had a notoriously undistinguished record in his class. He once said: "I cannot learn anything that does not interest me. My memory is not indiscriminate, it rejects and selects and its selections are not academic. I have no competitive instinct, nor do I crave for prizes and distinctions. Consequently I have no interest in competitive examinations; if I won, the disappointment of my competitors would distress me instead of gratifying me; if I lost, my self-esteem would suffer. Besides, I have far too great a sense of my own importance to feel that it could be influenced by a degree or gold medal or what not. There is only one sort of school that could have qualified me for academic success and that is the sort in which the teachers take care that the pupils shall be either memorising their lessons continuously with all the desperate strenuousness that terror can inspire or else crying with physical pain. I was never in a school where the teachers cared enough for me or about their ostensible profession or had time enough to take any such trouble. So, I learnt nothing at school, not even what I could and would have learned if any attempt had been made to interest me. I congratulate myself on this for I am firmly persuaded that every unnatural activity of the brain is as mischievous as any unnatural activity of the body and that pressing people to learn things they do not want to

know is as unwholesome and disastrous as feeding them on saw dust."

Mathematics failed to allure him. He said "You propound a problem, give me a slate and half an hour's time and I can produce a wrong answer. I never used a logarithm in my life and could not undertake to extract a square root of four without misgiving."

He was once told by a school mistress to give a prize for the best behaved boy and girl. On reflection, he offered a handsome prize for the worst behaved boy and girl on condition that a record should be kept of their subsequent careers and compared with the records of the best behaved in order to ascertain whether the school criteria of good conduct was valid out of school. His offer was of course refused.

Unlike most boys, he disliked games. Cricket was a bore. At a young age he stole four dozen apples and after eating eighteen he found himself in robust health and found it better fun to pelt the hens with the remaining apples than continue the banquet. On being told that a cat always fell on its legs when dropped from a height he tried the experiment from a window with complete success.

Though humane he was mischievous. One day, perceiving an inhabited but unattended perambulator outside a house, he and another youth rushed it as fast as they could run to the end of the street, where they turned it at right angles so suddenly that the baby was shot into the middle of the street when they fled in panic from the scene. They never heard what became of the baby.

Notwithstanding the lack of schooling, Bernard Shaw was a voracious reader of books. At an age when most children were mastering their alphabet, he was deep in bound volumes of stories. He was saturated with the Bible and with Shakespeare

before he was ten years old. The depth and diversity of his reading quickened his imagination. The child was really the father of the man.

He was one of the foremost intellectual thinkers of the world. The void created by his death has not yet been filled in the ranks of intellectuals.

But he was quite positive till the end that he had learnt absolutely nothing at school, that school had only interrupted his real education and imprisoned him. He came to the

conclusion that schools existed for the sake of the parents who did not wish to be plagued with their children's society, yet were anxious to keep them out of mischief, for the sake of the masters who had to earn their living and for the sake of the institutions themselves, because they made money out of the pupils.

Will our educationists take a leaf out of Shaw's life and have the courage to shed their conventional ideas of upbringing the youth?



The Queen inspecting the India section of the Imperial Institute, London, accompanied by Mrs. Sethi, wife of the Trade Commissioner for India in London.

HE DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON

By V. PUTTAMDIPPA

MY ancestors lived in a village remote from the madding crowds of the cities. My father came to this town because he wanted to give me education. He sold away the piece of good earth that was ours from ages past, came down and settled in this town when I was hardly one year old. I do not know who put that idea into my father's mind, but he was seriously bent upon educating me. My ancestors were all tillers of the soil. They lived happily in that small village. Town was too big and expensive a place for them to live in. None of them, I was told later by mother, had dared even to pay a casual visit to this town because they had been told that, "no villager who pays a visit to the town returns home." And my forefathers were all illiterate people. Of course, there was an elementary school, but no boy ever attended the school because his services were required by his father. Further the school master himself was a tiller, and he kept open the school only for a few days in a month. Thus my fore-fathers lived in a place into which science, politics and literature never entered. If, perchance, a villager brought with him a newspaper from a shandy held nearly five miles away from the village, the villagers would flock round the school master and ask him read the newspaper for them. If any villager received a letter he would take it to the school master to get it read for him. If any letters were to be written the same school master was approached. Perhaps it was this helplessness that might have made my father decide on educating me even at the cost of selling his paternal lands. My father got, mother told me, about five hundred rupees for our lands. It was a considerable sum in those days. He opened a small general stores in this

city and spent on it nearly three hundred rupees.

But things did not go as smooth as my father had thought. My father was both innocent and ignorant of business. And innocence even with or without ignorance is sure to be soon overtaken by hypocrisy. My father was a little too generous to be a merchant. Obligation and business are two things that must be always kept asunder, but my father never realised it. My father wanted to oblige customers by giving them credits. My father's innocence and simplicity were soon taken advantage of, and within six years of his coming to this town he was short of money. There were no friends to help him, no relatives to whom he could go and ask for money. It was then, perhaps, he thought of keeping the coin in between the fingers rather than let it slip from the hand. I was then reading in primary second year, and I was not old enough to imagine what poverty meant to a human being. My stomach was always full, my pockets heavy with ground nuts, and I was contented. Every morning I started for school mother gave me three ples, and that made me believe we were rich enough, for had I not seen boys who had never a pie with them for months? Furthermore, my parents readily attended to my requirements, and spared no pains in doing so.

Yes, I was telling that my father ran short of money when I was just eight years old. Sundry jewels on my mother's body fetched a little money to my father, and this time he was a little careful about his old customers. I got full free-ship in school, and saved my father a little extra expense. This stood me in good stead too, because throughout my educational career I was given concession in fees.

Misfortune befell us when I was

fourteen. It was luck and not any human being this time that brought disaster on our lives. Business was very dull throughout the year, and the small savings my father had made were spent on maintaining the shop. This time there was no question of selling any jewels because there were none with my mother. So, my father came to two conclusions; either to stop my education and return to the village, or sell away a bit of land that belonged to my mother. It was her parental property, and she held it dear to her heart. There was a long discussion between my parents, and finally they decided that I must continue my studies. Consequently my mother's property was sold for one hundred and fifty rupees out of which my father got only one hundred and twenty. The rest the buyer said he would give later but he never gave it. It was a very very sorrowful affair, selling away that bit of land. With the money in his hand, my father sat near the land and told me "If you are really my son you will buy it back."

Fortunately enough, I never failed in my examinations. My father would often sit by my side and ask me read my English text. While I read a lesson, he would listen to me very attentively with pride in his eyes. Whenever villagers came to my house he would ask me read English before them. They would listen to me with their eyes wide open, and when they returned home they would tell the villagers that they heard Basappa's son read English. Whenever my father went to the village he was honoured because his son could read. I had often heard my father declare to the villagers that his son would one day become an amildar, a great officer, and earn hundreds of rupees. Poverty would be no more then, and Basappa would sit in a chair, go about in a car and lead a happy-go-lucky life. These were some of the many day dreams my father used to dream.

I got my B. Sc. degree when I was twenty three. When my father heard that I had become a graduate he joined his hands in supplication to God.

My father had one purpose in his life—making me educated, and that was fulfilled. My father was then aged seventy years. Even in that old age he was toiling and mulling day in and day out to earn money to sustain himself and his grown up son. Whenever I went to assist him in the shop, he would wave his hand and say, "Son, this is not the place for you. You are educated and you must sit in some office."

I spent full two years in climbing up and down the steps of every office in the city in search of a job before I was appointed as a clerk in a water supply office. All the while the fact that I was still a parasite on my old father troubled me to the core of my heart. I felt ashamed of myself because I could not support my father. At a period when he needed rest and peace, I was allowing him to work for me. Whenever I sat in a corner and sobbed aloud over my helplessness my father would come near, pat my back, and say, "My son, you are young and you are educated. You will lead a lordly life one day." I felt more ashamed then because the faith and firmness I lacked my old father possessed.

He was proud of me, his educated son, till the end of his life. Though he knew I was earning only sixty rupees he would say proudly to the villagers, "My son is an officer now. He gets three hundred rupees a month."

Shortly afterwards my father fell ill and never recovered from it. On his death bed, holding my hands he said, "My son, you are educated. I have given you education." Those were his last words for me. I had one consolation and that was that I was able to pay his doctor's bill the next month.

My father was not a soldier but he had all the qualities of a soldier—bravery, tolerance and persistence. He stood for a noble cause—that of educating me. He fought long and hard against adverse circumstances and at length like a brave soldier, he died with his boots on.

LIBERTY OF THE INDIAN PRESS

IDENTITY cards have reached the headlines in Britain this week. It is almost unbelievable that there was a time when there were no passports, yet it is only 37 years ago. It is similarly almost unbelievable that there will ever be a time when people in Britain will not be expected to produce their identity cards on certain specified occasions. Yet before 1939 there were no such things as identity cards. There is a tendency on the part of those people who are concerned with the liberty of the individual to condemn identity cards out of hand. Why should we be numbered and listed in this way? Why should we have to carry this piece of card about with us and have to write the long, unwieldy numbers that have been given to us? Such are the questions that are asked. Those who were quite prepared to accept identity cards in time of national emergency are not all as willing to accept them when that time of emergency is over.

The case of Mr. Willock has revived this question, and there have been seven judges sitting in the Divisional Court, deciding whether or not all the regulations made during the national emergency are still valid. The legal points are for lawyers to consider, but Mr. Willock, although the judges decided that identity cards are indeed still legal, did us a service when he raised this question, for identity cards are now to be demanded only under extraordinary circumstances. In the case of Mr. Willock, he was involved in some minor motoring offence. I believe, and could not show his identity card when asked. This could be interpreted as obstructing the police in the course of their duty. But the seven judges have made it quite clear that the identity card was never meant for such purposes, but only for the use of police, or soldiers on duty, when apprehending someone thought to be guilty of a serious crime, or a deserter from the Forces.

These identity cards are not always a nuisance, however. Even before they came to be part of everybody's personal wear, it was necessary at times to prove one's identity. One

could show a driving licence, a letter addressed to oneself, a visiting card, or something similar. Yet none of those is as good a proof of identity as is the present card. I am sure that no one really complains at having to show the card when one withdraws money from the Post Office Savings Bank, nor when one is obtaining one's ration card. And I am equally sure that although many of us admire the zeal of those who would protect our liberties, still there are very few people who really complain about having identity cards. Some may perhaps think it to be a source of regret, that the Englishman no longer has the sense of personal liberty that he used to have, but, with great respect, I think they are wrong. As society develops, so do one's ideas. Not so long ago, it would have been considered an infringement of personal liberty to prevent a man using his ships for the transportation of slaves. So long as a restriction of one's liberty is for the good of the community, one should not grumble. For all law-abiding people, the identity card carries with it no inconvenience. It is something of a safeguard, a guarantee, and as such it is good. But it is well at all times to have every apparent infringement of liberty scrutinised by an impartial body, such as has been the case with identity cards. "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance."

The liberty of the Indian press has been a matter of comment amongst those of us who know India and respect those who edit, write and produce India's newspapers. We have seen the report that the newspapers of India are to suspend publication for one day, and that they are to have a heading on the liberty of the press to their editorials. Need I say how much support such action has amongst those who value the freedom of the press in this country? The press must be far more powerful in India than in Britain, if the Government is so afraid of its influence that restrictions have to be made. One knows that daily papers are read to those people who are not themselves able to read, but one would think that in India it

is mainly the literate, and therefore the educated people who read the newspapers and periodicals. The Indian Government cannot, therefore, be afraid that some "yellow" press will move the multitudes to rise and revolt, or to express themselves unfavourably towards foreign countries. It was not the peasant of India who cried for freedom, it was the student, the scholar. Surely, there can be no desire on the part of your Government to prevent thinking people from expressing their viewpoints and reading those of others? I seem to recall that one of the issues is that of writing adversely against a foreign power. But, with notable exceptions, does any Government protest against the tone of the press in another country? We all know what the Chicago Tribune thinks of present-day Britain, and we all know what some British papers think of America, of Russia, of this, that and the other country or Government. Yet there are no protests from the countries concerned. We leave to our own press to answer the comments of others, and we expect the press of other countries to answer the comments of our press. I

hope that the press of India will succeed in the campaign that they are starting. The value of your General Elections will be assessed by many of us according to the liberty of expression that is allowed in the press, and over the radio, in the months immediately preceding the Elections.

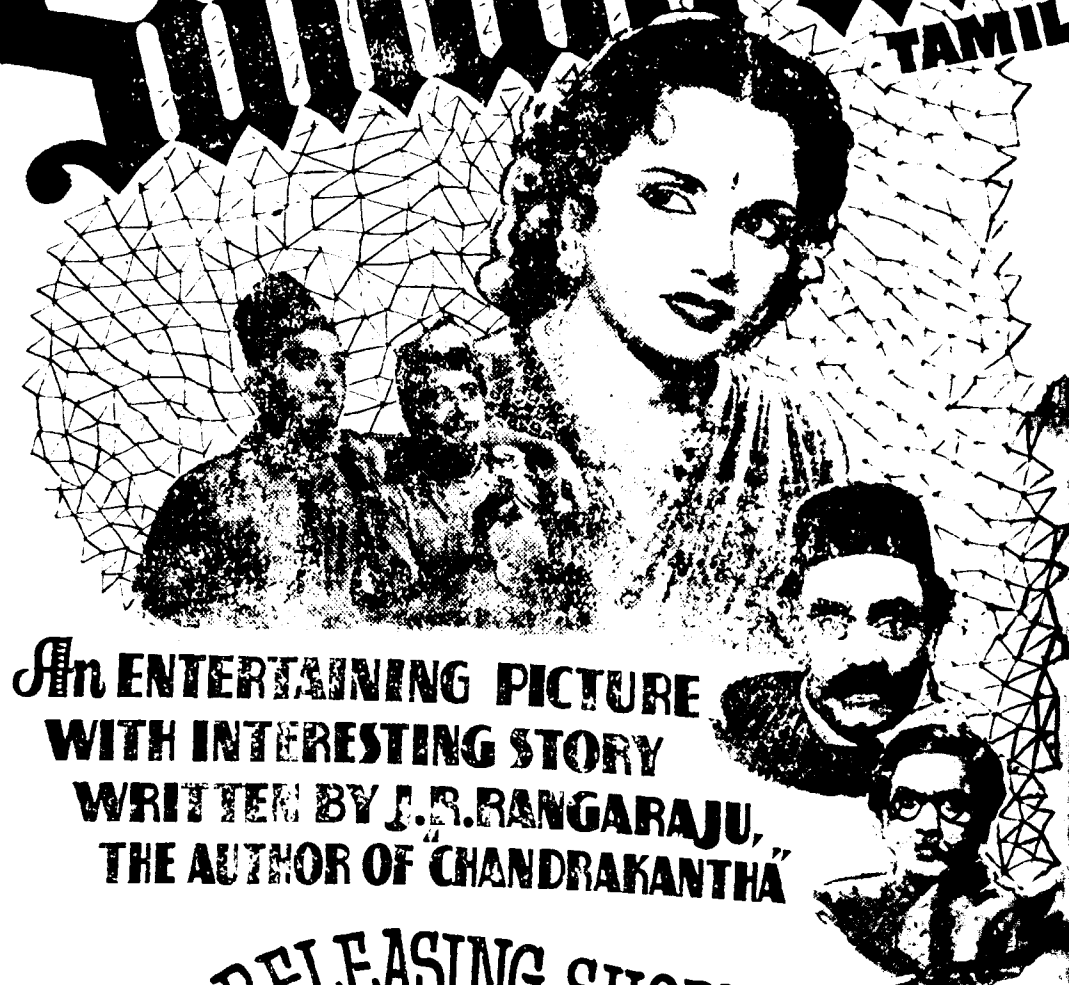
The cost of living in Britain continues to rise. There is the story of the little girl who usually asked her father if she could read the comic strip in the newspaper before she went to school. One morning, however, she leaned over his shoulder and, instead of the expected request, she enquired, "Well, what has gone up this morning?" There is a great deal of truth in that story for, I am afraid, prices continue to rise. The latest increase is in footwear. Shoes costing Rs. 40 today will cost Rs. 52 on Monday next. Fortunately, it is hoped that woollen goods will become cheaper with the price in the fall of wool. Talking of price reminds me of a current story against the Government in Britain. It is said that they are going to nationalise crime—to prove once and for all that crime does not pay!



Ten of the 12 Indian students who have been awarded U. S. Government scholarships for higher studies in American universities, sailed from Bombay last Thursday (June 28) aboard the P. & O. liner, STRATHAIRD.—U.S.I.S.

MOHANA Sundaram

TAMIL



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SIDELIGHTS ::

SRI PRAKASAM and Professor Ranga have fallen out, as was only to be expected. The Congress President sized up Professor Ranga nicely when he refrained from accepting his resignation while he accepted Sri Prakasam's. The President invited the Professor for an interview instead. What transpired at the interview has not been disclosed to the public. But its effects have been patent. The Professor is not sparing of speech nor is he given to shunning publicity. But at the Patna Convention he demonstrated an astonishing degree of self-effacement by neither speaking nor sponsoring any of the resolutions. The incredible thing happened when the Convention ended without Professor Ranga gracing any of its committees. In lineal succession to all this series of oddities is Professor Ranga's present denunciatory mood, with Sri Prakasam as target. There is something in the offing for Professor Ranga as the result of his talks with Sri Tandon, which will no doubt transpire in due course, but for the time being, though it remains hidden, its power will tell and impel the Professor into ever-increasing paroxysms of rage over Sri Prakasam's 'selfishness and undemocratic motives' and other imperfections of an exasperating sort to the perfectionist Professor Ranga. It will not be surprising if, before long, we find him back in the Congress camp which he left so recently, in such spirited fashion, with all his righteous wrath concentrated on Sri Prakasam in the inexorable unforgiving manner of an ex-friend.

Professor Ranga's defection will not weaken the Praja Party, but might, on the other hand, strengthen it greatly. Ranga has lost his main political chance and established himself as a wobbler shifting shadily batlike from one side to another, with no steadfast loyalty to high principles of conduct inseparable from great leadership. It used to be thought that he commands the allegiance of the powerful Kamma community of the

Northern Circars, but the supposition has become an illusion. It is possible for communal pride to be temporarily inflamed to the neglect of considerations of intrinsic worth, but in the long run it is the character of leaders that wins confidence and not the accidental origins of their parentage. The case of Sri Tenneti Viswanatham is proof of this truth. Against Sri Viswanatham at Vizag were ranged all the resources of the mighty Congress organization with unlimited financial means at its disposal. There was scarcely an Andhra minister that did not rush to the spot to try his hand at electioneering. The General Secretary of the Congress, Sri Kala himself, descended on the constituency, and promised for the recalcitrant renegade an unmerciful trouncing on polling day. What sort of man was the object of all this frightening combination of formidable antagonists? Of money power he had little. Of an intellectual cast, he was not in the least gregarious, and was a total stranger to the artifices that excite the passions of the mob. He was neither a demagogue nor a tub-thumper at the hustings. With all his limitations, he sufficed to put fright into the Congress bosses and teach them the wisdom of discreet retreat, conceding to him the grand victory of an unopposed return.

The Praja Party will have a bright future if it eschews unreliable and discredited coadjutors and draws into its fold men of calibre and character like Sri Viswanatham. In view of the broken pledges of the Congress, advertised programmes have lost their attraction. Paper manifestoes couched in fascinating phrases have come to be looked upon merely as triumphs of the draftsman's art. Parties evoke the gloomy dread of power politics, and the value of the Congress ticket as a sure vote-catcher is a thing of the past. In the coming elections seekers for suffrage will be judged by what they are and not the parties to which they belong.—SAKA.

A SIMLA DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD

GOVERNOR TRIVEDI is the most popular man in East Punjab today. There is a universal sigh of relief that the Bhargava Cabinet is out. Nepotism, favouritism and corruption in East Punjab were almost equal to the same isms prevailing at the Centre. Governor Trivedi seems to be one of the few I.C.S. officers who were able to survive the temptations of war-time India. Trivedi was Defence Secretary during the war, and could have made a few crores of rupees if he wanted to. But he did not succumb to the temptation.

Bhargava told me jocularly that he was asking the Employment Exchange to find a job for him. Bhargava is said to be one of those men whose pious intentions have paved the way to hell. He is said to be an honest man—a fairly honest man, as Panditji said Rajaji was—who permits everybody to trade in his name. Even a strong man like Prakasam was not altogether free from the influence of unscrupulous rascals. Bhargava never knew who was staying as his guest in his own home, and who was getting permits and things in his name. Several of the Ministers in his Cabinet were minting money in *bhendi* transactions, and so forth.

Trivedi's administration is far more efficient than both the Bhargava and the Sachar administrations had ever been. I have heard several people in the railway train and on the Mall say that they now feel confident that they can take any grievance to the Governor and have it redressed. Sachar, of course, did try hard to purify the administration, but he was not feared by the unscrupulous as much as Trivedi is. The fact that there is no Congress Raj in the Punjab now is supposed to help the Congress Party at the next elections. Trivedi is supposed to be a Congress Governor since he has been appointed Governor by the Congress Party. It is to be hoped that Trivedi will not fall a victim to the flattery that is implied. He should behave in a non-partisan manner, and should not

become an instrument of Congress Party propaganda.

I have made enquiries as to whether there was any Congressman in the whole of the Punjab who could be trusted to form an honest Congress Ministry. There was only one man whose name was suggested by more than one person. That is Chaudhri Krishna Gopal Dutt. Chaudhri Saheb was the only man in the Punjab who repeatedly spurned the offer of a Ministership by both Sachar and Bhargava. He was Finance Minister for a brief period, and he was the best Finance Minister of any Congress Province. But Krishna Gopal Dutt does not command the support of intriguers and wire-pullers, with whom the Congress Party is filled today. Bhargava always manages to secure enough number of votes and become leader, because those who support him know that they will be able to have their way regarding permits and quotas. Pandit Nehru should have directed an enquiry into the charges of corruption against the East Punjab Ministry instead of bothering so much about Mudgal. There is a Telugu proverb which cautions against the use of the *Brahmastra* on a little bird. But Panditji somehow does not like the idea of an enquiry into: (1) the charges against some Madras Ministers; (2) the charges against some Bihar Ministers; (3) the charges against some West Bengal Ministers; (4) the charges against some East Punjab Ministers; and (5) the charges against a few of the Central Ministers.

Lala Lajpat Rai's statue has been brought from Lahore and erected at Scandal Point in Simla. Lajpat Rai's expression and gesture seem to be rather appropriate. He is admonishing those who claim to be his followers for their bad record, and is threatening them with dire consequences. He even seems to be cursing them:

A curse shall light upon the limbs
of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil
strife

Shall cumber all the parts of
India;
Blood and destruction shall be so
in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile
when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the
hands of war—

(Julius Caesar)

Lajpat Rai was a choice and master spirit of his age. When he sent in his card to Bernard Shaw in London, the Sage of St. Lawrence rushed out to greet him, exclaiming: "What Lajpat Rai! Are you still alive? I thought the British had shot you dead long ago." The British were too sensible to do such a thing. But if Lajpat Rai lived today, we would have certainly shot him dead—as we shot Gandhi. Lajpat Rai today is cursing the Congress administration in the Punjab and elsewhere in India from Scandal Point—about 7,000 feet above sea-level.

It was at Scandal Point that Bakshi Singh, who was using the hockey stick in the body-line manner on the field, extended the scope of the hockey-stick and directed it towards a student of one of the local colleges. Bakshi Singh is a player of outstanding ability, but he is not a sportsman. The most glaring instance of foul play was the tripping of Sheikh Dada (Kirkeeans, Poona) by Bakshi Singh, which resulted in the dislocation of Dada's collar-bone. There was an incident of this kind almost every day of the Hot Weather Hockey Tournament. But he was not ordered off the field by the umpires as he should have been. Pillal (Madhya Bharat) was hit on his forearm, resulting in dislocation, and Kailash (Madhya Bharat) was hit on his mouth, giving cuts on the upper lip. Players were thrown down by Bakshi, Ragbir, Dadoo and Ram Swaroop (all from the Punjab Police Team) several times, and hooking the hockey-stick in the belly was developed by them into a fine art.

I have never seen umpiring reach such a low level as in Simla. Bishan Singh and Karam Singh were not allowed to umpire, because they were rather fair in their decisions. The Assistant Inspector-General of Police, Aswani Kumar, is the President of the Punjab Hockey Association. He frequently shouted "Refe-REE!" when-

ever the referees whistled to indicate foul-play by the Punjab Team. The Punjab Team won match after match as a result of a series of bad decisions by the umpires. In their very first match, against I.A.F. (Delhi), the umpires disallowed the equaliser. The Kirkeeans scored the only goal in their match against Punjab Police, but the umpires decided that it was a goalless draw, and disallowed the goal. Punjab Police won at the third meeting! Madhya Bharat outplayed Punjab Police for three days, and succumbed only on the fourth. The umpires' decision on the first day was that the match was a one-all draw. M.B., however, scored a winning goal, but it was disallowed on a rather flimsy ground. Trilochan Singh, who represented us at the Olympics—and who did not play in Simla because of a knee-injury—was seated only a little distance from the goal-mouth, and he conceded that it was a true goal. But he was not the umpire! Even on the final day, according to some observers, the ball had crossed the goal-line and was therefore out; but it was brought in and then the goal was scored. The spectators frequently booed the umpires, when the latter showed themselves too partisan and gave bad decisions, that is, decisions in favour of Punjab Police. It must be admitted that the spectators of Simla showed themselves to be very fair-minded. Principal Arora of Sanatana Dharma College was asked to warn his students against supporting and cheering the Madhya Bharat team. The organizers were thoroughly dissatisfied with the *Hindustan Times* sports-writer, Sriman, who believed in submitting fair reports to his paper. Police officials asked the restaurant where he was taking food not to give him food—at any rate, not to give him good food. They asked his journalist-colleagues not to give him a lift in their transport from the hockey grounds to the Mall. The hockey grounds are at Annandale, which is two thousand feet below the level of the Mall.

The Press Trust of India should have sent their own man to cover the Hockey Tournament. They seem to have relied on an outsider who has proved to be both partisan and incompetent. The result is:

that the great national newspapers including *The Mail* and *The Hindu*, carry thoroughly worthless reports. Jerome Jacob of *The Mail* is one of our best sports-reporters, and so is Gurnathan of *The Hindu*. Their reports of the Hockey National in Madras were admirable pieces. That is the sort of report which the P. T. I. should have circulated all over the country. But they make some slipshod arrangement on the spur of the moment to cover the matches in Simla, when their specialist in sports is sitting in their Delhi office.

Jack Fingleton writes devastatingly sometimes on the decisions of umpires—as he did about the decisions of Umpire Scott when Hammond's team toured Australia. And *The Hindu* will publish two columns of it. But if Gurnathan thinks of questioning the umpire's decision, he may not be able to put in more than two lines. The reporter should be free to criticize the decisions of umpires. Stan Halsey of the *Daily Mirror* (London) wrote recently: "The Scots wrangled with the F. A. over the referee for this match—and the Scots won. Mr. G. Mitchell (Scotland) was appointed. He missed the most obvious penalty I

have ever seen in a match of international calibre at Wembley yesterday."

The standard of our hockey has gone down in recent years. The Punjab Team, which had such a wonderful set of players have now to depend upon twelve or thirteen players (including the umpires) instead of the customary eleven. And they are trying to play not hockey, but Rugby hockey. They should learn to play cricket before they appear on the hockey field.

The Police Administration of Simla was practically at a standstill when the Women's Hockey Tournament was being played. Offices closed down in the afternoons, and even for the whole day. The Police seem to have become as unpopular as the Congress Ministry was. The arrangements made for visiting teams were just too bad. The Madras team, for instance, went without their lunch on the day of their final match. There was no doctor to attend to any mishaps during the game. Police jhulum was freely exercised to collect funds for the Tournaments. Governor Trivedi should go into these allegations.

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.

The Vizag Bye-Election

The Congress President is stated to have telegraphed to the President of the Andhra P.C.C. not to put up any Congress candidate against Mr. T. Viswanatham on the ground that he had constitutionally resigned from the Congress and so "our reaction should be graceful." Are we to suppose that the action of the Congress authorities was disgraceful when they set up a candidate against Mr. B. S. Mallikarjuna Rao of Vizagapatam who was originally returned to the Legislative Assembly on the Congress ticket and later resigned his seat from the Assembly and contested it as a Socialist? Congressmen in power cannot go on deceiving the public.

We know for certain that Mr. Viswanatham is a man of high integrity and indefatigable energy. He shuns publicity and positions. If he had ever cared, he would have become a minister and celebrated his 5-year completion of minister-ship. He is a beloved leader of the Andhras. If Andhras were to have a State of their own, Tenneti would occupy a very high position in the Andhra State to be.

Knowing him too well, the Congress authorities realised before too late that they would do well to refrain from putting up a Congress candidate against him, not that their reaction might be graceful but in order to save themselves from the disgrace of suffering a defeat before the General Elections.

S. V. S. SOMESWARA RAO.

Hyderabad.

Communal G.O. By The Back Door

The new rules governing the admission of candidates to the Engineering Colleges contain some funny features. The Chief Minister Mr. P. S. Kumaraswamy Raja in an interview to Press representatives on June 25th laid down that besides the marks in the Intermediate examination there would be a personal interview where the suitability of the candidates would be assessed on the basis of their aptitude for sports and their activities in the National Cadet Corps. No serious objection could be raised against this if facilities had been made available to the candidates by the introduction of National Training Corps in all the colleges of the Madras University. But that is not the case at present. In view of the fact that training in National Cadet Corps is given only in very few of the colleges, this stipulation amounts to an invidious dis-

crimination against the candidates who have had the misfortune to hail from colleges where this training has not been introduced. In this connection it will be interesting to note a press communique dated 29th June announced that the Madras Government have temporarily suspended the extension of the National Cadet Corps on the ground of shortage of suitable personnel and officers.

There is an old Tamil saying 'that the sting of the scorpion is in its tail.' Similarly, with regard to the conditions laid down for the selection of candidates, the last stipulation is the most serious one. In the selection of candidates it appears that special preference will be given to those "candidates whose fathers or paternal grandfathers have not had any 'university or other higher education because such candidates alone shall be deemed to be educationally backward." What does the Chief Minister mean thereby? Is he not penalising the son for the academic status of his father or grandfather? Instance by the Chief Minister on his highly dangerous condition amounts to this: that no candidate shall have the facility to enter the Engineering College if his father had been an educated person. This stipulation will even upset the cordial relations between the father and the son or between the grandfather and the grand children. The Chief Minister has introduced an apple of discord into the happy hearths of South India. He has broken the assurance only very recently given by him in New Delhi to the Prime Minister of India. The Communal G. O. has died but it has crept in by the back door in a more serious and threatening form.

S. RAMANATHAN.

Karur.

Don't Stress Old Distinctions

In the letter in SWATANTRA (June 23) under the heading 'Whither, Brahmins?' Mr. V. R. Kolluri has written that a "Brahmin somehow tries to acquire literacy and is satisfied with the post of a clerk on Rs. 30 per month rather than that of a post peon on Rs. 75." He has also added that "It shows a narrow outlook and typical lack of economic sense on his part." I do not understand what he means by "narrow outlook and typical lack of economic sense."

He has referred to the so-called duties of the Brahmins. But he has forgotten to mention the various duties allocated to other communities (i.e. the so-called

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backward classes, etc.) in olden days. What about Harijans? If Brahmins are to look up to their duties, as suggested by your correspondent, it should be noted that Harijans should take to the fields or do such work as was the convention in the past.

He is correct for once in saying that Brahmins of olden days sacrificed their personal ambitions for the well-being of society and commanded very great respect. I am doubtful whether, if the Brahmins tried to act now as they did of old, they would succeed in winning the respect conceded to them in those days. With hand-to-mouth living one cannot be content these days with fame and honour. Let it be remembered that 'the old order changeth yielding place to new lest one good custom should corrupt the world.' To stress this sort of distinction between Brahmins and others is not proper in a nation which has got to solve many major problems, and I sincerely hope that all will co-operate with one another to strive for the common cause.

R. BALASUBRAMANIAN.

College Admissions

Though the new rules for selection of candidates for admission into professional colleges are in accordance with the amended Constitution, they do not give much hope of advancement for the really backward classes. As previously, the differentiation is between Brahmin and non-Brahmin.

The most satisfactory solution would be, as suggested in an editorial in SWATANTRA, to pay heed to the need for consideration of economic backwardness.

C. S. BABU.

Asian Threat To The West

The Western nations are filled with grave misgivings at the huge population and the overwhelming poverty of Asia. The sheer weight of economic distress, as Bertrand Russel has argued, must inevitably lead to a gradual emigration of the coloured races to the spacious realms of the West. The Asiatics, both morally and intellectually, are head and shoulders above the Westerners and this will ultimately result, as Russel points out, in an Oriental domination of the whole world in the absence of another world war. This is far more dreaded by the Americans than the Communist infiltration. The Americans are, therefore, only too anxious to better the economic future in Asia and thereby stem the tide. It is in this connection that India becomes supremely significant from the American point of view. China being excluded, only India offers great possibilities of arresting the steady onslaught of Oriental races and

of saving the so-called American way of life, for the Chinese and the Indians dominate the great mass of Asiatic millions.

The future of democracy and of stable government in India are bound up with a concerted effort to raise the living standards, for, it is from the grinding misery and poverty of the working classes that the Communists derive the strength of their appeal. Fail now, it will not be long before India becomes a potential cradle of Communism of the most virulent type.

K. B. RAMACHANDRAN.

Failed F. L. Students

It is high time for the authorities to introduce a system in the Madras Law College enabling the failed F. L. students to continue their studies in the B. L. class and sit for the F. L. examination in the month of September. Many young men give up their studies after the first year when their position becomes adverse in the first year results. If they fail they cannot do anything but waste one full year. Some may not worry about it. But many of the middle class feel it a great hardship.

S. VENKATACHARI.

Vridhdachalam.

Ration Shops And Deposits

Ration shops were closed in the first week of January 1951 and when the dealers applied for refund, the Taluk Supply Officer under the instructions of the Assistant Commercial Tax Officer (A. C. T. O.) asked the dealers to produce a certificate from the A. C. T. O. that they had paid the sales tax in full.

For the past 5 and odd months, the A. C. T. O. did not check the accounts of the dealers and issue necessary certificates to release the deposit amounts.

C. KESAVIAH NAIDU.

Chandragiri.

Discrimination

The non-gazetted officers' just and reasonable demand for increase in the dearness allowance seems to have been a cry in the wilderness. Recently the Central Government have enhanced the dearness allowance from Rs. 45 to Rs. 50.

It is deplorable that persons employed in the same city or town—where the cost of living is the same for all—but in different Government services should be treated with discrimination. Non-gazetted officers cannot help feeling that they would have been happier had they chosen wisely the Central Government service or a clerical service in a flourishing commercial firm.

C. S. GANDHI.

SWATANTRA

VOL. VI. NO. 23.
SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1951.

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SWATANTRA

VOL. VI
No. 23

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1951

ISSUE
WEEKLY

NEHRU'S REPORT TO CONGRESS

THE Prime Minister himself has aptly characterised his report to the AICC as a string of "rather sketchy and disjointed remarks." But the worst of the report is worse than the description of it given by the PM. It is not only sketchy and disjointed, parts of it are mutually contradictory. To give an example, Pandit Nehru is gravely dissatisfied with the criticisms that have been levelled against his Government's economic policy. "The criticisms," he complains, "would have had more weight if they had been based more on facts." The impression is here sought to be conveyed that the critics of the Government's economic policy have been rather unmindful of facts, and so their criticisms deserve to that extent, to be discounted. Now note what the Prime Minister says in another passage of his report. "The fact remains," he admits, "that the basic economic situation in the country has not been successfully grappled with." The worst of the criticisms so far levelled against the Government's economic policy fall with a comfortable margin within the content of the Prime Minister's own admission of economic failure. Why should he require from others facts in proof of what he himself has admitted so unequivocally? Critics of the administration depend for facts concerning it on data supplied by the Government, and it is not likely that they can tell the PM what he does not know, served as he is by so many departments, officials and advisers.

Again, Pandit Nehru is angry with detractors of the Government's grow-more-food campaigns, those who

said the campaigns have been wasted effort. "This criticism," according to the Prime Minister, "is not justified." The campaign, he asserts, "has yielded substantial results as statistics show ... but because this additional production did not come into the net of procurement, the results were not so obvious and the necessity for imports continued." Compare, with these words of the Prime Minister, what he says of the break-down of the country's economy in the years following the Partition. "The pressure of a growing population," he tells us, "was continuous. Just at a time when advance was most necessary, our economy became static and even stagnant. Production did not increase adequately and in some cases even went down."

In the course of his report the Prime Minister has made out a list of the Government's achievements. The integration of the States, improvement of the transport system, progress under the river valley schemes and the rehabilitation of the refugees figure prominently in this list. The sum-total of their beneficence is undoubtedly great. But they cannot be treated by an under-nourished people as an adequate substitute for food, or the other great necessities of life, houses and clothing. The public will judge the Government not by the magnificence of the Prime Minister's embassies in foreign countries or the crores shown in official statistics on schemes of welfare, but on the easy availability of life's necessities at a cost within their means. Judged by this standard, Pandit Nehru as Prime Minister has failed, and not all the

ZAM-BUK—WORLD'S GREATEST SKIN OINTMENT

voluminous wordage of his report to the AICC can make up to the people for it.

Unlike minor deities of the Congress pantheon, Pandit Nehru has not fallen into the snare of glorifying the regime in place of making a survey of it. His comments on his own Government are in some passages scathing. He confesses freely to the rampancy of corruption and black-marketing. He deplores the unwieldiness that has overtaken the machinery of the administration. Most damaging of all, he confesses to a lack of co-operation and co-ordination between Governmental activity and the public. This sort of frankness in the publicising of defects and failures that are usually glossed over, is an unusual thing, coming from the head of a Government, and to it we owe to some extent the queer phenomenon of a Prime Minister flourishing on the discredit of his Government. The Prime Minister remains unsullied by the blemishes of the administration of which he is the head, for the simple reason that he is so expert in viewing it as from a detached supe-

rior pedestal of his own. He is able to denounce a Government of which he is a part without suffering in himself the effects of such denunciation. The emotional satisfaction of saying spiritedly what everybody is feeling, places the Prime Minister on a nice sentimental alignment with the public, but the old evils go on undisturbed, the same as before. Another trick of the Prime Minister is to envisage internal cankers of the Congress regime as though they were external forces. When he speaks of the communal groups in the country which challenge the secular aspect of the State and which nourish narrow and reactionary ideals, he blithely ignores what everybody knows, that it is just because these groups have largely strayed into the Congress camp and managed to conduct their depredations under Congress colours, that Congress rule has become so hateful to so many. Plous platitudes will not save the Congress even if they emanate from Pandit Nehru. His report to the AICC consists for the major part of nothing but platitudes.

Sotto Voce

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND



A man whom I knew sat for his Law examination fourteen times; Caesar's invasion of Gaul was a perfunctory affair by comparison. He had a comfortable if not a very well paid job. But he was fond of saying that he wanted an avenue of escape, or—as he preferred to put it—a 'poison cure' for an emergency. At last his perseverance was rewarded, the

examiners perhaps in a fit of absent-mindedness giving him a pass. That was the poor man's undoing. He resigned his post the next day and set up as a lawyer in the nearest market town; so badly had the bug of ambition bitten him, though he would not admit it. Alas, his legal practice did not reimburse him even the price of his sign-board; he sighed too late for

the moderately green pastures of his helotry.

Whenever our labourite friends talk of the strike as the last weapon I am reminded of that tragic-comic finale to a day-dream. If the railwaymen have decided to go on strike from the end of August it is not because they are convinced of the justice of their cause. They imagine—and to some extent past experience supports them—that their strike would be the fortunate exception to the rule. They count upon their ability to hold the community successfully to ransom. They are conscious of their monopolistic position and of the notorious weakness which the Government of this country has traditionally displayed in dealing with their intransigence.

Strikes and lock-outs, as the logical consummation of collective bargaining, are as a-moral and irresponsible as total wars. Most strikes collapse, not because the demands of the workers are unreasonable, but because the men are insufficiently organised or because the bosses have political pull. Where a strike occasionally succeeds in the private sector it is almost invariably due to the intervention of State power on the side of labour—for reasons which may or may not stand scrutiny. When it is the State itself that is sought to be coerced it cannot afford to give way: abdication is the only alternative.

Any attempt to distinguish between the State as employer and the State as upholder of law and order would be unreal, especially where the nature of the work involved and the volume of labour affected are such as to paralyse the life of the community. Machinery for internal conciliation is no doubt as important in State-owned industries and should be as fully utilised here as elsewhere. A declaration of war, however,—for that is what a strike on that scale amounts to—leaves the State no option but to adopt every means at its disposal to break it. But it is by no means the whole of the story.

The State, though victor, is plagued

by a guilt-complex. And this leads to concessions that are big enough to rouse envy in other sections of labour without really winning over those whom it is sought to mollify. Politics too enters into the business, the appeal of rival parties taking the time-honoured form of "Codlin's the friend, not Short." Thus Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan accuses Mr. Nehru of indulging in political propaganda in pleading against a strike. And the Government retort by calling the strike an election stunt. But—and here India is unique—neither of the protagonists is serious in calling on the people to judge. The public, so far as politicians of every breed are concerned, is there to be sat upon.

It is being pointed out with much righteous indignation on behalf of the party in power that the average amount expended on a single railwayman is Rs. 1,500 per annum; whereas a 'zamindar' owing 15 acres of fertile land and getting Rs. 3,000 gross income has much less net return from it in fact. And for one fifteen-acre zamindar there are a hundred railwaymen. The argument is indeed unanswerable. The zamindar passing rich on fifteen acres would be lucky if he managed to get fifteen rupees a month. And yet the Land Reforms Committee thinks the parasite should be mulcted to the extent of two-thirds of his income. And Congressmen are deliriously happy over this fantastic proposal.

If out of the pure goodness of your heart you are inclined to be free with other people's money you must expect your benevolence to be exploited in ways which may not always be so much to your liking. The 'tenant' in ryotwari areas was hardly prepared for the magnificent windfall he found on his doorstep. And yet he would be less than human if he did not behave forthwith like the outraged Prince in the fairy tale who discovers he has long been kept out of his heritage by the bad enchanter. Such, too, is the infectious power of example that the railwayman, finding the Congress in a pretty penitential mood, asks like Oliver Twist for more.

VIGHNESWARA.

SUPERANNUATION SYSTEM IN GOVERNMENT SERVICE

By S. RANGIAH NAIDU

THE Central Pay Commission was asked to report, among other things, "the conditions of retirement and the extent to which the existing regulations in regard to pensions and contributory provident funds require simplification" in respect of Central Government services and it is proposed to examine here one of the aspects of retirement, namely, the superannuation system and the recommendations made by it, having in view the present day conditions.

This Commission reported in May 1947 when the Indian Civil Service and other Central Services—the unforgettable legacy of British rule in India—were virtually intact and their recommendation was

"The present age of superannuation for the Indian Services has in most cases been determined with reference to the employment of non-Asiatics serving in the Indian climate. That is apparently one of the reasons why the rules have till recently allowed a higher retiring age for persons in the ministerial service and in inferior service. We doubt if in respect of Indians serving in India it is necessary to maintain the lower superannuation age of 55.... In view of the increased financial benefits which we are recommending in the shape of family pensions, etc., and the need to keep the financial burdens of the State within limits, we would recommend that the age for compulsory retirement should uniformly be 58 years for all services, with an option to Government to retire an employee on grounds of loss of efficiency at 55 years. These remarks would apply to pensionable as well as non-pensionable services."

The Government did not accept this recommendation, perhaps because of the strong objection from service personnel to the raising of the superannuation age, on the ground that it would block the prospects of their immediate promotion, though such a block was only a temporary phase and those who are blocked today, because their seniors are permitted to stay

on in service, will have later the benefit in their turn.

The Central Pay Commission has classified the services into 4 groups:

1. Class 1 Officers (Direct recruits, after passing competitive tests or by nomination—Gazetted rank).
2. Class 2 Officers (Efficient subordinates promoted as officers—Gazetted rank).
3. Class 3 Officials (Subordinates, other than ministerial).
4. Class 4 Officials (Ministerial or inferior service).

In respect of prospects for these classes, the pay and emoluments are on time-scale for Class 1 Officers, in junior and senior scales and administrative posts. Class 2 Officers are promoted on time-scale from efficient Class 3 Officials and as a rule the senior and administrative posts are out of bounds for them. Class 3 Officials are the vast mass, to whom service is the be-all and end-all of their existence. Class 4 Officials rank lowest in the hierarchy—the hewers of wood and the drawers of water all their lives. Before the advent of Independence, the Class 1 service constituted the "steel frame"—the best civil service in the East, well-known for honesty and efficiency. After the fateful day of August 15, 1947, and the Scourge of Partition, the majority of the European element in the "steel frame" left this country and almost all the Muslim officers opted for Pakistan. A pressing demand arose for the residue of the "steel frame" to fill posts of responsibility and trust and combined with ministerial patronage, the result was that many of the junior officers with short service were suddenly lifted up. The Central Pay Commission Report states that strong objection was taken by the service personnel for raising the superannuation age. Undoubtedly, these "parvenus," having had the benefit of unexpected promotions, of course not of their own seeking, wish to go up further quickly, if the senior men retire at 55. It is well-known

that Class 2 Officers and Class 3 Officials are the bed-rock on which the administrative efficiency rests.

Whatever might have been the grounds on which the Government rejected the recommendations of the Central Pay Commission for raising the superannuation limit in 1947, the conditions today are totally different. The Planning Commission is hard at work drawing up a five-year programme. The Colombo Plan was inaugurated formally on July 1, 1951, on a six year basis. The regrouping of railways commenced on April 14, 1951, and bids fair to emerge as the grand pattern of State control and management in the East. Officers under all the categories—1, 2 & 3—who have a reputation for efficiency and industry and above all who have gained experience, under men of genius, who adorned the old "steel frame" are required to meet the demands of these developmental projects. When they have their full faculties and yet are asked to retire at 55, many of them take up lucrative posts under private employment, with their "inside" knowledge of working of the Government departments and serve as "contact" men to accomplish the tasks set before them by their new employer. In this context, the view of one of the witnesses before the Central Pay Commission is apposite. He said:

"I think that the rule requiring superannuation at the age of 55 is neither in the interests of the State nor in those of the individual and should be amended immediately. At the age of 55 most people are in good physical and mental health and their accumulated experience makes them valuable assets of the State. The loss of such men when they are at the height of their usefulness is a serious matter from the point of view of efficiency and imposes an avoidable burden on the State finances.

I would, therefore, suggest the raising of the superannuation to 60 retaining of course the right to retire individuals on the ground of health or loss of efficiency."

A few service associations and representatives of scientific services urged before the Commission their willingness to prefer a higher age of retirement, 57 or 60 years. The hard-headed businessmen at the helm of

the Tata Iron & Steel Co., Ltd., consider 60 as the superannuation limit. A weightier ground for adoption of the higher limit is for non-pensionable services, which are entitled to only Provident Fund benefit and gratuity at the time of retirement, for example, railway services. Under normal conditions, the Commission's Report adverts to the risks to which persons receiving any lump sum by way of retiring benefits are exposed, both on account of difficulties in investment and by reason of their divergent needs. Under the present conditions of rising prices, which have reduced the purchasing power of the rupee considerably, these lump sum payments are worth about a fourth of their face value, as compared with the 1939 index of prices. The mighty efforts of the Government in grappling with the tendency of rising prices, the improvement in the food situation, the cessation of the Korean War and the possibility of the revaluation of the rupee, which will have the effect of obliterating the artificial currency barrier between India and Pakistan, all these hold out hopes of reaching normalcy. Compulsory retirement of railway officials at 55 who are "in good physical and mental health" will only aggravate their hardship and they will be compelled to take up other remunerative employment while the complicated problems arising from regrouping will demand their accumulated experience for their solution. Railway traditions die hard and it will tax all the energy and experience of administrators for arriving at a compromise in the larger interests of the group and above all the State, if men of experience are ready at hand, for handling such knotty problems of administration and management.

A Welfare State has the right to demand the services of its citizens—service men as well as others—for carrying out its planned development. In the New India unfolding before us under the guiding genius of our Prime Minister, all citizens have to dedicate their lives to the country and the Prime Minister will see that arbitrary and irrational bars are not placed in the way of servicemen to give their best to the State and that they are not driven to the necessity of seeking private employment.

THE CRISIS IN INDIAN AGRICULTURE

By J. D. S. PAUL, Ph. D. (London)

(Professor of Economics, Madras Christian College)

HAVE we a Socialist policy or capitalist oligarchy? The characteristic features of Indian agriculture have been accepted in an apathetic manner and while the malaise is well known, the remedies are singularly devoid of imagination. It neither tackles the problem of the improvement of the peasants engaged in farming, or the conditions under which the business of farming has to be carried on, or the science and art of farming and animal husbandry and the finance thereof. Interferences take place to throw the machinery out of gear by scientific demonstration officers, revenue officers, health officers and irrigation engineers, each of whom prod in different directions so that when it comes to modern control and procurement, agriculture gets distorted in structure and moves in the direction of the black market. The main feature of our agriculture is its backwardness, the yield of the principal crops being very low. If we take the pre-war figures, rice production in Italy showed 2900 lbs per acre, Japan 2276 lbs, Egypt 2153 lbs, Iran 943 lbs, and India 728 lbs; sugarcane production (1939) was in U.S.A. 20-1/2 tons per acre, Java 55 and India 12-1/2 tons per acre; Egypt produced (1937) 531 lbs per acre of cotton, U.S. 264 and India 89 lbs per acre. This low output has deep-seated causes and is at the root of the low purchasing power and standards of living of the peasantry. Indebtedness arises through monsoon failures, epidemics, pests and locusts, slow soil exhaustion and erosion and domestic ceremonies. Secondly, agriculture in India is mainly subsistence farming engaged in by those who have no other occupation and no means to climb out of it with safety or security. The ryot, after meeting his domestic consumption, paying dues to landlord and moneylender, providing for emergency reserve and seed reserve, and purchasing essentials of cultivation such as manure, plough or replacement of

annual stock, sells the surplus to the grain dealer for towns and cities. Very rarely do you find capitalistic and co-operative farming. Generally, it is a family business. Notwithstanding the model farms and agricultural research institutes, scientific cultivation with modern tools has only made little headway. There are too many on the soil with the bullock cart and the modern plough. The fourth aspect is the progressive fragmentation and sub-division of holdings, the legacy of the Succession Act, increase of numbers and lack of alternative employment, leading to uneconomic enterprise. The fifth aspect is the nightmare of ever-increasing percentage of landless rural labour. They rose from 22 millions in 1921 to 25 in 1931 and some States have an appalling ratio to the total cultivators, owners and tenants. Madras has 12 million landless labourers out of a total population of 56 millions. The sixth characteristic is the existence of cultivable waste in spite of population pressure. Assam has 18.8 million acres, Madras about 10 millions. The seventh aspect of Indian agriculture is the low nutritional value of our agricultural products. Since 1910 upto 1940 the output of rice declined by 2.1% and wheat by 7.3%. In Madras the output declined by 7% and the population rose by 13%. For want of control in production policy, agriculture is not adapted to the production of a balanced diet for the people. While other lands have mixed farming with poultry keeping, vegetable gardening, dairy farming, fish culture in the pattern of rural economy, ensuring a nutritive diet, there is in ours an alarming lack of nutritive diet and lack of stamina through inability to try changes in dietary. If we consider the average requirement of an Indian to be 2800 calories, there is today a deficit of 425 calories in each man's ration.

These are grim defects in the system of Indian agriculture which may

be examined on the traditional grouping of (a) land (b) labour (c) capital (d) organisation. Land is a monopoly in nature and no State in the interests of its people can afford to allow the growth of parasitic interests which wreck agriculture and retard the output while the growing population faces the grim spectre of famine. Land has been growing in importance and value with progressive depreciation in the food supply. Over a 100 million acres in different parts, intersected by ravines, swamps and sand-dunes can be brought under the plough by the initiative of the State and by feeding the soil through canals from perennial rivers. Pressure of population, slow industrialisation and lack of alternative occupation have led to excessive fragmentation and sub-division of holdings, resulting in uneconomic cultivation. It has reduced agriculture to extreme inefficiency.

The pathetic state of the peasant in an enervating climate is derived from the uncertainty and uneven rainfall in different regions and in the same region. Irrigation and drainage has to be a major policy of the State. The ancient traditional agriculture has reached its limit and diminishing returns have become now all too clear. Our agricultural operations do not possess suitable manures. Farm yard manure is used for fuel and there is no alternative cheap source of fuel supply. It is a very important problem. Creeping death has come on the agricultural lands with soil erosion and exhaustion. Floods, torrential rains, deforestation and dry winds sweep away the nutritive chemicals which lie within a few inches of the surface. The extent of the loss depends on the slope of the ground, rainfall and its intensity, the nature of the soil and the covering vegetation. On the Indian continent, the soil has deteriorated enormously through centuries of neglect, heat, wind and rain.

How can natural processes be stimulated when the cultivator faces serious adverse factors? It is obviously the aim of man to get the best crops, most valuable to himself. The best crops are not easily discovered. It is only after vast effort that the final possibilities of cultivation are reached. that the final possibilities of cultivation are reached. We now use the

term "intensive" to mark the ascending scale of production possibilities. More value is reaped from the soil when the more is put in. Cultivation intensity is the determining element in the carrying out of agricultural and rural life. But if you control the production by fixing the prices of certain essential cereals and non-interference in others like cotton, tobacco or sugarcane, the cultivator will move in the direction of profits.

The causes of the ryot's inefficiency are partly to be sought in his environment and largely in the man himself. The ryots are physically unhealthy on account of their poverty and system of diet, insanitary surroundings and dwelling houses, the perennial ravages and diseases like malaria, kala azar, typhoid, small-pox, hookworm and other intestinal diseases in lives, and more in financial loss. Through low vitality, they suffer loss of man-hours in critical periods and consequent financial loss. They are conservative and unwilling to appreciate education unless it leads to Government appointments. The methods of agriculture are primitive. The ryots do not respond to scientific ideas spread out before them in the State agricultural farms. Growing facilities of contact between country and town, the radio and the cinema and propaganda methods may sap the roots of conservatism.

The peasant is so fatalistic that he has no conception of a standard of living or the road to financial ease and solvency. The Linlithgow Report on Indian Agriculture clearly pointed out that the fundamental problem is to improve the morale of the peasant. If we turn to the organisation, it is completely disorganised. There is no such thing as economic holdings. Where there is no possibility, or serious consideration of permanent improvement, and fixity of tenure, in the interests of the actual cultivator, the defect is serious. There is a long agricultural slack season of three to four months and the Rural Development Board does well in concentrating on hand-spinning and weaving, mat-making, pottery, toy-making, dairy-farming, fruit growing, sericulture, bee culture and other rural industries. What is slowly being realised is the failure to organise suitable produce markets so as to secure a fair price for

farm products. Of the total value, the ryot scarcely realises 50% and the rest goes to a chain of middlemen. What is extraordinary under Indian conditions is that the price is not a function of demand and supply in a free competitive market determined by the cost of production. It is actually conditioned by the expectation of supply in anticipation of the probable demand by wholesale dealers. The progress at these markets of wholesale dealers usually is guided by the price they anticipate. To cover the risk of fluctuation, they bid usually for less off-take in quantity so as to have a safe margin. The price mechanism in cereal products thus works backwards from the supply and not forward from the anticipated demand position. This exploitation of the peasant arises from his chronic poverty. The ryot has no holding power through rural co-operative or state granaries. His crops are often mortgaged to the financier middleman who buys the crop at prices lower than the village market price. The ryot again faces deductions for damage, diet, chaff, moisture, false weightage and in every way he is beaten down. As was evident during the last catastrophic fall in agricultural prices from 1929 onwards, the agriculturist facing a trade slump has to sell out completely or mortgage his all, to meet his dues, with scant protection for his bare existence. Subsidy and state purchase to hold up the prices as in western countries is all too rare. The primary producer is thus forced to lead a miserable existence as bad harvest puts him into the money-lender's clutches. Finally, what is the capital equipment of the ryot but a pair of bullocks, iron ploughs of a primitive kind, and the seeds selected at a random estimate of quality and yield. There is hardly any facility for long-term improvement as he is always facing the risk of losing title to his land and becoming tenant cultivator. If his bullock perishes or his ploughs get smashed, the mahajan is the source of credit. The peasants do not combine for proper irrigation facilities, manure or general improvements. The lack of capital causes low productivity. The output is multiplied in capitalist farming in the West on account of scientific methods and mechanical appliances. The East is

stagnant. A fatalistic apathy is induced by the climate, drought and pest and bad finance. The condition of the cattle for lack of breeding and fodder silage is desperate for the most part.

The average 'holding' and the land tilled by any cultivator is small. Information of the size of the holding, sub-division and fragmentation for all States is incomplete. The Bengal Land Revenue Commission estimated that 43% of the cultivators held less than 2 acres, 17% between 5 and 10 acres, 21% between 2 and 4 acres while the average yield was half a ton. The average size of the holding varies naturally with the soil in each province. In Agra district 28% of the holdings amount to 2-1½ acres. In Madras, 75% of the holdings in 1938 amounted to 2-1½ acres and the average yield per acre was about 1½ of a ton. In Bombay, the average size of the holding is 11-1½ acres and the yield a bare 1½ of a ton. The small size of the holding is due to the Succession Act whereby the inheritance is sub-divided. This economic disequilibrium is the outcome of the destruction of the village community by the corrosive inroad of Western commerce which compelled one and all to fall back upon the land, ever since the opening decade of the 19th century. The evil is aggravated by the growing pressure of population on the land as the main source of livelihood and the slow pace of mechanised industrial development. Britain and India began to be interlocked as complementary economies to the disadvantage of the Indian economic structure.

Sub-division and fragmentation is a fundamental defect that renders agriculture a decadent industry. The decay of the joint family system and the village community has accentuated the evil. Fragmentation means that the holdings are not only scattered, causing loss of much time and waste, but also division of the plots in bits of equal quality by the heirs instead of monetary compensation so as to preserve a minimum size of farm with continuous plots of land for purposes of agricultural improvement.

The State authorities who find innumerable avenues of profit through the increasing misery of the peasantry only know to raise the hue and cry

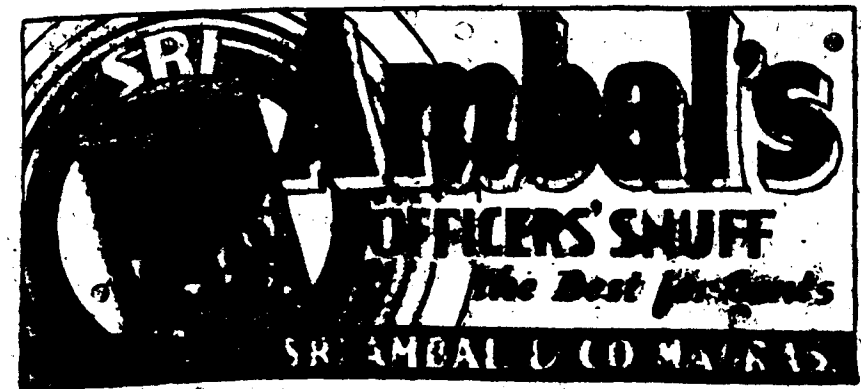
of Communism. Western countries have found fuller agriculture not only a way of life but also a way of prosperous business. The problem must be attacked in India without further delay, through a recognition of the necessity of a basic minimum economic holding whose output will maintain a family of five on a reasonable standard of comfort.

Fragmentation involves waste of time, money and effort and enforces uniformity of crops in the area; fencing is rendered impossible, giving room for depredations by, roaming cattle. This is a source of bad blood and litigation, which ruins the peasant; well irrigation is made impossible as a stronger neighbour may have a better and deeper well, which renders the weaker ryot's well go dry. There is no possibility also of growing cattle fodder to protect the cattle in dry season.

A Director of Agriculture in Bombay, with experience of the difficulties encountered in persuading the peasant to use new, tested scientific methods, had the courage to suggest impartible economic holdings to the Royal Commission on Agriculture. An "economic holding" right would be registered in the name of one person which would be impartible. But the objection raised was that it would make millions landless labourers as industries do not develop fast enough to absorb surplus population. It would mean also compensation by the richer members of the family who take over the land, excluding the rest. In Belgium the practice is common. But this disinheritance of younger

sons, it is claimed, will not be tolerated by the public in India.

The way out, it is claimed, is consolidation by negotiation through the co-operative societies, a compact block being substituted, by exchange, for a number of separate fragments. A holder may have a single plot or a few plots of different types of soil. The co-operative societies in the Punjab succeeded in negotiating the deal voluntarily. In 1936, the Consolidation of Holdings Act was passed. By this Act, two-thirds of the landholders have to consent before effecting such consolidation compulsorily in a region. Under this Act some 375 villages have been tried and more than one-third million acres have been consolidated. Similar experiments, attempted in Madras since 1936, failed. The Famine Commission have recommended consolidation on the basis of the Punjab and Central Provinces experiments in all provinces. There the matter stands. As population pressure has grown, the vicious circle has been intensified. The scramble for land, old and new, continues, with division and fragmentation rampant. All the policies for growing more food fail to strike at the root of the problem, because the incentive to effort is nullified by the effect of the price policy on the overburdened ryot. The step towards commercialisation of agriculture is now decades old and the drop in production of cereals and food crops is only natural, as human beings must make a profit out of their occupation and in some way or other improve their monetary income in a money economy.



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POET LAUREATE WHO BROKE A TRADITION

MASEFIELD'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

By HENRY CHARLES DUFFIN

OF the 16 official poets of England—
the Poets Laureate—from Ben
Jonson (for whom the dignity was
created in 1637) to Robert Bridges, all
were products of the normal upper-
class academic education.

But the tradition was violently
broken by the poet to whom the Prime
Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, offered
the Laureateship when Bridges died
in 1930. John Masefield's education
was that of hard experience in far
lands and on the seven seas. Born at
Ledbury in the English county of
Herefordshire in 1878, he left school at
13 to join the training-ship *Conway*,
and afterwards took to the sea and
spent some years before the mast,
varying the sea-faring life with exten-
sive trappings in North and South
America, and with a year in a New
York carpet factory.

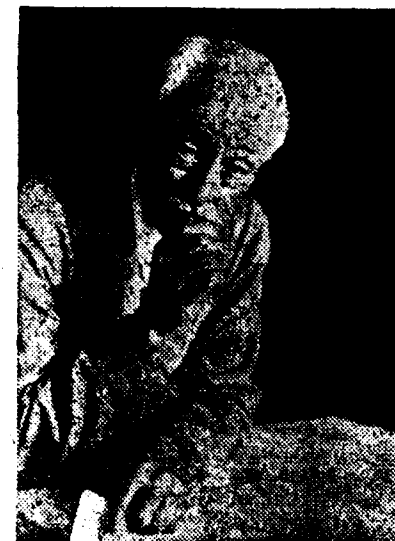
His rough and adventurous life dur-
ing these years is reflected in some of
his novels and poems, and parts of it
are directly described in his book on
The Conway and the two "chapters of
autobiography," *In the Mill* and *The
New Chum*.

But no less powerful in forming his
creative mind must have been the
rich and multitudinous impressions
stored up from his remote infancy.
In a long poem of his first six years
called "Wonderings," he makes us
feel that the child to whom all that
experience came was a poet both born
and made.

By the time he was 22 Masefield
was settled in England, and, encour-
aged by friends like Yeats, Synge and
Laurence Binyon, was beginning to
write. After a year or two of journa-
lism (part of it spent very happily on
the *Manchester Guardian* under C. P.
Scott) his first book, *Salt-water
Ballads*, appeared in 1902; his first
narrative poem, *The Everlasting
Mercy*, did not follow till nine years
later, but in between had come much
prose and a play.

Narrative Poems

Masefield's poetic energy has flowed
along two channels, narrative and
lyrical. He is best known for his nar-



John Masefield

ative poems. Some of them are (or
were when first published) almost
shocking in their brutal realism of dic-
tion and event: this applies to "The
Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow
in the Bye-street," which are never-
theless full of pathos and humanity.

Far richer in poetic quality are
"Dauber," "Reynard the Fox," "King
Cole" and "The Wanderer," because in
these four poems the story moves on
the wings of lyric inspiration.

The first of these is the greatest of
Masefield's narrative poems: the dau-
ber—a sailor with a gift for painting,
the pilgrim of beauty—pursues his
hopeless quest amid the terrible beauty
of the sea, and the imaginative theme
fires the verse to splendour:

"It was most proud, however self
might doubt,

To share man's tragic fate and paint it true."

It is as a lyric poet that Masfield most nearly approaches genius, although only a small part of his output is purely lyrical. He is profoundly moved by the contemplation of beauty. The word "beauty" is characteristic of Masfield, as "solitude" is of Wordsworth. Masfield's definition of beauty is "Eternal April wandering alone." He is unequalled with ships, because of all beautiful things a sailing-ship stirs him most deeply—"this wandering beauty so superb." He would wish England's epitaph to be, "They built great ships and sailed them."

Notable Lyrics

Masfield's most notable lyrics are comprised in the *Salt-water Ballads*, *Ballads and Poems* and *Lollingdon Downs*. The *Ballads* are nearly as good as Kipling—in some ways better; but it is in the *Lollingdon Downs* volume, and especially in its sequence of 45 sonnets, that the essence of Masfield as a poet is to be found, the troubled gospel of the insatiable desire for beauty.

Beginning with one of those "intimations from infancy", "When God lived in a cottage up a brook," he dreams of coming face to face with beauty's self. But when he turns to regard actuality he finds that life allows but a few vivid moments in a long-enduring strife; its end is dark, while beauty dies like the roses—"O myriad dust of beauty!"

Thinking how for the most part beauty goes unrecognised, the poet grows desperate and cries in agony, "there is no beauty". Then his thought turns upward. And so comes hope, a glow in the darkness, a faith that day will dawn, the day of the full flower of beauty, "whose image haunts our days."

Verse does not exhaust the field of Masfield's literary activities. He has written a number of strong novels.

A fair young graduate of the School of Journalism got a job as cub reporter on a Long Island daily. Her first story won the editor's approval, but he pointed out a few minor inaccuracies.

"Remember," he concluded, "it was Joseph Pulitzer, founder of the School of Journalism, who declared that accuracy is to a newspaper what virtue is to a woman."

"That in itself is not entirely accurate," said the girl triumphantly. "A newspaper can always print a retraction!"

The early ones, such as *Multitude and Solitude*, *Sard Harker*, *Odtaa* and *Captain Margarete*, were crowded with colour and adventure, and *Lost Endeavour*, a tale for boys, bears comparison with *Treasure Island*. It is arguable that the level of the prose in these books, and in *Gallipoli*, is more consistently high than in the verse.

Magnificent Prose

Later novels, like *The Hawbucks*, have had more homely subjects. There are two volumes of good short stories of the sea, *A Mainsail Haul* and *A Tarpaulin Muster*. On non-fictional lines there is *Gallipoli*, a piece of really magnificent prose which came out of Masfield's service as a Red Cross orderly during World War I; it has a companion piece in *A Nine Days' Wander*, the story of Dunkirk. For, from his home on Boar's Hill, near Oxford, Masfield regards his position as King's Poet with some seriousness, and national events not seldom received rhymed comment from his pen in *The Times*.

Finally there are some plays, among them *The Tragedy of Nan*, a drama of village life, rather too poetically "grim," *Pompey the Great*, a distinguished treatment of the famous classical story in intensely dramatic prose, and plays on the life of Christ, such as *Good Friday* and *The Trial of Jesus*, reverent in spirit and written in varied form, a mixture of verse and prose, with choruses.

Like some other writers gifted or afflicted with very sensitive natures, Masfield betrays a tendency to present life as predominantly tragic, but the star of hope is not to be quenched, the fountain of joy is irrepressible, and he has left us, as one of his best known lines, the call to "Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man"; while another, in a flash of insight, declares:

"The days that make us happy make us wise."

COUP-COUP IN SIAM

By ANDREW ROTH

LONDON: Coups, counter-coups, attempted coups and frustrated coups have occurred so regular in the lush Buddhist country of Siam that journalists refer to it as the "coup-coup country". But the marines' seizure of Siam's rightist Premier and 'strong man', Pibul Songgram, on June 29 gave Anglo-American experts on South-east Asia nightmares in Technicolor. Even Pibul's release and the collapse of the rebellion has not fully restored shattered nerves. A battle between Siam's army and navy is traditional. But at this stage in the 'lukewarm war' the Army fronts for the rightist pro-American Pibul while the Navy fronts for his deposed rival, Pridi Phanomyong, now reported to be part of a Communist-sponsored "Siamese Democratic United Front."

Siam is the soft core of South-east Asia. To its East is embattled Indo-China, to its West is strife-torn Burma, and to its South is rebellion-rife Malaya. And Communist China is but 200 miles to the North, albeit across virtually impenetrable mountains. If Siam goes Communist it will turn the flanks of all three conflicts in Burma, Indo-China and Malaya—and make present difficulties there seem a picnic.

One clear warning that the replacement of Marshal Pibul by his traditional rival Pridi might be more than Siam's traditional game of political 'musical chairs' is contained in a broadcast on March 5th from Ho Chi Minh's Vietminh Radio. That broadcast predicted a 'civil war' in Siam, resulting in the overthrow of the Marshal Pibul Songgram, described as a "valet of American imperialists." He would be replaced by a Communist-sponsored "Siamese Democratic United Front," to which, it was claimed, Pridi Phanomyong belonged.

British and American diplomats have been somewhat reluctant to believe Pridi would link up with the Communists, despite repeated reports of his presence in Communist China. This is probably partly because the

British and American Embassies helped him escape from Siam after his group had been deposed through a military coup by Marshal Pibul in November 1947. This Anglo-American gesture was in appreciation of Pridi's wartime activities as head of the pro-Allied underground. During the war Pibul was head of the pro-Japanese Siamese regime.

Since then British and American loyalties have shifted because Marshal Pibul has become the most enthusiastic supporter of the anti-Communist cause in South Asia. He was the first Asian premier to recognize Bao Dai, although his Foreign Minister resigned over this issue. He has co-operated with Britain in keeping the Malaya-Siam border closed. He was the first Asian leader to send troops to Korea to fight on the UN side. He has been allocated some \$35 m. in economic aid from U. S. and U. S. controlled sources and some \$10m. in U. S. military equipment to modernise his 30,000-man army. It is perhaps symbolic that it was while accepting the transfer of an American dredger that he was seized at pistol point.

If Pridi emerges as the leader or even the figurehead of a pro-Communist coup, it would be but the latest form that the traditional struggle between them has taken. They were both students together in France and co-sponsors of the revolution which ended the absolute monarchy in 1933. In their rivalry for power thereafter they chose antagonistic channels, even though they sometimes collaborated in the same Government. Marshal Pibul was military-minded, an admirer of the efficiency of the Axis regimes. Pridi was civilian-minded—he sponsored the University of Moral and Political Sciences, for example—and tended to be pro-democratic. Marshal Pibul was the head of the pro-Japanese war-time Government until he quarrelled with the Japanese. Pridi used his position as Regent to become 'Ruth', the leader of the pro-Allied underground.

The struggle between these two is but one of the factors which gives Siam its political instability. The fact is that Siam's Government is a 'government by cliques', no matter who is in office. Siam's 60% illiterate peasants, who make up the bulk of its 18 million people, do not participate in politics, and there is little compulsion because rice is plentiful. And its three million Chinese, who dominate internal trade, are banned from politics. The result is that politics is reduced to 'musical chairs', the reshuffling of some 200 personalities, among whom Pibul and Pridi are the outstanding.

Although Pridi was a strong Socialist when a student in France, some Western diplomats have been reluctant to believe that he should now be willing to collaborate with the Communists. It is admitted that a number of his followers, including some who played an active part in the resistance movement, now sympathize with the Communists. This is primarily a reaction against American support for the hated antagonist Pibul. It is also partly a reaction against the brutality used by his subordinates, particularly those who have taken over the police. In March 1949 the police reported that four former cabinet ministers—all associates of Pridi—had died "while attempting to escape."

Attempts by Pridi's navy friends to overthrow the army regime of Pibul have taken place regularly twice or three times a year. An attempted revolt on October 1, 1948 was given away because too many officers visited astrologers to find out whether it was an auspicious day. In February 1949 the revolt was frustrated by bad timing; a voice interrupted 'Radio Bangkok' to announce the coup's success when the marines, the revolt's spearheads, had scarcely deployed. The last attempted coup was in March 1950.

The difference between the current attempt and those which have gone before is the increasingly clear line which has been drawn between Pibul and his American supporters on the one side and the anti-Pibul forces which have turned increasingly to the

Communists. Within Siam itself the strongest Communist group is found among the Chinese. It is rather easy to arouse anti-Pibul sentiment among the Chinese because he has been bitterly anti-Chinese during most of his political life and has authorised most of Siam's discriminatory legislation. He is similarly unpopular with the Vietnamese because last year he summarily ejected them from the border with Indo-China and has arrested a number of pro-Ho Chi Minh leaders and handed them over to the French. In short, a coup in Siam today is no longer a musical comedy matter. It could unhinge the whole of South-east Asia.



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Short Story

THE METAMORPHOSIS

By MALATHI

SETH JASWANTLAL awoke with a start. He had had a bad dream even though he was quite convinced that this dream would never come true, granting that dreams dreamt in the early hours of the morning materialised. With that consolation, he lay down again but sleep would not come to him.

He lay on the couch thinking of the dream and of his erstwhile partner in business, Gokuldas. Gokuldas had died three years back and as time wore on, Jaswantlal had even forgotten that such a man had existed. The dream made him recollect how twelve years back, he and Gokuldas had set out from their home in distant Marwar to make their fortune in the El Dorado of Madras. The streets of Madras, to these adventurers, were not paved with gold, but paved with abject poverty, and populated by an impoverished, seething mass of people who perpetually subsisted by borrowing at high rates of interest, paying off the accumulated interest and principal to one by borrowing from another until their lives wore off. Those were the congenial conditions for the moneylenders and it was said in Marwar that every young man should spend a few years in Madras before settling down in the home province, just in the same way as the sons of rich men in Madras went overseas for higher studies discarding the innumerable institutions available locally.

When Jaswantlal and Gokuldas arrived in Madras with a thousand rupees each and a hope that it would multiply by itself just as the bugs in the Railway carriage did, they found to their disappointment that the ideal conditions were gradually vanishing. The Army Recruitment drive for the Second World War was in full swing. Despite the advice of the patriots, the impoverished people were rapidly joining up, lured by the promise of pay and food and clothing. Realising that the field of money-lending would lead them only to a dead end, the

entrepreneurs set up a small shop for selling bangles, beads and lacquer ware. This business flourished as the soldiers returning to their families on war leave were lavish in taking tinsels to their near and dear ones. In due course, Jaswantlal and Gokuldas set up a bangle factory on the outskirts of the city and this industry which initially was no larger than a cottage industry gradually magnified into a mass production unit manufacturing not only bangles, but also every conceivable kind of glassware.

Both the partners were frugal by nature. At Deepavali time, one or the other of them managed to get away to Marwar, so that the absence could be put forth as an excuse to turn down the demand from their employees for the annual bonus. There was never a hitch between the partners during all their association. Gokuldas had died suddenly of heart failure three years ago. Jaswantlal had become the sole proprietor by paying the widow of Gokuldas what passed off for compensation, but which in reality was just about half of his legal entitlement. Happy in the thought that the widow had been satisfied with the amount given by him and that he need no longer harbour any fears of litigation, Jaswantlal had gradually banished all recollections of his association with Gokuldas, when the dream had brought him to memory again.

Gokuldas had suddenly appeared in a dream and had warned Jaswantlal that if he did not send a further cheque for Rs. 50,000 to his widow in Marwar, he would be constrained to take strong action. But Gokuldas was dead, argued Jaswantlal within himself. He himself had personally attended the cremation. He had heard that dreams occurring during the early hours of the morning generally came true, but in this case it could never come true, as Gokuldas had been dead, as dead as a doornail.

The first rays of the sun appeared

on the Eastern horizon; as he could not sleep, Seth Jaswantlal got out of his bed, bathed early and performed his usual pujas. He went early to the factory, but confined himself to his room, without going round the workshop as usual to examine if his employees were not swindling him. He stayed till late in the office, long after everyone had gone, going through every one of his account books. The rough notes he had taken here and there showed him that Gokuldas's widow had still to get Rs. 67,329-5-7 by way of Gokuldas's capital without any consideration for Goodwill. He folded the sheets of paper on which he had made notes from the secret set of account books he had maintained and shoving them into his shirt pocket, began to wend his way towards his flat in Tondiarpet, after breaking his journey enroute to take some refreshments in a Marwari chummery on the way. He had sent his wife and son to his native village for a holiday and was living alone. On reaching his flat, he changed his clothes and dived into his bed hoping to sleep off the effect of the bad dream he had had early that morning. But he could not sleep, his thoughts kept reverting to the bad dream.

A cat jumped in stealthily through the window, possibly with the intention of finding some milk left carelessly open, or the remnants of fish or meat. Being disappointed, it went back the way it had come. A mouse squealed in, and just then, a wall clock from the neighbouring flat peaked out a solitary stroke. Jaswantlal deliberately closed his eyes, though an inner conscience told him that he was not alone in the room. He felt somebody tug at his shoulder and opened his eyes to see who it was. There, to his shock and surprise, sat on the edge of his bed, Seth Gokuldas. He rubbed his eyes, he pinched himself, he turned away from the apparition but despite his endeavours there sat Gokuldas, still unassailable and silent, as much alive as he had been. Jaswantlal tried to get out of the bed and switch on the light, but he could not, as he sensed some heavy weight having been tied to his feet. He tried to speak to the figure, but the power of speech had deserted him. A cold sweat broke out on Jaswantlal.

At length, the ghost of Gokuldas spoke to Jaswantlal. The voice was just the same, but there was implied in it a threat. "Jaswant, why did you not send away the cheque today as I had asked you to in your dream early this morning? True, you have paid her all the capital standing to my credit as shown in the official books. But, what about my share of the amount as maintained in 'our' account books? What about the amount we charged off against the annual profits as bonus paid to the employees, without in reality paying them a single pie? What about the premium we got on the Jullunder order? What about the advance we got from that U. K. firm through Iswarayya for which we did not issue a receipt and finally sent Iswarayya to jail for seven years on a charge of breach of trust? What about that 'hundi' for money advanced to the foreman for his daughter's marriage which we utilised to draw double the principal from him? Now, now, Jaswant, you should not be so greedy as all that; take a cue from me. You will suffer for all your sins of commission and omission. I am leading a miserable life here after death. My wife and son in Marwar have been turned out of my father-in-law's house as I had not left them enough money. I advise you, Jaswant, give all our men the bonus we have cheated them out of and send to my wife the cheque for the balance that is due to me. Send some money to Iswarayya's wife also and don't forget to give the foreman a double bonus. Jasu, this is not empty advice; I warn you that I will be after you until you have carried out all my behests." The apparition vanished as suddenly into ether as it had come from it. Jaswantlal tried to console himself that it was not a ghost and that it was the work of his sub-conscious brain, but he could not get over the fact that he had felt the warm breath of Gokuldas as the apparition spoke to him. It had been real, very real. He tried to sleep, but the night seemed to drag on endlessly and at the first streak of dawn, Jaswantlal got out of bed and after the usual routine reached the factory much earlier than on the previous day. He spent the hours in the same way he had done the previous day, but one thought was pestering him.

Would it be better to obey the behest of Gokuldas's ghost and turn over a new leaf? How far was this true and how far was it attributable to the working of his subconscious brain? After carefully considering the whole problem, he came to the conclusion that he was being fooled by his conscience and the best way to get over the situation would be to sleep in the factory premises itself.

He told the watchman that he would be sleeping the night in his own office room and much to the surprise of the already puzzled watchman, hailed a passing taxi and ordered the driver to take him to a picture house in Mount Road. Seth Jaswantlal had suddenly turned generous, mused the watchman as he went on his usual rounds. A little past midnight, Jaswantlal returned to the factory and switching off the light, stretched himself on an improvised bed trying to woo sleep. Probably due to the lack of sleep on the previous two nights, he did not have to make much effort for his eyelids were heavy with sleep. After a brief nap, he woke up with a start. The room had suddenly become bright, but the light had not been switched. There, at his table, sat Gokuldas poring over the secret account books which he had personally locked up in the safe. The door of the safe stood ajar revealing neatly stacked piles of currency notes. Jaswantlal was flabbergasted.

"Give me time, Gokul, till tomorrow and I promise to carry out every one of your behests. This is a promise, Gokul, but pray, leave me alone to sleep now," shouted Jaswant at the top of his voice. The words seemed to have fallen on the ear of the apparition, for without any fuss, it replaced the account books in the secret chamber of the safe, locked it and vanished out of the window.

Jaswantlal immediately fell asleep. When he came to his senses again, the sun was well up in the horizon, and his staff were making stealthy peeps through the window to find out what had befallen their boss. He bathed near the factory well loudly humming the tune he had heard the previous night at the picture house. He put on a clean dress and ordered his chaprasi to bring food from the costliest hotel in the locality, in a quantity which he would normally

have distributed over four meals. When the food was brought he polished it in one sitting. He was seized with a fit of rejoicing, he jumped, he gambolled. After a few minutes of such acrobatics to show off the excess of his jubilation he went back to his office and opened the safe. Taking wads of currency notes, he packed up five or six of them in a cardboard box, stitched it up in cloth, sealed and addressed it to the widow of Gokuldas. He made up a smaller parcel on similar lines for Iswarayya's family and enclosed with it a note expressing the hope that the amount sent therewith would help them to pay off the legal defence charges at least. He then wrote a letter to the Commissioner of Income Tax making a clean breast of the profits on which he had evaded taxation and enclosed a cheque for Rs. 15,000 as a deposit towards his assessment. He then hired a taxi to the nearest Post Office to despatch by insured post the packets and letter he had prepared.

Returning to his office, he sent for the foreman and made kind enquiries about his daughter's welfare. The questions he asked somewhat puzzled the foreman and his bewilderment increased when he was handed over a thick wad of currency notes as bonus and no receipt was taken. He then called in, one by one, every one of his employees and gave them a bonus without taking any receipts. "Hey, something has gone wrong with the boss" thought the workers as they unceremoniously pocketed the bonus which they felt they had been entitled to long ago. With the last payment made to the workers, there was not a single currency note left in the safe. Jaswantlal gathered together his secret set of account books to make a bonfire out of them. Just as he was proceeding to do so he got a registered notice from the Commissioner of Income Tax to appear before the Income Tax Evasion Enquiry Commission to answer a charge of tax evasion.

This did not perturb Jaswantlal. He merely pushed the notice into his table drawer and proceeded to complete the work from which he had been diverted by the arrival of the notice all the while whistling the tune he had heard the previous night at the cinema.

THE TRAGEDY OF DIVIDED EUROPE

By MARK GAYN

EUROPE'S map today is a picture of two hostile worlds. Each of the two Europes is building up its heavy industry at a feverish pace, each is rearming, each is demanding sacrifices from its people. This industrial race is producing a second economic revolution in Europe—as broad and momentous in its effects as the industrial revolution of a century and more ago. It is the biggest thing in the destinies of Europe and of the whole Western world.

Before Communism, Europe was an integrated economic unit. In effect, it divided labour. Eastern Europe shipped her food and raw materials to the West. Western Europe made finished goods and sold them back to the East.

But Lenin and his heirs built a new Great Wall that split this continent into two Europes. This wall has been pushed westward at every opportunity, and made more impregnable. Since 1935, it has reduced normal trade to almost nothing. It has stopped all form of normal contact, from tourism up and down. It has, finally, from the first moment, presupposed a state of hostility. As a result, Western Europe has to turn to other continents for its food, coal, bauxite and other essentials of a healthy economy. At the same time, the Red East—partly because it cannot get its machinery and manufactured goods in the East—is trying to industrialize itself.

Although East Europe still has a long way to go before it catches up with the industrial might of the West, last year its production rose by 22 per cent over 1949. Communist figures are often doctored to meet political needs. But U. N. economists estimate that the Red half of Germany has now caught up with its pre-war levels, that Czechoslovakia and Rumania produce half again as much as they did in 1938; that Hungary produces twice as much, and backward Bulgaria nearly three times as much. As for the Soviet Union itself, its output

last year rose by almost a quarter over 1949, and was three-fourths as high as on the eve of Hitler's attack.

This progress, however, has carried a staggering price tag. Russia, for instance, last year produced 80 per cent more cement than before the war. But the output of shoes and cotton textiles has remained unchanged. To put it in plainer words, the Russian cement worker has laboured nearly twice as hard, but he has remained as ill-showed and as ragged as ever.

The picture has been even more dismal in the satellite states, whose consumer goods are now reserved for the kind Soviet friend. Before the war, the Czechs were major shoe exporters, and I have seen Bata shoes in small Chinese towns 600 miles from the coast. Today, Bata shoes are still exported to Russia. But on a recent visit to Czechoslovakia, I found an acute shortage of shoes. Scarcity is now a way of life in Red Europe.

Sights Raised And Lowered

The Korean war has only sharpened the division in Europe. Whatever trade there has been, today is done on the sly. The Ruhr industrialists keep selling steel and equipment needed to set up the new factories in the East—but all this trade goes through illicit channels. Britain, after holding on to the traditional pattern of selling her machinery for Russian grain and lumber, is now cutting this trade down sharply under U. S. pressure. On the other hand, Russia and the satellites now employ trade as a political weapon. Thus, Prague thinks nothing of halting the shipment of 100,000 tons of coal monthly to Bavaria at the height of a fuel crisis, in an effort to force Germany into concessions.

For the moment, the war boom is keeping Europe's industries busy. But the day must come when the steel mills must stop producing weapons, and must look for markets. This is when the loss of the East will produce an unprecedented crisis in the West. Austria, which has always lived on the

proceeds of trade with Balkans, is already rocking from the loss of this communized market. What is worse, Austrian officials told me, Austrian goods are now running into serious Hungarian and Czech competition in world markets.

There are other important by-products of the new economic revolution and the cold war. As they industrialize the East, the Communists are completely remaking its traditional economic patterns. Figuratively speaking, Lenin's East Europe was one vast grain field. What Lenin and his heirs set out to do was to transplant a powerful machine industry on this primitive foundation. They have done well. United Nations experts estimate, for instance, that Russia's engineering industry last year produced 130 per cent more than it did 10 years earlier. And Russia's steel mills last year turned out half again as much crude steel as they did before the war.

But Russia is no exception. Czechoslovakia's mechanical industry last year doubled its pre-war output, and in another year means to triple it. For the first time in their history, Poland is making tractors and Hungary trolley buses and automatic textiles machinery.

But this is not all. While the Communists have raised their industrial sights, they have also lowered the agricultural ones. Their Europe, they decided, no longer had to feed the other half of the continent. Thus the Russians, for instance, planned only a 20 per cent boost in their grain production between 1940 and 1950. In fact, the net grain was only 5,000,000 tons—barely enough to feed Russia's own growing population, take care of hungry satellites, build up war reserves, and sell some to say, India.

Under Moscow's stern eye, there has also been some drastic surgery done on the satellite countryside. The Czechs, for instance, are changing over to a dairy economy. Hungary, which once fed much of Central Europe, is now cutting down on her grain, in favour of such industrial plants as cotton and flax. This may well be one of the reasons for the hungers which periodically sweep the old granaries of Eastern Europe.

Economies Dovetailed

There have been other changes in

the old map for which the Communists can take credit. The cold war, for instance, has split Germany into two hostile segments. This has been an economic as well as a political calamity. Western Germany today has to shop abroad for the grain she once got from her own Prussia. She has also had to recreate in the West such key industries as electrical engineering and optical instruments which were centred on areas now under the Red flag. East Germany, on the other hand, has had to scrounge, improvise and suffer for lack of machinery for her new ambitious (and often economically wasteful) five-year plan.

But the process has created an important element in the new map of Europe. U. N. experts believe the rebuilt East German industry—under Moscow's master plan—is now replacing Russia as the chief provider of industrial equipment to the other satellites of Eastern Europe. Russia's burden has thus been shifted to other shoulders, and the political division of Germany is beginning to pay off.

Another by-product of the cold war has been the isolation of Yugoslavia. Tito's ambitious plan to industrialize his country was predicated on help from his Red allies. When he broke with them, this support was cut off, as if with a cleaver. Today, faced with a disaster whose extent is not grasped in the West, Tito has swung to Capitalist Europe. But on the map, his country must still be marked as primitive until and unless it gets about \$500,000,000 in Western industrial investment.

But probably the biggest by-product of Lenin's philosophy has been the emergence of Russia as the world's second greatest industrial power. In heavy industrial production, she is now second only to the U. S.—though far, far behind. Through political pressure and armed power, she has also become the economic heart of the whole of Red Europe. The satellite economies have been dovetailed into hers far more closely than anything ever achieved, or even attempted, in Western Europe. She supplies her satellites with machinery, some raw materials, and occasionally food. In return, she takes other machinery, ships, uranium and consumer goods—

from Czech goloshes to Hungarian salami.

Nor is this all. After studying closely what little data escapes from Moscow, U. N. economists in May came out with the startling conclusion that Russia's industrial gains in the last 15 years have been yielded largely by new building in Siberia. To give but one example, in coal, two-thirds of the increase is in the vast spaces beyond the Urals. Russia's industrial might, thus, is beginning to flow over the eastern edge of Europe into Asia.

The tragedy of divided Europe is not the industrial race itself. That, normally, could only benefit Europe.

But this particular race was conceived as part of the world clash between Communism and Capitalism, and it reeks of T. N. T. The blame, most observers feel, lies with the philosophy, the dynamism, and the intolerance of the Bolshevik state begotten by Lenin. For it was he who hacked the map of Europe in two, and he who set in motion forces which may well lead to yet another, the most destructive of all wars. And if good reason—and peace—prevail, Western Europe will still be faced with the harsh problem of creating new economic patterns on a continent divided beyond repair.—Copyright—N.N.F.

THE REVOLT IN THAILAND

By A Special Correspondent

ON the afternoon of Friday the 29th of June in Bangkok, as Prime Minister Marshal Phibun Songgram attended a ceremony marking the receipt by Siam of an ECA-financed American dredge "Manhattan," naval men with brandished weapons at gun-point forced the Premier to board a barge which disappeared up-stream with Siam's 'strong man.'

Thus was launched another in a series of *coup d'etat* which have made Siamese politics amongst the most complicated in this part of the world. Indeed, counting the latest and as yet not successful *coup d'etat*, Siam has had 20 changes of administration, 5 Constitutions, and 8 Premiers since that day in 1932 when Siam went from absolute to constitutional monarchy under King Prechadhipok.

Siamese politics during the past ten years has largely revolved about the personalities of Nai Pridi and Nai Phibun (i.e., Songgram). When the Pacific War broke, Nai Pridi was regent of Siam—a place where Songgram felt he would be politically impotent. Songgram, then Premier of Siam, was constrained to make a deal with the Japanese Army and ruled Siam until 1944. Under the eyes of the Japanese, however, Nai Pridi engineered a parliamentary coup

d'etat in 1944 and Songgram was forced to resign. Pridi who had been secretly working with the Free Thais and the Allies, thus emerged at the end of the war as the 'strong Man' of Siam. His competitor, Nai Phibun, was jailed for a while on charges of collaboration with the Japanese aggressors.

Nai Pridi was on top of the show in Siam for a few years but the corruption of the Government finally enraged so many people that the under-cover struggle of the Army versus the Navy to control the Government opened the path for an armed *coup d'etat*.

On the night of 6th November 1947, elements of the Siamese Army seized the key positions in Bangkok—without the shedding of a drop of blood—and under the leadership of strong man Luang Kach, an Army officer, a military government was installed. Although everyone knew that Luang Kach had put Phibun's Army clique in power, Phibun refused the Premiership and for the nonce Nai Khuang Aphaiwong became Premier. However, after the U. K., the U. S. A. and other countries had 'recognized' the new military government of Siam, some of Songgram's men visited the Premier, told him: "Khuang... You're all washed up through! You've fallen

down on the job. You're not what we wanted....". Luang was through and so in early 1948 Nai Phibun Songgram returned to complete political power as Premier of Siam, Field Marshal of the Army, and Patron of the Thai Labour Union. Meanwhile his rival Nai Pridi was eclipsed and fled the country—some say to Shanghai, some Reking, some Hongkong, some Singapore.

Meanwhile, leaders of the Siamese Navy met at the Royal Navy Council to discuss the Army *coup d'etat*, consulted with another ousted Premier, Nai Luang Thamrong. Nai Luang told the Navy to be quiet for a while and, reportedly, the Navy bided its time in its hope of overthrowing the Songgram Government.

During 1948-1951, Songgram was careful to build up the Army and the police force while neglecting to build up a Navy which he knew hated him. The Navy, on its part, is reportedly receiving the support of wealthy Chinese in Thailand who detest Songgram. Songgram is openly anti-Chinese. As 25% of the people of Siam are Chinese, 80% of the Bangkokians Chinese, one can sense the political repercussions of Songgram's anti-Chinese politics.

On the 26th of February 1949 Bangkok witnessed a series of disturbances involving the Army and the Navy, which in actuality represented the fight between Nai Pridi and the Navy versus Phibun and the Army. The abortive *coup d'etat* ended on the 4th of March, but subsequently several of the opposition leaders involved were either shot in the head or otherwise disposed of. Songgram henceforth ruled without much real opposition, but meanwhile his sponsor, Luang Kach, became angry and was allegedly plotting with the Chinese for the overthrow of Songgram.

On 27th January 1950, Luang Kach, the man who made it possible for Songgram to become Premier, was visited by police who told him that he would find the climate "very healthy" in Hongkong. Luang Kach took the hint and with four CID

agents flew off for Hongkong. On the 29th of April 1951, Lt. General Luang Kach Songgram returned from Hongkong on the steamer *Szechuan* and at 2 a.m. on the 30th reached Bangkok under police arrest. He was kept in solitary confinement as the police pondered what charges should be preferred. Friends clamoured for his release, and some of Songgram's associates felt very embarrassed by the whole affair. On the afternoon of the 15th May, Luang Kach was released under bail of Rupees 1,50,000.

Luang Kach told the public that he was "sick and nervous" and went into retirement. But six weeks later, Luang Kach soared back into the limelight in the present Navy-Chinese-backed attempt to oust the Songgram military government of Siam. Should Luang Kach and his group succeed, the Generals of Siam will all lose their government jobs and everything including the University will come under the control of Admirals. As for the political problem, that mainly involves the anti-Communist crusade of Songgram which was, in part, really anti-Chinese. Luang Kach may be expected to be more friendly to the Chinese minority in Siam and, in turn, to reach a 'better understanding' with the Communist regime of Mao Tse-tung.

For the nonce, the Navy-backed revolt in Siam has been crushed. One can expect that the Songgram regime will, as in the past, mount a new campaign of liquidations to "eliminate the oppositionists." The Navy of Siam will probably be reduced to a few rowboats as the Songgram-controlled police take over maritime operations!

But Siam is too valuable a prize for the Chinese Reds who are already infiltrating into Burma as they talk of "peace" in Korea. Thailand has lakhs of tons of rice, rubber and tin. Thailand is the gateway to Malaya. And if China controls Thailand, the food-deficit areas of Malaya, Japan, Brunei, Sarawak, and North Borneo will have to tighten their belts.—Copyright—N.P.S.

ACME

By G. KAUSALYA

THE wonderful Shiva temple in Kasipur in Ahmedabad district in the 17th century was famous for its beautiful architecture. It was the only temple built entirely of pure white marble in that locality. The lofty edifices and the noble stupa pointing to the sky were the marvels of the day. The intricate carvings on the walls and the pillars illustrated anecdotes from our two great epics. The snow-white Shivalinga enthroned in the middle of the cool sanctum-sanctorum was really awe-inspiring. For these reasons, the temple was attracting large crowds of devotees from all parts of the country on festive occasions.

One Mahasivaratri day, particularly, the crowd was unique and unmanageable. In the adjoining hall close to the Garbhagriha the aristocrats of the place were standing offering their salutations to the God. In their midst stood an ascetic-like old man with a torn loin cloth. His unwanted presence was revolting to the gaudily dressed rich that had assembled there. The sly glances that they cast at him provoked the priest to rebuke the man and ask him to move aside in vain. The old man was unperturbed and was immersed in deep meditation. His gaze was transfixed on the pure white Shivalinga. Tears were rolling down his face. Everyone looked at him in astonishment.

When the puja was over, the crowd began to disperse, but the old man alone still lingered caressing one of the pillars as though it were a child. The priest authoritatively asked, "Old man, why are you lingering here?"

The Sanyasin gave the priest a startled look. There was a bright and intelligent twinkle in that sad countenance. He slowly pointed to a cobweb in one corner of the intricately carved pillar and said: "Do you not have men to keep the temple tidy?" The priest

indignantly replied, "Why don't you do it?"

The Sanyasin's face reflected a train of thought that passed in his mind. At first, the ascetic's dignified face recorded surprise at such a question; then pity for the ignorance of the priest who was induced to ask it; remorse that he should be forced to answer it. But the last expression on his face was the most striking. There was joy, humility and a resigned look about him which conveyed the idea that he had reconciled himself to fate. "If you would only allow me to do it, I would be mightily pleased" was the faltering reply. The priest threw a couple of annas at his face. The old man took the coins and returned them smilingly with deep reverence to the priest saying, "A servant of God does not accept remuneration for his work." The priest left the temple thinking him to be a mad cap.

Abhiramabhatta was a famous mirasdar of Kasipur. Though possessing immense wealth he was industrious. He thought the day lost if its descending sun viewed from his hand no noble action done. His two passions were, his great devotion to the Lord and his unbounded love for his only motherless child, Uma. To him a firm faith was the best divinity, a good life the best philosophy, a clear conscience the best policy and temperance the best physic. Living for both the worlds was the wisest thing.

Thinking that architecture was a handmaid to heaven, he decided to build a beautiful temple. A temple, he thought, was a sermon in stone and its stupa, a finger pointing to heaven. So he built a temple in pure white marble. A revered man in that village, Mukundacharya, advised him that a marble temple would have a Muslim touch about it. Further, it might be slippery and prove dangerous

to the devotees. But Abhirama did not agree with these views and proceeded to construct a temple entirely of white marble.

Abhirama looked into every little detail so that the result of his endeavours was highly artistic and admirably beautiful.

In consultation with astrologers a day was fixed for Kumbabhisheka. Many were invited including Mukundacharya for the great occasion. When Abhirama went to invite the latter personally, he remarked "Is the temple in perfect order?" Abhirama was in raptures when he described the perfect beauty of the temple.

"Abhirama! Take the counsel of an old man. You know, Nature does not want anything to be absolutely perfect in this world. It is His supreme command that no mortal being or his achievements should be perfect. I have a premonition of evil things to come. Hence, if you want the temple to prosper there must be some defect in it. I would advise you to mar its beauty a little."

Abhirama did not like Mukunda's counsel. He thought within himself: "Will I sprain the ankle of my daughter just because she is perfectly lovely? Oh! No! The temple is my own creation and therefore I dare not wound my own child."

On the Kumbabhisheka day, the temple was overcrowded. Little Uma was tired and half asleep by the time the entire puja was over. She had been roaming about the place in search of her father. When the crowd had disappeared, she spotted him standing near one of the great pillars of the temple. She ran to him with tottering feet, calling loudly "Father!

Father!" Suddenly a shriek came out from the little Uma and Abhirama turning perceived his only child falling down. Her head hit against the cold white marble pillar. When Abhirama rushed to his child, she was senseless and a red streak was flowing and staining the purity of the snow-white hall. His little Uma was dead! Then, he realised the value of Mukunda's advice.

It was an entirely different Abhirama who left the village after a month renouncing all earthly ties. Strength was born in the deep silence of his suffering heart and as threshing separates the wheat from the chaff so did affliction purify the virtue of Abhirama. When he left, the whole village felt his absence and Mukundacharya especially bemoaned the loss of a good friend and a companion.

The devotees who came to the Shiva temple noted an old man hopping about the whole place washing one place with water, tidying up another corner and adjusting the wicks in the lamps. He seemed to be content with performing these tasks. Probably, to him these acts seemed to be the best remedy for his misfortunes.

Six months later when the old man died while tidying up the northernmost corner of the temple, the villagers contributed little sums towards the expenses of his cremation. Even the sickly Mukundacharya left his bed, induced by curiosity to have a look at the dead caretaker. The dead body now looked like that of a young man since in death the look of youth returns. Mukundacharya sat down, suddenly taken aback. "God Bless me! This is Abhiramabhatta who built this temple."

THE MARVEL OF IDENTITY

Seasons may come and go. Hope, like a bird, may fly away; Passion may break its wings against the iron bars of Fate; Illusions may crumble as the cloudy towers of sunset flame; Faith as running water, may slip from beneath our feet; Solitude may stretch itself around us like the measureless desert sand; Old Age may creep as the gathering night over our bowed heads grown hoary in their shame—yea, bound to Fortune's wheel, we may taste of every turn of chance—now rule as kings, now serve as slaves; now love, now hate; now prosper, now perish. But still, through it all, we are the same; for this is the marvel of Identity.—R. HAGGARD.

THIS IS GIBRALTAR

By E. F. RYAN

THE fortress-colony of Gibraltar, by reason of its geographical position, has always been the home of paradoxes and the unusual in its administration, in its trade, and in its economics. It probably always will be.

It is a paradox that 246 years of British rule should have gone by before its people were given any say in the administration of their own affairs.

But it is also a paradox that civilians should be given a vote in the affairs of a barren piece of rock whose *raison d'être* is a naval dockyard, air base and military fortress—in that order of importance—and whose major industry is defence.

Gibraltar stoutly maintained the paradox theory throughout the last war. An isolated foothold of the Allies on the continent of Europe from the time of Dunkirk until the landings in Sicily, the fortress escaped almost untouched by enemy action, while the bulk of the civilian population—the only British people to have so suffered—was forcibly evacuated in anticipation of a repetition of the horrors of the Great Siege of 1779-82.

Like many other colonial administrations, that of Gibraltar is in process of evolution, and a new Legislative Council has just been set up. As with many other colonial peoples there is a surge of what may be called 'quasi-nationalism', but Gibraltarians have always to remember that their bread and butter depends entirely on Gibraltar remaining an Imperial base.

France's Statement

If Gibraltar were to lose this role, its merchants would lose their trade and the workers their livelihood. Geographically, Gibraltar is part of Spain, but as part of Spain it would lose its military importance and its commerce. General Franco recently referred to 'The Rock' as a "ripe fruit ready to fall into his hands, but not worth a war."

There is truth in that statement, up to a point. Possession of Gibraltar would not give Spain much greater control of the Straits than she already has. Its possession by Britain does

not give us the control popularly imagined.

Britain's use of Gibraltar as an Imperial base does, however, depend upon Spain being impotent or un-hostile, as its installations could be completely dominated by artillery from a semi-circle of hills round the bay and by aircraft from a number of airfields within a few miles' range—and were so in the last war.

General Franco's 'ripe fruit' is, in fact, a sour grape. If Gibraltar went back to Spain it would no doubt revert to a religious monument or shrine, which was, more or less, its role when captured by Admiral Rooke in 1704.

In British hands, Gibraltar is a busy bunkering station for oil and coal fuel. 'Shell' stores 70,000 tons of oil and services 12 ships at a time without a yard of quay space by means of floating hulks, and bunkers 70 ships a month.

Gibraltar, as a British fortress and naval base, employs a labour force of some 20,000, of whom 14,000 come in and out of Spain every day, thus bringing an unexpected prosperity to that part of Andalusia within a few miles of the Rock. Lastly, Gibraltar is a shop window for British goods eagerly bought by Spanish workers and other visitors who come to buy.

Gibraltar's Prosperity

The requirements of defence and commercial enterprise in a tiny community of less than two square miles, two-thirds of which is precipitous scrub-covered rock, with 28,000 inhabitants, including 3,000 servicemen do not, naturally, follow parallel-lines.

Much of Gibraltar's prosperity still depends on the volume of trade the town does with sailors from the Fleet and other servicemen passing through.

The local people still talk sadly of the days when the Fleet was so large that ships had to anchor in the wide bay outside the harbour. Today, seldom more than thirty ships are in at a time, yet still enough to be a major topic in the Main Street shops days before they arrive. When are they

coming? How many? And, will the Americans be in, too?

On the eve of the Fleet's arrival a sharp-eyed stroller might detect an undercurrent of activity in the town. New items are added to the already-crowded shop windows; old price tickets are changed, and nylons—that rare currency—go up another shilling. The bars are swept out, and fresh sawdust put down.

The great day comes: 'Vanguard' lies majestically beside the Mole, with two aircraft-carriers secured astern. The destroyers crowd into their pens, while in the centre of the harbour a pair of cruisers ride gently at their buoys. In the town there is a quiet air of expectancy—until tea-time, when the placid harbour water is cut by a profusion of launches and pinnaces bringing the liberty-men ashore.

By late evening the town is packed. White-capped sailors mix with the drifting crowd that surges up and down the narrow street. Spanish workmen thrust their way along, carrying bundles of bread and tobacco to their homes at La Linea—the Spanish frontier town. A variety of cars add to the confusion: there are nearly 8,000 on the Rock. As they try to weave through the crowds, irate drivers slap their doors as a warning signal—horns being forbidden within the town limits.

Along the street a monotonous chant is repeated from the Indian shops: "Hey, Jack! You want nylons?"—"Hey, Jack! Come inside. I show you something special," call the dusky merchants.

The Rock's well-stocked shops are the major attraction, even to the Malta-based sailors for, unlike the G. C. Island, Gibraltar is free from import duty. Practically anything can be bought at prices varying from a half to one-third of those in England. Clothes, shoes, china, watches, cameras—all tantalisingly displayed to tempt Jack's pocket. They move from shop to shop, gradually accumulating a pile of parcels. Old hands at the game head for a known store where, acquaintance re-established, a glass of brandy is taken before getting down to the business of purchases.

And so, for a fortnight or three weeks, the tempo of life in Gibraltar speeds up until, the visit over, the last grey ship slips quietly from its

berth and steams slowly out into the Straits. Then the Rock resumes its placid existence. And since a Legislative Council started functioning in Gibraltar, that existence is not without its political interludes. For every Gibraltarian is sharply conscious of what is happening around him.

Many Committees

The civil government machine comprises the Governor and his Executive Council; the Legislative Council; some fifty senior Government officials in a dozen different departments, with 19 committees and boards, such as the anti-rat co-ordinating committee, and midwives board; and a City Council of 13 members, of whom seven are elected.

The sense of being over-governed, with consequent co-ordinating committees, is accentuated because the three Armed Services, Navy, Army and Air Force, administer themselves in water-tight compartments. There is multiplication of administration and services such as water and light.

The new Legislative Council was opened with great ceremony last November by H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburg, and the people went to the polls for the first time, voting by proportional representation.

The Council comprises H. E. the Governor as President, with three official members (Colonial Secretary, Financial Secretary and Attorney-General); five elected members, one official and one unofficial.

The Governor has a casting vote, but not an original vote, so the proportion of elected to non-elected members is equal. As, however, the nominated members are both Gibraltarians, there is a local majority of seven to three.

The Governor's Power

Wide powers are, however, reserved to the Governor. He may refuse assent to Bills passed by the Council, and has powers of reservation on Bills concerned with external relations, religious discrimination and the discipline of the Armed Forces.

His recommendation is necessary before the introduction of a money Bill.

The relief of overcrowding, the finding of sites and provision of money for building are Gibraltar's most acute problems. A major Government building scheme, which produced 472 flats,

at a cost of £2-1¼ million, has been completed and several smaller ones giving 105 flats, at a cost of £270,000, are nearing completion.

The Government's scheme was severely criticised as being unduly expensive and beyond the colony's resources. There is no evidence that the latter is true, although the fortress-colony, with no means of production and no manufactures, has now to meet interest, sinking fund and loan repayments estimated at £92,000 in 1951.

State Lottery

Its geographic position, half a mile from the Spanish frontier, meant that in the past every man and woman was accustomed to spend money at will in the Spanish State Lottery. A local argument that it was sound economics to divert this money into its own pocket was found unanswerable in Whitehall, even though the Mother of Parliaments at Westminster regards state lotteries as unmoral.

So every sunny Saturday morning a few hundred citizens, from the Governor's lady to working-class school-boys, assemble in one of the city's two open squares, to watch little coloured balls trickle out of an electrically-rotated drum—the colour of the balls indicating the numbers which will bring someone a handsome prize.

The economics of Gibraltar's lottery are amazing. Some other colonies with a measure of self-government, like Malta or Mauritius, also run their own lotteries, but only two or three times a year.

Gibraltar holds one once a week, and a tiny community of 28,000 takes up 13,000 ten shilling tickets—that is about 5s. per head of the population, including every man, woman and child, per week. The first prize on a 13,000-ticket lottery—occasionally it is bigger—is £1,800. Each ticket is divided into equal shares of 1s., and one number in every ten gets its money back—to be invested, of course, in the next week's lottery.

No Tax Worries

So Gibraltar enters the second half of the twentieth century free of direct taxation, except for a tax on trading profits introduced in face of strong opposition last year.

The tax itself, with a maximum of

£400 a year must be regarded as innocuous enough in English ideas, and possibly most of the outcry it aroused would have been avoided had there not been an inordinate delay in introducing the new constitution, preventing the pros and cons being thrashed out in legislative debate.

But if Gibraltar turns the century delightfully free from the taxation load borne by the mother country, it is also completely devoid of any of the advantages of social security enjoyed by fellow-workers at home.

Its geographic position, too, makes the application of ordinary trade union principles and collective bargaining difficult—once again we come to the unusual.

Most of the labour is employed by official departments, Admiralty, War Office, Air Ministry, Colonial Government and City Council. The proportion of Spanish labour to Gibraltarian is about four to one. Hence the difficulties.

Must Face Problems

Local unions demand the employment of a larger percentage of Gibraltarian labour; they insist that if a strike is ordered the Spanish casual labour should follow the directive and come out, too. But Spanish workers—subjected to Franco's propaganda at home—are not anxious to get involved in local labour troubles. So the position remains fluid.

Social legislation has been promised for this year, but so far no programme has been put forward. The need for sickness benefits, old age pensions and accident insurance is very real and urgent, but as the laying-off of any labour now at its peak figure owing to the building schemes, would first affect the Spanish aliens, the need for unemployment insurance is not so acute.

It is reasonable to expect that a social insurance scheme on a contributory basis without having to resort to direct taxation can be worked out. But a crisis may arise through the difficulty the workers will have in paying their contribution in face of the continual rise in the cost-of-living index.

Gibraltar is now having to face up to problems it should have tackled a quarter of a century ago.—Copyright N. P. S.



By V. P. SATHE

THE Bengal film industry is faced with a grave crisis today. The crisis is attributed to many causes. To begin with, the market for Bengal films is limited only to West Bengal, and even in West Bengal, the Bengalee pictures can hardly compete with Hindi pictures. In a Calcutta paper it is observed that Hindi pictures are yielding excellent revenue and in fact the distribution price for Bengal for Hindi pictures is steadily mounting up. Indeed the greatest paradox is that while the distributors from Bengal are running after pictures from Bombay paying a price ranging from one lakh to two lakhs for 'A' class pictures, there are no buyers for Bengalee films in Bengal.

This indicates that the Bengalee pictures today do not meet the demand of the public as do the Hindi pictures. In the matter of technique, glamour and showmanship, there is no doubt that the Bengalee pictures which are produced at a meagre cost are far behind the Hindi pictures which are produced at a cost more than seven times that of Bengalee pictures. The same could be said of the entertaining quality of the Bengalee pictures. While, on the one hand it appears that with their limited resources the Bengalee pictures cannot withstand the competition of Hindi pictures, the loss of the big potential market of East Pakistan has crippled the industry.

No wonder, then, the Bengalee film industry is dying. The fate of other provincial films, except of course Tamil and Telugu, is no better. After the initial success, the Gujrati and Punjabi films have lost their market, and even the Marathi pictures are unable to compete with Hindustani

pictures. But it has to be admitted that the pictures in Provincial languages are more realistic and sincere in their approach to art and hence more representative of Indian life and art than the non-Indian Hindi pictures. But as long as they cannot improve their technical standard and provide the star attractions of Hindi films, they have no chance of commercially succeeding.

The Bengal film industry which gave a lead to the entire film industry in pre-war days can survive not by expecting any help from the Government but by making a bold bid to capture the All-India market. Indeed, a few pictures, like *Chandidas*, *Devdas* and *President* can save the Bengal film industry more than any aid from the Provincial or Central Government. Unless the producers of Bengal pull their resources and make a determined effort to capture the Hindi market as well, the Bengal film industry will never rise to its former glory. At the most, it will continue to exist in haphazard manner even after all the reforms suggested by Mr. Chatterji are carried out.

Picture Of The Week

Rather, it can as well be called the picture of the year; it is Kardar Productions' "Naujawan", written by Indar Raj Anand and directed by Mahesh Kaul.

The first thing that strikes one, after seeing this picture is that we have not altogether lost the art of wit, irony and satire. Of late the films have become so morbid and melodramatic that for a change it is a pleasure to behold a sparkling witty intelligent comedy like "Naujawan"—

the like of which we had not seen since Bombay Talkies' "Naya Sansar."

It is the story of a motor mechanic who runs a small garage and a millionaire's only daughter who confronted with a proposition to be betrothed to a fool, pretends to have a lover in Burma. When the father orders her to produce the lover within a fortnight, she is put in a tight corner and begins the search for a young man who would pretend to be her lover for a price. The search is the beginning of various adventures in which she is robbed, mistaken for a thief and in which she ultimately encounters the mechanic who mistaking her for a thief follows her to the house and finds her real identity. Later he pretends to be her lover (which in fact he is) but exposes himself at the crucial moment before her father and admonishes him.

Later it is the clash between the aristocrat father and the upright youth that provides the dramatic conflict highlighted by terse dialogue and hard witty knocks. The father tries three different ways to dissuade the youth—threat, bribe and ultimately playing up of his sentiments. In the third way he succeeds only to make the father realise his folly and give his consent to the marriage. The picture ends with the millionaire's daughter moving into slums for good.

The story is simple, but its treatment is so scintillating, its dialogue so pungent and its pace so brisk that it engrosses you all the way. Entertaining as it is, it is also a good satire on the rich class and it is noteworthy for extolling the upright spirit of the working class.

To Director Mahesh Kaul goes the credit for its smart direction. He has been able to invest even an insignificant detail with a refreshing punch, and in direct contrast to *Gopinath* he displays a very healthy, materialistic and sturdy attitude towards life in *Naujawan* which no lover of good pictures should miss.

Man Of The Week

Mahesh Kaul to whom according to Producer, A. R. Kardar goes the credit for "Naujawan" is obviously the man of the week. Grey-haired, pan-chewing, handsome Mahesh Kaul has been associated with films for over a decade. Born in Rajasthan, brought up at Khandwa and Nagpur, Mahesh

got interested in films since he was seven. During his school days, Ashok Kumar was his class mate; during his college days he met Kishore Sahu who was his junior.

After trying his hand at odd professions, like bank clerk, insurance agent and school teacher, he came to Bombay in 1940 with Sahu who was then producing *Bahurani*. Unfortunately for Kaul, with the completion of this picture the company closed down and he had to hunt for jobs. He made his debut first as an artiste in "Naya Sansar" in which he played the role of Thekedar. Later he joined Circo as an assistant director to Altekar who was then making "Mahatma Vidur" and acted in Debaki Bose's "Apna Ghar." In the same studio, he got his first chance to direct a picture entitled "Angoori."

It was during the production of "Angoori" that Sahu first met Mahesh. When he related to me the story of "Angoori" Sahu was much impressed; for it was a story of street urchins. But unfortunately the picture turned out to be a "horror" (to quote Kaul's own words). Then he made "Paristan" for Acharya Art Productions. Frankly it was a rather mediocre comedy.

After again knocking about for some time he started the production of "Gopinath" with a very meagre financial backing. The production was suspended on a number of occasions, but thanks to perseverance of Mahesh Kaul, it was at last completed and previewed. No preview had created a greater sensation than that of "Gopinath" which became the talk of the industry and Mahesh Kaul was hailed as a genius.

And yet when the picture was released Mahesh found himself on the streets! For "Gopinath" flopped and the two pictures he had started meanwhile, viz. "Narsingar" and "Lajwanti" were suspended. After many days Mahesh got his chance. Kardar summoned him and signed him for six pictures to be made in three years. Mahesh had no alternative but to accept this offer, though he knew he would not be able to make six pictures in three years. Kardar also realized it soon and amended the contract accordingly.

In making "Naujawan" Kaul had all the facilities he could ask for and

he had not to bother about any financial matters. The result is that he made a picture in 17 months with over 150 shooting days at a considerable cost. But the picture he made justified all this. After all, Kardar has avowed that he could not himself have made a better picture than Mahesh Kaul.

If "Naujawan" succeeds and there is no reason why it should not, it will make the beginning of a new career for Mahesh Kaul, acknowledged today as one of the ace film directors.

News Of The Week

Agha Jan, Mohan and David have been signed by S. S. Vasan for Gemini's next Hindi picture.

The Mphurat of Nav Ketan's "Aan-

dhian" was performed on 5th July 1951 at 12 noon at Famous Cine Laboratory and Studios. It is being directed by Chetan Anand, featuring Nimmi, Dev Anand, Durga Khote, K. N. Singh, Manmohan Krishan and Kalpana Kartik.

Writer-Director Zia Sarbadi has been signed by D. M. Pancholi to make a picture for Pancholi Productions.

The title of Ranjit's "Hamlog" has been changed and now it is titled as "Charagh."

Amiya Chakravarti has started "Daag" for Messrs. Mars and Moris. It stars Madhubala, Dilip Kumar and Lalita Power. Its music is by Shanker and Jai Kishan.

DR. LEOPOLD FIGL, CHANCELLOR OF AUSTRIA

By JOSEPH WARREN

SHORTLY after the war, Marshal Konev, then the Russian military commander in Austria, had a violent argument with Austria's Chancellor Leopold Figl. Konev started to shout and threatened to send Figl to a concentration camp.

"That's all right," Figl said calmly. "I've been six years in German concentration camps. I guess I'll get used to the climate of Siberia."

Marshal Konev argued no longer.

Ever since, Figl has told the Russians in Austria that they will not do certain things. This "over-my-dead-body" attitude has paid off handsomely, for Austria and for Figl. Unlike Germany, Austria has not been split. The Soviets have put the squeeze on, but they have not broken the independence of the little country. Konev's successors have often become angry at "little Figl," but they have acquired respect for his courage and listened to his word.

Chancellor Figl, the man-who-says-no-to-the-Russians, hasn't the physical build of a hero. He is a thin, little man with a moustache, who looks as if he wouldn't survive a head cold. He is always dwarfed by his friends, many of whom are robust farmers.

But Figl has never aspired to be built up as a giant. He is the most

modest of Europe's major statesman. His protocol aides are continuously shocked by his simple ways. Last year, when he went on a state visit to Switzerland with his wife, they were received at Berne's railroad station by Switzerland's highest dignitaries and members of the diplomatic corps. There were the national anthems, speeches, bows. In the midst of it all Figl pointed at a poster showing a little girl and said to his wife: "Doesn't she look like our, Hilda?"

His official residence is the Balhaus palace where power politics have been made for hundreds of years, but Figl is not at all impressed by the pomp and tradition. At state dinners there are no longer chamber orchestras playing Haydn and Mozart.

Figl is always worried that his friends might consider him "snooty". He has turned down suggestions that he live in a big house. He has a comfortable, but inconspicuous apartment in a house in Vienna's Peter Jordan Strasse. His favourite room is the "Bauernstube" (peasants room) where he relaxes with his friends and talks of fishing and hunting. He is a passionate hunter.

There are people who say Figl is just a shrewd politician who knows that in Austria, a country of little

men, only a little man could be popular. But those who know him will disagree. Figl is shrewd and a top politician—but he is sincere. He likes to go to his farm house in Lower Austria, in the Soviet zone, to inspect his fields and stables, which are run by a brother.

He was born on the family farm, in Rust, near Tulln, on Oct. 2, 1902. His family has lived on the farm without interruption since 1573. Figl studied at the Gymnasium in nearby St. Poelten and at the Agriculture College in Vienna and became an agricultural engineer. (He later received an honorary degree from the Technical College in Vienna and is now called, officially, "Dr. Ing. Leopold Figl.") He entered politics early when he became the protege of the powerful Austrian farm bloc leader, Josef Reither. Within a few years, Figl became assistant director and then director of the Austrian Bauernbund, a sort of agrarian trade union. In Austrian politics, the peasants have always been the most important component in the ruling Catholic party, and Figl became a key figure in his country's internal affairs.

In fact, he was so important that he, and a few other top leaders, were singled out a few days after the Anschluss and sent to a Nazi concentration camp. He spent the next six years in various concentration camps.

"I owe it only to my friends in the camps that I'm still alive," he says now. His friends—not all of them party friends—don't quite agree. "Figl survived because he had the will power to survive," one of his fellow inmates says. "Many strong men died in those years and Figl came pretty close to dying but he always pulled out of it. He knew he had a mission. He was a fanatic Austrian."

On May 10, 1943, Figl was released from Dachau and took a badly paid job with a building contractor in Lower Austria, to make enough money so that his wife and two children could eat. He also started to work with an underground group of Austrian peasants. His health was bad but his spirit was unbroken. After the unsuccessful plot against Hitler's life in July 1944, Figl and his fellow workers were arrested again by the Gestapo

and thrown into the notorious Mauthausen concentration camp.

In April, 1945, the Nazis were getting ready to try Figl on a charge of "high treason." Three days before the trial was slated to begin, Figl was liberated by the Red army. Six days later he was called to reorganize the Austrian Bauernbund.

"There was practically nothing left," one of his friends recalls. "But within a few weeks Figl had reorganized the peasants and made them the strongest political group. He must have worked 18 hours a day."

Figl became one of the three state secretaries in the provisional Austrian Government under Dr. Karl Renner. After the first democratic post-war elections which ended with a victory for his party and a defeat for the Communists, Figl became Austria's Federal Chancellor. He has held the job since November 1945, and is still working 18 hours a day. He belongs to those people who can get away with a few hours' sleep.

"The longer he stays awake at night, the earlier he shows up at his office," an official says. "It's pretty exasperating for us."

Figl's political credo is straight and simple. He is Austrian and works for Austria's undivided independence. He has so far suppressed all efforts of the Soviets to divide Austria and make a second Germany of his country. "You've got to be an optimist," he says. "And you must never relax."

Figl is popular in Austria. Every year, at the anniversary of their being hauled off to the concentration camp, Figl and his friends go to a memorial service for those who didn't come back. Figl's 80-year-old mother still tells her son "what he should do." These things help account for the popularity of the little Chancellor who likes to laugh at the stories forever being told about him in Vienna. Sample: After a big international meeting the doorman calls out: "Mr. Truman's Cadillac!" "Mr. Attlee's Rolls Royce!" "Mr. Queuille's Citroen!" And last, "Mr. Figl's over-shoes!" Figl's favourite story is the one about the teacher who asks his pupils in school: "Who are Truman, Stalin and Churchill?" A boy lifts his hand. "They are contemporaries of Chancellor Leopold Figl."

LONDON LETTER: By HARRY HEAP

ALL THIS, AND SPORTS TOO!

IN these summer months, we in Britain seem to be able to push the worries of the world on one side. Those who read the political weeklies, or who worry over the prospects of war in this, that or the other part of the world, are in a minority. Most of us are concerned with the affairs of summer; and crises, whether political or international, are not amongst those affairs. So we pretend, anyway, though in fact most of our crises have occurred in summer. I recall the summer of 1939. I was on holiday with my wife in Wales, with a group of friends, when news came through of the German-Russian agreement, a triumph for Ribbentrop, it seemed. Those who had cars quickly filled their tanks with petrol and most of us returned home from our holidays wondering what was going to happen next. Well, there was the declaration on September 3rd. And we all expected bombing to start. My wife and I were involved in the evacuation scheme for children from the cities that might be vulnerable to air-raids. We had to go from door to door, asking people if they would take three, four or more unknown children, and had powers to place these children in the homes if we wanted. We finished late in the long summer evenings and tried to patch up some kind of blackout for our windows. The summer seemed to pass with the declaration of war and, although the weather was exceptionally fine, few of us noticed it in the way we should have if it had been a time of peace.

Today, there is little real feeling of anxiety in Britain. People are taking their holidays, many of them travelling to countries in Europe by air, coach and sea. Yes, it is possible to travel by coach to the port, take a boat and meet the same coach on the other side of the Channel and so continue on one's holiday tour. Others are following the more usual practice of a holiday at the seaside or in the country, though many people are very much concerned over the high prices which make a holiday an expensive business. Before the war,

one used to be able to go to a seaside resort and have accommodation for as little as three rupees a night, bed and breakfast, and one provided the food for one's own meals for the rest of the day. Now, one must expect to have full board and pay anything from about eight rupees a day.

The big sporting events of summer have much more variety than the similar events of winter. In winter, there are only the different types of football match. In summer we have cricket, golf and tennis. In cricket we are this year having a visit from the South Africans. It was hoped that their cricket would be in the same category as that of last year's visitors, the West Indies. Alas, this has not been the case. The South African team has had more than its share of harracking for the dullness of their play, for their lack of imagination, and there is some feeling of disappointment over this. As I write, the disappointment is not so much over the South Africans as over Old Trafford. I have rushed home to my meals, hoping to catch a few overs of commentary from the ground, but today it has been raining in Manchester and we have had to listen to gramophone records, and hope instead. We of Lancashire are delighted, of course, to hear that Howard, Lancashire's captain, is to captain the M. C. C. team that is to tour India this coming winter. He has come on tremendously these last two years and he has been the inspiration of Lancashire, who now have as good a team as any in the country, and who are well-known for the keen spirit in which they take the field. I expect he will have Tattersall and Tatham at least to add Lancashire accents to his team, and I should not be surprised to see either Hilton or Berry as well. Probably Ikin will want a rest after his last year's visit to India.

In golf, we have just had the results of the Open Golf Championship. This

THE CRISIS IN INDIAN AGRICULTURE

By J. D. S. PAUL, Ph. D. (London)

(Professor of Economics, Madras Christian College)

HAVE we a Socialist policy or capitalist oligarchy? The characteristic features of Indian agriculture have been accepted in an apathetic manner and while the malaise is well known, the remedies are singularly devoid of imagination. It neither tackles the problem of the improvement of the peasants engaged in farming, or the conditions under which the business of farming has to be carried on, or the science and art of farming and animal husbandry and the finance thereof. Interferences take place to throw the machinery out of gear by scientific demonstration officers, revenue officers, health officers and irrigation engineers, each of whom prod in different directions so that when it comes to modern control and procurement, agriculture gets distorted in structure and moves in the direction of the black market. The main feature of our agriculture is its backwardness, the yield of the principal crops being very low. If we take the pre-war figures, rice production in Italy showed 2900 lbs per acre, Japan 2276 lbs, Egypt 2153 lbs, Iran 943 lbs, and India 728 lbs; sugarcane production (1939) was in U.S.A. 20-1½ tons per acre, Java 55 and India 12-1½ tons per acre; Egypt produced (1937) 531 lbs per acre of cotton, U.S. 264 and India 89 lbs per acre. This low output has deep-seated causes and is at the root of the low purchasing power and standards of living of the peasantry. Indebtedness arises through monsoon failures, epidemics, pests and locusts, slow soil exhaustion and erosion and domestic ceremonies. Secondly, agriculture in India is mainly subsistence farming engaged in by those who have no other occupation and no means to climb out of it with safety or security. The ryot, after meeting his domestic consumption, paying dues to landlord and moneylender, providing for emergency reserve and seed reserve, and purchasing essentials of cultivation such as manure, plough or replacement of

annual stock, sells the surplus to the grain dealer for towns and cities. Very rarely do you find capitalistic and co-operative farming. Generally, it is a family business. Notwithstanding the model farms and agricultural research institutes, scientific cultivation with modern tools has only made little headway. There are too many on the soil with the bullock cart and the modern plough. The fourth aspect is the progressive fragmentation and sub-division of holdings, the legacy of the Succession Act, increase of numbers and lack of alternative employment, leading to uneconomic enterprise. The fifth aspect is the nightmare of ever-increasing percentage of landless rural labour. They rose from 22 millions in 1921 to 25 in 1931 and some States have an appalling ratio to the total cultivators, owners and tenants. Madras has 12 million landless labourers out of a total population of 56 millions. The sixth characteristic is the existence of cultivable waste in spite of population pressure. Assam has 18.8 million acres, Madras about 10 millions. The seventh aspect of Indian agriculture is the low nutritional value of our agricultural products. Since 1910 upto 1940 the output of rice declined by 2.1% and wheat by 7.3%. In Madras the output declined by 7% and the population rose by 13%. For want of control in production policy, agriculture is not adapted to the production of a balanced diet for the people. While other lands have mixed farming with poultry keeping, vegetable gardening, dairy farming, fish culture in the pattern of rural economy, ensuring a nutritive diet, there is in ours an alarming lack of nutritive diet and lack of stamina through inability to try changes in dietary. If we consider the average requirement of an Indian to be 2800 calories, there is today a deficit of 425 calories in each man's ration.

These are grim defects in the system of Indian agriculture which may

be examined on the traditional grouping of (a) land (b) labour (c) capital (d) organisation. Land is a monopoly in nature and no State in the interests of its people can afford to allow the growth of parasitic interests which wreck agriculture and retard the output while the growing population faces the grim spectre of famine. Land has been growing in importance and value with progressive depreciation in the food supply. Over a 100 million acres in different parts, intersected by ravines, swamps and sand-dunes can be brought under the plough by the initiative of the State and by feeding the soil through canals from perennial rivers. Pressure of population, slow industrialisation and lack of alternative occupation have led to excessive fragmentation and sub-division of holdings, resulting in uneconomic cultivation. It has reduced agriculture to extreme inefficiency.

The pathetic state of the peasant in an enervating climate is derived from the uncertainty and uneven rainfall in different regions and in the same region. Irrigation and drainage has to be a major policy of the State. The ancient traditional agriculture has reached its limit and diminishing returns have become now all too clear. Our agricultural operations do not possess suitable manures. Farm yard manure is used for fuel and there is no alternative cheap source of fuel supply. It is a very important problem. Creeping death has come on the agricultural lands with soil erosion and exhaustion. Floods, torrential rains, deforestation and dry winds sweep away the nutritive chemicals which lie within a few inches of the surface. The extent of the loss depends on the slope of the ground, rainfall and its intensity, the nature of the soil and the covering vegetation. On the Indian continent, the soil has deteriorated enormously through centuries of neglect, heat, wind and rain.

How can natural processes be stimulated when the cultivator faces serious adverse factors? It is obviously the aim of man to get the best crops, most valuable to himself. The best crops are not easily discovered. It is only after vast effort that the final possibilities of cultivation are reached. that the final possibilities of cultivation are reached. We now use the

term "intensive" to mark the ascending scale of production possibilities. More value is reaped from the soil when the more is put in. Cultivation intensity is the determining element in the carrying out of agricultural and rural life. But if you control the production by fixing the prices of certain essential cereals and non-interference in others like cotton, tobacco or sugarcane, the cultivator will move in the direction of profits.

The causes of the ryot's inefficiency are partly to be sought in his environment and largely in the man himself. The ryots are physically unhealthy on account of their poverty and system of diet, insanitary surroundings and dwelling houses, the perennial ravages and diseases like malaria, kala azar, typhoid, small-pox, hookworm and other intestinal diseases in lives, and more in financial loss. Through low vitality, they suffer loss of man-hours in critical periods and consequent financial loss. They are conservative and unwilling to appreciate education unless it leads to Government appointments. The methods of agriculture are primitive. The ryots do not respond to scientific ideas spread out before them in the State agricultural farms. Growing facilities of contact between country and town, the radio and the cinema and propaganda methods may sap the roots of conservatism.

The peasant is so fatalistic that he has no conception of a standard of living or the road to financial ease and solvency. The Lihlithgow Report on Indian Agriculture clearly pointed out that the fundamental problem is to improve the morale of the peasant. If we turn to the organisation, it is completely disorganised. There is no such thing as economic holdings. Where there is no possibility, or serious consideration of permanent improvement, and fixity of tenure, in the interests of the actual cultivator, the defect is serious. There is a long agricultural slack season of three to four months and the Rural Development Board does well in concentrating on hand-spinning and weaving, mat-making, pottery, toy-making, dairy-farming, fruit growing, sericulture, bee culture and other rural industries. What is slowly being realised is the failure to organise suitable produce markets so as to secure a fair price for

farm products. Of the total value, the ryot scarcely realises 50% and the rest goes to a chain of middlemen. What is extraordinary under Indian conditions is that the price is not a function of demand and supply in a free competitive market determined by the cost of production. It is actually conditioned by the expectation of supply in anticipation of the probable demand by wholesale dealers. The progress at these markets of wholesale dealers usually is guided by the price they anticipate. To cover the risk of fluctuation, they bid usually for less off-take in quantity so as to have a safe margin. The price mechanism in cereal products thus works backwards from the supply and not forward from the anticipated demand position. This exploitation of the peasant arises from his chronic poverty. The ryot has no holding power through rural co-operative or state granaries. His crops are often mortgaged to the financier middleman who buys the crop at prices lower than the village market price. The ryot again faces deductions for damage, diet, chaff, moisture, false weightage and in every way he is beaten down. As was evident during the last catastrophic fall in agricultural prices from 1929 onwards, the agriculturist facing a trade slump has to sell out completely or mortgage his all, to meet his dues, with scant protection for his bare existence. Subsidy and state purchase to hold up the prices as in western countries is all too rare. The primary producer is thus forced to lead a miserable existence as bad harvest puts him into the money-lender's clutches. Finally, what is the capital equipment of the ryot but a pair of bullocks, iron ploughs of a primitive kind, and the seeds selected at a random estimate of quality and yield. There is hardly any facility for long-term improvement as he is always facing the risk of losing title to his land and becoming tenant cultivator. If his bullock perishes or his ploughs get smashed, the mahajan is the source of credit. The peasants do not combine for proper irrigation facilities, manure or general improvements. The lack of capital causes low productivity. The output is multiplied in capitalistic farming in the West on account of scientific methods and mechanical appliances. The East is

stagnant. A fatalistic apathy is induced by the climate, drought and pest and bad finance. The condition of the cattle for lack of breeding and fodder silage is desperate for the most part.

The average 'holding' and the land tilled by any cultivator is small. Information of the size of the holding, sub-division and fragmentation for all States is incomplete. The Bengal Land Revenue Commission estimated that 43% of the cultivators held less than 2 acres, 17% between 5 and 10 acres, 21% between 2 and 4 acres while the average yield was half a ton. The average size of the holding varies naturally with the soil in each province. In Agra district 28% of the holdings amount to 2-1/2 acres. In Madras, 75% of the holdings in 1938 amounted to 2-1/2 acres and the average yield per acre was about 1/3 of a ton. In Bombay, the average size of the holding is 11-1/2 acres and the yield a bare 1/5 of a ton. The small size of the holding is due to the Succession Act whereby the inheritance is sub-divided. This economic disequilibrium is the outcome of the destruction of the village community by the corrosive inroad of Western commerce which compelled one and all to fall back upon the land, ever since the opening decade of the 19th century. The evil is aggravated by the growing pressure of population on the land as the main source of livelihood and the slow pace of mechanised industrial development. Britain and India began to be interlocked as complementary economies to the disadvantage of the Indian economic structure.

Sub-division and fragmentation is a fundamental defect that renders agriculture a decadent industry. The decay of the joint family system and the village community has accentuated the evil. Fragmentation means that the holdings are not only scattered, causing loss of much time and waste, but also division of the plots in bits of equal quality by the heirs instead of monetary compensation so as to preserve a minimum size of farm with continuous plots of land for purposes of agricultural improvement.

The State authorities who find innumerable avenues of profit through the increasing misery of the peasantry only know to raise the hue and cry

of Communism. Western countries have found fuller agriculture not only a way of life but also a way of prosperous business. The problem must be attacked in India without further delay, through a recognition of the necessity of a basic minimum economic holding whose output will maintain a family of five on a reasonable standard of comfort.

Fragmentation involves waste of time, money and effort and enforces uniformity of crops in the area; fencing is rendered impossible, giving room for depredations by, roaming cattle. This is a source of bad blood and litigation, which ruins the peasant; well irrigation is made impossible as a stronger neighbour may have a better and deeper well, which renders the weaker ryot's well go dry. There is no possibility also of growing cattle fodder to protect the cattle in dry season.

A Director of Agriculture in Bombay, with experience of the difficulties encountered in persuading the peasant to use new, tested scientific methods, had the courage to suggest impartible economic holdings to the Royal Commission on Agriculture. An "economic holding" right would be registered in the name of one person which would be impartible. But the objection raised was that it would make millions landless labourers as industries do not develop fast enough to absorb surplus population. It would mean also compensation by the richer members of the family who take over the land, excluding the rest. In Belgium, the practice is common. But this disinheritance of younger

sons, it is claimed, will not be tolerated by the public in India.

The way out, it is claimed, is consolidation by negotiation through the co-operative societies, a compact block being substituted, by exchange, for a number of separate fragments. A holder may have a single plot or a few plots of different types of soil. The co-operative societies in the Punjab succeeded in negotiating the deal voluntarily. In 1936, the Consolidation of Holdings Act was passed. By this Act, two-thirds of the landholders have to consent before effecting such consolidation compulsorily in a region. Under this Act some 375 villages have been tried and more than one-third million acres have been consolidated. Similar experiments, attempted in Madras since 1936, failed. The Famine Commission have recommended consolidation on the basis of the Punjab and Central Provinces experiments in all provinces. There the matter stands. As population pressure has grown, the vicious circle has been intensified. The scramble for land, old and new, continues, with division and fragmentation rampant. All the policies for growing more food fail to strike at the root of the problem, because the incentive to effort is nullified by the effect of the price policy on the overburdened ryot. The step towards commercialisation of agriculture is now decades old and the drop in production of cereals and food crops is only natural, as human beings must make a profit out of their occupation and in some way or other improve their monetary income in a money economy.



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POET LAUREATE WHO BROKE A TRADITION

MASEFIELD'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

By HENRY CHARLES DUFFIN

Narrative Poems

OF the 16 official poets of England—the Poets Laureate—from Ben Jonson (for whom the dignity was created in 1637) to Robert Bridges, all were products of the normal upper-class academic education.

But the tradition was violently broken by the poet to whom the Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, offered the Laureateship when Bridges died in 1930. John Masefield's education was that of hard experience in far lands and on the seven seas. Born at Ledbury in the English county of Herefordshire in 1878, he left school at 13 to join the training-ship *Conway*, and afterwards took to the sea and spent some years before the mast, varying the sea-faring life with extensive trappings in North and South America, and with a year in a New York carpet factory.

His rough and adventurous life during these years is reflected in some of his novels and poems, and parts of it are directly described in his book on *The Conway* and the two "chapters of autobiography," *In the Mill* and *The New Chum*.

But no less powerful in forming his creative mind must have been the rich and multitudinous impressions stored up from his remote infancy. In a long poem of his first six years called "Wonderings," he makes us feel that the child to whom all that experience came was a poet both born and made.

By the time he was 22 Masefield was settled in England, and, encouraged by friends like Yeats, Synge and Laurence Binyon, was beginning to write. After a year or two of journalism (part of it spent very happily on the *Manchester Guardian* under C. P. Scott) his first book, *Salt-water Ballads*, appeared in 1902; his first narrative poem, *The Everlasting Mercy*, did not follow till nine years later, but in between had come much prose and a play.

Masefield's poetic energy has flowed along two channels, narrative and lyrical. He is best known for his nar-



John Masefield

rative poems. Some of them are (or were when first published) almost shocking in their brutal realism of diction and event: this applies to "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow in the Bye-street," which are nevertheless full of pathos and humanity.

Far richer in poetic quality are "Dauber," "Reynard the Fox," "King Cole" and "The Wanderer," because in these four poems the story moves on the wings of lyric inspiration.

The first of these is the greatest of Masefield's narrative poems: the dauber—a sailor with a gift for painting, the pilgrim of beauty—pursues his hopeless quest amid the terrible beauty of the sea, and the imaginative theme fires the verse to splendour:

"It was most proud, however self might doubt,

To share man's tragic fate and paint it true."

It is as a lyric poet that Masefield most nearly approaches genius, although only a small part of his output is purely lyrical. He is profoundly moved by the contemplation of beauty. The word "beauty" is characteristic of Masefield, as "solitude" is of Wordsworth. Masefield's definition of beauty is "Eternal April wandering alone." He is unequalled with ships, because of all beautiful things a sailing-ship stirs him most deeply—"this wandering beauty so superb." He would wish England's epitaph to be, "They built great ships and sailed them."

Notable Lyrics

Masefield's most notable lyrics are comprised in the *Salt-water Ballads*, *Ballads and Poems* and *Lollingdon Downs*. The *Ballads* are nearly as good as Kipling—in some ways better; but it is in the *Lollingdon Downs* volume, and especially in its sequence of 45 sonnets, that the essence of Masefield as a poet is to be found, the troubled gospel of the insatiable desire for beauty.

Beginning with one of those "intimations from infancy", "When God lived in a cottage up a brook," he dreams of coming face to face with beauty's self. But when he turns to regard actuality he finds that life allows but a few vivid moments in a long-enduring strife; its end is dark, while beauty dies like the roses—"O myriad dust of beauty!"

Thinking how for the most part beauty goes unrecognised, the poet grows desperate and cries in agony, "there is no beauty". Then his thought turns upward. And so comes hope, a glow in the darkness, a faith that day will dawn, the day of the full flower of beauty, "whose image haunts our days."

Verse does not exhaust the field of Masefield's literary activities. He has written a number of strong novels.

A fair young graduate of the School of Journalism got a job as cub reporter on a Long Island daily. Her first story won the editor's approval, but he pointed out a few minor inaccuracies.

"Remember," he concluded, "it was Joseph Pulitzer, founder of the School of Journalism, who declared that accuracy is to a newspaper what virtue is to a woman."

"That in itself is not entirely accurate," said the girl triumphantly. "A newspaper can always print a retraction!"

The early ones, such as *Multitude and Solitude*, *Sard Harker*, *Odtaa* and *Captain Margarett*, were crowded with colour and adventure, and *Lost Endeavour*, a tale for boys, bears comparison with *Treasure Island*. It is arguable that the level of the prose in these books, and in *Gallipoli*, is more consistently high than in the verse.

Magnificent Prose

Later novels, like *The Hawbucks*, have had more homely subjects. There are two volumes of good short stories of the sea, *A Mainsail Haul* and *A Tarpaulin Muster*. On non-fictional lines there is *Gallipoli*, a piece of really magnificent prose which came out of Masefield's service as a Red Cross orderly during World War I; it has a companion piece in *A Nine Days' Wander*, the story of Dunkirk. For, from his home on Boar's Hill, near Oxford, Masefield regards his position as King's Poet with some seriousness, and national events not seldom received rhymed comment from his pen in *The Times*.

Finally there are some plays, among them *The Tragedy of Nan*, a drama of village life, rather too poetically "grim," *Pompey the Great*, a distinguished treatment of the famous classical story in intensely dramatic prose, and plays on the life of Christ, such as *Good Friday* and *The Trial of Jesus*, reverent in spirit and written in varied form, a mixture of verse and prose, with choruses.

Like some other writers gifted or afflicted with very sensitive natures, Masefield betrays a tendency to present life as predominantly tragic, but the star of hope is not to be quenched, the fountain of joy is irrepresible, and he has left us, as one of his best known lines, the call to "Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man"; while another, in a flash of insight, declares:

"The days that make us happy make us wise."

COUP-COUP IN SIAM

By ANDREW ROTH

LONDON: Coups, counter-coups, attempted coups and frustrated coups have occurred so regular in the lush Buddhist country of Siam that journalists refer to it as the "coup-coup country". But the marines' seizure of Siam's rightist Premier and 'strong man', Pibul Song-gram, on June 29 gave Anglo-American experts on South-east Asia nightmares in Technicolor. Even Pibul's release and the collapse of the rebellion has not fully restored shattered nerves. A battle between Siam's army and navy is traditional. But at this stage in the 'lukewarm war' the Army fronts for the rightist pro-American Pibul while the Navy fronts for his deposed rival, Pridi Phanomyong, now reported to be part of a Communist-sponsored "Siamese Democratic United Front."

Siam is the soft core of South-east Asia. To its East is embattled Indo-China, to its West is strifetorn Burma, and to its South is rebellion-rife Malaya. And Communist China is but 200 miles to the North, albeit across virtually impenetrable mountains. If Siam goes Communist it will turn the flanks of all three conflicts in Burma, Indo-China and Malaya and make present difficulties there seem a picnic.

One clear warning that the replacement of Marshal Pibul by his traditional rival Pridi might be more than Siam's traditional game of political 'musical chairs' is contained in a broadcast on March 5th from Ho Chi Minh's Vietminh Radio. That broadcast predicted a 'civil war' in Siam, resulting in the overthrow of the Marshal Pibul Songgram, described as a "valet of American imperialists." He would be replaced by a Communist-sponsored "Siamese Democratic United Front," to which, it was claimed, Pridi Phanomyong belonged.

British and American diplomats have been somewhat reluctant to believe Pridi would link up with the Communists, despite repeated reports of his presence in Communist China. This is probably partly because the

British and American Embassies helped him escape from Siam after his group had been deposed through a military coup by Marshal Pibul in November 1947. This Anglo-American gesture was in appreciation of Pridi's wartime activities as head of the pro-Allied underground. During the war Pibul was head of the pro-Japanese Siamese regime.

Since then British and American loyalties have shifted because Marshal Pibul has become the most enthusiastic supporter of the anti-Communist cause in South Asia. He was the first Asian premier to recognize Bao Dai, although his Foreign Minister resigned over this issue. He has co-operated with Britain in keeping the Malaya-Siam border closed. He was the first Asian leader to send troops to Korea to fight on the UN side. He has been allocated some \$35 m. in economic aid from U. S. and U. S. controlled sources and some \$10m. in U. S. military equipment to modernise his 30,000-man army. It is perhaps symbolic that it was while accepting the transfer of an American dredger that he was seized at pistol point.

If Pridi emerges as the leader or even the figurehead of a pro-Communist coup, it would be but the latest form that the traditional struggle between them has taken. They were both students together in France and co-sponsors of the revolution which ended the absolute monarchy in 1933. In their rivalry for power thereafter they chose antagonistic channels, even though they sometimes collaborated in the same Government. Marshal Pibul was military-minded, an admirer of the efficiency of the Axis regimes. Pridi was civilian-minded—he sponsored the University of Moral and Political Sciences, for example—and tended to be pro-democratic. Marshal Pibul was the head of the pro-Japanese war-time Government until he quarrelled with the Japanese. Pridi used his position as Regent to become 'Ruth,' the leader of the pro-Allied underground.

The struggle between these two is but one of the factors which gives Siam its political instability. The fact is that Siam's Government is a 'government by cliques', no matter who is in office. Siam's 80% illiterate peasants, who make up the bulk of its 18 million people, do not participate in politics, and there is little compulsion because rice is plentiful. And its three million Chinese, who dominate internal trade, are banned from politics. The result is that politics is reduced to 'musical chairs', the reshuffling of some 200 personalities, among whom Pibul and Pridi are the outstanding.

Although Pridi was a strong Socialist when a student in France, some Western diplomats have been reluctant to believe that he should now be willing to collaborate with the Communists. It is admitted that a number of his followers, including some who played an active part in the resistance movement, now sympathize with the Communists. This is primarily a reaction against American support for the hated antagonist Pibul. It is also partly a reaction against the brutality used by his subordinates, particularly those who have taken over the police. In March 1949 the police reported that four former cabinet ministers—all associates of Pridi—had died "while attempting to escape."

Attempts by Pridi's navy friends to overthrow the army regime of Pibul have taken place regularly twice or three times a year. An attempted revolt on October 1, 1948 was given away because too many officers visited astrologers to find out whether it was an auspicious day. In February 1949 the revolt was frustrated by bad timing; a voice interrupted 'Radio Bangkok' to announce the coup's success when the marines, the revolt's spearheads, had scarcely deployed. The last attempted coup was in March 1950.

The difference between the current attempt and those which have gone before is the increasingly clear line which has been drawn between Pibul and his American supporters on the one side and the anti-Pibul forces which have turned increasingly to the

Communists. Within Siam itself the strongest Communist group is found among the Chinese. It is rather easy to arouse anti-Pibul sentiment among the Chinese because he has been bitterly anti-Chinese during most of his political life and has authorised most of Siam's discriminatory legislation. He is similarly unpopular with the Vietnamese because last year he summarily ejected them from the border with Indo-China and has arrested a number of pro-Ho Chi Minh leaders and handed them over to the French. In short, a coup in Siam today is no longer a musical comedy matter. It could unhinge the whole of South-east Asia.



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THE METAMORPHOSIS

By MALATHI

SETH JASWANTLAL awoke with a start. He had had a bad dream even though he was quite convinced that this dream would never come true, that this dream dreamt in the early hours of the morning materialised. With that consolation, he lay down again but sleep would not come to him.

He lay on the couch thinking of the dream and of his erstwhile partner in business, Gokuldas. Gokuldas had died three years back and as time wore on, Jaswantlal had even forgotten that such a man had existed. The dream made him recollect how twelve years back, he and Gokuldas had set out from their home in distant Marwar to make their fortune in the El Dorado of Madras. The streets of Madras, to these adventurers, were not paved with gold, but paved with abject poverty, and populated by an impoverished, seething mass of people who perpetually subsisted by borrowing at high rates of interest, paying off the accumulated interest and principal to one by borrowing from another until their lives wore off. Those were the congenial conditions for the moneylenders and it was said in Marwar that every young man should spend a few years in Madras before settling down in the home province, just in the same way as the sons of rich men in Madras went overseas for higher studies discharging the innumerable institutions available locally.

When Jaswantlal and Gokuldas arrived in Madras with a thousand rupees each and a hope that it would multiply by itself just as the bugs in the Railway carriage did, they found to their disappointment that the ideal conditions were gradually vanishing. The Army Recruitment drive for the Second World War was in full swing. Despite the advice of the patriots, the impoverished people were rapidly joining up, lured by the promise of pay and food and clothing. Realising that the field of money-lending would lead them only to a dead end, the

entrepreneurs set up a small shop for selling bangles, beads and lacquer ware. This business flourished as the soldiers returning to their families on war leave were lavish in taking tinsels to their near and dear ones. In due course, Jaswantlal and Gokuldas set up a bangle factory on the outskirts of the city and this industry which initially was no larger than a cottage industry gradually magnified into a mass production unit manufacturing not only bangles, but also every conceivable kind of glassware.

Both the partners were frugal by nature. At Deepavali time, one or the other of them managed to get away to Marwar, so that the absence could be put forth as an excuse to turn down the demand from their employees for the annual bonus. There was never a hitch between the partners during all their association. Gokuldas had died suddenly of heart failure three years ago. Jaswantlal had become the sole proprietor by paying the widow of Gokuldas what passed off for compensation, but which in reality was just about half of his legal entitlement. Happy in the thought that the widow had been satisfied with the amount given by him and that he need no longer harbour any fears of litigation, Jaswantlal had gradually banished all recollections of his association with Gokuldas, when the dream had brought him to memory again.

Gokuldas had suddenly appeared in a dream and had warned Jaswantlal that if he did not send a further cheque for Rs. 50,000 to his widow in Marwar, he would be constrained to take strong action. But Gokuldas was dead, argued Jaswantlal within himself. He himself had personally attended the cremation. He had heard that dreams occurring during the early hours of the morning generally came true, but in this case it could never come true, as Gokuldas had been dead, as dead as a doornail.

The first rays of the sun appeared

on the Eastern horizon; as he could not sleep, Seth Jaswantlal got out of his bed, bathed early and performed his usual pujas. He went early to the factory, but confined himself to his room, without going round the workshop as usual to examine if his employees were not swindling him. He stayed till late in the office, long after everyone had gone, going through every one of his account books. The rough notes he had taken here and there showed him that Gokuldas's widow had still to get Rs. 67,329-5-7 by way of Gokuldas's capital without any consideration for Goodwill. He folded the sheets of paper on which he had made notes from the secret set of account books he had maintained and shoving them into his shirt pocket, began to wend his way towards his flat in Tondiarpet, after breaking his journey enroute to take some refreshments in a Marwari chummery on the way. He had sent his wife and son to his native village for a holiday and was living alone. On reaching his flat, he changed his clothes and dived into his bed hoping to sleep off the effect of the bad dream he had had early that morning. But he could not sleep, his thoughts kept reverting to the bad dream.

A cat jumped in stealthily through the window, possibly with the intention of finding some milk left carelessly open, or the remnants of fish or meat. Being disappointed, it went back the way it had come. A mouse squealed in, and just then, a wall clock from the neighbouring flat pealed out a solitary stroke. Jaswantlal deliberately closed his eyes, though an inner conscience told him that he was not alone in the room. He felt somebody tug at his shoulder and opened his eyes to see who it was. There, to his shock and surprise, sat on the edge of his bed, Seth Gokuldas. He rubbed his eyes, he pinched himself, he turned away from the apparition but despite his endeavours there sat Gokuldas, still unassailable and silent, as much alive as he had been. Jaswantlal tried to get out of the bed and switch on the light, but he could not, as he sensed some heavy weight having been tied to his feet. He tried to speak to the figure, but the power of speech had deserted him. A cold sweat broke out on Jaswantlal.

At length, the ghost of Gokuldas spoke to Jaswantlal. The voice was just the same, but there was implied in it a threat. "Jaswant, why did you not send away the cheque today as I had asked you to in your dream early this morning? True, you have paid her all the capital standing to my credit as shown in the official books. But, what about my share of the amount as maintained in 'our' account books? What about the amount we charged off against the annual profits as bonus paid to the employees, without in reality paying them a single pie? What about the premium we got on the Jullunder order? What about the advance we got from that U. K. firm through Iswarayya for which we did not issue a receipt and finally sent Iswarayya to jail for seven years on a charge of breach of trust? What about that 'hundi' for money advanced to the foreman for his daughter's marriage which we utilised to draw double the principal from him? Now, now, Jaswant, you should not be so greedy as all that; take a cue from me. You will suffer for all your sins of commission and omission. I am leading a miserable life here after death. My wife and son in Marwar have been turned out of my father-in-law's house as I had not left them enough money. I advise you, Jaswant, give all our men the bonus we have cheated them out of and send to my wife the cheque for the balance that is due to me. Send some money to Iswarayya's wife also and don't forget to give the foreman a double bonus. Jasu, this is not empty advice; I warn you that I will be after you until you have carried out all my behests." The apparition vanished as suddenly into ether as it had come from it. Jaswantlal tried to console himself that it was not a ghost and that it was the work of his sub-conscious brain, but he could not get over the fact that he had felt the warm breath of Gokuldas as the apparition spoke to him. It had been real, very real. He tried to sleep, but the night seemed to drag on endlessly and at the first streak of dawn, Jaswantlal got out of bed and after the usual routine reached the factory much earlier than on the previous day. He spent the hours in the same way he had done the previous day, but one thought was pestering him.

Would it be better to obey the behest of Gokuldas's ghost and turn over a new leaf? How far was this true and how far was it attributable to the working of his subconscious brain? After carefully considering the whole problem, he came to the conclusion that he was being fooled by his conscience and the best way to get over the situation would be to sleep in the factory premises itself.

He told the watchman that he would be sleeping the night in his own office room and much to the surprise of the already puzzled watchman, hailed a passing taxi and ordered the driver to take him to a picture house in Mount Road. Seth Jaswantlal had suddenly turned generous, mused the watchman as he went on his usual rounds. A little past midnight, Jaswantlal returned to the factory and switching off the light, stretched himself on an improvised bed trying to woo sleep. Probably due to the lack of sleep on the previous two nights, he did not have to make much effort for his eyelids were heavy with sleep. After a brief nap, he woke up with a start. The room had suddenly become bright, but the light had not been switched. There, at his table, sat Gokuldas poring over the secret account books which he had personally locked up in the safe. The door of the safe stood ajar revealing neatly stacked piles of currency notes. Jaswantlal was flabbergasted.

"Give me time, Gokul, till tomorrow and I promise to carry out every one of your behests. This is a promise, Gokul, but pray, leave me alone to sleep now," shouted Jaswant at the top of his voice. The words seemed to have fallen on the ear of the apparition, for without any fuss, it replaced the account books in the secret chamber of the safe, locked it and vanished out of the window.

Jaswantlal immediately fell asleep. When he came to his senses again, the sun was well up in the horizon, and his staff were making stealthy peeps through the window to find out what had befallen their boss. He bathed near the factory well loudly humming the tune he had heard the previous night at the picture house. He put on a clean dress and ordered his chaprasi to bring food from the costliest hotel in the locality, in a quantity which he would normally

have distributed over four meals. When the food was brought he polished it in one sitting. He was seized with a fit of rejoicing, he jumped, he gambolled. After a few minutes of such acrobatics to show off the excess of his jubilation he went back to his office and opened the safe. Taking wads of currency notes, he packed up five or six of them in a cardboard box, stitched it up in cloth, sealed and addressed it to the widow of Gokuldas. He made up a smaller parcel on similar lines for Iswarayya's family and enclosed with it a note expressing the hope that the amount sent therewith would help them to pay off the legal defence charges at least. He then wrote a letter to the Commissioner of Income Tax making a clean breast of the profits on which he had evaded taxation and enclosed a cheque for Rs. 15,000 as a deposit towards his assessment. He then hired a taxi to the nearest Post Office to despatch by insured post the packets and letter he had prepared.

Returning to his office, he sent for the foreman and made kind enquiries about his daughter's welfare. The questions he asked somewhat puzzled the foreman and his bewilderment increased when he was handed over a thick wad of currency notes as bonus and no receipt was taken. He then called in, one by one, every one of his employees and gave them a bonus without taking any receipts. "Hey, something has gone wrong with the boss" thought the workers as they unceremoniously pocketed the bonus which they felt they had been entitled to long ago. With the last payment made to the workers, there was not a single currency note left in the safe. Jaswantlal gathered together his secret set of account books to make a bonfire out of them. Just as he was proceeding to do so he got a registered notice from the Commissioner of Income Tax to appear before the Income Tax Evasion Enquiry Commission to answer a charge of tax evasion.

This did not perturb Jaswantlal. He merely pushed the notice into his table drawer and proceeded to complete the work from which he had been diverted by the arrival of the notice all the while whistling the tune he had heard the previous night at the cinema.

THE TRAGEDY OF DIVIDED EUROPE

By MARK GAYN

EUROPE'S map today is a picture of two hostile worlds. Each of the two Europes is building up its heavy industry at a feverish pace, each is rearming, each is demanding sacrifices from its people. This industrial race is producing a second economic revolution in Europe—as broad and momentous in its effects as the industrial revolution of a century and more ago. It is the biggest thing in the destinies of Europe and of the whole Western world.

Before Communism, Europe was an integrated economic unit. In effect, it divided labour. Eastern Europe shipped her food and raw materials to the West. Western Europe made finished goods and sold them back to the East.

But Lenin and his heirs built a new Great Wall that split this continent into two Europes. This wall has been pushed westward at every opportunity, and made more impregnable. Since 1935, it has reduced normal trade to almost nothing. It has stopped all form of normal contact, from tourism up and down. It has, finally, from the first moment, presupposed a state of hostility. As a result, Western Europe has to turn to other continents for its food, coal, bauxite and other essentials of a healthy economy. At the same time, the Red East—partly because it cannot get its machinery and manufactured goods in the East—is trying to industrialize itself.

Although East Europe still has a long way to go before it catches up with the industrial might of the West, last year its production rose by 22 per cent over 1949. Communist figures are often doctored to meet political needs. But U. N. economists estimate that the Red half of Germany has now caught up with its pre-war levels, that Czechoslovakia and Rumania produce half again as much as they did in 1938; that Hungary produces twice as much, and backward Bulgaria nearly three times as much. As for the Soviet Union itself, its output

last year rose by almost a quarter over 1949, and was three-fourths as high as, on the eve of Hitler's attack.

This progress, however, has carried a staggering price tag. Russia, for instance, last year produced 80 per cent more cement than before the war. But the output of shoes and cotton textiles has remained unchanged. To put it in plainer words, the Russian cement worker has laboured nearly twice as hard, but he has remained as ill-showed and as ragged as ever.

The picture has been even more dismal in the satellite states, whose consumer goods are now reserved for the kind Soviet friend. Before the war, the Czechs were major shoe exporters, and I have seen Bata shoes in small Chinese towns 600 miles from the coast. Today, Bata shoes are still exported to Russia. But on a recent visit to Czechoslovakia, I found an acute shortage of shoes. Scarcity is now a way of life in Red Europe.

Sights Raised And Lowered

The Korean war has only sharpened the division in Europe. Whatever trade there has been, today is done on the sly. The Ruhr industrialists keep selling steel and equipment needed to set up the new factories in the East—but all this trade goes through illicit channels. Britain, after holding on to the traditional pattern of selling her machinery for Russian grain and lumber, is now cutting this trade down sharply under U. S. pressure. On the other hand, Russia and the satellites now employ trade as a political weapon. Thus, Prague thinks nothing of halting the shipment of 100,000 tons of coal monthly to Bavaria at the height of a fuel crisis, in an effort to force Germany into concessions.

For the moment, the war boom is keeping Europe's industries busy. But the day must come when the steel mills must stop producing weapons, and must look for markets. This is when the loss of the East will produce an unprecedented crisis in the West. Austria, which has always lived on the

proceeds of trade with Balkans, is already rocking from the loss of this communized market. What is worse, Austrian officials told me, Austrian goods are now running into serious Hungarian and Czech competition in world markets.

There are other important by-products of the new economic revolution and the cold war. As they industrialize the East, the Communists are completely remaking its traditional economic patterns. Figuratively speaking, Lenin's East Europe was one vast grain field. What Lenin and his heirs set out to do was to transplant a powerful machine industry on this primitive foundation. They have done well. United Nations experts estimate, for instance, that Russia's engineering industry last year produced 130 per cent more than it did 10 years earlier. And Russia's steel mills last year turned out half again as much crude steel as they did before the war.

But Russia is no exception. Czechoslovakia's mechanical industry last year doubled its pre-war output, and in another year means to triple it. For the first time in their history, Poland is making tractors and Hungary trolley buses and automatic textiles machinery.

But this is not all. While the Communists have raised their industrial sights, they have also lowered the agricultural ones. Their Europe, they decided, no longer had to feed the other half of the continent. Thus the Russians, for instance, planned only a 20 per cent boost in their grain production between 1940 and 1950. In fact, the net grain was only 5,000,000 tons—barely enough to feed Russia's own growing population, take care of hungry satellites, build up war reserves, and sell some to say, India.

Under Moscow's stern eye, there has also been some drastic surgery done on the satellite countryside. The Czechs, for instance, are changing over to a dairy economy. Hungary, which once fed much of Central Europe, is now cutting down on her grain, in favour of such industrial plants as cotton and flax. This may well be one of the reasons for the hungers which periodically sweep the old granaries of Eastern Europe.

Economics Dovetailed

There have been other changes in

the old map for which the Communists can take credit. The cold war, for instance, has split Germany into two hostile segments. This has been an economic as well as a political calamity. Western Germany today has to shop abroad for the grain she once got from her own Prussia. She has also had to recreate in the West such key industries as electrical engineering and optical instruments which were centred on areas now under the Red flag. East Germany, on the other hand, has had to scrounge, improvise and suffer for lack of machinery for her new ambitious (and often economically wasteful) five-year plan.

But the process has created an important element in the new map of Europe. U. N. experts believe the rebuilt East German industry—under Moscow's master plan—is now replacing Russia as the chief provider of industrial equipment to the other satellites of Eastern Europe. Russia's burden has thus been shifted to other shoulders, and the political division of Germany is beginning to pay off.

Another by-product of the cold war has been the isolation of Yugoslavia. Tito's ambitious plan to industrialize his country was predicated on help from his Red allies. When he broke with them, this support was cut off, as if with a cleaver. Today, faced with a disaster whose extent is not grasped in the West, Tito has swung to Capitalist Europe. But on the map, his country must still be marked as primitive until and unless it gets about \$500,000,000 in Western industrial investment.

But probably the biggest by-product of Lenin's philosophy has been the emergence of Russia as the world's second greatest industrial power. In heavy industrial production, she is now second only to the U. S.—though far, far behind. Through political pressure and armed power, she has also become the economic heart of the whole of Red Europe. The satellite economies have been dovetailed into hers far more closely than anything ever achieved, or even attempted, in Western Europe. She supplies her satellites with machinery, some raw materials, and occasionally food. In return, she takes other machinery, ships, uranium and consumer goods—

from Czech goloshes to Hungarian salami.

Nor is this all. After studying closely what little data escapes from Moscow, U. N. economists in May came out with the startling conclusion that Russia's industrial gains in the last 15 years have been yielded largely by new building in Siberia. To give but one example, in coal, two-thirds of the increase is in the vast spaces beyond the Urals. Russia's industrial might, thus, is beginning to flow over the eastern edge of Europe into Asia.

The tragedy of divided Europe is not the industrial race itself. That, normally, could only benefit Europe.

But this particular race was conceived as part of the world clash between Communism and Capitalism, and it reeks of T. N. T. The blame, most observers feel, lies with the philosophy, the dynamism, and the intolerance of the Bolshevik state begotten by Lenin. For it was he who hacked the map of Europe in two, and he who set in motion forces which may well lead to yet another, the most destructive of all wars. And if good reason—and peace—prevail, Western Europe will still be faced with the harsh problem of creating new economic patterns on a continent divided beyond repair.—Copyright—N.N.F.

THE REVOLT IN THAILAND

By A Special Correspondent

ON the afternoon of Friday the 29th of June in Bangkok, as Prime Minister Marshal Phibun Songgram attended a ceremony marking the receipt by Siam of an ECA-financed American dredge "Manhattan," naval men with brandished weapons at gun-point forced the Premier to board a barge which disappeared up-stream with Siam's 'strong man.'

Thus was launched another in a series of *coup d'etat* which have made Siamese politics amongst the most complicated in this part of the world. Indeed, counting the latest and as yet not successful *coup d'etat*, Siam has had 20 changes of administration, 5 Constitutions, and 8 Premiers since that day in 1932 when Siam went from absolute to constitutional monarchy under King Prechadhipok.

Siamese politics during the past ten years has largely revolved about the personalities of Nai Pridi and Nai Phibun (i.e., Songgram). When the Pacific War broke, Nai Pridi was regent of Siam—a place where Songgram felt he would be politically impotent. Songgram, then Premier of Siam, was constrained to make a deal with the Japanese Army and ruled Siam until 1944. Under the eyes of the Japanese, however, Nai Pridi engineered a parliamentary coup

d'etat in 1944 and Songgram was forced to resign. Pridi who had been secretly working with the Free Thais and the Allies, thus emerged at the end of the war as the 'strong Man' of Siam. His competitor, Nai Phibun, was jailed for a while on charges of collaboration with the Japanese aggressors.

Nai Pridi was on top of the show in Siam for a few years but the corruption of the Government finally enraged so many people that the under-cover struggle of the Army versus the Navy to control the Government opened the path for an armed *coup d'etat*.

On the night of 6th November 1947, elements of the Siamese Army seized the key positions in Bangkok—without the shedding of a drop of blood—and under the leadership of strong man Luang Kach, an Army officer, a military government was installed. Although everyone knew that Luang Kach had put Phibun's Army clique in power, Phibun refused the Premiership and for the nonce Nai Khuang Aphaiwong became Premier. However, after the U. K., the U. S. A. and other countries had 'recognized' the new military government of Siam, some of Songgram's men visited the Premier, told him: "Khuang... You're all washed up through! You've fallen

down on the job. You're not what we wanted....". Luang was through and so in early 1948 Nai Phibun Songgram returned to complete political power as Premier of Siam, Field Marshal of the Army, and Patron of the Thai Labour Union. Meanwhile his rival Nai Pridi was eclipsed and fled the country—some say to Shanghai, some Reking, some Hongkong, some Singapore.

Meanwhile, leaders of the Siamese Navy met at the Royal Navy Council to discuss the Army *coup d'etat*, consulted with another ousted Premier, Nai Luang Thamrong. Nai Luang told the Navy to be quiet for a while and, reportedly, the Navy bided its time in its hope of overthrowing the Songgram Government.

During 1948-1951, Songgram was careful to build up the Army and the police force while neglecting to build up a Navy which he knew hated him. The Navy, on its part, is reportedly receiving the support of wealthy Chinese in Thailand who detest Songgram. Songgram is openly anti-Chinese. As 25% of the people of Siam are Chinese, 80% of the Bangkokians Chinese, one can sense the political repercussions of Songgram's anti-Chinese politics.

On the 26th of February 1949 Bangkok witnessed a series of disturbances involving the Army and the Navy, which in actuality represented the fight between Nai Pridi and the Navy versus Phibun and the Army. The abortive *coup d'etat* ended on the 4th of March, but subsequently several of the opposition leaders involved were either shot in the head or otherwise disposed of. Songgram henceforth ruled without much real opposition, but meanwhile his sponsor, Luang Kach, became angry and was allegedly plotting with the Chinese for the overthrow of Songgram.

On 27th January 1950, Luang Kach, the man who made it possible for Songgram to become Premier, was visited by police who told him that he would find the climate "very healthy" in Hongkong. Luang Kach took the hint and with four CID

agents flew off for Hongkong. On the 29th of April 1951, Lt. General Luang Kach Songgram returned from Hongkong on the steamer *Szechuan* and at 2 a.m. on the 30th reached Bangkok under police arrest. He was kept in solitary confinement as the police pondered what charges should be preferred. Friends clamoured for his release, and some of Songgram's associates felt very embarrassed by the whole affair. On the afternoon of the 15th May, Luang Kach was released under bail of Rupees 1,50,000.

Luang Kach told the public that he was "sick and nervous" and went into retirement. But six weeks later, Luang Kach soared back into the limelight in the present Navy-Chinese-backed attempt to oust the Songgram military government of Siam. Should Luang Kach and his group succeed, the Generals of Siam will all lose their government jobs and everything including the University will come under the control of Admirals. As for the political problem, that mainly involves the anti-Communist crusade of Songgram which was, in part, really anti-Chinese. Luang Kach may be expected to be more friendly to the Chinese minority in Siam and, in turn, to reach a 'better understanding' with the Communist regime of Mao Tse-tung.

For the nonce, the Navy-backed revolt in Siam has been crushed. One can expect that the Songgram regime will, as in the past, mount a new campaign of liquidations to "eliminate the oppositionists." The Navy of Siam will probably be reduced to a few rowboats as the Songgram-controlled police take over maritime operations!

But Siam is too valuable a prize for the Chinese Reds who are already infiltrating into Burma as they talk of "peace" in Korea. Thailand has lakhs of tons of rice, rubber and tin. Thailand is the gateway to Malaya. And if China controls Thailand, the food-deficit areas of Malaya, Japan, Brunei, Sarawak, and North Borneo will have to tighten their belts.—Copyright—N.P.S.

THIS IS GIBRALTAR

By E. F. RYAN

THE fortress-colony of Gibraltar, by reason of its geographical position, has always been the home of paradoxes and the unusual in its administration, in its trade, and in its economics. It probably always will be.

It is a paradox that 246 years of British rule should have gone by before its people were given any say in the administration of their own affairs.

But it is also a paradox that civilians should be given a vote in the affairs of a barren piece of rock whose *raison d'être* is a naval dockyard, air base and military fortress—in that order of importance—and whose major industry is defence.

Gibraltar stoutly maintained the paradox theory throughout the last war. An isolated foothold of the Allies on the continent of Europe from the time of Dunkirk until the landings in Sicily, the fortress escaped almost untouched by enemy action, while the bulk of the civilian population—the only British people to have so suffered—was forcibly evacuated in anticipation of a repetition of the horrors of the Great Siege of 1779-82.

Like many other colonial administrations, that of Gibraltar is in process of evolution, and a new Legislative Council has just been set up. As with many other colonial peoples there is a surge of what may be called 'quasi-nationalism', but Gibraltarians have always to remember that their bread and butter depends entirely on Gibraltar remaining an Imperial base.

Franco's Statement

If Gibraltar were to lose this role, its merchants would lose their trade and the workers their livelihood. Geographically, Gibraltar is part of Spain, but as part of Spain it would lose its military importance and its commerce. General Franco recently referred to 'The Rock' as a "ripe fruit ready to fall into his hands, but not worth a war."

There is truth in that statement, up to a point. Possession of Gibraltar would not give Spain much greater control of the Straits than she already has. Its possession by Britain does

not give us the control popularly imagined.

Britain's use of Gibraltar as an Imperial base does, however, depend upon Spain being impotent or un-hostile, as its installations could be completely dominated by artillery from a semi-circle of hills round the bay and by aircraft from a number of airfields within a few miles' range—and were so in the last war.

General Franco's 'ripe fruit' is, in fact, a sour grape. If Gibraltar went back to Spain it would no doubt revert to a religious monument or shrine, which was, more or less, its role when captured by Admiral Rooke in 1704.

In British hands, Gibraltar is a busy bunkering station for oil and coal fuel. 'Shell' stores 70,000 tons of oil and services 12 ships at a time without a yard of quay space by means of floating hulks, and bunkers 70 ships a month.

Gibraltar, as a British fortress and naval base, employs a labour force of some 20,000, of whom 14,000 come in and out of Spain every day, thus bringing an unexpected prosperity to that part of Andalusia within a few miles of the Rock. Lastly, Gibraltar is a shop window for British goods eagerly bought by Spanish workers and other visitors who come to buy.

Gibraltar's Prosperity

The requirements of defence and commercial enterprise in a tiny community of less than two square miles, two-thirds of which is precipitous scrub-covered rock, with 28,000 inhabitants, including 3,000 servicemen do not, naturally, follow parallel-lines.

Much of Gibraltar's prosperity still depends on the volume of trade the town does with sailors from the Fleet and other servicemen passing through.

The local people still talk sadly of the days when the Fleet was so large that ships had to anchor in the wide bay outside the harbour. Today, seldom more than thirty ships are in at a time, yet still enough to be a major topic in the Main Street shops days before they arrive. When are they

coming? How many? And, will the Americans be in, too?

On the eve of the Fleet's arrival a sharp-eyed stroller might detect an undercurrent of activity in the town. New items are added to the already-crowded shop windows; old price tickets are changed, and nylons—that rare currency—go up another shilling. The bars are swept out, and fresh sawdust put down.

The great day comes: 'Vanguard' lies majestically beside the Mole, with two aircraft-carriers secured astern. The destroyers crowd into their pens, while in the centre of the harbour a pair of cruisers ride gently at their buoys. In the town there is a quiet air of expectancy—until tea-time, when the placid harbour water is cut by a profusion of launches and pin-naces bringing the liberty-men ashore.

By late evening the town is packed. White-capped sailors mix with the drifting crowd that surges up and down the narrow street. Spanish workmen thrust their way along, carrying bundles of bread and tobacco to their homes at La Linea—the Spanish frontier town. A variety of cars add to the confusion: there are nearly 8,000 on the Rock. As they try to weave through the crowds, irate drivers slap their doors as a warning signal—horns being forbidden within the town limits.

Along the street a monotonous chant is repeated from the Indian shops: "Hey, Jack! You want nylons?"—"Hey, Jack! Come inside. I show you something special," call the dusky merchants.

The Rock's well-stocked shops are the major attraction, even to the Malta-based sailors for, unlike the G. C. Island, Gibraltar is free from import duty. Practically anything can be bought at prices varying from a half to one-third of those in England. Clothes, shoes, china, watches, cameras—all tantalisingly displayed to tempt Jack's pocket. They move from shop to shop, gradually accumulating a pile of parcels. Old hands at the game head for a known store where, acquaintance re-established, a glass of brandy is taken before getting down to the business of purchases.

And so, for a fortnight or three weeks, the tempo of life in Gibraltar speeds up until, the visit over, the last grey ship slips quietly from its

berth and steams slowly out into the Straits. Then the Rock resumes its placid existence. And since a Legislative Council started functioning in Gibraltar, that existence is not without its political interludes. For every Gibraltarian is sharply conscious of what is happening around him.

Many Committees

The civil government machine comprises the Governor and his Executive Council; the Legislative Council; some fifty senior Government officials in a dozen different departments, with 19 committees and boards, such as the anti-rat co-ordinating committee, and midwives board; and a City Council of 13 members, of whom seven are elected.

The sense of being over-governed, with consequent co-ordinating committees, is accentuated because the three Armed Services, Navy, Army and Air Force, administer themselves in water-tight compartments. There is multiplication of administration and services such as water and light.

The new Legislative Council was opened with great ceremony last November by H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and the people went to the polls for the first time, voting by proportional representation.

The Council comprises H. E. the Governor as President, with three official members (Colonial Secretary, Financial Secretary and Attorney-General); five elected members, one official and one unofficial.

The Governor has a casting vote, but not an original vote, so the proportion of elected to non-elected members is equal. As, however, the nominated members are both Gibraltarians, there is a local majority of seven to three.

The Governor's Power

Wide powers are, however, reserved to the Governor. He may refuse assent to Bills passed by the Council, and has powers of reservation on Bills concerned with external relations, religious discrimination and the discipline of the Armed Forces.

His recommendation is necessary before the introduction of a money Bill.

The relief of overcrowding, the finding of sites and provision of money for building are Gibraltar's most acute problems. A major Government building scheme, which produced 472 flats.

at a cost of £2-1¼ million, has been completed and several smaller ones giving 105 flats, at a cost of £270,000, are nearing completion.

The Government's scheme was severely criticised as being unduly expensive and beyond the colony's resources. There is no evidence that the latter is true, although the fortress-colony, with no means of production and no manufactures, has now to meet interest, sinking fund and loan repayments estimated at £92,000 in 1951.

State Lottery

Its geographic position, half a mile from the Spanish frontier, meant that in the past every man and woman was accustomed to spend money at will in the Spanish State Lottery. A local argument that it was sound economics to divert this money into its own pocket was found unanswerable in Whitehall, even though the Mother of Parliaments at Westminster regards state lotteries as unmoral.

So every sunny Saturday morning a few hundred citizens, from the Governor's lady to working-class school-boys, assemble in one of the city's two open squares, to watch little coloured balls trickle out of an electrically-rotated drum—the colour of the balls indicating the numbers which will bring someone a handsome prize.

The economics of Gibraltar's lottery are amazing. Some other colonies with a measure of self-government, like Malta or Mauritius, also run their own lotteries, but only two or three times a year.

Gibraltar holds one once a week, and a tiny community of 28,000 takes up 13,000 ten shilling tickets—that is about 5s. per head of the population, including every man, woman and child, per week. The first prize on a 13,000-ticket lottery—occasionally it is bigger—is £1,800. Each ticket is divided into equal shares of 1s., and one number in every ten gets its money back—to be invested, of course, in the next week's lottery.

No Tax Worries

So Gibraltar enters the second half of the twentieth century free of direct taxation, except for a tax on trading profits introduced in face of strong opposition last year.

The tax itself, with a maximum of

£400 a year must be regarded as innocuous enough in English ideas, and possibly most of the outcry it aroused would have been avoided had there not been an inordinate delay in introducing the new constitution, preventing the pros and cons being thrashed out in legislative debate.

But if Gibraltar turns the century delightfully free from the taxation load borne by the mother country, it is also completely devoid of any of the advantages of social security enjoyed by fellow-workers at home.

Its geographic position, too, makes the application of ordinary trade union principles and collective bargaining difficult—once again we come to the unusual.

Most of the labour is employed by official departments, Admiralty, War Office, Air Ministry, Colonial Government and City Council. The proportion of Spanish labour to Gibraltarian is about four to one. Hence the difficulties.

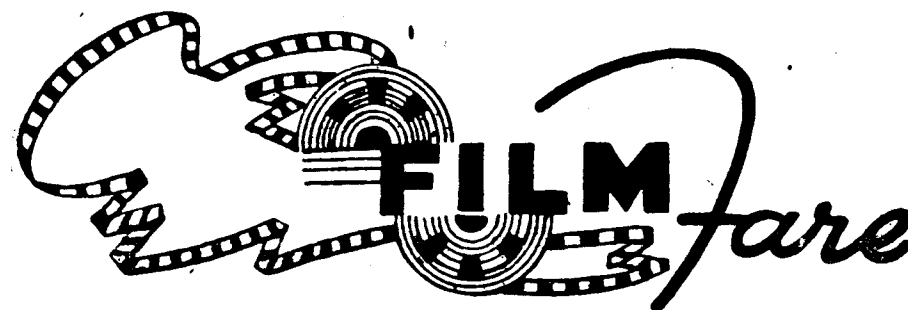
Must Face Problems

Local unions demand the employment of a larger percentage of Gibraltarian labour; they insist that if a strike is ordered the Spanish casual labour should follow the directive and come out, too. But Spanish workers—subjected to Franco's propaganda at home—are not anxious to get involved in local labour troubles. So the position remains fluid.

Social legislation has been promised for this year, but so far no programme has been put forward. The need for sickness benefits, old age pensions and accident insurance is very real and urgent, but as the laying-off of any labour now at its peak figure owing to the building schemes, would first affect the Spanish aliens, the need for unemployment insurance is not so acute.

It is reasonable to expect that a social insurance scheme on a contributory basis without having to resort to direct taxation can be worked out. But a crisis may arise through the difficulty the workers will have in paying their contribution in face of the continual rise in the cost-of-living index.

Gibraltar is now having to face up to problems it should have tackled a quarter of a century ago.—Copyright N. P. S.



By V. P. SATHE

THE Bengal film industry is faced with a grave crisis today. The crisis is attributed to many causes. To begin with, the market for Bengal films is limited only to West Bengal, and even in West Bengal, the Bengalee pictures can hardly compete with Hindi pictures. In a Calcutta paper it is observed that Hindi pictures are yielding excellent revenue and in fact the distribution price for Bengal for Hindi pictures is steadily mounting up. Indeed the greatest paradox is that while the distributors from Bengal are running, after pictures from Bombay paying a price ranging from one lakh to two lakhs for 'A' class pictures, there are no buyers for Bengalee films in Bengal.

This indicates that the Bengalee pictures today do not meet the demand of the public as do the Hindi pictures. In the matter of technique, glamour and showmanship, there is no doubt that the Bengalee pictures which are produced at a meagre cost are far behind the Hindi pictures which are produced at a cost more than seven times that of Bengalee pictures. The same could be said of the entertaining quality of the Bengalee pictures. While, on the one hand it appears that with their limited resources the Bengalee pictures cannot withstand the competition of Hindi pictures, the loss of the big potential market of East Pakistan has crippled the industry.

No wonder, then, the Bengalee film industry is dying. The fate of other provincial films, except of course Tamil and Telugu, is no better. After the initial success, the Gujrati and Punjabi films have lost their market, and even the Marathi pictures are unable to compete with Hindustani

pictures. But it has to be admitted that the pictures in Provincial languages are more realistic and sincere in their approach to art and hence more representative of Indian life and art than the non-Indian Hindi pictures. But as long as they cannot improve their technical standard and provide the star attractions of Hindi films, they have no chance of commercially succeeding.

The Bengal film industry which gave a lead to the entire film industry in pre-war days can survive not by expecting any help from the Government but by making a bold bid to capture the All-India market. Indeed, a few pictures, like *Chandidas Devdas* and *President* can save the Bengal film industry more than any aid from the Provincial or Central Government. Unless the producers of Bengal pull their resources and make a determined effort to capture the Hindi market as well, the Bengal film industry will never rise to its former glory. At the most, it will continue to exist in haphazard manner even after all the reforms suggested by Mr. Chatterji are carried out.

Picture Of The Week

Rather, it can as well be called the picture of the year; it is Kardar Productions' "Naujawan", written by Indar Raj Anand and directed by Mahesh Kaul.

The first thing that strikes one, after seeing this picture is that we have not altogether lost the art of wit, irony and satire. Of late the films have become so morbid and melodramatic that for a change it is a pleasure to behold a sparkling witty intelligent comedy like "Naujawan".

the like of which we had not seen since Bombay Talkies' "Naya Sansar."

It is the story of a motor mechanic who runs a small garage and a millionaire's only daughter who confronted with a proposition to be betrothed to a fool, pretends to have a lover in Burma. When the father orders her to produce the lover within a fortnight, she is put in a tight corner and begins the search for a young man who would pretend to be her lover for a price. The search is the beginning of various adventures in which she is robbed, mistaken for a thief and in which she ultimately encounters the mechanic who mistaking her for a thief follows her to the house and finds her real identity. Later he pretends to be her lover (which in fact he is) but exposes himself at the crucial moment before her father and admonishes him.

Later it is the clash between the aristocrat father and the upright youth that provides the dramatic conflict highlighted by terse dialogue and hard witty knocks. The father tries three different ways to dissuade the youth—threat, bribe and ultimately playing up of his sentiments. In the third way he succeeds only to make the father realise his folly and give his consent to the marriage. The picture ends with the millionaire's daughter moving into slums for good.

The story is simple, but its treatment is so scintillating, its dialogue so pungent and its pace so brisk that it engrosses you all the way. Entertaining as it is, it is also a good satire on the rich class and it is noteworthy for extolling the upright spirit of the working class.

To Director Mahesh Kaul goes the credit for its smart direction. He has been able to invest even an insignificant detail with a refreshing punch, and in direct contrast to *Gopinath* he displays a very healthy, materialistic and sturdy attitude towards life in *Naujawan* which no lover of good pictures should miss.

Man Of The Week

Mahesh Kaul to whom according to Producer, A. R. Kardar goes the credit for "Naujawan" is obviously the man of the week. Grey-haired, pan-chewing, handsome Mahesh Kaul has been associated with films for over a decade. Born in Rajasthan, brought up at Khandwa and Nagpur, Mahesh

got interested in films since he was seven. During his school days, Ashok Kumar was his class mate; during his college days he met Kishore Sahu who was his junior.

After trying his hand at odd professions, like bank clerk, insurance agent and school teacher, he came to Bombay in 1940 with Sahu who was then producing *Bahurani*. Unfortunately for Kaul, with the completion of this picture the company closed down and he had to hunt for jobs. He made his debut first as an artiste in "Naya Sansar" in which he played the role of Thekedar. Later he joined Circo as an assistant director to Altekhar who was then making "Mahatma Vidur" and acted in Debaki Bose's "Apna Ghar." In the same studio, he got his first chance to direct a picture entitled "Angoori."

It was during the production of "Angoori" that Sahu first met Mahesh. When he related to me the story of "Angoori" Sahu was much impressed; for it was a story of street urchins. But unfortunately the picture turned out to be a "horror" (to quote Kaul's own words). Then he made "Paristan" for Acharya Art Productions. Frankly it was a rather mediocre comedy.

After again knocking about for some time he started the production of "Gopinath" with a very meagre financial backing. The production was suspended on a number of occasions, but thanks to perseverance of Mahesh Kaul, it was at last completed and previewed. No preview had created a greater sensation than that of "Gopinath" which became the talk of the industry and Mahesh Kaul was hailed as a genius.

And yet when the picture was released Mahesh found himself on the streets! For "Gopinath" flopped and the two pictures he had started meanwhile, viz. "Narsingar" and "Lajwanti" were suspended. After many days Mahesh got his chance. Kardar summoned him and signed him for six pictures to be made in three years. Mahesh had no alternative but to accept this offer, though he knew he would not be able to make six pictures in three years. Kardar also realized it soon and amended the contract accordingly.

In making "Naujawan" Kaul had all the facilities he could ask for and

he had not to bother about any financial matters. The result is that he made a picture in 17 months with over 150 shooting days at a considerable cost. But the picture he made justified all this. After all, Kardar has avowed that he could not himself have made a better picture than Mahesh Kaul.

If "Naujawan" succeeds and there is no reason why it should not, it will make the beginning of a new career for Mahesh Kaul, acknowledged today as one of the ace film directors.

News Of The Week

Agha Jan, Mohan and David have been signed by S. S. Vasan for Gemini's next Hindi picture.

The Muhurat of Nav Ketan's "Aan-

DR. LEOPOLD FIGL, CHANCELLOR OF AUSTRIA

By JOSEPH WARREN

SHORTLY after the war, Marshal Konev, then the Russian military commander in Austria, had a violent argument with Austria's Chancellor Leopold Figl. Konev started to shout and threatened to send Figl to a concentration camp.

"That's all right," Figl said calmly. "I've been six years in German concentration camps. I guess I'll get used to the climate of Siberia."

Marshal Konev argued no longer.

Ever since, Figl has told the Russians in Austria that they will not do certain things. This "over-my-dead-body" attitude has paid off handsomely, for Austria and for Figl. Unlike Germany, Austria has not been split. The Soviets have put the squeeze on, but they have not broken the independence of the little country. Konev's successors have often become angry at "little Figl," but they have acquired respect for his courage and listened to his word.

Chancellor Figl, the man-who-says-no-to-the-Russians, hasn't the physical build of a hero. He is a thin, little man with a moustache, who looks as if he wouldn't survive a head cold. He is always dwarfed by his friends, many of whom are robust farmers.

But Figl has never aspired to be built up as a giant. He is the most

modest of Europe's major statesman. His protocol aides are continuously shocked by his simple ways. Last year, when he went on a state visit to Switzerland with his wife, they were received at Berne's railroad station by Switzerland's highest dignitaries and members of the diplomatic corps. There were the national anthems, speeches, bows. In the midst of it all Figl pointed at a poster showing a little girl and said to his wife: "Doesn't she look like our, Hilda?"

His official residence is the Balhaus palace where power politics have been made for hundreds of years, but Figl is not at all impressed by the pomp and tradition. At state dinners there are no longer chamber orchestras playing Haydn and Mozart.

Figl is always worried that his friends might consider him "snooty". He has turned down suggestions that he live in a big house. He has a comfortable, but inconspicuous apartment in a house in Vienna's Peter Jordan Strasse. His favourite room is the "Bauernstube" (peasants room) where he relaxes with his friends and talks of fishing and hunting. He is a passionate hunter.

There are people who say Figl is just a shrewd politician who knows that in Austria, a country of little

men, only a little man could be popular. But those who know him will disagree. Figl is shrewd and a top politician—but he is sincere. He likes to go to his farm house in Lower Austria, in the Soviet zone, to inspect his fields and stables, which are run by a brother.

He was born on the family farm, in Rust, near Tulln, on Oct. 2, 1902. His family has lived on the farm without interruption since 1573. Figl studied at the Gymnasium in nearby St. Poelten and at the Agriculture College in Vienna and became an agricultural engineer. (He later received an honorary degree from the Technical College in Vienna and is now called, officially, "Dr. Ing. Leopold Figl.") He entered politics early when he became the protegee of the powerful Austrian farm bloc leader, Josef Reither. Within a few years, Figl became assistant director and then director of the Austrian Bauernbund, a sort of agrarian trade union. In Austrian politics, the peasants have always been the most important component in the ruling Catholic party, and Figl became a key figure in his country's internal affairs.

In fact, he was so important that he, and a few other top leaders, were singled out a few days after the Anschluss and sent to a Nazi concentration camp. He spent the next six years in various concentration camps.

"I owe it only to my friends in the camps that I'm still alive," he says now. His friends—not all of them party friends—don't quite agree. "Figl survived because he had the will power to survive," one of his fellow inmates says. "Many strong men died in those years and Figl came pretty close to dying but he always pulled out of it. He knew he had a mission. He was a fanatic Austrian."

On May 10, 1943, Figl was released from Dachau and took a badly paid job with a building contractor in Lower Austria, to make enough money so that his wife and two children could eat. He also started to work with an underground group of Austrian peasants. His health was bad but his spirit was unbroken. After the unsuccessful plot against Hitler's life in July 1944, Figl and his fellow workers were arrested again by the Gestapo

and thrown into the notorious Mauthausen concentration camp.

In April, 1945, the Nazis were getting ready to try Figl on a charge of "high treason." Three days before the trial was slated to begin, Figl was liberated by the Red army. Six days later he was called to reorganize the Austrian Bauernbund.

"There was practically nothing left," one of his friends recalls. "But within a few weeks Figl had reorganized the peasants and made them the strongest political group. He must have worked 18 hours a day."

Figl became one of the three state secretaries in the provisional Austrian Government under Dr. Karl Renner. After the first democratic post-war elections which ended with a victory for his party and a defeat for the Communists, Figl became Austria's Federal Chancellor. He has held the job since November 1945, and is still working 18 hours a day. He belongs to those people who can get away with a few hours' sleep.

"The longer he stays awake at night, the earlier he shows up at his office," an official says. "It's pretty exasperating for us."

Figl's political credo is straight and simple. He is Austrian and works for Austria's undivided independence. He has so far suppressed all efforts of the Soviets to divide Austria and make a second Germany of his country. "You've got to be an optimist," he says. "And you must never relax."

Figl is popular in Austria. Every year, at the anniversary of their being hauled off to the concentration camp, Figl and his friends go to a memorial service for those who didn't come back. Figl's 80-year-old mother still tells her son "what he should do." These things help account for the popularity of the little Chancellor who likes to laugh at the stories forever being told about him in Vienna. Sample: After a big international meeting the doorman calls out: "Mr. Truman's Cadillac!" "Mr. Attlee's Rolls Royce!" "Mr. Queuille's Citroen!" And last, "Mr. Figl's over-shoes!" Figl's favourite story is the one about the teacher who asks his pupils in school: "Who are Truman, Stalin and Churchill?" A boy lifts his hand. "They are contemporaries of Chancellor Leopold Figl."

LONDON LETTER: By HARRY HEAP

ALL THIS, AND SPORTS TOO!

IN these summer months, we in Britain seem to be able to push the worries of the world on one side. Those who read the political weeklies, or who worry over the prospects of war in this, that or the other part of the world, are in a minority. Most of us are concerned with the affairs of summer; and crises, whether political or international, are not amongst those affairs. So we pretend, anyway, though in fact most of our crises have occurred in summer. I recall the summer of 1939. I was on holiday with my wife in Wales, with a group of friends, when news came through of the German-Russian agreement, a triumph for Ribbentrop. It seemed. Those who had cars quickly filled their tanks with petrol and most of us returned home from our holidays wondering what was going to happen next. Well, there was the declaration on September 3rd. And we all expected bombing to start. My wife and I were involved in the evacuation scheme for children from the cities that might be vulnerable to air-raids. We had to go from door to door, asking people if they would take three, four or more unknown children, and had powers to place these children in the homes if we wanted. We finished late in the long summer evenings and tried to patch up some kind of blackout for our windows. The summer seemed to pass with the declaration of war and, although the weather was exceptionally fine, few of us noticed it in the way we should have if it had been a time of peace.

Today, there is little real feeling of anxiety in Britain. People are taking their holidays, many of them travelling to countries in Europe by air, coach and sea. Yes, it is possible to travel by coach to the port, take a boat and meet the same coach on the other side of the Channel and so continue on one's holiday tour. Others are following the more usual practice of a holiday at the seaside or in the country, though many people are very much concerned over the high prices which make a holiday an expensive business. Before the war,

one used to be able to go to a seaside resort and have accommodation for as little as three rupees a night, bed and breakfast, and one provided the food for one's own meals for the rest of the day. Now, one must expect to have full board and pay anything from about eight rupees a day.

The big sporting events of summer have much more variety than the similar events of winter. In winter, there are only the different types of football match. In summer we have cricket, golf and tennis. In cricket we are this year having a visit from the South Africans. It was hoped that their cricket would be in the same category as that of last year's visitors, the West Indies. Alas, this has not been the case. The South African team has had more than its share of barracking for the dullness of their play, for their lack of imagination, and there is some feeling of disappointment over this. As I write, the disappointment is not so much over the South Africans as over Old Trafford. I have rushed home to my meals, hoping to catch a few overs of commentary from the ground, but today it has been raining in Manchester and we have had to listen to gramophone records, and hope instead. We of Lancashire are delighted, of course, to hear that Howard, Lancashire's captain, is to captain the M. C. C. team that is to tour India this coming winter. He has come on tremendously these last two years and he has been the inspiration of Lancashire, who now have as good a team as any in the country, and who are well-known for the keen spirit in which they take the field. I expect he will have Tattersall and Tatham at least to add Lancashire accents to his team, and I should not be surprised to see either Hilton or Berry as well. Probably Ikin will want a rest after his last year's visit to India.

In golf, we have just had the results of the Open Golf Championship. This

is the championship which is fought out by both amateurs and professionals, so it is in fact "open." Max Faulkner has won over a course, Portrush, in Ireland, which has never been used for such a championship before. Many were hoping that the South African, Bobby Locke, would win it for the third time, but it was not to be. In tennis, the third great summer game, though many in Britain would place it first, the Wimbledon Championships are closing, with Americans once again winners amongst the men's and women's singles, but with changes in the doubles.

It is in these sporting events that we have been mainly interested this week. On the side, we have been amused at further exchanges between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee in the House, over what were alleged to be Mr. Shinwell's indiscretions. Mr. Attlee seems to have come out best in these exchanges. Mr. Churchill is often an asset to the Government. Mr. Shinwell continues to be like a red rag to a bull in his effect on the Opposition. One political writer this weekend, Diogenes in *TIME AND TIDE*, devotes his column to the Minister for Defence, and in the course of his writing refers to Mr. Shinwell as a man who has never said a good word about any other politician. Diogenes says that Mr. Shinwell has different loyalties from other men, that he is a dangerous man to be in the position which he now holds, and "Nothing but the removal of Mr. Shinwell from responsible office, and of other Ministers like him (though from the article, he would appear to be unique!), could remove the conviction, so quickly growing in Britain, that our affairs are in the hands of volatile, talkative, and irresponsible nitwits." Take out the "nitwits" and one could hardly think of a better description of Mr. Churchill in his old age. Possibly Diogenes is worried about the increasing popularity of the Government as revealed in recent public-opinion polls. One cannot and should not take too much notice of these polls, but readers of some newspapers have indicated that they are less antagonistic to the Government than they were some months ago. Amongst these papers are the *Sunday DAILY EXPRESS* of Lord Beaver-

brook. There are some who think that Lord Beaverbrook, fearing that he will not see the Labour Party out at the next election, is working for a coalition of the left-wing Conservatives and the rightwing Socialists, with the Bevanites and the Churchillians on the outer edges on both sides. This does not suit the die-hard Tories at all. They want Labour out, never to return. Maybe they will get what they want, but I do not think it likely. Still, much can happen between now and October 18th, if that is to be the date of the election.

But, as I have suggested, politics are not our main concern these days. We want our cricket, tennis, golf, our long walks in the country, and donkey-rides on the sands the tiring days at the agricultural shows, looking at prize pigs and bulls, watching horses jumping fences, demonstrations of the latest in tractors, and wondering how anyone can afford luxury caravans at over 10,000 rupees each. We are all said to be poor in Britain these days, but someone has money to spend, for there are plenty of such caravans about, and motor cars to match them.

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KASHMIR: POSSIBLE PEACEFUL SOLUTIONS

By P. KODANDA RAO

IT is now fairly clear that the conditions for a plebiscite in Kashmir on the issue of accession to India or Pakistan are not likely to be agreed upon and that the plan to settle the accession issue by means of a plebiscite will have to be given up for good. Even if the U. N. conditions were attainable, it would be most unwise to adopt that method. For, as far as the great majority of the voters is concerned, the issue would be presented as "Koran Vs. Kafir," and not on its political, economic and cultural implications. It is doubtful if even the top Pakistani leaders will not concentrate on the religious issue. Indeed, the chief argument of Pakistan is that Kashmir is a predominantly Muslim country and should, therefore, accede to it. To ask the Muslim majority in Kashmir to choose on such a presentation, would inevitably lead to disastrous consequences, like genocide and refugees. Plebiscite in Kashmir on the issue of accession to India or Pakistan would be an unforgivable crime against innocent humanity.

If a plebiscite be held, and Kashmir joins India or Pakistan, the defeated party is very unlikely to accept the verdict with philosophical resignation, and live in peace with its neighbour. It will be a perpetual festering sore. Accession to India or Pakistan is no peaceful solution. A peaceful solution should be by agreement between the two Governments, and should not involve victory or defeat to either, but be a compromise, which does not unduly strain the pride and prestige of either.

One peaceful solution is for Kashmir to remain an *Independent State* like Afghanistan or Switzerland, and for its independence to be respected and guaranteed not only by India and Pakistan, but also by the United Nations. This solution should not hurt the pride and prestige of India or Pakistan too much. This is perhaps the best peaceful solution.

Another honourable and peaceful solution would be for Kashmir to go to Pakistan and for East Pakistan to be re-united to West Bengal. It will be an exchange honourable to both and no humiliating surrender for either. As it is, Pakistan is itself partitioned, as it were, into West and East Pakistans, separated by over a thousand miles of India. East Pakistan, is a kind of *enclave* in India, being surrounded by India on three sides. It is not administratively convenient. Further, the economy of East Bengal is much more linked with that of West Bengal than with that of West Pakistan. The sentimental and cultural ties between the two vivisected Bengals are much greater and stronger, than between East Bengal and West Punjab. Even the Muslim majority in East Bengal is more drawn to the Hindu majority in West Bengal as Bengalees than to the Muslim majority in West Pakistan as Muslims. Lord Curzon's partition of Bengal had to be annulled because the peoples of the two Bengals were more united as Bengalees than divided as Hindus and Muslims. This sentiment, which still survives, may render the re-union of the two Bengals a peaceful and practical proposition. In exchange, India may well agree to part with Kashmir in favour of Pakistan. India and Pakistan will then be compact units, easy of administration and economically more self-sufficient, and with fewer points of possible friction. If, by this exchange, good and amicable relations are established between India and Pakistan, it would not matter much whether Kashmir be technically part of Pakistan, and East Bengal part of India.

If, as it would seem, no solution is possible without some sacrifice, it is better to make it in reaching a peaceful agreement than in waging a bloody plebiscite. Peace is worth sacrifices more than war or plebiscite.

NEW DELHI DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD

G. A. JOHNSON, Acting Editor of *The Statesman*, has written a magnificent letter to Deshbandhu Gupta, President of the All-India Misnomer Editors' Conference. Johnson questions the wisdom of suspending publication of newspapers on July 12. He doubts the sense of printing the mock-heroic nonsense about the freedom of expression being the birth-right of Indian newspapers and their unwillingness to rest until it is fully guaranteed by the Constitution. It was these vendors of freedom like Deshbandhu Gupta and Ramnath Goenka that did not dare to vote against the amendment to the Constitution which restricted the fundamental right of freedom of expression. Johnson rightly pointed out the possible effect on public opinion abroad if "even *The Statesman*" joined the token strike. Johnson, however, assured Press Baron Gupta that *The Statesman* would not take advantage of the fact that other papers were not coming out on that day: that is, *The Statesman* would not print more than its usual number of copies. Johnson's letter is an admirable piece of literature; but its beauty is no doubt lost on Deshbandhu Gupta, whose knowledge of English is not his strong point. There is an English proverb which says something about throwing pearls. There is an equivalent Telugu proverb which asks: "What does the bullock know about the delicate taste of fried rice?"

But after all this bravado, Deshbandhu became funky. He dare not incur the wrath of the Prime Minister. He has therefore urged his fellow-proprietors to postpone the date of suspension of the newspapers. The mentality of a strike itself shows that newspaper proprietors regard themselves as the employees and agents of the Government—whose crumbs and favours they value so

highly! Where is the question of freedom between master and slave? These same people, Gupta and Goenka, are getting rid of Acharya Kripalani as Chairman of the Board of Editors of the *Indian News Chronicle* because Pandit Nehru has made his eyes red with anger at the new arrangement. That is their idea of freedom of expression. Out goes Kripalani! The paper has no future. It must collapse.

Jawaharlal Nehru, who told us that he could not trust people with responsible positions like Ministerships unless they were over seventy, has suddenly begun to see the wisdom of younger men and the strength of younger shoulders! It was nice of him to express his readiness and willingness to retire. The truth is that Jawaharlal wants the votes of the youth of this country. With all this, Jawaharlal is a loveable character. He has pleaded for co-operation with the Praja Party and the Socialist Party. If he is a courageous man, he should form a triumvirate along with Acharya Kripalani and Jaya Prakash Narayan. These three should ask a Committee of ten, presided over by a Krishnan or a Bhatnagar, to choose the three thousand candidates for the three thousand constituencies in India. They will be elected almost without a contest. Otherwise, nincompoops with money-bags behind them will be elected to the legislature. Nehru should swallow his pride for once, and cut across the one-Party nonsense. If he does not, the Congress Party will be returned to power at Delhi. Even if the new administration is one-hundredth as bad as the four-year tyranny that we have just endured, the time will be ripe for a social and economic revolution on the pattern of China. And, if Jaya Prakash Narayan is to be

believed—I don't see any reason why he shouldn't be—the next five years of Congress rule will be exactly like the previous five years. We are in for bloody revolution then.

The Socialist Party's election manifesto is in refreshing contrast to the airy nothingness of the Prime Minister's poetry. Kutty has the most eloquent cartoon to describe the P. M.'s twelve thousand words. Jawahar is represented as a schoolboy bringing home his "Progress Report" at the end of the term. He is proudly showing the Report to the bewildered Common Man, who exclaims: "What! You wrote it yourself?" The booklet is entitled, "Progress Report of the Nehru Government" and is signed: Jawaharlal Nehru.

The Socialist Party have studied the Land Reforms of the Chinese Government, and are going to fully benefit from the Chinese example. Abolition of Zamindari without compensation is the only sensible thing to do; and the Socialists are going to do it. Distribution of land to the poor peasant and the landless labourer is an attractive item of their programme. Nationalization of banking and insurance; social ownership of key-industries; taking over of the textile, sugar, cement industries on the ground that they have failed the consumer so utterly—they are all measures which prove their boldness and imagination.

It is the Socialist Party's programme which Nehru has to accept if he is really serious about avoiding violence and conflict. Communism's appeal, says he, has been made on promise to satisfy certain essential human needs and to provide security. "But we have seen that it brings in its train conflict and violence and authoritarianism and suppression of the individual. Can we provide economic security and progress without sacrificing democratic liberties?" Where are the democratic liberties today in India? Besides, economic security can be provided without sacrificing democratic liberties. China has done this in her own way. And an observer of the calibre of Bharatan Kumarappa says that Communism may develop in India on different lines. It is also possible that Communism in India may become

authoritarian, like the present Nehru Government. If Nehru does not like that prospect, let him accept and implement the Socialist Party programme.

The National Planning Commission has produced a laughable document. The great aim is to reach the pre-war levels in most sectors by 1955-56. The production of steel, which is ten lakh tons now, will go up to thirteen lakh tons by the end of the first Five Year Plan! Soviet Russia produced an extra ten million tons of steel in the course of their first ten years, starting almost from scratch! Yarn will go up from twelve hundred million lbs. to sixteen hundred million lbs.; cloth from thirty-seven hundred million yards to forty-five hundred million yards. (In 1943-44, the production was more than this target: forty-eight hundred million yards). The installed capacity remains stationary in most of these cases. The Planners do not think that need be increased. The Nehru Plan is like the Da Costa Plan. The only difference is that the Da Costa Plan is much better argued out. (Da Costa is the Editor of the *Eastern Economist*.)

Krishna Kripalani, Editor of *Vigil*, is leaving for Paris this week to take up an assignment with UNESCO. Krishna figured in a favourable light in the South American episode in which Minoo Masani appeared in an unfavourable light. Krishna has been one of the foremost columnists in India. He is the Plebeian who delighted thousands of readers by his weekly musings on the subject of "India that is Bharat" in *Vigil*. He is a product of Shantiniketan culture, and has married one of Tagore's granddaughters, Nandita.

Krishna Kripalani translated some of Tagore's works into English. These were published in the Viswabharati Quarterly years ago. He brought a background of high culture to the editorship of *Vigil*. He is succeeded as Editor by J. Vijayatunga, a Ceylonese citizen who spent a few years at Aurobindo Ashram in Pondicherry. Vijayatunga's brilliant articles have been appearing in the Indian Press for several years. He will prove to be a worthy successor to Krishna Kripalani.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF LABOUR

By V. V. GIRI

IT is evident on all hands that the conditions of labour in India are even today backward in every respect. Wages are low compared to prices; the hours of work are still long in certain industries and housing conditions are primitive while facilities for education are meagre. The efficiency of any industry must be judged not merely by the quality or cheapness of its products, but also primarily by the conditions of service which industry affords its workers so as to improve their working lives in all their aspects.

The satisfactory regulation of industrial relations is admittedly an important part of labour policy. The welfare or peace in industry can only be achieved if there is a healthy understanding between employers, workers and Government. The essential factor in the development of a sufficiently comprehensive and efficient system of industrial relations is the existence of associations of employers and workers, strong and free from undue interference and capable of concluding collective agreements for the regulations of wages and conditions of work. Experience has shown that the unfettered activity of trade organisations is indispensable for industrial progress. The second important factor is the establishment of a satisfactory system of conciliation methods for the settlement of industrial disputes. It must be emphasised here that the mere establishment of the necessary machinery for this purpose is of little avail, unless either party to a dispute is free to press his own case and has also developed sufficient sense of social responsibility to appreciate the value of compromise and the rule of law. While the employers' organisations are strong, efficient and disciplined and capable of understanding the issues before them in any dispute, the workers' organisations, owing to various causes, are not able to rise to the occasion and take advantage of the present situation and build up a constructive structure which will enable them to take their proper share and enjoy the fruits of their strength. If

the National Plan for developing industries is to succeed, the workers engaged in industrial work must be given such conditions as to place them in a position to develop in their work all the intelligence, physical skill, energy and enthusiasm they possess so that their work will be efficient and the output of their production both in quality and quantity will be the highest.

Under the present industrial system in which those only who invest capital in the industry control it fully, one of the greatest fears of the workers is that to the extent they improve their efficiency and their production they stand the risk of unemployment and a diminution in their wages. To free them from this risk and to remove their fear, it will not be enough to provide social security measures and machinery to fix their wages without changing the system as regards the control of the conditions under which the workers exist. As in politics, a good government is not a substitute for self-government, so also in the industrial system, besides providing good conditions of work, the workers will also require the higher satisfaction that by doing their work well, they are rendering service to the community not as slaves to the system, but as free men. In order to remove the fear and to give them security and also give them the satisfaction of a higher motive, the workers will require to be given a voice in the control and conduct of the industrial system.

In order that there should be more co-ordination between government, employers and workers organisations, the establishment of tripartite industrial councils in every industry shall be the first minimum requirement. Unfortunately, strikes are declared without sufficient thinking, curtailing the free production that is most essential in the country's economic recovery. A strike can be generally avoided if the dispute leading to a strike is settled between workers and employers themselves. A general recognition of the need for action in this direction is contained in the

report on labour problems adopted by the Asian Relations Conference in 1947 which made the following recommendations:

- (1) Encouragement of tripartite collaboration in labour matters and economic questions generally;
- (2) Formulation of minimum standards of civil liberties to enable workers to organise;
- (3) Extension of political rights to workers;
- (4) Organisation of Trade Union Centres to train Trade Union Officials; and
- (5) Co-operation with International Labour Organisations.

In order to drive home to the employers the necessity of rendering justice to the workers, Trade Union organisations of the democratic type should come into existence. Trade Unions should not merely pamper to the workers' demands; they must insist on discipline and impart to them a sense of responsibility to do a satisfactory work for a satisfactory wage, specially today when the cry is for production and more production. The Unions must make every worker understand his duties and responsibilities before rights and privileges. The extent and the form of voice of control that the workers can expect to be given in the industrial system depends upon the constructive responsibility that the workers' organisations take upon themselves and their guaranteeing higher production.

Labour legislation in India is of recent origin. Labour laws have not come into being in any country merely through the goodwill of governments and employers. Workers have to rely on themselves to create strong public opinion in their favour. Therefore, for a well-knit labour legislation of a type suitable to any country, the condition precedent is a strong and disciplined organisation of workers.

The presence of good trade unions representing the majority of workers in industry will automatically lead to agreements on matters relating to conditions of their service. Internal settlement of trade disputes is to be preferred to external settlement, be

it by Government or by any machinery established under its authority. The agreements arrived at by the aid of an internal machinery, i.e., by representatives of workers' organisations and those of employers sitting across the table will be of a more abiding character. Thus, if only in the first instance conventions are created with regard to many fundamental issues that arise between capital and labour in any undertaking and later if those conventions are acted upon on the basis of mutual trust between the parties, it becomes most easy thereafter for Governments to grant formal recognition and clothe them in legislative form. As instances to the point, if Governments are able to influence employers to grant recognition to Trade Unions or if the respective organisations come to an understanding on the question of holidays with pay or the introduction of social security measures or on the principles on which living wages or other conditions of service have to be fixed, labour legislation at a later stage will not only be possible and practicable but can be successfully worked with the general consent of the partners in industry, namely, capital and labour.

If the full economic planning of India has to achieve success, much depends on the efficiency of a contented labour. The employer must not merely think in terms of profits, but must be prepared to be the servant of the community. Government must assume the position of watch-dog regarding the conduct of private industries and set an example as good employers whenever they own and manage big and key industries.

The dawn of independence and the introduction of adult suffrage will lead India towards a socialist democracy at no distant date. It is confidently expected that the present Indian Government which rests for its existence on the willing consent of the people will grow from strength to strength and will push on at the earliest opportunity labour laws and preferably abiding conventions relating to the amelioration of labour conditions so that the masses may realize that political emancipation is but a step towards complete economic salvation of the country.—A.I.R.

PERENNIAL INTEREST ABOUT NEHRU IN U. S. A.

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: Mr. Q. and Mr. A. are becoming the leading characters of the year. They have brisk views on all things beneath the sun and moon. They are always asserting, denying, challenging. More has been printed this year on what these doughty alphabetical agents have to say, I suspect, than on any dozen other pairs in fact or fiction. All sorts of eminent and even un-eminent persons play at being Mr. Q. or Mr. A. And, being reassuringly human, they sometimes seem to have the answers to practically everything, the ultimate truth on nothing in particular.

As an outstanding example of the spectacular trend, we have an interesting and informing new book, "Talks With Nehru, a Q.-and-A. discussion of current events, good and evil, India and America.

Mr. Q., in this case, is Norman Cousins, editor of The Saturday Review of Literature, who went to India several months ago on an admirable junket arranged by the State Department as "part of a substantial information and exchange program seeking to improve relations between America and the nations of the subcontinent," with no strings beyond good manners.

Mr. A. is Jawaharlal Nehru, India's subtle and distinguished Prime Minister, who skilfully and thoughtfully answered Mr. Cousins' thoughtful and persistent questions in the presence of a tape recorder—that peculiar rope trick of the Occident.

Nothing had been rehearsed beforehand for these Q.-and-A. sessions, of course. But then, I think it is fair to say, nothing of tremendous moment was asked or answered that had not been pretty generally asked and answered around Mr. Nehru before, as indicated by the recent course of Indian diplomacy.

Now let's do some Q.-and-A.ing of our own.

Q.—What did Nehru say about freedom of the press in India, in view of the NEW YORK TIMES dispatch from

Bombay saying that "the All-India Conference of Newspaper Editors, at a special plenary session, adopted a resolution calling on all member newspapers to suspend publication for one day, July 12, as a mark of protest against the unwarranted and uncalled for encroachment on freedom of expression which they feel is being carried out by Mr. Nehru's Government?"

A.—Nehru said: "I hope that you have realized that we have some kind of freedom of the press here," and "I suppose that our Constitution has gone as far as any constitution can go toward safeguarding the political rights of the individual."

Q.—What did Nehru say about Communism in India?

A.—Nehru said: "I think that unless any Government in India completely fails to satisfy the economic urges and wants of the people Communism will not gain very much hold here."

Q.—What did Nehru say about China?

A.—Nehru said: "I believe that at the present moment the Chinese Government is very representative of the large majority of the Chinese people."

Q.—What did Nehru say about Korea?

A.—Nehru said: "I can hardly go into details, but I can heartily agree that a cease-fire is essential. Cease-fire plus a talk around a table by those concerned."

Q.—What did Nehru say about aggression against India?

A.—Nehru said: "So far as India is concerned I have not a shadow of a doubt that any kind of aggression against India will be met by resistance. India will not tolerate it. I do not expect it, but I've made it perfectly clear that we will not tolerate any aggression."

Again and again Mr. Nehru indicated that his policy is to take up each question on its merits as it arises, not making any more hard and fast rules than necessary, and that he does not like to commit himself very far in

advance. He said frankly that he does not like slogans, and that he is terribly afraid of people who talk about morality or about crusading, which is all very well. But the net impression of the book is that neither Nehru nor India has a very clear idea of where they are going at this crucial moment in history.

One has to start from the premise that whatever Nehru says is worth listening to and worth printing—which is fair enough. These conversations are not going to add or detract from his reputation. He likes to speak extempore, even in public, which means that there is an inevitable lack of precision, a rambling, repetitive quality to his thoughts. At the same time, his is a rich mind, subtle, original and sometimes, although by no means always, profound. In fact, one is struck most in these conversations with the fact that the Prime Minister is almost exclusively concerned with generalities, such as: "The basic way to move is to create conditions of lessened fear."

Mr. Cousins' questions were designed to lead Nehru politely on, not to search, or probe, or embarrass him. They are calculated to display him in a good light which, again, is fair enough, although one cannot help feeling that Mr. Nehru is being let off too easily. The questions are strictly impersonal—about Korea, China, relations with the United States, Communism.

If it is true, as Mr. Cousins fears, that American opinion places Nehru much further to the Left politically than he belongs, a perusal of this book would be a good corrective. Few people here have the opportunity or interest to follow Jawaharlal Nehru's doings and sayings carefully. In spite of the prominence of his name in the daily papers he is not well known to Americans and from that viewpoint Mr. Cousins' contribution is bound to be useful.

American Intelligence Foresaw Korean Truce

It's a sure bet that the Russians will play hide-and-seek in the diplomatic under-brush for some time regarding their truce-in-Korean proposal. But it is equally certain that they want to call off the disastrous Korean imbroglio.

American intelligence has indicated

this for some time. Here are some of the reasons why:

1. The Chinese are getting restless. Their casualties are terrific and Chinese war lords who in effect "own" their own armies, do not like to have their armies dwindle. It detracts from their power and prestige.

2. The Chinese are demanding more and more supplies from Russia—supplies which Moscow is not anxious to give.

3. Mao is under increasing criticism from his own advisers. They point out that China cannot afford to become a satellite of Russia and that is the course they are now taking.

4. The Chinese famine this year has been worse than usual. Several millions died and the Communists get the blame.

5. Anti-Communist guerilla bands are getting more and more powerful in South China. In some areas the Communists control only the cities.

The Russians have never hesitated to reverse themselves completely when they get in a jam.

That's what they did in Berlin when they couldn't lick the air lift. Now there is no question they want to drop the entire Korean war, but they want to do so on their own terms—leaving South Korea in danger of attack all over again.

American Communist Party

The American Communist party is on "austerity" rations. With eleven of its top leaders due to go to jail and twenty-two others under Federal indictment, the party is having a tough time paying its bills and whipping up the mass pressure it hopes to generate on behalf of itself and its patron saint's in the Kremlin.

The party is taking its hardships in its usual bellicose fashion. It insists that no amount of persecution is going to keep it from fulfilling its obligations as self-appointed shepherd of the "interests, welfare and future of the American workers and common people."

Even if all its officers wind up in Federal penitentiaries, the party proclaims, it will continue to issue its publications, maintain its schools and district organizations and attempt to overcome its unpopularity among workers in the nation's basic industries. Above all, it will endeavour to

mobilize "united fronts" in support of Soviet foreign policy.

Despite these soulful protestations, the party is getting feebler each week. The Daily Worker, its principal organ, has had to double its price from a nickel to a dime and cut its size from twelve pages to eight. The International Workers Order, the Party's richest adjunct, has been ordered dissolved by the New York State Supreme Court.

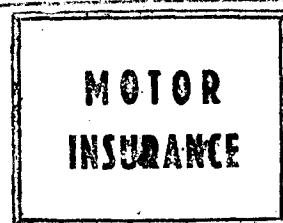
Communist influence in trade unions is at a low ebb and the few key unions that remain under pro-Moscow control shy away from too blatant identification with the party line.

The party's prestige and, equally important, its fund collections, have fallen off sharply in Hollywood and on Broadway.

It will be a long time before the party becomes too broke to carry on

activities of this type. These public aspects of the party are not the ones that cause real concern in Washington. To the extent that the party operates in the open it represents no serious threat. It is the underground phase that the Government is seeking to eradicate—the espionage, the preparations for sabotage and the covert plans for undermining the country when conditions are right.

The party's only comment on these phases is that they do not exist—they are all fabrications of Wall Street and its minions—"McCarthy, McCarran and MacArthur." The party shrugs off the atomic spy confessions and the jury verdicts against it as products of war-inspired hysteria. It is steeling itself for more arrests and harder times ahead, but it is not going to commit suicide. If it goes out of business, it will not be by its own choice. That is still the word from Twelfth Street.



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SIDELIGHTS : :

Beware of entrance to a quarrel.

But being in, bear it that the enemy may beware of thee.

—SHAKESPEARE.

THOSE without guts enough should not involve themselves in arduous tasks drawing on them the displeasure of the powerful. Not comprehending this truth Sri Deshbandhu Gupta took it on himself to play the part of a hero. He set about as a champion of the freedom of the press in the country. When the momentum of it led him into a clash with the authorities on the floor of Parliament, he fell into a blue funk and fled from his place at voting time. The All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference of which he is the President was put to disgrace from the precipitate flight from duty at the crucial moment of its principal office-bearer. Subsequent efforts on the part of Sri Gupta to repair the mischief have not proved to be of much avail.

The nimble intellects of the champions of press freedom on the AINEC have out of their spiritedness fashioned two propositions. The first was to the effect that a declaration should be printed on top of the editorial columns of newspapers announcing that "freedom of expression is our birthright and we shall not rest until it is fully guaranteed by the Constitution." Pandit Nehru himself might have subscribed to the declaration, which in draftsmanship was a masterpiece of innocuousness to serve the ends of all with the ambition of showing themselves off as heroic, without the danger of falling out with the Prime Minister, touchy as to his own honour when others presumed to affect more intimate relations with freedom than he. But the shrewder sort with a sense of dignity and the proportion of things have kept aloof. It does not redound to the credit of anyone to go about proclaiming what everybody takes for granted. If you repeat day after day an announcement that you are a sane being, it will not be long before the world turns

sceptic and construes your self-advertisement as an antic of lunacy. The followers of Deshbandhu Gupta who have taken to the printing of the legend of his conception have put themselves into a nice pickle not knowing when to desist. One day doubtless the obtrusive pledge will quietly fade out, but for the time being, only the ridiculousness of it shines out as a pervasive feature of the papers concerned, marking them out to the public as vulgarian while they imagine themselves historically important.

The second suggestion of the AINEC heroes was that members should abstain from publication for a day and create the impression of a grand press hartal. A hartal has Gandhian origins and is suggestive of the hurling of defiance by Satyagrahis against their tyrannical foreign masters. A patriot by record and a journalist by instinct, nothing is more calculated to lacerate the sensitive heart of Pandit Nehru, himself a Satyagrahi next only to Vinoba Bhave, than a press hartal to challenge his position, and so the originator of the idea, a courtier by temperament and not at all a rebel, developed cold feet as 12th July, the day fixed for the hartal, approached. He saw the Prime Minister and issued a statement pleading postponement of the hartal. It is a measure of his influence with the press that some of his fellow-magnates who never took the hartal idea seriously before, became interested in it immediately, and protested furiously against the postponement-plea as an infringement of their fundamental rights under the AINEC constitution. The sheer paroxysm of dissidence from a President with no hold as leader has led to a few abstentions from publication on the day originally proclaimed for hartal.

The AINEC is in a bad plight. Angling for the notice—and favour—of the mighty in the Congress regime, while pretending to uphold the freedom of the press against them, has become the mainstay of its peculiar

and in outline—to explain this complicated system. It has two headlines. One reads: "From the cradle to the grave," the other: "Free Medical service."

"From the cradle to the grave" means this:

Every adult person in Britain receives money when ill, when unemployed, when injured at work, and when retired from work because of old age. Every woman who gives birth to a child receives money; in addition, there are separate weekly grants of money for every child after the first. Every married woman who becomes a widow receives money. Guardians of children, whose parents are dead, receive money. Dependents of a person who dies receive money for funeral expenses.

The National Health Service means this:

Every person in Britain—young and old, rich and poor, male and female—has the right to receive in case of illness: free medical care, including that of specialists, free hospital and free operation; in case of dental trouble: free dentistry, dentures, etc; in case of bad sight: free ophthalmic test and advice, and free spectacles; in case of need: free artificial limbs, etc; in special cases even free wigs.

Until October 24 last year there were also free medicines, which meant that no patient had to pay the chemist who supplied medicine on a prescription. Now, however, there is a maximum charge of one shilling for a prescription. However, no one in Britain today need pay a doctor's bill, or dentist's bill: the State pays them. No money need be spent for artificial teeth, for hearing aids or even for a prolonged stay in a sanatorium. Enough misery is connected with human suffering in cases of illness, but the additional dread and fear of not being able to have proper medical care has been abolished for good.

The main difference between the Insurance Service (which we call here the "From the cradle to the grave system") and the National Health Service is that the benefits of the Insurance Service consist of money while the benefits of the Health Service consist of services of the medical profession. And therefore the two systems are under administration of two ministries: the Insurance System—

under the Ministry of National Insurance; the National Health Service under the Ministry of Health.

Where does this money spent by the State in cash for medical services come from?

There is, of course, no other way than to take it out of the pockets of the citizens—in one way or another. The Insurance benefits are paid from the weekly contributions of adult citizens, while the National Health Service is nearly fully paid by taxation money, only a small fraction being supplemented by a part of the weekly contribution to the Insurance Service. This in the end means that nothing is really "free," but that the burdens are distributed evenly throughout the population (in the case of the Insurance Service) or according to their financial possibilities (in the case of the Health Service—as people with higher income, pay more taxes).

There is also another difference between the two services. The National Insurance is compulsory—no one can say "I do not want the benefits and I do not want to pay"—he must pay, and if he does not he is fined. The Health Service, on the other hand, is "free," also in as much as if for one reason or other a patient wishes to pay a doctor or a specialist, or for a treatment in hospital—he is free to do so. The same applies to the members of the medical profession: they are free to join the scheme and to be paid by the State, or to continue to have a private practice. The details—interesting, but complicated details of both services—cannot be explained in the framework of this article which aims at giving a general picture only.

It is a heartening picture. Whatever the difficulties, the British people have embarked on this—their interpretation of one of the aims of the United States Constitution which includes "the pursuit of happiness": the prevention of misery can certainly be regarded as the pursuit of happiness. And there can be no doubt that even during the short period that the Insurance System and the Health Service have been in operation many a tear prevented: help has been given to millions. And if that help given to millions has cost millions—in the opinion of the British people, it was worth it.



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SWATANTRA

VOL. VI. NO. 24.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1951.

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ON THE SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY OF VENKATARAMANI

By MANJERI S. ISVARAN

NO common student of the English tongue,
but a master of it from when he was young,
at three score years he benignly surveys
the world of peasants, princes, and popinjays.

So benignly that his verdicts and his views
throw a ring of light round the heavenly Muse,
teaching human nature to save its spleen,
that suffering is the sturdy staff to lean

And learn the truth of the ultimate joy
that work unselfish yields without alloy,
to lead our land to felicities new,
and not let power concentrate in a few.

He weaves not the vulgar web of ballyhoo,
the cult of the jumping cat does never pursue,
no quibble, no perverse logic mars his thought,
in pompous rhetoric he is seldom caught.

The birds their hues, the blooms their honey pour
on his store of simile and metaphor,
with the twilight's dim tenderness is lit
his irony, his gentle comic spirit.

Born near where the Cauvery joins the sea,
on the sand-dunes he dreamed of an India free,
his is the spot to which memory brings
the splendour and might of the Chola kings.

Uncut his navel string from Mother Earth,
cut from her he counts life as of no worth;
Sylvan Poet, only in pure rural skies,
he sees the dawn of Man's salvation rise.

Are we not fortunate he lives with us,
in his sweet simple ways victorious?
Honour him whatev'r the colour of your shirt,
this wise and gracious healer of all hurt.

SWATANTRA

VOL. VI
No. 24

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

BANGALORE FLOP

THE Bangalore session of the AICC has turned out to be a flop. The election manifesto which it has produced, will not serve to reinstate the Congress ministries in public estimation. On this as on previous occasions, Pandit Nehru has been extremely prolific, but he has failed to tackle with practical sagacity any of the great problems confronting his administration. Pandit Nehru's fine phrases, which at one time used to fill the nation with hope, have now become futile symbols of tragic irony. When he orates on equality of opportunity for all, it is like a slap in the face to the victims of the dishonest administrators who in the name of the Congress have established rampant communalism under many guises in every sphere of official power and influence. Nobody is nowadays taken in by the Prime Minister's fervid expatiations against communalism. The organisation in whose name he rules has itself become the worst haunt of rabid communalism in the land. When the Supreme Court exercised its judgment in favour of real secularism to mend the discriminatory orgies of State executives, Pandit Nehru butted in with amendments to the Constitution which have only helped unprincipled Congress ministers to deal with appointments and college admissions unscrupulously. In Madras State, for example, the campaign against talent still continues, symbolic of the lack of it in the Government. The worst that can be attributed to Mudgal is like a drop in the ocean before the systematic abuse of power for personal and selfish ends that goes on under cover of the administration in this and other States. Pandit Nehru

swallows a camel and strains at a gnat. His zest to dig out the retail delinquencies of an unimportant individual after acquiescing in the wholesale misdemeanours of celebrated tycoons and entire Governments is truly Don Quixotic.

The fact of the matter is that communalists and corrupt men have captured the Congress machinery and they run it as they choose, whatever the Prime Minister may say. They allow the Prime Minister freedom of speech and retain for themselves freedom of action. Discordance between the idealistic utterances of the Prime Minister and the goings-on of the controllers of the Congress organisation, is patently manifest under all the gloss of the formulas evolved at the Bangalore session. Even on the all-important issue of controls, the Congress does not speak with one voice. The Prime Minister is for controls, but the President of the Congress is against it. The Prime Minister can frame resolutions and get them passed, but the President has the control of the Working Committee. Pandit Nehru's attempt to reshuffle the Working Committee resulted in a flare of enthusiasm which gave some Deputy Ministers cheap opportunities of glorifying him as the one dictator that could set matters right, but it died down, leaving the Working Committee intact. Sophisticated Congress intriguers succeeded at Bangalore in making Pandit Nehru's defeat over essential issues look like a grand victorious achievement.

The reactionaries who have tamed Pandit Nehru to their pattern will no doubt exploit his titular leadership to the utmost advantage, and in the

present circumstances, with an electorate steeped in incapacity to resist vulgar spell-binders, and no comparable figure to outbid the Prime Minister in popular glamour, it is not unlikely that the Congress may secure at the polls another extension of office. Already huge sums are being collected. Rich men with vulnerable businesses who dare not say *No* are laid under heavy levy. Ministers have ceased to attend to their duties and taken to continual propaganda tours with all the aids conferred on them by the possession of State power. The drive for the ousting of competing political parties is terrific. In the unequal electoral contest impending, the dice are loaded heavily in favour of the Congress, and every attempt is being made to ensure that anti-Congress sentiment which is universal and all-pervasive throughout the country, is somehow baulked of its proper manifestation in the elections. Victory to the Congress at the polls would mean a further intensification of the mass misery which has become associated with freedom through four years' experience of the Congress regime.

If the revolution inseparable from intensified mass misery is to be avoided, a different kind of administrator should emerge. In all the

measures of Congress ministries to check corruption and blackmarketing, there has been at work a certain element of nervous hesitancy thwarting continually their effectiveness. It is realised that high prices which inflict so much distress on the poor have nothing to do with the law of supply and demand, but the real causes to which they can be traced have been systematically evaded. But for such evasion it will be found that crores of money not brought into banks or accounts circulate privately, and it is this black money that is responsible for the high prices. Demonetisation of existing currency and its regulated conversion into a new one would put an end to the black market at one stroke, but our Congress Governments are unable to take the step for fear of the losses that their supporters and patrons might thereby incur. They seek for remedies in new high taxation, but all they exact is lost in the quicksands of continuing corruption. The outlook is hopeless unless the rule of the Congress is ended, but though stalwarts like Kripalani and Kidwai have opened their eyes and quit, Pandit Nehru, the one man that can disarm the Congress of its power to misrule, continues, misguided and self-deceived, on the wrong side.

Sotto Voce

VENKATARAMANI

I am an incorrigible—I had almost said a predestined—anonym, whereas Venkataramani to my knowledge never wrote a line except over his own name. All my life I have laboured under a pathological horror of being noticed in a public place. In these latter years I have nerved myself to appear on many platforms, but you will be amused to know that I might



have never got over stage-fright but for developing myopia. It is such a blessed relief not to be able to see possibly mocking faces. K. S. V. on the contrary always delighted in seeing and, even more, in being seen. He made his debut on the great college forum of our time—the Associated Unions of the Christian College

—in the very first year of his stay in Madras and crossed swords with R. K. Shanmukham, even then (by common report) a finished speaker.

Though I have known him for forty years I have heard Venkataramani speak in public only once or twice. I should not say he was a very good speaker. His sing-song manner aided and abetted by the arbitrary sound values he imposed on a language too full of articles and particles, and his obvious delight in phrase-making distracted attention from the substance of his speech. He could nevertheless be extremely impressive, especially if it were a subject which possessed him or if the spotlight fell on a personality who had won his admiration. Not looking for the *mot juste* he often achieved it with surprising facility, like the inebriated bee blundering into the chalice of the read, flower.

He had boundless self-confidence. A great man—one of the few authentically great of our time—complained of him, after a private and rather intimate interview, that he lacked reverence. The charge was not altogether unjust, though the accuser himself was not conspicuous for that old-fashioned virtue! With K. S. V. it was not, however, the desiccated egoism of the elderly but the naive trumpeting of the young cockerel annexing the morning sun. On the strength of one or two slender contributions to old Mr Malabar's *East and West* he bearded Sir Valentine Chirol in Government House to the speechless wonderment of the rest of us, his hostel mates, who could not muster courage to address our own college professors.

And that reminds me of my first and rather disconcerting encounter with K. S. V. Sitting in the Victoria Hostel Library, my chair tilted against the window and my face buried in the *English Review*, I was serenely unaware that I was blocking the young orator's way to the outer grounds. Indeed he had no more business to walk through the Library than I to rest my feet on the reading room table. But when he stopped for half a minute to look at me as though I were a log of wood and tell the world in a loud voice that the gang-way was

not for sprawling in, I was alarmed as well as amused; and I took refuge in precipitate flight.

I could not bring myself, however, to imagine that he enjoyed making a scene. And I found out soon enough that it was his way of establishing a proprietary interest in me. He had discovered that I was a distant connection,—and he was immensely proud of his ancient house—that I was like him in Litt. Hons., though a year his junior and an alumnus of Presidency College, and that I too entertained ambitions as a writer. And when my prentice effort—a portentous survey of periodical literature—appeared in the pale-green *East and West* he went about telling everybody, "Here is a new star on the horizon and that the brightest of them all."

Such generous praise was even sweeter than the first thrill of seeing oneself in print. And in his capacity for great-hearted generosity Venkataramani has never aged. Numberless plausible charlatans have taken advantage of his inability to say no to anyone, whether it was a loan they wanted (even when he himself was hard pressed for funds) or a seasonable word in the right quarter. He was not unoften repaid as a cynical world repays such kindnesses. He was indignant, but unrepentant in well-doing. I have never known anyone whose faith in humanity was so little shaken by his personal disappointments.

Venkataramani has always backed his fancy, to use a racing metaphor. He was never one of your timorous half-and-halfers. He was too full of his vision to spare any thought for the mockers. And snobbery wilted in his presence. His enthusiasms are those of a poet; they have the quality of the rainbow, intangible and ever fresh. For the Asrama on the Kaveri and the rural university of his dreams there may be as little to show after a lifetime of high endeavour as the few sticks and stones that for the imaginative child are the King's Palace. The poet shares with the child the simplicity of self-surrender; it is of such the Vedic seer said: *Tyagenaikena Amrtatvam Aanasuh.* VIGHNESWARA.

THE MISSION AND THE STYLE

By M. CHALAPATHIRAU

Editor, National Herald

THERE will be men like Mr. Venkataramani as long as there are angels in Heaven. They seem insubstantial, like Walter de la Mare's elfins and gnomes and dream children, inhabiting the earth as if at their sweet will and pleasure. These resplendent failures who are the real successes of life live for something beyond anything that we can see. In a world accustomed to the clatter of creeds and fashionable forms of speech, Mr. Venkataramani has remained that strange creature—the man with a mission and with a style. The beginning of the mission must have been the beginning of his articulation. In a part of the country where tradition is mellowed by the confluences of rivers, he mellowed early, and where the stress is on the way of saying things, he had something to say.

There are many prophets of the panchayat raj now and Mr. Venkataramani's admirers should be the last to regret that he is not a rural development officer or even a minister for panchayats. He did not think of rural reconstruction as podgy paper schemes but as Plato might have thought of it. For years he wrote elegantly and eloquently of it and Gandhi at his best perhaps wrote equally well on a theme so sublime to think about and so ridiculous in reality. Anything real would not be anywhere near Mr. Venkataramani's dream and his noble efforts at practising what he poetized did him credit and also injury. It was like floating paper-boats of hope by the sand-dunes piled up of ages of frustration. To that mission he returned again and again, like a man possessed by some vision, sacrificing many times his career which could have been evened by his capacious serenity. Jawaharlal Nehru, to whose capacity for reflection Mr. Venkataramani's reveries bear kinship, may discuss affairs of state with men of affairs and regain his enthusiasm by renewing contacts with the people but he can find kindred vision if he meets this philosopher of the villages, who is

no sadhu or saint but a working man with the gift of utterance. It may be an experience as refreshing as the fresh wind which blows across Seshnag beyond Pahalgan.

It may be Mr. Venkataramani is just a man with luminous wings. There was more than luminosity in the scorching spirit of his latter-day lamentations, reminiscent of one or two prophets of the Old Testament. Yet he has made frustration sound like hope, which intensest frustration is. A world which almost made him a successful lawyer cannot be good but it has allowed him to remain what he is, feeding on his dreams, clad in the raiment of his hope, among his naked and hungry people. Is he aware of social change and economic pressure? Is there in his writing awareness of the issues which are vital for life but might mar sublimity? He is of the world of Plato, not Marx. He has never gone near the ugliness which is reflected in the ugly political prose which irritates by its redundancy, creakiness and loose joints.

Mr. Venkataramani as a writer is considerable, though those who are not intimate with his writing, if not with him, might find him thin in content and not considerable even in bulk. It is not always good to achieve thickness of shape for thinness of the spirit. For his admirers, there is disappointment here. Many literary-minded folk do not read him and even affect not to read him. It may be that some of them have secured certificates of merit from E. M. Forster or Graham Greene, and when such wickedness appals me, I am prepared to hawk about the book-jackets of Mr. Venkataramani's first editions containing certificates of honour from half-a-dozen English men of letters of the first order, not accustomed to testimonial-giving. Literary salesmanship does not matter for the literary spirit. Mr. Venkataramani, like Tagore, has been a rock of strength in an age of doubt, turbulence, derision, cynical attitudinizing, cultivated disillusionment and ferocity of creeds.

He has been among infidels, strange gods, false gods and foreign gods, but has stuck to his ancestral pantheon. It is not Mr. Venkataramani who falls in estimation but the generations which have bred him.

I have not read Mr. Venkataramani's fiction for fifteen years. It seems unbelievable that he wrote fiction. Unless memory has played loose, he cut characters from the life around him and told stories without bothering much how smartly to tell them. He did not invent plots and make them sound like tales told by idiots. His characters lacked flesh and blood but they were not puppets and not spirits. In a world peopled with four-dimensioned creatures, it is easier to meet homely folk. They talked sometimes angel's language but there were human creatures among them, good men and corrupt men, and interesting men and impossible men. Obviously a student of English sounds, Mr. Venkataramani has shown art in choosing his South Indian names, Murugan, Kandan, Jatadharan, the pial-teacher, Irulappan and Karulappan. Somewhere around Mayavaram and Tranquebar and Kaveripoompattinam, he has peopled the land with his creatures, and though the world may be overcrowded with the smart puppets of the age, his creations may be immortal.

Mr. Venkataramani will be a vogue again, when he is passing from turmoil to sagehood. Yet when in 1932, Satyamurthi proposed "Murugan the Tiller" as a text-book, it led to a discussion in the Academic Council of the Madras University and to a divagation on the kind of English which afflicts Indians. In my youthful exuberance, I had to make a pretentious defence of Indo-Anglian rhetoric-mongering and the controversy raged for over a month in *The Hindu*. Mr. Venkataramani has written entire paragraphs of measured sentences which could not be the result of spontaneity without art. It is art without its cunningest patterns. His early deep study of English literature and his particular admiration for Coleridge has not led him to clarity of ideas when he writes literary criticism, but the clarity of vision, which is more important, is there in his "Creative Criticism." It is not practical criticism, of which there is abun-

dance, and it is not charlatanism, of which too there is abundance.

Mr. Venkataramani the writer is beyond the essays and novels and stories or anything else he has written. It is intensely personal writing. There is little difference between his speech and writing, a concordance rather disturbing in a writer. For, apart from the lamb-like reflections of Charles Lamb and other few gentle, genuine men in literature, most men when they write become different from what they are, often naturally and often unnaturally. There are cowardly souls who assume brave utterance and there are the small, crabbed spirits who sally forth in a panoply of sound and make it seem the gong of a giant. This is an age in which much writing is overwritten and sparseness of expression is a blessing. Mr. Venkataramani's thought is spare, though it breaks into luxuriance of language occasionally. It is not encumbered. There is no stage-coach gait about it. It ripples like a monsoon's first shower leaving a few small pools of clear water. The monsoon, perhaps, is Mr. Venkataramani's favourite flower of speech. It is easy to understand this monsoon complex; he is compassionate like the monsoon and would look for it even when there is no cloud. It is part of the liveliness of his speech. There are good writers and great writers who write without charm. Mr. Venkataramani writes with charm and freshness and, in a language rich in metaphor, he has preferred to extend his comprehension in similes, investing his prose with the instinct of poetry.

Mr. Venkataramani writes by intuition, having abridged the processes of intellect and imagination. It is something strange in a writer of novels. Yet it seems Mr. Venkataramani can argue like a lawyer and without jargon, though it would be strange if he argued much in his writing. He shows an alert awareness of the truth and truth needs little annotation. There are writers who can make words grate like steel on gravel or knead them into some kind of paste. Whether Mr. Venkataramani is a genius or merely talented, he is not somebody but himself and only a sincere and courageous man could be so. He is genuine and the vibrancy and rhythm of his writing are also genuine. If

such a man has also maintained his sense of humour, dew-drenched, he is compelling. The problem of the writer in India is to make his consciousness co-equal with the social consciousness, but Mr Venkataramani has abridged so many processes that it may be difficult to measure the expanse of his consciousness or its contours. His favourite theme is the renaissance; rather it was. No other renaissance in history has been let

down as much as the Indian renaissance. It seems to wither even when it is called a revolution. But for the genuine writer there can be no rest. The world likes experience, experimentation and the red hot flame of excitement which imposes on *sadhana* the authenticity of suffering. Mr. Venkataramani has written from *sadhana*, without reflecting the torture. The world needs too the tranquillity of the tranquil lakes.

A PORTRAIT FROM NEAR

By Y. MAHALINGAIAH, M.A., B.L.

IT was in the latter part of the year 1917 that I first met Mr. Venkataramani. We had a common friend in whose company he found me and picked me up for a closer acquaintance. Astrology was our common ground of meeting. I had some book knowledge, but had not studied great examples. Mr. Venkataramani undertook to teach me the application of astrology. He cited several horoscopes during our study hour and laid out before me his new inductive method. The nativity charts of Napoleon and Mrs. Besant, of Asquith and Lloyd George, of Sir T. Muthuswami Aiyar and Sri Seshayya Sastri, of Sir Subrahmanya Aiyar and V. Krishnaswami Aiyar, were unlocked before me like the hives of a treasure house and I was led to admire with discrimination the focussed powers of brilliant combinations, aspects and occupations. Mr. Venkataramani kindled in me an avidity to make a loot but at the same time held me in check through his sedate disciplinarian tact. "How many of these horoscopes have you collected, Sir!, and from what sources?", I asked in great astonishment. "There are several hundreds of them which I have analysed for my research; but, young man! listen to me. The principle is this—" I had to wait for the pearls to be rolled over to my side according to a dilatory but not at all a tiresome method which the teacher chose to follow.

During those early years of my acquaintance with Mr. Venkataramani I found him always lording it over a circle of friends with his brilliant and witty conversation like a twentieth

century Johnson. Each one of his admirers was content to listen, only now and then putting in a word or two in order to keep on the blaze. Wit and sarcasm seasoned with high decorum and admirable elegance scintillated in profusion and none knew the passing hour in his company. His keen hawk-like look held you in subjection. There was a slight naughty twitch in it which made you feel that you were pinched in the wrong quarter; but soaked as it was in geniality and sympathy it enlivened and comforted more than it alarmed or disturbed you. His talk bubbled with humour, now sly, now broad, now delicious. His mind was ever in effervescence; he was always choosing the best word for expressing himself and minting metaphors of sparkling quality. His friends, lacking his facility of expression and fluency of words, gave the reins into his hands and became habituated to the luxury of being entertained. Mr. Venkataramani was loquacious on every subject, politics, religion, personalities, and art and literature. Sometimes his ideas ran deep; sometimes they skimmed on the surface. Anyway you enjoyed a sweet hour of flashy intellectual treat and you went home regretting the break-up of the pleasant company in which the abandonment to fun and frolic refreshed your spirits wonderfully.

Mr. Venkataramani was then contributing articles to foreign journals. These he collected in a tiny volume called the Paper Boats. Some learned critics characterized his writings as being modelled on Stephenson's essays

and others would see in him the budding Tagore of South India. I was then only a student in the Law College and naturally regarded one so haloed with overseas reputation with a feeling of awe. I remember the day when I went to Mr. Venkataramani's residence to purchase a copy of the Paper Boats just published, paying it price of rupees two; I felt proud that I personally knew the author of so famous a book. He too must have been proud to own a friend who did not insist on a complimentary copy. Yet there was presumably a conflict in his mind upon his having acted the part of a bookseller to a newly acquired friend, and so he made me sit for a while after the purchase was over and like the innkeeper in the novels, displayed great gusto in enjoying the rich literary repast before us, in common.

Mr. Venkataramani who with pride calls himself a scion of Ayyavayyan's line, has the true Dana Virn's spirit in him. He not only disseminates around him the joy of a vivacious personality but takes a genuine pleasure in seeing another rejoice through his liberality. Generous to a fault at one end and speculative and uneconomical at the other he allowed his worldly means to shrink considerably in course of time. Being a thinker and an idealist he was not fitted to take any active part in the country's politics, but he was secretly ambitious to play a subdued part in it by supplying ideas and ideals for its advancement. Some of his books on rural reconstruction, etc., his venture in Tamil journalism and his Ashrama plans owe their origin to his great passion to serve his country in a way suitable to his genius. In pursuing this passion he often put his panting purse to too much strain. Public response or even generous appreciation in knowing quarters was slow to come as usual. But no batterings of misfortune have perceptibly affected his optimism and good humour. Disappointments and losses have not made him a cynic. His pure spirit is fed and upheld by an inner fountain of happiness which is the ancient and inalienable inheritance of true poets and great thinkers.

Mr. Venkataramani was sometimes mistaken for an egotist as he often referred to himself and quoted him-

self. But his egotism was a mere shadow that had no root in his soul. Without pride and selfishness, egotism is innocent. With those two poison teeth, egotism is unsocial. Meeting with obstacles and failure, it makes man a savage and a misanthrope. Venkataramani and egotism were poles apart.

Mr. Venkataramani reveals himself best in the character of a host. His delicious dinners are ever ready for any casual acquaintance of his. He personally attends to your minutest conveniences and makes you feel at home within a few minutes of your arrival. He is unwilling to part with you and you wish to prolong your stay as his guest unless you are called away by your duties.

Deeply revering the Acharya Swami, Mr. Venkataramani spends some weeks every year in the Mutt wherever His Holiness may be camping. His Holiness treats him with affectionate regard. Mr. Venkataramani with all his ill health, puts up with the inconveniences of new surroundings, untimely meals, tedious waiting and unexpected calls for interview, with firmness, faith and sweet temper. Nor does he let go any opportunity to do worship at the feet of the Guru, which by the customary standards involves considerable expenditure. His Holiness has once or twice honoured him, but Mr. Venkataramani values the spiritual blessings more than the presents. Temperamentally he is very ready to give and very shy and tardy to take gifts or accept favours.

Mr. Venkataramani has established noteworthy North Indian contacts and has won several admirers in the Western countries. His fame was imported from abroad and not without much harassment from native tariffs. Nearer home, fellow-speakers of his mother tongue have allowed his two attempts to promote high class journalism to perish unmeritedly and with much loss of money to him. Men of genius cannot be advertisers and in modern conditions business is an adventure. And all attempts to combine authorship and business usually prove failures. Again, as successful capitalists prefer mediocrity for being hired, the plain writers of true merit is deplorable from the point of view of worldly advancement.

I am not discussing Mr. Venkata-

ramani here as a thinker and writer, this essay being concerned with more personal matters. But I wish to observe in passing that his Sand-Dunes presents his permanent mood more particularly than his other works. The mood is a step in the evolution of his soul and such as will ensure his spiritual progress in his next birth. It is that mood which has endeared him to Swami Sivananda and the Acharya Swami. The Sand-Dunes is a poetical exposition of the great philosophical truth exquisitely suggested by Kalidasa in one of his most memorable verses.

In his riper age he has produced a book on literary criticism where he lays the stress on Swanubhava as the true fountain of poetry. His exposition of the idea is intimate with philosophy of the highest cadre and herein he exhibits the same Sand-Dunes mood in maturer form and correlates it to the creative art.

K. S. VENKATARAMANI

By K. NAGARAJAN

MY first impression of Venkataramani was that of a man who lived among the stars. He loved to consider planetary positions, the movement of the moon, and reckon their influence on the affairs of men. He made cheerful prognostications of worldly prosperity to himself and his friends, and it was exhilarating to listen to his exposition of the abracadabra of astrology. There must have been some flaw in his reckonings, for the results were the reverse of what he foretold; and I am pretty certain his astrological achievements should have induced in his 'clients' if not in himself, "an ardent disbelief" in the science, to use a phrase which has recently become famous.

Very soon, he realised that his hobby was not among the stars. He came down to earth. But his excursions into astrology strengthened his inherited faith in the unseen forces which, to some extent, mould the life of man.

His early manhood was cast at a time when India was waking into new life and he revelled in that dawn. But his heart was in his little sea-side

Mr. Venkataramani is essentially moral and progressively spiritual in his ideals and practice of life. The elimination of the narrow and sharp personal element to a considerable extent alone can make a man love truth and despise falsehood, render justice and avoid injustice, see merit and commiserate blemishes, forget and forgive wickedness and meanness, indulge in liberality and check greed, encourage a broken candidate for success and heartily countenance one climbing to success, bow to greatness and bend to lowliness. We have not known Mr. Venkataramani to be otherwise.

A kind and gentle soul, weak in body, deplorable in health, beaming in intellect, strong in will, steady in planning, exquisitely nice in conversation and delightfully sweet in his writings—that is Mr. Venkataramani today.

village which did not even 'dream of its ancient fame.' Not a bad start for a patriot, for a man should love his little corner of the earth before he can love his country. The note of unreality in much of the talk at the hustings is due to the fact that it is the talk of men who have rarely spared a thought for the villages where they have their roots. Venkataramani's sturdy patriotism was nourished among the sand-dunes of Kaveripatnam. Hence also the passionate sincerity of his writings.

He loved the villagers too. The village schoolmaster (who taught Jatadharan), the elderly Brahmin *purohit* offering libations of water on river or sea-front precisely as his ancestors had done for thousands of years, and the fishermen "living in the curl of the wave" stand high in his affections. (Venkataramani had a real feeling for words and he minted priceless phrases in his own mind).

Venkataramani wrote. He wrote because he had the itch to write. Doubtless, he wanted his books to sell (which author does not?) but he wrote mainly because, as I have said

elsewhere, "like Tony Lampkin, he did not like to disappoint himself." His sense of beauty, of human suffering and his belief that, with a little thought and with a little give-and-take, things would be a great deal better, clamoured for expression, and express themselves they did, in arresting writing. Venkataramani loved the poor man and the peasant not with the factitious love of those who think that poverty is beautiful, but because of the beauty that lies in their patient and uncomplaining struggle with land and water, and the mess which men have made of life. He longed to give new life to the villages, to make them, by a stupendous effort, to leap back over the ages and become a flourishing community. They say that, to those who will strongly, all things come. Perhaps it was the intensity of Venkataramani's willing which yielded belated fruit in the shape of the great conference of Tamil lovers which was held the other day near his village, when efforts were made to recapture the glories of the Kaveripoompattinam of two thousand years ago.

Of his works, it is not necessary

that I should speak. They have appealed to all those who have a real feeling for the country. Those who love the ripple of the waters lit by the sunlight, the smell of new-mown straw, the sight of pitchers poised on head and hip, and the half-naked (and half-starved) countrymen, eternally battling with the wind and the rain, will find their nostalgia appeased by his writings. They are easy and unaffected and sincere and, if one may say so, "uninfluenced." If a piece of writing is all that, what more can one want?

Venkataramani has been honoured in his time. He may not have received stones but I don't think he has been given more than his share of bread. However, he does not worry. At sixty, I am sure, he feels, like Dushyanta, he is entitled to seek the peace of the *ashram*, after making over the cares of life to his son. He will live the life of a *muni*, for which he is not unfitted, and from his retreat, within earshot of the waves of the sea, he can still say and write things worth saying and writing.

May he do so for many a long day to come!

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SRI K. S. VENKATARAMANI

By K. CHANDRASEKHARAN

SRI K. S. Venkataramani is now sixty. For more than the latter half of this period, he has been a writer and a writer of rare distinction both in English and Tamil. His reputation has stood continuously very high among the Indo-Anglians. Still, like that of other creative artists, his work also is to some extent the literary expression of his own repressed day-dreams, which have freed him of the compulsion to give them the further release of action. It may not be therefore a complete satisfaction to him. He may be left with a feeling of inadequacy. Perhaps, it accounts also for his glorification of the man of action.

A great artist suffers little discredit for not being a man of action. If Tagore's Visvabharati University has succeeded in a measure, it by no means forms even a proportion of the world-wide fame he has achieved as a poet. Venkataramani knows it. But, living in memorable times, when leaders of thought and action like Mahatma Gandhi have shown the way for splendid work, it is but natural for him to have felt also the spur of action like so many others. Hence some of his pet ideas of rural reconstruction diverted his mind to fields of executive activity. Imagination and contemplation, so akin to his spirit, seemed for some time like receiving the quietus. His fecundity as a writer began to show few traces of being alive. He pursued the trail of his own enthusiasm for solid construction work in the village of his birth and its neighbourhood. The Muse of his heart looked dethroned and deserted. His pen, which could turn graceful phrases, seemed to slip from his fingers. He appeared self-exiled from the kingdom of thought where erstwhile he had reigned supreme.

All this extended for nearly a decade and more after he proved himself secure in the hearts of his countrymen. Discerning critics and well-meaning friends marked it the misfortune of their lives that Venkataramani should have almost laid aside his magic wand. Indeed they began

to shake their heads in distrust. The wise words of that great art-critic and savant Anand K. Coomaraswamy were remembered by them: 'Values are to such an extent inverted that action, properly means to an end, has been made an end in itself, and contemplation, pre-requisite to action, has come to be disparaged as an escape from the responsibilities of activity.' And surely Venkataramani worked himself up to a mood of restlessness, only to bring upon himself the double loss of his single-minded devotion to creative writing as well as his once enviable health. Today it is much more disquieting to see him emaciated of form and undermined of vitality.

But the writer lives in his writings and the poet in his visions. It is we that need the education not to miss them. No doubt every writer gains through writing sublimation of his instincts, desires and day-dreams. The moment a work of art emanates from him, he finds a sense of liberation and rest in peace. Nevertheless, we must be prepared also for a bit of dichotomy, as they call it, existing in creative artists, and making for a seeming contradiction between their behaviour and their communication. Yet what a wonderful writer and visionary Venkataramani has been! Who can forget his *Paper Boats* and *Murugan The Tiller*? If his prose is piled with beautiful metaphors, his stories tell of the melancholy life in the neglected villages. If his eyes glow with the inner ecstasy of catching the fleeting yet highly picturesque scenes of his eddy-eyed, love-dimpled Cauveri, his thoughts reflect on their bosom the sorrows of suffering peasants.

Being a pure artist, journalism failed to prove a proper vehicle for his idealism. Twice he tried to captain his precious cargo through journalistic vessels and twice he found himself floundering on rocks of ruthless callousness of the compulsorily educated ones of our land. To his bitter cost he has learnt that journalism of the type he wished to forge cannot thrive in times when the so-called democracy has done more successfully to level down the highest

and the best than level up the lowest. It has not taken time for him to understand that new-born ideas of the West can only aid a Government if the people try to be friendly to the poor, illiterate masses while showing a cold shoulder to thinkers and artists—the guides of humanity.

Let us not disturb ourselves with such reflections on this memorable occasion. Venkataramani has supplied us moments of unsurpassed deliciousness for which we are grateful. Whether he writes in English or Tamil, he can paint the village wench or the urban entrepreneur in a way that always marks out his superior

imagination, creative force, observation and knowledge of human nature. Readers of his, perhaps may not realise how the enduring vignettes of South Indian life he has provided, have all been evolved out of his heart's blood. His emotions which strike the readers as 'so true' are the results of his experiences passed through nights of bitter tears.

"I hope to do my auto-biography, giving my findings on tubercular Hinduism" writes Venkataramani in one of his characteristic letters. Let us hope he will make a beginning of it on this day of rejoicing over his sixty years, so very significant in the life of a Hindu.

HOMAGE TO VENKATARAMANI

By K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

IN November 1927, soon after graduation, I happened to pass through Madras. I found temporary shelter in a house in Luz, occupied by a smart set of brothers, cousins, uncles, nephews, college students all of them. It was exciting to watch their gestures, to follow their discussions, to track down their allusions. *Murugan The Tiller*, recently published, figured largely in the downright animated talk, and its author, K. S. Venkataramani, was referred to in terms of superlative praise. I learnt too that the book had literally taken Mylapore by storm. The review in the *Hindu* and all the other reviews had prepared the way; individual appreciations had come in shoals; and that Venkataramani was a prophet no less than an artist had quickly become a part of the public opinion of Madras. "Tagore of the South"—why not?

Venkataramani was by no means a name unfamiliar to me. For example, our Principal, Fr. Lebeau, used to tell us: "Oh! these Satyamurtis and Venkataramanis! They get up in the Senate as often as you please and talk as long as they please!" I had read besides Mr. Venkataramani's half-amusing, half-withering description of the Madras University under the Patro dispensation. And here was *Murugan* a full-length English novel by this Indian writer, and people were raving about it.

Murugan, which I presently read,—in spurts and snatches, for I had to seize the moments when the book was left unengaged on the drawing-room table,—quite overwhelmed me. I thought it was a masterpiece. Golden phrases, whole sentences rich in their gorgeous embroidery, witty sallies that tickled but wounded not,—these lingered in one's memory. One felt that the river-scenes punctuated the progress of the action like Choral dances in a Greek tragedy. The principal characters seemed to be invested with something of an apocalyptic significance. "Kedari is ME"—many a Mylapore lawyer might well have muttered in an agony of self-discovery; and, indeed, the species is found all over India, and in other professions as well. Ramu is the visioned Future, but Kedari is the exposed Present. Success like Kedari's is a consuming flame which nurses a darkness at the centre, but Ramu's career of seeming frustration is the cold flint that treasures life-giving heat and light. One could, of course, expatiate on *Murugan* as a tract for the times; yet even the story, simply as a story, is breathlessly interesting and utterly bounces the reader.

A few months later, I found myself in North Ceylon,—a teacher of Mathematics. The Headmaster of a neighbouring school, Mr. Sundrachari,—now alas! no more—had lately col-

lided against Mr. Venkataramani, a collision which had nevertheless engendered a sudden friendship between them. Mr. Sundrachari was full of Venkataramani; he readily lent me *Paper Boats* and *The Next Rung*; and, having consumed them in a hurry, I sent short reviews to the *Times Of Ceylon*, *Illustrated Sunday Edition*, and strangely enough the reviews appeared promptly. I posted a cutting to Mr. Venkataramani, for here at last was an opportunity to introduce myself to the author of *Murugan*. Mr. Venkataramani wrote back promptly with a heart full of generosity, and this generosity has flowed unfailingly ever since. During the next two or three years I read Shaw, Ibsen, Samuel Butler, Lytton Strachey and several others, excitement followed excitement, each discovery seemed more wondrous than the last, while the green pastures of modern English literature were an endless invitation and enchantment,—yet my heart would brook no divorce from Venkataramani.

I went to Madras again in July 1931, and on the plea that I wished to appear for the M.A. degree examination as a "private candidate" gained admission into Sri Venkateswara Hostel. But the chief thing was my setting foot in Svetaranya Ashrama and meeting Mr. Venkataramani face to face. He put me at my ease at once, and as he spoke, the sentences seemed to flow like a cataract. Here was Ramu,—here was Kedari: and, after all, aren't Kedari and Ramu the reverse and obverse of the same medal? It is true Svetaranya Ashrama looked little like an Ashram, and Venkataramani, lean and dark and clean-shaven, didn't look endless or immense like a Tagore or Carlyle. If it be true that where Rama is, there is Ayodhya, it is no less true that where Venkataramani is, there inseparably is Svetaranya Ashrama. As for his person, mark his eyes; genius radiates from them and the soul's infinity is mirrored in them; and, when he talks, every second he waxes more and more immense.

In due course I was inevitably drawn into what might be called the Venkataramani Orbit. "We were Seven"—Venkataramani, K. Chandrasekharan, K. Ramakotiswara Rao, M.

Chalapati Rau, Manjeri S. Isvaran, A. D. Mani, and myself. The *Triveni* office in the first floor of the Y.M.I.A. Buildings in Armenian Street were our unofficial meeting-place. Venkataramani and Chandrasekharan, turbaned and clad in alpaca, dropped in during the lunch interval; Ramakotiswara Rao was chastely serious, and sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at Difficulty; Chalapati Rau made acidulated comments, talked of modernists, imagists, and futurists, and gaily recited the Fifth Philosopher's Song; Mani shot in like a pellet of mercury, and shot away as suddenly; Isvaran was wise beyond his years, and was the very picture of the poet carrying the burden of the world's beauty and sorrow on his shoulders; and, of course, I was nothing in particular, and my immediate worries were only Philology and Anglo-Saxon.

Our recurrent topic was *Kandan the Patriot*, which was appearing serially in the *Swarajya*. The second Round Table Conference at London proving abortive, the year 1932 witnessed a renewal of the Civil Disobedience movement. Repression ran amuck. Khasa Subba Rao was among the many victims of Police excesses, and we who knew that *Kandan* was shortly to be published in volume form were half-afraid that the book might be banned. In the meantime, Ramakotiswara Rao played the midwife (as Venkataramani himself put it more than once) and expertly handled the proofs. The book came out at last, I read it through in a fever of nervous exultation, and having composed my review the same night took it personally to the office of *Federated India* in Tondiarpet. Mine was the first review to appear, and that was for me triumph enough! What if the M.A. examination lay ahead, an undefined spectre? What if *Beowulf* remained unread, and Verner's Law and Grimm's Law still tantalized me? What mattered was that *Kandan* was out of the press, it was not banned, it was excellently received, and it even sold well. *Kandan* gained in importance because it was the very image of the excruciating times we were passing through; and *Kandan* was close enough to Ramu and Gandhiji and Venkataramani himself that his portrait acquired a connotative richness

which even he who ran couldn't miss. Humour and poetry and politics and prophecy mingled together in bewildering fashion, but anyhow the result was a novel of permanent and paramount significance.

Nearly twenty years have elapsed since then. Very well could I say now in retrospect,

Bliss was it in that Dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven.

Even in the agony there was life; and at the very centre of Frustration veiled Hope held her sovran shrine. We have all now grown old; the chill winds of Time have scattered the "seven"; and Venkataramani is sixty. Ardour and stern endeavour and mounting disappointment have been packed into these twenty years. *Bharata Mani*, the fine Tamil weekly which Venkataramani strove for long years at great sacrifice to keep alive, is dead; national freedom, although it has come, seems often to taste like the fabulous dead-sea fruit; and Venkataramani at sixty, denied health and denied the fulfilment of his hopes for his Motherland, is sad beyond words.

K. S. VENKATARAMANI: AN APPRECIATION

By R. BANGARUSWAMI

*There shines a brilliant and romantic grace
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion and impudence and energy.*

WHEN I first made his contact—which ripened into friendship in the course of years—two decades ago, I recalled to my mind the above lines of W. E. Helley on Robert Louis Stevenson. Yes, Mr. Venkataramani also was "thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably with a little tuft sprawling at the top of his head. But when he spoke, he spoke with vividness and animation, with a 'deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck' and enlivened the company with his words and thoughts.

He was then at the height of his fame. His *Paper Boats* and *Murugan the Tiller* had won for him a name as an essayist and novelist in the tongue that Shakespeare spoke. The Madras

But a Vedantin like him has reserves of the Spirit on which he can draw for support and sustenance, and this is the secret of his undiminished intellectual energy and purposive idealism. Why hasn't Venkataramani, written any more *Murugans* and *Kandans*? This question, which is popped at one off and on, is as futile as it is silly. Books like *Murugan* and *Kandan* are written out of one's heart's blood, not writ with coloured water. A civilization that worships cheap labels and sheer mass and is sustained by organized publicity cannot understand either Venkataramani or his work. Even so, for the humble, for the hungry, for the humane,—and there are still quite a few of these in our country—*Kandan* and *Murugan* are food ample enough and ambrosial enough, and so along with his many friends and admirers, I offer my homage to Shri K. S. Venkataramani on the occasion of his *shashitabdupurti* and wish him many more years of sterling service to the country and also a progressive fulfilment of the far aims of his dedicated life.

Bar Association presented him with a souvenir and Swami Shankaracharya with a memento in recognition of his worth.

Nor this was all. First rank English writers came forth to pay their compliments to the author of these sprightly books for the wonderful style that was at his command. No less a person than the late Frederick Harrison called it 'graceful and correct' while Sir W. Robertson Nicoll termed it 'excellent.' Others praised 'the graphic talent for description,' the 'quantly felicitous' the 'unimpeachable' vehicle used to convey the thoughts of the writer. A writer in the *Glasgow Bulletin* compared him to Ruskin, while the late C. R. Reddy called him the 'Keats of prose.' Tagore and Sarojini and Besant—and many other great minds of India found in him something unique as a writer or thinker. Something, I must say, 'which seemed A key to a new

world, the muttering of angels, of something unguessed by man.

Other writings followed: *Kandan, the Patriot, The Next Rung, A Day with Shambu*, portraits and short stories. And then Mr. Venkataramani appeared in the garb of an out and out Tamil journalist with his weekly *Bharatha Mani* which took into its fold many writers of established reputation in English, giving them an opportunity to express their sentiments in their mother tongue-Tamil. Tremendous success though it was as a literary journal, as a business venture it was a failure.

And now the 'sage of Kaveripatnam' is living his own gospel of life of retirement in rural surroundings—the ideal painted in *Murugan the Tiller* and expounded everywhere in his writings. Here is one of his tributes to the Indian village:

"The Indian village is not a necessary accident in an agricultural country. It is the fruit of a philosophic enquiry into the highest wheelings and the lowest circlings of men. Our Rishis have built it as a hermitage for collected humanity on the wayside of evolution. It is an ideally fit abode, for men of learning, piety and character. It is the working place for the worker and the cloister for the scholar. The one could change easily into the other, like a cloud into the rain. It is the best reconciliation between the perpetual demand for action which matter makes, and freedom from action which the spirit demands. Even as the body is to the soul, the village is to a body of men, a haven of rest for the water-laved and storm-bitten ship."

It is a pity, however, that this beautiful unit is now "no better than a baited worm that is dragged along the line of higher ambition in foaming seas and eddying rivers." Depopulation, ignorance, poverty, want of proper measures of safety and so many things besides have made life in villages precarious in the extreme. On the other hand urban life is not without its own problems as crucial as those affecting rural life.

The glory of *Murugan The Tiller* rests on this—that it brings out clearly the contrast. Indeed it is a book of contrasts. Simple truthful Ramu and ambitious unscrupulous Kedari; Janaki and Kokilam; the

aping Junior and the jealous Senior; and so on. But life evolves through variety, through change. In *Murugan* all the scattered drops wind their way to the everlasting quiet of the Nagalapura Hills. Ramu and Kedari, the old friends realise the 'final bliss and union and love' in the simplicity and loveliness of their new surroundings, far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, far away from life's fretful fever of officialdom and lawyerdom, their loving wives, fully acclimatized to the change with the zeal and ardour of new converts.

"In peaceful evenings, on the water-laved and velvet-turfed shores of the lake, Sita, Kokilam and Janaki sat around Ramu in a ring of love, and stirred his rich and philanthropic mind to rare depths of cosmic peace and joy. The air was radiant with light and grace of the Eternal Feminine. Ramu then spoke in a voice that seemed to come from beyond the hills and the falls of water."

Among the many souls reclaimed in the novel is Murugan himself, the simple hard-working and thrifty peasant whose devotion to his master Ramu outweighed other considerations, and who evolves from peasant into proprietor and from proprietor into a vagabond and again back to the village and to the plough in the new colony under Ramu's aegis.

Once the underlying harmony of the story is felt and we enter into the spirit of change from hypocrisy to naturalness the characters in the novel become transformed into creatures of flesh and blood.

If we hear the voice of the tilling millions in *Murugan*, we feel the tumultuous anguish of a subject nation for freedom in *Kandan the Patriot*. The novel first appeared serially in *Swarajya* and then in book form and was widely read and commented. Sainly Kandan, foiled of his love for Rajeswari, gives up his place in the I.C.S. and takes to service of his Mother Country. But Rangan, the more successful wooer, enters the service, enjoys its sweets and then resigns. Kandan, the man of action, and judgment and Rangan the man of words, 'of rugged metaphors and wild similes'—they meet at a common road for a sacred cause. The banned meeting culminates with police firing and Kandan falling mortally wound-

ed. The pitch of tragedy is reached when Kandan asking for a 'cup of water dies before it is brought, a 'patriot-saint' thirsting for the water of freedom.

As for Rajee-Rajeswari Bai—and Saraswathi, Rangan's sister, they seem to be endowed with a superior power and potency to transform men's minds to deeds of sacrifice. Kandan comes under their spell without his own individuality being cabined or cribbed. Who could think that Saraswathi would combine in herself the sweetness of zephyr with the strength of a hurricane and be an ornament to her sex and inspire a man like Kandan?

The transformations in Kandan pave the way for the transformation of India from a subject country to an independent nation.

Venkataramani's *Paper Boats* is a collection of essays on some of our commonplace things and persons, exquisitely drawn. *On the Sand Dunes* contains fine sentiments and philosophisings.

A day with Sambu is a plea for simplicity and naturalness in life. These apart there are his short stories and portraits. In the former category comes *Jatadharan*, a graduate and grammarian, polyglot and astronomer turning into a pial-school teacher. Plot or no plot, Mr. Venkataramani's short stories depict life in a peculiarly interesting and instructive way and in a language that is sheer delight.

In pen-portraiture Mr. Venkataramani has seldom been surpassed. It is often poetry and portraiture combined, as for instance in the following:

"Subramaniam's forensic eloquence was like a cord of silk, soft, slender-looking but strong. It had neither knots nor twists. Its colour was white. It lacked prismatic glow. But it had the living freshness and the sprouting graces of the spring. It was adequate without being hard. It was subtle without being sinuous. It was suggestive without being vague. His spoken word was greater than the written. For his voice was fascinating and fully charged with the electrons of sympathy." And contrasting Subramaniam and Bashyam he says:

"Subramaniam's forensic eloquence radiates like solar energy over all. It

spreads itself everywhere for the sheer joy of it. The seeming waste is much. But Bashyam like an X-ray penetrates to the core and lights the dark interior with a flaming torch."

Scattered through his writings are found passages full of superb descriptive power shot with a wealth of detail and imagery. This way does the Monsoon come:

"The wind soon arose like a giant from his sleep, and swept along the moaning trees. Thunder and lightning rent the sky now covered with miles and miles of dark-sailing clouds. The first troops came like pearls; from pearls to shower, from shower to storm, all in majestic procession. The Monsoon clothed heaven and earth in one bridal apparel of liquid beauty and shimmering joy. It was a festive night for all, Nature-Gods roaming in the sky and men and women happy by the fire-side."

Touches of humour wink from odd corners of his writings: the Chetiyar "forgetting the pain of travel in the reverie of accumulated interest in three centuries and thirty districts," railway porters who could "easily weigh a man's heart and ascertain his intentions quicker and more accurately than the weighing machine," Mr. Mudaliar whose "apprentice hand was always prompted by a curious experimenting mind, with deadly effect on ancestral riches", Mr. Lance who believed in the "first duty of the governing mind that wayward freedom either of water-drop or of man must be controlled and regulated at all cost."

If success in life were to mean the amassment of money, then Mr. Venkataramani has not succeeded. That Mr. Venkataramani's genius has so far earned for him a name in the field of Indo-Anglican literature as high as Ruskin's, Tolstoy's and Thoreau's in their respective fields is sufficient compensation and consolation to spur him on in the ripe years to come to undertake and produce works 'still unattempted yet in prose or rhyme'.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,

In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,

But westward, look, the land is bright.
(A. H. Clough).

THE PLANNING COMMISSION'S REPORT

By Prof. T. K. DORAISWAMI IYER

THE Report of the Planning Commission is of importance as the first blue-print since the attainment of Independence prepared by an authoritative body covering almost the entire ground of our economic development over the next five years. It is very fortunate that the Commission was appointed only in 1950 and not soon after the attainment of independence in 1947. Since in 1947-48 Indian economic leadership was not quite alive to the hard realities of the economic situation and since the atmosphere was then charged with unwarranted optimism of a pronounced character, any commission set to work on a five year plan then would have been at a great disadvantage in producing a really valuable report. The suffering and privations of the people since then have induced in our leaders some sense of realism which we find happily reflected in the framing of the report under examination.

In the period immediately following independence there was not a sufficient awareness on the part of our leaders of the very difficult economic situation in the country. There was not enough comprehension of the extent of the inroads made into the economy of the country by the drain of real resources which the country could ill afford to spare, represented by the accumulation of sterling balances and the accompanying distortion of the economic structure arising from the heavy inflation resorted to during the 2nd world war. The leaders who were firmly convinced that the sacrifices of themselves and the rank and file of the Congress had wrung independence out of the British made the mistake of thinking that economic progress under their leadership would be almost automatic. Otherwise, we cannot understand the complacency that marked ministerial utterances on the economic situation while a predominantly agricultural country was continuously parting with needed foreign exchange for importing large quantities of food-

stuffs. Any band of leaders of average intelligence, foresight and drive should have learnt the lesson of the Bengal famine of 1943-44 and should have taken in time adequate steps to correct deficiencies and attain a satisfactory equilibrium in respect of food supplies, even though the partition of the country inflicted a grievous wound on the body economic. On the other hand, unrealistic schemes involving large sums of money were formulated by the ministries in the Centre and the States who did not quite realise the grave deficiencies in the economic structure. Important members of Government went about making contradictory statements on different aspects of the economic situation. Ideologies whose emotional appeal for the moment may be magnificent were sought to be implemented involving in the process tremendous financial and moral loss for the country. Whereas highest priority should have been given to the production of food grains on a scale commensurate with the needs of the vast population, energies and funds of which there was not an abundance were devoted to a tremendous elaboration of the administrative machinery involving heavy additional cost and the establishment of the framework of democratic institutions. No wonder, in this context of complacency, blundering and waste, labourers working in factories and workshops became restive and lost all sense of the true relation that should subsist between the work they put in and the remuneration they received. While the demand for increasing wages was persistent there was an alarming diminution in the output per man-hour. The distinction between short and long term projects which in the context of Indian deficiencies was of paramount importance was completely ignored. On the other hand, roseate visions of a land flowing with milk and honey were conjured up by minister after minister as a result of long term plans involving colossal ex-

penditure. Meanwhile, in the name of ushering in a welfare state, the rates of existing taxes were increased, fresh taxation was devised and thus a steadily increasing proportion of a diminishing national income was annexed to the State. It is not surprising therefore that the interplay of the maladjustments of varying degrees of intensity affecting the different sectors of the economy resulted in shortages, bottlenecks and decreased production. Since rationing, price regulation, allocation of materials, etc., are the recognised methods of meeting a situation marked by scarcity and shortages, resort was necessarily had to controls. The regulation of the distribution and prices of foodgrains in a country where hundreds of thousands of small farmers produce them puts a very heavy strain on the machinery of control and is attended by considerable hardship and waste. It is therefore all the more necessary that highest priority should have been given to measures for increasing the production of food grains so that the necessarily irksome controls might be removed as soon as possible. The case for early removal was reinforced by the consideration that the administrative machinery was far from equal to the task of efficiently operating the controls. Persons in authority, however, have been clinging to the machinery of controls with a tenacity worthy of a better cause. In fact faith in controls in the face of the continuing harassment and distress of the population became almost the categorical imperative of Indian official economic thought and practice. Far from realising the glaring deficiencies in the operation of controls, those in charge of administering them went so far as to lay the entire blame on the people whose lack of co-operation was urged as the reason for the comparative failure of controls. From being a means of strictly limited efficiency and of short duration they came to be looked upon almost as an end in themselves. It is the cumulative effect of the conditions set forth above along with other causes that has led to the population not being in a position to command the necessities for sustaining life in a normal healthy condition.

It is against such a background that the Planning Commission has issued

its report. It is refreshing to find that the Commission has not lost itself altogether in a misty half world of ill-assorted ideologies but remains on the whole close to mother earth. Otherwise we cannot explain the emphasis they rightly lay on finding funds for development of agriculture, irrigation and power as distinct from industries. The British rulers of the country often used to assert that they were the trustees of the dumb millions of this country. Though these millions lived mostly in villages and though their welfare was primarily bound up with the development of agriculture much was not done to improve rural economy though a Royal Commission on Agriculture had drawn pointed attention to the importance of agricultural progress. It used to be the fashion in the past for anybody who planned for the economic development of the country to lay primary emphasis on industrial development in contrast to agricultural. Perhaps the acute and continuing food crisis afflicting the country over the last few years in respect of food supply accounts for this change in emphasis.

A summary of the recommendations alone is now available and from that one does not quite realise that the Commission has laid due emphasis on getting more output out of the land already under cultivation. It has been one of the besetting defects of the authorities in India since independence, that while grandiose schemes involving tens of crores of rupees each caught their imagination and inflamed their enthusiasm, the prosaic act of making two blades of grass grow where one grew did not make an adequate appeal to them. In this connection it is not inappropriate to point out that one of the important causes that tended to aggravate inflation in the country was the locking up of real resources in projects, however useful ultimately, which will not fructify for a number of years. There is a good deal of misconception on this subject even in the highest quarters. Propositions appropriate to a period of prosperity and surpluses were sought to be implemented in a period of grave deficiencies and shortages. Since the output of paddy per acre is said to be about half of that in China, the obvious course for the authorities was to search out the

causes for the low yield and take urgent steps for rectifying it. In that case our shortages could have been met from the increased production per acre. In the context of reduced world production and a marked decrease in world export surplus of rice, the colossal demand for it from India from year to year whose bargaining strength on the scene of international trade was never very strong was, in all probability, one of the dominant contributory causes for the marked increase in the world price of rice. If only the India Government had adequately grasped the significance in time, of the high priority to be given to the production of paddy and applied resources to that end instead of frittering them away or locking them up in projects that will yield results only after a considerable lapse of time, the supply and demand position of paddy would have been transformed and the world price of rice might not have shown the increase it has done. Inflationary forces would then have been held in check, the financial position of the Government would have been healthy and the cost of living would have been

much lower. For, a decrease in the price of paddy would reduce costs in different lines of production and would therefore exercise a favourable influence on the general price level which would be of the greatest assistance, particularly to the sorely pressed middle and lower classes.

The first part of the plan, designed to promote economic development so that the average man by 1955-56 may command as much material welfare as he did in 1938, is estimated to cost about 1,500 crores of rupees. A measure of the arrears of progress we have to make up to attain merely the pre-war *status quo* will be clear from this. While it is realised that many of the war-torn countries of Europe which formed the active theatres of war have increased their industrial production by about 30% above pre-war, we find that according to the Planning Commission's Report we will have to resort to additional taxation, loans, draft on the reduced sterling balances and possibly deficit finance and inflation to secure for the citizen even the admittedly low standard of living of 1938. Thus the objective that the Commission has set before itself is a very modest one.



Sir A. R. Mudaliar at the Jubilee Celebrations of The Indian Mutual Life Association Ltd., Madras.

NEW DELHI DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD



I hear that the Government of India contemplates to give an additional dearness allowance of Rs. 5 to all Government employees, including railway workers. This is intended to attract the vote of the Government servant for the Congress Party; but this, by itself may fail to avert the strike. J. P.'s offer to run food trains takes the edge out of Government's criticism that J. P. wants to starve the country. Judging from the election manifestoes of the Socialist Party and the Congress Party, it is clear that it is not the Socialist Party that is interested in starving the country. J. N. and J. P. should get together and refer the dispute for an immediate award to some person who understands both sides of the case—like N. M. Joshi or V. V. Giri. The Government is now playing with fire.

At one time it was thought that the Cease-Fire Line in Kashmir would ultimately freeze to become the permanent boundary line between India and Pakistan. But the rulers of Pakistan have been encouraged by the acquiescence of the American-dominated Security Council in their aggression in Kashmir. There have been innumerable border incidents, in which Pakistani soldiers, police and even civilians have crossed into Indian territory and committed thefts and murders. It is certain that neither side has any desire to budge an inch from its present position. Pakistan counts on the population of Kashmir being overwhelmingly Muslim; Panditji counts on the population being overwhelmingly Kashmiri. Loyalty to some religion (never practised) is just as good or as bad as loyalty to some nation (never understood).

Whatever the larger theories, Pakistan seems to be poised for military

action in Kashmir, and possibly elsewhere on the Indo-Pakistan border. The *Hindustan Times* recently published a strongly worded editorial entitled "Prepare"—which, according to popular suspicion, has been written by someone who is in close touch with the Home Ministry. The editorial warned that the attack from Pakistan, in whatever shape it may occur, "will amount to an act of war against this country." It declared: "If as a result of this clash Pakistan goes up in smoke, the fault will be of its leaders."

Even now, Dr. Graham can cut the Gordian knot by recommending the creation of an independent State of Kashmir. But the U. S. clearly seems to favour the annexation of Kashmir by Pakistan. Who cares for the poor people of Kashmir? Certainly not the body which goes by the name of United Nations. It is perhaps just as well that they don't care for the poor people of Kashmir. If they cared for them, Kashmiris might have been perhaps butchered like the Koreans.

General Singha, who has just left for Nepal to join the Cabinet, is one of the liberal-minded members of the Rana family. He was in London for over ten years before he became Ambassador to India. He is thus one of the few members of the Rana family who possess a knowledge of the outside world. His role during the difficult period for Nepal a few months ago was similar to that of Nawab Zain Yar Jung in the Hyderabad negotiations. He kept a cool head under the most trying circumstances. His wife, Princess Rama, is the sister of King Tribhuvan. When King Tribhuvan came to India, he had brought the Royal Crown and the Royal Seal (*panj-chhap*), but he had forgotten to bring the Royal Stand-

ard. His sister, Princess Rama, heard about it at the Embassy. She produced the Royal Standard: she had it with her.

General Singha, with his broader outlook, will be more acceptable as Prime Minister of Nepal to both the Congress and the Rana groups than the present P. M., Mohan Shamshere, who is old and old-worldly. We expect that he will soon be at the head of the Cabinet. General Singha told me frankly that it was the inability of the ruling circles of Nepal to understand the spirit of the times that resulted in the somewhat violent changes in his country.

Our own Ambassador in Nepal, C. P. N. Singh, has done a creditable job in that country. One of the Secretaries of our Embassy in Nepal, however, seems to have lost his head completely. He has been relieved of his post, somewhat belatedly. The old Nepal is no longer there; our old Ambassador should now be recalled. (I understand the Ambassador himself wishes to come back to India.) It would be unwise, similarly, to send K. P. S. Menon as our Ambassador to New China. He will be an excellent choice for London or Washington or Lake Success.

The Bombay newspapers, under the leadership of the Free Press Group, have shown that there are still some independent dailies left in this country. But for the spirited leadership of Mr. S. Sadanand, these newspapers too would have toed the line of Deshbandhu Gupta. Mr. Sadanand is a courageous journalist. He does not bother which Province you come from when considering you for a position in his organisation.

It is time that journalist-proprietors and journalist-editors like Mr. Sadanand and Mr. A. D. Mani came out of the A.-I.N.E.C., and put an end to the farce of proprietor-editors. The outlook of proprietor-editors is ever clouded by the possibilities of the newspaper as a money-making proposition. Journalist-editors and journalist-proprietors look upon newspapers as a public utility—as Mr. G. A. Johnson does. There is a wide divergence between the two points of view.

As it is, there are two distinct

groups, opposed to each other, in the A.-I.N.E.C. A former President of the A.-I.N.E.C. told me: "Our Standing Committee is divided into two groups, just like the Nehru Cabinet. We have our own Nehru and our own Patel." The discussions sometimes reach a very low level, especially when important appointments are debated. A man, who himself owes his job to the fact that he is somebody's son or son-in-law, accuses others of nepotism when they are making a really good appointment. And the man who thus accuses has himself got a candidate for the job, who is neither pleasant nor competent. That is why he wants to get rid of him from his own newspaper and foist him on the Press Trust of India. Such are the bickerings that go on.

Bitter Rice is an Italian film of outstanding merit, dealing with revenge and murder in the rice-fields. The presentation has the simplicity of a true work of art. There is none of the Hollywood vulgarizations. The story of revenge is agricultural and therefore convincing. Cruelties of man are associated with agriculture; industrial civilization makes him more sensitive. (The philosophy of non-violence therefore falters when it seeks to perpetrate the bullock-cart way of life). Films about Chicago gangsters are pathological cases sensationally presented without an understanding of the manifestation. Silvano Mangano is Jane Russell plus Ingrid Bergman, and dominates the film. But it is the other girl, Doris Dowling, who gently steals the show.

Along with *Bitter Rice*, we saw an excellent shot about air-travel. K. L. M. Airlines are behind it, but not once was the name of the company uttered by the narrator. The name K. L. M. sometimes appears unobtrusively on the planes and in the offices. I came to know that K. L. M. was interested in this film, because the genial Representative of K. L. M., Prince Windisch-Graetz, showed the film some months ago at his Reception to the Dutch delegation for the air-talks between India and Netherlands. Such is the kind of film that the Coca-Cola people and the Shalimar Paints people should make for their advertisement.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE ASSAM RAIL LINK

By A Special Correspondent

THE Assam Rail Link project is a product of the partition of India on 15th August, 1947. It is a logical corollary of the partition because Assam was completely cut off from India and save for an extremely inadequate and unsuitable 2 ft. gauge line, it had no direct communication with India—a situation which was entirely untenable and had to be remedied at the earliest possible opportunity. For once Assam, the backwaters of Indian polity, relegated to second rate importance, sometimes given step-motherly treatment, generally forgotten due to its sheer distances, suddenly rose into pre-eminence, both social and economic on the one hand, political and strategic on the other. The uncertain and fluid relationship with Pakistan, accelerated by the inroads of the marauders into Kashmir hastened the decision, eagerly given on January 27, 1948 by the Railway Board and earnestly accepted by the railwaymen in India. The Link was on its way.

The construction of the Rail Link was an audacious fight against relentless, defiant nature. Wooded jungles and mountains which had never before been penetrated had literally to be hacked through. Like wild colts, the Torsa and Tista, meandering madly through the mountain-cum-jungle wilds of the Himalayas, depositing its endless cargo of rock and rubble and sal trees, ever shifting its course, would not yield to the embrace of man. And then the wild animals and reptiles like tigers, like bison, elephants and pythons kept playing unpleasant pranks throughout the progress of the work, amazed at the audacity of man for having ventured to tread on their toes. The presence of wild animals along the alignment, at newly laid stations and in goods yards were common features and the presence of armed guards was essential at all times to allay fears and restore confidence although it was abundantly proved that these animals

never harmed men as a rule. And then came the inevitable toll of disease and epidemics, malaria being the worst offender. But then the authorities were at all times on the alert. The work on the Link was a brave effort on the part of the courageous railwaymen in India who fought against a multiplicity of odds and forged ahead the solid Link, nothing daunted. Even an occasional tragic bout of superstition among the Assamese tribesmen that heads of boys were buried in foundations and bridges constructed by the Link, was treated with the contempt which it deserved.

Some facts and figures will give an idea of the magnitude of the task. While orders were issued by the Railway Board on 27th January 1948 to commence the work and even the most optimistic of engineers did not expect to complete it by April 1951, the actual work was completed by 9th December 1949 when passenger traffic was extended from Naksalbari to Siliguri North, the linking between Kishanganj and Naksalbari having been completed earlier. Thus was the through link for goods traffic duly established. The inauguration of the through link for passenger traffic was established on the auspicious day of 26th January 1950. A record performance.

During this period, a length of 142 miles was laid with a 3'-3-3/8" (metre) gauge at an estimated cost of nearly 9 crores of rupees. The average expenditure per mile came to over 6 lakhs of rupees. During this performance, bridges had to be constructed for 368 rivers varying in length from 3 ft. to 1425 ft., the pride of place being taken by the wild and tempestuous Torsa and the equally unbridled Tista rivers. Nearly 200 million cubic ft. of earth had to be moved. About 7,500 members of the staff and 35 officers gave their unstinted cooperation and worked day and night to make their dreams come true. And all the while the malaria kept raising its grisly spectre so that the staff swallowed no

less than 12 lakhs of paludrine tablets during this period.

A number of interesting engineering features figured in the Link. Prestressed concrete girders upto 60 ft. spans cast 'in situ' were utilised. The central span of 250 ft. on the bridge on Tista, erected in the bed of the river and slewed on piers is a marvel in engineering workmanship. Then sinking of wells had to be done under compressed air through river beds of boulders upto 6 ft. diameter. Use of big diameter (12 feet) Armco corrugated pipes in bridges had to be adopted.

For Assam, rail transport is all. Cut off from the mainland of India except by a narrow strip of connecting land, it can be easily isolated, in the event of a calamity but for the system of railway communications. And nature has not been unusually kind to Assam. It lies in a seismographic zone. Earthquakes are frequent. Floods and cyclones cause havoc. The importance of the rail link from the economic point of view cannot be sufficiently stressed. The new link had to be brought into operation. The progress was accelerated consequent upon its utter isolation as the result of Pakistan. You just could not move Assam's jute and tea without adequate transport. Nor could you feed Assam except by rail. For air-lifts at best of times have their limitations.

The crux of the problem is, however, political. In this case, global geography determines the strategic importance of Assam. Assam is surrounded by Bhutan on one side, China by the other and then come Burma and Pakistan. The last few years have seen dynamic changes in the East. The red shadow has marched with a bewildering rapidity and the political changes brought about by flying a few strips of cloth in the air have a deep significance for the teeming millions of the East. The passage of China from the rule of Kuomintang to that of the red regime of Mao-tse-tung; the insurrections in Indo-China, Malaya, Burma, the silent but effective inroads into the sovereignty of Tibet are chinks in the armour of the foreign policy of every country affected.

Assam, in the context of what is stated above, commands a pivotal position. It played its role in the last war against the Japanese. May such an occasion never arise again. But should it be necessary, Assam will have to play a vital role in future. And all modern warfare is dependent on an efficient system of transport. Not luck but logistics will then be a deciding factor. And therein lies the importance of the Rail Link.—Copy-right.—N.P.S.

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AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE ON THE LEFT

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: By most tests of heredity and environment, Frederick V. Field should have been a Wall Street broker, a railroad executive, a gentleman farmer, or simply an amiable young man with no particular purpose in life except mixing a tolerable martini; in fact, he should have been almost anything except what he really is—a member of the Communist Party, U. S. A., who appears to rank just below the very top layer in the rigid class structure of the American Reds.

The V in his name stands for Vanderbilt. "Freddie" Field, through his mother is directly descended from Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, the profane States Island ferryboat captain who founded the family fortune, and William H. Vanderbilt, one of the wealthiest financiers and railroad magnates of his time.

Freddie Field was born on April 14, 1905, in his father's mansion, 645 Fifth Av., in midtown Manhattan. He grew up with his brother and two sisters there and at the family's 991-acre estate near Lenox, Mass. Highlawn Farm (then known as Highlawn House) is a magnificent place.

Like a proper Social Registerite, Freddie Field prepped at Hotchkiss, then entered Harvard. He was a gilded youth. "I am not interested in making money," he once said. "And the reason, I think, is obvious. I inherited money." Asked how much, he impishly replied: "Several millions, but not so many that I can't count them."

He did precisely the right things at Harvard in precisely the right way, joined the right clubs, knew the right people. He was assistant manager of the freshman football team, lugging the sweaters, water buckets, and helmets around the field in the immemorial manner of freshmen.

It was an era of brassy jazz, petting parties, and bad gin, when all conforming Ivy League undergraduates felt it was their duty to act like characters in a Scott Fitzgerald novel.

Freddie Field made the customary pose of being one of "The Beautiful and Damned."

Lucius Beebe, the determinedly elegant writer on railroads and the drama, tells of a Christmas dinner at Locke-Ober's restaurant in Boston. It was a swank affair, the silver and crystal sparkled, the wine flowed. Yet Freddie Field felt that something was missing. Suddenly he rushed out into the snow, grabbed a dirty-faced newsboy, and gave him a half dollar to press his nose against the window and look hungry while Field and his friends ate.

This hardly sounds like the Frederick V. Field who today inveighs against "Wall Street imperialism," who thunders praise for the Chinese Reds and who calls such Communist leaders as William Z. Foster and Eugene Dennis "Comrades." And the fact is that it really wasn't typical of Field at Harvard. Field was hardly a campus radical.

Toward the Sacco-Vanzetti affair, which was then exciting the nation, for example, he maintained an interested but studiously detached attitude, saying: "How can I tell whether they're guilty or not? I know almost nothing about the law." The important thing, however, is that Field was interested. He had a gnawing social consciousness.

So far as his college classmates can now recall, it was a social consciousness born partly of guilt and partly of idealism. Field was troubled by the fact that he could do things others couldn't—and for no reason except that he was born a Vanderbilt and a millionaire. Moreover, he seemed to have a horror of "the idle rich." Soon after leaving Harvard, he was to say: "My wealthy classmates abhorred dirtying their hands.... The whole Harvard social system is devised to give those who were born with leisure even more leisure, and those who have to work even more work." Field went from Harvard to England for a year of reading and listening to lectures at

the London School of Economics.

At the London School he was fired by Harold Laski and by the veteran Socialist Graham Wallas. He met several of the younger members of the British Labour Party. He heard Ramsay MacDonald speak. He did not become a Socialist, but Socialism intrigued him.

Field returned to New York with a letter from Laski to Belle Moskowitz the brilliant woman who until her death was Alfred E. Smith's most trusted adviser. Smith then was running for President against Herbert H. Hoover. Field contributed to his campaign and became a volunteer Democratic Party worker. At the same time, he joined the staff of the Institute for Pacific Relations and took over the presidency of The Open Road, organizing tours of Europe and Russia for college students and others. They were conducted tours, and in Russia the Soviet Government naturally did the conducting. The Open Road thus was a channel for Soviet propaganda. Young Field neither knew about that nor cared. His attitude was a simple, ingenuous one; Russia was a vast and important country that more Americans ought to see; he was helping them see it.

It didn't take more than a few weeks for Field to become disillusioned with the Democratic Party. His first shock came from talking with other Democratic workers; they sounded just like Republican campaign workers. They didn't have any vision of a brave new world; they simply wanted to win the election. Field sat down and read both the Democratic and Republican campaign platforms. In the fashion of Presidential platforms they were echoes of each other.

One night young Field went home to his bachelor apartment at 14 E. 60 St. and thought it all over. And his conclusion was a crudely Marxian one: It took big money to run a campaign, he decided, and the only way for both parties to get that money was to woo the corporations; they were, therefore, the captives of corporate interests. As Field later told McAlister Coleman, the Socialist writer, when he awakened the next morning he said to himself: "A plague on both their houses." An hour later, he was sitting in the Rand School office of August

Claessens, who then was running the Socialist Party in New York. When he left, he carried a Red membership card of the Socialist Party with a stamp for his first month's dues (50 cents) attached.

He was only 23, and looked much younger—very slim, very blond, and slightly bewildered. "In psychological terms I am heading toward as perfect a completion of my desires, instincts and impulses as possible." He didn't know it, but Field had taken his first long step along the road to Communism.

Field plunged into Norman Thomas's campaign for the Presidency, contributing money, organizing a First Voters' League, and holding street-corner meetings. The Communist Daily Worker jeered at "the millionaire Socialist." A party that could appeal to men like him, it said, obviously was "the lackey of capitalism."

On March 20, 1929 Field married Miss Elizabeth G. Brown of Duluth, Minn. He had met her in the course of his liberal activities. Among New York's 400 the marriage created an even greater stir than had young Field's espousal of Socialism. No one had ever heard of Betty Brown; Duluth didn't even have a Social Register. The ceremony was a private one at the home of Field's parents on Fifth Avenue.

That August, the newlyweds sailed aboard the Caronia for a combination honeymoon and year's study of social and political movements in Russia and the Far East.

The depression had already set in when they returned. Young Field became even more active in the Socialist Party. He raised funds for Southern textile strikers and for the charwoman of Harvard, who, it was discovered, had been receiving 2 cents an hour under the legal minimum for the past nine years. He became a member of the board of the Pioneer Youth, which ran summer camps for underprivileged children.

Increasingly he became irked by the Socialist Party's philosophy of gradualism. The depression had given him a sense of urgency. "We must do something," he kept saying. He told friends: "The Socialists have all the right goals—but no means."

The Communist, who formerly had

derided him, began to woo him. He wasn't fooled. "They're just after my money," he said. Still, he began to join Communist fronts, working in several of them with Corliss Lamont, son of J. P. Morgan & Co., banker, another wealthy Harvard man ('24) who had turned left. He explained: "They're doing something."

By 1931, the Socialist leader Norman Thomas now recalls, "Field definitely had cooled toward us." However, Field did not break cleanly with the party; his drift was gradual, for he continued to work with Socialists even while he was working with the Communists.

Precisely when Field did become a Communist Party member is not known. The external evidence is that it coincided pretty much with his divorce in mid-1935 from Betty Brown, who soon after married his friend of Harvard days, Joe Barnes. At any rate, Whittaker Chambers knew him as a member of the party then. In 1937, in fact, Chambers had a meeting with Field—ironically enough at the Vanderbilt Hotel.

Thereafter Freddie Field plunged into Communist activities with the same untiring energy which his ancestors had devoted to making money. Under his party pseudonym, Frederick Spencer, and under his own name, he was the sparkplug in a score of fronts, most of them devoted to Communist causes in China and the Far East generally, in Latin America, and in Africa. To each he brought not only ability and zeal but money as well. He ladled out dollars by the scores of thousands, and it evidently didn't pinch him, for he continued to live like a rich young man in a lavish four-story house with private elevator at 16 W. 12th St.

On Feb. 18, 1937 he married Mrs. Edith Chamberlain Hunter of Santa Barbara, Cal. a diligent worker in Communist fronts. For a reported \$30,000 cash, he bought a three-story building at 23 W. 26th St. in which he was interested.

The Fields gave lavish \$100. plate dinners at their 12th St. home to raise funds for the Communist Party, at which, in addition to eating a fairly good meal, guests could meet Earl Browder and other Communist leaders. When Communist fronts gave \$100-a-plate dinners at hotels, Freddie Field would buy a score of tickets. He was

Communism's most generous angel.

When the Hitler-Stalin pact was signed, Field became head of the Communist Party's most important front, the American Peace Mobilization, which picketed the White House day in, day out, shouting: "The Yanks Are Not Coming!" They were still picketing when Hitler invaded Russia, catching Field in the middle of a sentence denouncing the "imperialist war." Like a good Communist, Freddie was soon crying for a "second front."

Now that it was a "People's War," Field applied for a captaincy in Army Intelligence, giving his knowledge of the Far East as his qualification. He was turned down. At that, he stepped out as the Communist Party's expert on the Far East. He had helped Philip Jaffe, later the central figure in a stolen-documents case, found the magazine "Amerasia" and had worked on "China Today," but both were merely fronts. Now he began to write for "The Daily Worker" and "The New Masses."

From then on Field rose swiftly in the Communist Party. In 1945, he was among those admitted to a secret Communist convention at which Browder was ousted as leader. By the winter of 1948-49, he was writing for "Political Affairs," the party's theoretical organ. He was handing down the line on the Far East.

That year, also, Field was quietly divorced from Edith Chamberlain and married Mrs. Anita Boyer, divorced wife of Dr. Raymond Boyer, who had been known as "The Professor" in Soviet Russia's wartime Canadian espionage ring. Dr. Boyer had been convicted of conspiring to give military secrets to Russia and was serving a two-year jail term.

The idealistic Harvard boy had become a hardened Communist. He retained his youthful charm and the social graces which background and breeding had given him, but that was all. "I stopped visiting the Field home about two years ago," a former friend recently declared. "It made me uncomfortable. It wasn't anything you could put your finger on, but the whole tenor of the conversation around there was that the United States is now an enemy country, and the United States Government an occupying power."



By V. P. SATHE

THE two things that strike most an Indian film personality visiting Europe are that there is hardly any place in Europe where one does not run into film people and the people of Europe are not so star crazy. This observation was made by D. D. Kashyap the well-known producer and director who has just returned after two months' sojourn in Europe.

Kashyap visited every important place in Western Europe. Mostly he travelled by car, so there was hardly any important place in Italy, France or Switzerland he missed. In addition he visited Vienna and Berlin. And where he went he met screen luminaries from Hollywood. Most of them had come to Europe to inculcate the 'culture' and also work. For it has now become a great vogue for Hollywood producers to send their units to Europe to make pictures on location.

Kashyap found that the latest craze in Europe is not to shoot in studio but to shoot outdoors as far as possible. He met Clarence Brown the noted Hollywood director who is shooting his new picture entirely on location. Clarence Brown is a director of repute and he has made an excellent picture, 'Intruder in the Dust' which is still to be released in India; and yet he was frank enough to admit to Kashyap that he owes his salary mainly to the profits that M.G.M. makes from Esther Williams' pictures. So even in Hollywood 'Bathing Beauty' pays more than 'Intruder in the Dust.'

The other film personalities that Kashyap met, included Viveca Linfors, the Swedish star, Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles, Rene Claire, Paul Douglas and several other continental

stars and directors whose names are not familiar to us. Kashyap also noticed that shooting on actual location in Europe is not at all difficult; for the people do not intrude. In fact, they do not bother at all. The only occasion when a star's appearance caused a commotion was when Joan Fontaine arrived at a Berlin Film Festival Ball. The commotion was more due to Joan's escort who resembled Prince Aly Khan and the rumours that were current about them than to her stardom. But soon the commotion died and nobody took any notice of Joan.

The International Film Festival in Berlin was one of the important events that Kashyap attended during his sojourn. According to him the Berlin audience was the most appreciative; and he thought that it was a pity that no Indian picture was sent for the festival. Germans, in spite of their defeat, are proud and cultured people; and Kashyap thinks Vienna is the most 'cultured' city. Coming back to the festival, Kashyap remarked that a picture like *Barsaat* would have won a prize in the festival. The first prize for the best picture went into a Swiss film *Four in a Jeep* produced by the same concern which made *The Search* and *The Lost Chance*.

Four in a Jeep is the story of the four military policemen in the international section of Vienna of four different nationalities—viz., French, Russian, British and American. Though some people say the picture is anti-Russian, Kashyap is of the opinion that it takes no sides, it is strictly neutral like the Government of Switzerland. The picture is truly great and deserved the prize observed

Kashyap: he also tried to secure a copy of the picture, but failed in his effort. *Four in a Jeep* is also actually shot in the international sector of Vienna and each character speaks his or her own language. Viveca Linfors plays the main feminine role, though there is hardly any love interest in the picture. After hearing so much praise of this picture one hopes that we in India will have an opportunity of seeing this film in the near future.

When I asked whether he met Rossellini, Kashyap replied that he could not see him or his star-wife Ingrid Bergman as both of them were out in France shooting on location. After the bad publicity given to his romance and marriage with Ingrid Bergman, Rossellini does not mix with society and keeps himself rather aloof. He was however able to see their son at their residence.

In England, Kashyap was most impressed by Sir Lawrence Oliver, the great star who produced *Hamlet*. When Kashyap told him that his picture was very much appreciated in India Oliver felt happy though he disclosed that there was no possibility of his making another picture like that in future. Lawrence Oliver has now confined his activity to the stage, so has his talented wife Vivien Leigh. It was in the make-up room of Oliver that Kashyap met Spencer Tracy, and was greatly impressed by his personality. It was in England that Kashyap found Orson Welles had rushed back from Italy where he was making *Othello* to act in a picture so that he could have money to complete his production. Does not this remind one of Raj Kapoor who works in outside pictures mainly to finance his own productions?

In Europe, the other thing that struck Kashyap was the low cost of production. Indeed, when Kashyap told the prices of the leading Indian stars the European producers were absolutely flabbergasted. For that price, they could make the whole picture. One hopes that this fact will be taken into account by our stars.

And in London he also met the reputed film critics and also attended the previews and the post preview parties which lasted for a couple of hours. Meeting these people, seeing the latest films and visiting the cultu-

ral art centres of Europe, Kashyap feels a different man. This 'invigorating' trip as he calls it has given him a new fill-up and he is now working on his new script with a new vigour and is determined to make the new picture absolutely different from what is known as 'Kashyap Formula.' Incidentally he was sorry to record the fact that the British film industry was in a very bad shape. He also regretted the failure of his effort to bring Italian pictures like *The Bicycle Thief* to India.

Picture Of The Week

Talking of Europe and Hollywood it is really strange that the Academy Award of 1950 for the best motion picture should go to *All About Eve* which has the least possible movement imaginable in a motion picture. From the beginning to the end it is talk, talk and talk. It starts with a commentary which itself lasts for about half-a-reel. Then in a flash-back begins the story of Eve and how she attained her stardom and award. It recounts how Eve pretended to be a great fan of the ruling queen of the stage and won her sympathy and job, how she tried to learn the star's tricks, became her under-study and ultimately with the asset of her youth superseded the old star and won her place. In other words it is a story of cunning, wit and plotting and blackmail of a girl whose single purpose was to be a great star, as such it has no emotional or human appeal. Moreover, as the whole story is told through dialogue—very beautifully written intelligent and clever dialogue—its appeal is confined only to those people who can enjoy the static dialogue.

A clever expose it lacks the tragedy and irony of *Sunset Boulevard* which in my opinion deserved the award more than the picture under review. Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, George Sanders and others have all given a good performance. But even they could not put the human warmth into the dry wit of Joseph, Mackiwiz's screenplay.

Personality Of The Week

Krishna Kumar, the popular dance director met with a tragic end on the night of Saturday, 7th July. On an invitation of a girl friend, he was

going to attend 'Idd' party, but as he got out of the car four or five assailants pounced on him and stabbed him as well as his assistant. Later as he was being taken to the hospital he succumbed.

Next day he was buried according to Christian rites. For Krishna Kumar's real name was Anthony Lazrus. The credit for introducing him to the screen goes to Azurie. It was as Azurie's partner that he learnt the art of dancing and later became a dance director as well as a dancer for motion pictures. Krishna Kumar owed his popularity mainly to his adaptability to both schools of dancing—oriental as well as occidental. From Rumba to Bharat Natya he could execute any style of dancing in a tolerably presentable manner.

He was engaged to be married to Sarah Myers, the daughter of the famous star of silent days—Sulochana. But alas, before the wedding bells could ring, the bells of death tolled for him.

Why was he murdered? It is too early to say though on the evidence of his assistant four or five people have been arrested. It is however presumed that like Hari Kashmiri he was a victim of the violent rivalry that prevailed between the extra suppliers. It is said that Krishna Kumar invoked the wrath of the extra suppliers by recruiting the dancing girls directly and paying them directly without allotting the exorbitant commission which the extra supplying agents charge. Thus he threatened the very existence of these agents and as such some of them are reported to have taken this revenge. When Hari Kashmiri was murdered an attempt to kill Krishna Kumar was made; but he hid

himself in a recording room and escaped. This time he was caught unawares and fell victim.

How far this presumption is true will be revealed by the police investigation. Meanwhile there is a strong move to abolish extra supplying agents who are the main cause of all this strife and IMPPA proposes to have direct contact with extras. If this revolutionary step is taken the tragic death of Krishna Kumar would have served a great purpose.

News Of The Week

—Madhubala and Dilip Kumar are co-starred in Amiya Chakrabarti's latest picture *Daag* which he is making under the banner of Mars and Movies. The muhurat of this picture was performed on Thursday 12th July at Famous Cine Laboratory and Studios, (Bombay). Khurshed Anwar has come all the way from Pakistan to give music for this picture.

—On the same day Director B. R. Chopra of *Afsana* fame performed the muhurat of Heera Films' *Shole* at Modern Studios. Instead of Nalini Jaywant, Beena Rai is playing the leading role opposite Ashok Kumar in the picture. The cast also includes Jeevan and Baby Tanuja.

—Zia Sarhadi has been signed by Dalsukh M. Pancholi to write and direct a picture for him. Pancholi has also issued a statement making it clear that he has no connection with Pancholi Art Concerns which has started a picture called *Begana*.

—Bharati has come to Bombay. Though originally she was expected to appear in Bombay Talkies' picture, now it is learnt that she has been signed by A. R. Kardar for *Diwana*.

MADRAS TAXATION OF FOOD-GRAINS

The Finance Ministry may only be deceiving itself and the Madras Government by imagining that the clear language of the Constitution can be by-passed by this rather crude drafting device of its legal advisers. But the statement of Mr. Tyagi would also mean that, even if the Courts should eventually reject this clause, an amending Bill of the Madras Government seeking to perpetuate its taxation of essential commodities, would be assured of receiving the assent of the President, with the good offices of the Finance Ministry. That is quite possible; but then on what demonstrable grounds of principle can the Government of India draw the line if other State Governments wish to follow the precedent to solve their respective financial difficulties?—THE EASTERN ECONOMIST.

Short Story

A STUDY IN RED

By S. KRISHNIAH

slaves labouring toiling drudging...
thud thud thud...sore chained bleeding feet trudging snow...clank clank clank...millions of slaves forced beaten cowed...riveting thick heavy shiny plates of steel digging in dark deep secret mines for uranium fashioning deathdealing bombs tanks planes...millions of slaves labouring toiling drudging...the knout of authority inescapably vengefully mercilessly storming the door by night converting enslaving driving...thud thud thud...clank clank clank...soulless hopeless faithless but working working...millions of workerrants approaching encircling assaulting a sleeping eagle....

HE entered the house.

"You're late," his wife said.

"Yes. Late."

He put the bundles down.

"Oh, you've brought the leaves. How...."

"Did you go to the temple?" his mother asked.

"Oh, shut up, both of you. How're the cows?"

"Bad."

"Bad?"

"Bad."

"All of them?"

"Yes. All of them. And the brown very bad."

"Hurry up then. Take a handful of these two kinds of leaves." He opened another bundle tied with his turban-cloth. "And some of these shoots too."

"Did you go to the temple, son?"

"Oh, shut up....Grind the leaves and these shoots together. Add a little turmeric powder....Did you get banyan-root?"

"Yes."

"Grind it into paste?"

"Yes."

"Add a little of that too. I'll go see the cows."

He left the room.

The house was only a long shed divided by a bamboo-matting partition—the larger portion occupied by the three cows.

"Do you think he went to the temple?" the old woman asked.

"How could I know?" the daughter-in-law answered back.

"Then why was he so late?"

"Ask him."

"He gets angry."

"That's because the cows are sick."

"Maybe."

"No. Not maybe. I'm sure."

"Do you think the cows will survive?"

"How could I know?" She began to grind the medicinal leaves.

"Do you think he has any money—I mean would he have got money from somewhere considering he has come so late?"

"I hope he has. Otherwise....Otherwise...."

"Otherwise?"

"Otherwise we starve."

"Oh God....and me in my old age to see all this. Why don't You take me?"

"No, He won't. You've been saying this since I know you."

"You unkind slut."

The door opened.

"Son, did you go to the temple?"

"Oh, shut up....Quick, the brown is dying."

"I'm almost finished."

He went nearer his wife.

"That's enough. We can't wait."

He gathered up the paste from the grinding stone.

"Where's the turmeric powder?"

"Here....and here's the banyan-root paste."

He took a little of each and mixed it with the half-ground leaves and rolled the whole thing up into a ball.

"Come," he said to his wife and went out followed by her.

The old woman sat trying to masticate a betel-leaf between her toothless gums.

In a few minutes the husband and wife returned.

"The other two cows are also pretty bad."

"Won't you think I better grind a...."

"Yes, they must also be given this medicine as soon as possible."

"Did you go to the temple, son?"

"Yes."

"To the one by the river-side?"

"Yes."

"And did you break cocoanuts?"

"Yes, three at the river-side temple and one before the god under the asoka-tree."

"Oh, that's wonderful. Then the cows will surely survive."

"Will they?"

"Of course. When your father was alive, when we were rich, having nine cows, a disease came to the village and...."

"What happened? Did all the cows get ill?"

"No, but many men and women died. It was...."

"Oh, only men and women but...."

"Listen, son. The gods were very angry then and the whole village was sick and...."

"But the cows were safe?"

"Everybody in the village would have died. But your father went and broke three cocoanuts at the...."

"Who cares about that? Who cares when men and women die? Suppose our cows die. Can we live? Better the cholera. Without our cows we'll starve—starve and die."

He laughed mirthlessly, coldly.

His wife stopped grinding to turn and look at him.

"Yes," muttered the old woman behind her loose lips, "without the cows we'll starve."

"What're you looking at me for?" he asked his wife. "Better finish grinding."

"Did you get any money today?"

"No, where do you think I can get money from? Pluck it from trees? It's ten days since our cows stopped milking."

"Ten days?"

"Yes, you idiot, ten days. And do you think any bastard will lend me money knowing my cows are ill?"

"Then what will we do?"

"What will we do? Hell! What can we do? We'll starve. That's all.... Doesn't matter.... What've you got to eat now?"

"We'll starve," echoed the mother.

"I'm hungry walking all the afternoon in search of leaves and to that bloody temple."

"Don't say that, son."

"What've you got to eat now?"

"I've got.... I've got a little...."

"Cows ill," mumbled the scrawny harridan to herself, "Cows dying and rice selling at rupee-four a measure!" *millionaires talking to the government.... talking of bombs of atom-bombs of superatombombs of hydrogenbombs.... talking of millions of dollars of billions of dollars talking of dollars dollars dollars.... talking of thousands millions billions dying at the flash of a bomb.... lives.... human lives ceasing to be at the flash of a bomb.... villages of human lives towns of human lives cities of human lives ceasing to be at the flash of a bomb.... money money money.... money for massproducing death.... torrents of money streams of money rivers of money being dammed to death death death....*

"Come on, speak up; what've you got to eat?"

"Rice selling at rupee-four a measure."

"Haven't you got anything?"

"Oh yes. I've got a little rice for you."

"Good. Anything else?"

"Rupee-four a measure. My God! In my time...."

"Shut up!.... Anything else?"

"A little.... little...."

"What is it?"

"Drumstick-leaves boiled."

He flashed her a look of scorn and controlled his abuse.

"I'm hungry."

"I'll finish grinding in a few minutes."

"I'll serve you, son."

A low moan interrupted them.

"My God, it's the brown!"

He rushed to the cow.

The two women froze in their places looking at each other, tragedy in every line of their features.

The distant rustle of a viper among the dry leaves sounded like the marching of a booted regiment.

Slowly, almost unsteadily, the door opened after a long time.

"Dead," he said.

The glance of the two women shifted to his drawn face and they shivered involuntarily.

"Come on, woman, get up," he ordered his wife untying the knotted corner of his loin-cloth.

She gazed up at him perfunctorily. "I said get up. And stop that damned grinding."

She got up.

He had undone the knot and took out a rupee coin.

"Here," he said throwing the coin at her, "Take a bottle and buy me some arrack."

"Oh no, son...."

"Keep your dirty mouth shut or I'll kill you." He turned to his wife. "Come on, take a bottle."

Obediently she picked up the coin that had fallen on the floor and went to the farther corner to take an empty bottle.

"I don't care a damn whether we starve or not but I'm going to drink tonight."

"Son, please listen to me. Please...."

"Didn't I ask you to stop talking?"

He took a step towards her. "Enough of your advice. You made me walk all that distance to that temple and what has happened? The god killed my cow! Understand?" He threw up his hands and shrieked: "My cow is dead!"

"Please listen...."

"Oh, I'm fed up with listening to you."

He turned and walked to a corner.

"Oh son, what do you want to do with the knife?"

"Don't ask foolish questions. I'm going to sharpen it."

"Sharpen it?" his wife asked pausing near the door.

"You get out and buy that arrack. I'm going to sharpen it and skin the cow. Maybe the skin will buy us some rice."

"Please listen to me. You can't send your wife to the arrack-shop."

"I can't, can't I?" He turned to his wife. "Get out now and quick.... Why the hell can't I?"

"That's no place for women to go. Too many drunken louts about the place. And she is young."

"So what? See, I've got a knife. Nobody dare do anything. Understand? Anyway better the prison than starve."

He laughed again.

The women did not like the sound of the laughter.

His wife slid out of the door.

slanteyed shallownosed yellowskinned woman lying naked on the bed.... lusterless sparkless soulless eyes staring vacantly unblinkingly despairingly.... nostrils not quivering hands not twitching knees not knocking.... lying breathless hopeless motionless unwillingly willing.... all life ebbing sinking going fast fast fast.... only the heart beating pulsing pounding steady unfaltering loud.... thrum.... thrum thrum thrum.... only the heart beating noisily mechanically unemotionally.... soldiers foreigners strangers.... from the south from the north across the seas over the mountains.... soldiers foreigners strangers.... many many many.... onebyone onebyone onebyone endlessly countless heartlessly sticking pins in the soul.... slanteyed shallownosed yellowskinned woman naked on her rack....

He laid the sharpened knife on the floor and rose up as the door opened.

"Why the hell such a long time, you slut?"

She slipped the saree over her shoulder and took the large bottle from under the sweating armpit.

"Full! My God! You can't get that much for a rupee?"

"I said I'd pay the rest of the money tomorrow."

He took the bottle and uncorked it. "Ald where are you going to get the money from tomorrow?"

He put the mouth of the bottle to his mouth and tilted it.

"Come on, tell me, woman. Where are you going to get the money from?"

"I don't know. I thought you'd like...."

"Good stuff!" he remarked already emptying a quarter of the bottle. "Fiery stuff!"

"Don't drink it in gulps, son, it is...."

"Oh God, what the hell is it to you how I drink it?"

"You see...."

"Damn you. Can't you keep that filthy mouth of yours shut. I've been telling you from the time I came in to shut up. The trouble with you is you are too old."

He drank some more from the bottle as if in defiance.

"Damn good arrack. Will go well with something hot."

"Shall I serve you the food?" his wife asked.

"No, not yet. Give me a tumbler first. I'm going to enjoy this stuff."

He had meanwhile finished more than half a bottle.

"And I'm going to get drunk. By God, yes."

"You leave some for tomorrow, son."

"What for? I must get drunk today....I've got a wife who won't bear children, cows that get sick and die, and a mother who won't die." He guffawed. "Enough troubles for a man to get drunk every day. Enough to kill himself, I think."

He poured a tumblerful and tossed it down his throat.

"Fiery stuff. Does things to one."

He poured out some more and barely a quarter of the bottle was left.

"Oh, stop that grinding, woman," he told his wife who had returned to the medicinal leaves.

"But don't you think it is better to give the cows some of this before...."

"Who the hell cares for the cows? They can all die. We'll sell their skins and buy arrack. What do you think? Damn good idea, eh?"

"Stop talking like a fool, son. How can you say that you wish...."

He gulped down the arrack in the tumbler and threw it straight at the crouching figure of his mother. She saw the missile and ducked; but the tumbler hit her elbow painfully hurting her.

"Oh son, son, please...." and she burst out crying.

"Ah, there you go crying. Everytime I come home you cry. I tell you you're the cause of all this. You're the witch bringing us all this bad luck." He applied the bottle again to his lips. "You made me go to that damn temple and to that bloody god under the tree. And you killed my brown cow. I tell you you're the inauspicious evil thing here."

"Shall I serve you your food?"

He turned and staggered drunkenly towards his wife.

"What do you want to do with me? Give me food and put me to bed? I'm going to get drunk, understand?"

He raised the bottle.

"What? Only this much left?"

"Yes, you drank a lot."

"And who the devil are you to say that? I want another bottle. Yes. Another bottle. But wait. You didn't pay for this one? I gave you only one rupee. How did you get a full bottle?"

"I told you. I got this on credit?"

"Credit? Credit in the arrack-shop?"

"Yes. I told him that...."

"You're lying!"

"No. Honestly, truthfully...."

"Tell me the truth."

"I swear that I told him that I'll pay him tomorrow."

He finished the bottle and threw it on the ground.

"You're a lying whore!"

"I swear that I told him that...."

"And he gave you a bottleful?"

"Yes."

He lunged forward and caught her by the hair.

"Now tell me the truth. You paid him in kind."

"I swear...."

"It's true."

He jerked her by the hair viciously and banged her head against the wall. She howled in pain and fell on her knees.

"Tell me the truth. I know that shop-fellow well. Didn't you pay him in kind?"

"No. Honestly I...."

He kicked her full in the face.

"I know. I know that fellow has been after you for a long time. Hasn't he? And he took you to the back-room, didn't he? You...."

"Son, son...." His mother came hobbling and caught his arm which held his wife's hair.

"Let go, you old hag."

She did not; and desperately she clung to his arm. He wrenched it free but she caught him by the waist. Meanwhile his wife cowered away and picked up the knife.

In one drunken leap he was on her and clutched the knife although he fell because the old woman had not let go of him. He rolled over and kicked her away. And then he got up and faced his wife.

"Now tell me the...."

The old woman too got up and again caught his arm. But she was at the end of her physical energy. Easily he wrenched his arm free and stabbed her....in the chest. She screamed and falling clutched his loin-cloth and he stabbed her again....in the neck.

She slid down wriggling and spurted blood.

"Don't shout!" he said as his wife opened her mouth in horror.

He lurched drunkenly towards her—blood dripping from the knife in his hand.

"Come on, tell me the truth or I'll kill you...."

"Oh please don't kill me....please...."

He jumped for her but as she nimbly dodged him his hand caught her flowing saree. She ran unwinding it from her body until she was completely naked. The saree lay billowing on the ground and a knot at one end arrested his attention. He picked up the knot and undid it.

"A five-rupee note and my coin! So you're a costly damn harlot? Five rupees and a bottle of arrack, eh?"

"Please....please...."

All the time he closing in on her with knife ready and she in the corner unable to escape him—her naked flesh quivering in mortal fright and her eyes fixed on the knife like those of a thrush gazing mesmerised at the beady eyes of a hooded cobra....

Nearer and nearer—his eyes blood-shot and red, the erstwhile shiny knife dripping red....

red red red....carminered of bomb-blasted sharpnelsprayed bulletbored bowels of infants of babies of children....crimsonred of widegaping pusoozing germfestering bayonet-thrust wounds....scarletred of filthy musty stenchy hospital floors teeming crowding abounding with wounded with dying with dead unnursed undoctored uncared....vermillionred of tall sooty curling flames of villages burning of towns burning of cities burning....coagulatedred of armies warring of armies advancing of armies retreating of armies fleeing of armies chasing....winered river of humanity flowing down the darkred drain of war....red red red....a bloodred seeping over the world slimily inexorably engulfingly....

THE NEW SOVIET LINE ON ASIA

By ANDREW ROTH

LONDON: If the Soviets can extricate their North Korean puppet and Chinese ally through the current negotiations in Korea, they seem ready to enter on a new "go-easy" period in their Asian policy. During this period the Soviets apparently hope to capitalize on the West's errors instead of taking major risks themselves. Putting it somewhat simply, Moscow now seems to feel it cheaper and safer to have Asia slide their way *a la* Persia than to try to hasten matters as in the case of Korea.

This is the conclusion with which this correspondent emerged from a long conversation with a Western diplomat just returned from Moscow where his job was to make informed guesses on Soviet-Asian policy. The term 'informed guesses' is used advisedly because it is always somewhat surprising to discover that even the most knowledgeable non-Communist diplomats in Moscow with a worldwide network of embassies and intelligence services to check their hunches, still have to guess at Soviet policies on the basis of various derivative bits of evidence.

Evidence accumulates that Moscow divides non-Soviet Asia into three groupings. The first of these is the area of Communist-governed states allied to Moscow: which means Communist China plus North Korea and Outer Mongolia. The second is the area in which Communist-led "liberation armies" are fighting against Western governments or governments considered by Moscow to be subservient to the West. This includes most of South-east Asia: Malaya, Indo-China, Burma and the Philippines. The third group comprises the Asian countries governed by conservative nationalists, which includes India, Pakistan, the Middle East and perhaps Japan.

During the past few months Moscow has apparently been completing the groundwork for a period of expansion through comparatively peaceful methods. In each of these three zones Soviet diplomacy, in its own, ideologically encumbered way, has come to the conclusion that the

benefits of precipitating developments in Asia are far outweighed by the dangers—and specifically the danger of World War III. If there were any prior doubts, the MacArthur hearings demonstrated how close a general war was last winter.

The Soviet shift is presumably the outcome of the superior results shown by more gentle tactics during the past two years. The Soviets decided on their "go-easy" tactics for the Middle East at the end of 1949. One of the first evidences of this was in January 1950 in Persia where the previously pugnacious Soviet Ambassador returned full of smiles and new tactics for being sweet to the Persians. The result has been that the overwhelming bulk of Persian nationalism has been directed against Britain with scarcely an accusing finger pointed at Moscow. At the same time the Moscow-line Tudeh Party has been able to cut its wisdom teeth without risking its still rather thin neck.

Moscow next counselled moderation in the spring of 1950 in India where the Communist Party, organized in guerilla bands in Hyderabad and in acid-bulb squads in Calcutta, had been waging revolutionary skirmishes against the Indian Government. This had been largely the result of the emergence into the Indian Communist leadership in January 1948 of B. T. Ranadive, encouraged by the extreme 'Zhdanov line' promulgated by the late Cominform leader in November 1947. Zhdanov proclaimed that conservative nationalist governments friendly to the West were little better than colonies and therefore fair game for their Communist minorities. It was the militant interpretation of this line, pre-eminently by B. T. Ranadive, which produced pockets of insurrection in India and helped precipitate the Communist conflicts in Burma, Malaya and Indonesia in 1948.

This policy, which has now been jettisoned as 'ultra-left', has pinned down British and French forces in Malaya and Indo-China and caused difficulties for the governments of Burma, India, the Philippines and

Indonesia. But, many Asian observers agree, it has also limited the Communists' ability to exploit on a political and economic level situations which have developed in the last three years. In Indonesia, the death of the bulk of the leadership of the Indonesian Communist Party as a consequence of the 'Madiun Revolt' of 1948 prevented the Communists having a leading part in resisting the second Dutch attack later that year. And now, although Communist-led trade unions are making headway, the Communists are making comparatively slow progress politically because of the lack of leadership and mistrust on the part of Indonesian intellectuals as a result of the Communists' demonstrated adherence to Moscow, rather than Jakarta.

India, however, has been the greatest lost opportunity for the Communists. Extremist tactics have prevented the Communists from emerging as the dominant opposition group. When independence came the Indian Communists had the country's best organized party, including many of India's best-educated and most idealistic young people. They led the All-India Trade Union Congress, then the dominant labour organization. They were also active among the peasants, particularly in Bengal, Hyderabad, Malabar and among the aboriginals in Bombay and Assam. By their terrorist tactics in the cities, particularly in Calcutta, the Communists alienated most of their intellectual supporters, including many prominent party members. By pulling one political strike after another they reduced the AITUC to an arm of Communist syndicalism instead of trade unionism and were overtaken by the Socialist-led Hind Mazdoor Sabha and the Congress-sponsored Indian National Trade Union Congress. In Hyderabad they were able to convert some of their peasant supporters into guerillas in an effort to carve out an Indian "liberated area." But this putschism reduced their peasant supporters in the rest of the country to a small hard core.

The Indian Communists were first rapped over the knuckles early in 1950 by an article in the Cominform journal. The Indian Communist Party was criticized for its secretarianism and given a clear hint to call off its

insurrectionary policy. Moscow underlined its new approach by treating Pandit Nehru and other Indian leaders with new deference. Despite this, it has taken the Indian Communists a year to jettison the old leadership and change their line to conform with that laid down from Moscow.

Since April 1951 this redeployment from the narrow old sectarianism to a popular front tactic has been facilitated and covered by the broad line laid down by the Moscow-run World Peace Council. The 'Partisans of Peace' movement has been a most effective instrument in broadening the Communist movements in South Asia and the Middle East. The success of this instrument in Egypt, for example, has caused British observers considerable concern. And the failure of the Indian Communists to use this movement adequately has recently earned them another knuckle rapping. The last war caused havoc in most Asian countries, even those not fought over and therefore the Communists can link fear of war and lingering suspicions of the West.

Difficult Regrouping

Moscow has had much greater difficulty in regrouping those forces which have already been committed to large-scale battle. This is demonstrated in part by the time which has elapsed between the moment when it became clear that no decisive victory was possible in Korea and Mr. Malik's proposal to call it a draw.

It has become clear that after the victory of the Chinese Communists at the end of 1949, Joseph Stalin and Mao Tse-tung came to the conclusion in January 1950 that this victory could be duplicated with as little risk in Korea and Indochina. If the Americans did not go to war to keep the world's most populous state out of Communist hands, why should they do so to protect two small geographical appendages? It was apparently decided that there was little possibility of direct American intervention provided that everything was done "correctly." No Russian would be involved in the North Korean attack. And to make the supply of arms and training to the Vietnamese perfectly "correct," official recognition was extended to the Ho Chi Minh regime.

The errors made by these two dia-

lecticians in calculating the reaction to their actions were considerable. It produced not only the U.S.-U.N. intervention in Korea but also the mobilization of the American and Atlantic communities. The success of the anti-Communist intervention in Korea forced the Chinese to jettison their Southeast Asia plans and commit their forces in Korea under conditions which displayed their ground effectiveness but also their vulnerability to U.S.-U.N. superiority in firepower and monopoly of the air and sea. Although Chinese Communists forces were badly hurt, Chinese intervention served Soviet ends by making the Chinese more bitterly anti-American, and making clear to them how much they depend on the Soviets to supply them with desired ships, planes and tanks. At the same time the Chinese could not demand the committing of Soviet air and naval forces, which would have automatically raised the curtain on World War III, for which neither Moscow nor Peking appears to consider itself ready.

The decision to call a halt in Korea is apparently paralleled by decisions to reduce risks in Southeast Asia as well. The recently announced decision of the Ho Chi Minh forces in Indochina to go back to irregular tactics demonstrates that, despite initial shipments, Ho Chi Minh does not

now expect additional arms to match the U.S. armaments supplied to the Franco-Vietnam forces. The Burmese Communists have given clear indications that their prime aim in the near future is to consolidate their position so that they will be ready when the next change in line comes and they can get the Chinese aid which they admit they need to win.

The Soviets can count on several factors working in their favour if there is a major relaxation of tension in Asia. The Chinese Communists will be enabled to redirect their primary attention to modernizing their production apparatus, a necessary prerequisite to any increase in future effectiveness. At the same time an end of the semi-war boom in raw material prices will knock the props out from under a number of South Asian economies. Moscow appears to feel it can exploit the resulting discontent more effectively than the West can clear up its causes through the application of the Colombo Plan and the Point Four. The Soviet shift of emphasis does not promise social peace—nor will it end the guerilla wars in Malaya, Indochina, Burma or the Philippines—but it promises that political and social conflict will replace war as the instrument of Communist expansion in most of Asia during the coming period.

C. Y. CHINTAMANI

By Capt. R. L. RAU*

I certainly consider it a great pity that the anniversary of the death of this stalwart in journalism should have been celebrated by a small group of Andhra friends in a private residence in New Delhi last week instead of by a more representative organisation like the All India Newspaper Editors' Conference or the Union of Working Journalists in India. C. Y. Chintamani deserved better of his countrymen and professional newspapermen.

I deplore too the tendency on the part of Andhras to own him exclusively as a product of their province and tradition. I have always felt that, Andhra or no Andhra, C. Y.

Chintamani was a magnificent product of the time he lived in and of a generation of men who helped not a little to raise the stature of the nation.

The era of great newspaper editors is over in India. Any one can become a newspaper editor today. Liaisoning agencies like the AINEC, the Foreign Affairs Committee, the Press Association and others have tended to put the newspaper editor more and more in the background and make a news-

* Formerly of the "Leader," Allahabad; the "Pioneer," Allahabad, the "Hindu," Madras; the "Statesman," New Delhi etc. Now Special Representative of the News Services Division, All India Radio, New Delhi.

paper more and more impersonal like a piece of governmental machinery. Also the ownership of newspapers with large circulations by proprietary interests has made it impossible to produce a newspaper editor of the calibre of a C. Y. Chintamani or a A. Rangaswamy Ayyangar.

Newspapers of today unlike newspapers of the twenties and thirties of this country have ceased to represent public opinion. Today's newspapers are purveyors of news, pure and simple. The accent today is on the collection, display and dissemination of news, not on long and laboriously written editorials or leading articles, which I suppose is all to the good. But, in this new orientation, the editorial personality is lost. It cannot be helped too, modern newspaper technique being what it is today.

Thirty years ago, half a century ago, things were different. The newspaper editor was a man who was dreaded, who mattered. It was he who created that indescribable word, public opinion, who fought lost causes like a maniac, who ridiculed knavery in politics and in administration and who laid down the law so far as his reading clientele or public was concerned.

C. Y. Chintamani belonged to that generation. His physical personality had something of the Samuel Johnson in him. He ruled his little office like a Nabob. He fought his Opposition with demoniac fury. He earned the respect of those with whom he fought liberally, nobly and gave to them in return, his singular large-heartedness and support when it was needed.

Alas, in all the political battles he fought over the years with the aid of his powerful pen through the columns of the once famous *Leader*, he was never on the winning side. His constitution and mental make-up scorned spectacular public success. His congenital opposition to the majority opinions of politicians in his time cost him a good deal.

But C. Y. Chintamani was honest. He was consistent. He was wise in

his day and in his generation. He had the courage of his convictions. Because he was wise, honest and brave he became a menace to the corrupt public life of the province of his adoption, and its politicians hated him. Still they could not quell or stem the constant flow of his courageous words which came from his pen as he sat at the editorial desk of the *Leader* over the years!

Yet, no political boss brought about his nomination to the high post of duty which he was called upon to take as the foremost public man of the United Provinces many, many years ago, and which post he continued to hold with conspicuous distinction. No political machine carried his candidacy to this exalted post to victory. No coteries of financiers from Bombay, Madras or Calcutta, in his days, provided the money to finance his campaign. He died, as he lived, a free man.

Earlier, in his own days as also in the days when the political leadership of the province he loved passed into the hands of others, he continued to match sanity against lunacy. He stood for statesmanship against demagoguery, the historian against the rough rider; the educator of public opinion against the debauchers of public opinion; the man who would prosecute against the man who protected trusts and political magnates; the man with clean hands against the man who drew his campaign funds from Bombay and Calcutta and from the Government of his day; the supporter of constitutional government against the champions of personal government; law against lawlessness.

Such was the stuff this great newspaper editor of this century made of. I learnt my ABC of journalism sitting at the feet of this great Chief and *doyen* among newspaper editors. I am not ashamed to pay this tribute to him and to his memory, because I know I shall never see the like of him again; nor will it be my privilege to serve a man like him in the years that are left to me.

Representations against hen's being forced to lay at unnatural hours have been made to M. P.s. The latter are believed to have very decided views on the subject of late night sittings.—PUNCH.

SIDELIGHTS :

Fortune is the rod of the weak, and the staff of the brave.—J. R. LOWELL.

IN an angry statement Professor Ranga says, "I totally disagree and disapprove the dictatorial manner in which Mr. Kripalani imagines that he has powers of cancelling provincial parties which had come into existence long before he ever made up his mind to resign from the Congress, not to speak of forming the Bharat Praja Party." Professor Ranga has a large experience in the forming of All-India parties. He left the parties he formed when dominance on their executive bodies passed on to others, and formed other new parties. Overnight provincial branches affiliated to the new parent organisation sprang up. The Professor always commanded a band of lieutenants to whom he was all in all. Like the Communists he "caught them young." An anti-Communist of intense zeal, Professor Ranga paid the Communists the compliment of imitating them in some characteristic aspects of their technique. He developed a coterie of second-hand leaders who had no direct independent existence in public or political matters. They thought what he thought and when he changed from one way of thinking to another, they too followed suit and changed with him. It was a deadly sin to dissent from Ranga in any matter of opinion or doctrine in the circles devoted to Ranga. When he flitted from party to party he had a ready-made body of lieutenants who followed in his footsteps preserving for him the appearance of undiminished importance in changing environments. In this way he made his voice a chorus. It came to be said that for building up a new organisation in its first years there was nothing in the country to match the genius of Professor Ranga.

When Professor Ranga joined the Praja Party, it should have blossomed by the prescriptive right of past precedents into an All India party. For, barring the Congress to which the Professor could not deny a special position on account of its having been

born before him, he had no respect for any party of which he was not the leader. Acharya Kripalani naturally roused Ranga's displeasure when the Professor found himself relegated to mere provincial rank by exclusion from the central committee of the All India Praja Party. That much is comprehensible but neither reasonable nor justifiable. It is nonsense to say that Kripalani failed in his duty when he did not consult Professor Ranga about the formation of the Andhra branch of his party. He acted as any normally constituted leader of an inter-provincial party would have done, as Professor Ranga himself would have felt impelled to do if he had been normal, he consulted the President of the branch, Sri Prakasam. The Andhra Praja Party owes what importance it has to Sri Prakasam's association with it, and it is ridiculous for Professor Ranga to claim for himself a super-arrogatory right to dissociate it from the central organisation.

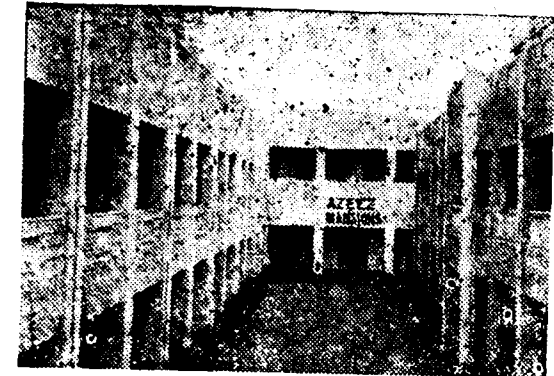
In another part of his statement Professor Ranga speaks of the "bitter experience of how the Congress Working Committee had superseded our P.C.C." He would not, it would appear, "dream of accepting such a state of vassalage as is envisaged by Mr. Kripalani for his provincial units." Has Professor Ranga become the Andhra representative of the culture of the Dravida Kazhagam? It is remarkable that he should have borne the "vassalage" of the Congress Working Committee dutifully without a murmur until after he was defeated in the Andhra P.C.C. Presidential election. Time the healer has apparently reversed his proverbial role in the case of Professor Ranga.

A purse is to be presented to Sri K. S. Venkataramani on 24th July. A considerable part of this issue of *Swatantra* is devoted to his admirers' appreciations. He is a thinker of extraordinary purity and matchless grace and charm of expression. What he thought good and fit he strove to practise. This, in essence, is the true mark of greatness.—SANA.

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BRITAIN'S VILLAGE SCHOOLS

By HARRY HEAP

LONDON: On my way to the office every morning, I see a taxi filled with children, all going to school. My house is on convenient bus routes for all the local schools. Actually, the Corporation provides special buses for school children which leave the bus stop so that the children reach school in time. Yet there is this taxi-load of children every morning. The reason is that these children are all cripples and attend a special school. The taxi-fare is paid by the Local Education Authority. That illustrates one principle of Britain's Educational System, that every child who is able must attend school, and that a school must be provided for him. So there is no excuse for any child being without proper instruction.

This principle is being considered in Britain in connection with village schools. Letters are appearing in the *Times*, R. A. Butler has an article in the *New Statesman and Nation*, and people are asking questions about the part that village schools play in the community. These schools present a difficult problem. They were the original places of child education in many districts. As in many other forms of social service, the Church led the way. Attached to the village church was a school. Often, the parson was the schoolmaster. Today, the parson will hold an important place in the government of the school and will test the scholars on their Bible and Catechism. The teaching is distinctly Christian and the school religious services will have an Anglican flavour. The trouble about these schools is that they are often very small schools and usually in very old and inadequate buildings. The Church wants to maintain its influence over the children who attend the school, and there are few who think that this influence is anything but good, but when parents see the lovely modern buildings, without stairs, where chairs have not to be carried from room to room when they are required, where children have adequate playing fields and playgrounds and do not have to run out into a narrow and often busy street to play, then the parents natu-

rally expect their own children to enjoy the same facilities. Remember, though, that much of the teaching in the older schools is as good as one can find anywhere. Still, the buildings are mostly inadequate and unattractive, if not dangerous, and there are often only a few scholars in the whole school, say 30 or 40.

Whilst the small school has some obvious advantages, it has some faults. The child does not get the same chance of mixing with many other children of his own age, and the possibilities for games are limited. The staff is also much smaller, often only one teacher or, at the best, a head teacher and one assistant. The Church would, of course, like to provide buildings and staff up to modern requirements, but there is not the money available in Church funds. The alternatives are, then, either that the school continues in the old way, or the Church gives up the fight, closes its school, and the children go to the nearest school available, which may demand the expense of transport by both parents and Local Education Authorities. There is a saving of money, though, in that two staffs have not to be maintained, nor two buildings. There was a time when some local education authorities would force the Church school to close down. An inspector would examine the building, rightly condemn it as unfit for a school, and the Church would find itself having to pay a great deal of money for the alterations, which would be necessary if the building were to be put in good order. The Local Education Authority would step in and offer to pay the bill for the alterations, but would then have more control over the syllabus, choice of staff and all other matters than would the Church.

It is these old schools, particularly those situated in villages and catering for small groups of children from the immediate locality, that have been the subject for discussion recently. It seems that 370 of these schools have been closed in the past four years, and that in one county alone, that of Essex, 134 are scheduled for closure in

the next few years. It is said that about 1,800 village schools are condemned. These schools must only be closed with the consent of the Minister of Education. Granted the saving of money in the centralisation of schools, (transport apart), the question is being asked as to whether it is good or not to remove from villages a factor that has helped considerably in maintaining a healthy rural community. Most educationists would agree that the full value of school is only achieved when there is close and intimate personal relationship between the teacher and the taught, and nowhere is this the case more than in the village school. The teacher is a well-known and well-loved member of the small community. The parents ask her for advice as much as do the children, and she knows each child, not only as one of her class, but also as to the child's background and family circumstances. A child who is educated in such a school must feel himself to be more a member of the village community than he would if he were taken to a school some miles away and become one of two or three hundred other scholars, taught by a teacher who is a stranger to him and who knows neither his family nor his village. It is this that is the main point that those who are advocates of the village school would have us bear in mind, and there can be little doubt that it is a point which is well worth considering. What is particularly pleasing to me is to find such a strong body of opinion supporting the village school, and so indicating that, though Britain is such an industrialised country, there is still a strong respect for the values which village life teaches.

This same respect is seen in the first figures announced of the recent census. The population is seen to be

leaving the industrial areas and moving towards the more rural areas, Lancashire and London have smaller populations than they had in 1931, in spite of a total increase of population in the whole country and the East, South and South-west of England show an increase in population. Those parts of the country are the least industrialised. It is also interesting to note from these figures, that although there are over one and a half million more women than men in the whole of the British Isles, in the agricultural counties there are more men than women. Women are attracted to the towns that can supply them with work, in factories, shops and offices. Men are going back to the land, it would seem, and that is, I think, always a healthy sign in a community.

Also a healthy sign is lively political discussion, and that certainly prevails here just now. On the one hand, we have the Left-wing element of the Labour Party with its statement in *One Way Only*. This pamphlet has not had a good reception, but those opposing it are scared of taking too little notice of it and are looking for the dangers it may hold. America seems to have taken it more seriously than Britain, so far. But I think further consideration of the issues involved will result in the pamphlet's being treated more seriously than it has been. On the other hand, there appears to be a Tory split over Persia. Mr. Churchill, for once, seems to be on the quieter side, not lending full verbal support to those who would have us send armies into Persia to make Persia agree with our ideas. Lord Salisbury and, in a lesser degree, Mr. Eden, seem to be on the other side, which is rather strange, to say the least.

PARENTS:

We never know the love of the parent till we become parents ourselves. When we first bend over the cradle of our own child, God throws back the temple door, and reveals to us the sacredness and mystery of a father's and a mother's love to ourselves.—And in later years, when they have gone from us, there is always a certain sorrow, that we cannot tell them we have found it out.—One of the deepest experiences of a noble nature in reference to the loved ones that have passed beyond this world, is the thought of what he might have been to them, and done for them, if he had known, while they were living, what he has learned since they died.—H. W. BEECHER.

MISSING LINKS IN HISTORY OF MANKIND

ATOMIC SCIENCE AIDS ARCHAEOLOGY

By GEORG MANN

THE average person has a reasonably precise image in his mind when he sees the word "archaeologist". He thinks of a bearded little man wearing a pith helmet and shorts, digging around the ruins of an ancient Egyptian tomb, or unearthing the corpse of a long-dead Babylonian. Archaeology, to the man in the street, involves organizing expeditions, digging, collecting relics of lost civilizations.

That's not a true picture any longer. The chemist and the nuclear physicist have given new tools to the archaeologist—atomic thermometers to reveal the temperature of the earth millions of years ago, atomic calendars that make the dates of the past more certain. New instruments and techniques developed in the laboratory are filling in the gaps in the history of this planet. The modern archaeologist uses a Geiger counter, has more than a passing acquaintance with the test tubes and reagents of the chemist.

Mass Spectrometer

At first glance, for example, the complicated instrument a physicist uses, called a mass spectrometer, might seem as remote as possible from anything concerning dinosaurs, those earth-shaking lizards that lived millions of years ago. Yet the mass spectrometer which sorts atoms according to infinitely small variations in their weight can tell the body temperature of a dinosaur that's been dead for 120,000,000 years. That's what Noble Prize winner Dr. Harold C. Urey of the University of Chicago told a regional meeting of the American Chemical Society. And even the sophisticated chemists felt their eyes open in astonishment as they listened.

The method of analysis is really a by-product of the work of atomic physics, but it gives the archaeologist a tool that can measure the changing temperatures of the seasons on earth for the past 120,000,000 years. And it can even give thermometer readings

for earlier dates, although the record is less complete.

The basic clue to past temperatures is given by the balance of those irregular atoms called isotopes—atoms of given chemical elements which resemble their brothers in everything except their weight. By measuring the balance of the isotopes in any given substance, scientists have first rate clue as to the temperature at which it was formed. They can take a clam shell and compare it with the atoms in the shell of a modern clam for reference. And the difference in the isotope balance would indicate clearly the temperature at which the earlier shell had been formed.

Clue To Climate

Taking a dinosaur's temperature is a little trickier. Here the scientists take a piece of rock laid down during the lifetime of the dinosaurs in past ages. The rock gives an accurate clue to the climate of the period. And because dinosaurs were cold-blooded, they took on the temperatures of their surroundings.

If isotopes have given archaeologists a thermometer, radioactive isotopes have given them a clock. Professor W. F. Libby and his associates at the University of Chicago have been tinkering with this radioactive clock for several years, trying to make it more accurate. Now they figure they can date objects up to 5,000 years old with an error of around two percent—much closer than most dating methods formerly used by archaeologists.

Strangely enough, this atomic clock had its origin in Baltimore sewer gas. Scientists noticed that the methane gas given off in the Baltimore sewers was radioactive. They traced the radioactivity to a kind of carbon atom called carbon 14.

Then they decided that this radioactive carbon was formed high in the air when cosmic rays from outer space struck nitrogen atoms and changed

them into radioactive carbon isotopes. Through means of carbon dioxide—which enters into the life cycle of both plants and animals—this radiocarbon enters plant and animal bodies. Humans contain mild amounts of radiocarbon, as do trees and grass. And there is much in the seas and oceans.

The Tests

Then the scientists tried to find out if the radiocarbon was uniformly distributed throughout the world. They tested samples of wood from Bolivia, Ceylon, Palestine, Sweden, Australia and Africa, found out that, by and large, these woods contained closely similar amounts of radiocarbon. They tested sea shells from spots along the Florida coast, seal oil from the Antarctic.

Knowing the radiocarbon is uniformly distributed in living things, they had their atomic clock ready. Radiocarbon doesn't last indefinitely, loses about half its radioactivity in around 5,700 years. Thus, by measuring the radiocarbon content of the remains of plants and animals, they could date them with remarkable accuracy. The less radiocarbon, the older the object. But the radiocarbon content is so small on objects 20,000 or more years old that it is extremely hard to date them.

Dr. Harry Shapiro, anthropologist of New York's American Museum of Natural History, is working with the Chicago scientists on their tests of the atomic clock. Currently, scientists are examining tissues from Egyptian mummies whose dates are already known. They have tested samples of acacia and locust wood from tombs, checking on the accuracy of their findings.

The big advantage in this new method of measuring time is that it gives archaeologists a chance to establish dates that have so far eluded them. In digging through the site of an ancient city like Troy, for example, it is fairly simple to decide that both layers of relics are older than top ones. But what about dates for two civilizations at different places on the map? What about the dating problems in studying the Aztec and Mayan civilizations in Mexico and Yucatan?

That's where the new development

of atomic science will provide facts to fill the gaps in human history.

Another Clock

The chemists are just as busy as the physicists. Listen to the reports from Dr. Earle R. Caley of Ohio State University, who is interested in developing a new scientific field that he calls archaeological chemistry. The chemist helps the archaeologist trace ancient trade routes, uncovers the methods of ancient craftsmen. The development of these methods provides another clock for the archaeologist, helps date ancient finds. Furthermore the chemist can also protect the archaeologist against the forgeries that turn up ever so often to plague scientists.

On a number of occasions a white powder has turned up in the graves of Greek women. The archaeologists were puzzled. Then the chemists took over, analyzed the powder, discovered it was a kind of white lead. That meant several things. It meant that Greek beauties used it to touch up the whiteness of their cheeks. And it showed the chances were extremely good that the Greeks ran the risk of a serious health hazard from lead poisoning.

An additional proof of Greek vanity turned up in a small jar found in diggings near Corinth. The chemists analyzed the contents of the jar, found it contained hair oils. The Greeks buried their relatives and equipped them to cross the Styx properly pomaded.

The chemists have also shown that trade of some sort existed between the ancient Greeks and the primitive tribes that lived along the wooded shores of the Baltic. Genuine Baltic amber has turned up in ancient Greek remains.

Just The Beginning

One great riddle of archaeology is being solved through a special type of rubber moulding powder produced by the chemists. The great carved rock of Behistun has towered almost 500 feet above the sandy plains of Persia for more than 2,500 years. Bas-reliefs and engravings in three languages—Elamite, Old Persian and Babylonian—celebrated the triumphs of the great Darius, King of Persia.

Archaeologists believed the almost inaccessible rock would play the same

role in studies of ancient Near Eastern languages that the Rosetta stone did in untangling the mysteries of Egyptian hieroglyphics. Sir Henry Rawlinson, the British explorer, had climbed the rock more than a century ago. Another expedition tackled it in 1904. But much of the transcription couldn't be transcribed for translation. And four inscribed panels were never attempted at all.

In the meantime, wandering Arabs were taking shots at the inscription, destroying parts of it. An expedition led by Dr. George G. Cameron of the University of Michigan, tackled the inscription with specially engineered equipment. Once up close to the rock, they covered it with coating after coating of a special moulding latex. Thus they took a complete mould of the entire inscription. Dr. Cameron plans to turn out plaster-of-paris duplicates of the inscription, and allow scientists all over the world to unravel the meaning of the inscriptions at their leisure. Thus, invaluable new light on the languages of the Near East will be revealed, thanks to

the practical archeological work of the chemists.

Bones Tell The Tale

The laboratory holds still other important revelations for archaeologists. In Sweden, the anthropologist, Dr. Wilhelm Graf, has been peering at the bones of long-dead Vikings through a microscope. He has found evidence of red blood corpuscles inside the bones, corpuscles much like those of modern man. And he has also discovered that the hearty sea rovers were subject to a great many of the ills that attack modern man. The hollows of their bones told him that story. He has also searched for evidence that their bodies contained the chemical criminal, histamine, the culprit responsible for allergies.

All this work is just the beginning as far as archaeology is concerned. Physics and chemistry have given the investigators new tools that stretch across the centuries. And, in the years to come, more and more of the secret history of the human race will be uncovered by these tools.—Copy-right—NNF.



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SWATANTRA

VOL. VI. NO. 25.

SATURDAY JULY 28, 1951.

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KIDWAI-TANDON CONFLICT

NEWS of the resignations from office of Messrs. Kidwai and Jain would seem to have been greeted by the Congress President with ill-concealed glee. Their subsequent re-instatement as ministers exasperated Sri Tandon and he has called a meeting of the Working Committee to consider if men in the position of Kidwai can be permitted to be chosen by the Prime Minister to adorn his Cabinet. In Sri Tandon's estimation the objection to Kidwai is that he is on the executive of the Praja Party pledged to oppose the Congress at the polls and attempt with all its strength to oust the Congress from power. Can a Congress minister be permitted to work prejudicially to the Congress, asks the Congress President with righteous indignation in anticipation of certain concurrence from the entire body of the organisation in the objection raised by him. We are glad that an issue like this of fundamental impropriety in ministerial behaviour has at last been raised by the Congress President after so much of toleration of it in even more aggravating forms had been exhibited both by him and his predecessors almost systematically since the establishment of the Congress ministries. It might lead to some good if contradictions of the stamp complained of by the President are sought to be removed wherever found and not merely in this particular case of Kidwai and Jain. Otherwise Sri Tandon would be definitely giving the impression that his pursuit of a principle is actuated not by earnest regard for the principle but by a sense of its serviceability for putting down certain persons whom he

does not like. Even Sri Tandon must admit that there are certain redeeming features in Kidwai's transgressions of the organisational proprieties of the Congress. He has remained essentially true in spirit to the great national and humanitarian objectives of the Congress organisation. If he is a rebel, the basic cause of the discontent provoking his rebellion lies in the continual disregard by the Congress authorities themselves of the main principles to which the Congress is theoretically pledged though they render unceasing lip service to it in practice. In the heyday of the Congress, it was its non-communal spirit that held it together. All communities contributed enthusiasm and vitality to the Congress organisation because none felt themselves excluded from participation in its activities and glories. The national character of the institution was maintained by a non-exclusive spirit which took care to discriminate against no community. From this high pedestal the Congress registered a steep descent almost from the moment of the fruition of its political effort in the form of freedom. The case of Congress ministers in Madras is typical of what has happened in other States as well though in a less intense degree of degeneracy. Their administration has been one continual dedication to communalism and exclusiveness, and so quickly has the transformation progressed that there is now little difference between the Congress and the Justice Party. The leaders of the Justice Party have become not only the favourites but also the unofficial guides and inspirers of the Congress ministry. Is the Justice Party nearer



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to the Congress in outlook and spirit than the Praja Party, that the President should be so wrathful against Kidwai for joining the Praja Party while he has not a word of protest against the wholesale transference of the Congress in Madras State by the ministers in office to the ends and purposes of the Justice Party? Communist ministers in Madras have killed the Congress, keeping only the name of the organisation alive. The old Justicites have reincarnated themselves in the minds and bodies of the new Congress ministers. Whereas the Praja Party seeks to renovate the Congress and is a protest against its decadence, the Justice Party is the traditional opponent of the Congress which great leaders like Srinivasa Aiyangar and Satyamurthi who have made the Congress strong in South India, fought and routed repeatedly in elections. Kidwai is a truer Congressman and has more ability and integrity to his elbow, than the pampered renegades essentially Justicite in spirit who from their seats as ministers have outraged every decent principle to which the Congress in its days of greatness stood pledged, and have made such a corrupt mess of the administration that in four years they have made a beloved institution hateful to the bulk of the people. The Congress President strains at a little gnat of open dissent after having swallowed whole camels of covert treachery.

Marshal Petain

A chapter of history, one part of it symbolically uplifting and another evoking some of the stormiest memories of the late war, has come to a conclusion with the passing of Marshal Petain in the desolation of an islet off the French coast. Denunciations of the "traitor of Vichy" are easy to produce, but the hero of Verdun was as much the essential Petain. In the blackest moments of the Kaiser's war, when the Central Powers appeared likely to sweep the Allied armies off their path, it was

Petain who held them in that carnage of attrition, which has entered history under the name of the battle of Verdun. He was no spectacular commander; his virtues were rather patience and stoicism. In an uncharacteristic moment, he pronounced the dictum that the enemy "should not pass." The enemy did not and the historian of the war is justified in attributing the decline of the German armed might to that failure, though much folly and flaming madness were to follow. The misfortune of Petain consisted in having survived that moment of glory. His conservative and essentially militarist temper induced him to look with horror upon the expansion of Communism. Against the genius of history, he preferred to believe that Nazism was an antidote. It is by no means obvious that the melancholy experience of six years of "peace" with Soviet Russia since 1945 has disproved him in any essential particular. But, it was undoubtedly a miscalculation that he committed when, in a noble endeavour to preserve France to what extent he could after the catastrophes of 1940, he embraced the German alliance and did not flinch in following it to its logical conclusions. Impartial criticism makes a distinction between him and Laval, who positively luxuriated in the sensation of servitude and abasement to the Boche. But, he could not escape obloquy. Mr. Philip Guedalla proceeded to institute in his suave and polished style a comparison between him and Bazaine, the traitor of Metz in an yet earlier war. This was eminently unjust, but the morrow of the liberation found France in no mood to discriminate between the renegade and the merely misled. The furious passions of French politics did not allow of any restitution since he was condemned. But his posthumous vindication is not likely to be long delayed. It lies in his recognition of the growingly obvious fact that the Allies erred in preferring as their ally Soviet Russia to Nazi Germany.

Sotto Voce

CURIOUSER AND
CURIOUSER!



WHEN Mr. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai wrote to the Prime Minister intimating his resignation from the Cabinet and the Congress but not from Parliament the quidnuncs had their explanation pat. "After all, that is what Nye Bevan did." It was an exercise in originality at the expense of accuracy typical of the breed. For Nye Bevan has not resigned his membership of the Labour Party; whereas Rafi Saheb, who has so far succumbed to the tearful pleadings of Mr. Nehru as to agree graciously to remain in the Cabinet, is adamant in his repudiation of the Congress. There is no organisation, as he has none too politely pointed out, wide enough to contain both Mr. Tandon and himself.

The curious thing is that he has been so long finding this out. Even more curious, the Prime Minister still cannot see it. He imagines he has solved the tangle neatly. Kidwai and Jain resigned, he has told the press, not because of any difference of policy but rather as "a consequence of other steps they have taken." These other steps to which he so discreetly alludes are active instigation and propaganda on behalf of the Praja Party which has vowed to destroy the Congress at the polls.

Mr. Nehru airily remarks that "those other steps can be considered separately." "Don't do today what you can put off till tomorrow"—that seems to be the comfortable formula which makes planning so fascinating a parlour game. But Mr. Kidwai is not one of those idealists who regard planning as an end in it-

self. To him all plans are means to an end—that of maintaining his role as King-maker. So, in the very act of condescending to withdraw his resignation he told the world that he did not regard his membership of the Praja Party as inconsistent with his continuance in the Cabinet.

He however conceded, with that candour which seems to constitute so large a part of his charm for his friends, that his presence in the Cabinet might be an embarrassment to the Congress Party. But he was conscientiously resolved to make that embarrassment as acute as possible. He was severe with Mr. Nehru on his failure to restore democratic functioning to the Congress. "Is there a parallel in the world", he melodramatically declaimed, "where the executive head, that is the President of an organisation, is the very antithesis of everything that the organisation stands for?" But you can almost hear this good democrat click his heels as he salutes "the supreme leader of the nation" with a flourish. Strange bed-fellow for the lantern-visaged Knight of the Praja Party with his vitriol for *fuehrers*, actual and potential!

Mr. Kidwai charges the Congress President with opposing controls; but so did the Mahatma. And though he was not even a four-anna member the Congress meekly plumped for decontrol in obedience to his rescript. And yet Rafi Saheb did not shake the dust of Congress off his feet; to the best of my recollection, he did not even think it necessary to air in public the gentle doubts which some Congressmen, greatly daring, had permitted themselves. He is now

aghast that the Congress professes one thing and acts otherwise. Apparently that is a privilege reserved to Mr. Kidwai and his friends.

At Bangalore Mr. Nehru rendered account to the Congress with elaborate humility, pointing out that he and his Government were bound in fealty to the great national organisation. He evidently sees nothing inconsistent with his duty to the Congress in welcoming the rebels back with open arms though they have proclaimed a *jehad* against it. Their work in the Cabinet, he urges, has been so valuable that he could not face the prospect of doing without them, "more especially at the present juncture." On these rather cryptic words Mr. Kidwai offers the helpful gloss that, "especially when relations between India and Pakistan were tense", his own co-operation is indispensable to the Government.

Mr. Kidwai and the select corps of

Nationalist (with a capital N) Muslims who help Mr. Nehru sustain his burden cannot, however, abide other nationalists, especially of the Tandon variety. Unfortunately the Congress President is not ready to admit (as non-Bolsheviks behind the Red Curtain are famed to do), that his liquidation is in the public interest. Mr. Tandon would probably claim that, unlike the Prime Minister and his colleagues, he is where he is because of the public suffrage. And even Mr. Nehru's democracy, which is something *sui generis*, may not find its mantle wide enough to cover Mr. Kidwai's arrogant intransigence. Specious analogies from the case of Ambedkar or that of Churchill will not serve. Mr. Kidwai is far more than a nuisance; on the other hand he offers something far less respectable than a coalition. Mr. Nehru may yet find him as uncomfortable a mount as the tiger on which the young lady rode to Riga.

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SIDELIGHTS :

Between certain individuals and nature there are subtle and obscure relations. Such men are able to spread across space and time and to grasp concrete reality. They seem to escape from themselves, and also from the physical continuum. Sometimes they project their tentacles in vain beyond the frontiers of the material world, and they bring back nothing of importance. But like the great prophets of science, art, and religion, they often succeed in apprehending in the abyss of the unknown, elusive and sublime beings called mathematical abstractions, Platonic Ideas, absolute beauty, God.—ALEXIS CARREL.

A bronze statue was erected to Sri Prakasam at Vijayawada and crowds in tens of thousands mustered to witness its unveiling on Sunday. There are few that can hold a candle to Sri Prakasam in the matter of collecting crowds. Sri E. V. Ramaswami Naicker in Tamil Nadu has also this gift. People gather as by magic in enormous numbers to see and listen to him. But it is a regional spell that he exercises and it does not work beyond the localities inhabited by Tamils. Sri Naicker has no hold at all in Andhra Desa or Malabar. Sri Prakasam managed somehow to exceed the status of being merely a leader of the Andhras, and his visits to Malabar and the Tamil districts used to be grandly impressive for the manifestations of popularity evoked by them. Of late, however, due to Andhra-Tamil conflicts for possession of Madras City, and the general rampancy of the spirit of linguistic separatism, Sri Prakasam's influence over non-Andhras has considerably waned. Our achievement of political freedom has synchronised with a victory of the communal cult. Indian humanity has in consequence been dismembered into its component castes and sections. Nobody is a citizen. Everybody is an Andhra, Tamil, Brahmin or non-Brahmin, and among non-Brahmins themselves, the process of further subdivision has set in, and one is either a Kamma or Reddi, a Nadar, Naicker or Padayachi.

In India under British rule, the enslaved people could think of themselves as one and forget at least occasionally the differences that divided them. In Swaraj India you are forced into a denomination before you are born, and it clings to you tenaciously till death, nothing can ever shake it off. Those that want to see caste abolished are the most resolute in seeing to it that nothing is done to ignore it or reduce its importance or minimise its significance. It is not for nothing that the drive against social unity is so relentless. The separatists have almost succeeded in elevating backwardness into a distinction. To be advanced is a disqualification. For a parent to be educated, is a sin for which the offspring is made to pay by being forced to remain uneducated. There is a veritable competition for being dubbed communally backward for the sake of the preferments conferred on backwardness as a regular matter of State policy. People are confined as in coffins within the rigid walls of communal classification, and non-communal sentiment and standards of value are on the decline. The prevailing environment admits of sub-caste leadership but not a common leader for all irrespective of birth. What more proof is needed that the Congress of old has perished? Pandit Nehru is the one leader of the Congress with a still surviving national stature, accepted with a fair measure of loyalty in all States and by all classes. Other leaders have shrunk from national to regional, and from regional to communal levels of importance. Of the Congress leaders now dominating the Government in Madras State, none is of much account beyond his own small circle of followers, and those of one linguistic area are treated with utter indifference in the other areas, except of course for those bent on the pursuit of patronage under cover of fealty. Congress leaders have ceased to be popular leaders and become clan leaders. It is Sri Prakasam's distinction that he commands a larger measure of acceptance in com-

munities and linguistic areas other than his own than any South Indian leader inside or outside the Congress. The animosities of the dehumanising communalism of our times have passed him by, tamed by his spirit of sacrifice, gentleness, and unceasing concern for people in distress, in the midst of so much robustness, perseverance and age-conquering grit and strength. An achievement this, worthy of any number of statues.

The particular statue erected in Sri Prakasam's honour does not make a good showing, if the photographs are any indication of the reality. True resemblance is lacking. It is not easy to transfer the characteristic appearance of Sri Prakasam to bronze or stone, as a visage of stern strength is the least part of the attractiveness of his personality. With it has to be combined a look of pathos as in bewilderment, and an aspect of benevolence mixed with defiance and granite fortitude. A master sculptor is required to make a statue representing Sri Prakasam's towering figure in all its grandeur and humanity, and there is only one sculptor, Asia's best, the renowned Roy Chowdhury, who could have done full justice to the subject. Nothing less than the best is befitting as a memorial to Andhra Kesari.

It is a fortnight since Nyapati Narayanamurthi passed away. It is a distressing experience for a journalist to do his professional duty of comment on dead friends. Whether

So many of us to-day are searching for a pattern of life that will be soul-satisfying, and free of the gnawing fear that we are frittering away our days on empty nothingness. But the words, "Let all live as they would die," by the English poet, George Herbert, help us overcome such fears.

The name we leave behind us is the accumulation of all the big and little things we have done during our lifetime. If we would die great, everything we do, down to the very smallest detail, must also be great. Recent world events have taught us that if a brave new world is to arise from the shambles left by the war, individuals as well as nations must learn to live in harmony with each other, and feel morally responsible for contributing some good to the community around them. Each of us has something different to contribute, and no matter how small or insignificant it may seem, it can be for the benefit of all. If we follow this precept constantly, we can be sure that when death comes we will be fully satisfied with the way we have lived.—LAURITZ MELCHIOR.

it be praise or blame, all zest in criticism is lost when life is gone from the object of the criticism. I have therefore allowed much time to pass before paying Sri Narayanamurthi the tribute of respect that is his due. He had unlimited capacity for vigorous trouncing of erring public men. But it was never exercised with rancour. His severest judgments were malice-free. With infectious good humour he combined a spirit of irrepressible optimism. He was not fortunate in all his ventures. Some of them failed to succeed and had to be wound up. But he never knew defeat when it confronted him, and faced it with undiminished buoyancy as an augury of victory round the corner. Depression fled at his approach, as he carried with him wherever he went the sunshine of unclouded self-confidence. He overcame even the pain of the dreadful cancer that afflicted him towards the end with a mental excitement over expected improvement that left no room for pessimism. His fortitude in all circumstances was magnificent. It owed nothing to calculations of favourable probabilities, as the unfavourable had no existence in his consciousness. We shall not see the like of him with the same blithe cheerfulness in good fortune and in ill.—SAKA.

Correction: The writer of the article *A Portrait From Near* on page 10 of last week's issue of *Swatantra* is not Y. Mahalingiah as erroneously printed, but Y. Mahalinga Sastri. The error is much regretted.—Ed. S.

A FIVE-YEAR-RETROSPECT

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

PANDIT Nehru's symposium at the A.I.C.C. on the working of his Government deserves to be read, marked and inwardly digested by all those wishing well of our country. It is not a politician's account of the happenings in India since 1946; neither is it a window-dressing of some of the achievements nor an apologia for lack of them in certain spheres. Rather it sums up the reactions of a political philosopher, nay a world historian, to the state of affairs obtaining around him. Things have been set down as they are and as they ought to have been and the whole story is of something attempted and something done; although it is true to say that Nehru's Government has had stupendous achievements to its credit; and a discerning critic can hardly afford to miss them even whilst advertent to some of its striking failures.

The British relaxed their hold on India in 1946, but the evils of British Imperialism lived after them. At the start, under the very nose of the Congress-manned Cabinet, thousands had been butchered out of communal ill-will and this later became a normal feature, culminating in the rape of Kashmir. These certainly would have had their terrible repercussions in the country but the future historian will not omit to chronicle the ability and foresight of Sardar Patel, Nehru and Rajaji under the inspiring guidance of Mahatmaji, which effectually prevented a large-scale civil war with the inevitable intrusion of the foreign powers as in Spain. And that way our freedom was secured. The settlement of the refugees and the way Junagadh and Hyderabad were saved from spoliation are achievements worthy of the highest order of political skill which even the Western Powers, with centuries of diplomacy and training behind them, could never have accomplished. Not less deserving of admiration was the raising of India's status in the comity of world nations and the new hope and life put into the Asian countries like Indonesia directly attributable to Pandit Nehru's personality. Perhaps

the most eloquent tribute to his political sagacity came from Britain recently when his intervention was solicited in the IRAN oil tangle. As for Kashmir, one might feel critical of the reference of the issue when victory was in sight to the UNA, a body which has consistently been placating the aggressor, but it can be safely asserted that if that had not been done, Kashmir would have gone the way of Korea, especially when it was becoming evident that the raiders were being trained by foreign gunmen. Even now one cannot scout the possibility of foreign intervention in the event of an armed conflict, if the Conservatives come back to power in England. The integration of the 562 States is a great historical event, although the over-all effect has somewhat been marred by internal dissensions, which in the case of Travancore have really eclipsed its phenomenal progress in the previous regime. The inauguration of scientific research and the steps taken to wipe out famine conditions in the States, must have their meed of price as also the virtual integration of Nepal.

Yet with such outstanding successes at home and abroad, the sad fact emerges that internal conditions are fast deteriorating. Food, clothing and shelter are beyond the reach of the common man; and in Madras just at present, crowds of young men of ability and distinction are left in the streets to make way for what are styled the educationally backward strata, and the very intelligence and ability of their forefathers, which wrested freedom from the mightiest Empire on earth, have been a disqualifying factor. Economic disequilibrium and communalism have become the keynote of the administration. Pandit Nehru has inveighed against communalism time and again but even he could not stem its tide in South India. Our economic ills are no doubt a legacy of World War II and the Partition, but we have to suffer even more than the belligerents themselves. For one thing Germany and Japan have rehabili-

tated themselves completely; and for another, austerity, especially in England, is universal whereas in our country it affects only the middle class and the poor, not the millionaire or the mill owner, the Minister or M.L.A. For this impasse, however, the Government alone is not responsible. Our people and our political organisations cannot escape blame. Pandit Nehru has adverted to the lack of cooperation between the Government and the people. What did the Congress do to bridge the gulf? The truth is patriotism has become a lost virtue. Manu requires every individual to sacrifice his family for the community and his community for the country. But exactly the reverse has been happening. Congressmen functioning in any capacity have forgotten this duty to the country and to the ideals of the great Master, having come to place greater emphasis on their individual, family and communal needs. That in the pursuit of that endeavour they should forswear their allegiance to the Constitution and to the verdict of the Judiciary is perhaps not unnatural. The average Congressman has yet to cultivate the probity of a Sivaswami Iyer. Outside the Congress, the position is even more lamentable. The call for production has fallen on deaf ears. Big Business is in no mood to cooperate and labour too is not playing the game. About our tradesmen, the less said the better; in Madras it was reported that cowdung was mixed with jaggery at Dipavali. Upwards of Rs. 200 crores of public money are 'hidden' by defaulting assesseees. As for our public servants, the more they are pampered, the less responsible they become and as the projected railway strike illustrates, the less responsive to human suffering. In a word, we have too many who live by the country and too few for it, and nothing is more glaring than the inhumanity of Indian to India.

The picture, however, is not one of unrelieved gloom. At the other end, there are people belonging to the lower strata of society and uneducated but who are the very salt of the earth. In an era of blackmarketing and hoarding the half-starved labourer or lessee would not touch even a mouthful of his landlords' grain. The small pattadar pays Government

revenue as the first charge on his slender income and will not hesitate even to borrow for it. The temple archaka gives of his best all the 24 hours of the day for wages fixed at the time of the Hindu kings in most cases and without any of the modern amenities. The country's salvation rests only on these people, the underprivileged of the State. Yet the taxation structure of the Government, including the recent railway and postal charges, affects only this class.

Pandit Nehru has classified public servants into good, bad and indifferent but this applies also to our Ministers, legislators and embassies abroad. What, however, has really happened is that the evil done by the bad people has completely outweighed the good done by the good type. Publicity in India is lopsided and a section of the press with extensive circulation, throws into the full glare of publicity all our shortcomings, hampering not only our reputation overseas but as Pandit Nehru once said, affecting the loyalty of the defence personnel. Any way it is a disquieting prospect; but we must put our own house in order. We have had to pay a heavy price for the abrupt dismissal of the European personnel and for the too rapid nationalisation of the services, which as the disclosures in the Parliament show, appear to lack ability and integrity. Pandit Nehru rightly insists that when a charge of misconduct is made by a responsible person there should be an enquiry however high placed the delinquent. But what has happened so far? The offenders have rarely obtained their deserts, when ruthless exposure and punishment would have exculpated the Government. Even the Congress had been reticent over this issue and the only service it did in this connection was to censure Prakasam for preferring his charges!

Pandit Nehru has urged the need for a new type of public servant to fit in with our national aspirations. To some extent this is necessary because the old I.C.S. was anything but Indian in outlook. But it is a great handicap of the indigenous recruits, the new I.A.S., who by the way have acquired an astronomically high money value in the marriage market, that they are not detailed for overseas training. Perhaps training in

rural reconstruction centres may go a long way. Civil servants in England have to possess ability and impartiality and our services should be fashioned on that basis. The present I.A.S. doubtless offers scope for harnessing the brightest talent, but one cannot be over optimistic in this regard judging from the recent trends to discount the value of the written test. Strictest vigilance is necessary on the various Public Service Commissions and the public must be assured that the selections are not made capriciously or arbitrarily.

Pandit Nehru has not adverted to the financial position of the country since the attainment of independence, but in view of certain disclosures made on the floor of the Parliament and by a former Finance Minister, it would have been infinitely better if the public apprehensions had been allayed. In regard to the States, the position is not less disquieting. Orissa has recently forced itself upon our attention. Generally speaking, the States seem anxious to multiply taxes—the Madras Minister wants to

reach the 100-crore limit—without at the same time effecting substantial savings in expenditure.

Finally the efficiency and the integrity of the State apparatus will be secured only by raising and rigorously enforcing the standards of administration. Election programmes even if elaborately drawn up have, as past experience has shown, an air of unreality about them. The Constitution itself has provided for the Directives of State Policy which are far more exhaustive and cannot certainly be improved upon. The paramount thing is a form of government which will afford no quarter for nepotism or inefficiency. After all, Pope's dictum that whatever is best administered is best, is as true to-day as it ever was; and this has received striking confirmation in East Punjab, where (so the Ambala Correspondent of the *Hindu* reports) the suspension of the Constitution has been felt as a veritable boon by the people; which perhaps is the most significant commentary on the working of parliamentary government in India.

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THE FIVE YEAR PLAN

By N. RAMANATHAN

AFTER more than an year of intensive and extensive study of the various aspects of our economy, the Planning Commission has published its report. The historical importance of this document cannot be missed by any student of economics. Truly, it marks a landmark in our economic history, because workers, industrialists, consumers as well as the Government are agreed upon the essential fact that our fight against national poverty can be carried on only with the aid of a planned economy as distinct from uncontrolled private enterprise or 'laissez-faire'. The necessity for careful planning in an underdeveloped country like ours whose economy has been upset by the world war and the partition can hardly be exaggerated.

In an age of planning, which may be said to begin after the Russian Revolution of 1917, India has never suffered for lack of plans. We have seen the emergence of many paper plans in the last few years. But these blue prints for the economic regeneration of the country were never implemented by the Government, partially or fully. Apostles of Gandhian economics under the leadership of J. C. Kumarappa drew up a plan which emphasised the need for decentralised economy and the development of small scale industries. Revolutionaries and Radical Socialists have issued their own plans for national revival, the most conspicuous of them being the Peoples' Plan of M. N. Roy. In 1944 eight prominent Indian businessmen issued a "Memorandum Outlining a Plan of Economic Development of India." Known as the Bombay Plan it envisaged an expenditure of Rs. 10,000 crores spread over 15 years to bring about a doubling of the present per capita income. But all these plans, as pointed out, have never got out of the paper stage for political and financial reasons.

The present plan cannot be termed an ambitious one from any point of view. It involves a total outlay of 1793 crores on development initiated in the public sector in the next five

years, and is expected to restore pre-war economic conditions by the end of 1955-56, taking into account the expected increase in our population. It lays down priorities in the execution of the various development projects and outlines a plan for increasing industrial and agricultural production. The crux of the whole problem is whether we have the financial resources to implement the plan and attain its aims.

The overburdened consumer who witnesses everyday the uncontrolled shooting up of the prices in the country will not derive any solace from the plan. It is idle to say that the expenditure of 1793 crores by the State can by itself bring back the salad pre-war days of abundance. This huge expenditure will, if anything, set fresh inflationary forces in motion. And a higher degree of inflation can only increase public discontent and impose additional hardships on the workers and the middle class who are the worst sufferers on account of the post-war inflation in India. The failure of the Government during the last two years to bring down and stabilise prices gives added weight to this argument.

The Commission's calculations of the sources of finance for the execution of the plan do not seem to be based on realism. If the Government follows the industrial policy implied in the plan, the dissatisfied businessmen will not come forward and invest their savings in the stock market, which is already in the doldrums. Though it does not openly advocate State Socialism, the plan is socialistic in spirit and this will surely upset the "psychological climate" conducive to investment and industrial expansion. After taking into account the economic assistance from the Commonwealth countries and the U.S.A. under the Colombo Plan and the Point Four Aid, the Commission makes the startling statement that the State would be compelled to resort to deficit financing to the tune of Rs. 290 crores. This means the pumping of fresh paper currency into circulation and the spectre of rising prices.

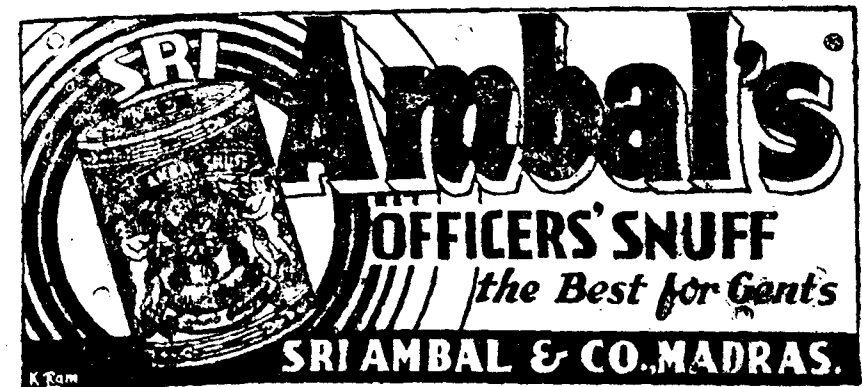
Turning to the chapters on agriculture, one finds that the Commission has completely failed to appreciate the difficulties involved in agricultural planning, especially in a country like ours where more than 75% of the population living in villages are illiterate. The suggestion that the co-operative village management and production committees together with a tinkering of the land tenure can achieve an agricultural revolution, lessen the burden on land and bring prosperity to the villagers does not take into account the innate conservatism and individualism of the Indian peasant. After more than 50 years of State control and direction, the co-operative movement has not even touched 10% of the agricultural population. Without a change in our administrative set-up and a radical re-approach to the problems of the village, no State-inspired scheme of co-operative or collective farming can solve the problems of the land and grow two blades of grass where one grew before. It is refreshing to note that the Commission has recognised the need for importing food grains from abroad for a few years to come. The Commission's plan concerning population problems needs more clarification. Unless we follow a progressive population policy based upon birth control, no amount of planning can raise our standard of living.

The Commission has underlined the need for inter-State co-operation and co-ordination in the matter of the execution of the various projects. In the light of the different policies pursued by different States during

the last four years, one doubts whether any improvement can be expected in this sphere. The Commission may, with profit, study the economic consequences of the introduction by some States of socio-economic reforms like Prohibition.

Democratic planning can be used to promote economic progress only if a country has an efficient and incorruptible civil service which discharges its duty to the public without fear or favour. In Britain if the Labour Government has succeeded in erecting a "Welfare State," it is in no small measure due to the efficient British Civil Service. In India, the last few years have seen a great fall in the standards of administration consequent on the introduction of a variety of controls. We hope the Government and the Commission will give some thought to the problem of the services in a planned economy.

It must, above all, be recognised that planning is not a magic talisman which can chase away all our economic difficulties in a moment. The road to prosperity and plenty is not a bed of roses; it is full of thorns and hurdles. Our plans must satisfy certain minimum conditions. "They must," as an English authority on planning has said, "be plans for development, for growth, for organising and increasing abundance, and not for putting a stop to it; and they must be reviewed as a whole, so that they do not degenerate into a mere jumble of vested interests in which the success of every part is inconsistent with the success of every other."



PETAIN—AND SOME SECRETS

By Major-General Sir EDWARD SPEARS

IT was when he commanded a corps facing Vimy Ridge in the 1914 war that I got to know Petain well, and I developed a deep affection and respect for him that even the circumstances of the last war have never quite obliterated.

In the company of men he knew well he revealed an unsuspected sense of humour.

To Darlan

I was, therefore, not surprised at the story which percolated through from France in 1941 that when he was driving through a town with Admiral Darlan at his side, amidst a population shouting: "Vive Petain," and a solitary voice cried: "Vive Darlan," he turned to his neighbour and said, "Admiral, I was not aware that you were a ventriloquist."

As a subordinate commander he never hesitated to express his views.

When he was in command at Verdun, M. Poincare, then President, asked him how things were going. "How do you expect them to go, when we are neither governed nor commanded?" said Petain.

When Mr. Lloyd George asked him his opinion concerning the British offensive in Flanders, he answered: "You can fight the Boche or you can fight mud, but you cannot fight both the Boche and mud."

1917 Mutiny

Petaín was hailed by the world as the saviour of Verdun, but he rendered France and Britain a far greater service when in 1917 he quelled the mutinies in the French Army.

The Nivelle offensive had failed disastrously, costing the French Army, for no result whatever, 61,000 killed and 9,000 prisoners.

A sense of exasperation pervaded the troops.

To this was added a feeling of despair. France had by then lost 1,450,000 in killed and prisoners, and the German armies in the East, released by the Russian collapse, were marching to the Western front.

It was easy to make men believe the struggle was hopeless.

Two Russian brigades in France broke into open mutiny. There were strikes and go-slow movements in the factories all over France.

In Danger

Then suddenly a regiment refused to obey orders to return to the line.

The mutiny spread like wildfire. In a very short time 258 battalions, one cavalry, and eight artillery regiments were in various stages of revolt.

There were mutinies in 110 trains and at 130 stations.

It was suddenly realised that there were only two reliable divisions between Paris and the front at Soissons.

Had the Germans known of this desperate situation and attacked the war would have been lost. But the secret was so carefully kept that even the British Army did not know until the trouble was nearly over.

It was in these circumstances that General Petain was appointed commander-in-chief.

He sent for me and told me he believed it was possible to regain control.

Some Wept

He did so in a very short time by first applying the severest discipline. He forced the officers to insist on obedience, punishing as accomplices those who failed to exact it.

Rebellious units were dispersed and sent to distant destinations.

It was thanks to the severity of these measures and their stern application that retribution was comparatively mild.

There were 412 death sentences, of which only 55 were carried out—an astonishing result in view of the numbers involved.

Petaín visited every division, insisting on meeting officers, NCOs and men of every single company.

His severity to some officers was such that on some occasions privates wept. Then he dealt with the real grievances and terrible hardships of

the men, and rewarded on the spot those deserving of honour.

It is a very great story.

Older, Now

I never thought Petain was more anti-British than are most Frenchmen. His dislike and distrust of Field-Marshal Henry Wilson may have given rise to the legend.

Nor was he a genuine pessimist. He saw the end of a series of events as it would inevitably be if no miracle intervened.

He did not possess the genius and special type of courage that creates its own miracles. Hence his belief in Britain's defeat in 1940.

I met him after the Germans had broken through in May 1940, when, as Mr. Churchill's Personal Representative, I attended many meetings of the French War Council.

He was very friendly to me, but rarely spoke. He was very old, and I thought he seldom heard what was said.

For France

One day, despairing of the lethargy

that had overcome France, I went to see him. The Germans were at Rouen.

With sorrow in my heart, I said: "What France needs to-day, M. le Marechal, is a Joan of Arc."

His face brightened. "Joan of Arc? Did you read the speech I made at Rouen in 1935—or was it in 1936, on Joan of Arc?"

"No." "I shall read it to you," and he did, a long speech read fumblingly. It was sad. He was certainly very old.

I was reluctant to believe he was working for surrender behind the scenes. When this became a certainty I emphasised to his face the consequences of abandoning the struggle, as Mr. Churchill has told in "Their Finest Hour."

They called him the Grand-father of France, and as such he saw himself. A grand-father cannot abandon his grandchildren. He could not leave them in France while he continued the war in Africa, and as he could not go he collected what strength and vitality was left to him to prevent others from going either.—*Lens*.

DISAPPOINTMENT

By P. N. S.

THE M. C. C. cricket team to tour India during the current season has been announced. Nigel D. Howard, 26-year-old captain of Lancashire will lead a side consisting of the following: R. Tattersall, B. Statham, J. T. Ikin and M. J. Hilton (Lancashire), D. V. Brennan, F. A. Lowson (Yorkshire), J. D. Robertson (Middlesex), T. W. Graveney (Gloucestershire), A. Watkins (Glamorgan), A. E. Rhodes (Derbyshire), F. Ridgway (Kent), D. Shackleton (Hampshire) and R. T. Spooner (Warwickshire). Two more players have yet to be named to make the list of sixteen complete.

But the enthusiast in this country will be attracted more by the list of persons who are not making the trip—Hutton, Denis Compton, Washbrook, Simpson, Alec Bedser, Evans, Bailey. The cream of English cricket is bottled up in these famous names and it is with a deep sense of disappoint-

ment Indians have received the news that once again they are baulked of witnessing England's top-notchers in action on our pitches.

No doubt periodical despatches from England prepared the way for disappointments but not on this scale. We expected at least a couple of the stars to make the tour live in the memory. Though the appointment of Howard as captain made Simpson's inability to make the trip certain, we hoped against hope that Hutton at least would be there to entrance us with his most majestic cover drives. To add a personal note, the writer received the personnel of the team just as he was reading a passage about the Yorkshireman in Arlott's "Gone with the cricketers", which ran thus: "When he plays that stroke, every cliché about the dourness of Yorkshire batting evaporates in the glow of cricketing genius: there is no more lovely stroke in cricket than

the cover drive, and when Hutton makes it, throwing his bat at the ball with the joy of a boy and the elegance of a fencing master, we see one of the glories of the game today."

India is indeed unlucky not to witness Hutton at the height of his glory, for by the time the next official tour of the M.C.C. to this country comes off the Yorkshireman would have retired from the Test arena. In the same vein can be told the tale of the irrepressible Godfrey Evans and the great Alec Bedser. It would not be an exaggeration to say that the absence of these stars is tragic from our cricketers' point of view, for the youth of our land could not have had better examples to study and take lessons from than these master craftsmen. Their displays would certainly have given coaching lessons much better than by a Paynter or a Hallows and in the most entertaining manner.

As if to add poignancy to this depressing tale of absentees we scanned the list of players announced repeatedly and, in vain, for the name of a single player who will make his presence felt the moment he takes the field; the list contains not even one who could be called a personality or a character in the game. Still our "important men" at the helm of affairs will unashamedly proclaim that the "team is the strongest official side to leave the shores of England for India!" Of course we will all flock to see our visitors and perhaps applaud their efforts, though our applause may be punctuated with yawns of

boredom. At the end of it all we will be patted on our backs with the sweet words that "the crowd in India is the best in the world and their appreciation of the game reveals a deep understanding of its finer points."

There are, no doubt, a few amongst us who wish to hide their chagrin and with a show of bold face say that we cannot beat even such a team of "second best". Perhaps. Indian cricket is still low in the ladder and what with abundant doses of 'politics', we have never been able to put our best team on the field. But let us hope that our players will show their sense of resentment of this team of visitors by winning not only our first official test, but also the 'rubber', so that George Duckworth can once again wag his finger at the people in his country and say "I warned you to send our best, but you did not heed my words."

This criticism of the selection or non-selection of the players takes fully into account the difficulties that beset the selectors, and the undesirability of compelling English star cricketers to perform round the clock and with no respite at all. Still the Indian feels that the M.C.C. would have dealt with the affair better if at least a couple of the best had been persuaded to make the trip. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and we are eagerly looking forward to the news that the two remaining players will be from among Hutton, Edrich, Washbrook and Compton.

The scientific fact that most cancer can be cured if discovered and treated early enough, is stressed in a series of pamphlets prepared by the National Cancer Institute and the American Cancer Society. Cancer cannot be "caught" from anyone, the pamphlets explain. It is not a contagious or infectious disease like influenza or measles. The most effective weapons against it are early diagnosis and proper treatment.

Persons need to be alert to possible signs of early cancer such as any lump, especially in the breast, irregular bleeding or discharge from a body opening, indigestion that continues for some time, unexplained changes in bodily excretions, loss in weight that cannot be accounted for, changes in colour or size of a mole, or any sore that does not heal promptly. "Scientists say that although these symptoms may not mean cancer, any one of them should be reported to a physician."

Warning against so-called "cures," such as salves and ointments, the pamphlets emphasize that the only cure for cancer known to medical science is early treatment by surgery, X-ray, or radium.

The pamphlets can be obtained free by writing to the National Cancer Institute, U.S. Public Health Service, Bethesda, Maryland.

FRANCE UNDER THE SAUCE

By ANDREW ROTH

PARIS: A good French cook can disguise a mediocre and even a bad piece of meat with a skillfully contrived sauce. And this knack is not limited to cooking. In politics the sauce—Americans would call it apple-sauce—is ladled out even more copiously.

Certainly sauces give the flavor to French cuisine and make this country a Mecca for people who have long subsisted on British cooking. But because of its use as a disguise, even the experienced diner in Paris frequently wakes up at night with a "crise de la foie" (literally, liver crisis) or indigestion. The trouble with the political sauce which French politicians hand out is that it is only penetrated in times of crisis. The world was misled by political propaganda about the Maginot Line and the French Army until the Nazis showed the rottenness of both.

On Saturday, July 14th, Paris witnessed the biggest Bastille Day parade since the war. Despite a chill and gloomy day tens of thousands lined the streets to watch the tanks, planes and troops move past. But for the skeptical onlooker the thing which impressed was how little France is able to contribute to its own defense. The most impressive contribution in the tank field was a 50-ton tank armed with a 100-millimetre cannon. But the three in the parade were 'prototypes', which means they are not yet in production. The overwhelming bulk of the tanks were American-built Shermans. The same story held for the air. Three French-made jet interceptors zoomed past at low altitude and tremendous speed. But they, too, were prototypes. The fully-equipped squadrons flew American Thunder-jets and British Vampires.

Although French politicians, particularly when they are visiting the U. S., can make the most moving speeches about defending Europe against Communist expansion, their most anti-Communist fellow country men know better than to take them seriously. The well-born wife of a

Paris editor has been taking her own Gallup poll on French defeatism. When she meets her friends among the wealthy and near-wealthy she asks: "What is this I hear about that house you have brought?" And the answer generally comes: "Oh, you must mean the villa I bought in Morocco," or, "You must mean the land I bought in Morocco." I should not be thought that Morocco is merely a fashionable refuge in case of war. It should be recalled that General Juin would not relinquish his political post as Resident General of Morocco when he took over as land forces commander in Europe under General Eisenhower. It is no demonstration of confidence to start by preparing the retreat.

Although the election machinations succeeded in their intention of cutting down both the Communist and Gaullist representation in the Chamber of Deputies, the persons elected seem most unlikely to give the effective government which can be the only real counterforce to these two. Ever since the war the Communists' strength in France has been based on the fact that the bulk of the working class believes they are the most militant battlers for higher wages. As a result the Communists have been able to exploit this working class support for their own political ends. The means to end this situation have always been at hand: restraining the cost of living and raising wages. But the groups in the middle have consistently refused to do this because it would have hurt the very middle-class groups which support them. In other words, the so-called 'third force' deputies have always had the choice of limiting the profits and collecting income taxes from the peasant proprietors and small businessmen or leaving the burden on the salaried employees. By leaving the burden on the salaried employees they have guaranteed the continued strength of the Communist Party. But this seems to bother them little.

Although they fail to carry out substantial reforms, the French lea-

ders are ingenious at devising flimsy little devices to tide over momentary difficulties. In all their colonial territories, including Algeria, which is theoretically a part of France, they now run elections which are as 'efficient' as Communist elections in the Iron Curtain countries without the disadvantage of offering only one slate. Several parties are allowed to run. But in most districts the votes are counted, a la Jersey City, by French *administrateurs*. And friends of France' who are detested minorities among their countrymen are magically endowed with crushing majorities.

These deceptive 'sauces' do not, of course, do anything but help to fool those who want to be fooled. The amazing thing in France is how far the most reputable French statesmen in power today are willing to go in their little deceptions. Even the gruelling war in Indo-China falls into this category. No serious person in France believes that it can be won without sending another 300,000 men there, in addition to considerable equipment. The French expeditionary force which is there now has absorbed the great bulk of the non-commissioned officers needed to train the new French Army promised to General Eisenhower. But, asked about Indo-China, a French centrist politician told Alexander Werth: "The war in Indo-China is what is keeping us thoroughly respectable in the eyes of Washington. As long as it lasts, they'll have to give us money; nor can they pester and bully us unduly over our slackness and our easy ways in Europe."

The French occasionally fool some of themselves with their 'sauces'. It now appears that 'neutralism'—the desire to avoid tying France to either major camp—was such a sauce so far as most people were concerned. It was taken seriously by an extremely intelligent group of left-socialist intellectuals gathered about the weekly *l'Observateur* who have expressed in their neutralism their suspicion of both the American and Soviet camps. But it also enjoyed a vogue in the authoritative *Le Monde*, which sometimes speaks for French industrial circles. But in retros-

pect it appears clear that if the neutralism of *Le Monde* represented anything substantial beyond the ideas of its editors, it was a rather intellectualized version of the defeatism general in French upper circles. They have no confidence in the ability of the West to defend France against a Soviet attack nor any desire to have France liberated by napalm bombs. But only a few thousands voted in the elections for neutralist candidates.

The French frequently fool others with their sauces. But they very rarely fool themselves. Cynics seldom do.

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FOOD POLICY UNDER THE PLAN

By K. G. SIVASWAMY

IT is not possible in the course of a single article to examine the draft Five-Year Plan which provides for detailed schemes of increasing production in agriculture and industries. I shall therefore confine myself in this article to one subject, namely, the food policy discussed in the Plan. Let me recapitulate the sound arguments advanced by the Planning Commission for control of food grain distribution. A price structure stable over a long period should be provided by any Government for encouraging production and more so, when it embarks on a scheme of planning both in the public and the private sectors. Secondly, in an under-developed economy as that of India, long-term investments in production must lead to inflationary pressure during the transition, until these investments yield sufficient goods and services. Thirdly, the Plan is coming into being under the existing high level of prices. The desideratum therefore is the bringing down of the price level. The latter hinges on an effective lowering of food grain prices. But, as competing commercial crops fetch a higher price, the food crop area is naturally getting reduced. The proper approach should therefore be through a reduction in the prices of competing crops, rather than an increase in food prices.

Food grain price control is possible only by a control of the stocks of grains. Control according to the Planning Commission should be viewed as part of a system to contain the inflationary pressure and maintain the relative prices at an appropriate level. Until the marketable surplus increases, either by increased production or imports, monopoly procurement and rationing by the State are an indispensable necessity. To these arguments I would add that so long as we need maximum imports of capital goods for industrialising the economy, importing of the minimum amount of food grains should alone be a sound policy. This meant that the time-honoured bureaucratic prac-

tice of imports of foreign grain to compel the Indian landholder and trader to part with their surplus, would not be available in a planned economy. Government should therefore train the land-holder and the trader in the social responsibility of parting with his surplus grain by effectively enforcing a system of controls. The need for a controlled trade is further stressed by the Commission by adducing other arguments. More money is invested in trade than in industry as it yields larger and quicker profits. This should naturally affect both the industrialists in buying raw materials and the general mass of consumers in their purchase of articles of living. Trade on co-operative lines and State trading in specific lines through co-operatives are suggested, making a first beginning in the field of export trade.

Crisis in Administration

These are no doubt sound suggestions but the crisis in food is today a crisis in administration. One has therefore to look to the recommendations in the Plan to equip the administration for State trading. The Commission has recommended that patronage on the part of Ministers and officials should be reduced by enforcing selection to appointments over as wide a range as possible by Public Service Commissions and Selection Boards. They admit that even the existing provisions are "not sufficiently honoured in practice." The question is how far further restrictions will be honoured, and if they are not, what is the remedy?

Another recommendation of the Commission is the appointment of a Special Tribunal to enforce integrity in administration by the President or Supreme Court. The implementation of this recommendation will hardly brook delay. The very existence of a Tribunal of this character will certainly deter corruption, at ministerial, legislative and administrative levels.

Thirdly, the Commission has suggested that where a public servant or his dependents have become suddenly

rich, it will be treated as an offence and the onus of proof that they are not guilty should lie on them. This is a sound recommendation, only many may escape the offence as sudden riches are always hard to discover.

Certain other recommendations of the Commission, though they look obvious and small, will certainly tone up the administration. One is the prospect of permanent employment for a large number of public employees who are today designated as temporary Government servants. The latter today naturally feel that they should secure their future by amassing as much as possible, by fair means or foul, as quickly as possible, during the short tenure of their job.

Yet another defect pointed out relates to red-tape and cumbrous procedure in dealing with public grievances about administration in an efficient manner.

The Secretariat interference over the heads of departments, thereby weakening the responsibility of the latter and 'drawing to themselves increased function and increasing power', is condemned by the Commission. This interference has demoralised departmental and district administration and made the latter a play-thing of legislators and the Ministry. The problem today is not one of laying down rules of procedure, for these are sound and many; but supposing they are infringed, who is to examine them and what is the remedy proposed? Watch over administration by legislators through the Assembly, will always be ineffective in a backward democracy. There should be therefore some provision for efficiency audit of the administration by a permanent Commission appointed by the President of the Union and free publicity for it in the press.

The Commission has made certain recommendations regarding economic administration, particularly regarding controls. The first is, formation of a proper policy of control, conceived with the purpose of enabling a control to succeed. But, both the Government of India and the

Government of Madras have shown inability and an unwillingness to frame a policy and honestly work it. They not only act against the Prime Minister's declared policy, but also against the declared policy of the Congress. And in this dishonest game, the Congress High Command supports them. Even the President of the Congress often talks against controls. So long as representatives only want power and office and are willing to smother their conscience and convictions, and public opinion is indifferent to their acts, this recommendation will only exist as a pious wish.

Another recommendation is that right men should be placed in charge and given the necessary power. The Commission goes on to say that "the co-operation of the honest producer, trader and consumer should be secured and even justice assured to all" in the working of controls. A Planning Commission should not sermonise in this fashion. How are the right men to be found? Even granting honest men cooperate, how will the evil of black-marketing stop? Where the former are small in number, they alone will lose while society gains little. Where the former are large in number, it is begging the question. Is it not puerile for a Commission to say that if all men are honest, then controls will work? Who again are to assure even justice? These are all ingredients of efficient control. A bold statement as to these ingredients does not solve the problem. The two correct recommendations of the Commission are (1) that officers should be trained with selected firms (2) and that they should be recruited on long term contracts from commerce and industry. All these have a value provided these officers are not under the control of Ministers and their departments. The Commission has not envisaged the removal of controls from ministerial interference by constituting joint stock companies or corporations for procurement and distribution though this type of structure has been recommended by them as the best for commercial enterprises.

THE SOCIAL COMMISSION

By BHARATAN KUMARAPPA

(India's Representative on the Commission)

THE Social Commission is an advisory body to the Economic and Social Council. It initiates policies and makes recommendations to the Economic and Social Council and the General Assembly on matters relating to social welfare.

It deals, for example, with topics such as maternity and child care, welfare of the aged, suppression of prostitution, prevention of crime and treatment of offenders, rehabilitation of the handicapped such as the blind, the deaf and dumb, the crippled and the mentally deficient, and with housing.

But, you say, "Surely this does not exhaust all that constitutes the field of social welfare. What about health, diet, education and labour welfare? These are very important subjects affecting the wellbeing of society and should be the concern of the Social Commission." Yes, this is exactly what the Russian Delegation told us at our meeting this year. They said that we were not tackling the major and more important social problems till we included subjects such as those I have just mentioned. But our reply to the Russians was that there were other international organisations, namely the specialised agencies as they are called, whose sole business was to look after one or other of these subjects. For example, the World Health Organization concerned itself with health, the Food and Agricultural Organization with food, the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization with education, and the International Labour Organization with labour welfare. Our chief business in the Social Commission was to concentrate on other topics of social importance which were not tackled by any of these specialised agencies. Even so, I may say that the Social Commission does not divest itself of responsibility even in these spheres set apart for the specialised agencies, for after all the spheres are not watertight and distinct, but often overlap; and it is one of the

functions of the Social Commission to co-ordinate and correlate the activities of the various specialised agencies.

The Social Commission consists of 18 members. The five major countries, i. e., the United States of America, the United Kingdom, the Soviet Union, France and China, have permanent seats, while the other thirteen take it in rotation, and hold a seat for three years at a time. India was elected to the Commission for the first time in 1949. After this year, therefore, it will not serve on the Commission unless it is re-elected by the Economic and Social Council. The Commission meets generally once a year for about four weeks, depending on its business. Till now it met in New York. Only this year it met in Geneva. Each country is represented by one person deputed by the Government of that country.

You may wonder in what way an international organization like the Social Commission can help countries in the social sphere. Is not, for example, maternity and child welfare, juvenile delinquency or housing, really the business of the country concerned? Yes, that is so. The primary responsibility for social advancement is that of the country itself, and no international organization can or should try to solve its problems for it. Each country must find its own answers to its problems in the light of the prevailing conditions and its cultural patterns. The United Nations cannot impose any cut and dried formula or uniform method on all countries, nor does it mean to. What then does the United Nations hope to achieve through its Social Commission?

To be precise, the answer is that the United Nations can help countries to solve their problems in their own way. How? For instance, through what are called advisory social welfare services. Under this, the United Nations gives fellowships and scholarships for candidates from

all over the world to observe and study social welfare methods and institutions in countries where such are highly advanced. On their return these men and women may be expected to apply their new knowledge and experience to finding efficient ways of tackling similar problems in their own countries.

Another way in which the United Nations seeks to help is by providing experts, who can go to countries needing direction, and organize the type of work desired by the country, or train local personnel who can then organize the work themselves. Or, experts may be sent to a country merely to survey the problem and make recommendations to the Government. This happened with us in India a few months ago, when a mission of experts was sent by the United Nations at our request to study and report to our Government on the problem of tropical housing. They have made valuable recommendations to which, I have no doubt, our Government will give serious consideration.

Another way in which the United Nations tries to help is by having seminars, where people from surrounding areas or countries can come to study a particular social problem, compare notes and find solutions. Also the United Nations organizes demonstration centres where some improved technique, say, for instance, of dealing with the crippled or the blind, can be taught.

In addition to these direct ways of assisting countries, the United Nations does valuable work by setting up standards or conventions for all nations to follow, by collecting information on legal and administrative measures adopted by various Governments in the social field, and by conducting research and studies designed to be of use to countries seeking guidance in tackling their social problems. This briefly is the way in which the Social Commission seeks to assist nations.

What, you may ask, is my task in the Commission? My business, as India's Representative, is to see that the problems, needs and point of view of India are kept before the Commission. At present, all the representatives on the Commission are of Euro-

pean or American origin, excepting the representatives of China and India, and possibly of Israel and Turkey. It becomes very important, therefore, for me to put before the Commission the approach of countries like ours, which is by climate, culture and economy very different from those of the other members.

The items on our agenda in which I took special interest were housing and village community welfare. Housing, because of the crying need for housing in India today owing to six million displaced persons after Partition, and owing to recent earthquakes and floods. I have suggested to the United Nations that studies should be conducted to help Governments to meet emergency housing needs, such as those which arise from sudden migration as the result of political changes, wars, floods or earthquakes, and also to study ways of international financing and supply of building materials to aid housing.

I took special interest also in village welfare, as after all most of our people are in the villages. Besides, I felt that it was necessary that the world should know of the great movement initiated by Gandhiji in our villages, especially as this movement aims at real democracy, where the people will manage their own affairs, and where they will live and work for each other as members of a more or less self-sufficient community. As against the tendency in the modern world to centralise power and control, and to extreme individualism, this movement in our country to decentralise economic life, and to develop a sense of mutual aid in our villages seems to me to be of great significance from the point of view of social progress. So whenever I have had a chance I have been telling the Commission about this movement, and I am glad to say that the United Nations Secretariat will now study the village movement, founded by Gandhiji, and seek to discover its underlying principles and mode of work, and make it known widely.

The Commission also dealt at this session amongst other topics with Organization, Administration and Training for Social Welfare, Probation, Criminal Statistics, Assistance to Indigent Aliens, Recognition and

Enforcement Abroad of Maintenance Obligations, and Rehabilitation of the Physically Handicapped. I cannot, of course, speak about all these subjects here. But I hope I have said enough to show that whatever other United Nations bodies may or may not be do-

ing, the Social Commission at least has a practical constructive programme before it. Its work is already bearing some fruit in various parts of the world, and I am confident that it is bound to bear increasing fruit in the coming years.—Copyright—N.P.S.

ASAN, POET OF SOCIAL REVOLT

By CHITRA BHANU

THE renaissance movement in Kerala produced two outstanding poets. One was Mahakavi Kumaran Asan and the other Mahakavi Vallathol. While Kumaran Asan represented the revolt of the backward, down-trodden, lower strata of Malayalees against the feudal oppression and tyranny which prevented them from rising to the level of the higher and comparatively well-off classes, Vallathol represented the freedom struggle of the privileged classes who were free from social oppression but whose growth was prevented by the foreign domination over the country. Asan was a product of social liberalism at its early and progressive stage while Vallathol was a product of the rising nationalism. The two poets represented the two characteristics of the same period to which they belonged—one the social aspect and the other the political aspect.

Asan was born in March 1873 in a poor Ezhava family of Kaikara in Chirayinkizhu taluk, Travancore. After studying Malayalam in a local school, he began to master the Sanskrit language first under a local pandit and then in the Sanskrit College, Bangalore. Returning from Bangalore after attaining distinction in Sanskrit, Asan began the humble life of a teacher. It was while working as a teacher that he came into contact with Sri Narayana Guru, the great saint and social reformer. This incident changed the course of Asan's life completely and he became the most trusted disciple of the Guru. It was Sri Narayana Guru that laid the foundation of Asan's philosophy of life that we see reflected in his works and he devoted the rest of his life to the cause of the uplift of the Ezhava community.

But Asan was not able to continue his services to humanity for long and, at the age of 53, he met with a boat accident and died.

A Fighter

Asan's life, though short, had been full of difficulties. Since the Ezhava community to which he belonged was one of the most oppressed and down-trodden communities of Kerala, Asan had to face great opposition before he got his poetic genius recognised by the literary 'giants' of the time who came mainly from the Nambudiri, the Nair and other privileged classes and from the royal families of Calicut, Cochin and Travancore. Even the study of Sanskrit by an 'untouchable' was considered a pollution to that sacred language and without mastering that language nobody at that time was expected to create poetry in Malayalam. So when the orthodox literateurs saw young Asan rising gradually in the literary horizon of Kerala without their consent, they gnashed their teeth and tried to prevent his further rise by all means.

The most important task before Asan, therefore, became one of fighting these feudal forces both in the literary field and in the social field. And, indeed, he fought them relentlessly. With one hand he wrote poems denouncing the caste system and untouchability and other social evils, and in the other he carried the sword of social revolt and came into direct combat with the actual forces of social evil. He tried to raise the social status of the Ezhavas by fighting against the social shackles that bound them and in the course of it helped to create a new culture similar to that which rose in Europe in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In

this fight, he was mainly inspired by Sri Narayana Guru who preached "one caste, one religion and one God" and who advised his followers not to "tell one's caste, enquire one's caste, nor think about one's caste". Asan was for some time the secretary of the SNDP Yogam, an organisation which fights for the uplift of the Ezhavas.

It was this actual participation in the struggle against feudalism that made Asan a Mahakavi. He brought about great changes both in the form and in the content of Malayalam poetry. He replaced the old feudal literary forms like the Mahakavyas and the Chambus with Khandakavyas and shorter poems and introduced for the first time social themes instead of worn-out puranic themes culled from the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharatha*. Even where he dealt with puranic themes, he gave them a social twist and made them socially significant. Thus he became a Mahakavi without writing a Mahakavya, which was considered impossible at that time.

Asan began to write poetry at a very early age when he was only fifteen. His earlier works consisted mainly of sexy quatrains, written in accordance with the fashion of the day. No record exists of these quatrains except in the minds of his boyhood friends and colleagues. It was Sri Narayana Guru who changed the course of Asan's poetry and at his suggestion he translated into Malayalam a number of Sanskrit classics, some of Swami Vivekananda's works and Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*.

But it was his *Veena Poovu* (Fallen Flower), published when the author was thirty-five years old, that brought him recognition as a poet. And with the publication of *Nalini* later on, his fame became established.

Down With Caste!

As the greatest evil which corrupted society then was the caste system, Asan's poetic fire was mainly directed against it. He composed two great poems, the *Duravastha* and *Chandala Bikshuki* denouncing the caste-system.

In *Duravastha*, a Nambudiri Brahmin girl whose house is looted by the Mapolahs during the Malabar Re-

bellion of 1921 seeks refuge in the house of a Cheruman, a low-caste untouchable, who gives her shelter and food and conceals her from the rebels. The love and kindness with which the untouchable takes care of the girl steals her heart and she falls in love with him. Though the Cheruman too is aroused to a similar feeling, he refrains from cherishing it since, according to him, it is a sin for a man of his low position to marry a girl from the Brahmin community. But the girl takes the initiative to break the chains of old customs and marries the Chandala.

This poem made the orthodox upholders of the caste system indignant. To 'the purest of the pure' the marriage between a girl of their class and an impure Cheruman was unthinkable even in fiction.

In this and other poems, Asan gave a real picture of the caste-ridden Kerala at its ugliest. Describing the evils of the caste system, he says:

"It splits one's own family,
Creates strife among one's own kith
and kin,
Divides the world into classes,
And in the end destroys the world
itself.....
Bravery, intellect and kindness,
How they are frustrated by you,
Hindu Dharma, in the name
of caste?
How many Perumakals, how many
Sankaracharyas,
How many Kunchans, how many
Thunchans,
Have died in your womb, O Mother
Kerala,
Because of this cruel caste?"

Asan studied the life of the poor, down-trodden people very closely. This was the humble life of the Cherumans as Asan saw it:

"Humblest of the humble are the
Cherumans,
Even the grass won't give way to
them.
Two-legged cattle fit only to plough
the fields,
To plant weeds, to cut corn-stalks,
To collect grains and to do similar
work for others.
Or even the cattle will be enraged
If these people are compared to
them.

Pure are the cows, but these
creatures

Are impure even from a distance."

To Asan all Sastras which supported the retention of the caste system, untouchability and such other social evils were discredited because it was against truth and Dharma. He wrote:

"To the foolish, the wrong done
yesterday
Can be a custom today and the
Sastra tomorrow....
The blind lead the blind in the
darkness,
Not knowing whereto and what for."

But Asan was quite confident that this social system which allowed the suppression of one community by another could not last long, for, it was based on injustice and untruth. He, therefore, warned the upholders of the caste system thus:

"Time is running out,
The threads of custom have worn
out.
People cannot be tied
With the strings that are rotting.
Change your ways voluntarily,
Or new ways will change you.
This saying is echoing and re-echo-
ing
Like a storm throughout Kerala.
Time is proclaiming the same,
Even beneath your feet
Cries of unrest can be heard."

A Great Humanist

Asan was a great humanist. In fact, the very basis of his social philosophy was his humanism. To him only one thing existed eternally in this world and that was the bond of love that existed not only between man and man but among all creatures. According to him it was this love that made human life noble and worth living.

What Asan tried to bring out in his poems was the triumph of love that ennobled man over the love that was tainted by lust. It was this love, based on a humanist spirit, that gave Asan's poetry its depth and beauty. In order to heal the wounds of this world, in order to clean the world of all its ugliness and dirt, in order to save the world from the degradation and degeneration to which it had fallen, Asan prescribed love. To him love was greater than life itself. "Love is the essence of all," he sang. "And love's essence is the only truth in this world."

"From love is born this world,
Love gives bliss to all,
Love is life and the absence of it
death.
Love is that power which creates
A heavenly house in an island of
hell."

Asan's humanist approach to social problems led him to pessimistic moods sometimes. He loved this world and all the things beautiful in it so much that he was greatly disturbed over the ugliness that he found here. But in his latter days, he began to take life more easily. He found solace in the thought that "sorrows make men wiser" and that "there is no use shedding tears in this world."

It is often argued that Asan's style is very obscure and laboured and cannot be understood by the large masses of people. While Vallathol is considered a "man of sweet words", Asan is considered "a man of ideas". It is true to some extent that Asan's style is not so easy as that of Vallathol. But this has not in the least stood in the way of his popularity. That is because his style provides a fitting vehicle for his ideas.

LIFE WITH FATHER

Charles Coburn, the actor, tells this story:
As a boy, I fell in love with the theater and started seeing plays whenever possible. "One thing, son, you must never do," my father warned me. "Don't go to burlesque houses."
I, of course, asked why.
"Because you would see things you shouldn't," father replied.
That settled it. The next time I managed to get the price of admission, I went straight to a burlesque house.
Father was right. I saw something I shouldn't have seen—my father.—NEWS POST.

GEN. PENG TEH-HUAI—VETERAN OF CHINA'S CIVIL WARS

By HUKAM RAJ MEHTA

MACARTHUR did not know the brain which drove him from Yalu river to Seoul. It was thought that apart from the young Marshall Kim Ir Sen there is some master mind directing the North Korean forces and the Chinese volunteers. U. S. circles speculated it was the famous Lin Piao, 'Liberator of Manchuria.' Later the rumour spread that the 'One eyed Dragon,' Liu Pocheng, the master of the war of manoeuvre and quick decision was behind the North-erners. But the ghost turned out to be an altogether different fellow. On 1st July 1951, on the 30th anniversary of the birth of the Chinese Communist Party, the world was surprised to know from the Peking Radio broadcast that it was General Peng who directed the Korean scene since MacArthur rushed to Yalu river. He was the man who routed the entire Kuomintang forces in North-west China during the second Civil War and was Dy. C-in-C of the famous 8th route army during the anti-Japanese war.

Less known these days General Peng is one of the oldest generals of the Chinese Red Army. He joined it just a few months after its formation in 1927. Since then he is always on war duty fighting Chiang Kai-shek or the Japs and now the Americans. At the time he came to the help of Koreans he was the commander and political Commissar of the 1st Field Army of the Chinese PLA, Chairman of the North west area (five north-western provinces) Government. He is one of the five vice chairmen of the People's Revolutionary Military Council, the highest organ of the military command of New China, with Mao Tse Tung as its chairman. Arrogant, ambitious and usually ill-informed, MacArthur never knew his opponent No. 1 and so he could never guess his plans, moves and tricks. MacArthur was sacked, apart from other reasons, because he was out-maneuvred by Gen. Peng, who knew

MacArthur, his strong and weak points so well.

52 year old Peng, junior to Mao by 6 years only, was born in 1899 in Hsiang T'an district of Hunan province. Mao also comes from the same district. Hunan is well known for its scholars and soldiers. It may be noted that Liu Shao Chi and Lillsan also come from the same province. Unlike Mao he comes from a wealthy farmer's family. His mother died when he reached the age of 6 years and his father remarried. He was hated by his step mother and later denounced by her when he put up 'resistance' to his teacher who frequently beat him. They put him with his grandmother another cruel tyrant. This grandmother would pray on the first and the fifteenth of the month and at festivals or when it stormed, for heaven to strike this unfilial child and destroy him. She was addicted to opium smoking and Peng hated it. One night he got up and kicked a pan of opium from the stove. She was furious at this 'unfilial child.' A meeting of the entire class was called and at her instigation it was decided to put an end to his life by drowning him. His life was spared because of the timely intervention of his uncle (brother of his own mother), but he had to leave his home with nothing but a trouser and a coat. Later on when Peng became an army officer, he gave some money to this old grandmother and treated her well.

MacArthur or Ridgway and generals of their type cannot even imagine the hardships that a man like Peng had to face, the struggle he had to lead against overwhelming odds. This general never got a chance to ride in a Cadillac or fly in a stream-lined private plane. He was never in his life so 'polished, creased and well dressed' as MacArthur always was. He first worked as a cowherd boy, next as a coal miner for 14 hours a day, and then as a shoe maker's apprentice working 10 hours daily.

At the age of 16 Peng went to his uncle and lived comfortably with him for a few days. There was a big rice famine. Rice was hoarded by landlord-merchants who profitted at the plight of the poor people. Once he saw a crowd of hungry peasants before the house of a hoarder. Without thinking what to do or not to do, he led the peasants, invaded the house and distributed the grain among the needy. He felt that it was wrong on the part of the owner to refuse to sell the hoarded rice. Now he had to run to save his life from the clutches of the police. He joined the army.

At the age of 18 he was a platoon commander. He later worked under the command of Sun-yat-sen, suffered terrible torture at the hands of a war lord. He read Kang-Yu-Wei, and Chen-tu-hsiu's New Youth. By 1926 he read the Communist Manifesto. "Formerly," said Peng, "I had been merely dissatisfied with society but saw little chance of making any fundamental improvement. After reading the Manifesto I dropped my pessimism and began working with a new conviction that the society could be changed." He married in the same year and a year later joined the Communist Party of China.

In the year 1927 when the counter revolutionary terror of Chiang Kai-shek was at its height, 28 year old Peng was a brigade commander in the Nationalist Army and a very promising young officer. He was popular as a liberal officer among his men, that was why his boss Gen. Ho Chein hesitated to kill him along with other leftists. Time favoured Peng and he directed an insurrection at Pinkiang, united it with a peasant uprising and established the first Hunan Soviet.

Since 1928 when he joined the forces of Mao and Chuteh he has been, one of the topmost generals of Red China, a most trusted lieutenant of Mao Tse Tung, whom he never saw earlier. Once while at Chi-kan-shan, where a left section of the Red Army revolted against the policy of the army under Mao and Chuteh he suppressed it without much difficulty.

First Encounter With America

In the month of July, 1930 Peng had his first encounter with the American's bombardment. His troops captured Changsa, capital of Hunan, defeated an enemy army of 60,000

strong. The first thing Peng did was to set free the political prisoners and to set fire to the jail where he was once tortured. When this news reached Nanking the foreign powers were alarmed at the growth of the Chinese Revolution. Seven foreign gun boats under the leadership of Americans 'PALOS' attacked Changsa, and under the fire of the heavy guns and pressure of superior number of enemy troops, he had to beat a retreat towards the hills.

Peng was the commander of the Reds' vanguard 1st. Army, broke the enemy encirclement in 1935 and led the long march. He was always there in the fight but was wounded only once and that too not seriously. During the 8,000 mile long march he seldom rode on the horse. He would give his horse to a wounded or tired comrade. Despite a hard life he is a "gay, laughter-loving man, in excellent health except for his delicate stomach, (Edgar Snow) ate simple food like an ordinary soldier and leads a puritan life. He is a non-smoker and a teatotaler. He sleeps four to five hours a day and wears a soldier's uniform with no insignia.

This hard fighting general is very fond of children. He would pay special attention to the 'Young Devils,' treat them with respect, look into their problems and help them. Probably this is because he suffered too much as a child.

With his brilliant tactics Gen. Peng might have driven away the Americans from South Korea but for one reason—Korea is a small country hardly 200 miles wide. In such a country he could not employ his tactics with the same advantages that he had in the war against the Japs or Chiang Kai-shek. The Americans could employ the navy and the air force against him with great ease in the peninsula, while he had few planes and no navy. He has one advantage over his enemy, of which none can deprive him, that is the support of the people. He coined the famous maxim of the Chinese Reds "The people are the ocean and we are the fish that swim in it." He also said, "The books say that guerilla warfare is impossible in the cultivated fields but we can fight because the people are our mountains and the forest."—Copyright—N.P.S.

PEROJ ALTAMASH

By G. S. PANCHBHAI

THE magnificent Lake View Mansion commanding Clark Reservoir in the heart of the city presented, twice during a month, a spectacle of two ghastly murders committed in the same uncanny manner. On the morning of the 3rd the owner Shamji Bhai was called on the phone and commanded to donate fifty thousand rupees for the rehabilitation of the refugees. He put back the receiver with a sneer and walked haughtily away without caring to enquire who the caller was. That same afternoon his Munim, Mehatab Rai, was found dead in his office with a slip of paper pinned to his forehead. In it was written in a neat, round hand, "Peroj Altamash."

The terror-struck Shamji Bhai strongly suspected that the murder was intimately connected with the phone-call received that morning. But he did not think it wise to mention the fact to Inspector Mumtaz Hussain.

Fear, however, gripped him by the throat and he walked about his palatial residence and did his work like one who saw Death hovering over his head. Four days later, therefore, when he heard on the phone, "I'm Peroj Altamash talking," the receiver simply trembled in his hand. "Fifty thousand for the rehabilitation of the refugees and twice that for the construction and maintenance of a dispensary in the Johari Bagh area. You've to begin the work immediately tomorrow, Shamji Bhai."

The millionaire neither talked nor put back the receiver.

"Well, Shamji Bhai?"

The voice was a threat.

"I'll do it," he managed to say.

But Inspector Mumtaz Hussein did not allow him to do anything of the kind. He kept a tight guard on the Lake View Mansion so that none could enter or leave the premises without being subjected to the closest scrutiny. On the fourth morning Shamji Bhai, still in his bed, heard a scream from his daughter-in-law's room. Panting and crying, he rushed in and

found her lady-in-waiting, young Shyama, lying dead in her bed with "Peroj Altamash" pinned to her forehead.

Inspector Mumtaz Hussein, not to say that he was baffled, felt guilty.

"This murder," he remarked, "is partly on my head. But surely we can't allow any Peroj Altamash to threaten any Shamji Bhai." In all probability, he's a Communist."

"I think, Mumtaz Hussein, I could have saved poor Shyama," said the millionaire.

The inspector was disturbed. He walked up and down the drawing room and halted as he passed a Belgian glass on the wall. He saw his wrinkled forehead and read the look of worry in his eyes. Just then he found Shamji Bhai standing by his side.

"I'm only four feet ten," he remarked. "But for my height I'd have been a major in our army, Shamji Bhai."

But Shamji Bhai was obviously pursuing his own line of thinking.

"At first it was only fifty thousand for the rehabilitation of refugees, then he demanded twice that amount for a dispensary. There can be no end to it, Mumtaz Hussein. I don't mind paying any amount for a good cause. But who's this Peroj Altamash—"

"A Communist. These are all Communist tactics, Shamji Bhai."

"I say there can be no end to his demands."

The phone was ringing. Shamji Bhai walked moodily and took the receiver.

"Peroj Altamash, speaking," he heard.

Shamji Bhai looked pitifully at Mumtaz Hussein, the receiver trembling in his hand. The inspector immediately rushed to his help.

"Yes, Peroj Altamash?" he returned in a muffled voice.

"I want Shamji Bhai on the phone."

"He's standing here by my side. Is too panicky to talk to you."

"May I know what agent of his I've the honour to address, Sir?"

"I'm Mumtaz Hussein."

A short laugh rang out. Shamji Bhai who was standing close to the receiver heard it as clearly as though he had the receiver to his own ear.

"Tell Shamji Bhai that he is condemned to death. It will be sometime tomorrow night. Tell him, Mumtaz Hussein, that Peroj Altamash is infallible."

The words pierced the millionaire like a dagger.

"Mumtaz Hussein," he said trying to find his voice.

He had placed his hand on the inspector's shoulder and was looking helplessly into his eyes.

"Tell him I'm prepared to pay anything," he whined.

"Peroj Altamash," said Mumtaz Hussein, "Shamji Bhai will accept any reasonable alternative."

"I cannot make any compromise with a man who has no respect for the lives of others. You see, Mumtaz, Shamji Bhai has two deaths to his credit, in a way, of course. Law knows no other punishment for murder."

"In a way, Peroj Altamash, I'm responsible for the poor girl's murder. I told Shamji Bhai not to comply with your demand."

"You'll have your turn, gentleman. You need not be so impatient."

A laugh rang out again.

"It's a mere joke, my friend," Peroj Altamash was saying good humouredly. "You've only done your duty. At any rate you've done nothing to warrant the punishment meted out to Shamji Bhai."

"And what has Shamji Bhai done to deserve your wrath?"

"What has he not done? It's enough to say that all his money—at least a major portion of it—is badly earned, to put it very politely. That's why I wanted it to be spent as I dictated. And isn't he a murderer too? Isn't a man a murderer if he allows his fellowmen to be starved to death for sheer lust of money? During the period of the famine, this man hoarded thousands of bags of rice and killed, murdered. I should say... Well, there's no use arguing. I've condemned him to die and it will be tomorrow night. Now, gentleman, your men were at the operator's room

on my track and I don't wish to be caught."

"But, Peroj Altamash, don't you think you're taking the law in your own hand and delegating what's the sacred function of the Government—"

"I'm aware, my good friend, I'm talking the law in my hand. But I'm helpless. The law that governs us is impotent and those who administer it are imbecile against such as Shamji Bhai. I'm sorry for your friend, Good bye."

"Peroj Altamash—Peroj Altamash—"

Inspector Mumtaz Hussein put the receiver in its place and gazed at Shamji Bhai's pale face.

"I must call my son," he said hoarsely, as he was being led carefully to his chair.

"Sit down, Shamji Bhai, I'll arrange to send a telegram to him."

Shamji Bhai looked vacantly into his companion's eyes. Did he believe, too, that his days were numbered?

Inspector Mumtaz Hussein gave orders to tighten the guard about the Lake View Mansion. He himself never budged for a minute from the frightened man's presence.

As the day was drawing to a close, Shamji Bhai looked more and more composed. He seemed to take it for granted that his end had come. He was preparing himself to face it. By sundown he thought he was fully prepared for it.

"Will he kill me first and then pin that nasty slip to my forehead or—?"

He smiled,—rather he tried to smile.

"What do you propose to do, Mumtaz Hussein?"

"At first I propose to take steps to save your life. Then I'll see what I must do to apprehend this Peroj Altamash."

"Will you allow me to talk to my daughter-in-law? In case my son doesn't arrive in time—"

He did not wait to be allowed to withdraw.

"Surely you aren't going to frighten your daughter-in-law by telling her all that happened,—"

He hesitated.

"Or anything that's going to happen—you're right, Mumtaz Hussein."

Shamji Bhai resumed his seat. A servant came and switched the lights on.

"Look here, man," commanded

Mumtaz Hussein. "You've to go and call everyone in the household here in this drawing room, except of course, Shamji Bhai's daughter-in-law. I don't want any other person, be he man or woman, to keep away."

The man looked at Shamji Bhai.

"Do as Inspector Saheb bids you," he acquiesced.

Shamji Bhai wanted to ask what Mumtaz Hussein proposed to do with the servants, but, on second thoughts, decided to wait and watch.

They all came in less than ten minutes, three women and seven men, and stood by the wall.

"Are you sure that there's none lurking behind?" Mumtaz Hussein asked.

They looked at one another, all frightened to death, as Shamji Bhai took stock of them and replied, "There's none except my daughter-in-law, Mumtaz Hussein."

Mumtaz Hussein rose from his seat and walked from person to person studying every face with his searching eyes. Then addressing all, he said, "Shamji Bhai is leaving for Delhi by the night express tomorrow. I'm ordering a carriage to be reserved for him. I want that all of you should stay here from this hour until day after tomorrow morning when I expect his son to arrive. I believe you're all aware of the tragic happenings at the mansion and it is your duty, during Shamji Bhai's absence, to guard the house and give company to his daughter-in-law. We're going to make all arrangements necessary for your stay here. Do you understand me?"

They looked at one another not daring to speak.

"You can go now to your respective duties, ladies and gentlemen," commanded Mumtaz Hussein, and when they all withdrew, he turned to Shamji Bhai. "None of these shall be allowed to leave the mansion premises so that the infallible Peroj Altamash shall never know where you are. You'll be safe in the carriage which for further safety will be guarded by a specially deputed batch of armed police. Meanwhile I'll be here and if pride and vanity tempt Peroj Altamash to visit the mansion, I may lay my hands on him."

The night passed without any event. Early morning as Shamji Bhai stepped into his drawing room, Mumtaz Hussein said, "Did you phone to any one, I mean, after we'd parted last evening?"

"I didn't," replied Shamji Bhai.

"Then it's someone from the household. Just after midnight I fancied a man at the phone and came out but couldn't notice anybody. There are clear prints on the receiver."

Shamji Bhai looked alarmed.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

And although Inspector Mumtaz Hussein said nothing, he had his own fears. Was there any agent of this mysterious Peroj Altamash in his very household? Was the bandit apprised of his departure to Delhi by the night express?

He gazed at Mumtaz Hussein and found him lost in thought.

"Does it mean we've to cancel our plan of leaving the station, Mumtaz Hussein?"

"No, no, Shamji Bhai. Even if Peroj Altamash is in the know of your departure, we needn't change the previous plan. Your carriage will be closely guarded and if he ventures to enter, he'll be surely caught."

Shamji Bhai realised that he had no alternative but to follow Inspector Mumtaz Hussein's instructions without question.

The day wore on. The guard about the Lake Mansion was considerably reinforced by mid-afternoon. Four soldiers carrying guns on their shoulders began patrolling the paths of the Mansion gardens.

"Shamji Bhai," said Mumtaz Hussein, looking at his watch, "I'm leaving you for a couple of hours. I've to make arrangements for guarding the carriage. I'm sure to arrive by evening. But if by any chance I don't, you've to go to the station in the closed van that will be here precisely at seven-thirty."

He rose and Shamji Bhai looked at him as though he was perhaps seeing a good friend for the last time.

"If we don't meet again—," he said, joining his hands in courtesy, "Namaste, Mumtaz Hussein."

Mumtaz Hussein was touched by this show of intimacy.

"Namaste, Shamji Bhai, have faith in God, Man."

"I've more faith in you, Inspector Mumtaz Hussein," he said, laughing.

Mumtaz Hussein left with a heavy heart and Shamji Bhai waited resignedly for the van which arrived punctually at seven-thirty. With much effort he overcame the temptation of telling his daughter-in-law that she was in all probability seeing the last of her old father-in-law. He took her leave, however, as cheerfully as he could and was about to step into the van when he was told the phone was ringing for him.

"It's Inspector Saheb, Sir," said the man.

Shamji Bhai walked back to the phone indifferently.

"I'm Shamji Bhai," he said.

"I'm Mumtaz Hussein talking. You see, Shamji Bhai, my daughter Jahanara Begam is going to Cawnpore. Please accommodate her in your specially reserved carriage. She's accompanied by her servant who will occupy the servant's compartment. Thank you, Shamji Bhai, I'm in a hurry."

Shamji Bhai returned to the van and did not even know when it had reached the station. He was led to his carriage where he sat like one doomed. His only desire was to see Mumtaz Hussein before the train started.

But Mumtaz Hussein was nowhere to be seen. When the train was about to start, however, a tall, dark man with a small lump of a beard stood on the foot board, pushed the door open and bundled into the carriage a young lady covered from head to foot in a satin veil.

"Jahanara Begam," he said to Shamji Bhai, pointing to the lady who courtesied low in the direction of the old man and seated herself on a berth opposite to him, her satin veil of saffron sparkling beautifully in the light.

"I'm here in the adjoining carriage, Sir," said the man drawing Shamji Bhai's attention from the young lady. "Good-night."

The man stepped out of the carriage. In another minute the train began to move.

Shamji Bhai now found himself in a very embarrassing situation. He was closetted with a young lady in a carriage which was exclusively his own—nay into which he was not going to allow any intruder at all. Should he bolt the door from inside? Or should he express an apology to the lady before he did it? He dared to do neither. Instead he sat in his seat manifestly fidgety, his eyes never away from the luring satin before him.

The train gathered speed and he felt the impact of the cool drafts on his cheek. He looked back at the open window and closed it. To his great relief, he found the lady rising from the berth and, closing the windows one after another. Finally she walked to the door and bolted it. Then returning, she rested her veiled eyes on the dazed man and walked over to his side to bolt the other door. As she put her hand out of the satin, Shamji Bhai saw the short, stumpy fingers—the fingers of Death in that closed carriage.

With eyes staring out of their sockets, and senses too paralysed to register even the fear of death, Shamji Bhai saw the figure in satin resuming his seat. Was he Peroj Altamash himself or his agent? Was the phone call really from Inspector Mumtaz Hussein? He tried to remember the voice on the phone and found his senses returning. Gradually he began to consider if there was anything he could do to save himself.

With his eyes still on the figure in satin, he moved slowly but imperceptibly to his right until he was certain that in a single leap he could reach the alarm chain above.

Was the figure in satin, still looking at him, aware of his intention?

Shamji Bhai was making up his mind. At last he made up his mind. He stood up as if casually and yawned raising his hands up. In another minute he was to grapple the chain. He knew full well that the chances were against him with the figure in satin always watching him. Yet he was determined to try.

But before his resolve could materialise into action, a harsh voice cried halt to him.

Shamji Bhai turned to his right

almost frozen with fear and saw his enemy emerging from the lavatory with a revolver pointed towards him.

The man took a few steps and turned to the veiled woman. "Lady," he said courteously, "you may go in and spare yourself the ghastly sight. I'm genuinely sorry for you."

He moved to make room for the woman who quietly went past him to the lavatory. Then he came to his victim, placed the revolver within his reach on a berth and produced a slip of paper from his pocket.

"I'll pin it to your forehead before I shoot you. Meanwhile you can say your last prayers," he said coolly.

Shamji Bhai made no effort to resist his enemy. Even as Peroj Altamash placed the slip of paper on his forehead even as he took out a long sewing needle to pin it up, he made no movement to resist. Instead

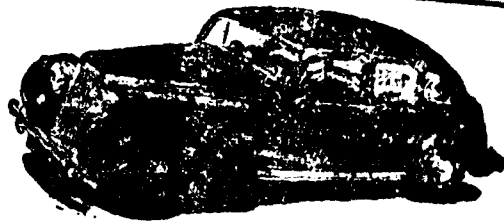
he prepared himself to bear the pain and prayed that it should be over soon.

"Shamji Bhai," said Peroj Altamash.

"Peroj Altamash," came back from his right, but the words were drowned in the crash that followed. Peroj Altamash made swiftly for his revolver. But before he could reach it, he had three bullets piercing his heart and he fell on the floor, a huddled mass in a crimson pool.

Shamji Bhai saw Inspector Muntaj Hussain's smiling face, the sparkling veil of satin still on his person. He came up to the fallen man and bent over him. The bandit was still breathing and as he stretched his limbs, Muntaj Hussain pointed his finger at the blue-tattooed letters on the anterior of his muscular forearm. Shamji Bhai bent over him and read, "PEROJ ALTAMASH."

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American Letter

RITA'S FUTURE IN HOLLYWOOD

By Dr. P. G. Krishnayya

NEW YORK CITY: What of Rita Hayworth's future in Hollywood? Will moviegoers accept her again despite her much-publicized romantic wanderings with Aly Khan?

Those are questions Hollywood is asking as the break-up of her marriage and a return to films seem imminent. Millions of dollars may ride on the answers, but no one in the industry has them. In the end, it will be the public which decides.

Her studio, Columbia, suspended her when she first headed for Europe with the Moslem prince two and a half years ago. But Columbia is willing to forgive, although it may be in no hurry to put her back to work.

President Harry Cohn declines to talk about it, indicating things haven't jelled as yet. Other sources hint she may go back before the cameras next week. A studio press agent put it this way: "It would be no good for her or for the picture if she tried to work before she has her personal affairs settled."

She still is in a "cooling off" period proposed by her husband before deciding definitely to file for divorce. Attorneys say, without giving details, that two of the chief problems—the matter of support for Princess Yasmin, 18 months old, and her religious training—have been settled. Rita has said she wants a \$3,000,000 trust fund settled on the girl. The Prince wants Yasmin reared a Moslem.

Miss Hayworth, one-time \$50 a week dancer in Mexican cafes, whose nimble feet, ample figure and red hair combined to bring her movie stardom, wants to get back into pictures. She should. Pictures were good to her—\$5,000 a week worth. The studio would like her back, too. She has been good for it. Three of her films, "Gilda," "Cover Girl" and "Tonight and Every Night" grossed a total of \$20,000,000.

During ten months of romancing with the son of the fabulously rich Aga Khan on the French Riviera, in Hollywood, in Mexico, Cuba, Ireland, England and Switzerland, she had many critics. An official of the General Federation of Women's Clubs urged a boycott of her pictures. A London newspaper called her "an insult to decent women." A Catholic magazine widely read in Hollywood was outspoken. Daughter of a Spanish father and an English mother, Miss Hayworth was reared a Catholic.

She and Aly were married in France in May, 1949. There was a civil ceremony one day, Moslem rites the next. Seven months and a day later, Yasmin was born. Aly said premature births were common in his family.

Yasmin and Miss Hayworth's other daughter, Rebecca, six, by her marriage to Orson Welles, returned to this country with her. Now they're here, after a stay at Lake Tahoe while their mother established the necessary residence for a Nevada divorce.

Since public reaction to her return is difficult to guess, the studio will take a chance. Her first role is expected to be that of Julia Bulette, a strumpet of the old Nevada mining days. Legend says the men of Virginia City tried to lynch Julia's killer, but that their wives sent him fancy cakes in jail.

Of her return to films, Rita's agent said he was sure she would find her old place. "It's a fairy story come true," he enthused. "It's the happy ending. Sweet American girl wins oriental Prince and all America is pulling for her. It is, in fact, colossal."

He may be right. Public memory often is short where its stars' private lives are concerned.

"The Walls Of Segregation Are Crumbling"

In the city of Atlanta in the State of Georgia the National Association

for the Advancement of Coloured People held its convention recently. This itself is revealing since Georgia is in the so-called deep south and its present Governor got elected on the ticket of "White Supremacy." On the last day of the convention when Dr. Ralph Bunche, the American Negro Noble Prize winner addressed a public meeting both whites and blacks simultaneously broke segregation and listened with enthusiasm to the tongue-lashing the august speaker administered to the evils of segregation itself. It should be noted here without reserve that bettering the condition of the American Negro has always had the earnest support of great many American whites and some of them belong to the Southern States.

Ten years from today racial segregation as a legal way of life will be gone from Dixie. Although signs will still be nailed to a few people's minds and hearts, the signs over doors—those words, "White" and "Coloured," that have cheapened democracy throughout the world—will be down.

A prophet is not needed to make this forecast. Anyone who looks closely at recent events in the South and measures them against world events will know that the future holds no place in it for the philosophy and practice of segregation. Whether segregation takes the form of the Iron Curtain as it does in Communist countries, or the Jim Crow practices that we know in the South, or those severe restrictions that make up the pattern of life in South Africa, it is a belief, an act of the past which the future cannot use.

The Negroes of America measured up to that test with a courage and wisdom that grew out of their capacity for hope, out of their recognition that democracy, despite its failures in regard to them, had yet succeeded in giving the greatest freedom to the largest group of people of any system of government that the world has ever known. Despite its blindness about race, it had yet given its citizens more work, higher living standards, more education, more freedom of speech and thought and belief, and more flexible means of expressing their differences and calling attention to and meeting their needs, than had

any other government in man's history.

'The Chinese Question' Is Hotter In The U. N.

For more than a year and a half the United Nations has been divided over the question whether the Nationalist or the Communist Government should represent China in United Nations organs. However, at least until there is an armistice in Korea, the question of seating Communist China will remain moot. Seventeen of the sixty United Nations members, (including Britain, the Scandinavian countries and most of the Asiatic members, as well as the Soviet bloc) have recognized the Peiping Government, but the issue has remained dormant since its intervention in Korea last November. Last February, moreover, a number of the seventeen (including Britain) joined the United States and other countries that recognize the Nationalist Government in voting a General Assembly resolution that condemned the Communist Government as an aggressor.

This action crystallized the sentiment here against allowing the Communists to shoot their way into the United Nations, and it is unlikely that the conclusion of an armistice in Korea would reverse the situation.

There would be quite a change, however, if Communist China afterwards agreed to United Nations plans for a permanent settlement in Korea, and some delegates believe that in that event even last-ditch opposition by the United States would not be enough to keep it out.

Senor Peron "Buys" La Prensa

Nearly seven months ago President Peron of Argentina, acting through the controlled news venders' union, stopped the distribution of a magnificent free newspaper, *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires. Six months ago, acting through a mob, he prevented loyal employees from returning to work. Four months ago, acting as himself, he ordered the arrest of Dr. Alberto Gainza Paz, *La Prensa's* publisher, who irreverently frustrated this move by escaping to Uruguay. Three months ago, acting through the Argentine Congress, he ordered *La*

Prensa expropriated. This week, acting through a federal court, he fixed the condemnation price of *La Prensa* at \$1,366,915, which sum cannot come within many millions of dollars of representing the newspaper's commercial value in an honest market.

There is, of course, no honest market for truth in Argentina so long as the Perons control the country. The tawdry, pint-sized dictatorship of Argentina, like all the other dictatorships, big and little, left and right, living and dead, cannot exist in the same atmosphere with truth. Truth, indeed, is the DDT of dictatorships and dictators.

Hence President Peron had to suppress *La Prensa*, a newspaper which told the truth. The fact that he did suppress it is a confession that his regime is a regime of lies, and the way in which he suppressed it is a confession that it is also a regime of plunder.

Presidential Stakes: Gen. Ike No. 1

With less than a year to go before the chips are down in the great Presidential derby, the paddock is full of potential candidates, and rumours are a dime a dozen. But the man to watch, though so far he has been careful not to put himself in the race, is Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower.

While the scramble is on for position, the politicians of both parties are trying to find out what the General intends to do. For his decision could make or break the careers of any of a dozen political leaders.

Latest polls list the General as the favourite—in both the Democratic and Republican camps. Meanwhile the politicians who prefer to watch their own private straws in the wind, are fully aware he stands an excellent chance of capping the nomination on the ticket of his choice.

It is generally agreed now, however, that his selection by both parties—as suggested months ago by Sen. Paul Douglas (D. Ill.) and reportedly toyed with for a time by the General himself—is out.

Up to now, Gen. Eisenhower has carefully refrained from aligning himself with either the Democrats or Republicans. Indeed, he has never said he would run for President at all.

Nevertheless, those closest to him are convinced he is more a Republican than a Democrat and, all things being equal, would prefer to head the GOP ticket.

Ridgway To Command Pacific Pact

Gen. Matthew Ridgway is headed for a new job. He is slated to be named Supreme Commander of a Pacific Pact, that in purpose and basic organization will be comparable to the North Atlantic Pact.

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By V. P. SATHE

"IS this the ripe moment to produce a picture on the life of Gandhiji?" When asked this question Geza Herezeg, the well-known scenarist said that it is at least very ripe for America to make a picture on Gandhiji's life. "We Americans need his message", he asserted and quoting an American authority he added that a picture on Gandhi may help to prevent World War III.

And he is right; for today with the danger of war imminent a picture which can put across the message of Mahatma Gandhi's philosophy of peace and non-violence in an inspiring manner may prove to be the greatest contribution to the cause of peace. It is in this light that one has to view Gabriel Pascal's ambitious project to film "the life of Gandhi".

At a press conference held on Friday 20th July at Taj, Geza Herezeg revealed the details of the project. Herezeg, it will be recalled, wrote the script of *Life of Emile Zola*; he is also the scenarist of such important pictures like *Woman Without Names*, *Florian*, *Life Of Thomas Masaryk*. This Hungarian born American writer is rather short and plump and quite old and bald. He looks more like a retired millionaire than author. He is in India for over a month during which he has met Mr. Nehru and other leaders. He acquired the copyright of all Gandhiji's works by signing a deal with the Navajeevan Trust which will have a share in the profit. A substantial part of the income will go to the Gandhi Memorial Fund. No documentary or newsreel will be used in the making of this film.

Since his arrival, Herezeg is busy collecting all data on Gandhiji; after assembling this data he will prepare

a preliminary script with the help of one expert on the Gandhi biography—apparently Mr. D. G. Tendulkar who has written a 7,000 page biography of the Mahatma. Next month a cameraman and a member of the art department along with the associate producer William Menezes are expected to visit India. They will visit all the important 'locations' for the picture to take interviews and photographs.

Later, by December, William Saroyan, the noted American playwright, will come to India to write the final screenplay. The shooting is expected to start not later than the summer of 1952 and will take eight months—six months in India and two months in South Africa. And as is already known the basis of this film is Vincent Shear's famous book, "Lead Kindly Light."

Tentatively it has also been decided that Charles Boyer will play the role of Nehru and Rex Harrison will appear as Lord Mountbatten. Paul Muni has been tested for the role and if after the script he feels like it, he will play the role. When his attention was drawn to a person now going about in Delhi who looks very much like the Mahatma he averred that physical resemblance is not the thing that really matters. What matters is the ability to portray the role and imbibe the spirit of the character. As an instance he pointed out that a lawyer who looked very much like Mr. Churchill was selected to portray him in *Mission to Moscow*; but he gave a very painful performance.

He also disclosed the fact that he had sent all books written by Pandit Nehru and written about Nehru to Charles Boyer to read so that he could

reel and act like Pandit Nehru. He described Lord Mountbatten as an actor and Rex Harrison as a better Mountbatten than Mountbatten himself. When he was asked, how would he portray the British regime in India in his screenplay, he was emphatic in asserting that nobody could portray it in a favourable light.

Again and again Herezeg said the message of the Mahatma must be broadcast to the West today; the Americans need him and his gospel more than any other nation. The picture will be produced in black and white and not in colour as the nature of the subject would be more effective without the trappings of colour.

The thorough planning and the big personalities of the film world which are being associated with this picture lead one to believe that *Life Of Gandhi* will be a truly great motion picture. Will Paul Muni look like the Mahatma or not is not an important question; but if any artiste can play the role well it is Paul Muni. The same however cannot be said about either Saroyan or Vidor. Personally, I think Aldous Huxley, the author of *ENDS AND MEANS*, would have been more fitted to write the screenplay; similarly William Dietele would be a more suitable director than King Vidor for handling such a biography. I hope these suggestions would receive the consideration of Herezeg and his boss Gabriel Pascal.

Laudable as this effort is, one cannot help feeling that given the same resources, an Indian producer-director and cast would have been able to create a greater picture. For, with all the sincerity of the foreigners, one feels that only an Indian can truly imbibe the spirit of Mahatma Gandhi. Anyway there is no doubt that under the present circumstances with limited resources and unhelpful Government attitude—for the Government which has shown so much consideration to Pascal would never have given it to an Indian producer—no Indian producer could have undertaken such an ambitious venture successfully.

Picture Of The Week

If for nothing else, at least for introducing three promising newcomers Kishore Sahu's latest magnum opus *Kalighata* will be remembered.

Out of them Beena Rai is destined to be a star. Her chief asset as revealed in *Kalighata* is her charming face and winsome personality. Though one does not know how she will look in Indian costume, in the alleged French costume, she looks captivating. As for acting it is too early to pronounce judgment. In *Kalighata* it is rather the glamour and mystery created around her that helps her to impress the audience.

Comparatively Asha Mathur, who is charming in her own way has a disadvantage. To play a vamp's role for a new comer is more difficult than to be just a romantic heroine; and hence she does not impress as she should. Yet, with experience she is bound to go a long way, provided like Kuldip she is not typed as a vamp.

From the acting point of view Indira Panchal who plays the servant girl is the most striking. She has a pleasant face. It is a great pity that during the production she should have had a tiff with Kishore Sahu; and it is a still greater pity that she is now married and gone abroad. For if she had stuck to the screen she would have proved herself to be a great artiste.

It is these discoveries that lend a refreshing note to *Kalighata* which otherwise suffers in comparison with Kishore Sahu's previous films. It is a story of a man who is in love with an image of a girl and he is in search of that image. The other girls who come into his life do not satisfy his inner cravings and when he does meet his dream girl he follows her to the jungles of Assam and ultimately dies united with his beloved in death! The story is rather hazy, slow-moving and confused, lacking in vigour, incidents and realism. That is the principal drawback of this well-produced, slickly directed beautifully mounted picture. Besides, too much footage is wasted on Gope's antics and the hunting sequence which has hardly anything to do with the story. The outdoor locations are brilliant and in fact V. N. Reddy's photography is the highlight of the picture. The music by Shanker and Jai Kishan and the lyrics by Hazrat and Shailendra are upto the expected standard.

All told, it is the three new comers who lend distinction to *Kalighata*.

Mukesh, the popular playback singer, is a slim, handsome youth; and those who have seen him in person on the stage have always wondered why he has not been appearing on the screen. They are perhaps not aware that Mukhesh made his debut as a star in *Nirdosh* in which he played the lead opposite Nalini Jaywant. He also appeared in *Khilauna*; but as an artiste he made no impression though his theme song in *Khilauna* became popular. Later when he sang for his cousin Motilal in *Paheli Nazar* he came into limelight as a playback singer.

Recently he decided to make a picture and he has produced *Mother* the songs of which are expected to create a sensation. And now, thanks to Chitrakar, Mukesh is again appearing on the screen. This time he is cast as hero opposite Suraiya in *Masharka* which V. M. Vyas is directing from a story by M. G. Dave. This will be

one of the rare pictures in which the hero, and the heroine will be singing themselves.

It now remains to be seen whether Mukesh achieves the same success in the field of production and acting as he has already achieved as a playback singer.

News Of The Week

—H. K. Narayan, the famous international author, has been signed by Producer S. S. Vasan to write the screenplay of his next picture entitled *Sampat*.

—On 31st July, Director Osha, his cameraman Mistri, stars Ashok Kumar and Nalini Jaywant are leaving for Egypt for the shooting of *Naaz*.

—A handsome police sub-inspector is resigning his job to take up film career. He is the latest star discovery of Najm Naqvi and his screen-name will be Raj Kumar. He will appear opposite Rehana in *Gulistan's Rangeeli* written by Inder Raj Anand and Bedekar.



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CONTROL OF THE B. B. C.

By HARRY HEAP

EVERYONE in Britain is interested in the B.B.C. It follows that the debate in Parliament this week has been followed more intelligently than debates in Parliament often are. The two main points of contention had already been raised by the Governors of the B.B.C., who criticised the suggestion that they should pay 15% of their licence money over to the Government, and who did not like the idea of having their regions controlled by committees appointed by the local authorities. On the issue of the 15% tax, a kind of entertainment tax in fact, it was the claim of the Governors that the people who were paying the licences were already being taxed on that money. The same argument could be used by theatre and cinema owners. When I pay my two rupees for a seat at the cinema, part of it is for entertainment tax, yet the whole of the two rupees is part of my income, which has already been subject to income tax. The point will perhaps become more evident in the case of television. I suppose that it is not possible to see television under about five rupees a week. I know that, if I have a television set, I shall have to count the cost as my entertainment expenses, and the five rupees will be spent on television instead of the cinema or theatre. Granted, I shall have paid a licence fee in the first place, but that does not equal the amount I should pay in entertainment tax if I spent five rupees a week on the cinema instead of television.

On the other hand, the Governors quite rightly stress that they have future plans which will demand all the reserve, about four million pounds I think it is, which they have saved. It is suggested that if the Government takes this away, by the 15% cut in the income of the B.B.C., it will be something in the nature of a tax on thrift. Still, according to Mr. Gordon Walker, it is only in very

recent years that the B.B.C. has enjoyed its full licence income.

There is general opposition to the move to have the regions of the B.B.C. under the control of committees appointed by the local authority. Perhaps I should explain that in local government in Britain, the various committees are not only composed of elected Aldermen and Councillors. The Library and Art Gallery Committee, for example, will have co-opted onto it some representatives from local artistic circles. The Education Committee has members representing employers, schools and other obviously interested parties as well as Councillors. It is, I suppose, a similar committee or council that the Government envisages to control the regional broadcasts. It is generally thought that this suggestion has been made to try to please the Welsh people. They listen to their own regional programme, which some of them think is too anglicised. It is reasonable to say that those who hold that opinion are a vociferous minority in Wales. The Government is trying to support the views of the majority. If, as at present, the regions were to continue to be advised by nominated councils only, as distinct from those appointed through the local authority, then the council for Wales might well have a majority of those members of the literary and artistic circles in Wales who are more nationalist than the majority of their countrymen. They could then so advise that, as the *New Statesman and Nation* so aptly puts it, they could "plunge Welsh broadcasting into a Celtic twilight." Under the Government's proposal, these councils would be more broadly-based, would speak for the "common man" in Wales and the other regions, or so the Government thinks. There are critics who say that local politics will enter far too much into the affairs of broadcasting, so that when it comes to planning

programmes or appointing personnel, these councils would be liable to pressure from some local groups. The main point of criticism is, however, that such a council could not have sufficient specialised knowledge of the requirements of broadcasting to advise the Regional Controller with wisdom and with effectiveness.

What is evident from the debate on broadcasting is that we in Britain want the B.B.C. to remain very much as it is. There is not a strong feeling in favour of commercialised radio, though Lady Megan Lloyd George would have some time devoted to advertisements. I personally think that the B.B.C., especially in the regions, does a fine job of work. We have programmes from 6 o'clock in the morning to midnight, every day of the week. There is good music, drama and discussion, if one listens intelligently. There is "background" music for those who want the wireless on all the time, and there is the more advanced listening for those who want it, on the Third Programme.

Nehru No More 'A Hero

The latest exchange of notes by the Indian and Pakistan Prime Ministers over the situation of troops in Kashmir, and on the border of India and Pakistan, have been noted in the British Press but, so far, have elicited no comment, at least in the more responsible papers. *Time and Tide* has an interesting note this week however, written by "Diogenes", who writes an article each week. He points out how there is a tendency for things to come full circle; as he puts it, "the tendency for everything to become its opposite", and he cites India as an example of this. His paragraph on this example reads, "Already Americans look a good deal less harshly on British 'imperialism' than they did. In the inter-war years Americans took a very dim view of British relations with India; Gandhi, and later Pandit

Nehru, were something of heroes to them... But Nehru is no longer an American hero, for here, too, the wheel has come full circle. The Nehru who took his stand on moral right now takes his stand on military strength. His armies stand poised on the borders of Pakistan and, like the Prime Minister of Persia, Nehru has little time for the United Nations or World Courts of Justice. Worse still, from the American point of view, he throws his weight about in Asian affairs and is in a sense very unpleasant to the White House in Washington." That is one way of looking at Nehru from Britain today. Perhaps a more revealing comment was one that was made to me by a fellow-umpire at a cricket match last week. He walked over to me after the fall of a wicket and said, "I'll tell you what, Harry, but your friend Nehru doesn't seem to be the friendly person he used to be." There was more sorrow than anger in the comment.

C. S. Nayudu

For cricket lovers in Madras, I would mention that last week-end I saw C. S. Nayudu bowl very well, and heard that he had batted most vigorously for 49 runs, playing for his team, Littleborough, at Blackpool. Chatting with him after the game, he told me how the various Indian players in Lancashire get together on occasions and help each other in their benefit matches. The West Indians and Australians in the Lancashire Leagues also do their share in the benefits. He spoke highly, as everyone who knows him does, of K. S. Ranga Rao, and we shared memories of games in Madras in which he had played and which I had watched. For those who wonder if a Hindu can maintain his religious habits in Britain, I would add that someone said to me, of Nayudu, that he does not smoke, does not drink, and he eats no meat, "he is, of course, a Hindu."

A very keen cricketer took his wife to watch him play. Going in first wicket he batted right through the innings and saved his side. Very pleased with himself, he strolled up to where his wife was seated and greeted her proudly.

She returned his greetings tartly: "Other women's husband's can go in and come out again in order to be with their wives, but not you. You must stay out there all the afternoon just to leave me alone."

—HUMOUR.

NEW DELHI DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD



THE College that was the centre of controversy throughout the last academic year—Lady Hardinge—is to have an American Principal. I made enquiries to find out whether we are appointing a Russian as Principal of Lady Irwin College to demonstrate that we belong neither to this bloc nor to that bloc; but the query has not been entertained, because they suspected that it was entertaining. We are not anti-American; so we are not opposed to the appointment of foreigners, including Americans, for specialized jobs. Dr. (Miss) Birch, the new Principal, is from Illinois. She will not presumably devote too much attention to private medical practice as one at least of her predecessors did. Dr. Amir Chand, who is a man, was ill-fitted to be Principal of a Women's Medical College (and, incidentally, of any other College for men or women). His replacement by a woman is therefore to be welcomed. But the college should be thrown open to boys as well.

Boys of Delhi wishing to study medicine have to go to Agra for the purpose. This is scandalous. This College must be converted into a co-educational institution with immediate effect. The Government should take over the College, since that alone makes such a step possible. There may be some opposition from the staff and the students of the College, if opposition is whipped up—as it has been, by interested parties. Modern young women (with rare exceptions) are amenable to reason, unlike the young women of previous generations (also, with rare exceptions). It should not be difficult to persuade them that it is in the national interest to train up some men also as doctors. Women are in no way inferior to men; it is therefore an insult to segregate them in separate Women's Colleges.

Ex-Congress Ministers are in no way inferior to non-Congress Ministers. This seems to be the view accepted by the Prime Minister and rejected by the Congress President. The P. M.'s decision to request Kidwai and Jain to remain as Ministers is a slap in the face of Tandon, who has been torn to pieces by the two Ministers in the Press. The crisis, which has been manufactured by Jawaharlal Nehru, is thus prolonged. He believes in the *halal* way of putting an end to a crisis, and not in *jhatka*. (*Halal* is a term in Indian butchery and consists in killing an animal by slowly bleeding it to death. *Jhatka* consists in killing the animal with one stroke by severing the head from the body). Nobody believed that Jawaharlal Nehru would ever lack guts. But in Bangalore he proved that popular belief is wrong. From this point of view, Pandit Nehru is right when he protests that there is a difference between him and Chiang Kai-shek. Acharya Kripalani has been calling him Chiang, and there are points of resemblance as well. I had quoted from the *Stilwell Papers* three years ago to show how much Nehru resembled Chiang; and I take the liberty of quoting again:

Chiang Kai-shek has been boss so long and has so many yes-men around him that he has the idea he is infallible on any subject. He is, however, determined and forceful, and wants to get on with the war. He is not mentally stable, and he will say many things to your face that he doesn't mean fully or exactly. My only concern is to tell him the truth and go about my business. If I can't get by that way, the hell with it: it is patently impossible for me to compete with the swarms of parasites and sycophants that surround him.

Stillwell always referred to Chiang-Kai-shek in his Diary as "Peanut", presumably because of the shape of His Excellency's head:

Graduation exercises at Chinese Military Academy. As Peanut mounted rostrum, band leader counted 1-2-3, but unfortunately band sounded off at 2. Peanut was furious, stopped band, bawled out leader: "Either start playing on 1 or start on 3. Don't start on 2!" Then a speaker pulled his notes out of his pants pocket. This infuriated Peanut. He bawled him out, and told him that *tsai wai kuo* (in foreign countries) you could put a handkerchief in your pants pocket but not papers. Papers go in lower coat pockets, and, if secret, in upper coat pocket. Then someone stumbled on procedure and Peanut went wild, screaming that he ought to be shot... *Ch'ian pi* (Shoot him) and repeating it at the top of his voice.

We were with Rafi Saheb for half an hour on the day after he sent in his resignation. Rafi Saheb is a polished diplomat: he never answers any question straight. He is like Cordell Hull. Hull never gave a reply without adding a qualifying statement or two. One Correspondent, who thought himself clever, wanted to get Hull to say something definite. He went up straight to Hull, and asked, "What is the time, Mr. Hull?" He expected Hull would look at his watch, and say what the time was. What Hull actually said was: "What does your watch say?"

One Correspondent asked Kidwai: "Now that you have taken the plunge..." Mr. Kidwai interrupted, "I have not taken any plunge." Another journalist said: "Now that you have severed your connection with all your friends with whom you have worked for the past thirty years..." Mr. Kidwai said: "It is in order to maintain these connections with my colleagues in the Congress that I am coming out of the Congress. In U. P. all my friends have already left the Congress."

We have not yet heard the last about the resignation of Kidwai and

his colleague. The controversy will go on until the General Elections. The Congress will, even to a greater extent, become the laughing-stock of the whole world. Kidwai, in the meanwhile, goes about criticising the Congress Governments in the Provinces, especially in Uttar Pradesh. Mr. Kidwai's own political stature would have risen higher if he had come out of the Nehru Cabinet in *shakti* fashion. His stand *vis a vis* Panditji is also disappointing. Congress misrule extends to the Centre. If the Centre was high-minded, and if Jawaharlal Nehru was a man of determination (like Chiang), the States would have been a hundred times better. Nepotism and favouritism emanated from the Centre. Corruption was the tradition of Delhi for long, long years. It only became abysmally worse under Congress Raj. But Kidwai Saheb seems to have his own reasons for taking up a particular stand.

It was an impressive ceremony that took place at the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart on Belgian National Day. The Charge d'Affaires of the Belgium Embassy, M. Van Caloen, explained that in Belgium the National Day is invariably celebrated by a Church ceremony. This year, the ceremony has particular significance, because Prince Baudoin has just been enthroned as the new King of Belgium.

The Papal Nuncio and the Bishop of Delhi sat opposite each other as the colourful ceremony proceeded for full one hour. The choir was a perfect one, and the acoustics left nothing to be desired. Amplifiers provided in the hall produced no disturbing noises, as they do everywhere else. One is left with a feeling of awe for the mighty organization which looks after the flocks of millions of souls all over the world from the Holy See.

I was surprised to find that the number of women attending the ceremony was so small compared with the number of men. It is generally thought that women are inveterate churchgoers. Is it that women have become even more sceptical than men in matters pertaining to religion?



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PRODIGES AND SUPER-KIDS

By COY WILLIAMS

Professor Lewis M. Terman, psychologist of Stanford University has spent a quarter of a century following the careers of more than 1,400 brilliant boys and girls from school days to settled careers. Professor Terman says children of 140 I.Q. (intelligence quotient, based on a "normal" of 100) or above are potentially a nation's most precious asset.

REMEMBER little Johnny down the street, who knew the multiplication table before he was five? And Mary, the precocious youngster who was reading "Ivanhoe" in the second grade? Whatever has become of them? Did they amount to anything?

The chances are, they did. And the man who can tell you why is Professor Lewis M. Terman, famed psychologist of Stanford university, who has spent a quarter of a century following the careers of more than 1,400 brilliant boys and girls from grammar school to settled careers. Today his gifted "children" are, on the average, 38 years old, and the record of what they have done with their lives fills 30 feet of filing cases bisecting his large offices.

I visited Professor Terman to inquire what he has learned about the better brains in this monumental study. He is an alert, friendly man of 73 whose eyes sparkle behind thick-lensed glasses and whose laugh is quick and infectious. He answered questions with enthusiasm, and it was easy to see that his interest in the continuing fortunes of his 1,400 subjects is personal as well as scientific.

Along one end of the room stood a long bookcase, filled with volumes of fiction, poetry and scientific research. He fingered the books fondly as he told of their authors, all members of his chosen group.

"This man, a professor of physiology, has devised outstanding new technique for heart diagnosis, and has written 52 published works on medicine. . . . The woman who penned this book is a university teacher of English, and regarded by critics as one of our most promising poets. . . . The author of this history of witchcraft and magic is an engineering graduate, who has also published three novels and dozens of articles."

He went on for some minutes, listing the achievements of his subjects: the noted plastic surgeon, the oceanographer who had a prominent role in the Bikini atom bomb tests, the man metallurgist with several important patents, the man in the State department, the brigadier-general.

Average I. Q. 151

I interrupted to point to an incongruous touch in the erudite array. One whole shelf was filled with paperback pulp fiction, the lurid covers of which pictured scenes of violence and fantasy.

"A secret weakness, perhaps, professor?"

He grinned. "Just samples from one of my 'boys'. He is so successful with popular science fiction that he has to use two pen names. But he writes scholarly books, too."

Missing from the shelves was the book that explains all the others; Professor Terman's latest volume, "The Gifted Child Grows Up" written in collaboration with his assistant, Melita H. Oden, and published recently by the Stanford University Press. In it, authors Terman and Oden describe the adult lives and careers of the favoured 1,400, and analyze the significance of their findings.

"One of the things we learned very early," said Professor Terman, "is that a brilliant child is not, as a rule, the hollow-chested and spectacled youngster shown in the cartoons and movies. Quite the opposite. As a group they are larger, heavier and healthier than the average population. They have fewer physical defects too."

Professor Terman first became absorbed in the subject of superior intellects while doing university post-graduate work. In 1921, a financial grant to Stanford enabled him to take it up actively. With several assistants he shifted a California school from

station of 250,000 with the original purpose of identifying and studying 1,000 children with the highest one per cent of the total school enrollment. Later, the group was enlarged to 1,528 and, except for deaths, this number has been largely maintained throughout the years.

Anxious to learn what sort of adult the typical gifted child would become—and why—Professor Terman framed an exhaustive series of questionnaires going into the child's ancestry, character, personality, outside interests, medical history and school achievement. Later, questions were added concerning marriage and jobs. He found that this group averaged a 151 I.Q. (intelligence quotient, based on a "normal" of 100). Forty-five scored 175 or better, and one 19-year-old girl hit the astonishing figure of 200.

"To illustrate the relationship of I.Q. ratings to actual results" said Professor Terman, "a child with an I.Q. of 70 or under won't succeed beyond the fifth grade; below 80 he won't finish high school, and under 100 he will rarely get into college. Only one child in a hundred will score 140 or higher."

From the first, Professor Terman has secured amazing co-operation from his subjects. The aid of parents was enlisted in the beginning, with the children showing only mild interest. As they grew older the importance of the research became clear, and they began volunteering information through letters and personal visits. At intervals, with additional money grants, detailed field tests were made, and the evidence grew into mountainous piles.

Over the 27 year period Professor Terman has managed, through patience and astonishing luck, to maintain contact with 97 per cent of his group. Only 28 members have been "misplaced" through loss of address, and in but one case has there been outright refusal to give information.

Now approaching middle age, the gifted group has produced some interesting figures on what happens to a bright youngster.

The professional or advanced business field claimed most of them. Of the 724 men employed at the last

testing, 69 were lawyers, 55 on college teaching faculties, 49 engineers, 44 doctors and 26 authors. Seven became policemen, two ran gasoline stations and one was a truck driver.

Approximately half the women, after college, devoted their energies to caring for homes and families, while the other half turned chiefly to teaching, social work, writing, office work and business management. By 1945 about 85 per cent of the women had married.

Seventy-four of the total group have died, seven as suicides. Another seven have become alcoholics. Four men and two women have run afoul of the law on delinquency charges. Such straying from the "normal" is far below the general record.

Though Professor Terman emphasizes that income is not a major determining factor in rating success, the average income of his group—\$4,700 for men, \$2,600 for women in 1944—is considerably beyond that of the general public. One-fifth of the men were earning \$7,500 a year or more—a figure reached by only 2-1/2 per cent, of the total population of employed males. Four men have topped \$50,000 yearly, and one has reached \$84,000.

Reading History Background

Many popular misconceptions about brilliant people have been exploded by Professor Terman's research. One is that the so-called genius has a one-track mind. Stories are invented about the absent minded professor, and the mechanical wizard who can't drive a car on a busy street. Professor Terman dismisses this with one word: "Bunk." He goes on: "Except in music and art, few persons have become outstanding in one field without showing more than average ability in others."

One of his most versatile subjects is a 30-year-old professional actress and dancer, who has also done illustrations for textbooks on anatomy and physiology, has written two novels and won a championship in ice-skating. A brilliant young student who took his degree in classical literature turned to business and became chief investment analyst for a \$40,000,000 educational foundation. A youngster who grew up in extreme poverty and never saw the inside of a

schoolroom until he was 17 has since written 60 major orchestral works and three books on musical theory, and has an international reputation in music. A lawyer found time to master 15 foreign languages, including Japanese, Russian, Croatian, Hawaiian and Norwegian.

It is also frequently charged that "intellectuals" are radical in their political beliefs. Terman's group lincs up in about the middle of the road.

Then there is the old fallacy, which spread during the last century, that a genius is just a step removed from abnormality. Parents went to great lengths to protect their precocious children from over-stimulation of the mind. Parroting a proverb: "Early ripe, early rot," they yanked books from youngsters' fists, and pushed them out to play.

Actually, says Professor Terman, the more intelligent you are, the better the chance that you will have a well-balanced life. He proved this by an interesting method of "reading history backward." Choosing 150 of the most successful men, and 150 of the least successful, from among his gifted adults, he traced their careers back to the initial investigations.

In a great majority of cases the top men had been among the most stable as well as the brightest of his "smart children." They came from better adjusted families, their school grades were higher, their popularity greater. They became upset less easily over childish problems. Physically, they rated better in appearance, poise, alertness, curiosity and even friendliness.

Declared Professor Terman: "Making good is usually foreshadowed by an earlier promise of achievement."

"I don't know," he continued, "whether the gifted child is more happy or less happy than the common run of people, I do know that as a rule he is better fed, better housed and doctored than the average, and thus grows up with a better physique. As an adult he makes more money, and is better able to care for his children. All those things favour happiness."

Have Few Children

So far Terman's group of mental higher-ups has not produced a world-famous figure comparable to Shakes-

peare, Newton or Leonardo. Several are nationally famous, but there has not been a university president, U. S. Senator or Congressman. However, these men and women are just reaching the prime of life, and their capability curve has not yet touched its peak. To mention a few who have given permission for their names to be used:

Professor Norris E. Bradbury, Stanford physicist, is director of the Los Alamos (New Mexico) national atomic energy laboratory, where the first atomic bomb was perfected and exploded.

Professor Ancel Keys, University of Minnesota and Mayo Foundation, physiologist has completed a significant investigation of the physical, mental and emotional effects of semi-starvation among human beings.

Mrs. Betty Ford Aquino turned to sculpture after years of writing unusual poetry and fiction, and has had her work exhibited in several museums.

Mrs. Shelley Smith Mydans attained success as an actress, switched to journalism and recently produced a successful novel, "The Open City," based on her experiences as a prisoner of the Japs in the Philippines. She has collaborated with her husband, a photographer, on many picture-stories for a national magazine.

The research has uncovered one distressing fact to Professor Terman. While most of the group has married, children average only a little more than one a family. "This indicates that the more intelligent stock is not being maintained," he says.

Though 73 Professor Terman does not talk of surrendering his project to younger workers. He is full of plans for his next tests and he hopes research will be carried on for at least another 25 years.

Much of this work will depend upon the size of financial grants. Thus far his study has cost \$150,000, and he expects the next test to run to \$40,000. Professor Terman considers this a modest expenditure in view of possible returns.

"You can't set a price on future genius," he says. "Children of 140 I.Q. or above are potentially a nation's most precious asset."—Copyright N.N.F.



BOOKS & AUTHORS



TELUGU

KSHETRAYYA PADAMULU (with SRINAGARA RASA MANJARI) Edited by Vissa Appa Rao. Published by the Andhra Gana Kala Parishat, Rajahmundry. Rs. 4.

Among the composers of Carnatic music, the Trinity, viz., Tyagaraja, Dikshitar and Syama Sastri, by their unquestionable genius, selfless devotion and original contribution to the art of music, stand in a class by themselves, unapproached and unapproachable. Probably only next to them in stature comes Kshetravyya, also known as Kshetrarajna or Kshetriyulu, who by his immortal compositions in the Kaisiki Riti called 'padams' has carved out for himself a niche in the heart of every discerning lover of music.

Although, after Purandara Dasa's time, the term 'pada' was being loosely applied to kritis, kirtanas and the like, it was used in later years to denote a particular musical form usually set in slow time measure with srngara rasa predominating and a nayaka-nayaki motif as the central theme. In course of time it developed its own characteristic features and became a powerful medium for the depiction of the varied aspects of raga and rasa. The composers of 'padams' probably took their cue from Jayadeva, the immortal composer of 'Gita Govinda,' which is the earliest specimen of an opera with a nayaka-nayaki theme.

The admirable combination of bhakti and srngara in them made 'padams' excellent background music for that portion of natya called 'abhinaya' and came to be adopted as ideal pieces to be sung at dance recitals. Later, the excellence of raga bhava of some of the pieces gave them a place at the end of musical performances. The credit of giving the padams an importance and popularity which they never enjoyed before goes to the late Vina Dhanam Ammal, whose soulful rendering of padams is yet to be equalled and can never be surpassed.

The publication of hitherto unpublished works on music and allied arts is one of the principal aims of the Andhra Gana Kala Parishat, a branch of the Gautami Vidyalaya, Rajahmundry, an institution which has dedicated itself to the renaissance of Hindu culture. The Parishat are implementing this aim in several ways and published, for the Centenary of Thyagaraja, an edition of all the kritis of Thyagaraja available at the time, with a

learned Telugu commentary by Sri Kalluri Virabhadra Sastri. They now place before the public 330 padams of Kshetravyya, collected from various sources with considerable difficulty.

The editor of the book is Sri Vissa Appa Rao, already well-known to the music-loving public as the editor of "Tyagaraja Kirtanalu." As an ex-professor of physics, Sri Appa Rao has carried out interesting researches into the tonal values of swaras.

The book carries a foreword by Sri P. V. Rajamannar in which he has expressed a connoisseur's view of the poetry of Kshetrarajna and has fixed its place in Telugu literature. The long introduction of Sri Appa Rao that follows, reveals the magnitude of the labour he had to undertake to collect the padams and biographical details of their author. This introduction contains a discussion, in lucid Telugu prose, of the life and times of Kshetrarajna, his poetry, music, erudition and style. As the life of the composer is rather obscure, the editor has reconstructed it from internal evidence available in the padams. He asserts that the original name of Kshetrarajna was Varadayya of Muvva, a village near Kuchipudi and Ghantasala in the Krishna district. Judging from the style used by Kshetrarajna, certain earlier critics have put him down as a native of Muvvapuri, near Chandragiri in the Chittoor district. The fact that his name was Varadayya was gathered by the editor from certain families at Muvva who claim to be descendants of Kshetrarajna.

A total of 330 padams, 315 with 'Muvva Gopala' mudra, 12 with 'Vijayaraghava' mudra and 3 with 'Tupaki Krishna' mudra have been published in this book, thus making it the only publication containing such a large number of Kshetrarajna padams. The padams have been arranged in the alphabetical order thereby doing away with a separate list of them.

As, in addition to occupying an important place among musical forms, padams form the lakshyas for a number of lakshanas of the srngara rasa, a few articles written by pandits in the line have been published in the book. Among those who have given the readers the benefit of their expert opinion on the respective subjects are Sri Vedantam Lakshmi Narayana Sastri of Kuchipudi who has written on 'the Abhinaya of

Kshetrajna padams, Sri Malladi Suryanarayana Sastri who has written on 'Kriti Prasamsa' and Sri Jammalamadaga Nachava Rama Sarma who has contributed an article on the 'Sahitya' of Kshetrajna.'

To those who wish to study the padams as lakshyas to the sringara rasa, the most useful part of the book is the section entitled the "Sringara Rasa Manjari." This appears to be a Telugu translation, by an unknown author, of Bhanu Datta Misra's Sanskrit original known as "Rasa Manjari" and is published for the first time in this book. The lakshanas of the various types of nayakas and nayakis of the sringara sastra are explained here and a hundred Kshetrajna padams and other padams have been quoted as lakshyas. Sri Appa Rao therefore concludes that Kshetrajna must have studied the Sanskrit original "Rasa Manjari" and composed his padams as lakshyas to the lakshanas mentioned therein. This is a debatable point. The padams of Kshetrajna and other composers follow the example set by the "Sringara Sankirana Mala" of Talapakkam Annamacharya (15th century) and it is extremely doubtful if this saintly composer composed them only after a study of the "Rasa Manjari."

The book is very attractively printed with several photographs and illustrations. A number of mistakes have crept in. Varahoor is stated to be near Mannargudi and the name "Hastigiri" for Kanchipuram has been printed as "Astigiri," and connected with the bones of the Buddha, said to have been buried there. There is no reference to Lord Subrahmanya of Kadirkamam in Ceylon, on whom Kshetrajna is said to have composed. There are no details at all of Tupaki Krishna, one of the patrons of Kshetrajna and a commander under Abdulla Kutb Shah.

These minor errors do not take away the unique value of the book, which occupies a foremost place among recent publication in the field of music. Lovers of music in general and admirers of Kshetrajna in particular should take full advantage of this labour of love of Sri Appa Rao.—T. S. P.

MALAYALAM
SRI NARAYANA GANA SUNDARESAM
(Sangita Kriti) First Part. Composer

—Sri M. P. Tolappi, Cannanore. Published by the author.
Price Rs. 2-8-0.

The book under review contains musical compositions composed by the author in praise of Sri Narayana Guru, religious leader and social reformer of Malabar, who attained samadhi in 1906. In the introduction, the author recounts how he had an opportunity of singing before the Guru in 1906, when the latter graciously uttered words of encouragement which prompted him to compose these songs.

Four varnams and 24 kritis have been published in this first part. The pieces are mostly in popular ragas with exceptions like Lalita Gowri, Gamaka samantam, Jayantasri and Gambhiranata. The musical notation has been clearly printed with raga lakshanas and avaritams and there is one piece which is a raga malika in five ragas.

The Malayalam language has the advantage of freely borrowing from Sanskrit and the resultant Manipravalam is a mellifluous mixture. The author, whose knowledge of Sanskrit appears to be sound, has utilized this to the fullest advantage and his kritis should sound pleasing to the ear when rendered.

Commencing with the usual invocation to Ganesa and other gods of the Hindu Pantheon, the author devotes 15 kritis to Sri Narayana Guru, praising his attainments as a spiritual leader. In certain places, this praise of the Guru verges on deification. There are also kritis sung in praise of Lord Sundareswara of Sundareswara Kshetram at Cannanore.

The musical setting is simple and elegant, though not original in many places. The author has made the mistake of commencing kritis with words like "Pranamamyaham," "Smaramyahanam," "Tripurasundari," "Samodameede," etc., when there are already kritis with similar beginnings. The influence of Swati Tirunal is also visible in many places.

Considering the fact that in Malabar Carnatic music does not enjoy the patronage and encouragement it deserves, compositions of this nature, though in praise of a particular leader, should be welcomed.—T. S. P.

SWATANTRA

VOL. VI
No. 37

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

ELECTION PROSPECTS

WITH the attainment of independence, the Congress, the ruling party in the country, moved from service to power, and from power to corruption, and has at last fallen from corruption into degeneracy and disintegration. After disintegration, there is only one phase left; expulsion from office with relief to the misgoverned people. Grasping the peril confronting the Congress, the Prime Minister has started giving it a shock treatment. He assumed the Congress Presidentship, in addition to the Prime Ministership, and issued a series of directives calling upon Presidents of Pradesh Congress Committees to pay heed to ability and integrity in setting up Congress candidates for the legislatures in the elections to come. The logic of Pandit Nehru's procedure is unexceptionable. He was right in assuming that if the legislatures, the sovereign bodies vested with the ultimate substance of power, could be improved in character, it would inevitably lead to an improvement in the character of the government itself. But Pandit Nehru erred in assuming too readily that well-phrased directives would result in the choice of an improved pattern of legislator for the future. He failed to realise that it is the very persons in regional control of the Congress organisation, to whom he has addressed his directives, that stand in greatest need of being dislodged from their positions, if the total collapse of the morale of the Congress is to be averted, for it is they themselves that have brought the Congress to its present pass.

Pandit Nehru's directives have been

taken up in the States and reiterated with gusto. The reverberation of their echoes has been loud, unceasing and all-pervasive. It has frightened the more hesitant elements among those who had left the Congress in despair over its swift descent to perdition, into returning back again to the Congress fold. The Praja Party has been purged of waverers, but its gain on that account has in exact measure contributed to the packing of the Congress with weak, uncertain and undependable wobblers. The entrances and exits of the dissidents from one camp into another and back again into the first, have left an impression of cold-blooded opportunism that has scarcely served to enhance the Congress prestige. Pandit Nehru has with his recent effort forged no new unity in the Congress organisation. He has only exposed for public derision what a large part personal motives play in the politics of leading Congress personalities.

Such rally, if at all it can be called a rally, as the Prime Minister has been able to make of the dissidents once again round the Congress banner, has benefitted none except the old sinners who with their orgies and follies of misrule can fitly be described as the prime authors of Congress disintegration. These have extracted a new glory as steadfast followers of the Prime Minister that have remained loyal to him, in contrast with the seceders that could not abide even by the fellows and followers whom their own example and precept had impelled into departure from the Congress. The glamour of close association with Pandit Nehru

DUTIES AND IMPORTS

Important notice to travellers—Any person arriving from the continent is permitted to clear his throat at the Customs House free of all duty.—PUNCH.

has descended, as a result of recent developments, on precisely the worst and most corrupt section of the Congress hierarchy.

These have not hesitated to take fullest advantage of their opportunities. All the means of publicity at their disposal, which are substantial, are geared up to voluminous propagation of the stirring messages of Pandit Nehru. But they go about their own old way, masked by the imposture of common devotion to the Prime Minister's objectives. Some of the elect whom the Election Committees have honoured with the Congress ticket are notorious in their neighbourhood as crooks. Others are reputed black-marketeers. A large number have no other qualification except that they are just rich and can be made to foot the bill for Congress election expenses. The craze for letting in rich men has gone to such an extent that for a liberal donation traditional opponents of the Congress have found it possible to buy up connivance at their own victory from Congress bosses in charge of the elections. There have

been Ministers who have been spending lakhs of public money in constituencies which they had marked out for themselves, while a considerable part of Congress election expenses is really met by hidden assistance from State resources.

Pandit Nehru has made himself a prisoner to forces that have nothing in common with him except the name of Congressman and seek to use his name to achieve another electoral triumph so as to instal themselves in a renewed lease of power. There can be no national regeneration except through liberation of the Prime Minister from present undesirable influences. From the trend of actual happenings, we do not expect the legislatures after the elections to be filled with competent men and women of ability and integrity. Unless the selections so far made are three-fourths scrapped, Pandit Nehru will find himself so weightily handicapped by bad company in the legislatures, that his chapter of effective service of the national interest may be taken as practically closed.

Sotto Voce

THE ANT-HILL



MR. NEHRU, whose speciality is mass contact, attended the Ramila at the capital the other day. He squatted on the ground with *hoi polloi*. And when Ravana, his bad brother and wicked son went up in flames he lifted his grandson in his arms to let him see what a fine bonfire they made. The photographs showed a faintly amused expression on his face not unmixed with grim-

ness. He was possibly thinking of the kindred fate that might overtake the blackmarketers in a regime not so humane as his. Mr. Biswanath Das is not the first patriot to demand that some of that noxious tribe should be hanged in the market square as a warning to the others.

But Mr. Nehru seems to be slowly coming to the sad conclusion that

humanity is not enough. Note his extremely gentle handling of Socialism and Communism. Contrast this with the lambasting he reserves for that private bogey of his which he calls Communalism and which seems to assume protean shapes in his fevered fancy. Parenthetically I must say that the Socialists may legitimately feel more galled by being clubbed with their *bete noire* than flattered by the Prime Minister's complimentary references. But Mr. Nehru would probably reply that he for one can see very little difference between the two.

Nay, speaking as sole custodian of the conscience of the Congress, he seems to imply that he finds little essential difference between that great organisation and these "progressive parties of the Left" (as is the fashion in certain advanced circles to describe all the "sinister" groups impartially). He holds that they are mistaken in wishing to break the egg before the chick is ready to come out. But he is almost as sure as they are themselves that it is the chick of Revolution that is forming inside that brittle oval, our bourgeois society. The egg's destiny is to shiver into a thousand splinters in the process of delivering its awful burden.

Mr. Nehru handsomely grants that there may be a great deal of sense in the long-term objectives of the Left. "It might be that the country might ultimately profit from Socialist or Communist principles." But he tells them that like all idealists who keep their eyes fixed on the goal, they are liable to ignore the little obstacles in the foreground and stumble. It is not so much of the suffering that the doctrinaires may inflict on a hapless people that the P. M. would seem to be thinking—though he incautiously admits that the monotonous prescription of belt-tightening might be overdone in a starving country. He is concerned, rather, to warn the hosts of the Left against the common 'enemy,' whom he labels variously as Communalist, Vested Interest, Reactionary and so on, as the fancy moves him.

He suggests that in their excessive

zeal they might addle the egg by sitting on it all the time. More likely, they will discover too late that they had been sitting on the wrong egg, like the stupid crow tricked by the sly cuckoo; that they had in fact hatched not Revolution, but Counter-revolution. The Communists, Mr. Nehru glumly prognosticates, will wait till the Socialists and Communists have destroyed the rickety social structure. They will then quietly step in and build a slum on the site. He does not hide his nervousness lest the industrious white ants of the Left should find themselves thus forestalled in their ambition to build their ant-hill there.

The sad and significant thing is that Mr. Nehru does not ask himself any longer whether the ant-hill is our natural human destiny. He used to be assailed by such doubts once. But, having discovered the "Open Sesame" of Planning he seems to have dismissed all such doubts as mawkish. If men have to be driven for their good, well, they have to be driven. Like the good democrat that he still firmly believes himself to be, Mr. Nehru would of course prefer to get their co-operation. But, if the bird will not sing of its own accord, it must be made to.

Mr. Nehru tries to frighten his friends the Socialists and Communists by reminding them of the fate that overtook the Weimar Republic. But they might return the compliment by reminding him of Kerensky. That strange personality, having been forgotten for many years, suddenly became topical the other day by the simple act of dying. Once the white hope of the scandalised West, but soon dropped like a hot potato, the old schismatic remained entrenched to the last in the fortress of his fantasy. He scorned to recognise the existence of the ant-hill—and sensibly kept at a safe distance from it. Mr. Nehru, let us hope, for his sake and ours, will be likewise content with a distant vision of the City, which whatever else it may be, is certainly not of God.

VIGNESWARA.

INDIA WATCHES A MIDDLE EASTERN MISCARRIAGE

By ANDREW ROTH

BRTAIN thinks Indian sentiment is swinging its way on Egypt. "Indian Fears for Suez Canal—Sympathy for Britain" is the headline over *Manchester Guardian* from Bombay. India is described as feeling that Britain has built too many hopes on Moslem States—including Pakistan.

It is not sure whether the sudden explosion of Egypt's decision to abrogate the 1936 treaty with Britain will induce a miscarriage of METO. After six months of incubating, Britain had hopes of giving birth to the Middle East Treaty Organization in about three months time. Egypt was just about to be informed officially of the benefits that this British brain child would bring when the Egyptians jumped the gun and claimed the benefits on their own right, rather than as a gift of yet-unborn METO.

If METO survives its incubation period it will be known as a "child of necessity." It is Britain's major effort to solve the hitherto insoluble problems presented in the Middle East by the increase in nationalist strength during a period in which British military and political power has declined. Having had to retreat from one position to another and feeling shaky in the remaining areas of politico-military influence, Britain hopes to find a solution by approaching problems on an entirely new level.

Anglo-Egyptian problems were among the Gordian knots METO was created to cut. For five years there has been a constant head-on collision between the irresistible force of Egyptian nationalism which demands an evacuation of British troops and the end of British control of the Sudan and the immovable object of British determination to retain its most important Middle Eastern base. Not only does Britain have in Egypt about 25,000 of the 40,000 troops it is estimated to have in the Middle East but British strategists feel that in the event of war, Egypt's ports and other communications, skilled labour and

nearness to the Suez Canal are irreplaceable.

The bulk of Egyptian public opinion is fervently opposed to the retention of the special base facilities which Britain secured in the 1936 Anglo-Egyptian treaty. The end of this privileged position and also the end of British control of the "Anglo-Egyptian" Sudan has been the long-proclaimed target of the dominant wafdist Party. Since the Wafd has failed to fulfil its internal promises, it is pushed all the more to vindicating its anti-British pledges. The abrogation of the 1936 treaty was proclaimed in the Speech from the Throne last spring and again by Wafdist Premier Nahas Pasha several weeks ago. It was to retain for the Wafd the claim to have "liberated" Egypt of British bases that Nahas Pasha proposed the abrogation of the 1936 treaty on October 8, although he expected new British proposals in a day or two. The Egyptians also hoped by this gesture to better their bargaining terms.

Britain has hoped that the Middle East Treaty Organization would bridge over much of this Anglo-Egyptian difference by taking in Egypt as a founder member and taking over the title to the bases. Then the bases might be considered as Egypt's contribution to a general Middle Eastern defense organization patterned on the North Atlantic pact and linked to it. Britain was planning to relinquish the bases as soon as Egypt promised to transfer them to METO. Then some of the 25,000 British troops in Egypt's Suez land zone might be withdrawn, to be replaced by others, possibly Turkish and South African contingents. The Egyptians, however, want this whole base to come under their command. Even if Britain swallows this it will not save the Anglo-Egyptian divergence over the Sudan.

METO has also been favoured by Britain as a way of bridging Arab-

Israel differences. This clash has stultified all prior efforts at political, economic or military cooperation because the Arabs have shown a much greater interest in eliminating the struggling young Jewish state than in blocking possible Soviet aggression. The British hope has been that both Arabs and Jews can be persuaded to belong to the METO—as they both belong to UN—and that differences will be overcome in the process of joint efforts at defending the Middle East. Israel indicated its willingness to British and American diplomats several months ago. But Israel is likely to be among the last asked, although Anglo-American military men agree its army is second only to that of the Turks in the Middle East. Since the West knows the Israelis are willing, they are more likely to ask first Egypt and the other Arab states, which have been playing "hard to get." If the Egyptians secure as important a position in METO as they are demanding it will be difficult to incorporate Israel. Indicative is a statement by the Egyptian Foreign Minister quoted by Cairo radio on October 10: "We are not as concerned about the supposed threat to Egypt from Russia which seems to us more distant, as about the existing occupation of our soil by Britain and the immediate threat from Israel."

The precise definition of the Middle East Treaty Organization is rather difficult because half a dozen different variations have been proposed and modified or abandoned in past months. This process continued in the Paris talks of the "Big Three" military leaders, who conferred there on October 8-9 prior to departure for Greece and Turkey to explore the contribution they can make to the Western attempt to establish in the Middle East the missing link in the "containment arc."

Also uncertain is the manner in which this Middle East organization will be linked to the North Atlantic organization. It will, of course, be linked in that the "Big Three" belong to both organizations. Turkey, which will also belong to both, is expected to be the "hinge."

The general British proposal for a METO is to invite all the non-Communist nations within or interested in

the Middle East to contribute to its defence. This would include, if possible Turkey, Persia, the Arab states, Israel, the "Big Three" (Britain, France and the U. S.) and Commonwealth states (South Africa, Australia and New Zealand) willing to contribute; India, Pakistan and Ceylon have declined to participate. The British hope to have a British commander for the whole structure (apparently Gen. Sir Brian Robertson), with a Turkish land force commander. The nationality of the commanders of the naval and land forces seems less certain. Present indications are that Britain would like to split this with the Americans, but may have to appease French pride.

Bringing American power into the Middle East to reinforce the decline in British power is one of the principal purposes of METO. This effort has gone on continuously since 1947 when Britain informed the United States that it could no longer afford to underwrite to the defence of Greece and Turkey against Communist inroads. It was through the assumption of this burden that the "Truman Doctrine" was born. Since then Britain has sought sporadically to have the U. S. accept an overriding responsibility for the whole area.

The Economist, which frequently articulates emphatically what the Foreign Office conveys diplomatically, insisted last week: "The Anglo-American alliance cannot continue on a basis of whole-hearted British liability in Europe and Korea and half-hearted American liability in the Middle East... The only way in which Britain can salvage anything from the wreck—the wreck in the Middle East and the very heavy strain on their relations with their principal ally the Americans—is to... spread the protection of their direct responsibility over the whole Middle East." For *The Economist* Dean Acheson's chiding of the Egyptians is not enough.

While accepting the principle at Ottawa, American strategists have shown considerable reluctance to commit themselves solidly to a Middle East organization. They are already committed beyond current strength in Western Europe. Furthermore they are sceptical about the feasibility of

an organized "defence in depth" of the Middle East using indigenous forces. Present U. S. strategic plans seem to favour initial blows from Greek, Turkish and Saudi Arabian bases close to the U. S. S. R.'s "soft underbelly", backed up subsequently by long-range bombing from North African airfields now being rushed to completion. There is little inclination to undertake the modernisation and unification of the Arab armies. One American military man has accused the British of adopting the motto of certain Pentagon circles: "When you cannot solve a military problem, draw up a new plan of organization."

Egypt's announced intention to abrogate the 1936 treaty has strengthened the scepticism of American diplomats that the political problems surrounding METO can be solved. To provide any real anti-Communist

unity in the Middle East it is considered necessary first to heal the Arab-Israel and Anglo-Egyptian breaches. But Britain insists that METO would "bridge over" these breaches by approaching the whole question on a new level.

The difference in attitude between American scepticism and British wishful thinking arises from their differing positions. The U. S. doesn't want to expend its still limited forces on brain children, no matter how well recommended. But for Britain, it is only this brain child that has hopes of producing the stability which Britain requires to survive a great power in the Middle East.

As a result of these complications there has been a growing support for the idea attributed to India that the Suez Canal should come under the United Nations.

I never listen to calumnies; because, if they are untrue, I run the risk of being deceived; and if they are true, of hating persons not worth thinking about.—MONTESQUIEU.

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THE PEASANT: HIS LOT

By MANJERI S. ISVARAN

WHAT is a peasant?

The Oxford New English Dictionary on Historical Principles edited by James A. H. Murray defines a peasant as "one who lives in the country and works on the land, either as a small farmer or as a labourer; the name is also applied to any rustic of the working classes." A peasant properly so called must be part and parcel of the land; "he either works for others, or owns or rents and works by his own labour a small plot of ground." In French he is *paysan*; the root in Latin, *pagensis*, means belonging to the country.

Hence a peasant, a tiller of the soil, is essentially a villager—the most anonymous being in the vast anonymous countryside. He is the eternal child of Mother Earth, living in closest contact with nature; and while others have strayed away he has stayed where he is.

Tilling has been the most ancient occupation of man. First, he hunted and foraged for food; then he entered the stage of food cultivation. And first and last, to this day, the plough remains the alpha and omega of human life.

Valluvar, the author of *Kural*, even goes to the extent of saying that he alone *lives* who tills the soil while the others depend upon him for their livelihood. And the poet-seer's ingenious inference is plain that those who have taken to other professions have done so because the plough is the hardest taskmaster. Earth yields her fruits only to him who has the stamina to break her stubborn crust. Nearly three-quarters of the population of the globe—despite the dizzy pace of modern industrial advance—nearly three-quarters are peasants; in Europe and America their awakening to their power as a class has been significant.

India is mainly an agricultural country but the Indian peasant has not had the advantages which the European or American today has. Who denied him these advantages then when he had intelligence,

energy, patience, perseverance? Will history admit its errors?

Our English rulers of the past were not interested in improving the rural economy. The Moguls before them—although Akbar encouraged the peasant directly to share the produce with the state: this was known as the *ryotwar* system but proved to be unworkable—the Moguls allowed the landholders, the intermediaries, the *zemindars* as they came to be known, to tyrannise over the peasantry. The English continued the system till under Lord Cornwallis the *zemindars* were confirmed as the owners of the land from which they collected taxes for the Government. "I may safely assert," stated Cornwallis, "that one-third of the Company's territory in Hindustan is now a jungle inhabited only by wild beasts. Will a ten years' lease induce any proprietor to clear away that jungle, and encourage the ryots to come and cultivate his lands, when at the end of that lease he must either submit to be taxed *ad libitum* for the newly cultivated lands, or lose all hope of deriving any benefit from his labour, for which perhaps by that time he will hardly be repaid?" Hence he advocated the Permanent Settlement the cruelty of which is too well-known to need any iteration, arguing thus: "In case of foreign invasion, it is a matter of the last importance, considering the means by which to keep possession of India, that the proprietors of the lands should be attached to us from motives of self-interest. A landholder who is secured in the quiet enjoyment of a profitable estate could have no conceivable motive for wishing a change."

In an independent India now the *zemindar* who is a major mistake of history perpetuates the misery called the peasant. He who is the prime factor in agriculture, he who is the feeding source of the people, has to work under the most deplorable conditions, against a hostile landlord who must have his pound of flesh, and often against hostile nature: the caprices of the monsoon—heavy rains, or no rains, or rains at the wrong time, drought drying up the crops, or floods

uprooting the infant green blades before they could throw up ears of grain. And on top of all this inadequate livestock, scarcity of fodder, and diseases peculiar to cattle dwindling their number and without whose sufficient motive-power the land cannot be tilled.

But one just forgets the fact that the peasant faces such handicaps with courage and fortitude. Yet, to you, he is ignorant, an illiterate; he is ridden by superstitions; he is a boor, a clown, a clod, a coarse fellow, but the collective clods are the fashionable urban dwellers whose ignorance on agricultural matters, to quote Mr. A. Collett, "is so colossal and so genuine as almost to deserve respect."

As a cultivator the peasant is orthodox and conservative; you cannot convert him, at a moment's notice, to the idea of tractors and harrows and chemical fertilizers, to the new modes of scientific farming; you cannot pronounce snap judgments upon his ways and knowledge of his work; he is old as the hills, shrewd as the East Wind; he will appraise before you know where you are, amalgamate you with those who wish him well if you show real interest in and understanding of his problems; annihilate you with one of his quick, side-glances if you put on airs and graces. Goaded by his landlord he may be a fly in the money-lender's parlour, but he is a giant in the bosom of the earth he cultivates, blissfully unconscious of his own being. Maybe he is a clod by his external appearance, but a clod that will transform into a flower at the magic touch of sympathy. A few I have met and known in my own village in Malabar and elsewhere are the most gracious creatures I have ever seen: aged, grey, venerable, weatherbeaten, so wrinkled that there was no room for another crow's-foot on their faces, speaking their language in the *patois* of simple, shy reserve, with an occasional archaism that lent it a delicious flavour.

Educate the peasant by all means, by intensive, unremitting propaganda, give him the blessings of electricity, urge upon him the importance of living in neat surroundings, instil in him the knowledge to accept up-to-date medical aids to combat diseases.

But in the process, please don't hurt his feelings by flouting his native intelligence.

Recently I had occasion to visit a village in the Tanjore district in the company of a friend. It was a cloudy, windy afternoon. We walked along the bund bordering the fields and stopped to watch a peasant cutting a lonely furrow. The oxen seemed to be half-asleep as they moved, their heads hanging down, tails switching mechanically. With his hand on the plough the peasant too seemed an automaton in his movements, his head bowed down like the oxen. Crows hopped and fluttered their wings before and behind him, pecking at the mudworms in the fresh, long furrow. And as we looked on the oxen pulled up; the tiller's hand was off the plough, and we saw him taking his chew of betel and tobacco. After which he resumed his work, bowing down his head again. We glowed at the sight—the silent landscape, the fluttering black crows, the figure of the ploughman thinking his thoughts, dreaming his dreams, perhaps—a figure of placid beauty and dignity. We glowed; and in our concentration it looked as though we were reduced to a point in human consciousness watching another which it had watched hundreds of years ago and will go on watching hundreds of years after, as long as creation lasts. And we shared our unspoken thoughts too: how, to this tiller, the earth was tender as a mother, severe as a master, and yielding—could she be?—as a slave. I remembered Meredith's lines in the poem, *Earth and Man*:

He may entreat, aspire,

He may despair, and she has never heed,

She drinking his warm sweat will soothe his need,

Not his desire.

This is a little vignette; here is a picture to awe you with its immensity.

When Somerset Maugham, the celebrated novelist and playwright, was leaving India—he had come out to this country in 1939—he was asked (he records in his *A Writer's Notebook*) which of all the sights he had seen had most impressed him. "I

answered," he says, "as they expected me to answer. But it wasn't the Taj Mahal, the *ghats* of Benares, the temple at Madura or the mountains of Travancore that had most moved me; it was the peasant, terribly emaciated, with nothing to cover his nakedness but a rag round his middle the colour of the sunbaked earth he tilled, the peasant shivering in the cold of dawn, sweating in the heat of noon, working still as the sun set red over the parched fields, the starveling peasant toiling without cease in the north, in the south, in the east, in the west, toiling all over the vastness of India, toiling as he had toiled from father to son back, back for three thousand years when the Aryans had first descended upon the country, toiling for a scant subsistence, his only hope to keep body and soul together. That was the sight that had given me the most poignant emotion in India."

When, week after week, I stand in the queue for my ration of six ounces

of rice *per diem* how I have dreamed of bumper harvests, of brimming granaries! Haven't you and you, listener? But have you ever once thought of the peasant and his sweat-labour in the fields? At the rate in which rice production is going to pieces in this country, and the population multiplying by four millions every year, and no permanent remedy found—against all the shortages of food, cloth, and housing, when is the peasant going to have a roof over his head that will not leak nor blow off, a generous length of cloth about his loins; when is he going to sit down to a pre-war, adult's hearty meal of rice once at least between sunrise and sundown? He doesn't want Glucose D nor Vitamin C tablets nor a fruit diet.

Let those that plan for the future of India to better things deal fairly with the peasant—this most wonderful human material that lies imbedded like pearl in the oyster-shell. Talks on agrarian reforms are not enough. —A. I. R. Broadcast.

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PANDIT JAWAHARLAL NEHRU AND THE CONGRESS

By K. S. VENKATARAMANI

IT is one of the major misfortunes of our country that Pandit Nehru, for all his splendid work as a Congressman, these thirty five years, especially during the freedom-fight, has not been able to give us so far a correct solution of the Congress problem which is essential for the building up of a New India as a Welfare State. Panditji is brilliantly equipped mentally, morally and physically for this difficult task, made more difficult by the predatory complexity of world affairs. But he lacks the Napoleonic quality of a final decision on any issue, with will-power and gift to execute this decision administratively, with precision and timeliness. This Hamletean intellectualism has been the tragic reason for the unfulfilment of his ideals even by one clear step so far in practice these four years.

Gandhiji strenuously and powerfully shaped the Congress movement as a lancet for our freedom-fight on non-violent lines. After the freedom-hour, the Nation requires for its building-up on our authentic, indigenous and traditional lines the conversion of this lancet into a ploughshare or a spade. The lancet-steel must now be forged into a ploughshare. In this essential change required for the Congress, Gandhiji's intuition was marvellous and sound. His decision and wish that Congress should be dissolved as a political party and allowed to function as Sarvodaya, a constructive, nation-building movement of the masses is the only statesmanly solution for free India and its growth on right lines.

Pandit Nehru should have implemented the wish of his Guru so dear to him in every way two years ago with drive and courage and declared the dissolution of the Congress as a political party and walked out of it. I had fondly hoped that he would do so at least now and create a new tradition and a new party in our politics based on integrity and ability and selfless work. Pandit Nehru is the one leader in India today who does not

require the prestige of the Congress organisation to keep him up. If you wish to reconstruct a house in debris you must walk out of it, work out a plan and begin building. You can't build anew living amidst the debris which is the fertilising home for the white ants, worms, blackmarketeers and predatory politicians. This is the only way of solving the Congress problem. Pandit Nehru should have clasped hands in comradeship, resigning his Prime Ministership, with Jaya Prakash Narain, Acharya Kripalani, Sri. T. Prakasam and others and consolidated his life-long socialistic urges on integral lines fully expressing in action his ideals. Pandit Nehru was for a long time prisoner under British Raj with real benefit to his scholarship, intellectualism and meditative and synthetic thinking, especially of the historical type. He has also been a prisoner under the Congress Raj for the last four years with absolutely no gain either to himself or to the masses, with no freedom movement, for his ideas or scope for their execution. Even now it is not too late if Pandit Nehru courageously decides to carry out the wishes of Gandhiji.

The general election as run by the Congress now will return to Parliament and the Cabinet in power men worse than the present on the whole, more communal and more predatory with gains to the vested interests. I am sure of this. Further, the only solution for our problems then will become a bloody and wasteful revolution in ten years though we are the gentlest and the most peaceful, servile and cowardly race.

To The Men In Power

It is not too late even now. Panditji should declare the Congress dissolved as a political party, resign his Prime Ministership and join his hands with the Socialist leaders whom he likes, and run the general election, keeping in mind the selection of candidates based on his own principle of integrity and ability. I am sure of a victorious

majority for Pandit Nehru. Even if he does not get it, he will be the real power in the land, releasing nation-building forces on correct lines.

Pandit Nehru's idealism and integrity and love for character and merit in all parties or sections of life would ultimately help the evolution of the non-party system of government based on *Dharma* which is the ultimate goal of human endeavour in politics and economics, in order to implement a Welfare State both for India and

the whole world. The non-party system of government is the only way for utilising the infinite varieties of excellence inherent and inevitable in life and creation. The party system is the real cause which has emasculated democracy in the West. Pandit Nehru has the historic vision to see this. But I pray that his hands may derive, by God's grace, the drive and energy to implement his vision as the outstanding leader responsible for the welfare of 400 millions of people.

PERIL IN THE MIDDLE EAST

By DON PERETZ

SINCE the end of the nineteenth century when Napoleon invaded Egypt, struck out across the Sinai Desert and up into the Levantine littoral, the defence of the Middle East has for England been second in importance only to the defence of the British Isles themselves.

In these hundred years the Middle East was the chief critical frontier region between the central land-power system of Russia and the sea-power system of Great Britain. During this time England was in *de facto* control of the area. But she fought constant Russian attempts to push down through the Caucasus into the Persian oilfields and through the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean. Before the first world war she waged diplomatic battles against the penetration of German railroads through Turkey and down to the Persian Gulf. During the war British troops fought German-led Turkish armies which tried to capture the Suez Canal and cut England's life-line to India. During the Second World War General Rommel almost succeeded in capturing the canal.

Today the Middle East floats on the largest concentration of known oil reserves. Although American oilfields contain nearly a third of the world's reserves, the Middle East is known to have 42.1 per cent. Russia and its satellites have less than a quarter of the oil reserves known to exist in the area. Post-war Russian attempts to squeeze oil concessions out of Iran intensified American determination to

fill the strategic vacuum as quickly as possible.

Russian strategy directed at the Middle East is motivated by the desire for a share in the area's oil reserves and fear of encirclement. The U.S.S.R. would like to increase its potential oil supply, which is only a third of America's, by obtaining a Persian concession. Fear of Russian intervention in its internal affairs has stymied any grant from Iran to its great power neighbour across the northern frontier. The tendency of the U.S.S.R. to think in terms of encirclement from which it would like to break out, means the Anglo-American air-fields in the Middle East appear as forward bases of the "encircling" powers threatening one of its most vulnerable areas. Russian Middle East policy accordingly aims at softening the area up and Communist propaganda there constantly harps on Anglo-American imperialism, making its appeal as much to extreme nationalism as to the underprivileged masses.

Actual Communist strength in the Middle East is today negligible. In all countries of the area except Israel the Communist Party is illegal. In Israel only 3.4 per cent of the people voted for the Communist ticket in the last election. Communist underground movements are known to exist in the other Middle East nations but they have only a handful of members. The only Middle East Communist stronghold is in Azerbaijan, the north west border province of Iran which

INDIAN CRICKET

By N. S. R.

was occupied by Russian troops until 1946. Some Russian influence is known to exist in the Russian orthodox ecclesiastical structure of the area in northern Iran. However, the relative insignificance of actual Communist strength in the area gives little indication of the potentialities for its development or of the relative weakness of the area vis-a-vis Russian strength.

Military Defences Weak

The area's military defence forces could not prevent Russian tanks from penetrating to any point in the Middle East within a matter of days, either by land or by air-borne operations. The only military force of any effective size is the Turkish army of between 400,000 and 540,000 troops. Iran has the next largest army—136,000 troops. The other military forces in the area are lilliputian. The ineffectiveness of the Arab State armies was demonstrated in the war with Israel when no more than a total of 90,000 Arab troops could be thrown into battle and were defeated by Israel's makeshift army of 75,000. Although several of the armies mentioned receive advice, training or equipment from Great Britain or the United States, not one of them, not even the Turkish army, compares to a modern military force in the sense that it influences world power politics.

The most effective military potential in the area today is in the Royal Air Force with air bases at Habbaniya in Iraq, in the Egyptian canal zone, on Cyprus, and at Amman in Jordan. Other possible air bases for Anglo-

American use are at Payne Field near Cairo, at Daharan in Saudi Arabia, and in Turkey. But even these bases have become so antiquated by post-war developments that they would soon be lost in the event of a major war.

Existing social, economic and political conditions in the Middle East make the creation of any situation of strength impossible in the near future. Internal dissatisfaction of minorities and inter-Arab dynastic rivalries prevent the formation of a united front.

Since nationalism first set alight the political imagination of the Arabs, there has been a constant play of Machiavellian tactics to win leadership of the movement. For years the clash for Arab leadership between Ibn Saud of Arabia, the Hashemite dynasties of Iraq and Jordan and King Farouk of Egypt has reverberated through the area. Even the Arab League, established in 1945, has failed to make headway in bringing about a substantial measure of unity. After the disaster of the Israel war all suggestion emanating from the League for a united military front were drowned in the backwash of national pride. No Arab nation wanted to give up the absolute control of its own military forces. Jordan was worried about the growing strength of Syria and Syrian troops were constantly on the look out for a military coup from Iraq. Iraq still remembered its border "incidents" with Saudi Arabia. Distrust of some immediate Arab neighbour is more of a significant factor to each of these nations than fear of aggression from outside the Middle East.

THERE are increasing indications that a critique of cricket is best expressed in terms of literary criticism. This is only natural when it is considered that the game, in its best department, is only a phase of universal poetry. An innings by Amarnath seizes the senses by storm as if it were a book of "Paradise Lost," while an hour of Hazare is like reading an ode by Keats when it is twilight and all the world is still.

The study of the spiritual resources of cricket (as they may be called without highfalutin) is a young branch of knowledge. But it would have made its presence in any case. If there had been no Mr. Neville Cardus, it would have been necessary to have invented him. He is the Aristotle of cricket criticism. It was, however, remarked of the Stagirate that he bethought himself of Chance to explain many phenomena which were obscure to him. On the other hand, Mr. Cardus had only to arrive on the scene for the theme to make itself delightfully clear to the meanest intellect. Here there are no obscurities or pedantries.

Countless generations have been informed that style is the man. The cardinal point of Mr. Cardus' philosophy is that the man is cricket. Every cricketer expresses himself in his innings with as much certitude as the fastidious and finical Pater did in his "Appreciations". Wittingly or unwittingly, his personality flows into and informs his batsmanship. Mush-taq Ali will not and cannot cut a ball to the boundary with that late exquisiteness which is the excellence of Merchant any more than Browning could have written the "Lady of Shalott." The true Mushtaq Ali, the authentic gamin, expresses himself when, with consummate impudence, he turns a ball pitched outside the off-stump to the square-leg boundary.

This principle, which Mr. Cardus has called the theory of the sensitive plant, is capable of wider application. Cricket as it is played in England is so different in characteristics and mannerisms from that played in

India as almost to be a different game. It is the impulse of the race that produces this difference. The Anglo-Saxon brings to cricket feelings, preferences and prejudices which are not those of the Indian. The Indian, a creature of the sun, is liable to be impulsive. His subtle mind induces in him a dissatisfaction with orthodoxy. The three unities are all very well, but fascinating realms may lie beyond them. His storied history ensures that there is nothing of the mean or awkward in his gestures. When he fails, he fails grandly. Indian cricket is symptomatic of a race whose history extends to over four thousand years, which formulated the first system of philosophy in human history, and whose great men have really known how to be emperors. Those who, misguided by the current wealth of West Indian cricket, attempt to relate it to the Indian game are not perspicuous. The former belong to an altogether different world, the world of the banjo, the plantation and the "spirituals". Indian cricket appertains to the Taj Mahal, the Ajanta caves and the *Bhagavad Gita*. It has always been princely.

It is significant that the first eminent Indian cricketer should have been a prince of the blood. The fact that Ranjisinghji played his cricket in England does not destroy the argument. For, his batsmanship was not like that of Englishmen. It created a geometry of its own. The astounded bowler might have crossed himself piously as he watched his lightning break-back negligently glanced to the leg boundary, but it was only natural and proper in the different scheme which the Prince formulated. In the Elizabethan or Stuart times he would infallibly have been burnt as a warlock, but the Victorian age (for all the contumely that is being heaped on it) had the perspicacity to realise his inward validity. It was more truly with "Ranji" that the authentic cricket of India commenced than with those worthy but laborious pioneers, the Parsis of 1886 and 1888.

The townspeople ran to meet the oncoming Stranger Knight. They hung garlands of flowers on his horse and gave him wine. Then they took him up to the top of the big tower, and showed him the Dragon, as it lay sprawled at full length on the hill above the town.

It was a Dragon, in all sooth, with great curving claws and black horrible scales, and, as it writhed, it belched fire and smoke over the landscape, wasting the sweet green countryside utterly.

"We have used every means for years to get ridde of him," said the Spokesman of the Townspeople, "but it is alle to no purpose. He simplie lieth above there, and he belcheth fire. Everythinge within reache he seizeth and devoureth, so that oure towne goeth rapidlie to blacke ruine."

"Have you tried newspaper propaganda?" said the Knight.

DR. AMBEDKAR'S RESIGNATION

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

The regal strain has persisted to this day. An innings by Merchant in its full bloom is like the emperor of Hindu tradition, statesque, marmoreal and magnificent. A century by Amarnath is the very incarnation of majesty. "The lovely ghost of Ranjitsinhji," writes Mr. Cardus, "can still be seen making conjurations in the sunshine whenever Amarnath is at the crease; this is glory, and renown, and posterity, and victory enough."

That other ornament of Indian cricket, Hazare, is cast in a gentler mould. Statistically speaking, perhaps the greatest glory of the game in India has been his centuries in each innings in the Adelaide Test against the full fury of Lindwall and Miller and the greatness of Johnston. But, Hazare is best remembered, not for his runs, for all that they have been innumerable, but for the grave beauty of his style. His art is the ultimate realisation of charm. There is no antagonism or defiance about it; it goes its own not seeking to hamper or obstruct others. Its main basis is scholarly, but it has built gloriously upon that somewhat arid foundation. An innings of his is a poem by Wordsworth translated in terms of cricket. Its attraction is not external; it depends for its sustenance on internal resources, the sturdy character, the sense of rhythm and appreciation of the appropriate that place Hazare above his fellows.

Umrigar has lately enlivened Indian cricket by his rude thumping blows. Here again his style is true to charac-

ter. He knows no finesse, he realises he can place full reliance on his brute strength. He opposes to the bowler a will as imperious as his and a determination as fully developed. This is a strain not to be despised, for it is a useful variant to the majestic and the tranquil.

These are only some aspects of modern Indian cricket. But I have neglected bowling, because it does not reveal characteristics and temperaments so clearly as batting does. It is not an unpleasant paradox that, with all these riches, India is yet to win an official Test. The very nature of these gifts militates against a crude, commercial victory. The Indian game is still mainly individualist, as befits a collection of artists, who each seeks to express his personality, not in the manner the fortunes of the team demand, but as his immortal soul dictates. Nor should this be a matter for sorrow. The cliché beloved of the post-prandial orator that "team spirit" is one of the many beneficial moral qualities the game inculcates, is best abandoned to that un-intellectual quarter. Cricket is best conceived (though this opinion may be outrageously heretical to some earnest souls) as an opportunity for some human beings to express themselves. To attempt to confine it in a moral strait waistcoat will be only to destroy its ineffable charm. Indian cricket may not have gained Test successes, but it has more valuable victories to its credit. These are Merchant, Amarnath, Hazare and Mushtaq Ali.

AN ILLUMINATED HANDBAG

If an inventor's wife had not burnt her clothes using a petrol-lighter to find a key in her handbag, an entirely new self-illuminating ladies' handbag would not be available today. The following morning her husband had converted the bag into the world's first handbag with an interior lighting system. Further experiments led to an improved design that is now patented.

The bag has a small 1-1/2 volt bulb fixed in one of the upper corners of the frame; the operating battery is tucked into a pocket inside the bag. This battery is only two inches long and takes up no more room than lipstick. When the bag is opened the light switches on, and it goes off automatically when the bag is closed. For daytime use the automatic on-and-off action can be cut out by a separate switch, thus saving the battery.—Chambers's Journal.

DR. AMBEDKAR'S resignation from the Union Government followed, as it has been, by his scathing condemnation of the administration and its policies, has not come as a surprise to those who have always regarded Pandit Nehru's Cabinet right from its inception as a unique assemblage of great talents but with irreconcilable views. That acute differences should arise between them off and on, was perhaps inevitable; but the sorriest part of it all has been the fact that it has become very nearly a tradition for the dissidents to make their exit as uncomfortable as possible to those who stay in. The notable, also the noble exception was Sri R. K. Shanmukham who has resisted the temptation of throwing mud at his colleagues, and has, on the other hand, been warmly applauding the achievements of the Government. Of a different category was Dr. Mathai, who did not make a frontal attack but chose to put down his feelings in a series of pen sketches, which were laudatory only in parts. The desperate position of East Bengal Hindus to some extent accounted for Shyama Prasad Mukerji's diatribes. As for Mr. R. A. Kidwai, his coming and going has the novelty of a hide and seek play and nobody has taken serious notice of it except himself.

Dr. Ambedkar's grievance that substantial portfolios were not given to him is probably justified. But this had always been the feature of the Central Cabinet. The Law Member in the old Viceroy's Council had always been the cinderella of the show, and until the late Sir N. N. Sircar assumed office, did not even have the right to initiate legislation. It was Sir Nripendranath who fought against Sir James Grigg on the issue and finally succeeded with the help of Lord Willingdon in wresting it from unwilling hands. In Madras, too, Mr. Justice Govinda Menon adverted last week to the incongruity of the Home Secretariat dealing with the working of the provincial judiciary. In Pandit

Nehru's Cabinet, Dr. Ambedkar was in charge of the responsible and historically the most important role of constitution making and the no less epoch-making codification of Hindu law which had been a problem since the days of Sir Henry Maine, and there is no reason why he should have aspired for other portfolios dealing with fleeting and unsubstantial things. Dr. Ambedkar came into the Cabinet with a reputation for anti-Congress and anti-Hindu bias; and as the *Calcutta Weekly Notes* recently mentioned, he was not a lawyer of high forensic achievements. But it is no disparagement of his predecessors to say that he has been the most erudite of India's Law Members. So outstanding had been his achievements that SAKA once tipped him for the Presidency. In regard to the *Hindu Code Bill*, his services were inestimable but he cannot accuse Pandit Nehru of remissness in enacting it forthwith. Both he and Pandit Nehru have had to fight against the incredible amount of ignorance and superstition which prevails in the country in regard to the measure; and that alone accounts for the delay.

Dr Ambedkar's complaint that major policies of the Government have been decided without collective deliberation, is to some extent legitimate, but the present Union Cabinet is not a pucca parliamentary Cabinet consisting solely of elected representatives; on the other hand it is but a team of experts improvised for the occasion, being more or less a continuation of Lord Wavell's interim Cabinet. Hence major issues have to be tackled on the Congress ideology as far as possible and with particular emphasis on Gandhian concepts. Take, for instance, India's foreign policy on which Dr. Ambedkar has a lot to say by way of criticism. It is plain that we cannot give the go-bye to the principle of non-violence and non-aggression. Our interests cannot be identical with those of the two warring camps in the world. Econo-

mically we are down and out and our participation in world wars will reduce us to smithereens. He points out that we have become friendless and that on that account we have to spend the huge sum of 180 crores annually for our defence. Criticism of this sort, however, rests on a number of fallacies. Our military budget is still not too high because of the vast stretch of the country and of the coastline, and of the not too friendly attitude of our neighbour who is always thinking of a Jihad. Secondly, the burden should also be shared by Part B States which on account of British intervention, have not so far contributed a rupee for the country's defence. Furthermore, unlike as in the previous regime, most of the moneys spent will be ploughed back into the country in the shape of salaries and allowances to the wholly Indian personnel and military equipment purchased locally. After all, what is wrong with our foreign policy? Supposing we had entered into the Koeran War, as America's ally, notwithstanding our slender resources, is there any doubt that we would have to return defeated and disgraced, incurring the enmity of the Chinese who are too near us? Take again the Japanese treaty in regard to which recently independent opinion both in England and America is applauding our decision. Although we might have displeased the big powers for the nonce, the fact remains that we have not sinned against posterity in Japan or been parties to what might ultimately be an Asian edition of the Treaty of Versailles. On the Iran oil issue, too, India cannot shut its eyes to the inherent justice of the Persian claims, although no doubt Iran, and Egypt also, are taking advantage of England's adverse circumstances in sharp contrast to

Gandhiji's oft observed dictum that England's defeat should not be India's opportunity.

Dr Ambedkar's solution of the Kashmir problem is impracticable. His plan for the partition of the country into Moslem and Hindu and Buddhist blocs, cannot commend itself to any one acquainted with the working of the Indian partition and in any event, the militant and mild cannot live together. His espousal of the cause of the Christians in India in juxtaposition with that of the Muslims, makes amusing reading. Christians have so far never felt themselves handicapped and their chosen leaders have no illusions on the matter. In regard to the scheduled castes, Dr. Ambedkar cannot help feeling touchy, but it is a fact that their accredited leaders, as well as his colleague Sri Jagjivan Ram have dissociated themselves both from his espousal and condemnation. He cannot reasonably complain that scheduled castes have not obtained Government jobs. It is perhaps too well-known that States have in the past even gone out of the way to pitchfork members of the community into high places, irrespective of seniority and efficiency. Even by conferring all appointments, does Dr. Ambedkar think that the present miserable condition of the vast bulk of the people can at all be improved? Only sustained and solid work carried on in a missionary spirit in the manner chalked out by Gandhiji, executed by Thakkar Baba and enforced by Rajaji when Premier of Madras, will better their lot. Dr. Ambedkar's principal point in his election manifesto, namely, the scrapping of Prohibition, may tend ultimately to the ruination of the scheduled castes in the country.

TWA ANNOUNCES REDUCED FARES

Norman C. Thompson, district Sales Manager-India, of Trans World Airlines announces the inauguration of special reduced off-season and Christmas fares. The Christmas fares will be valid for roundtrip transportation to be completed in 17 days, between December 10 and January 15, effecting a saving of Rs. 1,447. Mr. Thompson also points out that the new off-season fares from India, Pakistan or Ceylon to U. K. and U. S. A. are substantially lower than any offered before. The off-season single fare Bombay-London is as low as Rs. 1,533 while roundtrip transportation costs Rs. 2,273 as against the normal fares of Rs. 2,067 and Rs. 3,720 respectively.

PLACE OF ENGLISH IN FREE INDIA

OUR legislators and politicians have been very busy changing the names of places and having a fling against the English language, even at a time when more pressing problems were clamouring for solution. The recent decision of the Bombay Government urging upon the Vice-chancellors of the five universities in their state to take steps for the replacement of English by Hindi as medium of instruction within 1955 is an instance of such haste.

The English language is one of the rich legacies of British rule in India. Like so many other blessings of British rule, such as the rule of law and parliamentary institutions, the English language has been one of the finest gifts left by the departing foreigner. During the past one hundred years, the English language has been the chief unifying factor in India between the snow-capped mountains of Kashmir in the north and the palm-groves of Trivandrum in the south. The concentration of power at the centre and unity of administration were the two chief features of British rule, features which were very rarely met with during the long course of Indian history. The English language, along with the railways and the telegraph, has contributed to bring about a unifying link in a vast sub-continent of diverse creeds and climates.

With the exit of the English and with the advent of Swaraj, the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. In the wake of freedom, the forces of disintegration have set in and provincialism is rearing its ugly head. The demand for the formation of linguistic provinces is a pointer of the direction where the wind is blowing.

One wonders why the English language has become a red rag to the Congress bull. The Britishers have quitted India, Burma and Ceylon. They have evacuated the oil-fields of Persia. They have been given notice to quit the Suez canal zone by the nationalists of Egypt. The British Empire, as such, has ceased to exist. The English language, as it is at

present, divorced from the unpleasant association of a ruling race, has come to stay. With its subtle shades and delicate flavour, with its richness and flexibility, with its ever increasing vocabulary and readiness to absorb foreign words and modes of expression, the English language is pre-eminently suited to be the medium of instruction in universities, especially in the higher branches of arts and sciences. Hindi is a crude language still in the process of making. It has none of the richness and literature of Bengalee, none of the antiquity and grammatical perfection of Tamil, none of the sweetness of Telugu. If Hindi is to replace English in our universities it can do so only on the ground of its being spoken by about fifteen crores of people. No serious objection can be raised against Hindi, if it is to be made the lingua franca of future India, in view of the fact that it is an easily accessible language immensely popular with the teeming millions of India. But Hindi can never successfully take the place of English as a medium of instruction in our universities in as much as it lacks the flexibility and subtle potentialities of the English language.

English is a vital throbbing language, the chief regulating medium of the life lines of modern thought and science. The great currents of civilization and culture, of science and organized thought, flow through the English language. It is a telescope which brings us into close proximity with the foundations of western knowledge and scientific experiments that are being carried on in London and New York. It is a magic window enabling us to have an interesting peep at the colourful world beyond.

Any replacement of English by Hindi in our universities will only be a suicidal move, taking us back to the primitive bull-cart stage when we were frogs in the well. Any move to introduce Hindi in the place of English in imparting instruction in the higher reaches of knowledge will only be a mistaken reactionary step calculated to result in more harm than good.—S. RAMANATHAN.

STRANGE FACTS ABOUT ELEPHANTS

By MATTHEW HALTON

ELEPHANTS are nicer than politics and world affairs. I would sooner have an elephant than politics any day. With some people it's snakes: Gordon Sinclair, for example, would sooner write about snakes than anything else. But with me it's elephants—and when, the other day, I met a man who knows more about elephants than anyone else in the world, my chance had come.

The man is Lieut.-Col. J. H. Williams, known throughout Burma for 25 years as "Elephant Bill" and as the personal friend of every elephant he ever met. For over 20 years he was a forest engineer and elephant manager, living with elephants and their riders in the great teak forests and green jungles: and in the war he was Officer Commanding Elephants for the 14th Army. He has now written a book—"Elephant Bill" (published in London by Hart-Davis) and it is surely the best book ever written about "the biggest, wisest and most lovable animal on earth." The book has a thousand wonderful stories about elephants—exciting ones, amusing ones, fascinating ones; and when you meet Col. Williams, a humorous charming, gentleman, he tells you a hundred more.

Strange Facts

I had never known that an elephant could pick an aspirin tablet out of a pomegranate with his trunk; or that his worst enemy is leeches, not mice; or that the sacred white elephant calves were suckled by human midwives; or that elephants fall in love and court with an almost human ritual; or that their only sweat glands are between the toes or their front feet; or that Hannibal's elephants came from Asia; or that the great swaying giants, big though they are, eat 600 pounds of food a day. But "Elephant Bill" tells all that and far more.

Unfortunately, as you might guess, a book about elephants by an expert

dispels a number of our favourite myths and legends.

Are elephants afraid of mice more than of anything else? Col. William says No. An elephant can eject a mouse from its trunk in one snort, he says, "like a cork from a popgun." The creatures that get up their trunk and drive them crazy are not mice but leeches. Elephants are afraid of horses, too. Sometimes a whole train of elephants will stampede at the sight of a single pony. But above all they loathe and fear dogs. "A dog is one of the few animals at which an elephant will lash out with its trunk"—perhaps because he has an instinctive fear of hydrophobia.

Do elephants never forget? Well, they have wonderful memories. They remember a kindness or an injury for a long time. But as for the famous story about the circus elephant that one day recognized an old benefactor in a cheap seat and promptly lifted him out with his trunk and placed him in a higher class, that's probably not true. "The elephant is the most intelligent animal on earth," says Col. Williams. "Not even a really good sheep dog can compare with an elephant in intelligence. But their memories are not as phenomenal as all that."

Ferocious Mood

And where do elephants go when they are ready to die? Is it true that they make their painful way to a vast, secret elephant cemetery which no man has ever found? Alas, there is nothing in this sad and lovely myth. What happens is this. When the elephant nears his last days he takes to a solitary life. His cheeks are sunken, his teeth are worn out, he can no longer forage for all the food he needs, and he is losing weight, so he takes up his last home in the headwaters of a remote creek. He finds a pool above a gorge where there is plenty to eat. But the time comes when he sinks to his knees, too weak to rise, and his heart stops beating.

Then comes the monsoon and the rushing floods. The rotting body disintegrates in the torrents, is smashed to pieces by hundreds of tons of water, and finally it has completely disappeared—even the tusks eaten by the jungle porcupines. And that is why the elephants' graveyard is never found. It does not exist.

The African elephant is wilder and bigger and more magnificent looking than the Asiatic breed, and he has far bigger tusks (a set of African tusks has been known to weigh 300 pounds). But, he is not so well proportioned for heavy work and he is much harder to domesticate. In Asia, however, he has been man's faithful servant throughout history. Hannibal had only 37 elephants with him in his historic march over the Alps but, in the wars of the Princes of India, they were in trains of thousands. Prince Timour captured 3,000 elephants from Prince Mohammed after the battle of Delhi. "It is said," writes Col. Williams, "that they all had snuff put in their eyes so as to make them appear to weep tears of grief at having been defeated."

Col. Williams loves elephants. Simply and categorically, he loves them. For days before he left Burma he went around the country saying good-bye to 700 of them. They are all very lovable, he says, and they are always kind, gentle and civilised except in the mating season, and then the males are ferocious. During the mating season that male elephant has "an instinctive desire to fight and kill before mating. The mere act of mating does not kill his passion."

And it is at these times that elephants sometimes kill their handler. One animal gored to death nine of his riders. "One could walk up to him and give him a banana," writes Elephant Bill, "and he was so beautifully behaved one would think butter would not melt in his mouth. I have come across him feeding alone in the jungle many times, and have stopped to admire him. He never made the slightest attempt to attack me,"—but he killed nine riders.

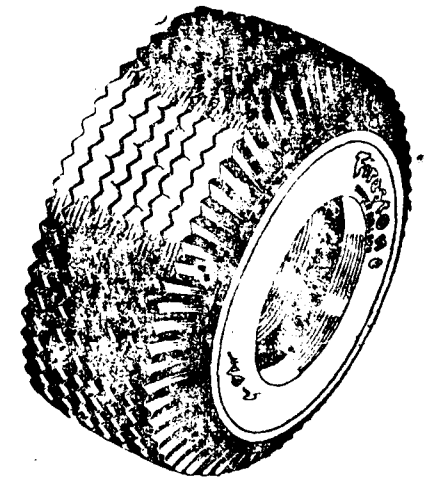
The most wicked elephant Williams ever met was Taw Sin Ma (Miss Wild Elephant) who loathed every European she saw. She must really have hated the western way of life because she would attack even a Burman if

he wore a white man's shirt or hat. She once chased Elephant Bill four miles through the jungle in a desperate attempt to kill him. "It was terrifying," he writes.

Fascinating Stories

It is terrifying, too, to watch a fight to the death between two bull elephants. They fight head to head, and he who tries to break away is lost. "Directly one of the contestants tries to break away and turn, he exposes the most vulnerable part of his body. The deadly blow is a thrust of one tusk between the hind legs into the loins and intestines." Some male elephants, incidentally, never grow tusks, but these are not, as some think, the weaklings of the herd. On the contrary, they are the strongest of all. The trunk of a non-tusker is so powerful that he can smash off an opponent's solid ivory tusk in one blow."

Elephant riders are called "oozies"—writes the author, "when he is promoted and has his own elephant. There is no more lovely sight than to see a 14-year-old boy riding a newly trained elephant calf of six. The understanding between them is



Firestone

**BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW**

equalled only by that of a child with a puppy."

Col. Williams tells fascinating stories of the elephant's intelligence. If an elephant wants to scratch its back, it doesn't always rub against a tree. It picks up a long stick in its trunk and scratches with that. When it pulls up a clump of grass by the roots, it smacks it against its foot to remove the dirt before eating.

Young elephants wear a wooden bell around their necks. They often plug up these bells with mud so the clapper will not ring when they are making forbidden raids at night into a grove of cultivated bananas.

If you hand an elephant a tamarind fruit, with a small pill hidden in it, he will extract the pill with his trunk and then hand it to you with a gesture of polite sarcasm, plainly saying: "Who do you think you're fooling?" That powerful trunk can kill a tiger, yet it is more sensitive than human fingers.

I asked Elephant Bill what was the cleverest thing he had ever seen elephants do. "It was during the flood in a river in the Pynmana forest," he said. "Three thousand big teak logs were coming down the river, and we were afraid they would destroy the bridge. We trained several elephants to stand on the upstream side of the bridge, one animal at each other pillar, and with his head facing downstream. Then, when the logs came rushing downstream, the elephants edged them between the pillars with their rumps, and no damage was done."

The life span of these gentle giants is about the same as that of men, a fact which strengthens Col. Williams in his feeling of kinship with them. Elephants are in their prime between the age of 35 and 45, and they live to about 80, he says: and his true stories about their mating habits are as

interesting and curious as some of the legends.

The average female elephant mates for the first time between the ages of 17 and 20 (though they start flirting, "sometimes quite enterprisingly," at 15 or 16, "very much like human flappers."). Elephants fall in love much like humans. Two animals suddenly become attracted to each other and the courtship lasts for days or even weeks. Their mating is very private. After the day's work they go off trunk in trunk, if not arm in arm, to their jungle's bower, and their love-making "is more simple and lovely than any myth—quite without the brutishness and the cruelty" in the mating of other animals. The period of gestation is 22 months. After the first ten months the female becomes aware of her pregnancy, and then seeks out a female friend, or auntie to be with her.

When the calf is born, it is kept between the mother and the auntie all the time to protect it from tigers (tigers kill a quarter of all elephant calves born.) The calf is suckled by its mother for three or four years. "When the sacred white elephant of Mandalay palace was a calf its mother died," writes Col. Williams "and it was suckled by 20 young Burmese women daily as wet nurses, and so reared." Elephants have an average of four calves in their lives, though one has been known to bear her eighth calf at the age of 61.

During the war, Col. Williams was made "elephant adviser" to the 14th Army, and it was then that he had his greatest adventure. When the Japanese made their great attempt to invade India in 1944, he took the elephants out from Imphal to Assam over mountains higher than those over which Hannibal took his lumbering cavalry over 2,000 years ago. He describes the adventure, modestly but excitingly, in his book.—Copyright—N.N.F.

NEW KIND OF LIGHT

Electrical engineers in Salem, Massachusetts, have developed a new form of lighting—a glass panel that produces a soft, uniform glow when connected with an electric circuit. Called a panelescent lamp, the luminous glass is said to be the first completely new kind of light source since the invention of the fluorescent tube.

Engineers say the panelescent lamp is not expensive to operate. Suggested uses for the panels include luminous walls and ceilings, doorway nameplates and clock faces.

THE ROMANCE IN NAMES

WHEN an announcement appears in the papers, or when somebody whispers in your ear that Mr. So and So is appointed to such and such post, you need not tax your brain or question your good friend or make your thoughts fly into the air to know from which province he comes. Your problem is solved if only you know how provincialism plays on poor, innocent names.

When you see a name ending in say, Swami, Chari, Naidu or Mudaliar, make yourself cocksure that he is a Madrasi. To give you examples like Narayanaswami, Rajagopalachari, Subbaya Naidu and Ramaswami Mudaliar is unnecessary. It is enough if you just catch the tail of the name.

Sometimes Madrasi names also end in Rao, Reddi, Aiyar, Ayyangar, Pillai and Chettiar. But supposing he is a Malabari, then Menon, Kutty, Kuni, Naik and Nair will inevitably have to follow. Some of the Madrasi names give us no little trouble, in fact, there must be some relation between the alphabet and some of the names. For a pious name like Balaramakrishna Venkatagopala Narayana Rao is not quite out of the ordinary. But unfortunately it has taken a turn like this—B. K. V. G. N. Rao. You can very easily and profitably exercise for an elocution contest by pronouncing these tongue twisters.

Coming to Bombay, it is a lovely place with lovable names. If you get a Das or especially a double Das in a name like Mukuldas Lakhmidas, you can safely go to him for funds, provided your luck is favourable. Most unfortunately such names are very rare. Usually you come across names ending in Shah, Mehta or Kar.

Occasionally the problem of names is greatly solved by Pithawallas, Millwallas, Londonwallas and Multanwallas. It is really a unique discovery of the human brain. You can pick up anything and add walla to it, and presto it becomes a name.

But one thing pains me greatly. People have now begun making their names a dash-dot-dash affair. A name like Gokal L. Mehta and name like Kristna B. P. Somji are examples.

Most probably this fashion may spread like wild fire in post-war India when it is supposed that more facilities will be available for transport, communications and individual enterprise.

Bengal has a good variety of names. Bihar, Orissa and Assam seem to come under her good influence. You have many a Roy, Chakravarty and Chowdhury, not to speak of Chatterjee, Mukherjee and Bannerjee. You come across many a time a Bose, Dutt, Mallick, Sarkar, only they are too common. If it cannot be helped further, they end in a Ghose, Sen, Mitter or Mitra or even Misra.

In U. P., Punjab, Sind and Frontier, names end squarely in Lal or Chand or Ram. Don't you come across names like Choturam, Mohan Lal or Prem Chand? After the famous Amarnath, names ending in 'Nath' are on the increase. Names in Sind are influenced both by Punjab and Bombay. Names ending in Khan might have been first born in the Frontiers but they are spreading slowly in the Punjab and Sind.

What about Muslim names? They carry no provincialism with them. If at all they do so, they will be one Abdulla Kutty in Malabar and a Karim Chowdhury in the Punjab or Bengal. But surely Muslim names carry internationalism with them.

People who believe that their ancestors came from Madras, Aden or Yamen or some other town in Arabia, will attach to their names Madani, Adeni or Yameni. If he thinks that he is a pure Persian and came from Shiraz, Isphahan or Yazd, then he will become a Shirazi, Isphahani, or Yazdani.

But nobody has so far found out if these people have a drop of their supposed country's blood after 200 or 300 years of stay in India!

Then there are some persons from the names of whom you can also know the place of their birth in India, like Lucknavi, Dehlevi, Multani, etc. And who knows from tomorrow you may have the names of streets even, for example a Kashmiri Bazari, Connaught Circus of Kalaghati!—M. MASHI-
UZ-ZAMAN ADONI.

A TOTALITARIAN PLAN FOR FILMS

By "NAMBS"

THE Film Enquiry Committee appointed by the Government of India on 1st September 1949 signed its report on 2nd March 1951 and the report was published on 11th October 1951.

The Committee has reported in detail on many aspects of the film industry as they saw it, as they heard about it and as they were told about it. They have in passing made suggestions for freer import of raw films, fuller imports of equipment, increased imports of arc lamp carbons. They have also said that more cinemas should be allowed to be built and that more touring cinemas should be encouraged to provide the entertainment needs of the people in the villages.

"Friend, Philosopher and Guide"

The main recommendation of the Committee is the setting up of a Film Council which will have statutory powers to control, regulate and direct all aspects of film production in the country. The Committee presumed for itself that the difficulties faced by the film industry are to be removed only by a Government sponsored Council which is to be vested with the fullest powers to deal from the time you think of a film story till the time the film has finished its run. The Committee unashamedly says that any attempt of the industry to put its own house in order should be resisted. The whole thing seems to be the result of a selfish wish that the party in power should have the films for use for "education and publicity." This is a totalitarian idea and needs to be sternly resisted by the public and the press and the producers. The Committee has sugar-coated this proposal by including members from the industry in the Film Council. This is a plain hoax on everybody, because the whole comprehensive scheme is one where the films in India are to be made in a manner directed by a department under the Ministry of In-

formation and Broadcasting without calling it a department. The description of it as "autonomous" is just an eyewash.

Production Code Administration

The Committee has made much of the Production Code Administration in America and suggested that it should be adopted in India. One salient point they want us to forget is this. The PCA in America is a non-official body organised by the film industry itself responsibly carrying on its work based on public goodwill. The Film Enquiry Committee wants a PCA in India which is to be an official body sponsored and controlled by the Government.

India is a vast country with a large population of various languages, customs, creeds, habits, cultures. The country's growth will be dependent upon the fullest scope given to individual initiative and enterprise and enthusiasm in every walk of life; more so in the films. The Committee's recommendation to invest a small group of men with wide and collective powers over this universal national entertainment industry cannot be sustained on merits, however eminent these "experts" happen to be chosen. It is fundamentally wrong to allow any small minority group to control and decide what the millions want for entertainment. Freedom for the film is as important as freedom of speech, or freedom of the press. This has been recognised in all countries of the world, except those governed by dictators. The common man is sensible enough to choose what he wants. His only prayer is that State propagandists do not carry him forcibly without his being able to resist it. This recommendation of the Committee has thus no point of justification at all.

Film Finance Corporation

The setting up of a Film Finance Corporation with one crore of rupees as capital is given as a corollary of this recommendation. The Film

Finance Corporation is to be given full control over the production side of the industry and films financed by it are to enjoy all sorts of privileges and priorities. The Committee wants that annual production be reduced to 200 from the existing 275 films, a fact that has made the Indian film industry the second largest in the world. This type of "controlled finance and production" is the best way to kill initiative and enterprise in the film industry. The country needs more cinemas, more pictures and more varieties of films. Financing by a Government body will only expose the film industry to a new disease fraught with immense dangerous consequences. The Film Finance Corporation will cause a drain of public money, without any benefits either to the industry or to the public. Films are risky ventures and it is only by co-relating the efforts and the rewards with the attached risk that progress can be achieved. The Film Finance Corporation proposal will only help to maintain another department of Government and put more spokes in the way of the film industry.

In Britain

In Britain the Government have voted eight million pounds so far for the Film Finance Corporation, which started with five million pounds two years ago. A negligible sum out of the amounts advanced alone has come back and they have already started giving up hopes of recovering this money. The money went into the hands of a few 'favoured' producers. The industry's technicians are not fully employed, production has dropped and there has been no other improvement in the British films. Even the American producers are reducing their production in England, which means theatres in Britain would not have enough films to keep them open. The British film industry groaned under the entertainment tax. The Government gave a deaf ear to the cry. Then they said they would devote some amount for financing films. And now they find that they have started on a wrong road. The film industry has not been helped, the money has been spent. They are in a fix as to how to get out of the whole thing.

Censorship

The Committee has rightly said that in the matter of films parents may be trusted to look after their children and that the State should not interfere in this matter. It has recommended that films passed for adults only may be seen by children when accompanied by parents or guardians, as allowed in Britain.

Entertainment Tax

The Committee has viewed with alarm the high entertainment tax prevailing in the various States in the country and asked for it to be reduced to a rate not exceeding 20 per cent of the gross ticket amount.

It is a moot question whether it is justifiable to tax entertainments at all. The whole economics of film production has been upset by this high entertainment tax. The entertainment tax has reached a stage where the maximum return from a film is to the Government and not to anyone else. And the return to the producer has been continuously reduced reaching a stage at which his share is not enough to make him continue in production. After the productions close down there is no use Government opening their eyes as they did in Britain or as they did in Madras in the matter of dramatic troupes.

Freedom For Film Lengths

The Committee is of the view that a restriction on the length of films will do immense injury to the work of creative persons in the industry. They have strongly recommended that no such restriction should be thought of in future under any circumstance. Exhibitors in Bombay have also informed the Committee that they too prefer long films, as in the South.

Film Publicity

The Committee wants the Film Council to be given powers to control material, methods and money used for publicity of films. One fails to understand how any group of men can become so blind as to suggest that avenues for ingenuity, intellectual display and novelty be subjected to the orders of a bureaucratic group.

Government Films

The Committee has complained that the Government are not using

films for "education and publicity" sufficiently. The cat is out of the bag. The intention of the Government and the Committee towards films is couched in these words. They want to use films as a vehicle for State propaganda. Can there be anything more abominable?

The present practice of compelling theatres to show Government produced film shorts and newsreels and making them pay for it comes in for condemnation at the hands of the Committee. It says that the legal position is not clear and should be clarified. In the same breath they suggest that in view of "proved usefulness" legislation be passed to give required powers to the Government for this compulsory showing. They suggest that if necessary the Consti-

tution may be amended to make this possible. What scant respect the Committee pays for the Constitution and private citizens' rights!

An Authoritarian Plan

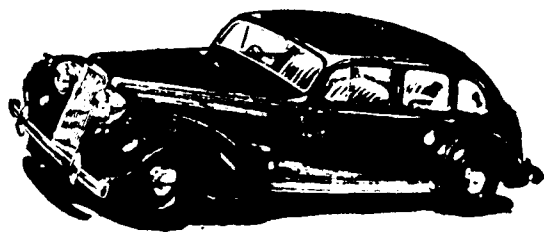
All points considered, the Film Enquiry Committee's scheme is, as the *Mail* has admirably put it, "an authoritarian plan which, if carried out, would inevitably turn the film industry into an instrument of Government and a placid transmitter of its creeds and views: deny the public any entertainment save what the State approves for its own ends."

The public should take note of the sweeping nature of the Film Enquiry Committee's recommendations and move so that they are not given effect to.

SOVIET CALENDAR DROPS LENIN DAY

The Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. has decreed that January 22—Lenin Day—will cease to be a public holiday from next year. The decree of the Supreme Soviet points out that the abolition of Lenin Day as a public holiday was done "in response to numerous suggestions and requests of trade unions and other public organisations."

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Historical Story

THE HORNET'S NEST

By JOHN O' HIND

"THE Rathors will never suffer it," said Durgadas, Minister and guardian to the infant prince of Marwar. With him was Jaya Singh, the young chief of Pithor. They were pacing on the terrace of the main wing of the Maharaja's residence in Delhi.

The young chief had but recently returned to Delhi and was told about the crisis. It was a conflict between Rajput honour and Mughal ambition; and neither was disposed to yield to the other.

"To suggest that a Rajput Prince should be brought up in a Mughal harem!" continued Durgadas in indignant tones. "The Padshah must be out of his senses. Anyway, we Rathors will never suffer it, that's certain!"

"Is there no way to avoid an open rupture?" asked the young chief.

"There is none—unless Aurangzeb agrees to give up the insane idea of taking away the heir to his palace. Soon after the death of Maharaja Jaswant Singh, Aurangzeb decided to annex Marwar because there was no heir at the time, and the posthumous birth of the Prince Ajit came as an unforeseen obstacle. But the Padshah declines to recognize Ajit as legitimate heir to the kingdom of Marwar. On the top of that he wants us to give up the Prince to his keeping! Honour as well as commonsense forbids us to consent to the proposal and there is no knowing what imperial greed may not do to attain its ends. No!" Durgadas shook his head decisively. "There is no way to avoid a rupture as things stand at present. And if the Emperor forces his own way, we will offer armed resistance. We are already in a state of siege. See yonder."

He pointed towards the troops stationed outside the four entrances. "They are there by the order of the Emperor to foil any attempt that might be made to remove the Prince out of the premises."

Durgadas continued, "And I declare that it will be a dark day for the Moghul Empire, mighty and imposing as it looks, if Aurangzeb actually attempts to take away the infant Maharaja of Marwar by force—by the way, have you been to the infant Maharaja?"

"Yes, I have paid my respects to him. His Highness appeared to be in good health and roared lustily in the nurse's arms."

"Where was it?"

"In the audience room close to the Ranis' quarters."

An enigmatic smile crossed the other's face. He came closer to the young chief and whispered, "Jaya Singh, can you keep a secret? I can perfectly trust your honour and discretion. What would you think if I tell you..."

At that moment a ripple of merry laughter fell on their ears. Durgadas paused and looked around him. There was no one besides themselves on the terrace. He walked to its end and leaned over the parapet. The young man followed. Looking down at the terrace of the adjacent wing of the building which stood one storey lower, they found two women dressed as Rajput ladies of the upper class. One of them was considerably younger than the other looking not more than eighteen. In one hand she was holding a bow, with the other she was adjusting an arrow to the string. A few more arrows were placed on the narrow ledge of the parapet close by her. Her companion was middle-aged.

"Come, Princess," she was saying, "can you hit that dark spot on the wall from here?"

"You think I can't?" returned the girl bending the bow. Her voice was melodious to the ear, and young Jaya Singh thought he had never heard any sound half so sweet. The girl

now let go and the shaft hit the exact spot indicated by her companion. The latter clapped her hands.

"Ah, that is neatly done. You seem to have improved. Now, can you send an arrow between those two twigs standing close together without hitting either?" She pointed towards a clump of trees some distance away from the outer wall.

"Certainly I can. But I don't want to waste my arrows. Last time you challenged me to it and I lost half a dozen. I have but a few left to practise with."

"Never mind. Arrows are not so very difficult to get." The elder woman handed her an arrow. "Now shoot that clean between those two twigs and I bet you the golden bracelet you gave me the other day."

"That will be unfair to you, Padma," said the girl. But she took the arrow and a minute later it flew over the wall straight towards the mark. It passed between the twigs, but grazed one of them slightly.

The girl laughed at her failure. "Lost the wager, Padma. You may keep your bracelet."

The women were unaware of the two men looking at the scene from above. "It is only Ratna practising archery, her favourite pastime," said Durgadas drawing back.

"Who is Ratna?" asked the young man somewhat unwilling to lose sight of the interesting spectacle. Just then the girl looked up and saw him gazing down on her. Their eyes met; the next instant she dropped hers. He had a fleeting vision of a beautiful face, which still retained some traces of its girlishness. Jaya Singh felt his heart beating a little faster than normal.

"She is a Princess of the house of Marwar, a near relation of the late Maharaja," said Durgadas. "I don't remember having ever seen the other woman. Perhaps a new maid of honour," he added doubtfully.

"Now Jaya Singh," said Durgadas resuming the broken thread of their conversation. "I was about to reveal to you a secret which is known to barely half a dozen people besides myself. The infant Maharaja of Marwar to whom you have paid your respects

is no Maharaja at all, but only the child of a poor milkman!"

"What!"

"Not so loud. Even the walls may have ears. It is a precaution which seemed very necessary in the present situation."

"Then the birth of the infant prince is a lie?—an invention in order to..."

"Certainly not. The infant prince is a fact. Only we have hidden the real prince and the Ranis in a safe place, but for the benefit of those not in the secret, we are keeping the milkman's brat and its mother in the Ranis' quarters. Do you see that outhouse built against the back wall? A strange habitation to bring up royal princes in."

Jaya Singh listened with bated breath to the strange tale.

"We may expect an attack any time now," continued Durgadas. "We shall, of course, oppose any attempt of the Emperor's forces to break into the residence of the Maharaja of Marwar. We have about a hundred men within these walls, and perhaps as many scattered throughout Delhi to withstand the might of the Moghul Court. While we are overpowered here and the bogus prince taken away to the Moghul harem, the real prince will be quite safe in obscurity. But for this guard around the house, he would by now have been safe in the heart of his own domains. Tomorrow I propose to go to the Moghul Court to make my last appeal. If the Padshah turns a deaf ear to that, it means undying hostility between the Moghul Court and the great Rajput houses. Our small force will be exterminated, no doubt, but I give my solemn word, Aurangzeb will live to regret the folly he is about to commit."

"Will it be safe to go to the Court just now?" ventured the young man. "What if they imprison you? It will deprive our small garrison of its proper leader."

"I shall be very careful, and will not unwarily put my neck into the noose. While I am away I leave Raghunath and yourself in joint command."

Soon after that Durgadas went down into the house. His young companion stayed on the terrace and

looked over the parapet, hoping to get another vision of the charming young princess he had seen just a while ago. The dusk was thickening. While waiting he saw a light appearing at a window—a woman's hand holding a lamp. The light glimmered for only a short while and went out suddenly.

Early morning Jaya Singh went to see Durgadas before he went out to the Court, but his servant told Jaya Singh that his master had not been seen since last evening!

As he stood puzzling over this, he heard light footsteps beside him. He turned round and saw the young princess standing there. She wished to see Durgadas urgently. When she was informed that he had disappeared rather unaccountably she exclaimed, "It is very strange! People seem to be disappearing. My new maid Padma is nowhere to be seen! I saw her going into her room last night. In the morning I found her room empty! She is nowhere within the premises. Now Durgadas too has disappeared."

"Strange! Very strange!" was all that Jaya Singh could find to say.

Soon they were joined by Raghunath, Durgadas's trusty lieutenant, who took the matter lightly.

"Perhaps he has gone out before anybody was awake. I shall send somebody to make enquiries."

But the guards on duty would not let anyone in or out of the four walls of the compound. It appeared they had received fresh instructions from the Court. The inmates realised that they were virtually prisoners.

"It is the signal," observed Raghunath. "The hour has come to show how the Rajputs die in defence of their honour. Most probably we may not see Durgadas any more. We must be ready at once—an attack may come any time now."

Princess Ratna had already gone back to her quarters. Raghunath and Jaya Singh hurriedly laid down a plan: they divided the small force into four detachments, one for each gate.

"Should not there be a guard in defence of the outhouse?" asked Jaya Singh.

"No! we will contest the four gates and if compelled to fall back, will do so fighting every inch of the ground towards the main building. We shall ask the two Ranis, I mean the real ones, to don male costume and try to slip out with the Prince during the fight. They won't quail, they have the Rajput hearts. Once they are safely out of the house, our duty is half done."

The preparations were all made in silent haste. Raghunath was to watch the front gate, while Jaya Singh was in charge of the gate on the left hand. These two entrances were the nearest from the Delhi Fort and the most likely to be attacked first.

The troops outside noticed the preparations for defence by the garrison. They thought the Rajputs were about to make a sortie, and held themselves in readiness for the expected attack. Thus the two opposing forces now stood facing each other across.

It was now about noon, and Raghunath commanding the front gate saw from his post two Moghul officers pulling up their steeds before the gate. Following them was a small force of cavalry. Raghunath easily recognised the two officers. They were the Provost of Delhi and the Captain of the Imperial Guards.

Presently the Provost advanced towards the gate which stood closed and barred. It was a low fragile frame-work of timber, not at all designed to stand a siege. Over the gate the officer addressed the small body of troops standing in front.

"Open the gate at once. It is the Emperor's order!"

Raghunath took a few steps forward. "We shall answer the Emperor's order, only if you favour us with its purport."

The officer eyed the small band and its leader with contempt.

"You are in command here? Then know it, it is the Emperor's wish to take into his protecting custody the infant known as Prince Ajit reported to have been posthumously born to his late vassal the Maharaja Jaswant. Now open the gate at once and make way for the Emperor's officers!"

"Then this is our answer," replied Raghunath. "We, the loyal retainers of the Maharaja Jaswant Singh of Marwar, think that Prince Ajit is far safer where he is than he would be in the harem of the Mughal Emperor, and that we have no intention of giving him up to anyone—not even if Aurangzeb himself comes to take him!"

"This is treason!" exclaimed the officer. "Fool, do you realise what you are doing? Can you resist the Emperor's might with this puny force? Be advised! Unbar the gate or we make our way by force!"

"Then by force let it be!"

The Provost retired from the gate. The brave little band inside heard commands being given to the troops for the assault. Next instant a score of Mughal soldiers hurled themselves against the gate. The frail wooden structure gave way with a crash, and a shout of triumph rose from the enemy ranks.

But the foremost of the attackers were received on the points of Rajput spears which now bristled in close formation in the narrow gateway. Then followed a terrible hand-to-hand fight. With every minute the pile of fallen bodies rose higher in the passage. There were fewer dead among the Rajputs, though none remained unwounded; but their losses were irreparable, while the Imperialists could throw away a hundred lives without feeling the loss. They neglected the other gates and concentrated all their might against the frontal one alone.

At last the small band under Raghunath was reduced to a dozen men, all severely wounded. They now hastily retreated towards the house. Meanwhile a shout from the left rose above the din. It was Jaya Singh making a flank attack on the enemy. Seeing the front gate forced he had hastily collected half of the forces left before the other gates and had now come to the rescue. This turned the scales and the remaining Rajputs fell on the enemy with redoubled fury. But it was only a momentary respite. The seasoned troops of the Emperor soon rallied and the Rajput ranks thinned rapidly. Their total extinction was but a matter of time.

Raghunath had already fallen.

Thus Jaya Singh remained the sole leader. Placing himself at the head of the gallant band, he fought his ground inch by inch. A blow from a Mughal scimitar broke his sword. Deprived of his weapon, Jaya Singh was completely at his opponent's mercy. The scimitar was again raised to give the young chief his coup de grace. But it fell harmlessly to the ground and Jaya Singh saw his attacker sinking down, with an arrow half-buried in his breast.

As Jaya Singh gazed wonder-struck, another arrow clove the air finding its mark in the throat of a Mughal soldier who was now advancing upon him. The arrows were coming from behind and above him! He suddenly recalled to mind a girlish figure seen last evening practising archery. Slightly turning the head, he caught a glimpse of the same figure on the terrace of the house shooting arrows in right earnest. He was not able to look longer. He took hold of a sword he found fallen from the hand of a dead comrade and again joined the fight.

The contest had now become very unequal and the Emperor's forces poured into the courtyard in overwhelming numbers. A heavy blow on the head felled Jaya Singh to the ground, and he felt himself trampled under as the soldiers rushed towards the house and then all went dark.

When Jaya Singh again came to himself he found the courtyard littered with the bodies of fallen men. He could hear the shout and roar of the Mughal soldiery now in possession of the house. Raising himself on one elbow he looked about him and saw Princess Ratna standing beside him.

"They are sacking the house," said she as if in answer to his unspoken enquiry. "The infant Prince and the Ranis will be in their hands soon. Our cause is lost!" Her voice quivered as she said it.

"Lost, do you say? Nay, by the help of God, we may still triumph," and he swiftly passed round the house and turned his steps towards the out-house. The Princess followed close behind. No one noticed them. The soldiers were busy sacking the royal quarters.

Jaya Singh soon reached the out-house, and pushing open a rickety

door he entered. The room was empty but he found a large hole newly made in the wall. At a distance stood a sentry and a woman. The woman saw Jaya Singh and both ran up towards him. Princess Ratna now saw that the woman was no other than her recently lost maid Padma!

"Why, it is our Princess Ratna," said the woman mockingly as she came up. "And who is this blood-stained champion? I suppose you are looking for the inmates of the hut. They are gone for about an hour. While you were engaged in defending the front door, some Mughal officers broke open the wall and took away the infant Prince and the disguised Ranis. Ah, you may well look aghast. You thought nobody knew, but the Court was kept regularly informed of what was passing here."

Jaya Singh staggered and would have fallen had not Ratna supported him. So, the cause was lost! All their valour, all their brave lives, so selflessly sacrificed—all was in vain! Curse this woman spy who had brought their careful plans to nought! All his energy now forsook him. He leaned against the wall listlessly.

He was awakened from this fit of despair by Ratna. She took his arm and led him out of the hut.

"We must leave here at once," she whispered into his ear. "The soldiers are coming this way."

"Let them come. Our cause is lost. What remains for us but to die like Rajputs, sword in hand?"

"Nay, we have still work to do. Royal prisoners have been rescued from their prisons before now, and it may well happen again, when there are willing hearts to make the attempt."

The prospect of action at once revived Jaya Singh. There was a stable near by. They saddled two horses, sprang on their backs, and galloped toward the front gate which was left unguarded. They tore through it and were soon away down the road in south-western direction. A few stragglers saw them, but none ventured to stop them.

"This is clearly the route they have taken," observed Ratna. "See the hoof marks. There were at first only

a score in the company but it appears that more joined them later."

"You have a keen eye, Princess. But why should they go away from Delhi?"

"Some out of the way fortress may be the intended prison for the Prince to ensure greater secrecy," ventured the Princess.

The track of the cavalcade was easy to follow. It soon led them out of the environs of Delhi through a wild uninhabited track of the country. The sun was now declining to the west. The two riders put their steeds into a fast gallop hoping to overtake the company ahead of them before nightfall.

When they had thus covered about nine miles from Delhi they noticed towards the horizon rising clouds of dust. It was a party of horsemen. More than that they could not know because of the dust that enveloped them.

"It must be the Prince," said Ratna excitedly.

"It seems so," agreed her companion.

They slowed down. Their intention was just to keep the party in sight. After a time, Ratna suddenly pulled up.

"What is that?" she asked, listening. From behind them came sounds of horses at a gallop.

"A party of cavalry to be sure. Are they after us?"

"Perhaps new troops to reinforce those carrying away the Prince," suggested Jaya Singh.

The pat-pat of horse-hoofs could now be clearly heard. Looking about them the two fugitives saw a ridge and at once made for it, and soon got to the other side of it. From this refuge they peered over the edge and saw a force of Mughal cavalry evidently making every effort to overtake the party ahead of them.

Now the forces going in advance became aware of the newcomers. Part of the preceding force was now seen wheeling round and coming to meet the advancing party.

Suddenly Ratna exclaimed, "We have made a mistake. They are Rajputs!"

She was right. The two forces now met in full career, and next moment several horsemen on either side lay sprawling on the ground. Then followed a regular battle. The Mughals lost a good many of their number, but the Rajputs fell fighting literally to the very last man.

The two spectators on the ridge watched the fight with breathless interest. Once Jaya Singh spurred his horse, fully intending to join the melee. But sorely wounded and exhausted, the exertion was too much for him, and he fell down from his horse senseless. Through Ratna's ministrations he soon recovered, but was too weak to make the attempt again. And the Mughal force had already passed out of their view.

An hour later when they again came in sight of the Mughals there were but a handful of them wearily urging their jaded beasts back along the way they had come. Behind them amidst the dead and the dying, stood eight men looking after the retreating foe.

Jaya Singh recognised them and lost no time in joining them.

"Most bloody work," said the leader of the brave band. "But the day is ours. See the enemy staggering back towards Delhi!"

"But where is the Prince, Durgadas?"

"The Prince is safe. When I learned that the Mughals were in possession of our secret, I had to recast our plans at once. All the night I collected men and as you and Raghunath engaged the enemy at the front gate, we quietly went round to the rear and breaking down the wall got out the Prince and the Rani. The guard outside helped us, for we were in the guise of Mughals!"

"But how did you learn that the Mughals knew our secret?"

"That was just luck. You remember Princess Ratna practising archery on the terrace last evening? I saw

the new maid stealthily take an arrow from inside the folds of her dress and hand it to Ratna, which she shot towards the clump of trees outside the wall. This set me thinking and soon after word was brought to me that she was caught in the act of signalling with a lamp to somebody outside. I at once went out and searched the clump of trees and found the arrow. Under its head was a thin folded piece of paper from which it became clear that spies have been at work, and our secret was no secret at all. On my return to the house I was denied admittance by the guard. Then I knew that the time for action had come, and I acted, and thank God, the Prince is now safe on the way to Jodhpur."

"Your practising archery appears to have had momentous consequences, Princess," said Jaya Singh half an hour later. Durgadas and his men had passed on, and Jaya Singh and Ratna were following behind.

"Am I to blame if my maid proved treacherous?" returned the Princess.

"Not in that instance. But you are fully responsible for another sort of darts."

"You mean my shooting your assailants from the top of the house?"

"Ah, that is quite true, and I owe my life to you. But I mean another kind of darts."

"What, another kind?" said Ratna.

"Those employed by the God of Love! They have left a deep wound which will never heal unless—unless you yourself supply the remedy too."

Ratna remained silent.

"Am I to live in the hope of the remedy, or perish from the wounds, my Princess and Preserver!" urged Jaya Singh again.

"I....I can't deny it to you," replied Ratna at last. "It will be.... too unkind after all you have done for the Rajput cause."—Copyright —CPM.

May we not at least endeavour to achieve unanimity in the spelling of the Persian Prime Minister's name, asks a correspondent in *The Times*, London. He gives the following versions of differences in spelling:

THE TIMES	..	Moussadek
MANCHESTER GUARDIAN	..	Musaddiq
DAILY TELEGRAPH	..	Mossadeq
NEWS CHRONICLE	..	Mossadiq
DAILY EXPRESS	..	Mossadeq
He adds that "in order to dissociate itself from the British viewpoint," the New York Herald Tribune names him Mossadegh.		

THE SAGA OF LLOYD GEORGE

TOM JONES MEMORIES

TOM JONES was a teacher and a preacher. As a teacher, he rose in the end to be President of the University College of Wales. As a preacher, he once said that he preached 69 sermons one year and earned £27 14s. 6d.

Lloyd George brought him into public life, and made full use of him. Tom was capable and likeable, and he spoke Welsh. The Prime Minister and he could exchange views in conference or on the telephone with a pretty fair chance that no Saxon would understand a word.

After Lloyd George fell, Tom Jones served his successor at 10, Downing Street, Bonar Law, faithfully and well.

Ramsay MacDonald never took to him, although his political opinions at that time were Radical, if not Socialist.

Tom Jones's last service in political office was with Lord (Stanley) Baldwin and, for Tom, Stanley could do no wrong.

He wrote an article for the *Observer* on the Abdication of King Edward VIII, and in that story, though there are many Wicked Characters, there is one Good Man. It is Stanley Baldwin again.

Association with Baldwin changed Tom Jones's earlier "Leftism," which continues in his daughter, Socialist M. P. Mrs. Eirene White. Indeed, he went so far to the Right as to approve of Franco's rebellion in Spain. Now, at the age of 81, he has written a remarkable book (Lloyd George, Oxford University Press, London, 21s.) on his first old boss.

Missed

It is remarkable that a man with an imagination so lively and a vocabulary so vivid could have written about Lloyd George, of all people, in a style which so misses the drama of the subject of his biography.

The author notes, and lights up, the faults of the giant. In this, indeed, there is no lack of energy. He lays no

stress whatever on his mighty achievements.

But it is most remarkable of all that, at 81, Tom Jones should have produced this work. For at that age Lloyd George himself was long past his own old vigour, and neither Bonar Law, Baldwin, nor MacDonald ever reached it.

Lloyd George had the greatest influence of any public man then living in the world on the history of our times. For many a year he absolutely dominated British, and even world, politics.

His glittering career begins with the century, when he is being stoned by mobs for his anti-Boer War crusade.

It ends, almost with the Second World War, before the century has run half-way—and see what has happened all because of this man!

By FRANK OWEN

Unemployment

He began health insurance, launched Old Age Pensions. He raised the great human problem of unemployment to a foremost issue in British politics.

He started "soaking the rich." He first curbed the peers. He uplifted the trade unions. He gave Labour its earliest real political recognition, and so set it on the constitutional path.

The First World War came, and he started off as a pacifist. The Retreat from Mons ended that, and soon he is emerging as a leader among the Ministers bent on war. Lloyd George is in it to win it.

He is primarily responsible for the First War Coalition, which followed a Tory refusal to confirm Mr. Winston Churchill's new Board of Admiralty (he was then First Lord) after his quarrel with Admiral Jackie Fisher over the Dardanelles.

Then, Lloyd George leaves the Exchequer and goes to the new Ministry of Munitions to deal with the shell shortage. With demoniac energy he galvanises and mobilises the factories and the forges of the land. "Plant the flag upon your lathe and furnace!

This is *your* trench! You are the man behind the Man Behind the Gun!" And, too, Lloyd George raises the first mighty Army of the Women. It is here, in 1916, that perhaps he reaches the pinnacle of his popularity.

Munitions

No voice in the land is raised against Lloyd George, and all men sing the praise of the Minister who got the guns and the ammunition to the soldiers in the crumbling battle line.

Then he moves to the War Office. Things go badly on all fronts, and the U boats threaten to throttle the life out of England. Frustrated and furious with the lack of grip in Government, he brings about its fall.

He does it in the teeth of all opposition, the Liberal leaders and the Liberal Party, the Tory leaders and the Tory Party—except only Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson.

But Lloyd George's flaming courage rises with the peril of the darkest hour. In him, incarnate, is the passion of the British people to battle through all adversities to triumph. He seizes the helm, and he steers his country safely through the great gale of the First World War.

The thunder of the guns dies at last and the smoke drifts up from the dead battlefield. The Peace of Versailles is signed, and Lloyd George is the Architect of Victory.

One act remains. Home Rule for Ireland, for good or bad. At least he made peace with her.

With this last realisation of his purpose he loses the support of the Tory Party, which perhaps by this time alone could have sustained him, for the wounds within his own Liberal Party were never healed. They seep even yet.

The great man sinks down to oblivion. But there is one last flare before the fire goes out. He writes his stupendous war memoirs.

Memoirs

Yes, the Man whom his friends said Never Wrote a Letter. The Man whom fools said Never Read a Book. He makes a monumental work. In brilliance of style, in clarity of exposition, in power of expression Lloyd George's Memoirs are not excelled even by Mr. Winston Churchill's.

Such then is the true saga of David Lloyd George: His trials, his triumph and his tribulations.

What a story Tom Jones hasn't told!—LENS

160 YEARS IN THE SERVICE OF SCIENCE

By R. L. N. SASTRI

SUFFIXES like F. R. S. and F. B. A. are usually found attached to the names of some of the most distinguished men of learning in the world. F. L. S. is one such and signifies the Fellowship of the Linnean Society. These learned societies have a long and glorious history behind them.

Sweden, though a relatively small country, has produced and is still producing a succession of eminent men in science and Carl Von Linneaus, the celebrated naturalist of the 18th century, was one of her most distinguished sons. He was the founder of a natural system of classification of plants and animals and introduced the binomial nomenclature in science. He died in 1778. But

his name is immortalised by the Linnean societies that have come into existence in several countries since his death. Of all these, however, the Linnean Society of London is the oldest and also the most conspicuous. The London society has in its possession the collections and library of Linneaus. The other important Linnean societies are those of Lyons and New South Wales.

The London society owes its origin to the initiative and enterprise of a young medical student at Edinburgh, who evinced a keen interest in natural history. He was Sir Edward James Smith. He was elected F. R. S. soon after the completion of his studies and was also the President of the now defunct Society for

Promoting Natural History. It was he who bought the Linnean collections and library at that time when they were offered for sale by the widow of Linneaus for a paltry sum. Having become dissatisfied with the working of the Natural History Society, Smith along with a few of his friends decided to form a new society. This decision gave birth to the Linnean Society of London, which was to grow in course of time into the giant organisation that it is today. The First meeting of the seven founder Fellows took place on 20th February 1788, ten years after the death of Linneaus, in the Melborough Coffee House. Smith became the President and continued in that post for 40 years. In 1936 the number of Fellows was 718 which included 117 women. Among its past Fellows were not only scientists of eminence like Charles Darwin, Robert Brown, Sir J. D. Hooker (Fellow for 70 years), George Benthams, Sir Joseph Banks, A. R. Wallace, T. H. Huxley, Sir David Prain and others, but also men who distinguished themselves in various other fields, like Sir Michael Foster, Sir John Franklin, Sir James Ross Clark, General Sir Thomas MacDougall Brisbane (who was prominent in the Napoleonic wars and after whom the city of Brisbane was named), Charles Kingsley, the writer and novelist, and others.

Until 1936 nearly 5000 papers were read before the society, which include some of the most epoch-making discoveries in science like the theory of natural selection. The society also publishes its Transactions, Proceedings and a Journal. It had a large and valuable collection of flora and fauna of various countries. The Indian collection made by Sir William Roxburgh and the East India Com-

pany's collection comprising about 8000 species collected by Konig, Roxburgh, Rottler, Russell, Klinn, Hamilton, Heyne, Wight, Finlayson and Wallich, are notable. These were later presented to the Royal Botanical Gardens, Kew. In 1936 the library occupied about 6000 square feet of shelving. About 700 periodicals representing over 50 countries and about 20 different languages are received. It is now permanently located at the Burlington House, Piccadilly along with the Royal Society. It was granted a charter in 1802.

Admission to the society was restricted to men only for more than a century. It is due to the untiring efforts of a single stubborn woman, Mrs. Marian Sarah Ogilvie Farquharson, that the membership was at last thrown open to women for the first time in 1905. Mrs. Farquharson's demand gave rise to a conflict within the society between the liberal and progressive elements on the one hand and the orthodox and conservative on the other. Finally however, the voice of the progressive forces prevailed and women got admission.

Even in our country the initiative for the formation of scientific societies came from public spirited men like the late Sir Asutosh Mukherjee. But today most of our scientific societies are on the verge of liquidation for want of funds. The financial position of even the most influential and powerful of them all, the Indian Science Congress, is far from satisfactory. The reason is not far to seek. Most of the professional scientists are financially so ill-placed that they are unable to pay the subscriptions while the public do not have so much interest in these matters as to involve themselves in monetary obligations.

Perhaps in the days to come we may have a museum of historical curiosities. In this museum there will surely be exhibited models of many of our Ministers and our Executive Councillors for the wonder of the coming generations. The teacher of youth in that happier age will show these sleek and shiny models to his students and tell them of the barbarous day of old when these people held sway charged with the direction of human affairs. He will point out that in those days not competence, nor wisdom nor knowledge, not even the cruder qualities which capture the imagination of the crowd, were the tests for high office.... Indeed they were disqualifications, and the greater and more abysmal the ignorance the more the chance of success in the race for office.—Pandit Nehru.



By V. P. SATHE

AT last the long awaited Film Enquiry Committee report has been published, and the general reaction to the report is that it is satisfactory and if the suggestions made by the Committee are accepted and implemented the industry will be definitely benefitted. This does not, however, imply that all the recommendations of the Committee are acceptable to the industry or, for that matter, to all sections of the press.

The Committee has made the following important recommendations:

1. Setting up of a Film Finance Corporation to finance producers on a fair rate of interest. Provisions have been made to safeguard the interest of the Corporation by insisting on the fact that the producer must invest 30 p.c. of the capital and that the representative of the Corporation should keep a constant vigil and check on the expenditure and progress of production.

2. Setting up of a Film Council with eighteen members representing the Government, the film industry and the educationists. The Council will act as guide to the industry as well as Government.

The Council would give the industry the necessary stimulus and inspiration to regulate its affairs on constructive lines. The Council will have panels to deal with different branches of the industry. It will also run a training institute, and would give prizes for the best story, best direction, best review and the best film. The advice of the Council will not go unheeded as it will have statutory powers to intervene and implement its suggestions.

The funds for the Council will be provided by a cess on all imported films and 10 p.c. of the net income of the entertainment tax. The proceeds will be utilized in research and training institutions of the industry.

3. The establishment of a Production Code Administration which will function as an adjunct of the Film Council.

This body, it is proposed should take such measure as would ensure a certain standard in production. Hence its main job will be to scrutinize every script and exercise some control over production. In course of time, it will replace the Central Board of Censors.

4. The establishment of an Export Corporation to explore the possibility of marketing Indian films in English-speaking regions.

Every film sent abroad will have to be approved by this Corporation.

5. Adoption of a uniform entertainment tax tariff at 20 p.c. of the gross takings.

6. O. G. L. for import of raw film upto 240 million feet and equipment worth Rs. 45 lakhs per year.

7. Encouragement for indigenous manufacture of raw film and theatre equipment.

8. Continuance of the Films Division in the absence of any voluntary effort.

9. Revision of income tax structure.

10. To ban all foreign pictures dubbed in Indian languages.

11. Encouragement to building of new theatres wherever possible.

12. Licensing of studios, formation of artistes and technicians guilds.

13. Co-ordination of State and Central Governments by bringing the film industry and allied subjects under one Ministry.

These recommendations, if accepted, would certainly help the industry to progress in the right direction. The report which runs into 340 pages, sums up the present state of affairs of the industry in detail and there appears to be no dispute about the conclusions drawn from these findings.

The difference, if any, is about the remedies suggested by the Committee, especially about the Film Council and Production Code Administration. It is feared in some quarters that these bodies will curb free enterprise and impose upon production such conditions as would be detrimental to the free progress of the industry.

The *Times of India* of Bombay, for instance writes: "... The Film Council adds the danger of a bureaucratic stranglehold to the stunting influences which already cripple the trade ...". And as to P. C. S. which would have the power to scrutinize every script, the *Times of India* says: "This is tantamount to the institution of thought-control and the proposal should be resisted; for whatever little freedom the conscientious script-writer enjoys in dealing with the harsher social realities of today will soon be stifled." It, however, admits that some form of control is necessary if the industry is to work to more elevated and exacting standards.

Indeed, that is the crux of the problem. Though the Committee has rejected nationalization as a remedy, it had to devise a method of exercising some control over the industry which, left to itself, would do nothing to improve itself except leading it to a chaos.

It is an unfortunate but true fact that the industry has so far miserably failed to come to any decisive conclusions, and what is worse, implement them. The petty rivalries and jealousies which are evident in the producers' attitude towards shaping a firm policy *vis-a-vis* stars, exhibitors and Government do little credit to the so-called leaders of the film industry. Hence the need of control. The fear about the Film Council is not justified since there would be

eleven non-Government nominees representing the various interests of the trade. How can such a democratic Council be bureaucratic and dictatorial?

The fear of dictatorship and rigid control is thus unfounded and yet this criticism would be of great help to the Government to take all precautions against the dangers while implementing the recommendations in practice. The moot point today is, when and how these recommendations will be brought into force? Obviously, not till the elections are over; but even then, if the industry is to be benefitted by these suggestions, the Government must take immediate initiative in the matter.

Yet as the wheels of the Government machinery move slow, one feels that it may take several months before any of the aforementioned proposals are implemented into practice.

Picture Of The Week

The teaming of Madhubala and Dilip Kumar for the first time was expected to produce some sensational results. In reality it has proved to be tame and uninspiring. Daryani's *Tarana* casts this star pair together in roles which are both insipid and stereotyped with the result that both the stars have hardly any chance to match their talent. Yet between the two, Dilip Kumar who is a better artiste, leaves behind a good impression, though one does not understand how a conscientious artiste like him wasted his talent on such a story as *Tarana*.

The story follows the same old pattern of boy-meets-girl formula. We have Dilip returning from England in a plane which crashes and lands him in a village. Without trying to go and find his parents Dilip lives in a village with a blind man and falls in love with his daughter. He restores the eye-sight of his beloved's father; but he is beaten up for spoiling villagers and picked up by his father who takes him away to the city.

Madhubala who is supposed to have died in a fire later turns out in the city and after the usual misunderstanding goes back into wilderness to be followed by her lover. Happily,

for all concerned, the tale ends with the lovers united for ever.

Every incident in the picture is crude and stale; what is worse, there is no suspense and one can easily guess in advance the turn of events. The direction by Ram Daryani is old-fashioned. But one can hardly blame him for his failure to enliven a dead story. Even Gope's antics and Anil Biswas' music fail to make *Tarana* a lively motion picture. Between Madhok and K. S. Daryani, they have written such a poor screenplay that nothing could save it—stars, music direction or good technique, from becoming a dull show.

Stars Of The Week

Peace Kanwal and Sahdeo Rana who won the Kardar-Kolynos-Teresa contest are obviously the star discoveries of the week. While the choice of Sahdeo Rana was anticipated by all those who had seen him, the choice of Peace Kanwal came as a surprise to all. The press-and society opinion seemed to be more in favour of Chand Usmani, one of the finalists from Bombay and Shashikala Kakkar from Delhi. Apparently, though in the still photograph Kanwal did not make a striking impression she seems to have impressed the judges in the screen test. And, no wonder, for though she may not be as pretty as some of her rivals she is certainly more lively than all other finalists.

Peace Kanwal is a modern Punjabi Christian girl settled down in Bombay. It transpires that she was working as a canvasser for an advertising concern, *Trades Builders*, who were bringing out some sort of directory. She is fair, tall and slim and her features remind one more of Kuldip than Naseem.

Sahdeo Rana is a youth from Nepal. He entered the contest from Calcutta. Apart from being dashing and handsome it is said that he is a very talented boy knowing as he does

shooting, riding, swimming and other things so useful for a film artiste.

This pair will be soon flying for Rome for two weeks' holiday. After they return they will be cast in the leading roles in *Dil-E-Nadan*. Other contestants signed by Kardar are Shashikala Kakkar, Sheela Kapoor and Madan Bali.

News Of The Week

—Dilkash M. Pancholi will be wielding megaphone for the first time when *Aasman* goes on sets on 28th October. Originally Zia Sarhadi was to direct the picture; but since his services were demanded by Chandulal Shah for *Ranjit*, Pancholi was gracious enough to release him and undertake the responsibility of directing the picture himself.

—Zia Sarhadi is now working on the script of *Papi* and he will make a picture called *Footpath* for *Ranjit*.

—Vaijyanthimala is in Bombay. She was entertained to a tea party at which she was introduced to the Bombay press, by producer V. M. Vyas. She is starring opposite Premnath in *Anjaam* directed by Shanti Kumar.

—D. D. Kashyap is making a picture for Filmistan from his own script. Bimal Roy, M. I. Dharmsey, Paranjee and Ramanlal Desai are the other directors reported to have been signed by Filmistan.

—The Film Festival has been postponed till 24th January 1952.

—Munshi Productions launched *Baap Beti* on Tuesday 9th at M. & T. Studios. Bimal Roy is directing it with Ranjan and Baby Tabassum in feature roles.

—Vasant Painter performed the muhurat of *Daryani* on Tuesday 9th October with Shakuntala in the title role.

—K. M. Modi and Baburao Pai left for U. K. on Sunday the 14th October 1951.

An extremely well-brought-up Englishman fell overboard from a ship. At once a shark swam up to him. But he had a knife, and he defended himself bravely. For a moment it looked as if he would get the better of the fish. But then the fish whispered in his ear: "My dear fellow, you can't possibly attack a fish without a fish-knife!" This made such an impression on the well-brought-up Englishman that he dropped his knife and released the shark, which immediately devoured him.

SIDELIGHTS :

The wise man has his follies no less than the fool; but herein lies the difference—the follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself; the follies of the wise man are known to himself, but hidden from the world.—COLTON.

THERE must be a considerable reduction in the permitted scale of election expenses if corruption is to disappear from the legislatures. If a candidate comes forward with alacrity to spend Rs. 40,000 for his election expenses, be sure he hopes to make ten times forty thousand from his opportunities as a legislator. The too rich carry about them a proprietorial air of owning the whole place, and their advent in the legislatures has not conducted to integrity. We frequently hear of millionaires employing their wealth to buy up votes, and rings of the indigent hanging round the affluent, have played on Ministers impelling them to acts of special favour out of the ordinary. There is no secret about those who have misused their parliamentary opportunities to pile up fortunes for themselves or put their hangers-on in the way of making easy money quick through permits and the like. Everybody knows the commercial legislator who is broker, commission agent, middleman, go-between, all rolled into one. Yet there is no attempt to put an end to his banal operations by excluding him from the legislature altogether. Who are the men of greatest influence and pull with the election committees in this part of the country? They are, first the wealthy, and next those who, starting with penury, made themselves fabulously rich in three or four years of legislative activity. Money has become the pivot of Congress politics. Poor men are fast disappearing from the legislatures. There is no sin which is not forgiven, provided one has money enough to put into the Congress till.

The power of the electors in England is derived from the fact that it is they who decide who is to be the Prime Minister. In earlier times it was the House of Commons that

chose the Prime Minister. Nowadays the King is not free to summon whomsoever he likes to the office. He is bound to appoint as Prime Minister the leader of the party which has gained the highest number of seats at the polls. It is the two party system that has conferred on British electors the privilege of determining the Prime Minister. If, instead of two parties, there should be a reversion to multiple groups, the privilege of choosing the Prime Minister would pass once again from the electors to the House of Commons.

Small groups militate against harmony of relationship between the Ministry and the electors. It is the essence of democracy that the power of a Government should be balanced by an Opposition potent enough some day to supplant and replace it. When Ministers go about saying that the defeat of Congress at the polls would lead to national ruin and chaos, they betray a deplorable lack of comprehension of the elementary requisites of democratic government. Impermanence of the personnel of rulers is inherent in every electoral system. There is no meaning in having an election if the whole plan of it is to perpetuate an existing regime, with intolerant censure for those desiring a change.

Congress democracy is vitiated by the attitude of the Congress leaders that they are the ordained rulers of the country, not to be disturbed on any account. Actually the momentum of the public goodwill evoked by the historical accident that enthroned Congress in power, has exhausted itself. Congress Governments have lost people's goodwill, but yet go on just because of lack of efficiency in opposing organisations. Congress electoral efficiency revolves round lavish use of money with plenty of corruption and is hostile to the poor. That is why there are so few men of moderate means in the Congress lists of candidates, which are sickeningly obsequious to property. It is from other parties that leaders who can win the loyalty of our hungry millions will have to come.—SAKA.

MEDITATION ON A FLOWERING WEED

Sir years and thirty I have walked
The river path, and talked and talked
Of body's loss and spirit's gain,
Nirvana and the astral plane,
Of lives gone past and latent powers,
But seldom gave a thought to flowers,
Until, as dawned this day of grace,
You looked me frankly in the face,
One weed-flower, among countless blooms,
That a strange friendliness assumes,
Secure in beauty's strong defence
Round your unguarded innocence.

Now, when the cashew blossoms share
At dawn their sweetness with the air,
And birds along song's gamut run,
In salutation to the sun,
To opened eyes that do not miss
The gold wing in the chrysalis,
And earth-bent ears that hear aright,
Your silence is not silence quite,
But wisdom that might fill a book
Flashed in a scrutinising look
That might decode my written palm
And tell me truly what I am.
Trembling thinly on your stalk,
Echoes of universal talk
Have meanings for an inner ear,
And overhead I seem to hear
From the tall neem-tree broadly spread
Your word elaborately said.

Last night I bowed respectful knees
Under stupendous galaxies.
Today you bring the ecstatic states
That simple nearness generates.
When I your five plain petals touch
They make an end of less or much.
My feet grow hot upon a track
From Adyar to the zodiac,
From whence vast influences move
You-ward in a narrowing groove,
By the goldsmith sun refined,
Scoured by detergent rain and wind,
To where the earth's broad shoulders bend
To serve your inconspicuous end.

Beauty you give and I receive
We in a magic carpet weave,
And, swiftness than the swallows fly,
Circumnavigate the sky.
Grave prophets of perfection lurk
Behind your untaught handiwork.
In your deep chalice I can tell
The depth of my own spirit's well;
How man has made a common Plough
Of seven glittering stars, and how
One moon can populate a sky
And the inglorious glorify.

What ails the tongue that it should sing
So much of so minute a thing?
Ask the creative Power that stored
All language in a primal Word

From whose perpetual utterance floats
The music of a myriad notes;
That mixes with our corporal sloth
The spirit's irritant of growth,
And ends your fixed and fettered day
With liberation in decay.
And after these? So much unsung,
So much that waits the lyric tongue;
Hints of celestial matters moot
In stem and stamen, flower and fruit;
Echoes of the eternal rhyme
Beyond the mouldering prose of time.

JAMES H. COUSINS.

Adyar, 1951.

A HISTORICAL GOLDEN WEDDING

A special correspondent in London informs us that on October 2 the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Lord and Lady Pethick-Lawrence was celebrated at a notable dinner party

representative of India in Britain and Ambassador of India to Eire. His Excellency Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon. Many other Indians were present after being at a celebration of the birthday of Mahatma Gandhi. Among greetings from India was one from Rajkumari Amrit Kaur. A member of the famous Cabinet Mission to India, Lord Alexander, was also present and spoke. Memories of the suffrage agitation in England, in which Mr. and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence took a leading part, were recalled by Miss Sylvia Pankhurst. Mr. H. N. Brailsford and Miss Elizabeth Robins, famous names in recent social and literary history in England. A presentation was made of a suite of gilded garden furniture and a superbly decorated gold crystal vase. Lady Pethick-Lawrence is 84, and her husband 80. Perhaps the latter's most dramatic event was his defeat of Mr. Winston Churchill in 1923 by a majority of 4,000. This gave him a good start on his way to the Secretaryship of India and a barony and the affectionate gratitude of the people of India for his leading share in their political liberation.



in London. In the light of Lord Pethick-Lawrence's outstanding contribution to the freedom of India, it was fitting that the chief speaker and proposer of the toast was the repre-

CORRUPTION IN U.S.A.: SIGN OF A SICK ECONOMY?

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: Harry Gross is ensconced for some time to come in Raymond Street Jail. James J. Moran has been sentenced to five years. Ed. Ruppell has theoretically been ousted as the leader of Staten Island Republicans. Bill O'Dwyer is still Ambassador to Mexico. Sen. Kefauver is leading the pack in the race for the Democratic vice-presidential spot.

Bill Boyle and Guy Gabrielson retain a tenuous hold on the chairmanship of the Democratic and Republican National Committees.

From San Diego up to Maine, grand juries, legislative committees and district attorneys are busy digging, digging, digging.

And a major issue has sprung full blown on the American political scene: CORRUPTION.

The public has been treated to scandal after scandal involving the low and the high, from the cop on the beat to the powerful Washington official. A special language has come into general usage: the "fix", the "stand-in arrest", "ice," bookmakers, "deep freezers, mink coats," "influence peddlers", "five percenters", "the payoff."

It is now time to call the roll and assess the meaning of these developments. It is time to pose and attempt to answer some key questions:

How widespread is corruption in American life?

What does it mean to the average citizen?

Why does it happen?

What can be done about it?

"Let's face it," Professor H. H. Wilson of Princeton wrote recently in *The Nation*, "graft, crime, corruptions, the 'fix', are imbedded in the very fabric of our highly competitive society."

The Encyclopedia of Social Sciences, a highly respected authority, concurs.

Steffans concluded that the real

meaning of corruption was the substitution of government in behalf of special vested interests for government representative of all, which America is supposed to provide, in effect the overthrow and subversion of the government envisioned by the Bill of Rights and the Constitution.

Apart from the systematic character of corruption, the social scientists also shed some light on why there has been so much skulduggery in the last few years.

"Particularly conducive to corruption," says the Encyclopedia of Social Sciences, "are contracts for military supplies, especially in time of war."

With an armament budget this year of at least 61 millions, with untold billions spent in the last few years on atomic weapons and "Project X's" with private profits reaching incredible levels, is it any wonder that a Maragon or a Boyle or a Vaughan cuts himself in on the take? Which manufacturer would think twice about giving a bribe if he could thereby get himself in on the gravy?

What, then, can be done about it? Is corruption a permanent, unavoidable manifestation of big capitalism? Can it be limited? Will reform do the job? Can the Democratic and Republican parties be utilized as the instruments of sweeping changes?

Senators Fulbright and Kefauver call for a "moral revival" in government.

Herbert Hoover bemoans the "weakening of ethical standards" while Rudolph Halley calls for a "storm of high moral indignation."

The rather more astute *New York Times*, however, gave up the ghost on clues in an editorial entitled "Corruption is Treason." *The Times* urgently requests public officials to tone it down because it weakens our position in world affairs.

On the other hand, there is a constant call for limited house-cleaning—reform—the traditional recipe for

copings with unsavory political situations. But more often than not, reform has been utterly ineffective, as Steffans found out, precisely because it dealt only with piecemeal manifestations of a social disease and did not or could not change the sick system itself.

Reform has been particularly unsuccessful when attempted by either Republic or Democratic parties, whose very existence is intimately bound up with big business interests, whose campaign coffers are filled with contributions from the beneficiaries of corruption.

"It may well be that the entire machinery of reform represents only a palliative unless it is accompanied by a transformation of the pecuniary standards of American society," says the Encyclopedia.

It does not elaborate how this transformation can be achieved without a change in the American economic system. The experience of the last three decades, however, provides a provocation contrast for thoughtful citizens.

Corruption reached a high pitch during the profit-mad '20s, when Harding's Ohio Gang produced such illuminating episodes as the Teapot Dome and Jimmy Walker was Mayor of N. Y.

The '40s, comprising the war and cold-war years, yielded a similar picture: soaring profits, cheapened human values, a rash of official mis-

deeds, the Missouri Gang, and Bill O'Dwyer.

But the '30s were different. Capitalism was not overthrown, nor was corruption completely eliminated. But the "get rich quick" fever temporarily took second place and there were social values abroad in the land. The best men and women were willing to come to Washington and work for pitifully small salaries to build TVAs and hospitals and schools, to clear the slums and provide for the needy, to create a Federal theatre and find ways of utilizing the energies and talents of millions of unemployed persons for the common good, to protect the rights of workers to organise.

In that setting there were few scandals and corruption was relatively limited—and a Roosevelt and a LaGuardia came forward as America's leaders.

If there is now to be a serious effort to attack the problem of corruption, the nation will have to mark this lesson well. For the problem cannot be attacked piecemeal, but only in the context of the entire social and political picture in the nation.

If there is now to be such an effort it will have to be made through a new political instrumentality, responsive to the common needs of all, which has the will and the ability to restore America to the atmosphere of the '30s, to an atmosphere in which the first value men live by will be not "What's in it for me?" but "What's in it for all of us?"

BOMBAY—DELHI

The following is an extract from "Pravda" of September 16, 1951:

WHILE still in the London-Bombay airplane we began to become acquainted with the atmosphere in which the new arrival finds oneself in India. Among the passengers in transit were two dozen British people!

We met the first Hindus at the Bombay airport. The attitude of the Hindus to the British was immediately evident. Hatred flashed in the dark eyes of the emaciated people, burning with the glitter of hunger, but their

thin hands promptly carried the heavy trunks and suitcases to the customs control scales.

I asked one of the porters to stand on the scales. The pointer showed 32 kilograms. The adult man, worn out by starvation, weighed less than a teen-ager!....

In the harbour several steamers, under the British flag, were giving forth smoke. They had brought cotton cloth and ready-made clothes. British and American goods are stifling the economy of India. In the ports of India, British and American

steamers are being loaded with jute, cotton, wool and other strategic raw materials.

But the inhabitants of Bombay have seen other steam ships. The Soviet ships "Krasnodar" and "Mendeleev," which delivered wheat to the starving Indian people, quite recently stood in the harbour of Bombay under the red flag. The reception of the Soviet sailors was turned into a real demonstration of the love of the common people of India for the Soviet Union. They embraced, kissed and threw roses at the guests whom they desired. The population of the city arrived at the embankment in crowds of thousands, in order to express their gratitude and thankfulness to the Soviet people.

Bombay is a city with a large worker population. Last year a mighty strike of 200,000 textile workers took place here. With the active assistance of the right-wing Socialist leaders the strike was cruelly suppressed, and its active participants were thrown into prison. The most progressive part of the Indian intelligentsia lives in Bombay. Here they are vitally interested in the successes of the Soviet Union and in the achievements of people's China. Slogans appealing for the struggle for peace appear more and more often on the walls of houses and on the pedestals of monuments. Every day numerous police diligently wash them off.

In the morning we went to Delhi. For more than a thousand kilometres the airplane passed over the land of India, and, no matter how carefully I looked, nowhere did I see on the fields a single agricultural machine. The land here is tilled by old-fashioned methods. They pick it with some kind of sticks with iron tips. The fields are not fertilised.

According to the calculations of scientists, the land of India, which is capable of giving three harvests a year, would be able to feed the population of the entire world. In actuality, its talented, hard-working people is starving, as a result of the feudal system of land ownership, as a result of the prolonged rule of British

imperialism. According to official data published in reference books, two and a half million children alone die annually in the country....

More and more the penetration of American capital in India is enslaving the country, one of the richest countries in resources, but at the same time a poor country, forced to import annually foodstuffs which alone are worth 400 million dollars.

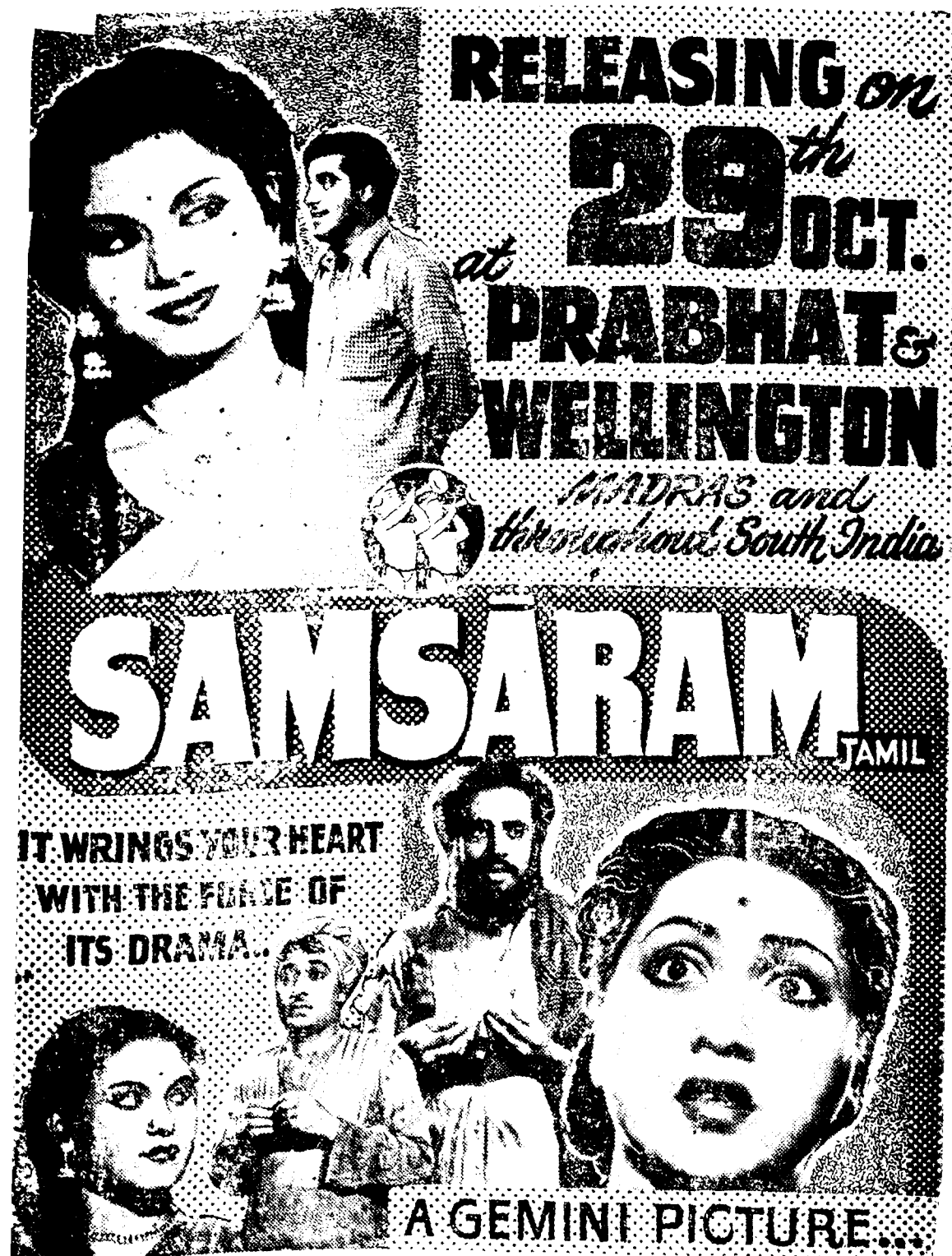
Steel and iron, and all types of raw materials which are necessary to industry, are found in India; however, India imports locomotives, railway cars, automobiles. Britain, as before, is the first supplier of goods for India, but the United States is persistently overtaking Britain and beginning to force Britain out.

At every step on the streets of Delhi you meet scores of red automobiles which deliver the American drink Coca-Cola. Indian factories which produce soda and fruit drink are closing one after the other in connection with the appearance of Coca-Cola.

However, it is not a case of Coca-Cola alone. The newspaper "Crossroads" reports that India has permitted the use of several airports near Calcutta for the landing of transport aircraft which are transferring American, British and French troops to Korea, Indo-China and Malaya.

Late at night I went out to the so-called "Gateway of India," which was built by the British. It reminded me of an enormous stone yoke. Against it, on a majestic pedestal, stood the snow-white monument of George V, lighted by the greenish light of the southern moon. A crown glittered on the marble king, and at his feet, which were covered by an ermine mantle, starving and naked Indian children slept in the enormous shells which decorate the monument. There was inscribed on the monument in coal, in the Hindi language: "Land —to the People."

This was one of the few Indian-language inscriptions which I saw in Delhi.—(By Pravda Correspondent S. Borzenko.)—B. I. S.



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Letters To The Editor

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

Sri Vaidyanatha Iyer Repudiates

In the issue of **SWATANTRA** dated October 6, at page 6, top of second column, under the heading **Sidelights**, a reference is made as if I had stated "that it is wiser to stand in the burial ground than in the Congress fold." I never made any such statement as is attributed to me, though it is true that I have decided not to stand for election. Whosoever is your informant, he must himself have been misinformed. Such a wrong statement should never appear in a weekly of the standing of **SWATANTRA**. It is likely to cause pain to a number of friends who are as sincere in their convictions as myself, and I should not hinder where I cannot help.

A. VAIDYANATHA IYER, M.L.A.
Madhurai.

Sri Bhaktavatsalam's Projects

Referring to the criticism about Krishna-Pennar Project, the Public Works Minister to the Government of Madras is reported to have stated at a press conference on the 11th instant that the criticism is unjustified and based on an improper understanding of the features of the project.

He cannot get away like that. Having said that, it is his duty to publish at once the features of the scheme submitted by the Government of Madras to the Planning Commission. The public are entitled to know (1) the details about the head works at Siddheswaram and Someswaram (2) the capacity of the reservoirs, the water spread, the particulars about the regulators, sluices and ventways and (3) the canals and the distributories and the acreage irrigable by them in each district, as submitted to the Planning Commission. The public cannot accept his commentary, when he does not disclose the facts as regards the full scheme as well as the first stage plan. I have asked for these particulars; but they are not forthcoming but, instead, we have bald statements.

Even so, I should have no objection to accept them, if there are not some inherent impossibilities in his statement of the case vitiating it.

The Minister says that under the first stage plan itself, the project would irrigate about 15 lakhs of 2nd crop in the Krishna and Nellore districts. A more off-hand statement cannot have been made by a Minister with reference to the project in question.

The stage plan provides for only 2 canals in Nellore district, the Kavali and Kanupur canals which are expected to bring two and half lakhs of acres. The Pennar has only 1,90,000 acres under its account under first crop. There is nothing to indicate that the other systems in the district covering about 2,70,000 acres are to be fed by this project. So under 2nd crop Nellore can have only 1,90,000 acres under the present scheme. May be a little more, if extra distributaries are added now as a result of the criticisms.

Then as regards Krishna district, is it suggested that all the water stored at Siddheswaram would be kept intact till December to bring '13 lakhs' of acres under second crop, more than 170 miles below? A large assumption. In fact the Krishna delta has about 9,38,000 acres under first crop; where are the 13 lakhs to be brought under 'second' crop?

And, if Siddheswaram water is to be kept back in its entirety of 260 T.M.C.—which has to be done if the Minister's canvassing of the scheme is correct, where is the water for extension or for 2nd crop in Kurnool or in Cuddapah? And where is the water to be led into the Pennar Reservoir proposed to be of 260 T.M.C. capacity and to be constructed at a cost of about 20 crores, knowing that the Pennar itself cannot contribute much more than a fifth of its capacity?

In these circumstances the conclusion is inevitable that Siddheswaram Reservoir is to be built mainly to feed the Someswaram Reservoir and that the Someswaram Reservoir is mainly intended to draw off water for areas in the south, far removed from the Krishna and Pennar; and which may be about 13 lakhs of acres. If this is not the case a reservoir of 260 T.M.C. at Someswaram and the Madras and Pennar south canals at a cost of nine plus forty plus twenty, that is 69 crores in the full scheme are not necessary. Before all the areas now under cereals needing water in Kistna, Guntur, Nellore, Kurnool, Cuddapah and Chittoor—which are about 65 lakhs in all are served, neither 1.2 units nor any decimal portion of it should go elsewhere to outside areas.

There is no use the Minister stating general propositions showing equal concern to all areas, while the plans and scheme definitely belie such statements. Nor is there any point in his saying we have not understood the scheme properly, without publishing the details of the scheme sent to the Planning Commission.

Let him publish them and prove that he is proceeding in the right lines.

T. VISWANATHAM, M.L.A.
Visakhapatnam.

Election Humours In Nellore District

The election campaign of the Congress Party is not without its humorous aspects, even in the initial stages. Lists appear to have so often changed and rechanged that no one is certain in Nellore district as to which candidate is going to be set up to which constituency, despite the flamboyant publication of certain names in the daily papers. One such incident can be traced to Sri Divi Kondayya from Kandukur, who, having lost all hope of a Congress selection, wired in disgust to the Nellore weeklies that he had absolutely no belief in the Congress and had resigned therefrom. He did this after duly sending his application on the assurance given by some of the group leaders, who appear to have disappointed him in the later stages. But as luck would have it, it was announced just a few hours after his resignation, that he was actually selected by the Congress Selection Committee. He therefore lost no time in denying the telegram. Later happenings have left even this temporary success in doubt and the Kandukur seat has again become the bone of serious contention. Yet another instance has happened in which a reverse process has operated. Sri E. Sundara Rami Reddi, a retired District Health Officer, and Justice Party leader, suddenly found himself selected as a Congress candidate for the Ongole seat to Parliament. Immediately after he saw the press announcement of his candidature, he hurriedly sent for the correspondents of the Madras papers and emphatically denied his Congress allegiance.

For half the number of seats in the district, Congress candidates have not been forthcoming. The Congress candidate for Kavali has stood up three times and withdrawn as many times. The Kovur constituency, from which the Finance Minister fled to try his luck in a remote pocket borough where he has well high spent 12 lakhs till now and got P. W. D. estimates sanctioned for a crore, is still going a-begging for a candidate. As if the existing confusion is not sufficient, those in charge of the Nellore district selections, have further bungled by introducing fresh difficulties in the field. For instance, Sri V. Raghaviah, who holds a cent per cent chance in Nellore taluk constituency, has been ordered to proceed to Atmakur, where his chances do not appear to be bright.

The way the selecting authorities are behaving in the matter of selections is rapidly reducing the prestige of the

Congress in the district. Congress workers and the public feel dazed and puzzled at the overtures made by the Finance Minister to woo the support and sympathy of Justice leaders in this district. Having got rid of Prakasam's group, it was fondly expected that the ministerialists would pull through like a single team. But events in Nellore have proved that this is not going to be the case.

AN OBSERVER.

Mismanagement

I wish to draw public attention to the following glaring instance of gross mismanagement and injustice and wrong approach on the part of the authorities concerned in tackling rural and agricultural problems which are not only of vital concern to the people of the locality affected thereby but are also of momentous importance in the present context of food scarcity and demand for increased production.

Maragadapuram is a village in Villupuram Taluk with an ayacut of 800 acres of class one wet lands. These lands are irrigated by the village tank which gets its supply of water from the south Pennar river, the supply channel taking off at the Ellis Choultry. Until the bed regulator at the Ellis Choultry point was completed, the ayacutdars of this village were in exclusive enjoyment of the supply channel in question from time immemorial.

Prior to the completion of the bed regulator in 1949-50, the ayacutdars were assured that the supply channel for Valavanur village would be taken off separately from the regulator parallel to our village supply channel. For reasons best known to the authorities, this assurance was given the go-bye and it was proposed to run the Maragadapuram and Valavanur supply channels as a common channel upto a point called "Thanankollai Madai," whereat our channel had the vent to drain off excess water in times of high flood. This proposal of a common channel without notice came as a surprise and we sent in vigorous protests. Still, the authorities went ahead with the new proposal. A separate channel of a smaller dimension by a different route was suddenly ordered more to silence the protests than to assure us of our accustomed supply of water. It is now found that this new separate channel cannot draw any water. It is a sad state of affairs that in these difficult days, our valuable irrigation right should be sacrificed so as to benefit the Valavanur ayacutdars who are backed by powerful interests.

On behalf of my village, I raise the voice of protest at the injustice done to us by the highhanded acts of the authorities in depriving us of our valuable

rights. If matters are not rectified at this stage and our mamool right to the exclusive time-honoured supply channel is not protected, our prosperous village will be converted into a desert.

Even if, for any reason, the common channel up to the point above referred to should be continued, permanent arrangements must be made by pucca construction work whereby water can be turned into the Valavanur channel only after our tank gets full.

On behalf of my villagers, I have sought the medium of the Press for ventilating our grievances for the reason that we are not able to stand the misery we are subjected to on account of powerful interests working against us. The so-called new separate channel is nothing but an eye-wash as has been seen during the recent floods in the river and it must forthwith be dropped and the scheme that I have suggested above put into effect by the authorities thereby rendering the barest justice to us. Otherwise, nothing but stark starvation faces us as a whole. It can never conduce to either increased production or to the prosperity of the State as a whole if the authorities pursue a truncated policy under which whole villages which until recently have been most prosperous should be sacrificed for the sake of advancing vested interests which never look at the State's prosperity as a whole.

C. S. RAJAGOPALASWAMI,
President, Panchayat Board,
Maragadapuram, S. Arcot Dt.

Linguistic Provinces

Your statement in regard to linguistic provinces seems to disclose a conflict between head and heart, perception and desire. You see clearly its disadvantages but end in acquiescence by treating it as an inescapable fact of the present. During all the period that the discussion of linguistic provinces was being in earnest debate I do not remember your saying anything decisive, but you now say that is inevitable and it is too late to stop it.

If linguistic provinces are a mistake, why is it too late to stop it? It is not now a fait accompli. Mr. Bhaktavatsalam cannot furnish an adequate reason. The madness is of much earlier date. We warned Mr. Subba Row and Mr. Ramachandra Row against it. They had the same divided mind about it. Mr. Bhaktavatsalam's ministry, like all other ministries, is a very temporary accident in the ocean of time. The relation between the Andhras and Tamils are of past centuries and for all future.

Is a permanent fact to be deduced by an accident of the moment. That is all that I wish to say to you, S.

Those who agitate for a separate Andhra State are all very honourable men but with unrestrained emotion. I say nothing against them. Common people are not interested in it.

Satyagraha for it should be discounted. I consider it no better than a kallulimangan's business! "Either you meet my demand or I will bruise myself and make the blood flow before your eyes." It seems to me the right thing for the Government to say, once for all, "The Government is our business. Eating or not eating is yours. We cannot divert our action by deference to your fast unless we are convinced by reason to change our action in the matter involved."

I crave the indulgence of the public for saying that we disapproved of even the Mahatma's fasts for this very reason. Fasting on occasions that seemed to him suitable, he did not see that his example will influence lesser men to use it on even unsuitable occasions. It is for all time true that what foremost men do lesser men will follow, and therefore, it is their duty to think of their example to others. Whatever he achieved by his Satyagraha against a foreign Government, we have now to reap the disadvantages of our citizens practising it on our Government.

Political prophecy is risky, but I do think that if linguistic division of the country came to be and linguistic aspirations were realised in the fullest measure, we may not be able fully to understand each other in two generations and with our newly formed scientific jargon, developed from province to province, we may not be able to hold all-India conferences nor can we send any one usefully to learn science either to Europe or to America.

I will not mention over again, all my argument except to say that I referred to law-making, law courts, law reports and conferences as suggesting the retention of a common developed world medium. The language faddists in high places suggested translations in all languages as a remedy, all for the sake of national pride.

Please consider betimes in what language you should issue your valuable journal. To read SWATANTRA now is a genuine pleasure as well as instruction. To read you in your new incarnation will give us all a headache.

T. R. VENKATARAMA SASTRI,
Madras, October.

Smoking Within Trams

It is distressing that people smoke in trams where the atmosphere is already congested. The interests of the health of the public require that the authorities should forbid smoking in trams.

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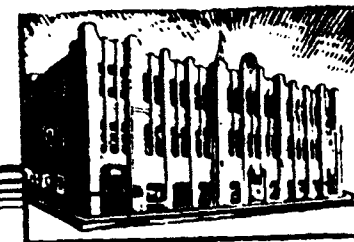
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